

January 1980

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# THE ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly

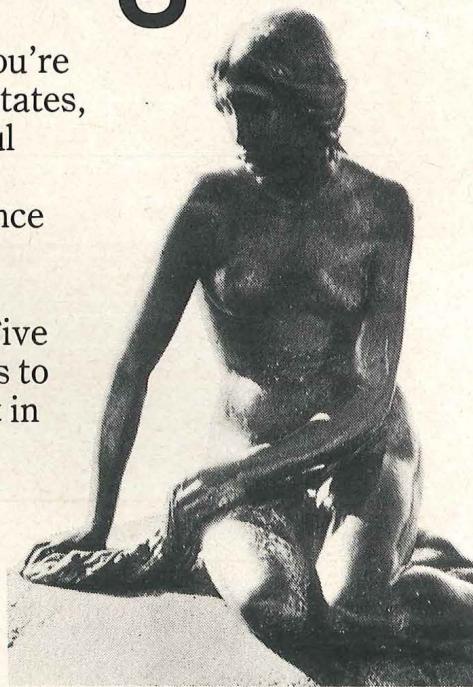
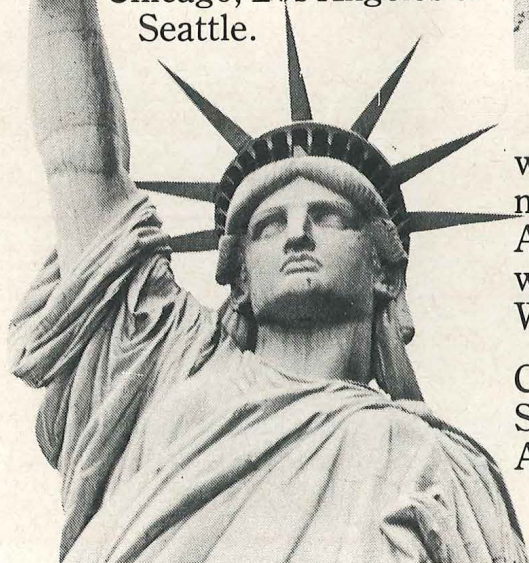


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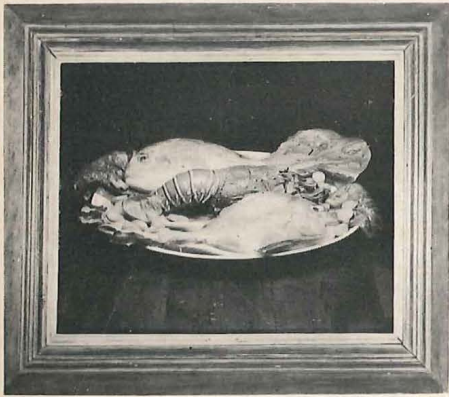
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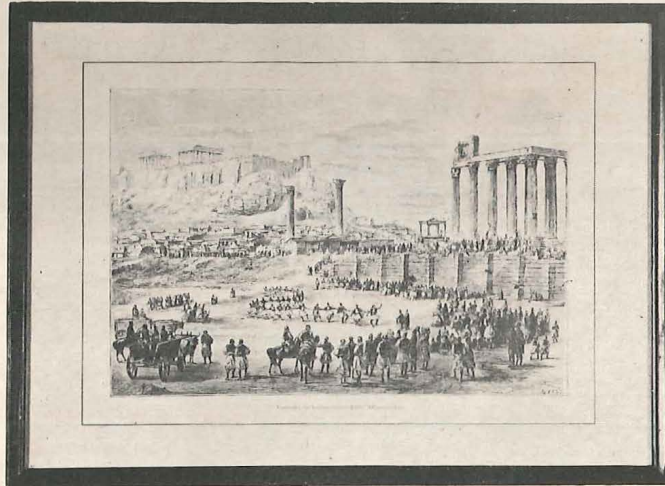
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All information was believed to be correct at time of going to Press



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# community calendar

## JANUARY 2

American Club — Special buffet, Family Inn.

## JANUARY 3

Hellenic American Union — Dance workshop, under the auspices of the Greek Association of Dancers, with instructor Ruth Currier and six short films on modern dance (through Jan. 12).  
Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 7:30 pm.

## JANUARY 4

American Community Schools of Athens — School will start again after the holidays.

## JANUARY 5

American Club — Special dinner, Americana Room.

## JANUARY 8

School Openings — Champion School and the Hellenic International School.  
Institute Openings — French Institute, Goethe Institute, and the Hellenic American Union.  
Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 10 am.  
Bingo — American Club, Independence Room, 7:30 pm.

## JANUARY 9

Canadian Women's Club — Pita party to be held at the home of Voula Laskaris, Knossou St. 19-21, Athens 816, Tel. 865-2780, 5-7 pm.  
American Club — Special buffet, Family Inn.

## JANUARY 10

Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 7:30 pm.

## JANUARY 11

St. Andrew's Women's Guild — Pita party at the Lighthouse for the Blind, Kallithea, 9:30 am.  
For further information and transportation, Tel. 970-6279.

## JANUARY 12

American Club — Special dinner, Americana Room.

## JANUARY 14

Athens Cosmopolitan Lions Club — Dinner meeting, 9 pm. Call Mr. Baganis (Tel. 360-1311) for further details.

## JANUARY 15

Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 10 am.  
Bingo — American Club, Independence Room, 7:30 pm.  
Rotary Club — Pita party with a talk by Mr. Constantine Cotsalis, King's Palace Hotel, 9 pm.

## JANUARY 16

American Club — Special buffet, Family Inn.

## JANUARY 17

American Women's Organization of Greece — First evening meeting of the year (all husbands are encouraged to attend), American Community School, Halandri, 7:30 pm.  
Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 7:30 pm.

## JANUARY 18

Hellenic American Union — Lecture by John Rexine: "Atlantis: Fact or Fiction", 8 pm.

## JANUARY 19

American Club — Special dinner, Americana Room.

## JANUARY 22

Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 10 am.  
Bingo — American Club, Independence Room, 7:30 pm.

### NEW YEAR VENTURES

Celebrate the new year with the Joint Travel Committee's trip to London: Jan. 12-18, \$400, call Virginia Karniki (894-1219) for further details. Cyprus (Paphos, Curium, Nicosia and Limassol): Feb. 15-19, telephone Linda Flickinger (801-9913) for the details.

## JANUARY 23

American Club — Special buffet, Family Inn.

## JANUARY 24

Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 7:30 pm.

## JANUARY 26

American Club — Special dinner, Americana Room.

## JANUARY 28

Athens Cosmopolitan Lions Club — Dinner meeting, 9 pm. Call Mr. Baganis (Tel. 360-1311) for further details.



## JANUARY 29

Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 10 am.  
Bingo — American Club, Independence Room, 7:30 pm.  
Rotary Club — General meeting with Speaker of Parliament, Mr. Paspasyrou, who will be made an honorary member of the Club, King's Palace Hotel, 9 pm.

## JANUARY 30

American Club — Special buffet, Family Inn.

## JANUARY 31

Duplicate Bridge — American Club, 7:30 pm.

## MISCELLANEOUS STUDIES

THE AMERICAN COMMUNITY SCHOOLS OF ATHENS, Aghias Paraskevis 129, Halandri, Tel. 659-3200. The first session of the 1980 winter Western Michigan course offerings begins on Jan. 29 and runs through March 21. The second session will run from March 31 through May 30. Deadline for enrollment is Feb. 22. Please call for further information and registration details.

ATHENS CENTRE FOR THE CREATIVE ARTS, Pangrati Cultural Centre, Archimidous 48, Tel. 701-2268. Classes in modern Greek (all levels), studio art, modern dance and movement, creative jazz, "keep fit" exercises, and yoga. Annual registration fee 250 Drs., tuition 3,600 Drs. for each eight week session. Registration for the next term Jan. 25. Classes begin Feb. 10.

BALLET LESSONS. The following schools use the London Royal Academy of Dance method (for children ages 3 and up, grades primary to IV). The syllabi have been devised by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev and examinations are administered by representatives from RAD in London: Diana Theodoridou, Patis-sion 75, Athens, Tel. 821-3535... Sofi Katsouli, Mikras Asias 19, Ilissia, Tel. 777-9052 and

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## NAME DAYS IN JANUARY

In traditional Greek circles one's name day (the day of the Saint whose name one bears) is more significant than one's birthday: an open-house policy is adopted and refreshments are served to well-wishers who stop by with gifts and the traditional greeting of *hronia polla* (many years). Although this tradition is fading, and some Athenians take the precaution of announcing in the local newspapers that they will *not* be at home to visitors on their namedays, it is customary to acknowledge the occasion with a telephone call, cable or flowers.

Jan. 1 Vassilios (Vassilis, Vassos), William (Bill), Basil, Vassiliki (Vasso)  
Jan. 6 Fotis, Fotini  
Jan. 7 Yannis (John), Ioanna  
Jan. 17 Antonios (Tony), Antonia  
Jan. 18 Athanasios, Thanasis (Thanos, Nastos), Athanasia (Soula)  
Jan. 20 Efthymios (Thymios), Efthymia (Effie)  
Jan. 25 Grigorios (Gregory)

## DATES TO REMEMBER

Jan. 27 *Apokries* (Carnival) begins (through Feb. 17)

## PUBLIC HOLIDAYS

Jan. 1 New Year's Day  
Jan. 6 Epiphany

The Friends of the Goulandris Natural History Museum have issued a 1980 calendar entitled "Birds of Greece". The colour photographs exhibit twelve species of birds which risk extinction in this country. The calendar is being sold at central bookshops (at the price of Drs. 150) or at the Museum in Kifissia, Levidou 13 (for Drs. 100).

Theofanous 33, Ambelokipi, Tel. 642-6782... Maya Sofou, Alex. Soutsou 4, Kolonaki, Tel. 360-2965... Carol Janis, Tsouderou 27, Kalamaki, Tel. 981-6310.

FIBREWOKS, Iperidou 5, Tel. 322-9887. Courses in spinning and dyeing, basic and intermediate weaving, tapestry, batik, and Greek dancing. Tuition approximately 2,000 to 3,000 Drs. Registration Jan. 7-12. Classes begin Jan. 14.

HELLENIC AMERICAN UNION, Massalias 22, Tel. 362-9886. Courses in beginning, intermediate and advanced modern spoken Greek. Placement test fee (for those with a prior knowledge of Greek) 125 Drs., annual registration fee 260 Drs., tuition 2,960 Drs. for each 36 hour session. Registration Jan. 10. Art classes in several techniques for beginners through advanced. Tuition 3,300 Drs. per session. Registration Tues. and Thurs., 9 am-noon. Classes begin Jan. 15 (through March 6).

Modern dance and choreography classes. Tuition 600 Drs. for one hour per week and 1,000 Drs. for two hours per week. Registration Tues. and Thurs., 9 am-noon. Classes begin Jan. 15 (through March 6).

XAN (YMCA), Omirou 28, Tel. 362-6970. Greek lessons for beginners every Tues. and Thurs. evening. Call for further information.

# THE ATHENIAN

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## publisher's note

*The per capita gross domestic product in Greece has risen so sharply in recent years that the economic gap separating this country from Western Europe is quickly shrinking. This prosperity, however, which has brought an influx of people into urban centres and caused a rocketing increase in wasteful consumption has brought with it environmental problems. In "What Price Progress?" Antony M. Economides weighs the new affluence against the exploitation of resources and suggests a more balanced search for a better quality of life.*

*I.D. Ioannides was born in Kavala in 1931 and studied in Greece and at Temple University, Philadelphia, where he received his Ph. D. in Child Psychology. Today he is a professor at the Pedagogic Academy in Heraklion, "teaching teachers". Besides studies in his field he has published three collections of short stories, and two books for children. His latest short story, "Secret Journeys", has not yet been published in Greek.*

*The establishment of The Alexander Onassis Foundation, named in honour of his son who predeceased him, was provided for by Aristotle Onassis in his will. Louis P. Cajoleas describes the goals and programs of the foundation. As a university dean, Dr. Cajoleas has had considerable and close contact with foundations, their programs and directors.*

*The cover is by William Reid, Jr., who is a regular contributor to The Athenian both as a writer and an illustrator.*

# goings on in athens

## MUSIC

**ATHENS STATE ORCHESTRA.** Rex Theatre, Panepistimiou 48, Tel. 362-8670, 361-4344 (box office). Performances commence at 8:30 pm. Due to a strike by the orchestra, the program was not available at the time of going to press. Please call for details.

**LYRIKI SKINI** (National Opera Company), Olympia Theatre, Akadimias 58, Tel. 361-2461. Performances are usually at 8:30 pm on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays and at 7 pm on Saturdays and Sundays. Due to a strike by the orchestra, the program was not available at the time of going to press. Please call for details.

**PARNASSOS HALL,** Agiou Georgiou Karytsi 8, Tel. 323-8745. Perhaps the oldest concert hall in Athens, built in the late nineteenth century. The full program of lectures and musical events includes regular recitals by students from various conservatories which provide a glimpse of Greek social and musical culture. The hall is near Syntagma Square, just below Kolokotronis' statue off Stadiou Street. Admission free. Some of this month's musical events include: Maro Razi, guitar recital (Jan. 10 at 8 pm)... Telesilla Musical Society (Jan. 14 at 9 pm)... N. Voutyra, piano recital (Jan. 15 at 8 pm)... Classical concert by the Union of Wireless Operators (Jan. 21 at 7 pm)... National Odeon students' concert (Jan. 26 at 5 pm)... Concert by the Union of Greek Composers (Jan. 29 at 7:30 pm)... Memorial concert for the poet Karyotakis and composer Solon Michaelides by the Union of Greek Musicians (Jan. 31 at 8 pm).

## CONCERTS AND RECITALS

The addresses and phone numbers of the cultural institutes are listed in the Organizer. Call for ticket information.

**EVI MARTIN** — Piano recital. Jan. 16 at 8 pm. Hellenic American Union.

**HIS-LAVERNE CONCERT SERIES** — Kiki Morfoniou, soprano. Jan. 16 at 8:15 pm. Hellenic International School.

**ARION CONSERVATORY** — Concert of Greek-American music. Jan. 24 at 8 pm. Hellenic American Union.

## GALLERIES

Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Monday through Friday from around 10 to 2 and reopen in the evenings from 6 to 9 or 10. On Saturdays they are usually open in the morning only. Since the days and hours they are open may vary due to the holidays, it is best to call before setting out.

**ARGO,** Merlin 8, Kolonaki, Tel. 362-2562. Call for exhibit details.

**ART AND ENVIRONMENT,** Thespidos 14, Plaka, Tel. 322-4618. Group exhibition by ten Greek and foreign artists, oils and watercolours suitable for gifts (Jan. 2-31).

**ASTOR,** Kar. Servias 16, Tel. 322-4971. Call for exhibit details.

**ATHENS,** Glykonos 4, Tel. 713-938. Kontopoulos, paintings (Jan.).

**JEAN AND KAREN BERNIER,** Marasli 51, Tel. 735-657. Hours: Mon. 6-9 pm, Tues.-Fri. 10:30 am - 1:30 pm and 6-9 pm, Sat. 10:30 am - 1:30 pm. An exhibition of works by the young Italian artist Mariella Simoni (opening Jan. 12).

**CONTEMPORARY GRAPHICS,** Haritos, 9, Tel. 732-690. Group exhibition (Jan. 3-6). Christina Zervou, paintings, accompanied by a composition of electronic music composed by Stephanos Vassiliadis; performances at 11 and 12 am, and 7 and 8 pm (Jan. 8-26).

**DADA,** Antinoros 17, Tel. 742-377. Call for exhibit details.

**DESMOS,** Akadimias 28, Tel. 360-9449. Call for exhibit details.

**DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL,** Nikodimou and Nikis 33, Tel. 323-1978. Group exhibition (Jan. 2-8). An exhibition of oils entitled 'Athens period 1930-50', by the Greek primitive painter Yeorgos Savakis (Jan. 10-31).

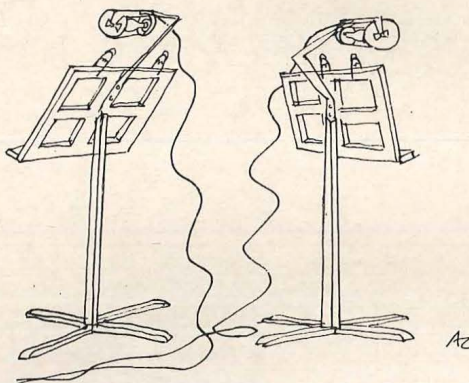
**DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL,** Diogenous 12, Plaka, Tel. 322-6942. Permanent group show of Greek painting and sculpture.

**EL GRECO,** Syngrou Ave. and Chrisostomou Smyrnis 2, Tel. 933-3302. Group exhibition by Greek artists of paintings and ceramics (Jan. 2-16). New exhibition of paintings and ceramics by Greek artists (Jan. 20-31).

**GALERIE GRAVURES,** Plateia Dexameni 1, Kolonaki, Tel. 363-9597. Permanent exhibition of nineteenth - century Greek engravings.

**KREONIDES,** Iperidou 7 (at Nikis St.), Tel. 322-4261. Exhibition of works by the employees of Olympic Airways (Jan. 2-5). Michalis Kokoris, paintings, sculpture and ceramics (Jan. 9-23). Stephanos Koukas, paintings (Jan. 24-Feb. 9).

**NEES MORPHES,** Valaoritou 9a, Tel. 361-6165. Group exhibition of surrealist paintings by Greek artists (Jan. 2-8). Apostolis Tsiroyainnis, paintings (Jan. 9-26). Fedon Patrikalakis,



paintings and small sculptures (Jan. 28-Feb. 14).

**GALERIE O,** Haritos 8, Tel. 717-669. Call for exhibit details.

**ORA,** Xenofontos 7, Tel. 323-0698. Joint exhibition of paintings by Dimitris Andreanopoulos, Maria Grigoriou and Yiannis Papadopoulos (Jan. 2-11). Kalamaras, sketches and sculptures (Jan. 14-30).

**POLYPLANO,** Dimokritou 20, Tel. 362-9822. Call for exhibit details.

**ROTUNDA,** Skoufa 20, Tel. 362-2945. Call for exhibit details.

**STOA TECHNIS,** Voukourestiou 45, Tel. 362-4139. Dratsoumis, oils (Jan. 3-5). Frangoulis, oils (Jan. 8-25). Chronopoulos, paintings (Jan. 28-Feb. 16).

**THOLOS,** Filhellenon 20, Tel. 323-7950. Hours: Mon - Sat. 6-10 pm, and Wed. 11 am - 1 pm. George Mendrinou, paintings (Jan. 4-18). Call for remainder of January's exhibit details.

**TO TRITO MATI,** Loukianou 21b, Tel. 714-074. Alexander Kontopoulos, drawings and illustrations (Jan. 4 until early Feb.).

**JILL YAKAS,** 16 Spartis, Kifissia, Tel. 801-2773. Permanent exhibition of prints by Delia Delderfield, Hilary Adair, Susan Jameson, Michael Fairclough, and others.

**ZOUMBOULAKIS,** 20 Kolonaki Square, Tel. 360-8278. Closed Mondays. Exhibition of oil paintings and sketches by Pablo Picasso with the cooperation of the Beyeler Gallery, Switzerland (Jan. 3-10). Call for remainder of January's exhibit details.

**ZOUMBOULAKIS-TASSOS,** Kriezotou 7, Tel. 363-4454. Graphics and multiples by Greek and foreign artists. Also antiques, jewelry and embroidery.

**ZYGOS,** Iofondos 33 (near Caravel Hotel), Tel. 729-219. Joint exhibition of etchings and wood engravings by Michalis Arfaras and Frank Reimann; also Nikos Maroulakis, coloured satirical cartoons (Jan 8-22). Joint exhibition of paintings by Jenny Papadakis and Gerasimos Dionatos (Jan. 24-Feb. 7).

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We very much regret that the programs for the following institutes were not ready when we went to press. Please call the institutes for details: British Council (Tel. 363-3211), French Institute (Tel. 362-4301), Goethe Institute (Tel. 360-8111), Italian Institute (Tel. 522-9294).

## EXHIBITIONS

The addresses and phone numbers of the institutes are to be found in the Organizer. Exhibitions may be visited during the institutes' and museums' regular hours.

**HELLENIC AMERICAN UNION** — John Poullos, paintings (Jan. 15-29). Dogoulis, paintings (Jan. 22-Feb. 8).

**NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART (PINAKOTHIKI),** Vas. Konstantinou, opposite the Hilton, Tel. 710-010. "Under the Classical Spell: Memories and Revivals of Antiquity", exhibition from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York (through Jan. 7). Exhibition of Greek Puppet Theatre (through Jan. 27). Exhibition of works by Ippolito Kaffi (early Jan.). Exhibition of works by Chryssa Vardea (Jan. 14-Feb. 10). Major exhibition of French Impressionist and Post-impressionist paintings (Jan. 30-April 20).

**ZAPPION,** next to the National Gardens, Tel. 323-4206. Boat exhibition (Jan. 17-end of Jan.).

## MUSEUMS

Museum hours may change at short notice. Be sure to call before setting out.

**ACROPOLIS MUSEUM,** on the Acropolis, Tel. 323-6665. Pre-classical architectural and monumental sculpture from the Acropolis, and vases, terracotta and bronze artifacts excavated since 1934. Other artifacts from the Acropolis are to be found in the National Archaeological Museum. Labels in Greek and English. Open 9 am to 3:30 pm daily. Closed Tuesdays. Admission 50 Drs. Free on Sundays.

**AGORA MUSEUM,** Stoa of Attalos in the Ancient Agora, Monastiraki, Tel. 321-0185. The original 2nd century B.C. stoa, the long, colonnaded structure where businessmen transacted their affairs, magistrates conferred, teachers lectured and idlers idled, was reconstructed in 1953-6 on the original foundation. It now houses the finds from the Agora excavations which vividly illustrate its function as the commercial and civic centre of ancient Athens. Open 9 am to 3:30 pm daily. Closed Tuesdays. Admission 25 Drs., students 10 Drs. Free on Sundays.

**BENAKI MUSEUM,** Koumbari 1 (corner of Vas. Sofias), Tel. 361-1617. The neo-classical mansion houses art and memorabilia from all periods of Greek history, Islamic and Coptic art, textiles, Chinese ceramics, Greek costumes. Guidebooks in English, French and German. There is a coffee shop on the top floor and a fine gift shop. Open daily 8:30 am to 2 pm. Closed Tuesdays. Admission 50 Drs. Free on Sundays.

**BYZANTINE MUSEUM,** Vas. Sofias 22, Tel. 711-027. Set in a peaceful courtyard, the Florentine-style villa, built for the Duchess of Plaisance in 1848, houses the major collection of Byzantine

and post-Byzantine art in Athens. The assemblage is rich but many objects are not labelled. Open 9 am to 3:30 pm daily. *Closed Mondays*. Admission 50 Drs., students 20 Drs.

**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. Open 10 am to 5 pm. *Closed Fridays*. Admission 25 Drs., students 10 Drs.

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Melidoni 5, Tel. 325-2773. A museum housing antiquities of the centuries-old Jewish communities of Greece. Includes liturgical items, books from the 16th century, fabrics, jewelry, decorative arts, and photographs of community life and costumes. Open Mon., Wed., Fri. and Sun. from 9:30 am to 1:30 pm.

**PAVLOS AND ALEXANDRA KANELLOPOULOS MUSEUM**, Theorias and Panos Streets, Plaka, Tel. 321-2313. Pottery, ceramics, jewelry and other ancient, Byzantine and modern artifacts comprise the collection housed in a renovated mansion on the Plaka side of the Acropolis. Open 9 am to 3:30 pm daily. *Closed Mondays*. Admission 25 Drs., students 10 Drs.

**MARATHON MUSEUM**, at Marathon about 42 kms. from Athens, Tel. (029) 455-462. Located a few kilometres beyond the tomb of the Athenians and near the Platean burial mound, the museum is the gift of American-Greek shipping magnate Eugene Panagopoulos. Finds from the Marathon plain, from Neolithic material found in the Cave of Pan to late Roman artifacts. Some Cycladic tombs (showing skeletons and grave-objects) may be seen in a building nearby. Open daily 9 am to 3:30 pm and Sun. 9 am to 1 pm. *Closed Tuesdays*. Admission 25 Drs. Free on Sundays.

**MUSEUM OF GREEK FOLK ART**, Kydathineon 17, Plaka (near Nikis St.), Tel. 321-3018. A small, superb collection of Greek art, mostly from the 18th and 19th centuries, which includes embroideries, wood carvings, jewelry, and mannequins in traditional costumes. Reconstruction of a room with wall-paintings by the modern primitive artist Theophilos. Open from 10 am to 2 pm daily. *Closed Mondays*. Admission free.

**MUSEUM OF GREEK FOLK ART—CERAMIC COLLECTION**, Areos 1 (in former mosque), Monastiraki Square, Tel. 324-2066. A small, well-displayed collection of Greek ceramics, mostly modern, but in traditional shapes and patterns and a few 19th century objects. Open from 10 am to 2 pm. *Closed Tuesdays*. Admission free.

**NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM**, Patission and Tositsa, Tel. 821-7717. One of the world's finest and most comprehensive collections of ancient Greek art. Some highlights: the lovely Cycladic figurines, spectacular finds from Mycenae, archaic statues of youths (Kouri), sculpture of all periods, bronzes, vases. Upstairs: fascinating Minoan frescoes and household utensils preserved under the volcanic ash that covered the island of Thera (Santorini) after a 15th century B.C. eruption. Guidebooks available in many languages. Private guides upon request. A shop sells reproductions and copies. Open 9 am to 3:30 pm daily. *Closed Mondays*. Admission 50 Drs., students 25 Drs. Free on Sundays.

**NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART (Pinakothiki)**, Vas. Konstantinou, opposite Hilton, Tel. 711-010. The permanent collection includes works of Greek painters from the 16th century to the present. Examples of Italian, Flemish and Dutch masters, a few El Grecos, and a fine collection of engravings from Dürer and Bruegel to Braque, Picasso and Dalí. Open Tues. through Sat. 9 am to 4 pm, Sun. and holidays 10 am to 2 pm. *Closed Mondays*. Admission 20 Drs. Free on Wednesdays and Sundays. No admission charge for students.

**NATIONAL HISTORICAL MUSEUM**, Stadiou, Kolokotroni Square, Tel. 323-7617. Permanent collections begun in 1882 are now housed in the old Parliament building designed by Boulanger in 1858. Covers Greek history since Byzantine times with mainly relics, memorabilia, and mementos from the wars and revolutions that created the modern Greek nation. Most labels in Greek, but photocopied descriptions available in English, for use in the Museum. Open daily 9 am to 1 pm *Closed Tuesdays*. Admission 20 Drs., students 5 Drs.

**NAVAL MUSEUM**, Freatis, Akti Themistokleous, Piraeus, Tel. 451-6264. Relics, models and pictures related to Greek naval history. Open daily 9 am to 12:30 pm, 5 to 8 pm, and Sundays 10 am to 1 pm. *Closed Mondays*. Admission 10 Drs. Free on Tuesdays and Fridays.

**PANOS ARAVANTINOS MUSEUM**, Agiou Konstantinou St. (in Dimotiko Theatro of Piraeus), Tel. 412-2339. About 300 paintings, set designs, costumes and bill boards representing the work and achievements of the German-based, Greek artist-director, Panos Aravantinos. Includes his set designs for the Fourth Act of *Carmen*, a classic reference in the theatre to this day. Open Mon. through Sat. 9 am to 1 pm. Special arrangements made for groups. Tel. 417-9711.

**THEATRE MUSEUM**, Akadimias 50 (opposite the bus terminal), Tel. 362-9430. A rich collection of photographs, costumes, sets, posters, personal items, drawings and paintings, and other memorabilia from the ancient and modern Greek stage. Of special interest are the reconstructed dressing-rooms of such famous stage personalities as Katina Paxinou, and a multi-lingual research library. Theatre books and magazines are on sale in the lobby. The museum is open daily 10 am to 1 pm and the library 10 am to 1 pm and reopens Mon., Wed. and Fri. evenings from 4 pm to 7 pm. *Closed Saturdays and Sundays*. Admission 20 Drs.

**TRAIN MUSEUM**, 301 Liossion Street, Tel. 524-4149. Among the exhibits are the first train that operated in the Peloponnesus, a car from the Ottoman Sultan's private train captured during the Balkan Wars, and a red-wheeled carriage from the Kalavryta rack railway. This new museum is open Friday evenings only from 5:30 to 8:30 pm. Admission free.

**WAR MUSEUM**, Vas. Sofias and Rizari, Tel. 742-440. Blood and thunder glorified (to the delight of war buffs and school-boys and to the distress of pacifists) in a well-organized exhibition surveying Greek military history from antiquity to the present day. Outside are model boats and aeroplanes, machine-guns and real aeroplanes, for all enthusiasts. Open 9 am to 2 pm daily. *Closed Mondays*. Admission free.

## POINTS OF INTEREST

**THE ACROPOLIS**. Rising 100 metres above the city, it is approached from the west by a monumental gateway, the Propylaea. On a parapet to the right is the small Temple of Athena Nike, beyond is the Parthenon and the Erechtheum. Work is underway to preserve the monuments and sculptures (some of which have been removed), and movement has been slightly restricted. Open daily 9 am to 3:30 pm. Admission 50 Drs. Free on Sundays. (See also Museum listings.) Guides available on request.

**THE ANCIENT AGORA**. Entrances from just below the Acropolis and from Adrianou St., Monastiraki. The marketplace, a religious and civic centre of Athens in ancient times, is analogous to the Roman Forum, where farmers sold their produce, businessmen conducted their affairs and popular assemblies were held. Open 9 am to 3:30 pm daily. Admission 25 Drs. (See also Museum listings.)

**THE EVZONES**. The Presidential Guard makes its home on Irodou Attikou, diagonally across from the Palace. On Sundays at 11 am the regiment, accompanied by a band, marches in full regalia to the Parliament and back.

