

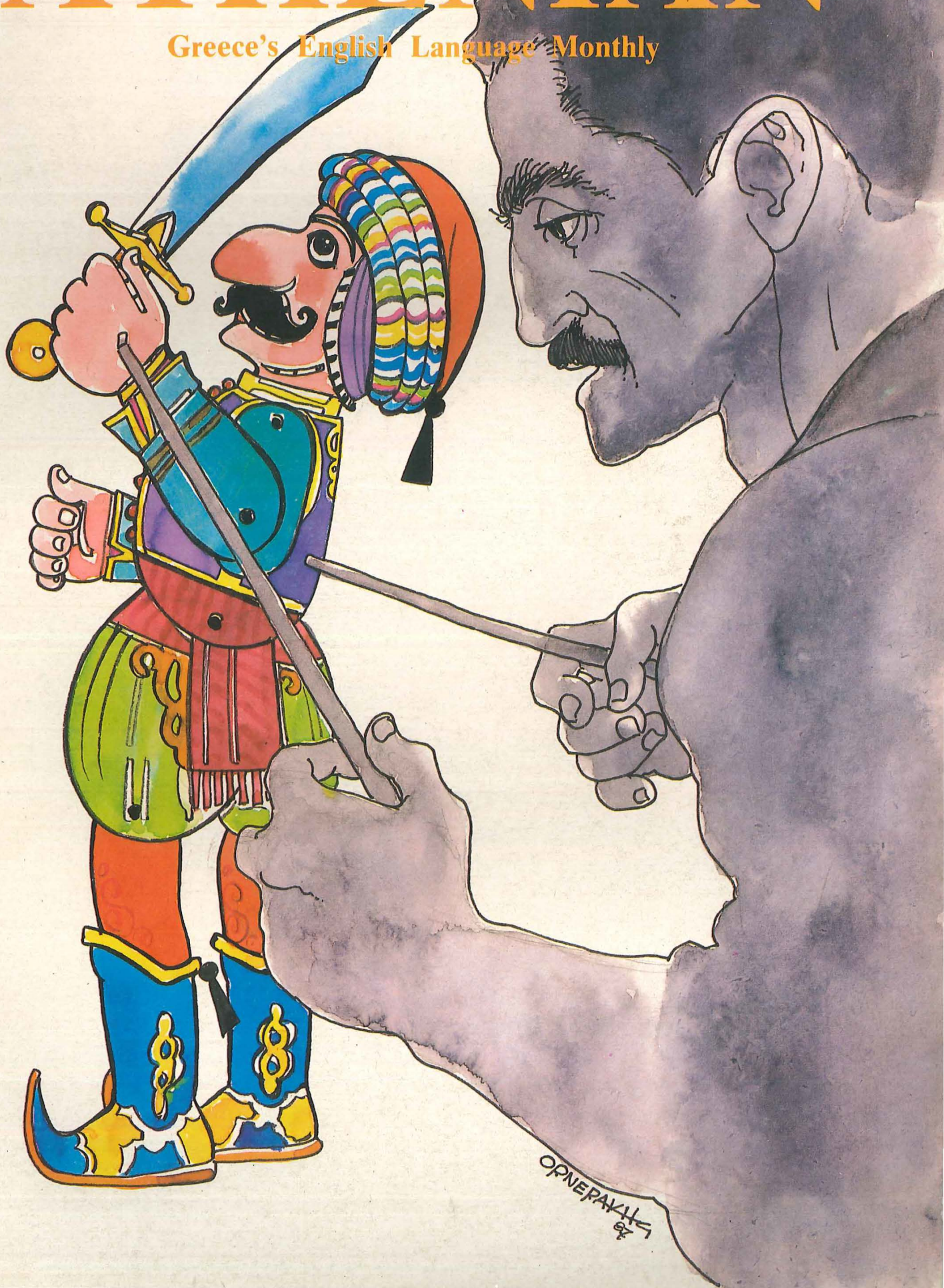
July 1987

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# ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly



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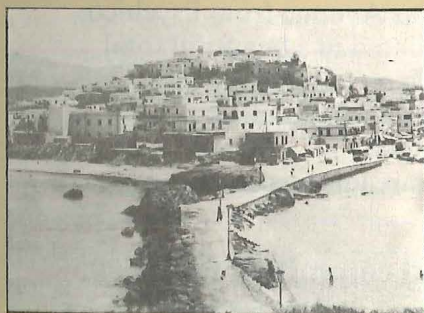
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### Overtime victory

When things are merely probable in Greece they usually don't happen. But when the outcome appears impossible, the ethnic spirit is sometimes aroused and it is achieved.

So it was with the finals of Eurobasket '87 when the mighty Soviet Union, like its predecessor, the Persian Empire, was vanquished by little Hellas on June 14 at the Stadium of Peace and Friendship in Piraeus. Even the bookmakers waffled on the odds before the game, just like the Delphic oracle before them. But when the last whistle blew it was clear that the Soviet players had turned in early the night before instead of reading Herodotus for a bedtime story, as they should have done.

Triumph was not even achieved at the last moment of regulation time (when almost everything is done in Greece – if it is ever done at all). It was even more thrilling than that. Like the Battle of Salamis, victory was snatched during overtime.

When the 25th European Championship opened in Piraeus on June 3, the media felt it necessary to provide readers with vital statistics. It named the Greek players, noted their heights and stated their positions. Ten days later these names were household words and their backgrounds, performances, scores, opinions, private lives and future hopes were familiar to millions. Messrs Yiannakis, Gallis, Christodoulou and Fasoulas (to mention only the superstars), as well as the coach, Kostas Politis, had pushed Messrs Papandreou, Mitsotakis, Tritsis and Archbishop Serafeim off the front pages. Even Melina and Aliki Vouyouklaki weren't photographed for a fortnight. When the games opened, the vision

of a Greek team holding aloft the championship cup was vague and distant, but as the team worked its way up the lists hope revived. When Italy was beaten on June 10, and two days later Yugoslavia, the cheers could be heard in every village. Though Greece did not participate the following day, Saturday, an uneasy hush fell over the country as it does during that limbo period between Good Friday and Easter.

With Sunday's finals approaching and the USSR the adversary, the ethnic tension in the air grew as thick as the *nefos*. All the nation's potentates were present to witness the game, both of government and opposition. Although a vote of confidence had been won in parliament by the government three weeks earlier, a deep and broader confidence seemed to be at stake.

Greece began by leading, fell behind, but was leading again by one point at the end of the first half. For most of the second half, the Soviet Union was ahead again.

It was a warm evening through most of the country. The streets were empty; everyone was around the tube. Doors and windows had been thrown open and groans and cries of anguish filled the air. But these gave way to shouts of joy as the Greek team again came back from behind. People who had shown no interest in the game in their lives were now yelling the most professional advice. When the Greek team made the basket that tied the score in the last moments of play, the country teetered on the verge of cardiac arrest. Five minutes of overtime play now seemed an eternity. Russia played brilliantly, but with four seconds to go a two-point score following a Soviet foul gave the final victory to Greece.

The explosion of national joy that now erupted was the most spontaneous in Athens since the return of democracy and Karamanlis after the fall of the junta 13 years ago. This, of course, is not to disparage the massive Mitsotakis rally earlier in the month whose enthusiasm was not dampened by rain, nor the pandemonium created by the appearance of the little girl of PASOK with a posie on a balcony in Syntagma, which was the most heart-warming moment of the '85 elections. Even so, politics in Greece is a rehearsed art and its marvellous outdoor jamborees are not quite as spontaneous as they seem.