**KERAMIKOS CEMETERY**, Tel. 346-3552. The cemetery of Ancient Athens is located off Ermou Street below Monastiraki. Open Mon. through Sat. 9 am to 3:30 pm. A quiet, pleasant spot in which to rest or wander. Some of the grave markers are in their original positions but others have been moved to the little museum which is open. Mon. through Sat. 9 am to 3:30 pm. *Closed Tuesdays*, Admission 25 Drs. Free on Sundays.

**LYKAVITOS (Lycabettus)**, Tel. 727-092. Although its height exceeds that of the Acropolis by nearly 400 feet (910 to the Acropolis' 512) Lykavitos is fated to remain the city's "other" hill, dwarfed by its glorious sister and barely alluded to in classical writings. It is crowned by the tiny nineteenth-century chapel of St. George, visible from most parts of the city. From the summit, one can view all of Athens, the surrounding mountains and, on a clear day, the Saronic Gulf. There is an *ouzeri* serving

refreshments about half-way up, and a restaurant at the top. Approached by foot, car or the funicular railway (entrance at Ploutarhou and Aristipou Streets in Kolonaki) which operates daily from 8:30 am-midnight.

**NATIONAL GARDEN** (entrances on Amalias, Vass. Sofias, Irodou Attikou and from the Zappion). The Athenians' retreat. A verdant labyrinth with interesting and unusual vegetation, cool shady nooks, benches, and wooded paths. Watch the world go by, or stroll around and meet the resident ducks, swans and peaco ks. Open 7:30 am to sunset.

**PLANETARIUM**, Syngrou Ave. (opposite the race course), Tel. 941-1181. The Planetarium's roster of activities: Exhibition of Experimental Physics every Sunday 9 am to 1:30 pm and 5:30 to 8:30 pm; film, *A Trip to the Moon* (for children under 12), every Sunday at 11 am and 5:30 pm; film, *From the Earth to the Moon* (for adults), every Sunday at noon. Most shows are in Greek, but group shows in English, German and French may be arranged.

**PROTO NEKROTAFIO** (The First Cemetery of Athens). Not far from the Temple of Olympian Zeus. The names on the elaborate tombs (in neo-classical style, often decorated with splendid sculpture) read like an index to the cultural and political history of 19th and 20th century Greece. The Troy-inspired bas-relief Schliemann mausoleum and the famous "Sleeping Maiden" of Halepas are of special interest. Open 7:30 am to sunset.

## MONASTERIES

*Situated in pleasant areas easy to reach by car or bus from the centre of Athens, the monasteries provide pleasant respites from the city, and a historical glimpse of Byzantine and post-Byzantine Greece.*

**DAFNI**. An eleventh-century church with outstanding mosaics and some frescoes. Open daily from 8 am to sunset. (There is a tourist pavilion.) Bus to Eleusis or Aspropyrgos from Koumoundourou Square. By car, follow the signs on the road to Eleusis.

**KESARIANI**. A picturesque drive through the pine trees leads to this beautifully-located, eleventh-century monastery on the lower slopes of Mt. Hymettus. The church has seventeenth- and eighteenth-century frescoes. Open daily from 8:30 am to 5 pm. From Massalia St., take bus 39/52 to the terminus. It is then a 35-45 minute uphill walk, either along the paved road or the footpath that goes behind the cemetery, to the monastery.

**PENDELI**. A sixteenth-century monastery with Byzantine paintings in the chapel. The site includes a small museum, monk's cell and a "secret school", open daily from 8:30 am to 7 pm. The grounds are open all day. Near the monastery is the Rododafnis Palace, built for the Duchesse de Plaisance, and converted in 1961 to a royal residence, but it is closed to the public. A taverna is nearby. In Athens, take bus 105 from Othonos St. and in Piraeus bus 191 from Felaneron.

## LIBRARIES

**AMERICAN-HELLENIC CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**, Valaoritou 17, Tel. 361-8385. A commercial and industrial reference library, with a collection of American and Greek directories and catalogues as well as many trade, technical and statistical journals. Mon. through Fri. 8:30 to 2, Sat. 8:30 to 12.

**AMERICAN LIBRARY**, Hellenic American Union, Massalia 22 (4th floor), Tel. 363-7740. Books, periodicals, indexes, and U.S. Government documents in English. A microfilm-microfiche reader-printer and a small collection of video-cassettes, films, records, slides and filmstrips. The New York Times, Time, Newsweek, and Scientific American available on microfilm. Mon. through Fri. 9:30 to 2 and Mon. through Thurs. 5:30 to 8:30.

**ATHENS COLLEGE**, Psychico, Tel. 671-4628, ext. 60. A good collection of classical and modern Greek literature and history. Mon. through Fri. 8:30 to 6.

**BENAKI**, Koumbari 1, Tel. 362-6462. For reference use only. Books, periodicals, manuscripts, gravures, and watercolours pertaining to all periods of Greek history and art with emphasis on folk tradition. Mon. through Sat. 8:30 to 2.

BRITISH COUNCIL, Kolonaki Square, Tel. 363-3211.

Books, periodicals, records and references in English. Mon through Fri. 9 to 1 and Mon. and Thurs. 6 to 8:30

BRITISH EMBASSY INFORMATION DEPARTMENT, Karageorgi Servias 2, Syntagma, Tel. 736-211, ext. 293. Books, reports, and other information on British social institutions. For reference use only. Daily 9 to 2, Tues. and Wed. 4 to 7.

FRENCH INSTITUTE, Sina 29, Tel. 362-4301. Books, periodicals, references and records in French. Mon. through Sat. 9 to 1 and Mon. through Fri. 5 to 8.

THE GENNADIUS, American School of Classical Studies, Soudias 61, Tel. 710-536. References on Greece from antiquity to the present. Permanent exhibit of rare books, manuscripts and works of art. Mon. through Fri. 9 to 4:30, Sat. 9 to 1.

GERMAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, Fidiou 1, Tel. 362-0270. References on archaeology. Mon. through Sat. 9 to 1:30 and 5 to 8. Upon request the library will remain open until 8 for the exclusive use of students and archaeologists.

GOETHE INSTITUTE, Fidiou 14-16, Tel. 360-8111. Books, periodicals, references and records in German. Mon through Fri. 10 to 2 and 5 to 8.

HELLENIC AMERICAN UNION GREEK LIBRARY, Mas-salias 22 (7th floor), Tel. 360-7305. Books and periodicals in Greek, and in English about Greece. Mon. through Fri. 9 to 1 and 6 to 9.

ITALIAN INSTITUTE, Patission 47, Tel. 522-9294. Books, periodicals, references in Italian and Greek. Mon. through Fri. 9 to 1 and 5 to 7:30.

NATIONAL LIBRARY, Panepistimiou St., Tel. 361-4413. References, manuscripts, books, periodicals, etc., in several languages and related to all fields. Mon. through Sat. 9 to 1.

NATIONAL RESEARCH CENTRE, Vas. Konstantinou 48, Tel. 729-811. Scientific journals and periodicals in all languages except Greek. For reference use only, but photocopies made upon request. Mon. through Sat. 8:30 to 1:30, Mon. through Fri. 4 to 8:30.

PARLIAMENT LIBRARY, Vas. Sophias, Tel. 323-5030. Mon. through Sat. 8 to 1. The Benakios Annex is located in the National Historical Museum, Stadiou, Kolokotronis Square, Tel. 322-7148. Mon. through Fri. 8 to 1 and 5:30 to 8, Sat. 8 to 1.

PLANETARIUM, Syngrou Ave. (opposite the race course), 3rd floor, Tel. 941-1181. Books on science and technology with some on humanities and social sciences in English French, Italian, German, Greek and Russian. Mon. through Fri. 8 to 3.

POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, Patission St., Tel. 361-1859. Books on architecture, engineering, etc. For reference use only. Mon. through Fri. 8 to 7:30 and Sat. 8 to 12:30.

UNITED NATIONS INFORMATION CENTRE, Amalias 36, Tel. 323-4208. Extensive reference library on UN-related subjects, as well as a film lending library. Mainly English and French with substantial translations, bulletins, and press releases in Greek. Mon. through Fri. 9 to 2.

## SHOPPERS' GUIDE

*Among the items sought by visitors to Greece are handicrafts, jewelry, flokati rugs, furs, pottery, onyx, marble and alabaster. They are available in shops concentrated in central Athens, and throughout Greece as well. The following are non-profit organizations in the city, and a guide to some shopping areas.*

BENAKI MUSEUM, Koubari 1 (corner of Vass. Sofias), Tel. 361-1617. Wide selection of items from matchbooks and scarves to records, needlepoint kits, table linens, jewelry reproductions

and prints. The themes and designs are mostly Greek, many of them drawn from the Museum's collection.

GREEK WOMEN'S INSTITUTION, Voukourestiou 13, Tel. 362-4038. Exquisite embroideries, handwoven fabrics, and hand-made dolls, mostly from the islands. Also available exact copies of old embroideries from the Benaki Museum collection.

LYCEUM OF GREEK WOMEN, Dimokritou 17, Tel. 363-7698. Ceramics, jewelry, embroidery, bedspreads, rugs, curtains, pillowcases, handwoven fabrics sold by the metre, etc. Some special orders accepted.

NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Tossitsa and Patission, Tel. 822-1764. Excellent reproductions of statues, figures, vases, jewelry, etc. Books also available.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF HELLENIC HANDICRAFTS, Mitropoleos 9, Tel. 322-1017. Items on exhibit are not on sale here, but a list of retailers is



available and their shop at Panepistimiou 6 (Tel. 646-4268) sells hand-woven rugs and carpets.

NATIONAL WELFARE ORGANIZATION. A wide variety of crafts from moderately-priced, utilitarian, copper or woven products, to delicate embroideries, jewelry and rugs. Shops located at Karageorgi Servias 8, the Hilton Hotel, and Voukourestiou 24. The latter specializes in rugs and carpets.

XEN (YWCA), Amerikis 11, Tel. 362-4291. An exhibition of arts and crafts, and embroidered items and cards for sale.

## SPECIALITY AREAS

KOLONAKI. The area is sprinkled with small, expensive shops with, on the whole, high quality folkcrafts, leather goods, prints, paintings, antiques, icons, and high-fashion boutiques.

MONASTIRAKI. The 'flea market' section, several blocks below Syntagma (Constitution Square) with 'everything' as well as the widest selection of copper and brass. Hawkers hawk, sightseers shop and bargain for antiques, old and new furniture, clothing, books, handicrafts, tools, junk, the practical and the preposterous. Open daily 9 am to 9 pm. Open-air bazaar on Sundays from 8 am to 12 noon.

PIRAEUS FLEA MARKET. By the side of the railway track just before the SPAP station, housed in a row of rickety structures built over the ancient walls of Pericles. Smaller and less frequented than Monastiraki, but often rewarding. Bric-a-brac from old ships are predominant, but brass beds, earthenware, old lace and woven materials abound. Open daily 8 am to 2 pm and 5:30 to 8 pm. Open-air bazaar on Sundays from 8 am to 12 noon.

## RECREATIONAL

### SKIING

*Winter sports are developing steadily in Greece, and the mountain ranges are being equipped with the latest modern installations such as refuges, ski-lifts, etc. The Hellenic Federation of Mountaineering and Skiing has refuges at many of the areas and offers weekend excursions (for information and membership details contact them at 7 Karageorgi Servias St., Tel. 323-4555). The following is a list of ski resorts which will commence operating during December. We suggest you call the areas directly for the latest ski reports.*

KISSAVOS (Kanalos), Tel. 041-220097. Accommodation available at the refuge (capacity 85-100 persons), and the village of Spilia (6 km. away) or Larissa (42 km. away). The ski-lift operates on weekends and holidays only.

MENALON (Ostrakina), Tel. 0756-21227. There is a refuge at the site (capacity 80 persons), or accommodation may be found at Tripolis (30 km away). There are two ski-lifts in operation capable of transporting 1,000 persons per hour.

PARNASSOS (Fterolaka). In Athens Tel. 322-4593; in Arachova Tel. 0267-3192; in Fterolaka Tel. 0234-22693. Run by the National Tourist Organization, the facilities and skiing are excellent and prices extremely reasonable. There are two chairlifts and 2-J bars, with four ski runs, two of which are for beginners. The main run has been approved for international contests by the F.I.S. Self-service restaurant and cafe, parking area, and accommodation available at Arachova, Itea and Delphi. Equipment rentals for all ages at reasonable prices and lessons of two hours duration for adults at 250 Drs. and children 100 Drs. Lift tickets are 500 Drs. (20 rides); 100 Drs. (one ride); special rates for students, athletes, children and learners. Open daily 9 am to 4 pm.

PILION (Agriolefkas-Hania), Tel. 0421-25696. Accommodation is available in many of the picturesque villages of Mt. Pilion and Volos. Beginner, intermediate and expert slopes. A mini lift operates close to the refuge which can transport 900 people an hour.

PINDOS, Tel. 065-641249. Two km. from the village of Metsovon where accommodation is available. Beginner and intermediate slopes, chair lift (80 chairs), 2 T-bars. Sledges for rent and ski equipment for adults only. Snow machine in use. Open daily from 8 am to 1 pm and from 2 pm to 5 pm. *Closed Wednesdays.*

VERMION (Seli), Tel. 033-126970. Accommodation available in Seli (3 km. from ski slopes) and Naoussa (18 km. from ski slopes). Slopes for beginners, intermediate and experts. Three ski-lifts in operation and equipment available for renting for adults and children. Open daily from 9 am.

VITSI (Vigla), Pissoderiou, Tel. 0385-22354. Accommodation available at Florina (20 km) or at the refuge (capacity 70 persons). Two ski-lifts in operation and equipment rentals. Open daily from 10 am to 1 pm and 2 pm to 6 pm.

### BOWLING

APOLLON PALACE HOTEL, Kavouri, Tel. 895-1401. This hotel has a small bowling alley, only four lanes, but it has the advantage of a well-stocked bar. Open Tues. through Sat. 5:30 pm to 12:30 am, and Sun. 10:30 am to midnight. The charge is 60 Drs. a game, irrespective of hour, but there is a 10 Drs. charge for hire of shoes.

BLANOS BOWLING, 124 Kifissias Ave (near Floca's), Tel. 692-0095. An underground bowling alley, with six lanes and a small bar. Friendly atmosphere. Open daily from 10 am to 4 pm, 50 Drs. a game; and from 4 pm to 2 am, 70 Drs. a game. There is a charge of 5 Drs. for hire of shoes.

BOWLING CENTRE PIRAEUS, on top of Kastella, Profitis Ilias, Tel. 412-7077. A modern bowling alley with eight lanes. There is an attractive bar and upstairs a cafeteria serving snacks with a spectacular view across the bay. Open daily from 10:30 am to 7 pm, 50 Drs. a game; and from 7 pm to 2 am, 70 Drs. a game. There is no charge for hire of shoes.

HOLIDAY INN HOTEL, Mihalakopoulou Str., Tel. 748-182. The latest bowling alley to open in the Athens area, with twelve bowling lanes. Open

**MYRTO TOURS Ltd.**  
Travel Agency  
**Skiing Weekend - Parnassus**  
for information  
Tel. 3244-000, 3232-640  
3 Kolokotronis Square



daily from 10 am to 6 pm, 50 Drs. a game; 6 pm to 2 am, 80 Drs. a game; at weekends the charge is 100 Drs. a game all day. Shoes are supplied free of charge.

**KIFISSIA BOWLING CENTRE.** Shoppingland, Kolokotroni and Levidou Sts., Kifissia, Tel. 808-4662. Complete with restaurant serving international cuisine and ten bowling lanes. Open daily 10 am to 5 pm, 50 Drs. a game; 5 pm to 2 am, 70 Drs. a game; at weekends there is an increase of 20 Drs. a game. Shoes may be hired for a 10 Drs. charge.

**PATISSION BOWLING,** 143 Patission Street, (trolley nos. 12 and 3) Tel. 865-3578. One of the first bowling alleys to open in Greece. There is a bar which serves snacks. Friendly atmosphere, young clientele, mostly Greek. Open daily 10 am to 7 pm, 50 Drs. a game; 7 pm to 2 am, closing 70 Drs. a game. Shoes free of charge.

## THEATRE

*A selection of current productions. Some titles are the originals, some are translated from the Greek. Reservations can usually be made at the last moment by phone. Evening curtains rise at 9 pm or thereabouts. There are usually 6 pm matinees on Wednesdays and Sundays. Dial 181 for a recorded announcement (in Greek) of all current productions as programs are liable to change without prior notice.*

**THE NATIONAL THEATRE OF GREECE** — Spyros Melas' *Papaflessas* on the "Central Stage" (Kentriki Skini) and on the "New Stage" (Nea Skini) Christo Doxaras' *Eviction*.

**ACH** — Marietta Rialdi is the director, playwright, producer and star of a new off-beat musical with Angelos Andonopoulos, Takis Miliadis, Katy Lampropoulou. Music by Mimis Plessas and choreography by Maria Gouti. (*Minoa*, Patission 91, Tel. 821-0048)

**ANNA KARENINA** — Tolstoy's novel adapted and directed by George Michaelidis and starring Kakia Dandoulaki, Vassilis Diamantopoulos, Despo Diamantidou, and Petros Fyssoun. Sets and costumes by Nikos Petropoulos. (*Dionysia*, Amerikis 10, Tel. 362-4020)

**BEDROOM FARCE** (Mia nyxhta ano kato) — Written by Alan Ayckbourn, it is adapted and directed by Kostis Tsonos. Sets by Yannis Karydis and starring Dinis Iliopoulos, Kostas Rigopoulos, Kakia Analyti, Jenny Rousseau and George Siskos. (*Moussouri*, Platia Karytsi, Tel. 322-7748)

**A BIG JUMP** (To Megale Pidima) — A musical by George Mylonas. Direction and choreography by Vangelis Silinos. Sets by N. Vorreas and music by S. Tsilikis. Starring Yannis Voyadjis and cast. (*Rialto*, Kypselis 54, Tel. 823-7003)

**THE BULLET** (To Vlima) — A comedy by George Lazaridis, starring Thanassis Vengos, Olga Politi, Stefanos Stratigos and others. Directed by Vengos with sets by Tassos Zografos and music by Loukianos Kelaidonis. (*Vrettania*, Panepistimiou 7, Tel. 322-1579)

**DA** (Da) — Written by Hugh Leonard and adapted by Paul Matessis, under the direction of Takis Mouzenidis. Sets are by G. Patsas. Starring Manos Katrakis and his cast. (*Broadway*, Agiou Meletiou and Patission, Tel. 862-0231)

**A DAY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL** (Mia mera sto Gymnasio) — Elli Alexiou's play performed by a group of young actors under the direction of Nicos Papadakis. Sets and costumes by A. Koutsoudakis. (*Kava*, Stadiou 50, Tel. 321-0237)

**THE DIARY OF A MARRIED WOMAN** — Written by Charles Stuart and presented by the Aloni group under the direction of Stamatis Hondroyannis. Sets by Maris Kokou. (*Kefalini Theatre*, Kefallinias 18)

**GARCONIERE FOR TEN** (Garsoniera ya deka) — A comedy by Lakis Michaelidis with Chronis Xarhakos, Yannis Voyadjis, Danos Lygizos and directed by Xarhakos. Sets by Theodoros Vardaxis. (*Rialto*, Kypselis 54, Tel. 823-7003)

**IDON'T PAY, DON'T PAY** (Den plirono, den plirono) — A Dario Fo comedy translated by Anna Varvaressou and directed by Stefanos Lineos. Sets by D. Douvlis. Music by V. Dimitriou. Starring Stefanos Lineos and Elli Fotiou. (*Alpha*, Patission 37, Tel. 523-8742)

**THE LADY AT MAXIM'S** (I Kyria tou Maxim) — Feydeau's famous farce, directed by Kostas Bakas, with Zoe Laskari, G. Michalakopoulos,

F. Georgitsis and Th. Exarchos. Music by Louk. Kelaidonis with sets and costumes by Ant. Kyriakoulis. Choreography by Yannis Fleri. (*Diana*, Ippokratous 7, Tel. 362-6956)

**LAURELS AND OLEANDERS** (Dafnes ke Pikrodafnes) — Written by Dimitri Kehaidis, under the direction of Karolos Koun. (*Technis*, Stadium 52, Tel. 322-8706)

**LE TUBE** — Written by Francoise Dorin and translated by Marios Floritis. Starring Dimitri Horn. Directed by George Economou, a young director, with music by Manos Hadjidakis and sets by Panos Papadopoulos. Also starring Smaro Stefanidou, Stavros Xenidis, Vyron Pallis and jeune-premier G. Kimoulis. (*Kappa*, Kypselis 2, Tel. 883-1068)

**LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT** — Eugene O'Neill's play directed by Kostis Michaelidis. Starring Elsa Vergi, Christos Frangos and Gregoris Vafias. (*Vergi*, Voukourestiou 1, Tel. 323-5235)

**MADEMOISELLE MY WIFE** (Despinis Gyneka mou) — Written by Louis Verneuil and directed by V. Pagoulatos. Starring Eli. Anoussaki and cast. (*Avlea*, Kountouriotou and Merarchias, Piraeus, Tel. 413-1010)

**MARJORAM AT THE THRESHOLD, DONKEY ON THE ROOF** (Mantzourana sto katofli, gaidaros sta keramidia) — George Armenis' comedy, directed by George Lazanis with sets and costumes by Damianos Zarifis and music by Christos Leontis (*Veaki*, Stournara 32, Tel. 522-3522)

**THE MATCHMAKER** — Thornton Wilder's play with Elli Lambeti, Costas Arzoglou and directed by Minos Volonakis. Translated by Ari Davaraki with sets and costumes by Dionyssis Fotopoulos. (*Super Star*, Agiou Meletiou and Patission, Tel. 864-0774)

**MUSIC HALL A LA GREC** — By Filipoulis and Xanthoulis. (*Vebo*, Karolou St., Tel. 522-3453)

**SCANDALS IN THE BANK** (Skandala stin Trapeza) — An adaptation of a French play by G. Katsambis. Directed by A. Antoniou with sets and costumes by Yannis Karydis. Starring Eleni Erimou, N. Vastardis and others. (*Amiral*, Amerikis 10, Tel. 363-9385)

**THE SMILING COWARD** (O Gelastos Fovitsiaris) — A comedy by N. Kambanis and V. Makridis. Directed by D. Nikolaidis with sets by N. Petropoulos. Starring Kostas Voutsas, Yannis Michalopoulos and cast. (*Gloria*, Ippokratous 7, Tel. 360-9400)

**THE STORY OF A WOMAN** (Istoria mias gynekas) — Written by Romanian playwright Aurez Baraga, directed by and starring Dimitri Myrat. Also starring Voula Zoumboulaki. Sets by Yannis Karydis. (*Athinon*, Voukourestiou and Panepistimiou, Tel. 323-524)

**SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH** (Glyko pouli tis niotis) — Tennessee Williams' famous play starring Melina Mercouri and Yannis Fertis. Directed by Jules Dassin. (*Athina*, Derigny 10, Tel. 823-7330)

**THE WILD CAT** (I agriogata) — The Barillet and Gredy comedy *Peau de Vache*, with Jenny Karezi and Costas Kazakos who also directed the play. (*Athineon*, Akadimias 3, Tel. 363-6144)

**THE TRIAL** (I Diki) — Written by Nikos Zakopoulos. Last winter's success reopened this winter. (*KEA*, Kekropos and Yperidou, Tel. 322-9889)

## CINEMA

*New releases expected to appear this month at first-run theatres where they are often held over for several weeks before moving on to second-run neighbourhood theatres. At the latter, programs usually change on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Some downtown cinemas begin screening in the afternoon but at most, regular programs begin at 8-8:30 and 10-10:30 pm.*

**THE AVALANCHE EXPRESS** (To Express tou Thanatou) — A thriller directed by Marc Robson about a showdown in the Far East between Western agents, who are trying to kidnap a Russian defector, and Soviet agents who are threatening to blow up the train. Starring Lee Marvin, the late Robert Shaw, and Maximilian Schell.

**DAYS OF HEAVEN** (Meres Eftychias) — There is really nothing heavenly in this sardonic fable about America's materialistic culture set in Texas just before World War I. It is about a migrant

worker from Chicago (Richard Gere) who travels south with his lover (Brooke Adams) and his kid sister (Linda Manz) to harvest wheat, then, fed up with working like a dog for pennies, decides to use his lover to seduce his employer out of some of his fortune. Written and directed by talented Terrence Malick (who won the best director award at Cannes this year), and photographed by one of the best European cinematographers, Nestor Almendros (*Claire's Knee*). The music is by Ennio Morricone (1900).

**ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ** (Apodrasis apo to Alkatraz) — From the same director-star team that gave us *Coogan's Bluff*, Don Siegel and Clint Eastwood who plays a convict who tries to escape from Alcatraz, of course!

**FIREPOWER** (Dynami Krousseos) — A scientist is assassinated and his widow (Sophia Loren) accuses an affluent and influential industrialist (Eli Wallach) of his death because the latter had discovered that the former was marketing drugs unfit for consumption. Also starring James Coburn and directed by Michael Winnev.

**METEOR** (Meteor) — Definitely, celluloid disasters must pay a lot for a producer to spend \$30 million on a comet attack on the earth, while astrophysicists from the West (Sean Connery) and the East (Brian Keith, Natalie Wood) try to save humanity, once again. They, however, fall short of avoiding a tidal wave of sewage muck on New York City. This cathartic film is directed by Ronald Neame.

**OLIVER'S STORY** — Remember *Love Story*? Well, Ryan O'Neill has now gotten over Ali McGraw's death with the help of Candice Bergen. And since sequels are generally inferior to their predecessors, one can imagine what this one will be like. Directed by John Corty.

**QUADROPHENIA** (Quadrofenia) — A British production directed by Frank Roddam, about a young man (Phil Daniels) who, fed up with his middle class family and his clerical job, joins a motorcycle gang and travels through England. Set in the '60s, the film manages to convey that exciting and Beatle-crazed period, all to the sound of The Who, the group that also produced the film.

**ROCKY II** (Rocky II: Spasmena Desma) — Another sequel to another tear-jerker. In this one Rocky Balboa has now married, retired and started a family. But, of course, he will concede a rematch with Apollo Creed for old times' sake. Sylvester Stallone has also written the screenplay and directed the film. Starring Talia Shire and Burgess Meredith.

**STAY THE WAY YOU ARE** (Na Minis opos Isse) — Directed by Alberto Latouanda, and starring Marcello Mastroianni as a middle-aged man who is seduced by a young nymph (Nastasia Kinsky). He later finds out she is the daughter of an old lover and may very well be his daughter too.

## ART CINEMAS

Art films are shown in Athens at two cinemas: Alkionis, Iouliauou 42 (near Victoria Square), Tel. 881-5402, and Studio, Stavropoulou 33 (near Amerikis Square), Tel. 861-9017. Call for specific program information. There is also a Cinema Club (Teniothiki) at Kanaris 1, Kolonaki, Tel. 361-2046. Call for membership details.

## AT THE INSTITUTES

**HELLENIC AMERICAN UNION**, Massalias 22, Tel. 362-9886. *True Grit*, starring John Wayne and Kim Derby (Jan. 15)... *Godfather*, starring Marlon Brando (Jan. 22)... *The Sunshine Boys*, starring George Burns and Walter Matthau (Jan. 29). All screenings are at 8 pm.

### THE PLAYERS AUDITIONS

Ayn Rand's *The Night of January 16th*, directed by Louis Cajoleas, is to be presented by The Players as a rehearsed public play-reading. The play, with sixteen adult parts, is about a murder trial in New York. All interested thespians are invited to audition on Jan. 8 at the Hellenic American Union and on Jan. 11 at the American Club. Auditions start at 8:30 pm.

# restaurants and night life

## LUXURY RESTAURANTS

*Elaborate dining in spacious settings where you will be greeted by a maitre d'hotel and served by several waiters and a wine steward. Most have music and a few have dancing. The prices tend to be high but are relatively modest compared to equivalent establishments in other major cities. Reservations are usually necessary.*

Athens Hilton Supper Club, Tel. 720-201. Yannis Spartakos at the piano accompanied by his Golden Trio atop the Hilton (with a visit at midnight from Ta Nissia's Trio). An international menu. Dancing. A sumptuous banquet on Tuesdays at "The Starlight Buffet". Closed Mondays.

Blue Pine, Tsaldari 27, Kifissia, Tel. 801-2969. Set in an elegant country-club atmosphere. Candlelight, comfortable armchairs, and very good service. A fine assortment of hors d'oeuvres, entrees, and desserts, but favoured for charcoal broils which include excellent T-bone steak, chateaubriand, shish kebab, etc. Expensive. Reserve ahead. Daily 8:30 pm to 1 am. Closed Sundays.

Club House, Astir Palace Hotel, Vouliagmeni, Tel. 896-0211, 896-1504. Restaurant, coffee shop, and bar set above the sea. Magnificent view, luxurious environment, international cuisine, attentive service. Expensive. Open daily from noon to 3:30 pm and 8 pm to 12:45 am. (The bar is open from 4 pm to 1:30 am.)

Da Walter, Evzonon and Anapiron Polemou, Kolonaki, Tel. 748-726. A modern elegant restaurant with a spacious bar, Italian cuisine, and moderately high prices. Daily from 8 pm.

Dionissos, Dionnisiou Aeropagitou Ave. (just across from the Acropolis), Tel. 923-1936, 923-3182. The greatest advantage of this restaurant is the location which provides a magnificent view of the Parthenon. Modern setting. Open terrace on warm days, international cuisine and ground floor coffee shop and snack bar. Expensive. Daily noon to 4 pm and 7 pm to 1 am.

Grande Bretagne, Syntagma Square, Tel. 323-0251. There is no music or dancing, but quiet elegance and nice fare at the oldest and perhaps best-known hotel in Athens. Lunch is served from 1 to 3 pm and dinner from 8 to 10:30 pm.