The splashing about in the Fountain of Joy in Omonia, the frenzied flag-waving, the bell-ringing, the bursts of fireworks that lasted well into the morning of June 15 was the finest tribute that the country could pay its victorious team. More than a vote of confidence, it was an outburst of self-confidence which the country sorely needed. "It is the most moving moment I have lived in recent years," the prime minister said, and for once everyone agreed with him.

The team was heaped with more mundane honors, too. The Onassis Foundation, the National Bank of Greece and shipowners Latsis and Vardinoyiannis made handsome donations. It's a pity, though, that there aren't poets like Pindar around as there were in the old days to sing about such things. Mr Elytis seems to prefer pomegranate trees to pivot plays. But how pleasant it would be to learn a thousand years hence that a fine team brought honor to its country during the otherwise forgotten archonship of Sartzetakis. □

# THE ATHENIAN DIARY

by Sloane Elliott and David Lazarus

## A tricky deal on the bases

They were back in the news last month: The Amazing Disappearing American Bases – now you see 'em, now you don't. Or rather – hey presto! – watch as they remain right before your eyes.

There were signs that a deal (albeit still backstage) is in the works to maintain the U.S. military presence in Greece. Foreign Minister Karolos Papoulias talked with American Secretary of State George Shultz during a NATO meeting in Iceland. A top U.S. State Department official was in Athens for talks with government leaders. And as a surprise rabbit from his hat, Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou announced that a referendum on the bases would be called if talks with the Americans were successful.

The hand is quicker than the eye. The government's current official position is that the leases on the bases will expire in December 1988, and as of right now there will be no U.S. military presence in Greece after that time. But Papandreou has announced his willing-

ness to negotiate a new agreement starting from a "zero basis" – i.e. without preconditions. What that will likely mean, providing a deal is cut, is increased U.S. aid for Greece.

The U.S. now pays approximately \$500 million a year for the use of four large bases and 20 smaller installations throughout the country. Also at stake is America's unspoken threat to move shop to Turkey if Greece is determined to be an unwilling host.

But there were nothing but smiles after Papandreou met with visiting Undersecretary of State Edward Derwinski, who said he held "a very practical and positive discussion" with the prime minister. And in Washington, a State Department spokesman said the administration expected negotiations on the bases to begin "long before" the leases expire next year.

Papandreou placed an unusually upbeat tone on his meeting with the American official. "The talks were friendly. We discussed the entire spectrum of Greek-American relations in a

positive and friendly climate, and we consider Mr Derwinski's presence here as significant," he said.

But there is a limit to how friendly everyone is being. Papandreou said Derwinski did not offer him a much-desired invitation to visit the U.S. He added that he had not requested one anyhow.

As the prime minister mulls over the meaning of this, if any, American officials are looking closely at Papandreou's announcement that a referendum will be put to voters if a new bases deal can be hammered out. He made the announcement in parliament, prior to winning his first-ever vote of confidence. He also said he expected that nuclear weapons stationed for NATO purposes at the American bases would be removed before any negotiations begin.

At first glance, it would seem that a referendum would be the kiss of death for the bases. Papandreou, after all, has spent six years whipping voters into an anti-bases frenzy, and large anti-bases demonstrations are a common sight on the streets of the capital. But a closer look reveals the move as another deft act of political prestidigitation.

Certainly the communists and the Eurocommunists (or "Greek Left", or "Hellenic Left", or whatever they're calling themselves these days) can be counted on to vote against any bill on the bases. But the main opposition New Democracy Party supports the continued American military presence here, and New Democracy backers were strong enough to oust socialist mayors in the three biggest cities last October.

That leaves Papandreou's Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK). It will take a masterful act of salesmanship to sell party regulars a reversal on the bases issue, but it is not for nothing that Papandreou can thrust economic austerity on the electorate and still remain the country's most popular political figure. So the scenario goes like this: Papandreou cuts a new deal with the Americans and then goes on TV to announce how he has humbled Reagan's representatives and achieved a victory for the Greek people through increased U.S. funding. Possibly he will say that a compromise has been reached in which the highly obtrusive U.S. facility at Athens airport will

## *PASOK adapts to changing times*

The ruling socialists, saying they must adapt to changing times, have further softened their once hardline policy and said such issues as withdrawing from the European Community and NATO are now outdated.

Prime Minister Papandreou also called on Greeks abroad to participate in a "rallying of Hellenism" to help confront what he called the Turkish threat and overcome national problems.

He was speaking last month at the opening of the 22nd session of the Central Committee of his Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK), the policy-making body of the party.

In his speech, Papandreou said PASOK must become rejuvenated, and he said there were points in the party's 1974 founding manifesto which had been "rendered outdated by the passing of time and which must be revised in the 1987 manifesto".

He referred specifically to Greece's growing role in European affairs. The prime minister also told parliament recently that if Greece left the NATO alliance it would likely go to war with Turkey.

"Everything around us is changing, and we are obliged to adapt ourselves and accelerate our steps, to respond positively and aggressively to change," he said last month.

"If a movement wishes to survive and accomplish great things, it must never rest on its laurels nor subjugate itself to the commonplaces of daily life, but rather re-examine and vary its theoretical tools, ridding itself of dogmas, taboos and prejudices," he said.

Papandreou also called for "a truly informed and firmly oriented wave of philhellenism" among Greeks abroad to "test and count Greece's true friends and allies".



## THE ATHENIAN

be closed down. He may also elicit American commitments concerning Turkey and Cyprus, and a pledge to fully denuclearize the country. For these reasons, he will say, voters (specifically socialist) should support the government's call for passage of the referendum.

The result: PASOK and New Democracy backers unite to hand Papandreou his slickest trick yet and the Americans a new lease on life, bases-wise. It could just work.

But there will be much haggling between here and there. American officials have already expressed their desire to reach an accord with Papandreou's socialist government (the reasoning being that, if the opposition is already in the bag, a deal with the socialists would represent the will of the majority of Greeks), but other considerations, notably Turkish-American relations, will place limits on their generosity. Greek officials will no doubt shoot for the moon and only gradually settle for slightly less.

And then comes the matter of the next general elections, scheduled for June 1989, on the heels of this supposed new bases pact. To escape the political repercussions of such a complete policy reversal would require a Houdini. Papandreou, the magician, will likely have an ace up his sleeve.

### Bases request

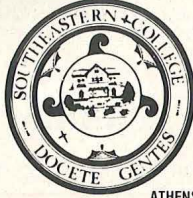
The United States has formally requested talks on maintaining its military bases in Greece, a precondition for negotiations set by the government.

The request was made by the American secretary of state, George Shultz, to Foreign Minister Karolos Papoulias during a meeting of NATO foreign ministers in Iceland last month.

Papoulias told reporters that the talks would be "difficult", but said the U.S. had responded positively to Greece's position. He reiterated the government's stand that negotiations would be held on a "zero basis", meaning that an entirely new agreement would have to be forged.

Papoulias said any new accord would have to serve Greek national interests, such as the balance of power in the Aegean and relations with Turkey. He said Shultz knew "very well" what this meant.

He said he and Shultz discussed the entire range of Greek-American relations.



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## THE ATHENIAN DIARY THE ATHEN

### Greek champions

City streets throughout the country were the scene of wild celebration last month after Greece beat the Soviet Union 103-101 in the final seconds of overtime to win its first-ever European Basketball Championship.