Riva, Michalakopoulou 114, Tel. 770-6611. Fine French cuisine delicately prepared and nicely presented in a pleasant, elegant and quiet atmosphere, with piano music. Open 7:30 pm to 1 am. Closed Sundays.

Skorpios, Evrou 1 at the corner of Lampsakou St. (parallel to Vass. Sofias, near the American Embassy), Tel. 779-6805. Sophisticated, understated elegance presented by the owner of one of Cyprus's finest restaurants. Good service and an imaginative, extensive menu that will please gourmets. Meticulously prepared and presented dishes with an emphasis on French cuisine. Reservations necessary. Closed Sundays.

Ta Nissia, Athens Hilton, Tel. 720-201. Downstairs at the Hilton remains one of the most pleasant restaurants in the city. Contributing to the cheerful, elegant island-taverna atmosphere in the evenings are the wandering troubadours with old and new Greek songs. A wide assortment of Greek and international dishes, and superb drinks prepared under the careful supervision of Popi. Daily 12:30 to 3pm and 7 to 11:15 pm.

Templar's Grill, The Royal Olympic Hotel, Diakou 28-34 (near the Temple of Olympic Zeus), Tel. 923-0315. Large and spacious with Spanish-type furniture, pewter services, beamed ceiling, candlelight, and George Vlassis at the piano. Excellent cuts cooked on an open charcoal grill and served with a variety of spicy sauces. Daily 8 pm to midnight.

Tudor Hall, Syntagma Square, Tel. 323-0651. The formal, elegant, roof-top restaurant of the King George Hotel may be one of the handsomest anywhere and provides a panoramic view of the Acropolis. Tudor decor and pewter dinner service. A trio of musicians performs in the evenings (no dancing). International cuisine with some Greek specialities. Expensive. Daily 12:30 to 3:30 pm and 8 to midnight.

## INTERNATIONAL CUISINE

*Restaurants, some elegant and formal, some simple with a variety of cuisines and prices.*

Al Convento, Anapiron Polemou 4-6, Kolonaki, Tel. 739-163. The Pizzeria sign out front is misleading. Pizza is on the menu but so are Italian gourmet specialities: *antipasti*, sixteen varieties of pasta, *scaloppine al funghi*, and *scaloppa Siciliana* (superb) all delicately flavoured. For dessert, *zabaglione freddo caldo* (a liqueur, ice-cream float). Pleasant decor, attentive service and surprisingly moderate prices. Daily 8:30 pm to 1 am. Closed Sundays.

Al Tartufo, Posidonos 65, Paleon Faliron, Tel. 982-6560. A large variety of pastas, pizzas, and other Italian fare in a rustic, casual atmosphere. An Italian chef ostentatiously performs the ritual of 'creating' the pizza. The *tagliatelle alla*

menu. Open continuously from 8:30 am to midnight.

Dioskourou, Dimitriou Vassiliou 16, Neo Psychiko, Tel. 671-3997. A converted two-storey house, simply decorated but with a nice atmosphere. A great variety of dishes and an extensive wine list, but slow service. Moderate prices. Daily 8:30 pm to 1 am. Closed Sundays.

Erato, Varnali 7, Halandri. A new French restaurant with reasonable prices.

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. Daily 6 pm to 2 am.

Hickory Grill, Nireos and Posidonos Ave., Paleon Faliron, Tel. 982-1972. Attentive service and generous helpings of good basic food: steaks, ham, baked potatoes, salads, lemon pie, etc., in a quiet rustic atmosphere. The flambéed pepper steak (a speciality) is recommended. Moderately expensive. Open daily 7:30 pm to 1 am.

Kyoto, Garibaldi 5, on Philoppapou Hill, Tel. 923-2047. Charming oriental hostesses serve Japanese delicacies in a comfortable setting. Try their *tempura* and *sukiyaki* dinners, and *yakatori*, a Japanese version of *souvlaki*. Open for lunch and dinner. Closed Sundays.

La Bussola, Vas. Georgiou 11 and Vass. Frederikis, Glyfada, Tel. 894-2605. Italian cuisine including a variety of pizza, pastas, main courses (including superbly prepared steaks) and Italian salads. Modern surroundings. Moderate prices. Open nightly from 8 pm to 1:30 am and Sundays and holidays for lunch.

Le Calvados, Alkmanos 3 (four blocks north of the Hilton), Tel. 726-291. Somewhat informal but pleasant atmosphere. A fine selection of well prepared dishes: frogs legs, *escargots*, kidneys flambé, prawn croquettes, crêpes, etc. The *vin maisonis* very good. Daily 8 pm to 2 am. Closed Sundays.

La Casa, Anapiron Polemou 22, Kolonaki, Tel. 721-282. A splendidly renovated mansion with a striking white facade. Wooden chandeliers, tiny flower pots and copperware decorate the ground floor dining area, and a gracious wooden staircase leads upstairs to a smaller dining room and bar. Excellent Italian cuisine, generally pleasant atmosphere. Moderately expensive. Open from 9 pm to 2 am. Closed Sundays.

Le Foyer, Iofondos 25, Tel. 746-287. Well-prepared food in a cheerful setting enhanced by pleasant renditions of old and new favourites sung by Niko and George who are joined by enthusiastic patrons later in the evening. Well-prepared hors d'oeuvres, main courses, and sweets. Moderately expensive. Open from 9 pm, music starts at 10 pm. Closed Sundays. Reservations necessary.

The Eighteen, Tsakalof 20, Kolonaki, Tel. 362-1928. Small, simple, inexpensive and pleasant, with charming bright tablecloths. Recommended for an informal lunch or supper. The menu offers a small choice of nicely prepared dishes, salads and desserts. A well-stocked bar. Open noon to 5 pm and 8 pm to 2 am. Closed Sundays.

The Landfall, Makriyianni 3 (behind old premises), Zea Marina, Piraeus, Tel. 452-5074. A nautical atmosphere with a particularly fine English-style bar and Thomas Aristophanes at the piano to entertain you nightly. Specializes in curry, every Wednesday, and the traditional fare of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding on Sundays. Moderate prices and friendly service. Open daily for lunch and dinner continuously from noon to 1 am.

Lotophagus (The Lotus Eaters), Parodos Aharnon 30-32, Kifissia (below train station), Tel. 801-3201. A quiet, charming restaurant located in a tiny cottage set back in a garden. Tastefully furnished with ceramic tile tables. Sangria to start, an array of hors d'oeuvres, various salads, marinated dishes, and the desserts are excellent. Reservations necessary. Open daily from 9 pm. Closed Tuesdays.



*Napolitana*, *saltimbocca alla Romana* and Italian salad are all tasty. Daily from 7:30 pm.

Dionissos Mt. Lycabettus (accessible by the funicular which originates at the top of Ploutarchou St., above Kolonaki Square), Tel. 726-374. Comfortable dining atop one of the Athenian landmarks with a view of the entire city. A comprehensive, moderately-expensive

### NEW YEAR ADDITIONS

Athens Cellar, Anagnostopoulou 1, Kolonaki, Tel. 361-1707. A welcome addition to Athenian eating places. Situated in an old, renovated house, this new restaurant has a very warm and pleasant atmosphere, with an interesting decor, tables with comfortable stools instead of chairs, and menus printed on boards hanging on mirrored walls. At present the menu is limited, but good. Open for lunch and dinner daily.

Oriental Taverna, Alsous 12 and Diacou, Glyfada, Tel. 894-8008. A newly reopened restaurant specializing in Lebanese and oriental dishes. A wide range of appetizers, including *tabula*, *mouhamara* and *kouba* served with hot pita. For the main course, delicately prepared chicken or shish kebab.

Skorda to Hani, Pikermi (opposite the bus stop, on the main road), Tel. 667-7240. An excellent country taverna, with charming paintings on the walls and specializing in such delicacies as goat, pigeon, boar, quail, and duck. A wide selection of appetizers, including delicious homemade sausages, peppers and cheese and superb fried mushrooms. For dessert, yogurt with honey and/or quince jelly. Open for lunch and dinner.

Maralinas, Vrassida 11 (between Hilton and Caravel Hotels), Tel. 735-425. A new Lebanese restaurant offering a variety of Middle Eastern and continental dishes.

Michiko, Kidathineon 27 (Plaka), Tel. 322-0980. A gracious historical mansion in Plaka houses this multi-roomed restaurant serving strictly Japanese fare. Impeccable service is offered by waitresses and waiters in traditional dress. The menu includes *tempura*, *sukiyaki*, *yakimeshi* (rice) and *yakitori* (chicken). Moderately expensive. Open 1 to 3 pm and 8 pm to midnight. Closed Sundays.

Pagoda, Bousgou 2 (across from Pedion Areos), Tel. 360-2466. Cantonese specialities in a comfortable dining area illuminated by red-hued lanterns. Daily noon to 3 pm and 7 to 1 am.

Papakia, Iridanou 5 (behind the Hilton). Tel. 712-421. This is an old favourite with many Athenians. Rustic decor, with a garden for outdoor dining and piano music by John Valsamakis. Greek and French cuisine, the speciality, as the name suggests (Papakia means little ducks) is duck. Expensive. Open for dinner from 8 pm.

Peacocks, Kifissias 228, Psychiko, Tel. 671-9629. Cafeteria, snack bar, and grill room on the roof of the Alpha-Beta supermarket. Cafeteria open from 9 am. Grill room open from 12:30 to 3 pm and 8 pm to 12:30 am. Closed Sundays.

Prunier, Ipsilantou 63, Kolonaki (across from the Hilton), Tel. 727-379. Highly recommended. The ambience of a small Paris cafe, quiet atmosphere with gracious service. The cuisine is refined and meticulously prepared with a wide selection of French dishes, superb fish, and often less-standard surprises (miniature scallops for example). Moderately expensive. Daily from noon to 3 pm and 8 pm to midnight. Closed Sundays.

Remezzo, Haritos 6, Kolonaki, Tel. 728-950. A quiet, sophisticated spot where one may have drinks at the comfortable bar or in the lounge. Tasty international specialities, some served on attractive wooden platters, are served in the adjoining dining area. The attentive owner welcomes early diners. Moderately expensive. Daily from 8 pm.

Ritterburg, Formionos 11, Pangrati, Tel. 738-421. An unpretentious cafe-restaurant in rustic style, serving a variety of German dishes. The speciality is Ritterburg (schnitzel served with sausages and sauerkraut). Other favourites include beef fondue, Jager schnitzel (served with a spicy sauce), and chocolate and cherry cake. Open daily 1 to 4 pm and 7:30 pm to 1:30 am.

Stagecoach, Loukianou 6, Kolonaki, Tel. 737-902. Choice prime ribs, charcoal steaks and fondue Bourguignonne served in a sophisticated, rustic ambience. Super salads and an extensive bar. Good service. Sensible prices. Reservations advisable. Open noon to 3:30 pm and 7 pm to 1 am. Open on Sunday for dinner only.

Steak Room, Eginitou 6 (between Hilton and U.S. Embassy), Tel. 717-445. Cheerfully urbane, a favourite for excellent charcoal broils served with baked or fried potatoes, French-fried onion rings, and tasty salads. Good service, full menu and bar. Daily 6:30 pm to 1 am. Closed Sundays.

Symposium, Platia Neas Politias, Kifissia, Tel. 801-6707. Pleasant country-style surroundings with a magnificent view. Large variety of Greek and international dishes. Attentive service. Moderately priced. Daily from noon to midnight.

Tabula, Pondou 40 (parallel to Mihalakopoulou, behind Riva Hotel), Tel. 779-3072. Permanently located at their former summer residence. The varied menu retains the same Greek, French and other international specialities and a well-stocked bar. The onion soup, *pita* Tabula (zucchini and cheese wrapped in crust) and *plat du jour* are always delicious. Moderately expensive. Open 9 pm to 1 am. Closed Sundays.

Toscana, Thisseos 16, Vouliagmeni, Tel. 896-2497. Italian and international cuisines served in a charming Mediterranean setting that includes terraces, verandas and tropical plants. Specialities include *Coquille St. Jacques* and *Filet au poivre*. Moderate prices. Open daily 7:30 pm to 1 am and on Sundays 12:30 pm to 3 pm and 7:30 pm to 1 am.

REDISCOVER

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## MAINLY GREEK CUISINE

*Traditional restaurants where the emphasis is on Greek dishes and the menu begins with mezedakia and soups and progresses to desserts.*

Andonopoulos, Frederikis 1, Glyfada, Tel. 894-5636. An old and comfortable seafood restaurant with an extensive menu at moderate prices. Daily 12 to 3:30 pm and 8 pm to midnight.

Aithrio, 14 Profitis Ilias, Halandri (third right after Drossou Square), Tel. 681-9705. Good basic Greek cuisine and attentive service in this old, neoclassical house. Moderate prices. Daily from 8 pm. Closed Sundays.

Bouillabaisse, Zisimopoulou 28, Amfitea (behind the Planetarium, Syngrou Ave.). A very ordinary looking seafood restaurant which serves delicious bouillabaisse, excellent fresh fish, and a variety of shellfish. Daily 8 pm to midnight. Sundays open for lunch.

Corfu, Kriezotou 6 (next to the King's Palace Hotel), Tel. 361-3011. A pleasant solution to informal mid-city dining (just off Syntagma) where the surroundings are comfortable but uninspired. The extensive menu (from soups to sweets) includes the popular standbys of Greek cuisine as well as a few variations from Corfu. A favourite with local businessmen and tourists. Quick and attentive service, reasonable prices. Daily from noon to midnight.

Fatsios, Efromiou 5, Pangrati (south of the Hilton), Tel. 717-421. Attractive murals, painted ceilings, and Greek and Oriental specialities with Mr. Fatsios in attendance. Moderately priced. Daily noon to 5:30 pm.

Gerofinikas, Pindarou 10, Tel. 362-2719. An extensive selection of Greek and Oriental specialities which you may choose from attractive displays. A justifiably renowned restaurant frequented by Athenians and visitors. The food is usually very well prepared. The sweets are exceptional. Businessmen's luncheons. Moderately expensive. Daily 12:30 to midnight.

Jimmy's, Loukianou 36, Kolonaki, Tel. 747-271. Greek cuisine in a pleasant setting with indoor and outdoor dining. Good service but expensive. Open 12:30 am to 4 pm and 7:30 pm to 2 am.

Maxim, Milioni 4 (just off Kanari St.), Kolonaki, Tel. 361-5803. Greek, French and Oriental specialities. Fresh fish available. Contemporary Mediterranean decor, generally attentive service. Air conditioned. Moderately expensive. Open daily noon to 1 am.

Nefeli, Panos 24 (near Kanellopoulos Museum in the Plaka), Tel. 321-2475. An excellent variety of Greek dishes and soft, taped music. Specialities include *youvetsi* (shrimp casserole), broiled red snapper, and Oriental-style *souvlaki*. Moderately priced. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Reservations necessary on weekends.

The Old Stables Barbeque, Karela-Koropi, Tel. 664-3220, 724-024. (About 25 km. out of Athens. Take Leof. Messogion to Stavros, turn right; continue towards Markopoulo while watching for signs 1½ km. after the Koropi junction.) Actually a fancy taverna, bar and nightclub complex suitable for dinner or a night out. Seemingly in the middle of nowhere, old stables have been transformed with imagination to create a village atmosphere: fireplaces, beamed ceilings, flokati-covered benches, and wine from Markopoulo (a renowned vineyard area). The food is merely good but the atmosphere is special. Moderately expensive. Restaurant open from 9 pm, the nightclub from 10 pm. Closed Mondays.

Ponderosa, Amalias 8, Kifissia (near the train station), Tel. 801-2356. Greek cuisine with Corfu specialities in a converted mansion. Moderate prices. Daily from 9 pm. Closed Sundays and holidays.

Posidon, Adrianou and Kapnikareas 39, Tel. 322-3822. Near the Agora. Excellent traditional specialities. Fast service and very reasonable prices. Open daily 8 am until late.

Psaropoulos, Kalamou 2, Glyfada, Tel. 894-5677. One of the oldest seafood restaurants, usually pleasant and comfortable the year round. An extensive menu and a view of the yachts anchored in the marina and the activity on the boardwalk. Medium to high prices. Daily 12 to 3:30 pm, 8 pm to midnight.

## TAVERNAS

*Simple fare in simple surroundings. The tablecloth may be paper, the service casual, the menu a variety of mezedes (hors d'oeuvres), broils, the occasional prepared dish and salad. Ouzo, wine and beer to drink and fresh fruit for dessert. The waiter will be shocked if you ask for coffee but may make you a cup of 'metrio' if you insist. The prices are reasonable.*

Anna's, Perikleous-Stavros 3, Pal. Psychico, Tel. 671-9240 (across from Floca's on Kifissias Ave., just behind the playground). The hors d'oeuvres include fried zucchini, mushroom salad, baked peppers with bacon, and snails; the main courses: game and rabbit stew. Very nice wine. Moderate prices. Daily 7:30 pm to 1 am.

Askimopapo, Ionon 61, Ano Petralona, Tel. 346-3282. The name means "ugly duckling" but belies this intriguing assemblage of small rooms whimsically decorated with objects found here and there by the imaginative owner. Standard fare and moderate prices in a colourful, lively setting. Air conditioned. Open 8 pm to 2 am. Closed Sundays.

Kavaliaratos, Tatoiou 82, Metamorfofis (off the Nea Filadelfia Road, within easy reach of Kifissia), Tel. 279-8780. An old-time taverna. Three rooms divided by window panes; lanterns and paper tablecloths. Country sausage, lamb on the spit, kokoretsi, broils, country salad, yogurt. Inexpensive. Daily 5 pm to 1 am and for lunch on Sundays.

Kyra Antigoni, Pandoras 54, Glyfada (near the swimming pool), Tel. 895-2411. A fireplace offers a warm welcome when it is chilly. Good service and a great variety of both ubiquitous and hard-to-find Greek appetizers. Several tasty casseroles and boiled tongue (when available). Moderately priced. Daily from 7 pm to 1 am.

Leonidas, corner of Eolou 12 and Iasonos 5 (parallel to the coastal road across from Argo Beach), Vouliagmeni, Tel. 896-0110. Warm welcome from the English-speaking owner, Mr. Nikos, who serves good, fresh seafood in an otherwise modest spot. Choose your fish from the kitchen. Daily 12 to 3 and 8 to 1.

O Nikos, Skopelou 5, Kifissia, Tel. 801-5537. On a road running parallel to Odos Marathonos, turn right just before the Mobil station at Nea Erithrea. The speciality is kid with oil and oregano. The excellent hors d'oeuvres include *aubergine* stuffed with walnuts and wrapped in ham; the entrees are mostly broils. Open from 9 pm daily and for lunch on Sundays and holidays. Closed Mondays.

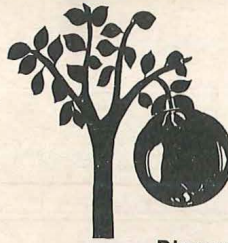
O Platanos, Diogenous 4, Plaka, Tel. 322-0666. One of the oldest tavernas in Plaka, simple and unpretentious. The usual *mezedakia* and charcoal broils, as well as a prepared dish such as lamb with noodles or veal with eggplant in tomato sauce. Open 12 to 3:30 pm and 8 to midnight. Closed Sundays.

Rodia, Aristippou 44, Kolonaki (near the Lykavitos funicular), Tel. 729-883. An old house decorated with family memorabilia, offering a variety of appetizers and two or three main dishes, and enjoying a good reputation. Open 8:30 pm to 1:30 am. Closed Sundays.

To Katsiki, Athinaion 12, Galatsi (off Galatsiou St.), Tel. 292-0700. Goat, the namesake of this warm and cosy taverna, is its speciality. A village-style decor, complete with wine barrels, brass ornaments and hand-woven rugs. The menu is limited, but the goat and quail (accompanied with pasta, Greek salad, and roast potatoes) are expertly prepared. Good service and reasonable prices. Open daily from 8 pm.

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 is right on the sea and offers a splendid view. Excellent fresh fish, a few appetizers. Daily 12 to 5 pm and 8:30 to 12:30 am.

To Steki tou Manthou, Dafnomilis 8 (Lykavittos), Tel. 363-6616. Small, cheerful and authentic. A good selection of hors d'oeuvres, a small but nice selection of broils and stews and a special dessert of fresh fruit in season. Taped music and air conditioning when called for. Very reasonable. Open after 7:30 pm.



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The emphasis is on Greek cuisine. The music is provided by guitarists and singers who may wander over to serenade you. The patrons usually join in and, when the mood possesses them, get up and dance. (No waltzes or shakes, just solo Greek dances and the occasional pas de deux.) A few of those listed below are luxury tavernas which have more elaborate programs.

Asterias, Folegandrou 41, (Patissia area), Tel. 845-817. Asterias (meaning star fish) is one of the few remaining charming, small tavernas with soft unamplified music and singing, and old-fashioned tasselled lamps and wrought-iron fixtures suspended from the thatched ceiling. Acceptable food. Music, by Panas Samis, Nina and others, starts around 10:30 pm and continues until 2am. Open daily from 8:30 pm.

Belle Maison, Fokeas 6, Platia Victorias (Patissia area), Tel. 881-9830. Quiet nostalgic atmosphere where The Troubadors of Athens settle themselves at a table amidst the customers, sipping their retsina and singing a variety of well-known hits from the past and present to the accompaniment of guitars and the Lazarou Kotoyia duet. It's a must for the music. The

food is only so-so, but improving. Moderately priced. Open daily after 10 pm.

Embati, on the 18th km. of the National Road in Kifissia, Tel. 801-1757. Light bouzouki and current Greek music from Tsiknis, Oris, and Diamandopoulos. Dinner from 10 pm. Closed Sundays.

Epestrete, Nea Kifissia (west of the National Road, follow the signs at the turn-off for Kifissia), Tel. 246-8166. A charming, gracious luxury-taverna atop a hill. Rustic and cosy, with a large fireplace. Grigoris Sourmaidis heads the bill which includes Hari Andreadis and Alexei and his balalaika. Dinner from 10 pm. Closed Sundays.

Hatzakos, Irodou Attikou 41, Marousi (just below the KAT Hospital), Tel. 802-0968. It's 'old-times-in Kifissia' at this little taverna with a warm atmosphere; the owner, his brother and a guitarist make up the singing trio. A variety of seasonal dishes. Prices are reasonable. Daily from 8 pm to 2 am and Sundays for lunch from 1 to 4 pm.

Psatha, Ioannou Drosopoulou 110, Tel. 867-5072. A simple and amiable taverna decorated with mats. Entertainment by Mary Mond, Costas Prokopiou and Anthula Kouzouvaki.

## NIGHTCLUBS AND BOUZOUKIA

Coronet, King's Palace Hotel (just off Syntagma), Tel. 361-7397. Spanish choreographer Miguel Sausral and his ballet, the English dance group Fascination, comedians Paolo and Brino, striptease dancers, and many others are there to entertain with two shows nightly.

Diogenis, Syngrou Ave. 255, Tel. 942-4267. The show includes modern and bouzouki music by Philipos Nikolaou, Doukissa, Sotiris Moustakas, Bessy Argiraki, Katina Balanika, Trio Athene, and others.

Harama, Skopeftirion, Kesariani, Tel. 766-4869. The dean of bouzouki composers and singers, Tsitsanis is joined by Sotiria Bellou. Open daily.

Mostrou, Mnisikleous 22, Plaka, Tel. 322-5558. Artists include Fotis Metaxopoulos, Fontana and their ballet, Manou, Robert Williams, and Giordanelli. Dinner from 9:30 pm. Closed Mondays.

Palca Athena, Flessa 4, Plaka, Tel. 322-200. The floor show includes a roster of singers, bouzouki music, belly dancer and Greek folk dances in various regional costumes. All under the direction of Yannis Kashinokis. Opens 9:30 pm for dinner, program begins at 10:30 pm.

## DISCOTHEQUES

With the recent outbreak of 'disco-fever', discotheques have mushroomed throughout the country. Entrance is free but drinks are expensive; approx. 150 Drs. to 200 Drs. minimum charge. Opening nightly at around 8 pm until 2 am. You may wine, dine and boogie the night away, but gentlemen don't forget the ladies; unaccompanied males are not allowed to enter the majority of discos in Greece.

Disco Retro, Mihalakopoulou 206. A new discotheque which aims at a not so young clientele, with dancing to hits from the past.

Mekka Discotheque, 9 Flessa St., Plaka, Tel. 323-2112. Situated in the heart of the Plaka, surrounded by boites and restaurants, it is one of the first discotheques in Athens. Although the decor has changed very little over the years, the lower floor with its metallic shelled-patterned ceiling and modern lighting effects creates a true disco atmosphere. The second floor (open Sat. and Sun. nights only to accommodate the overflow of patrons) should be given a miss. This disco is popular with all ages.

Olympic Aquarius, Drossia (off the Kifissia-Drossia Road, turn right at Drossia Sq. and follow the signs), Tel. 813-2108. This disco-restaurant opened this season with the most modern light show to be seen in Greece. Luxurious classical decor, long bar, triple diamond-shaped dance floor which pulsates with coloured lights, and a swimming pool. Mirror balls, neon, sealed beam coloured spots and rotator are just part of the light show. Main program commences after 11 pm, with soft music for dining from 8:30 pm.

Olympic House, Glyfada Square, Glyfada, Tel. 894-2141. The discotheque is situated above the restaurant and patisserie. Modern decor with straight disco music for real enthusiasts. A good and experienced D.J.

Papagayo, Patriarhou Ioakim 37, Kolonaki, Tel. 730-135. This somewhat new, but well-known discotheque starts the winter season with the latest hits of the disco sound from Europe and the States. Dine on the ground floor and dance in the basement.

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## our town

### 1980: The Year of the Grown-up

In reply to a UNICEF-sponsored query as to what he thought of the International Year of the Child, a Turkish youngster wrote the following one-sentence response: "If we could have had the Year of the Parent before the Year of the Child, perhaps our problems would have been better understood." With all due respect for this eminently sensible statement, there may be an explanation for this. Furthermore, it must be remembered that UNICEF is not run by children (yet) but by grown-ups who, among other bad habits, have a way of always missing the obvious point and getting things backward.

For all the fanfare and hullabaloo, the concrete accomplishments of the International Year of the Child in Greece weren't many. Perhaps they were hidden. An Athenian child put it thus: "As I see it, there were a lot of lectures, exhibitions and contests this year, but the main thing didn't happen. That is, no one tried to improve the ugly environment that we live in." That is, there were seminars, but no new libraries; Karaghiozi shows, but no improved television programs; pedagogic theory, but no working plan for improving education.

Many of these shortcomings could have only been expected. The International Year of the Child was not meant to complete things but to begin them, and certainly a sense-of awareness was aroused throughout the country. More importantly, by having attention focused on them, many Greek children became more aware, more understanding, and more critical of the grown-up world.

One encouraging project which will be continuing for a long time to come was itself begun by a group of children. Irinoupolis, the City of Peace, is rising on a five-acre lot outside of Thessaloniki. While the children are planning and landscaping the area themselves, the buildings, though small in

scale, will be permanent and are being constructed with the help of professional masons and carpenters. To the initial astonishment of grown-ups, however, the first section of Irinoupolis to be laid out by the children was a cemetery. And when it was ready, they buried their pistols and other toy weapons there.

"We must learn to understand and love one another," writes another Turkish child. "If children from two countries which are enemies have the good fortune to spend a little time together and get to know each other, then they will not fight when they grow up. They will say, 'but I know the people of that country. They think as we do. Why should we fight?'"

Wordsworth said that the child is the father of the man, so there may after all be some logic in suggesting that a Year of the Grown-up follow, rather than precede, the Year of the Child. The question remains, is he ready for it? Is he mature enough — or better, is he enough of a child — to start laying out a cemetery for his weapons and begin building at last an Irinoupolis of his own?

### The Fabulous Eighties

THE beginning of a new decade is always a good time to start playing the *tha* game. The word *tha* is the auxiliary of the future tense in Greek, and appropriately of the conditional tense as well. In current usage, however, *tha* has come to mean all those wonderful future plans announced by government agencies which have a way of remaining in the future, whether being accomplished late or not accomplished at all. The game is simple enough. It just means jotting down a list of government projects that are announced publicly and making a note of the proposed completion date. Every year which passes after that date in regard to a certain project counts one point. It is a game popular with members of the opposition parties, but like most simple-minded games, it

encourages gambling.

The 1970s was a rich decade in *tha*, particularly during the Colonels' regime. There was the Church of the Tama which was to be erected high on Tourkovounia behind Psychiko in national thanksgiving for the Junta. The empty area is now called Attica park (a latter-day *tha*) as it remains today largely a dump for rubbish. Then there was the great Phaleron Delta project, a stunning complex of twenty-storey luxury hotels at the foot of Syngrou Avenue, itself a semi-*tha*, as those wide bicycle paths dappled by the shade of spreading trees have not yet appeared. There were Pattakos' seven towers of Athens, the Passa Museum, the floating Ellenikon airport, the metro, the reconstruction of the Theatre of Dionysus, the Plaka thoroughway, the Delphic Spiritual Centre, the Sikelianos Museum, the new Halls of Justice and the new DEI building in Maroussi (both scheduled for completion years ago and still skeletons), the new State Theatre, the new National Library, new parks, new restorations, and so forth.

The 1980s may be a fruitful decade for *tha* as well. The bridges at either end of Salamis and the one crossing the Gulf of Corinth are only among the more dramatic contenders. Athens alone has been recently slated for an enormous number of promised improvements. But rather than make a list of all possible projects that may *not* be accomplished, which would be tiresome, it might be more heartening right now to imagine what a 1990 tourist pamphlet for visitors arriving in Athens might read like, if all government projects, past and present, *are* accomplished within the next decade:

"Pick up your rented car at the International Airport at Spata and drive right through the uncongested Mount Hymettus Tunnel, emerging into the crystalline atmosphere of the Athens valley at the other end. As you descend into the city, note the charming Kotopouli Theatre Museum on your right and the Isadora Memorial

Museum of Dance in the restored Duncan house on your left. Note as well (if you haven't been in Athens since 1980) that Mount Lycabettus straight ahead has not lost one tree or gained one highrise in the last ten years.

"As you approach the middle of town, you may wish to park your car in the Cultural Centre garage, one of the spacious sixteen underground car parks located in convenient areas around the city. A visit to the Athens Cultural Centre opposite the Hilton is a real eye-opener. Take in a ballet or an opera, see Minotis in *Oedipus at Colonus*, ramble through the Museum of Contemporary Arts or just go boating on the lake. If you hanker now for priceless Oriental art, why not drop by the Passa Museum? Just drive through the two and a half kilometre long Mount Lycabettus tunnel (noting the handsome Halls of Justice as you cross Alexandras Boulevard) and in a twinkling of an eye you will be there. The Museum is set in the handsomely landscaped Pedion Areos Park where you can enjoy a dip in the Olympic-sized public pool. Speaking of the Olympics, you might just now zip up to the Stadium complex in Paradissos where the Olympic Games are now permanently established. It's just minutes away if you take the eight-lane Kifissia highway.

"A visit to the restored Caryatids in the new museum at the foot of the Acropolis is of course a must. Descend into the spotless underground station at Hilton-Boulevard Reine Sophie and change at Place de la Constitution. It might be wise to pause here and ascend to see the beautifully restored neo-classical buildings that line Stadiou Street. Here, in the heart of the metropolis, one best appreciates the streets of Athens which, painted in bright shades of blue, yellow, red and green (as well as the heart-warming hues of the streetcars), vividly make it a city 'qui n'est pas comme les autres'. Change to the Patissia-Phaleron line and get off at the Makriyanni Station near the Acropolis. This excursion is especially recommended late in the day as the view of the Bubble Dome over the Acropolis is best at sunset..."

Ideally, all of this is possible, and it has all been on official record at one time or another. But to safeguard against future disappointment, it is perhaps best to be realistic. Rome, as they say, was not rebuilt in a day and as for Athens, the example of the Temple of Olympian Zeus should give pause for it received the highest number of points in the *thagame* ever recorded. Begun by

Peisistratus and finished by Hadrian, it was a government project that took over seven hundred years to fulfill.

### Psathas and Maris

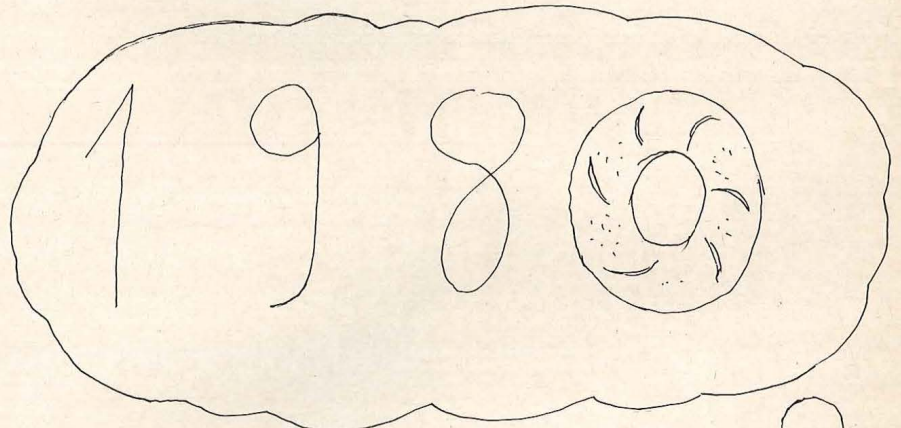
TWO well-known writers Dimitris Psathas and Yiannis Maris-Tsirimokos, who both died on November 13, were familiar names to quite a number of foreign residents, too. Those who have tried to learn Greek by reading newspapers were first introduced to the social complexities of Athens life by "Chronografima" (Chronicle), the satirical column which Psathas wrote on the front page of *Ta Nea* for decades. And just as Greeks have begun their reading of English with the mysteries of Agatha Christie, so foreigners have started hacking their way into the jungle of Greek grammar with the unputdownable detective stories of Yiannis Maris.

Yiannis Maris-Tsirimokos was born in Lamia sixty-two years ago of an important political family. His uncle John Tsirimokos was president of Parliament in the days of Venizelos; his father was a Venizelist deputy and his first cousin, Ilias Tsirimokos, was briefly prime minister in 1965. Maris was an important figure in the ELD and EAM resistance movements and after the war he became an editor and journalist. In struggling to have the detention camp for political prisoners on Macronissos closed down, he was given a political court martial and was himself imprisoned. It was then that he began his long series of detective fiction, which like the eating of *fistikia*, once begun cannot be stopped.

limelight. The series carried the title "I Themis Ehi Kefia", "Justice Has — " well, *Kefi*. As the word humour has no Greek equivalent, so *kefi* has none in English, but this is what Psathas had in abundance and accounted for much of his later fame. High-spirited or biting, Psathas was always the well-meaning commentator on everything that was wrong with modern Greek society, and he exorcized the power of evil with laughter.

In 1940 he began a career in the theatre which was to equal, and even to surpass, his success and popularity in journalism. His second play, *Madame Sousou*, was a savagely hilarious portrait of a nouveau riche Athenian lady who ornamented her speech with atrocious French. This megalomaniac became a legend, and such words as *sousoudizo* and *sousoudismos* entered the language. Given the social changes that have altered Athens in more recent times, these words remain useful and up-to-date.

A succession of about forty plays in forty years easily made Psathas the leading comic writer of modern Greece and there is hardly a well-known versatile actor in the past two generations who has not played in a Psathas comedy. A revival (there have been a number) of *Von Dimitrakis* is, not surprisingly, one of the hits of the current season. Like most satirists, and for all his *kefi*, Psathas was a moralist at heart. He was a democrat, a defender of human rights, and an unflinching supporter of the little man, all of which helped make him become the widely beloved chronicler of his times.



Psathas, who was born in Trebizond in 1907, first came to Athens in 1922 with the uprooting of the Pontians from their native land. He began his journalistic career when he was eighteen, but it was a few years later when he started in *Athinaika Nea* (the parent paper of today's *Ta Nea*) a series of humorous sketches taken from court-house scenes, that he first came into the







## THE ABOMINABLE OLYMPIAN

ONE cold and rainy December day, a couple of weeks ago, a group of dejected-looking individuals trooped into a committee room in the sprawling offices of the National Tourist Organization in the Tameion Building and sat glumly round a long table, neatly laid out with white note-pads and sharpened pencils.

They were the Committee for Promoting Winter Tourism in Greece and the news from the NTO grapevine was that they would be disbanded very shortly unless they came up with some bright idea for filling the country's hotels in the off-season months of January, February and March.

The Chairman of the Committee, who was a senior NTO executive, called the meeting to order and confirmed their worst fears by announcing very briskly:

"Well, gentlemen, to quote a familiar saying, the knotted hairs have reached the comb. If we don't come up with something good at this meeting we're all headed for the axe — and I have that straight from the horse's mouth."

One of the committee members looked puzzled and asked: "A horse is going to cut the knotted hairs off our heads with an axe?"

His colleagues laughed, and more so because the speaker, Vassili Trihotos, sported a shaggy mane of hair that almost fell to his shoulders.

The Chairman glared at him and said: "You know perfectly well what I mean, Mr. Trihotos; even if I did mix up my metaphors slightly. And don't try to

be funny or I'll put you on to answering that pile of letters we have from tourists complaining about hotel breakfasts."

Vassili blanched visibly at the thought and shut up.

"Now, you have all received the memo I sent you a week ago. Many of you have served in our far-flung network of NTO offices around the globe. You have first-hand experience of what other countries are doing to attract winter tourists. Perhaps we could do the same. Any of you have any ideas on those lines?" the Chairman said, looking round at them with raised eyebrows.

A little man at the far end of the table cleared his throat nervously.

"Speak up, Mr. Pitsounis," the Chairman urged him.

"I — I was in the NTO office in Nepal two years ago —"

"Ah, yes, I remember that. We had to close it down when we found out the only Nepalese to come to Greece in twenty years was Sherpa Tenzing, who conquered Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary in 1953 and came to Athens while on a world tour — a year or two later, I think — and he was the guest of the government. Well, what do you have to say to us, Mr. Nerovrastos, besides apologizing for a very poor performance, indeed."

"I — I was only there for six months, but I did notice that during that time a good many people came to Nepal to look for the Abominable Snowman and that the authorities were charging anything between \$500 and \$1,000 for licenses to hunt the Yeti. The Nepalese

were also doing a roaring trade selling Yeti scalps, tufts of fur, teeth, dried droppings and even sexual organs — all fakes, of course."

"How disgusting," the Chairman exclaimed. "But go on, my dear fellow, what are you driving at?"

Mr. Pitsounis gulped and looked down at his note-pad. "W-Well, I thought that if we could spread word that an Abominable Snowman or something like him had been sighted on Mount Olympus, or somewhere like that, w-we c-could —" He stopped talking and looked round the table nervously to see the reaction.

The others looked cautiously at the Chairman, waiting to take their cue from him. They could see he had grasped the idea and that his keen mind was quickly weighing the pros and cons.

"Nobody has seen an Abominable Snowman on Mount Olympus," the Chairman said slowly, "but that does not mean there are no Abominable Snowmen on Mount Olympus, does it? After all, it's a huge mountain, and they could be keeping out of sight, living in caves, eating roots and berries and hunting small animals, couldn't they?"

Mr. Pitsounis nodded eagerly and said: "They've also been seen in the Caucasus. I was reading in a book the other day that one was caught by a group of partisans in 1941 and examined by a Red Army doctor. He was very hairy and covered in lice — more like an animal than a human being. Nobody seems to know what happened to him after that. Some say he escaped and others that he was shot and

killed by the partisans.”

“Very interesting,” the Chairman mused. “The Caucasus, you say. That’s nearer to home. If there are Yetis in the Caucasus, why not in our part of the world?”

The rest of the committee was catching onto the idea and there was an excited hubbub of conversation as they all began discussing it among themselves.

The Chairman held up his hand for silence and said:

“Now, gentlemen, don’t let’s get too excited at this stage. We must examine the possibilities open to us. As I said before, because no Yeti has been seen on Olympus doesn’t mean to say there are no Yetis on Olympus. Now, what would happen if somebody took a blurred picture of a very hairy person running naked through the snow on one of the ridges near the crest of the mountain. What would people think?”

“They’d think it was a streaker in need of a haircut,” Vassili Thihotos said quickly.

“Mr. Trihotos, there’s a second pile of letters in the Secretariat with

complaints about our coastal passenger ship services. Would you like to tackle that as well as the breakfast complaints?”

Vassili shook his shaggy head vigorously.

“Then kindly refrain from interrupting again. Now, where was I, oh yes, a picture like that would make the front page of every newspaper in the world. I can see the headlines now. “ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN SIGHTED ON MOUNT OLYMPUS” or “YETIS SHARE LAP OF THE GODS”. It would cause a sensation. In no time at all we would have hordes of tourists coming from all parts of the world and rushing up the mountain to catch a glimpse of our star attraction. And not only tourists but journalists, scientists, film crews — the lot. The winter occupancy problem of our hotels would be solved overnight. Mr. Pitsounis, you deserve a Nobel Prize for your idea. No, better than that, we’ll post you back to Nepal to act as liaison officer between Olympian and Himalayan Snowmen — you know, closer relations and all that sort of thing...”

At this point, one of the more serious minded members of the committee broke in to say:

“Excuse me, Mr. Chairman, but are you suggesting that we fake a photograph of an Abominable Snowman on Olympus? Perpetrate a hoax, an actual fraud?”

“Certainly not! All we have to do is get some hairy fellow to run about there naked. Somebody’s bound to take a picture of him sooner or later and there it is. We ourselves don’t have to do anything more or even say anything. The press will go to town on it all on their own. It’s a cinch!”

“And where will we find this hairy fellow who will be willing to run naked in the snow in the heart of winter on the crests of Olympus?” the committee member insisted.

The Chairman looked nonplussed for a moment. Then a gleam entered his eye and he fixed his gaze on Mr. Trihotos.

“Vassilaki,” he said, “pack a bag tonight. We leave for Litochoron in the morning. Or rather, don’t pack a bag. All you’ll need is a toothbrush.”

—ALEC KITROEFF

Athens

# Daily Post

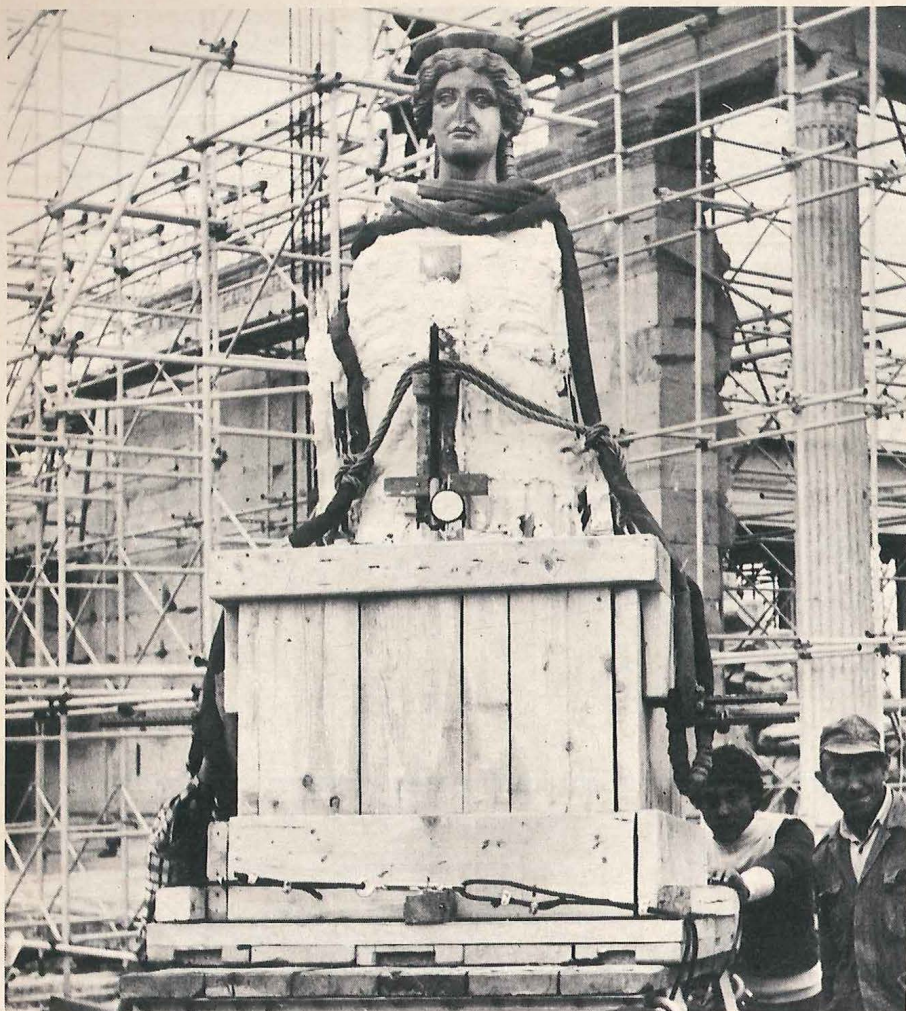
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*A Caryatid being removed to the Museum*

## WHAT PRICE PROGRESS?

FOR twenty-four centuries, while conquerors came and left and rulers rose and fell, the Caryatid maidens have stood erect in poise and dignity. Supporting the southern portico of the Erechtheion on the Acropolis, they have gazed with serenity at the blue waters of Phaleron Bay under a clear Attic sky. But what the centuries of turbulent history have not brought about, the pollution of the peaceful past few decades has finally accomplished. The waters are no longer blue and the sky is far from clear. The fumes of chimneys and automobiles in a city of three million inhabitants have left their indelible imprint on the monuments of antiquity, eroding the marble surfaces of temples and statues. After much deliberation, the cruel decision was finally taken. Part of the Erechtheion was dismantled and the Caryatids were removed. It was a pathetic moment indeed in October when the maidens, with soiled faces as though tears were running from their eyes, were carefully packaged, hauled down and carried on

railings to safety within the Acropolis Museum. Although no longer able to gaze at the sea or the sky, they are now considered too precious to be exposed in what their creators considered to be their natural habitat. Copies will eventually replace the immortal originals on the Erechtheion.

The descent of the Caryatids from their pedestals in a sense symbolized the spirit of an epoch. It once more brought to the fore the question of what price a country must pay for progress, specifically for one of the fastest rates of development registered since World War II by a developing economy. There can be no question of putting a stop to development in Greece, particularly when it comes to improving the lot of the economically weaker classes. But development has reached a stage where economic policy can afford to be guided by moral principles in addition to the laws of competition and supply and demand: that is, building the economy round the human being and not the other way round.

Greece's economy, according to a

recent enlightening address by the Minister of Finance, Professor Athanasios Kanellopoulos, has undergone multiple and profound changes in the period between 1958 and 1978, changes both functional and structural, leading to greater maturity.

The first basic structural change noted has been the decline in "biological dynamism". The birth rate has dropped from 19 to 15 births per 1,000 inhabitants in the past twenty years, resulting in an average annual population rate of increase of less than one percent. In addition, the percentage of young people up to the age of 14 has declined, while that of elderly people 65 years and over has risen. Now, out of every 100 Greeks, 24 are aged 14 years and under and 12 are 65 years and over. Thus one Greek out of every eight is an elderly person that must be supported by the others, and the proportion of those dependent on the community is rising from year to year, with major social and economic consequences. Furthermore, on account of the relatively low population rate of increase, the labour potential has been declining at an average annual rate of 0.8%, but this rate is expected to be reversed following the recent trend of repatriation exceeding emigration. On the other hand, skilled labour, which was 30% of the total in 1960, now exceeds 40%.

Another important demographic development is the fact that more Greek women now work than previously and in fact the proportion is higher than in several other Western European countries. The proportion of women to the total work force is 20.2% in Greece, compared with 19.1% in the Netherlands, 19.4% in Italy, 20.8% in Norway and 21.9% in Belgium. In fact, more members of a household now work than previously, increasing the level of family expenditures. Finally, there has been a marked increase in the financial power of the so-called liberal professions and intermediate services and in general of the educated classes, particularly technocrats and managers.

But the most remarkable demographic development of the past twenty years has undoubtedly been the transformation of Greek society from a rural to an urban one. The urban population, which was 31% of the country's total population back in 1928, rose to 43.3% in 1961 and was estimated at 55.7% in 1975. The Greater Athens area today contains 30% of the total population and 55% of the total urban population, while for Greater Thessaloniki the corresponding figures are 6% and 12%. It is estimated that the country's total



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population in the past ten years increased by 540,000 but the Athens "Minotaur" at the same time swallowed up 800,000 people. This means that the population of the capital increased by 33.5% while that of the rest of the country declined. This "pole of attraction" which Athens has become for large segments of the rural population has resulted in an uneven distribution of the per capita gross domestic product (GDP). Thus, if the GDP for Attica were taken as a base of 100, that for Central and Western Macedonia would be 80, Peloponnese and the rest of Central Greece 75, Crete and Epirus 68, Eastern Macedonia 70. However, the rate of increase in the per capita GDP of most of these regions is higher than that in Attica — if only because of the decline in population — which should some day result in a fairer distribution of GDP.

The per capita GDP in Greece, which in 1978 was about \$3,400 (and higher than in most neighbouring Balkan or Mediterranean countries), has risen so fast that the gap between this country and Western Europe has narrowed down appreciably. Thus in 1961, when the Association Agreement between Greece and EEC was concluded, the per capita GDP in Greece was 37.3% or a little more than one-third of the EEC average. In 1978, on the threshold of Greece's full membership, it had exceeded 50%.

Furthermore, income has been more fairly distributed within the country. It is not true that the gap between rich and poor is widening. Everyone's income has gone up and differences in income brackets have in fact narrowed. This is evidenced by the number of individual income tax returns filed. These rose from 248,000 in 1959 to 1,442,000 in 1979, an increase of 482%. Total family income declared in 1959 was Drs. 12,566 million; in 1979 it had gone up to Drs. 369,000 million, an increase of 2836%. Only 3% of taxpayers declared an income exceeding Drs. 200,000 in 1959; this percentage went up to 45.5% in 1978. Taxpayers with total family income exceeding Drs. 400,000 in 1959 declared 5.5% of all individuals' income and paid 25.3% of total income tax; in 1978 this income bracket declared 34.3% of total income and paid 71.5% of income taxes.

The social effects of higher incomes on wider segments of the population have been far-reaching. Consumption expenditure has kept pace with rising incomes. This is evidenced by the increase in telephones, television sets, motor cars, private houses, new furni-

ture and higher consumption of meat, paper, etc. New consumption standards have led to changes in taste, to superconsumption and to waste. Food made up 43% of private consumption expenditure in 1960; it has now gone down to 29.5%. On the other hand, there have been rises in expenditure for housing, lighting, heating, furniture and household equipment, communications, transportation, travelling, etc. Increased leisure time is a novel phenomenon following the reduction in working hours. The invasion of the motor car plays a preponderant role here; imports of private motor cars went up from \$7 million to \$326 million (in addition to \$160 million spent on motor car articles) in twenty years.

In 1960 there were only 60,500 private motor cars in circulation; in 1979 they exceed 820,000 (one - half of them in Athens alone). In 1960 the ratio was one car for every 138 inhabitants; in 1979 the ratio is one per 11.4. The cost is not limited merely to imports of vehicles and spares, but also to the building and maintenance of roads, to new services, to fuel, train subsidies, etc. Not only consumption patterns, but also the structure of cities, circulation, employment and time consumption patterns have been affected by the motor car. It has been estimated that thirty private cars carry as many passengers as one bus but occupy much more space on the roads. Time wasted on urban roads is enormous, not to speak of fuel spent and the resulting noise and air pollution. Whereas it once took ten minutes for a horse-drawn carriage to go from Syntagma Square to Ambelokipi, nowadays it takes anything from fifteen to thirty minutes for a multi-horsepower vehicle to cover the same distance. It has been suggested (only as a partial remedy of the situation) that streets in city centres be banned to vehicles carrying only one person.

New marketing and advertising techniques have resulted in wasteful consumption of luxury items, whereby the producer imposes needs and wants on the consumer. For instance, imports of cosmetics and perfumes have risen from \$1.4 million to \$13 million in the past twenty years. Similarly, imports of furs went up from \$0.8 million to \$36.7 million, of electrical appliances from \$6.4 million to \$89.4 million, of photographic and musical articles from \$3.6 million to \$71.8 million, of precious stones from \$0.9 million to \$57.9 million. Superconsumption extends to the country's mineral deposits, forests and other local natural re-

sources, to fuel, paper, wood, fertilizers, beaches, oxygen, etc., leading, among other things, to superproduction of garbage which no one knows what to do with. Meanwhile, the price of land has skyrocketed. The number of real estate transactions has doubled in twenty years, but the value of real estate has gone up twenty-fold on an average.

Now that economic progress is indeed a reality, it is time to reflect on the price paid for such progress. It is only relatively recently that the public has begun to be aware that there is such a thing as an environment that must be protected. But with the gradual expansion of industrial and tourist zones, it is estimated that as much as 10% of GDP will have to be spent henceforth on environmental protection. The ecological balance of the environment in this country has not thus far been irreparably altered, although forest land has been seriously reduced and certain species of flora and fauna have become extinct.

The biggest danger, however, lies in water and air pollution. The Saronic Gulf off Athens receives daily 350,000 cubic metres of unprocessed waste, while 5-6 million square metres of the seas around the country are polluted every year by oil. Greece's subsoil mineral wealth — an abundance of minerals, solid, liquid and gas fuel — is only now being properly explored and adequately exploited. On the other hand, dust from quarries and factory chimneys as well as sulphur dioxide fall indiscriminately on human beings, animals, plants, buildings and classical monuments. It has been estimated that each month every square mile of Athens is covered by 100 tons of dust. Luckily, the level of radiation is still far below dangerous levels.

As recently as twenty or even fifteen years ago, every town and city in Greece competed with other towns and cities for the establishment of an industrial plant in its region as a necessary prerequisite to industrial and hence economic development. Now after the experience of Eleusis and other highly industrialized regions, the public would prefer to see industrial development, if possible, without the nuisance of factories. This is only one of the many changes in mentality that have come about in twenty years. The glorification of overdevelopment is beginning to be questioned. With the spread of affluence, the luxury of doubts about basic social beliefs has crept in. It is now coming to be realized that rapid-rate development, full exploitation of natural and human resources, gigantic

economic magnitudes of production — these and other aspects of the classical prototype of economic development — do not necessarily lead to human happiness. People are beginning — only just beginning — to realize that the ultimate moral values taught by a long cultural heritage (but seldom applied), or what goes by the appellation of quality of life, are perhaps more important for survival and happiness than the false and ephemeral bliss offered by an affluent consumer society.

—ANTONY M. ECONOMIDES

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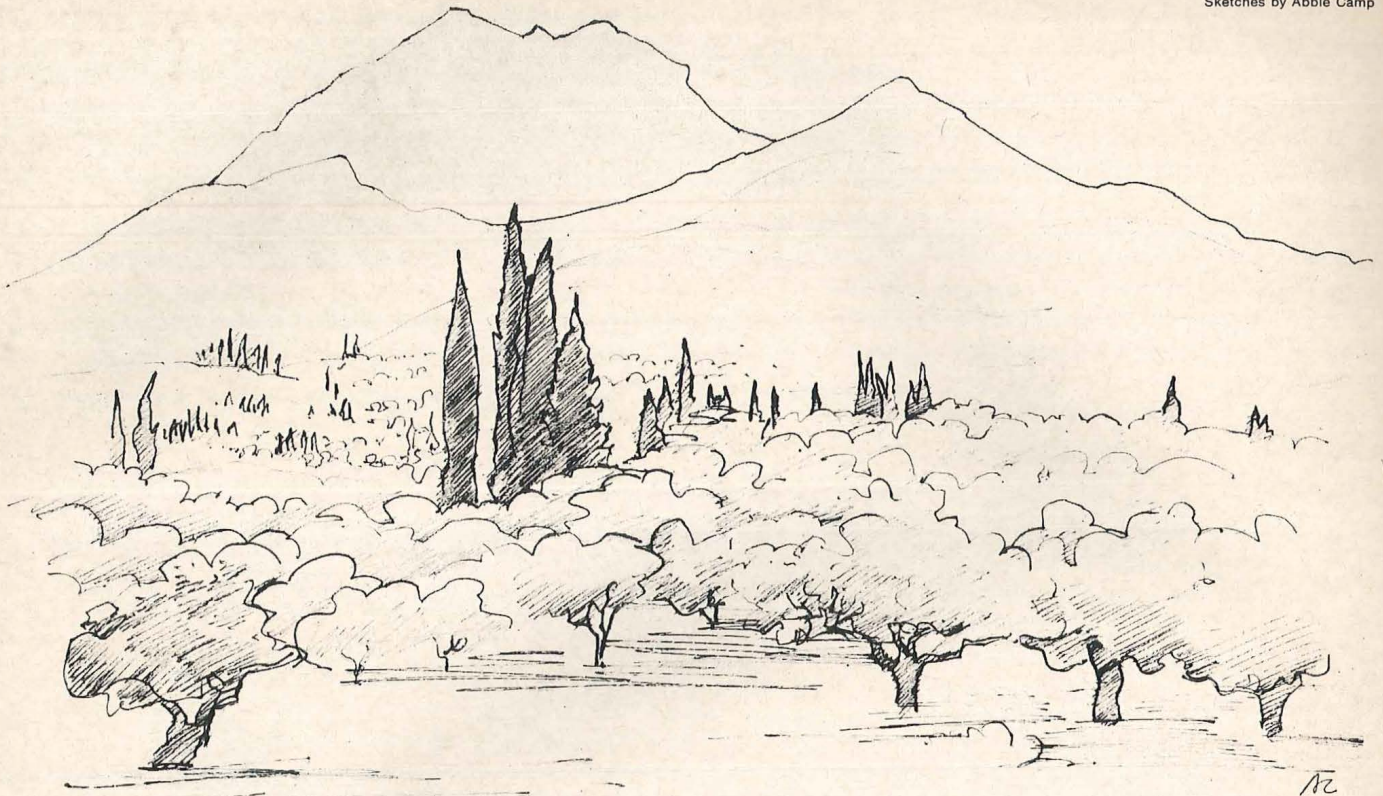
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## SECRET JOURNEYS

by I.D. Ioannidis

I DON'T want to write a sad story, so I will simply say that Maria left, travelled around the world, enjoyed herself, sang and laughed. But I remember the car, or what was left of it — rusty pieces of metal, broken wheels, the chipped steering wheel — and wonder whether Maria really did leave. Who was Maria anyway? What is the point of telling the story of her life? Why should anyone want to describe such an insignificant existence in a half-abandoned, isolated village? I mustn't start thinking about her story again. All the same, my mind is full of whirling pictures of the car, the machine guns, the bells, the stone stained with the blood of the saint in the middle of the road outside the Monastery of Icosfinissa, and the pine tree rooted in rock below the Monastery of Varlaam. There are the women, too, women I knew when I was a child, relatives in black kerchiefs, mourners for the misfortune which had overtaken them all. When I remember those heads clad in black, the tightened lips and the tear-filled eyes, the bright green car springs up before me like a tuft of grass.

The children grew up, got married, had their own children and learnt to know evil, but if they became embittered it was due to something else. I ask myself whether I could just have read about the cruel blow somewhere; so little is left to remind me of it any more. Yet what I remember clearly is the green car, or the bits and pieces of it that were left, and Maria's story.

But I can see I shall have to put my memories into some sort of order if I am to express how much Maria, her life in ruins, means to me as a symbol of the ruin of her times.