Many thousands filled Omonia Square in the capital as the Greek team received the championship cup at the Peace and Friendship Stadium near the port of Piraeus.

The crowds chanted "Greece, Greece" throughout the hot night. Some revellers wore nothing more than their underpants as they danced about and waved at passing cars.

The Greek team rallied from a 10-point deficit in the second half to tie the game 89-89 at the close of regulation time. They then duelled with the Russians in overtime until a last-second basket by Greek-American Nikos Gallis, high scorer of the series.

Yugoslavia placed third, followed by Spain, Italy and West Germany.

Prime Minister Papandreou, who sat beside President Sartzetakis for the final, said all Greeks can feel proud because of the win. "It is the most moving event I have lived in recent years," he said.

"It is a fact that the dream has become a reality," said Sports Secretary-General Sarris.

The government hopes that excitement from the victory will help the country in its bid to host the 1996 Olympics.

### Delphi wins out

Bowing to pressure from environmentalists and archaeologists, the government last month dropped plans to build a \$400 million alumina plant near the ancient sanctuary of Delphi.

The Soviet-built factory will be constructed at an alternative site in central Greece, the head of the Greek Industrial Development Bank, Costas Sofoulis, told reporters. "The archaeological view is that damage from the plant can't be ruled out," he said.

Earlier, the Central Archaeological Council said that sulphur dioxide emissions from the factory could harm the 2,500-year-old ruins 12 kilometres from the proposed site.

The sanctuary of Delphi, ancient home of the Oracle of Apollo, is one of

Greece's leading tourist attractions, drawing more than 250,000 visitors a year.

The plant is to be built with Soviet technical expertise and equipment, and is to become operational by 1992. The Soviets have agreed to purchase its total annual output of 600,000 tons of alumina, the raw material for aluminum.

Environmental groups in Greece and abroad have campaigned for the past two years against building the plant at Aghia Efthymia 12 kilometres from Delphi.

The National Economy Ministry announced that officials decided to relocate the factory at Domvrainia, 50 kilometres from Delphi on the northern shore of the Gulf of Corinth. The Archaeological Council said it had no objections to the alternative site.

The ministry said Domvrainia was the original first choice for the plant, but second-choice Aghia Efthymia was selected to boost economic development in the area.

Officials have called the multimillion-dollar alumina factory the biggest investment in Greece for the past 20 years. It is the first Soviet industrial venture in this NATO-member country.

### Cyprus scuffle

Some 300 Greek Cypriot women scuffled with United Nations guards on Cyprus last month while trying to force their way into Turkish Cypriot territory.

According to witnesses, Australian and Swedish units of the UN force turned them back into the Greek side "after some pushing and shoving". Two guards had their shirts torn and a Greek Cypriot newsman was slightly injured in the jaw.

A spokeswoman for the protesters called the UN action "disgraceful and uncivilized", and said the women were peacefully demonstrating their opposition to the division of the eastern Mediterranean island.

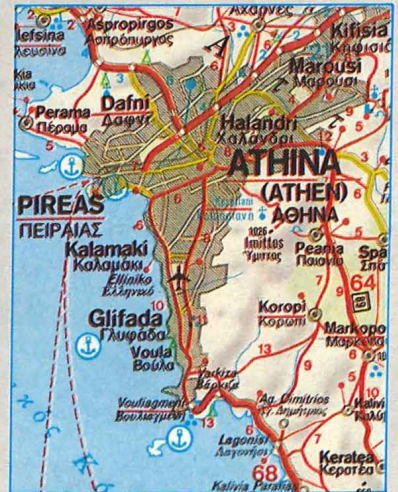
The group, representing the island's "Women Walk Home" movement, marched about 10 kilometres from the capital of Nicosia to the UN-controlled buffer zone separating the two ethnic communities. The UN force has been in place since the Turkish invasion of 1974.

# GREECE

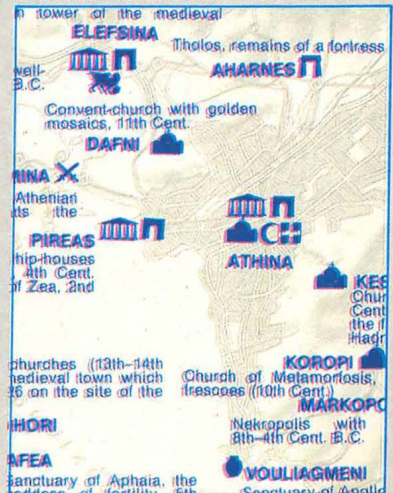
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## Libel ruling

The government last month took the side of an Athens newspaper that was protesting a London court decision awarding 450,000 pounds in libel damages to a former British naval officer.

Former Lt. Cmdr. Martin Packard, who now lives in Malta, sued the editor and publishers of the Athens daily *Eleftherotypia* and its London correspondent for a series of articles in 1983 alleging that he was a double agent during the 1967-74 military junta.

The paper also alleged that Packard was responsible for the 1978 killing of British journalist Ann Chapman in Greece.

Government spokesman Yannis Roubatsis announced the state's position that only a Greek court can rule on stories or newspapers published in Greece. The publishers of *Eleftherotypia* may appeal to Greek courts for protection from the British ruling, he said.

During a two-day hearing last month, the paper's London correspondent, Yannis Andrikopoulos, testified that he had interviewed more than 60 people for his three-part series and had no wish to harm Packard's reputation.

The editor-in-chief of *Eleftherotypia*, Serapheim Fyntanidis, said the newspaper refused to accept a British court's jurisdiction over a Greek publication. He also charged that representatives of the paper were never legally requested to attend the court proceedings. He said the publishers received a cable in English, which they returned unanswered.

"We are not required to know English, and if they wished to communicate with Greek citizens, and particularly the Greek press, they should use our language," he said.

## Alexander Iolas

The flamboyant and controversial czar of the Greek art world, Alexander Iolas, died of AIDS in New York last month. He was said to be 79 years old.

Born Constantine Koutsoudis - he took the name of Iolas when he became a U.S. citizen in the 1940s - he came to Athens from Alexandria as a young man, bearing a letter of recommendation from the poet Cavafy.

Interested in music and dance, he approached Dimitri Mitropoulos, who

in turn recommended study in Germany, giving him letters of introduction to Bruno Walter and Max Reinhardt. The handsome youth made his dance debut, nearly naked, as the Spirit of Achilles in a production of Gluck's *Orfeo* at Salzburg. With the rise of Hitler, Iolas went to Paris, where he joined the company of the Marquis de Cuevas. A leg injury, however, forced him into early retirement, whereupon he entered the world of art.

Iolas' gift for friendship was remarkable, and he was soon closely acquainted with Picasso, Max Ernst, Magritte and de Chirico. Starting with a work of de Chirico, Iolas began to amass with a fine aesthetic eye and an adroit economic sense one of the most remarkable art collections of this century.

The war brought him to New York where, with the help of Elizabeth Adler, he opened a gallery of 57th Street near Fifth Avenue. After the war he established a chain of galleries, first in Paris and then in other European cities. The works of promising contemporary artists, Greek and foreign, which he bought in abundance, he generously promoted to stardom. His opinions on their work, encouraging or derogatory, were influential.