Should I talk about the surroundings of that particular village? What's the point of that? Yet how well I remember the village, spread out on the far side of Mount Pangaio — that's what we used to call it, "the far side", thinking of the mountain as facing the sea. If you climbed up to the top you could see as far as the open sea and Mount Athos. So I was told

by some relatives when I spent the summer with them. "You see that peak?" they said, pointing. "From there you can see the sea and Mount Athos." What an impression those words made on my imagination. Vivid pictures of the monasteries on Mount Athos paraded in front of my eyes, just as I had seen them among some papers which my father kept rolled up and put away safely in the chest. "And there was no water and Saint Athanassios struck the rock with his stick and clear water started to flow. That's how the monastery was built." So the sea and Mount Athos were really visible from up there!

How I wished I were up there! I raged at the village. "I don't like it! I don't like it!" I shouted. "It's so far down the mountainside."

"But there's a panoramic view from the village," they remarked. (Wherever did they learn that phrase?) "Look, down there is the valley and the marsh, and over there is where the train passes close to the Angitis, and there you can see the village of Fotolivos and the town of Drama."

"I don't like it," I repeated. "It's on the wrong side of Pangaio. You can't see the sea."

"You can from up there, though, from the peak. The sea and Mount Athos!" they answered, with good-humoured patience.

Not until I grew up did I realise that my relatives and cousins who spoke to me about Mount Athos and the sea had never even climbed up to the peak; they were simply repeating what other people had told them.

I REMEMBER the time I first met Maria. It was near the stone slab with the saint's blood on it. That was another legend which enriched my childhood. I can't remember who it was exactly that told me the story of the holy man.

"Birds, twenty white birds of omen, led him to the place where the Monastery of Icoffinissa was to be erected. Here, they showed him, this is where you will build it."

And the construction began. Workmen built it, singing while they worked, the white birds flew round them and the holy man looked on. At last the work came to an end, but the holy man's money came to an end at the same time. He had no money left to pay the men with. They were angry, stopped singing and became fierce. Then, mad with rage, they seized the holy man, hit him and dragged him along the stone paving, leaving him to die with his blood-stained head resting on a stone slab. They went away and the saint lay there, his blood soaking into the slab and colouring the veins of stone until they looked as if they had been transformed into flowers. The saint, who was called Dionyssi or Dionyssos, died but the Monastery remained, together with the stone slab with his unfading blood on it.

It was there, then, by the side of the red stone, that I first met Maria. "Goodness, how ugly she is!" I thought to myself. "It's a pity she'll never get married." That's why I was so glad to hear that she was engaged and "to a lorry driver who's got his own brand new car, what's more!"

But let me put events into their right order.

I was called over to be introduced to Maria. I was told we were distant relatives — as distant or as close, I suppose, as anyone feels towards another person. She put out her dry hand and smiled warmly at me.

"Welcome!" she said in a warm voice. I felt so close to her that, with childish spontaneity, I thought of asking her whether the sea was visible from anywhere near there.

"The sea?" she said wonderingly. "No, you can't see it. You must climb even higher. What do you want with the sea? You live near the sea. You see it every day. You swim in it."

"Yes, you're right, but I'd like to see it from somewhere high up."

She understood what I meant and I think it was this, unimportant though it may seem, that made me like her.

In the evening when I asked my aunt about Maria, she took the opportunity to give me a lecture on ethics. "That's what you get if you have good manners — people love you and don't even notice if you're ugly. There you are, that's how Maria found someone who wanted to marry her."

My memories are so confused at this point that I cannot say for certain what I remember from that time about Maria's engagement and what I learnt afterwards when I grew older.

As the car went up the hill, the engine overheated. He stopped in front of her house and asked for water. She gave him some. They became acquainted. He was a stranger and did not know where to find lodgings. He lodged at her house. Her sisters fluttered with excitement, banking on their freshness and beauty. Maria didn't give it a thought but it was she who got engaged. A mystery? No. Her good manners? No. The event which the letter so cruelly disclosed? Perhaps.

In the end what remained from the mirage of the engagement festivities for Maria? I think it was the splendour which surrounded her procession in the green car, which was square, with brand new wheels and windows that could be removed to show the interior in all its glory. Sometimes she wore her white dress, sometimes the blue one, and she shone with joy, sitting at his side.

"What a stroke of luck for such an unattractive girl!" many women remarked enviously as they got out of the way for the car to pass.

She nodded goodnaturedly to right and left. She caught looks flashing with envy, but she could afford to feel benevolent. What did she care about the things people were saying behind her back! Who had felt sympathetic all those

years when she had been gripped by despair?

"You must climb even higher to catch sight of the sea from up there," and Maria had never managed to do so. Perhaps that was why she later started out on her first secret journey. But a great many things happened before that and we must not leave them out.

Maria got married. I happened to be at the wedding. What I remember clearly is her standing in church, in front of the priest. Her bridal dress was gleaming white (although now that I think of it, it was in very bad taste) and he, Emilios, the bridegroom, was standing next to her.

I should explain here that his name, Emilios, is not fictitious, nor was he himself from an upper-class or foreign family. The explanation is simple. Because they had run out of grandfathers and grandmothers to name his brothers and sisters after (according to him, at least), they had thought of giving him a name with no family connections and one which was unusual. They asked the village school teacher, an exile from Asia Minor who consoled herself with love stories and she, with no hesitation whatsoever, went and fetched the book she was reading and said:

"The name on the page I open the book at." She opened the book and there was the name: Emilios.

And now Emilios was standing next to the bride while I, sitting in a prayer stall, looked at her with affection.

Rice, sugared almonds, flowers and good wishes showered on the couple "a long life!" "May God grant you a long life!" And the bells and the machine guns, the letter, the pine tree on the rock — these come later, though.

Now it's time for the money. Each close relative goes up to the bride and groom and pins a banknote on each of them. Soon their lapels are covered with paper butterflies which flutter in the light of the candles. What a lot of money! Oh, such a lot of money! The lapels are weighed down with it. The banknotes pile up, one upon the other, turning into heavy garlands. I think to myself: "Oh, when I grow up this is where I'll come to get married, that's for sure! Not in the town — they don't pin banknotes on you there!"

After a while I lost sight of Maria's face because of all the cloth lengths they began putting on her as presents: cheap cotton cloth, velvet, woollen, plain-coloured cloth and printed cloth.

I did not see the bride after the ceremony. Dusk had fallen and I was told that the newlyweds were going to Drama for their honeymoon.

It was there that the upheaval of 28th October overtook them two days later. They returned and separated and he drove to and fro driving brave young men, ready to fight, to the railway station. Then whether because the car really did break down or whether he put it out of action himself, he brought it back and locked it up in the stable. The livestock had been requisitioned and the remaining cow could easily be accommodated in a corner.

I don't know where exactly he went or whether he fought at the front or stayed at the rear; what I do know is that he was one of the last to return. His car was left in the stable.

The enemy reached the village, too. As it stood on this side of the River Strimon, it fell to the Bulgarians. One morning the bells tolled. I don't say "the bell tolled" because besides the church bell they rang another small one, used to summon the children to school, and so now both tolled together. The town-crier went round telling the people, children and grown-ups, to gather in the village square. Out of fear or out of curiosity everybody gathered. And that was it. Terrible. But that was it. As sudden as that! Men and women were separated — men on one side, women on the other. Even beardless youths were pulled roughly hither and thither as if in

a game. The men were shut up in the school building first, then they were taken to the ravine and slaughtered there with machine guns and hand grenades.

The village filled with heart-rending cries, black kerchiefs, wrath and anxiety, while all those who happened to escape sought refuge in the thick forests of Mount Pangaio. Emilios was not among them. Maria was left, alone with the car in the stable.

**T**HE first time I saw her again after the wedding was after the Occupation. She seemed drained of life but in spite of that she found the energy to greet me and remark that I had grown. She even noticed that I was sunburnt. "It must be from the sea," she said. "We are scorched by the sun in the fields, you in the sea."

Her words about the sea reminded me of the moment, a few years before, when I had first seen her outside the Monastery of Icosifinissa, close to the stone with the saint's blood.

"What happened to the car?" I asked with real curiosity. "I heard that you had put it in the stable."

"It isn't there anymore. We took it out and put the animals in there instead. We keep it behind the stable. Go and look at it if you want."

I didn't wait for a second invitation, but when I saw it I was disappointed. What had happened to its gleaming splendour when waiting for the newly-married couple outside the church? Its tyres were worn ragged and as full of holes as an anthill.

"Why don't you have it repaired?" I shouted reproachfully at Maria. "It's a shame to leave it like that."

"It's in a dreadful state. It would take a lot of money. The engine needs repairing too."

"But it looked brand new."

"Yes, but it wasn't. Anyway, who is there to drive it? There are so many newer models out now, too."

The excuse made sense, although it didn't make me feel any happier, so I didn't go on about it. Later a cousin of mine told me that the car had been all right until Maria had broken it up herself. When her youngest sister had asked her to sell the car so that she could have enough dowry to marry someone from the town, Maria went out secretly at night and took away some spare parts which were difficult to replace. That's what they said, anyway, although how she knew what to take and how she managed to remove the parts, I don't know. Was it really true that she had taken them? Nobody knew for sure. Maria herself said nothing definite. When I asked her about it, she answered dryly: "Don't believe all you hear. The car is all I have left. We made up my sister's dowry from our tobacco profits. She did marry someone from the town and that was that. The car really was in a terrible state."

I knew that her sister had married somebody from the town, that she still worked in the tobacco fields and was not at all satisfied, but perhaps it would have been out of place to tell Maria that.

All of a sudden, Maria asked me:

"Have you ever been to Kalambaka?"

"To Kalambaka?"

"Yes, to the Meteora."

The 'Meteora' that I knew was an open-air cinema by the shore, operating during the summer, but it had burnt down. The projector had caught fire and the flames had gushed out of the narrow windows of the projection room like machine guns firing.

I bit my lip. I changed my tone of voice, into mock cheerfulness.

"You know, the film was on the screen for a few seconds and among the flames reflected on the screen, you could see a ship sailing on the sea. The poor proprietor, who also acted as projectionist, lived in our neighbourhood. I used to take him his meals and in return he let me see films free. That evening the projection room caught fire. Do you know, none of the audience felt in danger so they all went to the box-office and asked for their money back. The cashier was the proprietor's wife and her eyes were full of tears as she returned the money. After this misfortune they began quarrelling and divorced. He then married an usherette; she was obliged to start work in a salt-fish factory. You can't imagine what dirty work salting fish is! It's as bad as working in a tobacco factory, except that there you stink of nicotine and in the fish factory you stink of fish. Just go to Kalamitsa and see how the place smells! Right in the middle of the houses, by the pine trees, there's a factory for canned salt fish. Sheds, that's all. You'll ask why they don't do something to get rid of the smell but nobody takes any notice of it. They say that things will change when the new wharf is built but seeing is believing! At the moment, what is certain is that there's stink and dirt — choose whichever you prefer."

Maria listened with interest. I realized that everything I was telling her had no connection with Meteora itself as I had heard about it, but it was as if an irresistible force was making me tell her all that in order to get it off my chest. So as soon as I was able to stop, I turned to her and said:

"No, I have never been to Meteora. Why?"

"Nothing, I just remembered something."

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?"

"Well, before I got engaged, I went to the wedding of a relation in Kalambaka. Meteora and the high rocks with the monasteries are a little higher up. There, below the Monastery of Varlaam, I saw a small pine tree growing out of the rock. I wondered about it. The others didn't even notice it. 'Look at that!' I said. 'How did it spring out of the rock like that? Look at it standing all alone here among the rocks.' They didn't hear me, they had already gone down the hill, but as I followed them I kept turning round to look at the pine tree brightening the stony grey landscape. And I had such a sense of relief!"

"And then?"

"There's nothing more. It was just that the green car reminded me of the green pine tree."

"Maria, why don't you get married again?" I asked.

"Who would marry me? There are no men left and younger girls have shot up now."

"Come and find someone from the town then," I said emphatically.

"Someone like the man my sister married? No thank you. We counted out the one thousand drachma notes in front of him beforehand and if we hadn't signed a promise that even the calf from our pregnant cow would be his, he wouldn't have set foot inside the church. Even the calf from the pregnant cow!"

"She's happy, though, isn't she?"

"Oh yes, when she comes here and boasts in order to avoid admitting her disappointment."

I made no comment and our discussion, which I remember with emotion to this day, ended.

**M**ANY years passed. I heard about Maria from her relatives. I learnt that some of her brothers and sisters had gone to Germany and some to Australia, that her sister who had married someone from the town had given birth to a



son and that this had given them the courage to set out for Germany to work in order to save the money to buy a flat. The child was still very young, so he was left in Maria's care. In this way she had someone to keep her company.

They bought a flat in Salonika so that it would be easy for the boy to go to University there — but what boy? The boy who got away from Maria one day and fell into a cistern and was drowned?

In her loneliness Maria struggled to think of a way of writing to her sister to tell her the terrible news. The days passed and she still hadn't written but only filled the room with torn-up scraps of paper. It was then that the strange thing happened.

As twilight fell one evening, Maria got into the car and began driving. She grasped the steering-wheel and turned it now to the right, now to the left, at great speed, as if driving down a winding road, smiling and joyful, or gloomy and thoughtful. Her movements were as practised as if she had driven for many years.

But alas! The car did not move from where it was standing. She gave the impression that she was enjoying the drive. They say she drove all night and only stopped at dawn, more from exhaustion than anything else. The next evening and the evening after that she sat down behind the wheel again. They tried to get her out but she resisted. Of course, everyone in the village came to gaze at the spectacle. The children, in particular, forgot their games and wouldn't even go to sleep.

They say she kept looking at the peak of Mount Pangaio, smiling with pleasure. When I heard about it, I wondered whether she thought that on reaching the top she would see the open sea and Mount Athos, whose presence had fascinated me so much in my childhood. I didn't know what to think, nor could I help at all because I was so far away.

I heard that her relatives, not wanting her to freeze to death one night now that winter was creeping in, took her to Drama and after injections, medicine and electro-shock treatment she recovered. When her sister came back, heart-broken, and learnt about Maria's strange behaviour, she ordered the remnants of the green car to be scattered to the four winds. She explained that it was lest her sister should see it on her return from hospital and feel the mad urge to drive it again.

Was that really the reason or was it perhaps an instinctive impulse to deprive Maria of her most precious possession as Maria had deprived her, accidentally, it's true, of her child, the most precious thing in the world to her?

They also say that the reason why Maria had neglected her nephew that fatal morning had been a letter of her husband's that she had come across amid a pile of half-effaced bills lying forgotten in a box in the cellar. In this letter, her husband wrote, among other things, that he had married Maria because of her ugliness in atonement for having seduced an ugly girl when he had been younger. He had refused to marry the girl afterwards, although she was expecting his child, and the girl had poisoned herself. Nobody had ever known that he was to blame and so he had married Maria just to atone.

No one could be certain about this letter, although her relatives did find an open tin box in the cellar and some half-effaced bills near the fireplace and so they assumed that after the shock of discovering the letter, Maria had burnt it. Nobody could be sure, since no one saw her doing it, but the people who talked about it said that they had heard Maria refer to it in her delirium.

nor did she say anything about it. I tried to get her to say something about the letter but to no avail. To be precise, when I asked her whether she had come across any letter, she answered abruptly: "No, I don't understand what you mean. I have always disliked old letters."

She was brave enough to tell me about her nephew, however.

"It seems that I was meant to go through that terrible ordeal. If I wanted the accident to happen, may I be turned to stone! It was fate, I suppose. At least they are still young and can have another child. That's my only comfort."

Then our talk turned to everyday matters, to the harvest, grape-picking and fertilizers.

At times she seemed absent-minded, as if anxious to be on her own again. Indeed, I was not mistaken for one evening, when I had not told her I was coming, I opened her door, went in and found her sitting there in the dusk, looking at me but unaware of my presence.

I stood still, perplexed and curious. She was moving her lips, smiling faintly, lifting her arms now and then. I realized that she was far away and, in the pale flickering light of a candle placed in front of a dim icon, her eyes were shining. What did they see? I wondered. Where did her thoughts take her on those secret journeys — to what mountain peaks, to which countries? Could she see that lonely pine tree on the rock of Varlaam or the water that sprang from the rod of Saint Athanasios on Mount Athos, forbidden to women but where she now rambled freely? Had she gone to countries she had sometimes dreamed of or to lakes of paradise in a "boat of happiness" in the company of some loyal Emilios? Who knows! I did not dare disturb her peace. I retraced my steps and left her alone to continue her secret journey.

Yet as I left the house, I regretted leaving her in the midst of such loneliness. A car was coming up the valley road, its headlights ascending steadily like two searchlights going for an evening walk. "Perhaps it's more people coming from town to watch the football match between England and Portugal," I thought. This had become very fashionable recently; people who were bored with the routine at home would rent a car if they did not own one and would start out for a nearby village with a television set in the village coffee house. It was one way of altering circumstances and their own outlook as well as that of the coffee house and general environment. Communication, telecommunication, society, social intercourse, boredom, were all amalgamating, all following the same course, all working together, all co-existing.

Then it occurred to me that my cousin, who had been the champion tobacco-leaf threader for years now, must also be part of the struggle. His whole life was dedicated to the struggle. He had escaped the general slaughter by a hair's breadth, although he had not been dragged from one line to the other because of his thin face rather than his age. So he was spared in order to struggle. He supported the family, together with his mother, my aunt. How vividly I remember them both sitting by the wide-open door of the store-shed in the twilight. As night fell, the soul would begin to feel oppressed and they would send the two sisters and the youngest brother to get some fresh air and join in the evening walk. They both worked on and on, looking like two shadows or like two dark cardboard figures thrown into relief against the cloth screen of their self-sacrifice by the lantern shining behind them. My aunt had a peculiar way of piercing the tobacco leaves; every time she pierced a leaf with her long needle she would move her whole trunk to and fro. And since she pierced quickly in order to get the job over and done with, the upper half of her body looked like the piston of a steam engine — sound was the only thing missing. She may even have heard the sound in her

**W**HEN I returned, a long time later, Maria was calm. I did not mention the missing car, of course,

inner ear. When my cousin finished piercing the leaves through their spines, the stalks, he would start to clear the needles. He would grasp a pole and lift it upright and, though this movement was not really necessary, it looked as if he were testing it to see whether it would make a good mast on which to hoist a sail to carry away the whole floor; the floor with the green leaves spread on it, the baskets, the string, the old ragged working clothes and the big needles which would occasionally pierce their work-worn fingers by mistake. What prompted her I don't know, but once my mother told my cousin: "You are the captain in here." He was so pleased by the idea that he kept repeating it until in the end everyone else called him that. "Hey, captain, throw us over a needle! Pull the pole a bit that way!" And my cousin would beam all over his face, and would go on raising the poles. Then he would lower them, with the string fastened with a loop at one end, and would moisten the other end of the string in his lips and push the string through the eye of the needle. In this way my cousin, captain of a stationary ship and my aunt, piston in a steam engine which had never travelled anywhere, struggled to make an honest living in the shade of an enormous acacia tree.

As soon as we arrived, one of my other cousins would run and ask us:

"When did you arrive? When are you leaving?" We knew she only asked so that she could rejoice if we were going to stay for a long time. Later she married a man from Salonika and went to live there but her gramophone — one of those small black boxes called "a gramophone in a suitcase" — which were wound up by turning a handle in the side, remained in the guest room, the one with the lace counterpanes and sideboard. Every time I came I played the gramophone and remembered the emotion I had felt as a child when listening to it. My cousin used to come in and out of the room joyfully, seeing how absorbed I was, and, conscious of my admiration, would not lose the opportunity of shouting:

"You see! We're rich! We've got a gramophone but you haven't got one."

There weren't all that many good records but my favourite was the one called, "I will stay with you for ever". I liked it because I was so fascinated by the phrase "The treasure of your heart" which rhymed with "We never shall part". The word "treasure" aroused a treasure-house of feelings in me.

We had all gone now, though. The only people left were my aunt, the captain, who could at least see other countries on the television, and Maria. Yes, Maria, who continued her secret journeys in her neat room.

"It's not right to abandon her like this," I thought. "Perhaps she'll get worse. I'd better talk to her. Anyway, it'll do her good."

**O**NCE more I went up to the wooden door, took hold of the iron knocker which hung there like a petrified lion embryo and began tapping loudly.

"Knock, knock!" "Who's there?" "Angelos." "What do you want?" "Ribbons." "What colour?" "Blue." "Come in and get them." "Knock, knock!" "Who's there?" "The devil." "What do you want?" "Ribbons." "What colour?" "Yellow." "Go to the yellow man!"

What lovely children's games! I wondered who could have invented them. The door creaked a little and I heard the bolt being pulled across. She must have just remembered that she had not bolted the door. Then I heard Maria's voice, just like in the children's game: "Who's there?" "It's me." "Who's me?" I told her my name. Almost at once I heard the bolt being drawn back, the door opened without delay and Maria popped out as if half-dazed with drowsiness.

"I'm sorry. I didn't recognize you. I must have dozed off and the knocking made me jump. Do come in."

I entered.

"All alone?"

"Alone."

I sat down and looked around. I did not know what else to say but suddenly, hardly thinking what I was saying, I asked:

"Do you believe, Maria?"

"Believe what — I believe in one God, the Father Almighty..."

"No, I didn't mean anything so serious. I simply asked whether you believe that I have your welfare at heart."

"I believe it."

Silence fell again. She was looking me in the eyes. Perhaps she had guessed I was going to ask her something serious. As for me, I was searching for the right words, trying to find the way to express exactly what I meant.

"Maria," I began at last, as if this word was the most important of all. "Today I got the news I've been waiting for. I'm going thousands of miles away. Who knows if we'll ever meet again. Not that we'll lose contact with each other, though; there are letters, after all."

At this point I thought that Maria's face seemed agitated but it might just have been the candle flickering — I wasn't sure.

"I'll write to you," I continued, "I hope you'll write to me, too."

"I'll write to you," she whispered in a quivering voice.

"You said you believe I've got your welfare at heart, but you don't trust me enough to tell me — was it you who destroyed the car or wasn't it? Did you or didn't you find that letter?"

Maria was agitated. I could almost see the struggle taking place inside her. She began twisting and untwisting her fingers.

"What does that matter now?" she said at last.

"It does matter," I answered calmly. "It matters a great deal. It's important to find somebody you can trust and talk to. I'm leaving tomorrow, Maria. In a few days I'll be far away, across the immense sea. If we don't talk openly this evening, we never will. We'll be like two old acquaintances who are strangers to each other. So if you really do believe I'm only thinking of you — and I've always wanted you to be happy, as you have always wanted me to be and, indeed, everybody, tell me about these riddles, about your life".

**M**ARIA looked at me enigmatically again, as if weighing my words. Then she seemed to make up her mind to speak, settled herself more comfortably, folded her hands, lifted her head and, looking towards me but without gazing into my eyes, she started to speak, calmly but not without animation.

"If I didn't know you wish me well, I would ask you to leave. I'd say: 'Go away and leave me alone in the darkness that is drowning me, a river with no banks.' That's from the song called, 'My love was a tree where birds nested before it was struck by lightning.' What's all this got to do with my story? Fine words for an uneducated woman like me! Never mind, you'll know how to write it all down. They always make us simple people speak as if we were well educated, in books, at the cinema, in the plays I listen to on the radio, but I know those words from the song because I learned them by heart. 'Alone in the darkness that is drowning me, a river with no banks.' With no banks! You've learnt Geography, haven't you? 'The sides of a river are called banks.' And if the river has no banks, what desolation, what misery! All alone this evening, alone yesterday, always alone. Alone even when I'm

with other people. Even lonelier when I was with Emilios. I only had those two evenings in Drama, at the New Greece Hotel — they were a break, a change. It was the first time I'd spent the whole night with a man. Opposite the bed there was an old and spotted mirror on the wardrobe and outside the shutters there was a square with brightly lit shops all around it. Late in the afternoon we went to the cinema and in the intervals they played the record, 'When I go to the bazaar, I'll buy you a cockerel.' Emilios burst out laughing and nudged me in the breast with his elbow to make me laugh too, me that was dying to find out if they would manage to save the man who had fallen down the well. Emilios didn't care. 'Oh, you are silly to believe all that rubbish,' he said, and he laughed foolishly. It was only in bed, when he let his body talk for him, a source of delight, that I could forget his stupid laugh, the way he talked and his vulgarity. 'He's a good man,' I said to myself. 'He is the one who is normal — I'm the one who's all twisted. He's all right. We'll have a child and he'll improve. I'll get to know him and he'll seem better. He'll get to know me and I'll make a better impression on him.' But we had no time to get to know each other. There were sirens, the mobilisation, anxious faces in the streets and, before I realized what was happening, I found myself in our car, which we had left near the park, and we were returning to the village. That was that; we didn't have a baby or get to know each other better.

"As for the car — yes, I damaged it. I did it for my own sake and for my sister's. I was fed up with hearing her say day in and day out: 'If only I could marry someone from the town and get away from the tobacco and the fields.' We ran here and there, negotiating one marriage proposal after another. The first candidate was wry-necked, the second bald, the third too thickset; one would ask for a big dowry, another thought she was too vivacious, and things dragged on and on. At last she was ready to say 'yes' and it seemed as though the matter would be settled. The prospective bridegroom lived in Kavala, in a place called Potamoudhia, behind the school. We went there. We were expected. As soon as the door opened, the bridegroom's mother, a squat old woman, inspected us from head to toe and, as I was nearer to her, she asked apprehensively: 'You're not the bride, are you?' 'No,' I said, 'It's my sister here,' and a chill ran down my spine. What a dreadful house it was! It smelled damp. The only good thing about it was that it was high up and faced the sea. While we were waiting for the bridegroom, the prospective mother-in-law started her interrogation: Did my sister know how to sew? A wife must be able to make her own clothes and must be thrifty, so that they would be able to set up housekeeping in the proper way. Shortly afterwards, her son came in, tall and stout and with ruddy cheeks. Then the long bargaining process began. On the one side there was the matchmaker, on the other the mother and her son, and we were the two in the middle, under the hammer. He didn't think the money was enough. The girl was all right as she was good at sewing, but what could he do with such an inadequate sum of money? He could not open a grocery with such a small amount. If only she had twenty thousand or so more. 'Just consider it.' The grocery. And then, she'd be entering a house fully equipped with everything: linoleum on the floor, electricity, running water, every labour-saving device.

"We said we would think it over and departed. Then my sister asked me what I thought of the idea of selling the car. I felt numb at the thought; perhaps because I didn't want to be related to that squat old woman who had insulted me so abruptly; 'You're not the bride, are you?' But the main reason was that if I didn't have the car, how would people know I'd been married? You see, the car in the yard always reminded passersby that I had been married. No matter how old and

useless it was, the car proclaimed my story. Those who knew it would remember it; those who didn't would learn it. 'Yes, that car over there used to belong to Emilios. He came from another village and he married Maria. You may wonder what he saw in her, but he married her so she must have had something. She didn't get much pleasure out of her marriage, though, poor thing. She'd only been married two days when war broke out. After the fighting, she had a few days with her husband again, but then he was killed with all the others. The car's the only thing left as a reminder of their marriage.'

"They wanted to kill this living remembrance for those twenty thousand drachmas! I wouldn't stand for it. 'I'll work even harder,' I said, 'in order to make up the twenty thousand, rather than let the car, my bridal garland, be taken from me.' That's why I broke it up and the match-making broke up with it. You can imagine the things people said about me! My own sister, too — the one who had the remains of the car removed and scattered. That time she was justified, though, I think, because I remember how heart-breakingly she cried for joy as she gave birth to her child.

"'I'm free at last!' she cried, her eyes still full of the tears of pain, mingled with the tears of joy she was feeling at that moment. 'Now that the child is born, I'm free, I don't need my husband to understand me any more, I'm free!' And then I remember the dispute with her husband and his parents who wanted to name the child after his grandfather, Thrassivoulos. 'Lefteris,' said my sister, 'that's the name he'll have. I don't like Thrassivoulos. Lefteris, because I was the one who suffered and was set free by his birth.' This caused a dreadful quarrel which almost ended in divorce. If my sister hadn't put down the money from her dowry, in her name, so that her husband could start up a partnership in a brickworks, and if she hadn't declared that she would withdraw the money if they insisted, perhaps the child would have been christened Thrassivoulos or the couple would have been divorced. So you understand why I think she was justified, you understand how I suffered. I shudder when I think of it: 'Little Lefteris has been drowned, drowned in the cistern we use for watering the orchard.' How I endured it, I don't know — not that I did endure it, when the thought of writing and telling my sister drove me mad. A flat in Salonika near the bus stop so that it would be easy for Lefteris when he was at university like his Uncle Dimitrios. But Lefteris was drowned one spring morning, as bright as all the other spring mornings. 'My dear sister, Lefteris is well, but he got a bit wet and fell ill ... Little Lefteris sends you his love, but this morning ... This morning in the orchard cistern ... Fotis went to turn on the water and saw Lefteris... Lefteris is well. Lefteris sends you his love. Lefteris fell ill, drowned, got wet ...' I wrote, then tore up what I'd written; I don't know how many blank copy-books I tore up. And then I wanted to go away, to go away, away..."

**T**HE letter, did you find the letter?"

"Yes, I did."

"In the cellar?"

"Yes."

"And did it say what they say you muttered when you were delirious?"

"Yes."

"Did it hurt you very badly?"

"Very badly."

"Why?"

"Because I'd believed that I did have a certain something which had attracted him. So the letter was the first great blow. I'd believed in my own worth but after that I stopped believing in myself. Do you understand? Nothing had attracted him to

me. He had used me simply as a means of expiation. 'You're not the bride, are you?' You silly old woman, who couldn't appreciate me! There you see — a strongly-built man like my husband realised my true worth, for all that he laughed foolishly, remained unmoved by what we saw as we drove along in the green car, and wasn't anxious to see whether the man who had fallen down the well would be pulled out in the next part of the film. He may even have been anxious too, but just pretended not to be. I don't know. What I do know is that I had become a wreck. And I wanted to go far away, go away, away... Yet everyone else left but me!

"Years ago, when I went back to Drama to see the neurologist, I went over to the railway station until it was time for the bus to leave. It was just after midday, early in the afternoon. I went up onto the bridge, you know the one, the wooden footbridge over the rails. You've no idea how I enjoy standing on that bridge! It's like being on board ship on dry land. And then as I was standing in the middle of the bridge, leaning over and looking down, I was almost overwhelmed by temptation. My God! What an experience! It blinded me. Two soldiers were lying on the grass talking languidly, as if they didn't have much to say to each other. They must have been waiting for the train. I thought how much I'd like to be beside them and feel as I'd felt at the New Greece Hotel (which I'd passed again and greeted as an old friend). I wanted to let myself drop from the bridge, down between the soldiers, and temptation hissed in my ears: 'Jump, jump!' And without considering my life, my honour, I wanted to let myself fall, fall into dishonour. But I was able to control myself and the only thing I let fall was the newspaper I'd been holding. I dropped it. It fell at their feet. They were startled, lifted their heads, looked up, smiled politely, then turned to the newspaper and began to unfold it eagerly. In a moment they found the page they wanted, laid it on the ground, and bent over it with interest. I could see it was the sports page. I was pleased that at least I'd given them something to while away the time. Temptation left me and I went calmly down the wooden steps.

"Before I reached the exit, a great surge of people blocked my way and swept me with it. I turned round and looked curiously. A beautiful, slender woman, dressed in white like a bride, was in front of the crowd. She held parcels wrapped in paper decorated with flowers, which looked as if they were a bouquet. Curiosity made me change direction and follow the crowd. I found myself near the woman with the expressive eyes. I could have touched her. I heard somebody speaking and I thought she was talking to me.

"'As a mother, I found your song, 'Sleep my little angel', so moving. It's a pity you haven't got a child. You'd lull him to sleep so sweetly.'

"The beautiful woman smiled courageously.

"'It can't be helped,' she said. 'That's why I'm leaving: If I can't become a mother, at least I can sing lullabies to all the children and all the anonymous hearts that my voice can reach.'

"The train could be heard coming. Everyone turned round. The train arrived. It stopped. The woman in white got on, showed herself at the window. Someone next to me spoke: 'Her lips are like a cup steaming with smiles which rise to her eyes.' I liked this phrase and learned it by heart, as I did the words of her song when I heard it on the radio, months later. You see, I was interested enough to find out her name and follow her career."

"Just like 'Myrtali'?"

"Just like 'Myrtali', even if it was in another era. Nero, the catacombs, the burning of the Christians. I've never been to Rome but because I've read 'Myrtali', I know it as if I'd seen it with my own eyes."

"You know, Maria, you used to read, you understand things and you're a thinker. You're a really good person. The only trouble is that nobody has discovered it yet. Even you haven't discovered it, you're not sure of it."

"That doesn't matter any more. Temptation has left me alone now. There's no danger of my falling from a bridge. Nor do I need the remains of the car to tell my story. I'm at peace. That's enough for me. I receive letters, send letters and I can go to whichever part of the earth I choose. In my imagination. But as far as other people are concerned, let riddles remain riddles, I beg you."

"Don't worry about that."

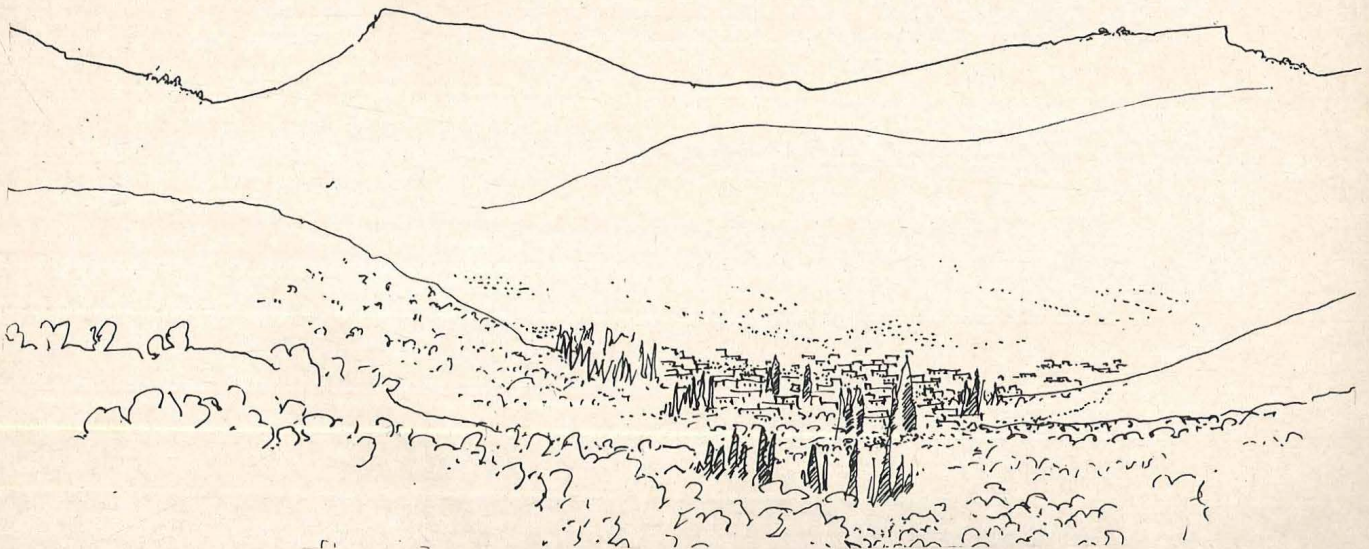
"Thank you," she said and put out her hand to shake mine, as if anxious to be rid of my presence in order to continue her journey.

**I** BADE her good night and left. Outside her house I stopped short, turned round and saw the dimly lit window with the iron bars which resembled a vigilant beacon on the broad crossroads. "Alone, alone," the words ran through my mind.

"Perhaps the fit will pass," I thought.

"All alone in the house. But on her secret journeys? Was she still alone? Did she travel alone, too?" I wondered. I had forgotten to ask. I made as if to go back and knock at her door again. Fortunately, I had second thoughts, and made my way uphill along the paved road.

—Translated by Marion Tzanaki-Flint





## The Alexander Onassis Foundation

THE "Athens" prize and the "Olympia" prize — two international awards each carrying a stipend of \$100,000 and emanating from Greece — were publicly announced in November with appropriate fanfare and ceremony. With the announcement of these awards, a foundation which for the past three years has been functioning quietly has now made international news.

The concept of the awards is stipulated in the will of Aristotle Onassis, and the awards are presented by the Alexander S. Onassis Public Benefit Foundation — an organization which, since the death of the wealthy Greek shipping magnate, has been organizing itself cautiously, systematically and without hullabaloo to implement the wishes of its founder.

The last will and testament of Aristotle Onassis, written in his own confident hand, in its first paragraph provides for the establishment of "a foundation to serve the welfare of the public". Onassis bequeathed half his wealth to his only surviving descendant, his daughter Christina, and half to the memory of his beloved son Alexander. The shipping tycoon, who in his own lifetime had gained no renown as a philanthropist, ordained an organization whose potential has not been widely recognized. Thus, the Alexander Onassis Foundation — a living memorial to his young son killed in an airplane accident — has now gained international attention.

Under the guidance of a Board of Directors named by Onassis in his will, the foundation has moved boldly but carefully to sponsor programs and activities designed to meet the broad goals for which this institution was established; "to perform directly services for the public benefit anywhere in the world, in medical treatment, in the educational, literary, religious, scien-

tific, exploratory, journalistic, artistic, cultural, health, research, historical, archeological, or athletic fields" and "sponsoring or conducting international or national competitions and awarding grants, scholarships, prizes, or other payments designed to foster or reward achievement for the public benefit." The Alexander Onassis Foundation, within the scope of these objectives, has thus far embarked on three major projects.

In November, an international committee of the foundation named the recipients of the first two awards.

The first award of the "Athens" prize was made to the European Parliament in the person of its first president, Madame Simone Veil, "in recognition of the role played by the European Community in promoting mutual understanding between peoples and respect for human dignity."

The first award of the "Olympia" prize was made to the British Acropolis Appeal Committee and its Chairman, Mr. Harold Macmillan. The jury, in announcing this award, expressed the wish "that the money should be used in agreement and collaboration with the Greek authorities to contribute towards costs of study and research necessary to safeguard the Acropolis and its monuments."

A distinguished international jury, headed for this year by the former President of Greece, Michael Stasinopoulos, was free to determine criteria and procedures for the selection of the first two recipients worthy of recognition for the protection of the environment and for the promotion of mutual understanding.

Mrs. Helen Vlachou, publisher and editor of the newspaper *Kathimerini* and a member of this committee, said that "while we were completely free to select the winners of the awards, this

very independence imposed a great responsibility to examine carefully the merits of all the proposed candidates".

Other members of the committee who were present at the two-day meeting in Athens were the Vice-President, Mme. Helen Glikatji-Ahrweiler, President of the Sorbonne and of Greek descent; Sir Michael Stewart, former British Ambassador in Athens; Cyrus Sulzberger, author; Patrick Leigh Fermor, author; Louis Nagel, editor; Olivier Reverdin, federal counselor of the Swiss Confederation; Knut Hammar skjöld, director general of IATA, and Jack London, former president of the Shell Company and a member of the Ford Foundation. Professor Ioannis Georgakis, who has been the Ambassador of Greece to several Middle Eastern countries is the permanent secretary of the committee.

One can readily imagine the lively discussions of criteria by members of the committee meeting *in camera* as they approached the selection of two such appropriate and timely winners. During the press conference announcing the prizes, a female reporter asked the committee whether Madame Veil was selected because the jury wished to give public recognition to a woman. The reply which came from one of the two ladies of the Committee was itself worthy of an award. Mme Ahrweiler said, "The question was asked by a woman about a woman and since I am a woman on the committee I would like to comment. When a person has the talents and qualifications to attain a responsible and distinguished position of leadership and to fulfill its duties successfully, we as a committee were not concerned whether that person is a woman or a man."

Along with three members who did not attend the November meeting, the committee numbers fourteen and Mr. Georgakis explained, "New members, especially from the third world, will be added, but the membership will not go beyond twenty."

The "Athens" and "Olympia" prizes will be presented at a ceremony in Athens on March 29, 1980. Hereafter, each award will be designated in alternate years. The work of the Alexander Onassis Foundation is done by several such committees whose members serve without remuneration. The Board of Directors also serves without pay.

Six executors of the Onassis estate were named in the will as directors along with eight additional associates and friends of the late shipping magnate. Together with a citizen of Lichtenstein,

## ELEFTHEROUDAKIS

### BOOKSHOP

ATHENS TOWERS  
Building A

Books, gift items,  
office supplies, paper  
goods and greeting cards

## ELEFTHEROUDAKIS

INTERNATIONAL  
BOOK CENTRE

SYNTAGMA  
at  
4 Nikis Street

Over 150,000 titles  
for every reading  
interest and need

## ELEFTHEROUDAKIS

MUSIC CENTRE

ATHENS TOWERS  
Building A

Records, cassettes,  
guitar and pop music  
song books, posters,  
and gift items

where the foundation is registered, they compose the fifteen-member board whose president-for-life is Mrs. Christina Onassis Kausov or her immediate descendants. The enthusiastic and devoted Executive Secretary of the foundation is Stylianos Papadimitriou — long-time associate, attorney, and close friend of Aristotle Onassis. Listening to him discuss the activities of this organization, one recognizes an intelligent and imaginative personality, not only loyal to the memory of Onassis but also devoted to the realization of the objectives of the foundation and to his own responsibilities as one of the chief custodians of that trust.

In his spacious, neat, but unpretentious law office in Piraeus, Papadimitriou spoke almost non-stop and with deep conviction about the foundation and its activities. He focused particularly on the organization's most ambitious project to-date: a cardiac hospital in Athens. The Onassis will stipulated that "hospital projects" were to be supported. Because of this provision and due to the keen concern of Christina Onassis for matters of health in general, the idea of a specialized hospital in Athens to treat and to perform surgery on cardiac cases became a major project of the foundation. The hospital is expected to become a prototype of its kind, one for which there is an acknowledged need and which would not have been undertaken by public government funding because of its high cost and specialized focus. Public funds are usually earmarked for general hospitals.

A site in Athens has been selected and a team of architects and engineers have drawn up the plans. A core committee of three members, Apostolos Zambellas, Paul Ioannides, and Papadimitriou, re-enforced from time to time by others as needed, have received and welcomed the advice of medical experts from several Western European countries and from the United States.

Because the hospital itself has not begun to appear in concrete and steel, the foundation has occasionally received negative criticism from the local press as it has been until now totally ignored. But Papadimitriou is quick to explain that "we are building a hospital not a house" — a major and costly construction projected at about \$70,000,000. Such an undertaking requires careful consideration and detailed planning, several studies, consultations with medical specialists, construction engineers, government officials. After licenses to build have been obtained, however, it is anti-

pated that within two years Athens will have an ultra modern 110-bed medical facility specializing in open-heart and thoracic surgery.

This facility is to be linked closely with a university hospital in the United States — an association that will ensure exchange of personnel, procedures, information, research and equipment. Selecting a cooperating hospital and working out a mutually beneficial relationship are in themselves challenging assignments. Planning for this hospital is not, however, limited to its construction; it extends well into the indefinite future. In time, the hospital will expand to 200 beds and may include more complex medical services such as brain surgery. Patients, whether from Greece or elsewhere, will be expected to pay to the extent that they are able. At the same time, the foundation is committed to meeting the inevitable annual deficit of the hospital.

To achieve these carefully examined goals, Mr. Papadimitriou pointed out that "not only is the initial cost high, but the annual maintenance — the yearly deficit — is an unknown factor. It is to be expected that we move with cautious determination."

A third significant activity is the annual scholarships and research grants. For 1978-79 and for 1979-80 some 130 full-expense scholarships have been granted for graduate study for the doctorate or Ph. D. degree in a variety of fields. About three-fourths of these are candidates already accepted at universities in Europe and the United States and about one-fourth for doctoral study at Greek universities.

A committee of fourteen — composed largely of senior faculty members or of the administration of several Greek universities along with a representative from the Ministry of Education and three members from the performing arts — determine both the conditions for the scholarships and the selection of winning candidates. With Professor Georgakis as permanent Executive Secretary, this committee has the full responsibility of scrutinizing, discussing, screening some 350 applications to select the 60 to 70 who will share the \$300,000 annual allotment for scholarships. The committee applies five criteria: evidence of financial need, high academic achievement, continuity of field of study, the subject of study in terms of its value concurrently to Greece and to the search for knowledge, and the quality of references.

As an independent committee of the Alexander Onassis Foundation, it enjoys the flexibility of adapting itself to

accommodating unmet needs for higher education. This is evident in opening the scholarships to applicants for the performing arts — particularly cinema, music, and classical ballet. For next year, applicants from the Greek provinces will be encouraged for three years' technical training in urban areas. Another example of gearing the awards to developing needs is the encouragement of 1979-80 applicants for doctoral studies dealing with the European Common Market and for specialization in cardiology with the unpublicized anticipation that the latter might in time join the staff of the proposed cardiac hospital.

This same committee is also responsible for the distribution of \$500,000 yearly for post-doctoral research. These research grants will be made for the first time for 1979-80 and the grantees will be selected from the 170 applicants in all fields.

Applications for scholarships and for research grants are accepted not only from citizens of Greece, but from non-Greeks or from those of Greek descent as well, provided the area of study is related to Greece.

The activities of the Alexander Onassis Foundation also extend to those that might not claim the limelight. These include financial support to the Myasthenia Gravis Foundation in the U.S. (myasthenia was the fatal illness of Onassis); the Greek community in Argentina centred in Buenos Aires (where Onassis lived for several years and had his business beginnings); and the American Hospital in Paris (where Onassis was a patient); and several other smaller grants such as to the Red Cross of Monaco or for an ambulance for an Aegean island. All of these sundry beneficiaries share about one million dollars annually.

The activities of the Alexander Onassis Foundation, which in Greece is classified as an institution "for the benefit of the public" (*Koinofeles Idryma*), are destined not only to benefit individuals or institutions but also to have a wide multiplier-effect that will reach an extended public at all socio-economic levels. The hospital will not only treat patients but will also promote medical progress. The Ph. D.s will not only teach or conduct research but will also seek and transmit new knowledge in their respective fields. And the two international awards will not only be public recognitions but will also be stimuli to greater achievements in the service of humanity.

—LOUIS P. CAJOLEAS

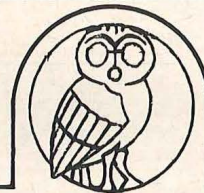


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*Column drum within the foundations of the Temple of Poseidon at the Isthmus*

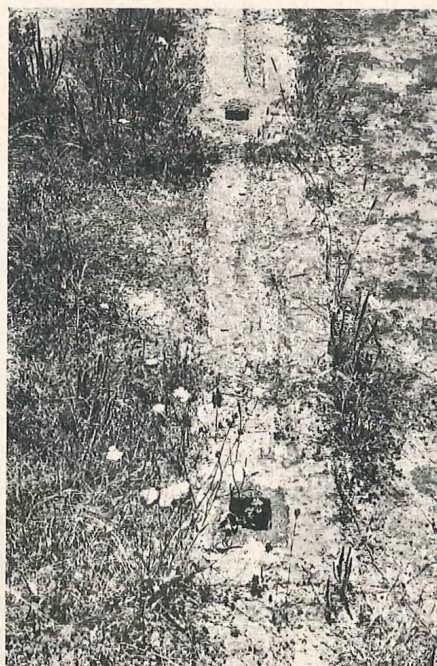
## THE LAND BRIDGE AT CORINTH

A SMALL freighter moves slowly toward the narrowing end of the Gulf of Corinth as if mindlessly intent on slamming into the shore ahead. Workers on land shout and hustle about as the ship approaches. Farther inland, uniformed officers patrol traffic on the heavily-travelled roads crossing the narrow bridge of land which connects the two mountainous regions on either side of it. Water slaps the beaches and coves of the softly rounded terrain of the land bridge which divides the sea between the Saronic and the Corinthian Gulfs.

This describes the Isthmus, the stretch of land which connects the Greek mainland with the Peloponnese. The travellers could be modern tourists in buses or ancient pilgrims on foot. The uniformed officers could be modern traffic policemen or ancient soldiers manning the fortification wall crossing the Isthmus. The freighter could be a ship approaching the modern canal cut through the Isthmus or the ancient tow road across which ships were hauled. A narrow stretch of earth connecting two vital land masses, the Isthmus has always been a place of coming and going and occasionally a place for digging in.

The Isthmus is a convenient land formation or a barrier, depending upon how one moves about. If driving or going on foot, the Isthmus allows a traveller to cross easily back and forth between the Peloponnese and the mainland. Without it, Pelop's Island would indeed be an island and not the Peloponnesian Peninsula. For a boat the Isthmus is a barrier, rising up to sever

any water communication between the two Gulfs. The alternative prospect of sailing around the Peloponnese means loss of time and in ancient days included the added danger of piracy. Small modern ships can breach this land barrier through the Corinth Canal. Dug in 1893, it follows the line of an ancient cut begun in the reign of Nero but soon abandoned. In spite of this, ancient ships could cross the Isthmus. Hauled out of the water, the ships were towed across a paved road, called the Diolkos, to the opposite shore. It followed a somewhat circuitous route which at one point crosses the modern canal.



*Apparatus for opening the stadium starting-gates*

It is possible to see a few remains of the ancient boat road. Coming from Athens, cross the canal and turn towards modern Corinth. At the bottom of the hill, where the street entering the town has just about reached the sea, take a sharp right, cross the railroad tracks and follow the road to the end. There a ferry platform, pulled back and forth by cable, carries cars to the Loutraki, or mainland, side of the canal. On either side of the parking area for the ferry are ditches with steep banks. The trough of each is paved with stone, the remains of the ancient Diolkos where ships were once dragged across the Isthmus.

The fortification wall built on the Isthmus shows evidence of Mycenaean construction. However, it was not until the Persian Wars that it entered history. In 480 B.C. the Spartans and other Peloponnesians rebuilt it as protection against the huge army of Xerxes approaching from the north. The Athenians, knowing an Isthmian wall could do them little good, chose other tactics, and Xerxes, fearing a naval flank attack if he pressed on to Isthmia, gave battle at Salamis. His defeat was so decisive that the wall at the Isthmus was not needed. It was repaired once more during the Galatian threat of 279 B.C., when bands of Gauls ravaging Macedonia reached as far south as Delphi. Attacks by Goths in A.D. 253 occasioned more repairs. However, the bulk of the wall of the Isthmus which now remains was built in the sixth century A.D. during the reign of the Emperor Justinian. Though built of material from the earlier constructions,



*Ruins at Kechreai*





Small car ferry crossing the canal at the Isthmus

it is justifiably called Justinian's wall.

A large section of the wall stands on the right-hand side of the main highway from Athens, after it has crossed the Canal just beyond the entry to the Epidaurus road. More sections can be seen all along the first few miles of the road to Epidaurus as it runs south, down to the shore of the Saronic Gulf.

At the village of Kira Vrisi, five kilometres beyond the Epidaurus turn-off from the Athens-Corinth highway, are the principal excavations on the Isthmus. Behind the museum, which stands on the left at the end of the village's main street, lie the ruins of ancient Isthmia. The sanctuary was dedicated to Poseidon. The foundations of the sea god's fourth century B.C. temple lie directly behind the museum.

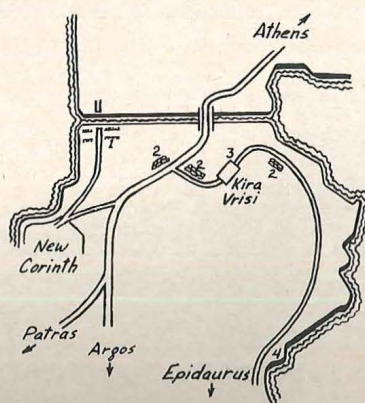
The Isthmian Games held every two years in honour of Poseidon ranked second in importance only to the athletic festivals at Olympia. This, it is said, was not due to any religious or even athletic prestige, but to Corinth's being the entertainment capital of ancient Greece. It was here at the Isthmian Games in 336 B.C. that Alexander the Great announced his expedition against the Persians, thus beginning his career of conquest; and here, too, that Flaminius proclaimed the freedom of Greece as a gift of Rome in 196 B.C. The news was greeted with hysterical enthusiasm as it meant the end of Macedonian supremacy. On his public relations swing through Greece in A.D. 67, Nero used his Isthmian appearance to proclaim Greek independence, as an incidental aside to his musical recitals which he performed at various festivals in Greece.

The original stadium at Isthmia was located just a step down the low bank inside the excavations entrance, next to

the museum. Although later constructions have destroyed the outline of the ancient stadium, the original starting line of the races, which is the most interesting detail of the site, can be clearly made out. The race-starter stood in a waist-deep hole and held cords which led through metal rings along grooves in a flat slab of stone to the starting gates. As with the gates of a modern horse race, a tug on the cords dropped horizontal sticks set on vertical posts at the starting line releasing the runners. Still unexcavated is the later Roman-built stadium outside the excavation grounds.

Grass and shrubs grow high and thick over much of the seldom-visited site at Isthmia. As burrs stick to pant legs, scratch at bare legs and catch between sandal soles and feet, the short hike to the remains of the Classic theatre can be uncomfortable. Not well preserved, its most interesting feature is the rooms cut out of the hillside behind the seats which seem to have served actors as dining rooms for festival banquets.

The museum houses objects found on the site from several periods. The most spectacular display in the museum, however, comes from the nearby



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excavations at Kechreai, the ancient port of Corinth on the Saronic Gulf. The Roman walls at Kechreai reach into the sea where a small cove almost touches the Epidaurus road five kilometres beyond the museum. There in the sanctuary of Isis were discovered crates of fourth century A.D. glass mosaics. Greeks identified the Egyptian goddess Isis with both Demeter and Hera. Worship of Isis became popular throughout the Roman Empire in the third and fourth centuries A.D. when Eastern cults, including Christianity, made significant inroads on traditional religion. An ancient source states that one hundred and twenty-four crates of these glass mosaics were brought to Kechreai in the summer of A.D. 375. When the area was abandoned after an earthquake the following year, the crates remained in the debris, until eighty-seven of them were recovered by modern archaeologists.

The Isthmia Museum in the village of Kira Vrisi displays the more spectacular of the Kechreai mosaics. Made of coloured pieces of glass mounted on backing, they remind one more of stained glass art than usual mosaics. Besides decorative panels, they include idealized portraits of Homer and Plato as well as seaside scenes, perhaps of the Nile region, suggesting the Isis connection at the Kechreai sanctuary. The wide eyes and stylized features in the portrait panels, made up of broad, flat pieces of glass, all in the fourth-century style of late Roman art, bear a fair resemblance to the saints of early Gothic stained glass windows which can still be seen in the cathedrals of Augsburg and Chartres. These windows are the oldest surviving examples of stained glass. Are the Kechreai glass panels evidence of a much longer tradition of stained glass than is originally thought? In their own right, the Isis Sanctuary glass mosaics are a beautiful, interesting and unique example of ancient art on display in a provincial Greek museum.

Modern pilgrims hurry across the Isthmus in cars or air-conditioned buses, pausing briefly by its bridge to gawk at the steep-sloped canal and the ribbon of water far below. That done, they rush on to see the famous sights described in the tourist brochures. Ignored are the ancient monuments of the Isthmus, all located within a few miles of one another. Walls, tow-road and sanctuaries remain as proof that the Isthmus was as busy in ancient times as it is today.

—WILLIAM REID, JR.



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## Crete Hosts Pan-Christian Assembly

*In the light of the November meeting between Pope John Paul II and Patriarch Dimitrius I in Istanbul, the Assembly of the Conference of European Christians, which gathered in Crete a month earlier, gains in significance.*

*With broad European participation, the Assembly of Orthodox, Roman Catholics and Protestants sat down together to discuss a wide range of what are generally considered to be secular and political subjects, as well as ecclesiastical problems.*

**D**RAMATIZING the growing impulse towards unifying the many divisions within Christianity, members of the Protestant, Catholic and Orthodox clergy gathered to attend a mass at the Cathedral of Hania in Crete last October. Entering the church between rows of school children, more than four hundred Christians were attending the opening ceremony of the week-long Assembly of the Conference of European Christians (CEC), which was meeting for the first time in an Orthodox country. The Assembly, celebrating its twentieth anniversary, was hosted by the Greek Orthodox Church, under the spiritual jurisdiction of Timotheos, primus inter pares of Crete. In a special message of welcome, the Metropolitan affirmed "without reservation" the participation of the Cretan Orthodox Church in the work of the CEC. For most Protestants and Catholics the Assembly resulted in a deeper and closer understanding of the Orthodox Church. The meetings were held at the Chandris Hotel at Malame, where the German airborne invasion of Crete began in 1941, and at the Orthodox Academy in the nearby Gonia monastery. The World War II cemetery close to the hotel stands as a reminder of a less peaceful past.

The Assembly discussed the basic questions facing churches today: homosexuality, women's liberation, racial conflict, divorce and the breakdown of the family, political turbulence and terrorism. In addition, it discussed the decreasing influence of the Church today and the divisions within Christianity which spread from Europe to the rest of the world. Hoping for a "fresh miracle of the Pentecost" to unite them, the group also supported several political measures, such as the passage of the SALT II agreement and enforcement of the Helsinki agreement.

There were nearly fifty Eastern Orthodox participants from Russia, Bulgaria, Romania, Turkey, Georgia, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Cyprus and Greece. One of the CEC's founding members, the Patriarchate of Constantinople,

has been instrumental in Church unity throughout the century. It proposed a League of Churches in 1920 and has cooperated with the World Council of Churches. In addition, it has recently initiated dialogues with the Roman Catholic Church, Oriental Churches, and Anglicans.

As hosts of the Assembly, clergy from the Orthodox Church presented their view of the theme, "Alive to the World in the Power of the Holy Spirit". Although many participants from other churches were unfamiliar with Orthodox theology and had difficulties in understanding its symbolic interpretation of Christ's words, all agreed that both the more mystical approach of the Eastern Churches and the traditional insights of the West were needed for Christian unity in the future.

Roman Catholics were first included in CEC meetings in 1977, at a special meeting at Chantilly. Their hesitancy to join (they are still not full members) is a result of internal tensions between conservative and liberal members that have arisen since Vatican II, rather than an overall legal or official policy. The Rev. Dr. Pierre Duprey, for seventeen years the Undersecretary of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, pointed out that ever since the early sixties there has been a new attitude among Catholics toward other Christians. Catholics have rediscovered a similarity of faith and structure and now only have to overcome the habit of separation.

Describing Catholicism, Orthodoxy and Protestantism as three paths of enrichment, the Eastern Orthodox Metropolitan Chrysostomos of Myron said the presence of the Roman Catholic Church was indispensable. He emphasized, however, that the Orthodox

tradition stresses the witness of the early Church Fathers. "We cannot look only at the data in biblical studies," he said. Speaking of the decreasing influence his Church has on the lives of parishioners, he proposed that the Ecumenical Seat in Constantinople should have joint jurisdiction over all Eastern Orthodox Churches, rather than over only those in Constantinople, as it is now. He also supports Archbishop Seraphim of Athens, who would like to see Church unity within the European Community, in order that the Greek Orthodox Church may have a greater voice in European ecclesiastical affairs.

The Rev. Jean Ryeland Ockum, who was ordained four years ago and is the first woman to administer the sacraments to Anglicans in Britain, pointed out that the Orthodox Church will not endorse the ordination of women. "The Orthodox priest with whom I spoke invalidated my ordination," she remarked, "by saying that a woman may think she is called, but she isn't." She feels that the Church should not be based primarily on tradition and ancient interpretation.