In recent years Iolas had been controversially involved in allegations of illegal traffic in antiquities and art thefts. Throughout legal proceedings he maintained his innocence and his dedication to promoting the appreciation of art in Greece. The tremendous publicity given these trials was partly due to Iolas' colorful personality and his sartorial flair, for it is said that his wardrobe vied with his art collection in both spice and variety.

Death, however, has not ended the controversy, for the document he wrote last February leaving his residence and its contents to the state as a Museum of Modern Art has been contested by private individuals as being a forgery.

## Billy Bo

One of Greece's leading fashion designers, Billy Bo, was buried in Athens last month after dying from AIDS. He was 32.

Billy Bo, born Vassilis Kourkoumelis, dropped out of sight last November amid reports that he was seriously ill. Associates at his design house consis-

tently denied that the young darling of the Greek fashion world had AIDS.

He missed the December opening of his first American boutique on Park Avenue in New York. He returned to Greece from Paris two weeks later and granted an interview - his only public appearance before his death - to a local magazine.

The interview side-stepped questions of his health, but the pictures showed a severely emaciated Billy Bo. It was said he had lost 30 kilos.

## Protest to UN

Greek Cypriots last month protested to the United Nations over a Turkish official's remark that his country "did not have to account to anyone" for the presence of up to 35,000 Turkish soldiers in northern Cyprus.

"This provocative statement is indicative of Turkey's mentality and underscores its contempt for the United Nations and particularly for the UN secretary-general and Security Council," a Greek Cypriot government spokesman said.

He said a protest would also be made to Washington over the use of U.S. military aid by Turkish troops on Cyprus.

Turkish Foreign Minister Vahit Halefoglu said his country needed no one's blessing to maintain a strong military presence in northern Cyprus, which Turkish troops invaded in 1974.

"Turkey did not and will not account to anyone," he said. "The presence of Turkish troops in Cyprus will be at the level necessitated for the security of Turkish Cypriots living there."

## Natural gas imports

Greece will begin importing natural gas from the Soviet Union and Algeria, it was announced as the European Community pressed for greater access to the Greek market for petroleum products.

Energy Minister Anastassios Peponis said a natural gas pipeline from the Soviet Union and gas shipped from Algeria in northern Africa will cost Greece approximately \$1 billion, to be covered by loans to the state.

He said Greece would import up to 2.5 billion cubic metres of gas over 10 years beginning in 1992, and this amount would cover some 10 percent

of the country's energy needs.

Increased use of natural gas will make Greece less vulnerable to rising oil prices, Peponis said.

In Brussels, the European Community Commission declared the Greek government's lock on the domestic petroleum market illegal and gave Athens two months to increase accessibility to products from other EC member-states.

The commission said Greece's oil monopoly should have been dismantled in 1985, though today "only 25 percent of the Greek market is open for products coming from other member-states".

## Jordanian visitor

The visiting prime minister of Jordan, Zaid Rifai, last month urged Greece to play a more active role in Middle East affairs and called for an international conference on regional issues.

"We consider Greece not only a

member of the European Community and a member of the Middle East, but also an integral part of the region," he told reporters after a two-hour meeting with Prime Minister Papandreou.

Rifai was returning a visit Papandreou made to Jordan in 1984. Last month the two countries signed a tourism agreement and representatives of both delegations discussed bilateral trade and cultural exchanges.

Rifai said the Arab world was "grateful for the Greek government's support and understanding on all major issues, notably the Arab-Israeli problem".

Greece, which has traditionally friendly ties with Arab nations, does not have full diplomatic relations with Israel.

Rifai said Jordan firmly supported holding an international conference on the Middle East that would include the five permanent members of the UN Security Council as well as representatives of the Palestine Liberation Organization.

## Turtle patrols

Environmentalists are patrolling beaches on the Ionian resort island of Zakynthos this summer to protect endangered turtle eggs from curious tourists.

The western island's sandy beaches have been the traditional breeding ground of the loggerhead sea turtle for more than a thousand years, said the head of a Zakynthos environmental protection group, Nikos Lycoursis.

But a tourism boom in recent years and construction of new beachfront hotels have threatened the 90-kilogram turtles with extinction, he said.

The turtles can be injured by speedboats and their eggs crushed by tourist umbrellas or careless feet. Baby turtles are often confused by the bright lights of hotels and bars.

Laganas Bay on the island has been declared an official marine preservation park, but the \$423,000 facility will not be ready until next year.

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## On ideas, dominant and otherwise

Time and time again we have seen how politicians have rushed to espouse ideas in an effort to conform with the desires of public opinion. Politicians rarely attempt to create new ideological currents, particularly ones which clash with the predominant norms, values and prejudices of the day. They are usually masters of accommodation.

Political, economic and social realities can, on their own, gradually erode the most well-entrenched ideas in a society. Crusading politicians (certainly a rare breed), intellectuals, thinkers, think tanks, academics – all propagating new ideas – can help along such a process, or, in some cases, may even help initiate it. Margaret Thatcher certainly rode on the crest of a rising public disillusionment over statism and trade-unionism, which were increasingly viewed as the roots of Britain's steady decline during the post-war years. At the same time, being an ideologue herself, and being backed by a dynamic breed of intellectuals holding similar convictions, she transformed this mere disillusionment into a positive vision for a new Britain. Thus,

though the new, dominant ideas preceded Thatcher, she gave them impetus and coherence, and reassured their entrenchment and overwhelming supremacy in British society.

So what is happening in Greece in the realm of ideas? Are we witnessing the death of the old ideas and the rise of new ones?

These questions become particularly topical following three major speeches by Prime Minister Papandreu to three different audiences: PASOK's Central Committee, Greek businessmen and foreign businessmen. Papandreu has grasped the public's post-1985 mood. Greeks have started developing a strong anti-statist mentality. They now accept that the state – inefficient, characterized by waste and poor services – is the main culprit for the country's severe economic crisis and decline. They have ceased to clamor for nationalizations. They support, for the first time since 1974, a more limited, and hence more efficient, state apparatus. Thus, the 1974-1985 dominant statist ideas are finally dying. It was, after all, in response to such ideas that the 1974-1981 conservative administra-

tions conformed (since they were unwilling and incapable of altering them) when they implemented their statist policies, socialism in all but name. And it was due to the dominance of these ideas that the socialists inevitably were swept into power in 1981 as their most genuine and dynamic political representatives.

But statism as an ideology is now perishing in Greece. It is already a relic of the past, to which only the reactionary (in the true sense of the word) communists pay homage. This dramatic turn of events was hardly affected by the outmoded conservative ND under Averof and Mitsotakis during the years 1981-1985, as the party lacked both powerful visions and fresh ideas which could have eroded socialism. Statism as an ideology collapsed merely because it was tried (in more modest dosages in 1974-1981 and in heavy dosages in 1981-1985) and it failed dismally. Dominant statist ideas were destroyed by the new realities which emerged in 1985, and mainly the outbreak of the previously secret economic crisis. Thus it was new realities which destroyed the old myths.

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Papandreou has grasped this dramatic change in the public mood. That is why he said some time ago that PASOK's socialism is "anti-statist". That is why he told his party's Central Committee members that some views in PASOK's founding charter (a monument in statism) are obsolete. That is why he claims that he and Greek businessmen hold "similar views". That is why he told foreign businessmen that it takes time to "rationalize 60-year practices in state interventionism" – thus presenting his party as the force that will overturn six decades of statism!

So the prime minister is trying to redefine PASOK's socialism and to pose now as a crusader against statism. He thus attempts to ride on the crest of the new anti-statist wave as a modernizer *par excellence*, trying to articulate a new vision for Greece's future which will be in accordance with the new rising dominant ideas.

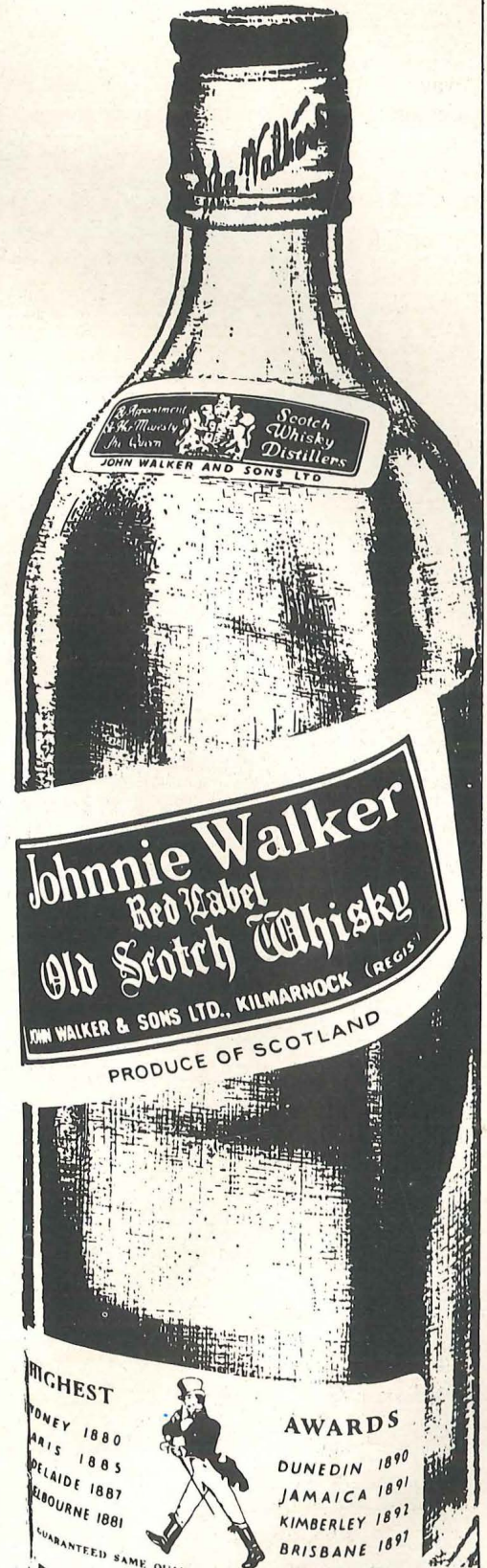
But how are the conservatives responding, since it is they who should be reaping the benefits from the death of statist values? ND, unimaginative as ever, seems unable to use a new language and new symbols that will identify it with the new anti-statist tide. Producing an economic program (essentially a repetition of what was said in 1985, with some privatizations as garnish) can hardly make the conservatives more appealing. ND's greatest failure remains that it cannot produce – with old-time politicians at its helm – an appealing and convincing vision of what type of society it is striving for. In place of such a dynamic vision it continues merely to project the image of a party appealing to anti-PASOK protest voters. Thus, ND has failed to become the main representative of new dominant ideas. And as old myths die, and no party is as yet a credible vehicle for new values, offering the convincing prospects for the country's new future course, dissatisfaction (as all polls show) increases against both PASOK and ND.

But Papandreou can at least breathe with relief, because it is mainly the ideas which his party had been fervently articulating for years which have recently collapsed. Yet his opponents have not benefitted from this dramatic development. So, with his main asset being always his rivals' weaknesses, he can always hope that, one way or another, he will yet again come to represent the dominant new ideas – anti-statism this time.

F. Eleftheriou

Born in 1820.  
Still going strong.

Johnnie Walker



## A slow recovery for tourist transport

As tourism is Greece's number one earner of foreign currency, tourist transport is big business, too. It can also be a perilous one, because ships and aircraft are so expensive, and they have to be paid for in foreign currency; a dip in the market can spell disaster.

Following the Great American Stay-Away in 1986, the European Travel Commission estimates that 5.5 million U.S. citizens – a 10 percent recovery – is coming to Europe this year. This would remain well below the record of 6.4 million set in 1985 before fear of terrorism deflated the attraction European holidays held for many Americans. Now there's a new threat, the weak dollar.

As Pericles S. Panagopoulos, chairman of Greece's Royal Cruise Line, explained in a recent interview, the state of the U.S. currency has suddenly made European trips more expensive and has kept bookings lower. "Everything is paid for in dollars, and that's why tourism from the U.S. is of key importance," he said. However, because the cheap dollar has reduced the cruise ship owners' costs, at least it has allowed them to reduce ticket prices in a bid to boost bookings. Several Greek cruise lines have reduced prices by around 25 percent, which represents a return to 1982 prices, though they have taken pains to reassure the public that the quality of service is not suffering. The holiday ship sector has also pitched in heavily to help double Greece's tourist advertising budget in the U.S. to \$3 million.

All the best-known Greek lines have also assumed responsibility for improving security measures on their ships under the guidance of international security experts. One security consultant who has been employed by Greek owners has claimed that a sensible crew-implemented security system for an average ship would cost about \$7,000 – an extraordinarily modest amount compared with the possible cost of complacency.

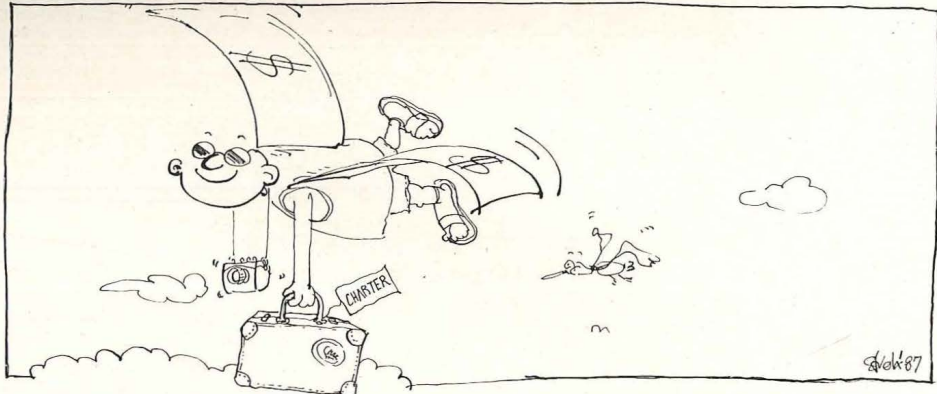
But the president of the Union of Greek Passengership Owners, Andreas Potamianos, predicts it will take 3-4 years to rebuild the industry to 1984 levels, despite the more peaceful situation in the Mediterranean and stronger promotion. No more than 70 percent of the Greek cruisers which would nor-

mally have performed East Med voyages have actually managed to do so. For some it may already be too late. "K" Lines-Hellenic Cruises, a member of the Kavounides group, found alternative employment in Canada for one of its three vessels last year, but following the alleged non-payment to "K" Lines by the vessels' charterer, all three ships have now been seized and are being auctioned off.

Even Royal Cruise Line, which seems to have been highly successful in putting together alternative itineraries in China, Alaska and Scandinavia for

taken possession of a new ship, the *Azur*, to replace the *Lauro*, and bookings are said to have improved. Also, a new Greek company, Nautilus Yacht Club, has identified an opportunity at the most luxurious end of the market and has contracted to have the first two of a series of 10 70-passenger mini-cruisers. The \$20 million ships are designed to cruise in the Med and off Mexico during European winter, and passengers will be expected to pay \$700 a day.