On Sunday, members of the Assembly attended Orthodox services in town and village churches throughout Crete, which included a mass led by the Metropolitan of Myron at the Saint Minas Cathedral in Iraklion. On Sunday evening a formal reception was given for the Assembly by the delegates from the Patriarchates at the Orthodox Academy. During the course of the evening, the life of the eighteenth-century saint, reformer and educator Kosmas Aitolos, was presented.

An outstanding achievement of the CEC has been its ability to provide a unique meeting point for East and West. Patriarch Pimen of the Russian Orthodox Church referred to the CEC support for the Helsinki Final Act. "Our churches should be especially alert to the constant piling up of armaments... which can destroy all living things." As an acknowledgment of the work carried out by the CEC President and General Secretary on behalf of peace and unity, the Patriarch conferred on them the Special Order of St. Sergius of Radanesh.

—SARA MAZUMDAR

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## EXHIBITIONS IN RETROSPECT



Engonopoulos: *Incorruptibles*, 1967

A SMALL exhibition entitled 'Surrealism' at the Athens Gallery last month included graphic works, objects and paintings by metaphysical artist Giorgo de Chirico, who was an antecedent of this movement, René Magritte, Man Ray and Greek surrealist Engonopoulos.

De Chirico is known for the 'spatial magic' created in his paintings by combining a haunting dreamlike reality and unreality. His unusual associations of images and ideas placed in cold, pure, subdued architectural settings and charged with mystery, trigger off profound feelings of anxiety. De Chirico totally ignored the pictorial/space explorations of the early twentieth century and used the spatial perspectives of the Renaissance not as a descriptive device, but as an expressive one to create the effects of mystery, loneliness and fear. This innovative and revolutionary treatment of space was as significant for the surrealists as Cubism was for Abstract art. After 1930, de Chirico broke from this original and fertile exploration and immersed himself in the empty and futile exploration of techniques.

De Chirico's graphics at the Athens Gallery, executed in a later period, are thus very different from his creative years in painting. They are purely representational and have an emphatic, flowing movement seen particularly in the horses' wavy manes.

René Magritte, like de Chirico before him, made use of unexpected combinations of unrelated events to create an atmosphere of mystery and

bewilderment often referred to as 'magic realism'. His precision, his dry, deadpan style and his use of barren perspective space distinctly recall de Chirico. Magritte was interested in the world about him and its objects. Revealing their existence through realistic representation, Magritte found in painting a way of discovering the world. The graphic work at the Athens Gallery, expressed in a cool detached style, reflects this artist's unique talent for making the most absurd combinations and fantastic juxtapositions of elements appear natural and acceptable.

American-born Man Ray, who worked periodically in New York and Paris, expended his talents on both painting (being one of the pivotal figures in the Dada scene in New York) and photography (being a pioneer experimentalist in photography and the cinema). His works at this exhibition reflect both the originality and the authenticity of this artist's eroticism and sharp, ironic humour.

Engonopoulos, born in Athens in 1910, is one of Greece's foremost surrealists. Insofar as the absurd and illogical arrangements of objects are concerned, his work is directly influenced by Surrealism, but he ignores the static and immobile compositions, as well as the metaphysical, nostalgic and dreamlike qualities associated with the movement. Conversely, Engonopoulos' work has a dynamic movement and distinctive sensuousness enhanced by the use of bold blues and greens and vivid reds and yellows. The artist's style, which reached full maturity in the forties, has remained consistent and totally unchanged since he has never wavered from, nor renewed, his original style.

TWO exhibitions of 'Soft Art', in the form of cloth wall hangings, in Athens last month are an indication that these are stubbornly seeking to retain their niche in modern decoration. An exhibition of tapestries by Michel Tourlière was held at the French Institute while English-born Polly Hope exhibited her 'soft art' executed in the quilting technique at the Trito Mati Gallery. The art of woven wall hangings has a long tradition which flourished in France, Italy and Flanders. The purpose

of these tapestries was twofold: In the immense and drafty halls of castles and palaces they were a practical and necessary device for warmth and simultaneously served as ornamentation of the vast wall surfaces. Since the intricacy and delicacy of design demanded highly dexterous workmanship, these wall hangings united function, skill and decoration into an intrinsic whole. Today, the vital function and the distinctive craftsmanship have diminished. As the designs are bolder and larger, they demand less expertise, but the fact that they are handmade objects in an age of mass-industrialization gives them heightened value. Michel Tourlière's tapestries are decorative and pleasing. The earlier works are based on colour combinations which are central to his compositions. The later ones are geometric designs. The overall atmosphere is gay and warm and Tourlière most aptly works the colours onto the surface in a linear manner to coincide with the weave of the tapestry.

Polly Hope's exhibition consisted of rectangular wall hangings, shaped pieces and masks. By far the most striking works on show were the masks. She managed to imbue into these a strong sense of presence and authenticity. The African mask, with a long beard, pristine and primeval, alluded to the ritualistic and the magical associated with taboos, the animistic and inexplicable powers of the shaman. In keeping with the themes found in traditional tapestries, the narrative content is emphasized in the low relief wall hangings such as *Helen* and *Erotokritos*



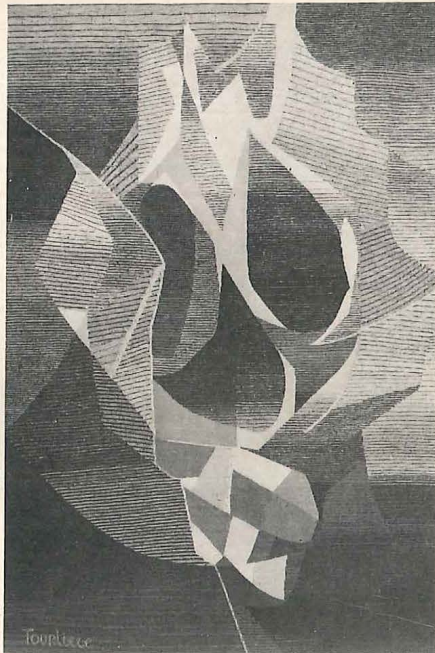
Wall hanging by Polly Hope

and *Aretousa*, giving them a sense of warmth and intimacy. The artist has skillfully blended colour and design with the quilting technique to create a pleasing decorative whole. In contrast, the shaped pieces such as *The Goat* or *Karaghiozi* appear incomplete as though the ground or support was absent.

Polly Hope draws from a multitude of sources for her themes, her choice being arbitrary and inconsistent. In the work *The Seasons*, made up of four oval hangings, the treatment of her subject is simplistic. The artist has merely taken trite associations with the seasons and transferred them undistilled onto the soft material. For instance, she uses a Boucher spring, an odalisque summer and a Russian winter. Because of the material and colours used, the atmosphere at the exhibition was one of opaque translucence, yet a central core was distinctly missing since the artist failed to disclose her basic aims.

THE art of reality has used every conceivable material for the making of art-works, constructions, installations, performances. The gamut is endless: from the ready-made to poetry, from live animals to pins and beads, from technology to performance, from earth art to body art. The pageant of twentieth-century realism has been a relentless battle waged against the Graeco-Roman and Renaissance tradition of illusionistic realism and perspective through figurative representation. If one accepts the hypothesis that art cannot be separated from life, then it should be liberated from its traditional form and meaning and pass into the region of gesture and action. Thus in the art of life, the artist will no longer assert himself through mere technical talent.

Wolfgang Laib's exhibition at the Bernier Gallery concerned itself with life and reality. The materials which the young German artist used were real and organic, being pollen (painstakingly dusted off myriads of stamens and collected into jars) and milk. The works were on the floor, arranged in squares and rectangles possibly in unconscious contradistinction to the traditional shape and place of painting: the classic window in the wall. The pollen is painstakingly sifted onto the square surfaces and may be easily disturbed by the slightest gesture over the surface, whereas the milk, held in a slightly hollowed-out marble square, appears to be solid and distinctly resembles a highly polished opaque lacquered surface. This element of illusion, however, is not a figurative one, for the



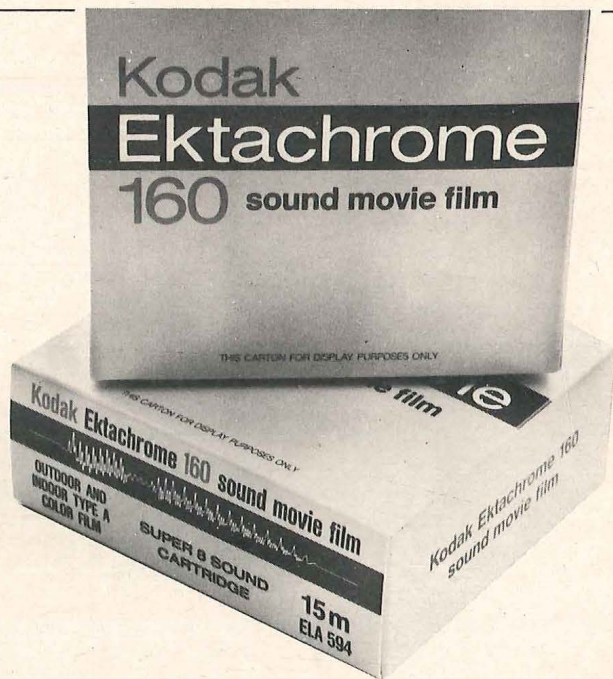
Tourlière: *Refuge rêvé*, tapestry

apparently solid surface of milk will inevitably turn sour, curdle, smell bad, and will then have to be drained and refilled to begin a renewed cycle. Pollen and milk are basic to fertilization, procreation, subsistence, and the continuation of life. Life is ephemeral but, Laib tells us, it is also renewable; it is perishable but it can also be restored. The interdependence of the unit,

however fragile and finite, and the whole, however overwhelming and imperturbable, is expressed.

Laib's work is physical yet contemplative. He introduces pollen and milk into the gallery situation to compose works which are exceedingly sparse and visually unstimulating *per se*, but which remind us of certain universal truths. They are diametrically opposed to that tradition in which the work embodies the artist's expertise and intellect, whereby the spectator is presented with a *fait accompli*. On the contrary, Laib presents us with certain objective realities about which he asks the spectator himself to intellectualize, and begs him to enter into the artist's process of continual reconstruction and renewal which the work demands. All formal art issues are overlooked. Laib chooses the materials, but not the colours — milk is white, pollen comes in various shades of yellow. Pollen and milk, fresh and sour, are part of everyday reality, part of fertilization, subsistence and decay. As a consequence, it is not the confrontation with the works, but the contemplation of them which is more important, infinitely more stimulating, and which endures long after the encounter.

—CATHERINE CAFOPOULOS



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Robert Duval as the squadron commander

## cinema

### Vietnam According to Coppola

IT is not easy to transmute a painful experience into art. Often the gestation period takes years as the subconscious of the future artist treads the thin demarcation line which separates outright cynicism from bitterness, like a snail (to use an allegory from *Apocalypse Now*) moving along the edge of a razor blade. Any rash attempt at early formulation of the experience may produce either a harrowing, and perhaps demagogic, manifesto or a tear-jerking melodrama. It took writer Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. some twenty-five years before he could write *Slaughterhouse Five*, his novel about the "apocalyptic" bombing of Dresden, of which he was one of the few survivors.

Of course, Director Francis Coppola (*The Godfather*) never went to Vietnam, but for over a decade Vietnam was in every American living room, daily and at the switch-on of a television set. The wounds it inflicted on the nation were not only physical and financial. A whole generation of Americans, most of them products of the baby boom that came right after a previous war, reached maturity debating the pros and cons of such military action. Some of them were part of its bloodbath. Even for some time after the

fall of Saigon in 1975, the wounds were still raw, especially when the whole bloody thing seemed so futile. It had also led to the first military defeat in the history of the U.S.

With the passage of time, Hollywood, which for years had been willing to buy anything except a story about Vietnam (except for *The Green Berets*, which might have been a Pentagon production), was able to give the people that last Alka Seltzer tablet to ease digestion — extravagant films fitting for an extravagant war turning, as always, calamities into myth, which may still be the only way to survive mentally. Unfortunately, if myths are used as historical memory banks, the memory never transmutes itself into a conscience, whether collective or not. But that is another story altogether.

In the past two years, about half a dozen films on the Vietnam War have been produced or released. Some, like *Go Tell It to the Spartans*, went by almost unnoticed; others like *The Deer Hunter* and *Coming Home* won more than one Academy Award. Despite those awards and the fuss these films created, they were basically run-of-the-mill Hollywood war movies. They could have taken place during or right after

the Korean War. *The Deer Hunter* was a variation of the theme of *The Young Lions* and *Coming Home* an updated version of *The Best Years of Our Lives*, but not half as good.

Now comes *Apocalypse Now*, perhaps the most long-awaited film of the last ten years. It took four years (and some \$35 million) to make, but somehow I would rather imagine Coppola marking time until all the other films had been released, appreciated, criticized, before bringing forth his spectacular *coup de grâce*.

Based on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, the screenplay of *Apocalypse Now* was written by Coppola himself and John Milius (*The Wind and the Lion*). It relates the journey (that perennial allegory) of one Capt. B. Willard (Martin Sheen) upriver from Saigon in a Navy patrol boat through the jungle of Vietnam to Cambodia, just across the border, where he is to "terminate" the career of Col. W.E. Kurtz (Marlon Brando). Kurtz is a rebellious officer who has digressed from the Pentagon pre-programmed slaughter policy to set up his own private army of natives and other army renegades so he could stop the Communist invasion in a more metaphysical fashion. (The story about the snail is Kurtz's recurrent nightmare.) The assignment, Willard is told, is top-secret. "You understand that this mission doesn't exist, nor will it ever exist." In this way Coppola gives himself the free hand he needs to produce his infernal celluloid vision of Vietnam in particular and of war in general, just as Fellini gave in *Casanova* his own interpretation of another virile game or myth. In *Apocalypse Now*, however, the men play around strategic maps, and the children bleed a few hundred or thousand miles away. If Vonnegut subtitled his book "The Children's Crusade", Coppola could have subtitled his film "The Children's Death Trip".

"All the children are insane, waiting for the summer rain," sings the late Jim Morrison in the opening scene as napalm-hit forests go up in flames under the almost surrealistic airborne ballet of helicopters which are made to look like terrifying winged predators. The soft humming of their turning helices brings us through a dissolve into another helice, this one in a Saigon hotel room occupied by a half-drunk and haggard Willard who is badly in need of a choice mission to exorcize himself of "his sins". The song is heard for a few more seconds. It's entitled, appropriately, "The End". (Coppola does have a weakness for such metaphors. For

instance, the code-name of those who will give the go-ahead-signal for an airborne wiping out of Kurtz's headquarters is "Almighty".)

From then on it is the beginning of a slow descent into Hell, with each step being one combination of image-dialogue after another wherein the image predominates (as it should in every film but quite often doesn't) and the dialogue is used in counterpoint. It is an old trick, but when well manipulated, it never fails. The banality or the irrelevancy of the words gives more impact to the harrowing visual element. It is when Coppola puts more emphasis on dialogue, as he does in the first part when he gives the role of all-seeing, all-knowing commentator to the unlikely hitman Willard, that he too gives in to traditional narrative techniques that can be at times not only uncinematic but also immature.

The basic reason behind the helicopter attack on and destruction of a Viet Cong village, to mention only one of the better scenes, is the coastline which has six-foot high waves and the fact that the squadron commander (Robert Duval) is adept at surfing. There is nothing wrong in his discussing surfboards with a private while loudspeakers are playing Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*. The music, however, is only part of the colonel's "psychological warfare tactics"; the loudspeakers are on the helicopters flying over the village and the button he is pushing is releasing the bombs. A few seconds later, on land, while corpses on both sides are piling up and bombers are finishing up the job in the background, the colonel is discussing within the cosy intimacy of a medium shot, the quality of the waves and trying to persuade his interlocutor to go and try it. The latter is a bit reluctant, so the colonel (and Duval's acting is superb, even if it tends at times to be a caricature) starts undressing, while saying things like, "I love the smell of napalm in the morning... There's nothing like it... It smells like... victory." Nothing is forced; the scene is slowly and naturally built and its impact is not fortuitous. Are we to laugh? smile? be shocked?

While we watch, undecided, Coppola is rubbing our noses in what, after years of exposure to television and other media briefings, has brought us to feel, if not believe, that it all was as distant if not as illusory as any television show. The black humour is perhaps like M\*A\*S\*H but the general impact is Kafkaesque. And scene after scene, as Willard moves upriver, we get deeper into the absurdity of reality which, in

this case, is that of a hallucinatory war whose waste, madness, and horror are as incredible to our television-over-saturated eyes as they are to those boys who pretend that they are home and only dreaming that they are in Hell, either with the help of narcotics or the familiar voice of a disc-jockey. Trapped in the "asshole of the world", as one of them calls it, they are left there to themselves to fight an invisible enemy. As the boat rides the corpse-infested waters, they water ski or dance to rock-and-roll. Then, at times, to unleash the tension, they mow down a whole Vietnamese family because a puppy moved suspiciously behind some baskets in a boat suspected of carrying ammunitions to the enemy. Can one point an accusing finger at them? Slowly we become their accomplices, as we really were during all those years, and as we are now in different circumstances.

Scenes of absurdity follow one after the other. Playboy Bunnies come down from the sky to entertain the troops. Boys shoot in the dark as if whistling to keep off fear, hardly knowing who is in command. If there is no logic to these scenes, is there then any logic to massacres? Coppola may exaggerate at times, but it is perhaps the only way to get his point across. He stumbles only when Willard finally reaches Kurtz's hideout. Here the film bogs down in metaphysical dialectics as Kurtz tries to explain the reasons for his defection and his own version of horror. Not only is it all unnecessary and pretentious (as is Brando's acting), but one suddenly wonders whether Coppola himself is not trying to condone and exonerate himself too, with the horrifying beauty of his images, like a general trying to explain the rationale of slaughter — as if there was anything to explain except a susceptibility to the charms of violence. Such simplistic dialectics and definitions, as e.g. about primitive instincts, would only make an anthropologist smile. Coppola should have stayed away from such interpretations just as he stayed away from even showing the Viet Cong on the screen. In all other films, their portrayal has been either white or black. It was clever on Coppola's part not to tackle that still very sensitive question not because it is better to avoid such issues, but because almost everyone's mind is made up one way or another about them. As such, *Apocalypse Now* presents the jungle of Indochina as a purgatory for American militarism. Now whether it will act as a national catharsis is to be seen. I doubt it — memory is a tricky thing.

—PAN BOUYOUCAS

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Iliopoulos and Roussea in *Bedroom Farce*

## theatre

### BEDROOM FARCE

One may easily become disoriented by Alan Ayckbourn's London hit, *Bedroom Farce*. Although the action takes place in three bedrooms simultaneously, the only thing that does not happen is what everybody would expect to have happen in bedrooms during the night. This is most likely why he calls his play a farce. It is a farce played to the audience, and a comedy making fun of middle-class English society, on the same pattern as many of his other plays, such as *Absurd Person Singular*.

His point of departure is the solo game each man and each woman plays in life and only incidentally with a wife or a husband. As a result, the marital relationship is fundamentally absurd. I do not disagree with a London critic — perhaps more than one — who believes that Ayckbourn takes a sadistic pleasure in ridiculing the English middle-class. Still, he does it so adroitly that those who laugh the most are those who are most ridiculed. However, if in the Anglo-Saxon countries the theatregoer can recognize a neighbour in the wild whereabouts of Ayckbourn's figures on the stage, in Greece the audience does not. It requires a good Greek version with an excellent cast and a clever

production to make the Greeks laugh wholeheartedly with the "clever" absurdity of the situations, and not because they recognize any of their neighbours. Greeks will take it as a good farce and not as the farcical comedy of manners which the play really is.

This is exactly what happened at the Moussouris Theatre, where the play was presented to a delighted audience. Kostas Tsonos is responsible for the adaptation and direction of the play. He is a young director who has studied in England and is quite familiar with modern English playwrights. Ingenious with comedy, he draws the very best out of Ayckbourn's play, taking full advantage of the rare opportunity of an excellent eight-character cast of leading actors and actresses. Here we must congratulate the producer and leading actress Jenny Roussea for having taken the risk of a "costly" cast in a relatively small theatre. The word "costly" is not mine; it is the usual definition used by Greek producers. In my opinion costly productions are those whose elaborate stagings try to disguise poor casts or poor plays. I am sure Jenny Roussea will prove more clever than her long-experienced colleagues and competitors in theatre productions.

The story is just the lighting of a match to set the stage on fire. An incompatible couple (George Siskos and Kasia Analyti) aims at reconciliation in three different bedrooms, none of which is theirs, and turns them upside down. This is more than enough material for Ayckbourn to base a play on. In order of appearance, the scene in the first bedroom traces the absurdity of the couple's continued coexistence from force of habit. It takes place in the bedroom of an elderly couple, parents of Siskos, interpreted by Kostas Rigopoulos and Maria Foka, both excellent in their convincing absurdity. Rigopoulos has the unique talent of being funny by remaining natural. Next the lights focus on the bedroom of a ridiculous young man and his wife who is Siskos' former mistress. They, in turn, have been invited to a party being given by the rightful inhabitants of the third bedroom. The young man (George Geogleris) suffers from lumbago and the wife (Matina Karra) insists on going alone. He only cares about his lumbago; she only cares about going to the party where Siskos will be.

We come then to the third bedroom belonging to the couple giving the party. This marital pair is the most extravagant of all, though perhaps for a Greek audience the least absurd, being more Mediterranean than Anglo-Saxon (unless the adapter had something to do with it). This couple, played by Jenny Roussea and Dino Iliopoulos, is not ready to receive their guests for the simple reason that they are too busy playing "adult" games with each other, as if this were the most important thing in their life. Here Roussea proves to be a natural comedienne in facing her adversities and very convincing in her loving care for her husband. Dinos Iliopoulos, in the exaggerated portrayal of the husband, has another opportunity to show the talent of an old-timer in a forgivable occasion for brilliant overacting. The play comes to a climax when the incompatible couple arrives. Siskos is quite convincing as a spoiled child who will never mature and who can smash everything while looking perfectly innocent. He is followed by his hysterical wife. Kasia Analyti is a splendid actress in expressing inner emotions and this is what the theatregoers expect from her. Seeing her here in a diametrically opposite role, they feel frustrated, as I did myself, in spite of her excellent performance. I must emphasize Yiannis Karydis' ability to solve impossible stage problems, as in this case by finding space for three bedrooms on a small stage.



## THE STORY OF A WOMAN

We are indebted to Dimitri Myrat, producer, director and leading actor of the Theatre Athinon for presenting an original play which is a dramatic tour de force for his leading actress, Voula Zoumboulaki. *The Story of a Woman*, by the late Romanian playwright, Aurel Baranga, is not a story that progresses on stage, but one retold by the heroine, a technique which is theoretically considered untheatrical. In this production we were offered an implicit lesson in dramatic values. The truth is that even if the playwright's retelling of a story is the ground for dramatic expression, a play appears untheatrical only when the acting is poor. This is precisely the case with Baranga's play. It is even more interesting because it is the actual story of the dramatist's wife, Marcela Russu, who has been acting her own story for three years on the stage in Bucharest.

The woman has been trapped into admitting that she was the tool of foreign agents to undermine the first Communist government of Romania,

although no reference is made to such a government. She is perfectly innocent, and is later released and cleared. Now a famous actress, she invites all those who were responsible for her fate and all her lovers in order to read to them the story of her life which she has written. She also invites a playwright, her future husband. In their presence she narrates her story and relives with them the most memorable moments they have shared. Voula Zoumboulaki has never been more true to life than in this marathon of a performance. All but a fraction of the play is hers, and she acts with ease and validity a part that is astonishingly taxing. In the part of the playwright and as director of the production, Dimitri Myrat, along with Makis Revmatas, George Grammatikos, Sotiris Tsongas, Nikos Dendrinis, and Nikos Pangratis in his first character role, contribute significantly to the success of the production. Yiannis Karydis' set was, as usual, perfect.

—PLATON MOUSSEOS



Myrat and Zoumboulaki in *The Story of a Woman*

## music Pianist Garoufalidis in Fine Performance

As part of its 1979-80 concert series, the Hellenic International School sponsored a performance on November 28th by Aris Garoufalidis, Greece's leading young concert pianist. Garoufalidis, a product of international, notably Viennese, training and winner of many awards, has performed regularly for the past several years with the Athens State Orchestra, the Thessaloniki Symphony and the Athens Festival, as well as with orchestras abroad. He is best known for his consistently strong attack and tone, as well as his commendable accuracy and intelligent style.

Garoufalidis' performance at HIS included standard works of Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, Debussy and Scriabin, all finely rendered. The four familiar etudes of Chopin were interestingly contrasted by four lesser-known etudes of the Russian composer, Alexander Scriabin, a latter-day admirer and imitator (though with great originality) of the Polish master. The Chopin works sound deceptively simple to the listener (in contrast with those of Scriabin) but are exceedingly difficult to perform successfully since the transparency of the music does not allow the artist any way to hide his mistakes. Fortunately there were none to hide, and Garoufalidis demonstrated a very mature understanding of Chopin's romantic concept. The "Children's Corner Suite" of Debussy provided a delightful change of pace, and made the familiar second Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt which followed and concluded the program appear even more majestic. Like so many of Liszt's compositions, this work was written to enable the composer to demonstrate his legendary pianistic performing skills, so for the performer who is up to the challenge it is a marvellous opportunity to show the extent (and limits) of his technique. Garoufalidis' limitations are few and rarely in evidence. His technique is finely honed and adaptable to widely differing composers' demands, while his performances are noted for their consistency and the ability to keep to his high standards, concert after concert. He is certainly one of Greece's finest performing artists and one who ought to be given more frequent hearings both here and abroad.

—ROBERT BRENTON BETTS



The Greek National Team at the 1979 Balkan Games

## sports

### Girl Gymnasts star at Panhellenic Games

**A**N enthusiastic crowd in Thessaloniki last November watched little girls running around the gym floor with dolls in their arms ( a favourite pastime of Olympic winner Nadia Comaneci), doing flick-flacks with aplomb and ease, or walking on the four-inch wide beam with charm and grace, as if it were a daily routine chore.

The audience was witnessing performances never before displayed by Greek girl gymnasts. Journalists who sat in the Press stands were struck with awe by the tremendous progress that has transformed women's gymnastics in Greece during the past couple of years. They chased gymnasts and coaches for interviews.

The stars of the IX Panhellenic Games in Gymnastics (Thessaloniki, November 22-25) were many. The names of Rea Chryssomalli, Maria Sirkeli, Eisodia Kourti and Kassiani Rentzou may not mean much even to Greek gymnastics fans yet, but it would be unfair not to mention the names of these girls since they were the ones who gave colour and meaning to the games. Rea Chryssomalli, a 13-year old schoolgirl from Thessaloniki, won an individual all-round gold medal in the women's category and became, after Noulis Yannitsopoulou and Olga Deliakis, the third gymnast ever to gain such a Panhellenic title. Maria Sirkeli, 15, competing with an injured ankle and in pain, also won an individual gold medal,

but in the junior women's category. Kassiani Rentzou and Eisodia Kourti had no special titles to add to their collections, but their amazing performances on the beam and the floor respectively cannot be ignored. The girl's team of Achilleas became the first Athenian gymnastic group to capture a team title, thus showing the progress of Athens in women's gymnastics.

It was a happy day for Yannis Satratzemis, the Achilleas team coach, and his group of 10 and 11-year olds. They all left Thessaloniki with beaming smiles on their faces, for they had achieved what last year would have been considered impossible.

Evie Naziri, 11, a member of the Greek National team that recently finished fourth at the Balkan Games at Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, had to remain in the stands, as the arm she broke when

she fell off the uneven bars in Yugoslavia had not yet healed. Her coach George Nikou, said that her talent had been realized at the Balkan Games. And Evie's mother was only too glad to have her out of the house for a few days; for Evie had been rather restless all the time she had been away from training.

What is evident is that progress has been made in women's gymnastics throughout the country. Although Greece is still far from Olympic standards, one can now see junior girls doing flick-flacks on the floor for warmups, an exercise that would have been sufficient to earn medals in the senior women's category a few years ago.

While the boys were getting medals with as low marks as 4.00 and 5.00, the girls were collecting 9.45s and 9.50s. This shows the major change that has occurred in Greek gymnastics, a change which started becoming evident at the Balkan Games in Yugoslavia when the women's team finished at 155 points, 15 points above the 140 mark that had been their goal when they set off.

Had it not been for the mistakes of the organizers, which nearly blew up the whole competition, the Panhellenic Games would also have been a very satisfactory show. The most serious of these mistakes was that the organizers forgot the results of the first phase of the Games in Athens. Since these had to be added to the results of the second phase of Thessaloniki, they were unable to give out medals at the closing ceremony.

It was refreshing to see the way all concerned worked in Thessaloniki, overcoming the obstacles (set mainly by SEGAS, the Hellenic Gymnastics Federation) in a spirit of unity. It is a rare phenomenon to observe such cooperation among parents, children and trainers in Greece, and perhaps this is what makes the atmosphere in gymnasiums around Thessaloniki so pleasant.

—CONSTANTINE DIMARAS



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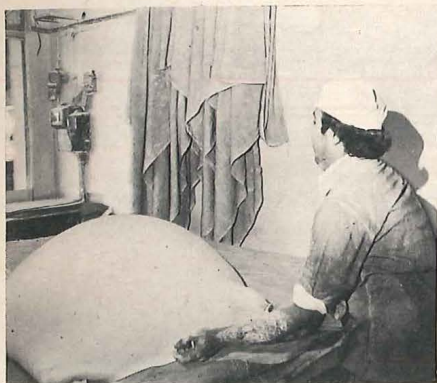
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The tossing, pulling, and stretching of the dough

## TURNING A NEW LEAF

**I**N the noble art of cuisine the creation of *filo* with the texture of its Greek name — a leaf — could be an exciting culinary resolution for the New Year.