Meanwhile, there has been a boom in the Adriatic ferry trade between



its two ships, has felt the pressure and has cancelled one of two \$100 million luxury cruisers being built for it in Germany. The company had initially planned a few "comeback" cruises for the Mediterranean this autumn, but these were quickly cancelled because of the level of demand, and RCL is now preparing for a return next year – "Providing," said an executive, "nothing extraordinary happens."

By and large, the fight for survival in the East Mediterranean has kept Greek cruise ship owners from participating to the full in the wave of novel thinking which is sweeping the cruise industry worldwide, and leading to innovations such as ships with lowerable floating marinas at the stern and huge designs for "floating cities" rather than conventional-size vessels. Nevertheless, according to Potamianos, "we have a good product and prospects are improving."

There have also been positive moves this year, including Chandris' decision to sever connections with the mainly Italian-owned *Achille Lauro*, for which prospects have been even bleaker than other ships because of the lingering stigma of its hijacking. Chandris has

Greece and Italy. Greeks now operate no less than 26 roll-on, roll-off ferries to a variety of Italian ports, a far greater number than a few years ago. The ships are designed to carry passengers, their cars and trucks, too, and getting the mixture right is often a complex economic formula. There are also plans to introduce a further 10 large vessels on routes to Ancona, Bari, Brindisi and Trieste. The problem is that so much competition has kept ticket prices unnaturally low. Some companies have had to retire altogether.

The longest-serving company of them all, Hellenic Mediterranean Lines, bravely reported recently that it had seen a 100 percent increase in young Americans travelling in Europe on ferries. However, the crisis has forced the line to reduce to two ferries from a peak of four. Hellenic Mediterranean Lines also recently sold its solitary cruise ship.

While early financial returns indicate that the coastal and island passenger ferry companies have managed to stay viable, discounting the firms which are still working out their bankruptcies under a complex formula, the ferry owners claim that rates for



passengers and vehicles must increase at least 20 percent if the sector is to survive. Increasing costs and government curbing of ticket charges are blamed, although there has been talk of a liberalization of the ferry business. An equally pressing problem is the age and condition of the fleet, which needs to be modernized if it is to meet competition from other European ferries should restricted coastal ferry competition be thrown open by the EC. In recognition of this, the government has just given the go-ahead for the first time to commercial banks to part-finance the purchase of new ferries at their own discretion, albeit at a high interest rate.

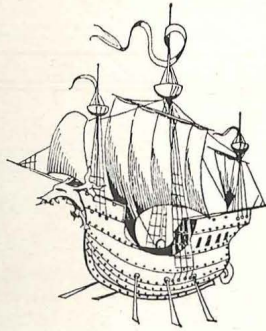
Financially troubled Olympic Airways, which celebrated its 30th anniversary this year, has so far missed out on most of the tourist groups which have been attracted to Greece. Part of the explanation is easy. More than half of all passengers flying to and from Greece, and a much larger proportion of genuine tourist traffic, are carried by charter flights. Olympic does not have a developed charter service. Last year the airline's occasional charters carried only 150,000 people, in contrast to the 3,200,000 passengers flown by foreign charter companies.

Finally enough has proved enough, and OA recently announced it is to establish a subsidiary dedicated to introducing a full charter service next year. It is a major attempt to improve the airline's competitiveness, even though the subsidiary will hope for a modest 15 percent share of all charter bookings. A new charter flight airport at Spata in Athens is being planned, in order to relieve the peak season pressure on existing airports.

OA badly needs to modernize and reinforce its fleet of aircraft, and is shortly to buy three jetliners to bolster international routes. An option currently under consideration for reinforcing its domestic services, which might prove attractive not only to OA but to Greek industry, is the purchase of British Aerospace's 70-seat ATR, which could be partly manufactured by Hellenic Aerospace Industry in a \$75-100 million joint production program. It has been claimed that OA could save up to \$15 million by choosing the British plane linked to the joint production deal. The Olympic ATRs would then, in fact, be the first ever British-Greek aircraft. □

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# Inside Albania: Unlocking the mystery

**Albania, Greece's small and scenically beautiful northern neighbor, has for more than four decades remained one of the world's great mysteries. Longtime Albanian strongman Enver Hoxha permitted few foreigners inside the country as he molded the backward Adriatic state into a laboratory for hardline Stalinism – outlawing religion, banning contact with the rest of the world and using a secret police agency to impose strict social and economic regulations. But Hoxha died in 1985, and his successor, Ramiz Alia, is apparently coming to understand Albania must relax the restrictions on its three million people and open its borders to the outside. Western diplomats in Tirana, the Albanian capital, are calling Alia “Albania's Gorbachev”, a reference to the reform-minded Soviet leader.**

**United Press International Athens bureau chief Lee Stokes was recently allowed to make a rare visit to Albania. He is one of the first Western journalists to enter the country since Hoxha's death. During his six-day, 1,500-mile journey, Stokes visited Tirana and several other Albanian cities, and spoke to dozens of government officials, diplomats and ordinary citizens.**

by Lee Stokes

**A**lbania, one of the most beautiful and unspoiled countries in the world, is looking forward to the lifting of a 46-year-old formal state of war with Greece, and says this will encourage greater contact between the self-isolated, mineral-rich nation and the West. But it warned that expectations of a restoration to Albanian ethnic Greeks and Slavs of the right to practice Christianity in the world's only officially atheist state were ill-founded, and an insult to Albanian socialism.

“We look forward to Greece lifting the state of war because this will encourage more trust, more ties and better contacts between our two peoples,” an Albanian official in Tirana said. “But this does not mean that we Albanians will give up our socialist achievements and return to the dark ages of organized religion.”

He said the lifting of the state of war would encourage “more trust and the right conditions for greater openings to the West.” The state of war dates back to the October 1940 invasion of Greece by Italian troops which at the time were occupying Albania. It remained in force after the Second World War, when

Enver Hoxha seized power, but was not rescinded because of strained ties between the two nations. Greece, which itself became embroiled in a bitter civil war between 1944 and 1949, accused Albania in the United Nations of harboring and supplying Greek communist rebels.

Foreign Minister Karolos Papoulias, a strong advocate of closer ties with Albania who visited Tirana in 1984, said recently that the government would rescind the state of war as soon as the legal formalities had been completed. But press reports claim that President Christos Sartzetakis had refused to sign the official peace declaration to avoid the wrath of Albania's ethnic Greeks scattered around the world. “Sartzetakis doesn't want to go down in history as the man who sold out the ethnic Greeks,” one columnist said.

Another stumbling block is the issue of compensation for Greek properties confiscated by Albania's communist regime after 1944. Diplomats say they expect Greece to include a clause in any peace declaration stating it does not intend to give up these rights. Members of the Greek minority living outside Albania insist that Tirana

should first pledge to improve conditions for ethnic Greeks before the state of war is rescinded. This view is shared by Greece's opposition New Democracy Party, but is rejected by the ruling socialists.

The Greek government insists that only a gradual improvement in bilateral relations offers the chance to build trust between the two suspicious neighbors and to improve conditions for Albania's minority Greeks – estimated at between 70,000 and 400,000. Albania established diplomatic relations with Greece 16 years ago, when Athens was ruled by the military dictatorship. But this did not lead to more substantial bonds.

A considerable improvement in relations between the two neighbors, however, began when Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu's government declared it had no territorial ambitions against Albania. Greece was already, as of 1977, the first Western country to establish weekly airline flights to Tirana. Since then it has signed substantial economic agreements with Albania, purchasing asphalt and electricity in return for medicines, textiles and manufactured goods. The Albanian government recently invited a team of Greek doctors to visit Tirana and operate on the son-in-law of communist leader Ra-



*A soldier standing guard at the tomb of Enver Hoxha*

miz Alia, who sustained serious head injuries in a motorcycle accident. Diplomats said this indicated the good climate in relations between Tirana and Athens. Albania thanked the doctors after they returned home, saying their patient was making satisfactory progress.

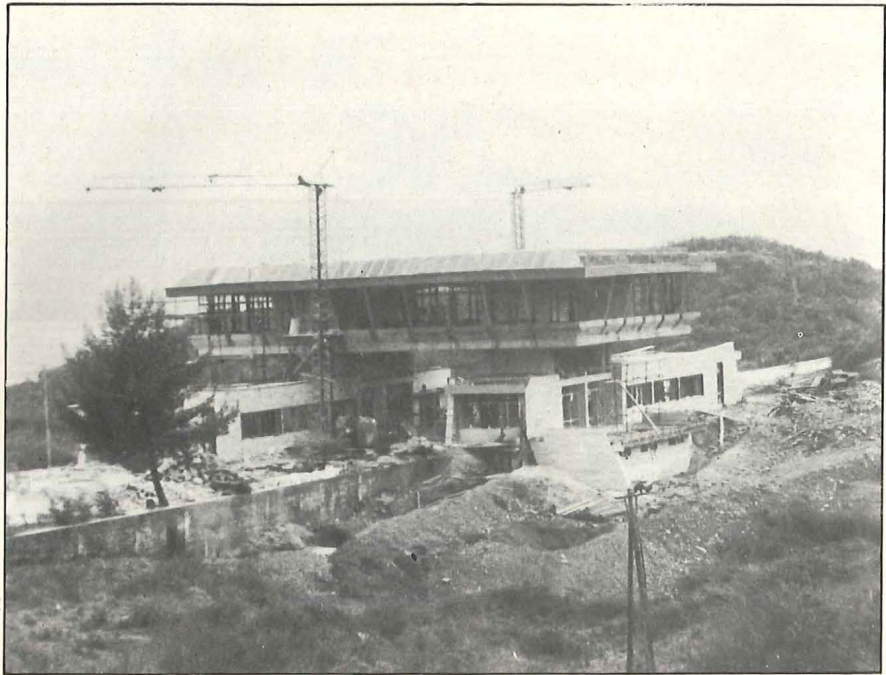
After recently opening up two border crossings with Greece, Albania this year signed a tourism cooperation agreement with Athens which will make Greeks the largest group of Western visitors to the country. At least 6,000 Greeks are expected to visit Albania this year. Diplomats said Albania's relations with Italy and Yugoslavia, its largest trading partners, have soured in recent years, making Greece Tirana's "focus of attention as a link to the West".

There are about 200,000 people living in Tirana, but the morning rush hour in the Albanian capital is usually a commuter's delight. Pedestrians walk briskly along wide tree-lined boulevards, swept clean every day by squads of gypsy women wearing white scarves and baggy pants, as a comfortable clutter of Albanian-made bicycles, aging Chinese motor scooters and an occasional creaking Hungarian bus pass by. There are no privately owned cars, so auto traffic is limited to the handful of 1971 Volvos, older Mercedes limousines or Eastern European sedans used by top government officials and foreign guests. The worst traffic problem encountered during Europe's least congested rush hour might be created by the shepherds who regularly move their flocks of sheep through the city, giving it a small-town feel.

When they arrive at work, commuters have no trouble finding a place to leave their wheels. A doorman is usually deployed to work outside offices like state radio and television headquarters to regulate parking – of bicycles.

After four decades of isolation from the rest of the world, Albania's 2.9 million people live an uncomplicated but closely regulated life – a situation that is unlikely to change soon, even as the country's Stalinist leaders slowly move to open the doors to the outside. I found a self-reliant, morally conservative people, stoic about shortages of most goods and resigned to low salaries that force many to work as long as one week to make enough money to buy a shirt.

No one gets rich in Albania, even though no one pays taxes. U.N. statistics list Albania as having the lowest annual per capita income in Europe –



*A new customs house is being built at Kakavia on the Greek-Albanian border*

\$850. The top end of the government-created monthly pay scale is 1,200 lek, or \$133, a salary earned by senior party officials, factory managers, professors or judges. At the other end is the 600 lek, \$66, taken home by unskilled farm laborers.

Outside Mopo, a two-storey department store that recently opened near Stalin Boulevard, a young girl wearing a navy blue school uniform smiled and looked up at her mother as she stared at a red coat in the window. But her mother dragged her away after glancing at the price – 200 lek, about \$22, which would take the average Albanian worker two weeks to earn. Mopo has no imported goods, and many of the domestic products are greeted without much enthusiasm. The store has intro-

duced its own line of cosmetics, but most women shoppers moved on without buying after only a curious glance. The face cream and a strong-scented domestic perfume were stacked next to piles of unwrapped green-and-orange soap bars and the only available brand of toothpaste.

Irini, a 29-year-old Tirana factory worker, wakes up at 4 a.m. every day to stand in line outside a dairy to buy a single bottle of milk that is shared with her two children and her elderly mother. "If I go later, there may not be any left," she explained.

Irini, who works a six-day week, was wearing brown platform shoes with white plastic soles – the same type of footwear worn by most Albanian women because of the lack of choice.



*A bust of Stalin. Albania is the world's last Stalinist country*



*A uniformed official beside an elderly citizen.*

To some degree, Irini owes her job to the 1944 Communist Revolution, which gave women equal rights to education and work. "Albanian women today have the same opportunities as men, though they tend to do lighter work — for example, they don't work in the mines," said a female government official. "But all women work and have their own salaries."

That equality extends to military service. All men, women and children receive military training, and after their military service, women have to attend annual weapons training courses until age 35. Men remain in the reserves until age 50.

Soldiers clad in green coats and wool hats emblazoned with red stars are seen everywhere in Albania, which spends a fifth of its resources on defense. The country has an army of 50,000 troops —

the equivalent of 4 million troops under arms in the United States, which now has 2.1 million — and its tightly controlled system requires large numbers of plainclothes policemen as well as labor camp and border guards.

The internal security forces, particularly the dreaded secret police agency Sigurimi, have been largely responsible for maintaining Albania's isolation.

Most Albanians avoid contact with foreigners — which in many cases is an illegal act — out of fear of running afoul of the Sigurimi. Children frequently approach tourists asking for chewing gum and candy, but they will be punished if caught. Parents say they are held responsible by authorities if their children misbehave, and can face stiff punishments themselves.



*Taking a break in a Tirana square*

The security forces also enforce a strict moral code. Premarital sex is taboo, long fingernails are frowned upon and an Albanian found guilty of adultery can be sent to a labor camp.

"The closest I have ever got to an Albanian woman is a quick glance in the street or a giggle in a store," said a Western diplomat who has been living in Albania for seven years. "The communists replaced the old-fashioned sexual ethics of Islam and the Orthodox and Roman Catholic churches with their own morality," the diplomat said. "Girls and boys can go out together, but other than an evening at the Tirana Opera House or attending a concert of classical music, there is little else to do."