But although the ingredients are inexpensive and stretching the dough is fun (especially for two people working together), it takes courage to make *filo* at home. One needs extraordinary spirit, like that shown by the ancient chef Soterides when King Nicomedes of Bithynia craved anchovy and the chef had none on hand. He simply cooked turnips, cut them into anchovy shapes, sprinkled them with oil and poppy seeds and satisfied the king!

In their kitchens, women, who learned through acculturation, roll *filo* with a broom handle serving as a rolling pin, kneading considerable quantities of oil or butter into the dough to produce flakiness when the pastry is baked. This form, called *sfoliato*, is a relative of the French *pâte feuilletée* (puff pastry) and Scandinavian pastry dough. My Laconian-born grandmother, for instance, taught us to make *filo* for savoury pita from five dough balls, each rolled out slightly, brushed with oil or melted butter, stacked and then rolled into one supple, chamois-like leaf.

For needed inspiration we visited the experts where *filo*-making has not died out since it is an indispensable material for the fastest-selling savoury and sweet snacks consumed passionately down to the last buttery flake by Athenians. Amazingly, *filo*-makers' principles and results are helpful spurs when one is

ready to make *filo*.

In commercial shops where men are apprenticed and acquire incredible skill, the techniques are quite different from those of the homemade product. I have observed two varying methods with the same extraordinary results — superlative *filo* — fine enough to see through yet strong enough to withstand handling while preparing pastry from it. Both methods used the same basic ingredients — flour, salt, and warm water — to make a soft dough. In a Cretan *bougatsa* shop the *filo*-maker alternately swings and throws the dough on a heavily-oiled marble slab. With the speed of lightning he swings the *filo* over his shoulder, flinging the end across the marble while holding tightly to the end near him. He repeats the swift tossing until the *filo* stretches to a fine sheerness.

Still another method is used daily in one of the thirty shops around Athens specializing in *filo*-making — Georgos Roumbaki's shop, Tossitsa 20, a short walk east of the National Archaeological Museum. It is prepared for wholesale consumption (sold to supermarkets and pastry shops) and for retailing to consumers. It is made on an enormous table visible from the entrance. Georgos and Manolis Roumbakis, the young owners, are at work making *filo*. With their curly hair partially covered with white caps and faces lightly powdered with cornstarch they appear more like youngsters playing a game. But they have been making *filo* for five and ten years respectively, and within

minutes display their superb skills, performed with a grace and ease which appear perfectly simple. As they work, they vent their woes, "We work twelve hours a day!" and, at the same time, smile shyly when their work is praised.

"We make a soft dough using ten kilos flour (22 pounds), 400 grams salt and five kilos warm water," Georgos, the older brother begins. (At home the proportion may be reduced to about 6 cups flour, 2 teaspoons salt, and 2 cups warm water, adjusting as needed.)

"After kneading the dough thoroughly, we divide it into small sections, cover them and let them rest. The dough is ready to roll when it holds its shape as it is pulled with the fingers," he describes, holding a dough ball smaller than a football.

With swift, deft movements, the brothers miraculously begin and produce *filo* within minutes. After covering the large table with *linatsa* (burlap produced on the island of Corfu) they roll the dough briefly. It is quite thick at this stage. Then one worker lifts the dough and drapes it over the back of his hands. Working with the back of the hands underneath the dough, he moves them rhythmically, gently turning and stretching the dough to more than double its diameter. He lifts his hands higher and higher as the *filo* stretches more and more, draping down and almost touching the floor.

As the observer gasps, certain the *filo* will brush the floor, the worker tosses it casually over the centre of the burlap-covered table. Without waiting a

precious second the brothers begin pulling and stretching the dough as they walk around the table, merry-go-round fashion. In a few moments the *filo* is as fine as a silken leaf and large as the table.

Spreading another burlap cover on the *filo*, they pick up another dough ball and repeat the procedure. Soon they have a high pile between burlap covers. The burlap absorbs excess moisture until it is ready to be cut (a sheet may be used at home). The brothers make about 100 kilos on a summer day and up to 1,000 kilos per week when the demand is very high.

When the product is ready to be cut into workable sections to be sold, the *filo*-makers parade still more of their phenomenal tricks. As they work, they remove the top burlap cover and handle one large sheet at a time. Beginning on one side, they roll it over a large board, sprinkling cornstarch as they roll, until it is wrapped on the board. Adroitly, they cut the *filo* lengthwise through all the layers at once on each end of the board; then they cut sections across at intervals 50 cm wide (19½ inches). The square leaves are stacked, covered and stored.

The Roumbakis brothers top off a memorable performance by sharing tips about working with *filo*: Since it doesn't contain sodium propionate and potassium sorbate to retard spoilage, their *filo*, as well as that made at home, should be used within a few days. Keep it refrigerated in plastic, rolled up snugly, dusted with cornstarch, without any air in the package. When ready to make pastries or pita, unroll the *filo* to lie flat and keep covered with wax paper and a dampened towel. If the sheet is larger than the pan, avoid cutting it; fold it back, *always* brushing each leaf with melted butter or margarine. (Small scraps can be spread amid the layers. For increased flakiness, if layering baklava, crinkle every third sheet after buttering it.)

These ideas provide a stimulus for making your own *filo*. With it in hand, many delectable specialities may be whipped up (see *The Athenian*, November, '78; March, '77; and February, '76).

And should your first homemade effort be sabotaged and emerge from the table more like Duchesse lace than perfectly smooth *filo*, this is no cause for alarm. It can still be brushed with butter, folded and made into a little pita, for the most challenging culinary resolution is the most important of the New Year — no waste!

—VILMA LIACOURAS CHANTILES

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## KOSMOS

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### NOVEMBER 3

During their state visit to Greece, President of Senegal and Mme. Senghor are given an official reception by President and Mrs. Tsatsos, attended by leading politicians and cultural figures including Nobel laureate Odysseus Elytis. The host and the guest of honour are not only Presidents, but poets and philosophers as well.

Melpo Merlier, the Greek-born widow of the great French philologist and philhellene, Octave Merlier, dies at the age of ninety. She studied musicology in Paris and later founded the Archives of Ancient Folk Music. Still later she and her husband founded an organization now known as The Centre of Asia Minor Studies which has done much to preserve the folk culture of Greek minorities dispossessed by the Asia Minor catastrophe of 1922.

The construction on an underground garage beneath the square in front of the Cathedral of Athens will begin in March. The four-story garage holding 480 cars will be the second such garage in the city, the first being beneath Klafthmonos Square. Sixteen more such garages are planned for the Athens-Piraeus area.

### NOVEMBER 6

An earthquake registering six on the Richter Scale rocks the port of Igoumenitsa in Epirus. The quake kills one, injures over sixty and seriously damages nearly half the houses in the town.

The latest in a series of American documentaries on world capitals narrated by famous actors (Mai Zetterling on Stockholm, Peter Ustinov on Leningrad) begins shooting with the awkward subject of Athens, in the worthy hands of Melina Mercouri.

### NOVEMBER 8

President Karamanlis officially opens the Mornos Dam. The artificial lake rising behind the dam will hold a capacity of 780 million cubic metres of water and supply Athens with as much as two million cubic metres a day.

### NOVEMBER 11

A demonstration of over two thousand people in Thessaloniki openly demands amnesty for Junta leaders serving sentences in prison. Opposition parties in Parliament protest that police openly tolerate the gathering, which is addressed by Constantine Mitsou who

was Police Chief in Thessaloniki at the time of the notorious Lambrakis assassination in 1963.

A vendor in Thessaloniki is arrested for dyeing a hundred kilos of chick-peas yellow to make them appear roasted. As in many cases of Greek ingenuity, the question must arise: But was it worth the effort?

### NOVEMBER 15

The Ministry of Public Works is inviting bids from private contractors in Greece and abroad for building bridges at both ends of the island of Salamis and across the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth. All bids must be made by the end of March. The works must begin by 1982 and be completed by 1988.

All advertising billboards will be removed that are within one hundred and fifty metres of the National Road. This will leave motorists without reading matter since most directional and traffic signs are now so weather-worn as to be illegible.

### NOVEMBER 17

The Poros Archaeological Museum is inaugurated in the restored neo-classical home of the Koryzis family. It houses an important collection of memorabilia from the War of Independence period, as well as finds from prehistoric to Roman and early Christian periods. It also displays important classical pottery and sculptural fragments from Troezen.

### NOVEMBER 18

Thousands march before the Polytechnic in honour of those who fell there during the heroic resistance to the Junta six years ago. Added to the memorials of the event this year is the colossal bronze head donated by sculptor Memis Makris which was cast to commemorate the 1973 massacre.

### NOVEMBER 19

Plans are underway for the construction of a theatre on the islet of Bourdzi in the Gulf of Argos off Nafplion. The theatre with a capacity of twelve hundred seats will be built against the walls of the small medieval castle which was once the residence of the public executioner and later a luxury hotel. The Theatre of the Morea will specialize in classical dramas of the Renaissance, Western European and Cretan, and the castle will hold special exhibitions during the summer Epidaurus festival.

In one of its most extravagant

announcements, the Ministry of Public Works makes public a plan to construct a 2 1/2 kilometre tunnel through the centre of Athens. With a single entrance near the Caravel Hotel, the tunnel will pass directly under Lycabettus, one lane emerging at Laskareos and another at Vatatsis, both of which streets lead into Alexandras Avenue not far from Patisson.

**NOVEMBER 20**

While Ali Baba found only forty oil jars in a cave near Baghdad, Prime Minister Karamanlis returns from the Iraqi capital with a promise to receive enough barrels to supply Greece with oil until 1981.

Fifteen people drown in floods which strike Western Macedonia following torrential rains. Several towns of the lower Axios valley are isolated and partly submerged.

**NOVEMBER 22**

The municipality of Athens signs an agreement with the Rizarion Ecclesiastical School by which the city acquires the six-acre lot across from the Hilton on which the new Cultural Centre is to be built. In return the School receives city-owned property in Akadimias Street, in Old Phaleron and in Ioannina.

**NOVEMBER 25**

A ten-piece rock group with drums and electric guitar accompanying the text "Fear not Death, for thou shalt have Everlasting Life" draws a record crowd of young people to High Mass at the Catholic Church of Christ in Pangrati.

Parishioners on the island of Kalymnos petition their Bishop to send back the local priest who was sent on "holiday" to Rhodes for having accompanied church liturgy with an accordion.

The fiery and conservative Avgos-tinos, Bishop of Florina, finds unexpected support from women's liberation groups when he declares that a beauty contest in Florina will take place "only over his dead body".

**NOVEMBER 27**

The mayor of Nea Philadelphia appeals to the citizens of Athens to save the local zoological gardens. It is the only zoo in the Athens area today, and it is solely supported by the municipality. Steeply rising costs have resulted in the zoo's having to diminish the number of animals, and the rest are in danger of sickness and hunger.

In an effort to cut traffic congestion and encourage the use of public transport, trolley lines will be extended to Nea Smyrni, Phaleron and Psychiko.



**Would you like to learn how 546.623 people lost 3.692.865 Kilos?\***

**Ask Sophia Branoff**

Sophia Branoff is the founder and president of Weight Watchers in Greece and previously for the last 12 years president of Weight Watchers in Michigan U.S., where 546.623 members of Weight Watchers lost altogether 3.692.865 Kilos (in other words as much as the weight of 4.000 elephants).

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Meetings are held in Athens, Glyfada, Kifissia.

\* Weight Watchers - Michigan - actual figures.

Mrs K. Bisbiki



Before.



After.

**WEIGHT WATCHERS®**

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# letters

## The Lavrion Mines

With regard to your October issue, it was time there was an article on the old silver mines at Lavrion but it seems Mr. Richard Birrer missed an interesting point of the place: the fact that old slag dumped into the sea nearby nearly three thousand years ago caused the growth of a new microscopic mineral recognized and called Laurion, if I'm not mistaken. Minerals are not my field, but I had visiting me ten years ago my sister-in-law, Mrs. Jerrine Anthony, who is high-up in the New York Mineralogical Society, and her main desire in visiting Greece was to go to Lavrion to try to find specimens of this mineral.

How to start? Jerrie had heard there was an old man there who knew the mines and the source of the mineral, but since she herself knew no Greek she had neglected to bring his name with her. In anticipation of her arrival, and at her request, I mentioned it to a Greek friend. He offered to drive us up there where he'd often stayed with an old uncle then still living. When we arrived he went first to visit his uncle — and while doing so he asked the old woman who looked after the uncle if she knew someone in the village who had worked in the mines and might have knowledge such as Jerrie sought. The woman said, "But that man is my husband! Let's go home and wake him up from his siesta." It turned out that my friend knew the man Mitso well, often having gone hunting with him as a boy, and he had known that Mitso had worked in the mines but he'd never known that Mitso had collected minerals.

On arrival at their home we saw a whole roomful of specimens mounted, identified (but not the Laurion mineral that Jerrie wanted). However, Mitso knew all about it and after first taking Jerrie (and some hammers) to the oldest mine shafts... he later directed us to the correct bay of water. (There are many indentations of the shoreline, so without knowledge one could search endlessly for the place of the ancient slag-dump.) The three of us donned our swimming suits with Mitso on shore directing us where to dive and bring up any concretions of slag. After amassing a bagful we thanked him lavishly for this help. Jerrie took the slag pieces to New York where she cracked them open and studied them under a microscope. Some yielded nothing, but several had the new mineral "growing" inside. Later at a talk she gave at the New York Mineralogical society she was offered fabulous prices if she wished to sell her specimens...

Hydra

BETTY ANTHONY

## Anginares Moussaka

Thank you very much for the nice display in your October issue in which you publish a recipe of my mother's "Anginares Mous-saka", a delicious dish, I must admit. But please not with frozen artichokes, at least for

someone who lives in Greece. I understand that in other countries where artichokes are rare and expensive, one can use canned vegetables, but the basis of this very refined moussaka is the fact that it is made out of fresh artichokes.

Athens

HELEN VLACHOS  
Editor of *Kathimerini*

## Eva Sikelianou

In reference to your recently published excerpts from her autobiography *Upward Panic*, I would like to enclose some of my personal recollections of Eva Sikelianou.

When I first met Eva Sikelianou it was in a horse-pulled streetcar of the early Athens Tramways. There she was, like a living apparition, a real lady, a charming American, at which all the Athenians looked, gaping in admiration, with her Titian hair done in braids on her back, running down indeed almost to the ground and as thick as a ship's stout mooring cords. She wore a typical 5th Century B.C. Greek classical gown, woven and fashioned seamless, and with lots of Philhellenic love, by herself.

Having mastered my reserve, I spoke to her in English and then in Greek. There and then, her wonderful aristocratic voice made itself evident in terms of a fine, pure Greek. She solicited with great nobleness that I should visit her and her poet husband Angelos and gave me the description of how to get to their house in the area of Acharnon and Platonos Streets. This region consisted then of flower gardens and fruit orchards. It was sparsely built and was criss-crossed by several brooks of clear water. I proceeded towards the site of the ancient Academy of Plato, and by asking right and left I was directed towards their home. Approaching, I heard over a white-washed wall a stentorian, melodious voice reciting poetry. I knew at once that this must be their house. Indeed Angelos Sikelianos was reciting, to his wife Eva and in her honour, his wonderful poem, actually about himself, called *Alafroiskiotos*, i.e., he who throws a light shadow of himself and who can see and feel all the supernatural beings or events which exist in nature. This was in compliment to Eva, in his having "seen" how superb and divine she was.

It was midday, the true "Greek Hour", when everything is imbued with severe, brilliant, Apollonian light, which gives crystal transparency to both humans and nature. By such light, only substances of the very first quality can exist; *chiaroscuro*, second-class values or things, cannot withstand its test.

So there was Eva. On a white marble seat covered with one of those antique, wonderful pattern cloths which she herself used to weave on a Greek peasant's loom. She sat in front of a marble table, laden with fruit and flowers. Eva wore one of those self-woven classical Greek gowns (*Peplon*) flowing down in loose plaits like those of the Delphic

Charioteer, whose folds are supposed to correspond to certain formulas, both mathematical and musical, of a positively melodious harmony. Around her fine head, she wore like a sacred aura or halo, a transparent, thin lace kerchief (*Kordylli*) which was given to her by her husband Angelos from a village near Sappho's Cape on his native island of Lefkas, and which must be so fine as to pass through the prospective husband's wedding ring, as the local custom is.

Angelos the Poet wore, as a dressing gown, a toga-like *chiton*, i.e. a garment similar to a prelate's robe, which was made out of white thin raw silk, as well as a peasant's long shirt richly embroidered in white, as it is customary for these men's shirts to be.

We lunched on melon and white goat's cheese from Mount Parnassus, the best of which is set with the waters of the Kastalia Spring at Delphi, and which, when consumed, inspires poetry. Debussy, the French composer, has written a relevant piece of music called: "Gradus ad Parnassum". With this melon and cheese we had some exquisite wine from the village Sykia, where the Sikelianos' had a sea-side house, near Korinth, where the fine wine grapes grow. And this wine-drinking was in order to conform to the classical saying which advises thus: "Never have melon without drinking wine with it."

We discussed the forthcoming Delphic Festival, and Eva suggested that I do something about presenting there the Ancient Pyrrhic Dance, as I had become well-informed on this matter. Indeed, I presented this Dance and participated in it at both Delphic Festivals.

When Eva had finished weaving the antique dresses of the Oceanides Nymphs for *Prometheus Bound*, she asked me about their colours. We agreed that they were a bit too bright for the Drama in question, and Eva on my advice gave them a more subdued colour.

Some well known Athenian Ladies like Marika Velloudiou, Ekaterini Iliadou, Koula Pratsika participated in different capacities at the Delphic Festivals and contributed a lot to their success.

May I add that as a climax to my encounters with Eva, she taught by singing to me in her Philhellenes' Street School the scale of the Byzantine notes and sounds, i.e., "PA-BOU-GA-DI-KE-ZO-NI-PA".

Last but not least, I wish to say that in the "Presence" of the Sikelianos Couple, I sensed myself as being very "Greek", i.e. the nearest thing to a Citizen of the World; and furthermore as being historically extracted and prophetically projected into the Interval between Time and Space, beyond Good and Evil; as being very "global" and yet quite "cosmic" and transplanetary as well.

Athens

THANOS VELLOUIDIOS







# television and radio

A guide to some television programs that may be of interest to the foreign community. **All are subject to last-minute changes, and most times are approximate.** Programs in Greek are followed by an asterisk(\*). News broadcasts are not listed since they are presented at fixed times: on ERT at 7, 9 and midnight; on YENED at 6, 9:30 and midnight. On weekdays both networks begin broadcasting in late afternoon, signing off shortly after midnight. On Saturdays they are on the air continuously from early afternoon until 1 am and on Sundays they broadcast continuously from early afternoon until midnight.

**During the New Year holiday period normal programs will change to include additional variety shows and spectacles.**

## MONDAY

**ERT** 6:05 Fables of La Fontaine (French cartoon)... 7:45 Songs of the World (music program)... 8:00 "Barbarossa" — The Unknown War (American series narrated by Burt Lancaster — dubbed)

**YENED** 7:00 Documentary series based on the first year of a baby's life (in German)... 8:00 John Denver Show... 10:00 T.V. Film

## TUESDAY

**ERT** 6:05 Tom and Jerry (cartoons)... 6:25 The Wonderful World of Music... 11:00 Hawaii Five-0 (cops and robbers in Honolulu)

**YENED** 7:45 The Family (dubbed)... 10:00 Film (classic)

## WEDNESDAY

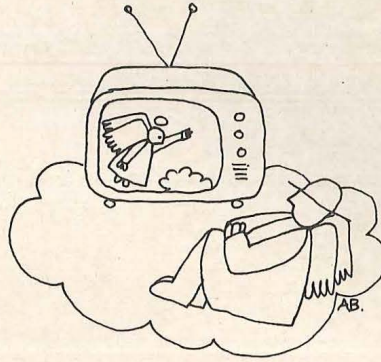
**ERT** 6:05 Porky the Pig (children's program)... 7:15 Sports ... 9:40 The Benny Hill Show... 10:15 Film

**YENED** 7:30 Music Program... 10:30 Crown Court

## THURSDAY

**ERT** 9:30 Film (usually in English followed by discussion in Greek) or 10:30 Music program

**YENED** 7:00 Little House on the Prairie (dubbed)... 8:00 The Flambrats (B.B.C. T.V. serial)



## FRIDAY

**ERT** 6:05 Cartoons... 7:35 Comedy Capers (silent film comedy classics)... 10:10 Classical Music... 10:45 Roots (American T.V. serialization of the best-selling novel by Alex Hailey)

**YENED** 6:45 Bionic Woman... 10:00 I Claudius (B.B.C. T.V. serialization of the novels by Robert Graves)... 11:00 Starsky and Hutch (American detective series)

## SATURDAY

**ERT** 1:30 National Geographic Documentary (resumes after the news)... 2:30 Music Program... 3:00 Film... 4:30 Sports... 6:15 Pink Panther (cartoons)... 7:50 Laverne and Shirley (American comedy series)... 10:15 Wheels (American serialization of the novel starring Lee Remick and Rock Hudson)... 11:10 Charlie's Angels (American detective series)... 12:15 Music Program

**YENED** 1:30 Puppet Show... 1:45 Peyton Place... 2:30 News... 2:45 Sports... 4:45 Long John Silver (children's program)... 6:45 The Frigate "Hero" (British Naval series)... 10:00 Film ... 12:15 Rookies (American police series)

## SUNDAY

**ERT** 2:50 Sam... 4:25 film ... 6:00 Maya the Bee

(children's program)... 7:45 Love Boat (American comedy series set on board a cruise ship)... 9:30 Sports ... 10:30 Film (usually in English) **YENED** 2:00 Classical Music... 2:30 News... 2:45 Film ... 4:30 Puppet Show... 5:00 Documentary... 7:30 The Muppet Show... 11:00 Helen, a Woman of Today (human interest series)

## NATIONAL RADIO COMPANY — ERT

There are three stations. The National Program (728 KHZ, 412 m) and the Second Program (1385 KHZ, 216 m) are on the air throughout the day with music, drama, news and commentary. The Third Program (665 KHZ, 451m) broadcasts from 8 am to 12 noon and from 5 pm to 1 am Monday through Saturday and on Sunday from 9 am continuously through 1 am, a wide range of music, readings and discussions. News in English, French and German on The National Program at 7:30 am Monday through Saturday and at 7:15 am on Sunday. Weather reports in Greek and English at 6:30 am Monday through Saturday and 6:35 am on Sunday.

## THE ARMED FORCES RADIO — YENED

News broadcasts (980 KHZ or 306 m) in English and French Monday through Saturday at 3 pm and 11:05 pm and Sunday at 2:10 pm and 11:05 pm.

## U.S. ARMED FORCES RADIO—AFRS

On the air 24 hours a day from Ellinikon Airbase (1594 KHZ) and from Kato Souli (1484 KHZ). News and weather on the hour. Popular, jazz, country and western, and classical music, religious programs, and community service bulletins daily. Some highlights: All Things Considered (Mon. through Fri. 9:05 am); Noon Report (Mon. through Fri.); Information Programs, including Voices in the News, Issues and Answers, Meet the Press, Face the Nation, Capitol Cloakroom (Mon. through Fri. 7:05 pm); Classics of Yesteryear, featuring Dragnet, Haunting Hour, The Whistler, Suspense, Gun-smoke (Mon. through Fri. 7:30 pm).

## ATHENS SHOP HOURS

Shop Category	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Clothing, Furniture, Hardware, Optical, Pharmacies*	8am-2:30pm	8am-1:30pm 5pm-8pm	8am-2:30pm	8am-1:30pm 5pm-8pm	8am-1:30pm 5pm-8pm	8am-2:30pm
Barbers and Hairdressers	8am-2pm	8am-1:30pm 4:30pm-8:30pm	8am-2pm	8am-1:30pm 4:30pm-8:30pm	8am-1:30pm 4:30pm-8:30pm	8am-4pm
Dry Cleaners and Laundries	8am-2:30pm	8am-2pm 5pm-8pm	8am-2:30pm	8am-2pm 5pm-8pm	8am-2pm 5pm-8pm	8am-2:30pm
Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables	8am-3pm	8am-2pm 5pm-8pm	8am-3pm	8am-2pm 5pm-8pm	8am-2pm 5pm-8pm	8am-3pm
Meat, Poultry, Fish	8am-2pm	8am-2pm	8am-2pm	8am-2pm	8am-2pm 5pm-8pm	7:30am-3pm
Bakeries	7:30am-3pm	7:30am-2:30pm 5pm-8pm	7:30am-3pm	7:30am-2:30pm 5pm-8pm	7:30am-2:30pm 5pm-8pm	7:30am-3pm
Wines and Spirits	8am-3pm	8am-2:30pm 6pm-9pm	8am-3pm	8am-2:30pm 6pm-9pm	8am-2:30pm 6pm-9pm	8am-3pm
Florists Open Sun.	8am-9pm	8am-9pm	8am-9pm	8am-9pm	8am-9pm	8am-9pm

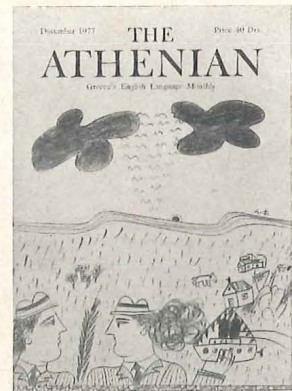
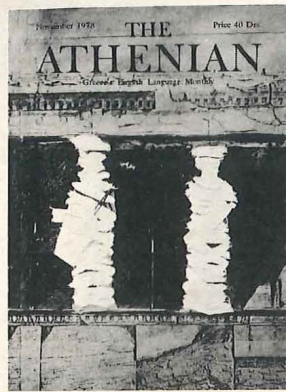
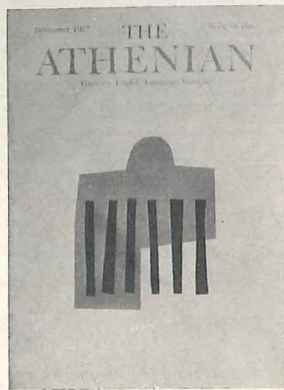
\*In accordance with a rotating schedule, some pharmacies remain open twenty-four hours a day. Their names and addresses are posted on the doors or in the windows of pharmacies that are closed.

# CYPRUS AND IRAN

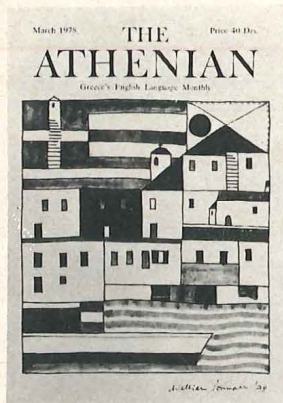
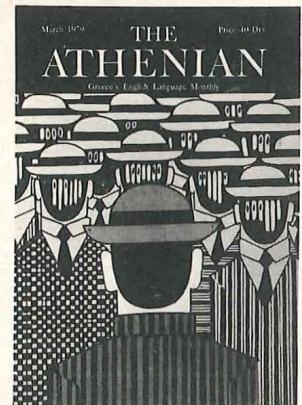
1. In July 1974 a small and defenseless nation of 650 thousand inhabitants (Cyprus) was invaded and virtually destroyed by a heavily armed aggressor of 40 million people (Turkey).

Turkey, equipped with weapons supplies by the United States invaded and occupied 40% of Cyprus and 70% of its productive capacity; further, Turkey expelled forcibly 180 thousand Greek Cypriots from their homes, causing in the process a toll of over 5000 dead, tortured and disabled persons. To this day over 2000 Cypriots are listed as missing persons.

2. In November 1979 Khomeini, the ruler of Iran, permitted a heavily armed group of students to violate the diplomatic sanctity of the American Embassy and take 49 Americans as hostages. The Iranians now demand the Shah in exchange for the hostages.
3. In the case of the Cyprus tragedy the U.S. Government's position has been and continues to be that the Cypriot government should negotiate with Turkey while nearly half of Cyprus remains under Turkish occupation. The U.S. enjoins the Cypriot leadership to proceed with "logic" and "prudence" in order to salvage what is left to them after the Turkish invasion.
4. In the case of the tragedy of the 49 American hostages in Teheran the U.S. Government takes a drastically different position. It points out Iran's violations of the Rule of Law and its disregard for the structure, regulations, and procedures of the International community. It seeks the collective international condemnation of Khomeini.
5. Khomeini has unwittingly placed President Jimmy Carter in a similar position to that of President Kyprianou of Cyprus. That is, both Presidents are being asked to negotiate under duress. Of course, Carter is the leader of a superpower that possesses nuclear weapons as well as a just cause. Kyprianou is the leader of a small and unarmed nation with a just historical right.
6. Justice should not discriminate between the strong and the weak. It should apply to all! Injustices, whether committed by Khomeini's students in Teheran or by the invading Turks in Cyprus, should be condemned by all the nations of our globe.



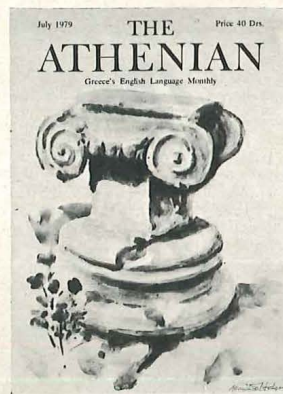
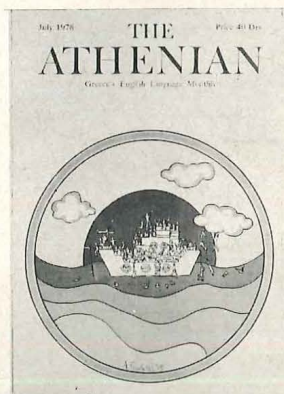
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