The opera does have an excellent reputation, and a handful of Greek and other Western post-graduate students have recently been permitted to study music at Tirana University.

There is less praise for Albanian movies and plays, which tend to have a "progressive" characters. They depict the struggle of the working class for justice, or the so-called oppressed fighting their oppressors. Foreign films, including a very few American movies with an anti-war flavor and Soviet movies with historical themes or about fairy tales, are also sometimes shown.

There are other homegrown forms of entertainment. Albanians are particularly fond of weddings. "It's an excuse for everyone to let their hair down and just have a great time. It's another way for girls to meet boys. I've known wedding feasts in Tirana to go on for a week, and they're tolerated by the authorities," one diplomat said.

Abortion and contraceptives are discouraged except for medical reasons, and Albania has Europe's highest birth rate as a result. Because the state encourages the high rate, it also provides excellent facilities for pregnant women and working mothers. Tirana residents generally live in inexpensive state-owned apartments without central heating or electric ovens. Senior Communist Party members enjoy better accommodation and other perquisites of power, including access to goods not usually available in stores. Top party officials in Tirana live in red-brick buildings in an exclusive downtown area near Tirana University that is closely guarded by soldiers and police. I visited the spacious and tastefully decorated apartment of a Politburo member and spotted imported appliances, including a color television and a videotape recorder. Black-and-white television sets, refrigerators and

other appliances are available to average Albanians, too, but at a cost of a year's pay and only through an internal distribution system.

Curiously, television in the isolated country has an international tone. American, British, Italian, Chinese and Soviet movies and series are featured, along with Czechoslovakian cartoons. Albanians able to pick up Yugoslav, Italian and Greek broadcasts are familiar with U.S. shows like *Dynasty*. There are no advertisements and no love scenes. The evening news generally features the achievements of agriculture and factory workers, the opening of schools and hospitals, the paving of roads – but little news about the government, or accidents and other disasters. Foreign news is always reported with a government-approved interpretation or analysis.

Unlike other communist countries, there is no black market in goods or foreign currency.

Ordinary Albanians prefer to eat at home, but when they dine out they shun expensive restaurants in favor of cafes, which are usually filled with customers eating potato cakes, spinach pies and snitzel, and washing the meal down with beer, cognac or wine. Most food stores in Tirana are in need of both repairs and something to sell. Candy stores have a limited and expensive selection. Vegetables are available daily in piles of wooden crates, but the type depends on what arrived from the countryside on that day. Fishmongers, butchers and poultry stores stay closed until a shipment is brought in. Two pounds of meat can cost over a day's wages, but bread and vegetables are inexpensive.

Life is a little harder outside the capital. At an apartment complex for workers in the coastal city of Sarande, shabbily dressed residents could be seen staring from the windows of the drab brick buildings. A woman chopped wood for her stove – many of the apartments have neither running water nor central heating – while another did her laundry at an outside tap in the midst of a torrential downpour. Children waited in line to fill plastic containers with water.

Despite the shortages and rugged life, most people are remarkably fit. It is rare to see an overweight Albanian. What a visitor will never see is an Albanian with a beard. All Albanian men are clean-shaven. "We consider beards as *zenomania* and discourage them," one official said. But bearded foreigners are no longer asked to shave



*Lining up for water at a workers' estate*

at the border, as they once were.

When Albania in 1961 became the first member of the Warsaw Pact to expel the Soviet military, Moscow lost the only permanent Mediterranean naval base it ever had. The tearing down of the Soviet flag from the strategic port of Valona, or "Avlona" as it is also known, came at a time when the Soviet Navy was judged to be little more than a coastal defense force. But as Soviet naval strength has grown, making it a serious rival to the U.S. Navy, Moscow has increased its overtures to Albania in the hope of regaining access to Valona – and in effect changing the whole balance of power in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Moscow has repeatedly tried to inch its way to closer relations with its erstwhile ally. These efforts were intensified after the death of Hoxha in 1985. The Soviet Communist Party daily

*Pravda* described in 1985 the present coolness in relations with Tirana as "abnormal", saying the "Soviet Union unswervingly confirms its readiness to regularize relations" with Albania. In a long article marking the 41st anniversary of Albania's liberation from Nazi Germany, *Pravda* recalled the warm spirit of cooperation between the two countries in the 1950s. Similar articles have appeared regularly in the Soviet press since then, in the hope that new Albanian leader Alia will soften his stance.

So far, Albania has resisted all such attempts to woo it out of its shell and back into the Warsaw Pact. "This is precisely our nightmare," said a West European diplomat in Tirana. "If the Soviets ever regained access to Valona, they would have the permanent, shore-based facilities they have historically always sought, together with the fire-



*Schoolchildren in Tirana's central square, devoid of cars*



A tiny hair salon in Sarande

power to make the whole exercise worthwhile."

While the U.S. Sixth Fleet enjoys secure naval ports at Souda Bay on Crete and in the Italian port of Naples, the Soviets have had to rely on unprotected shallow water anchorages to supply their Mediterranean squadron in international waters near Kythera and Northern Cyprus.

At present there seems little likelihood that the uniquely Stalinist and isolationist brand of communism promulgated by Alia will change. Albania is as consistent in stubbornly refusing to establish ties with the United States as it is with the Soviet Union, attacking Moscow as "social-imperialist". Tirana strongly condemned Moscow's 1968 intervention in Czechoslovakia, and this year repeated that it was willing to fight

by the side of any Balkan nation the Soviets "dared to attack" – a reference to a possible Soviet attack on Yugoslavia, which since Tito's break with Moscow in 1949 has followed a non-aligned policy.

And as a guardian of Hoxha's ideology, Alia seems unlikely to turn to the Soviets for economic or any other form of aid. In policy-making speeches at the Ninth Congress of the Albanian Communist Party (now known as the Albanian Worker's Party) last November, Alia almost ignored Eastern Europe and pointed to the advantages of increasing trade links between his country's isolationist economy and the West.

Fantos, a 32-year-old professor of Marxist philosophy, rushed into the

best restaurant in town recently, poured himself a glass of wine and apologized for being in such a hurry.

"I'm expecting a Canadian friend, so I can't stay too long," he explained in English as he sat down near a table where waiters in white jackets and black ties were serving boiled beef, potatoes and cabbage to a group of government officials from nearby Stalin City.

In a country where the communist regime discourages unofficial contacts with foreigners, Fantos' casual and public remarks, and even my presence, were surprising. But the meeting, and the greeting in English – a language virtually unknown in Albania not long ago – were indications of how the country has begun to open up to the rest of the world.

"Hoxha succeeded in creating an industrial proletariat and an educated intelligentsia, where before there were just peasants and literally one or two graduates from foreign universities," said a French diplomat, whose country is one of the few Western nations to maintain an embassy in the Albanian capital. "But this younger generation – now the majority of the population because of the country's high birth rate – is restless. It seeks a better life with consumer goods and contact with the outside world."

There is an eagerness among young people to learn about the life outside their borders. Foreign television broadcasts, for example, are so much in demand that some viewers construct antennas out of forks and knives.

"Young professionals, party bureaucrats and technocrats – influenced not only by tourists, foreign television and radio but also by their own country's rising standard of living – are demanding greater emphasis by state planners on consumer goods and openness," said a frequent Western visitor.

Albania's isolation is a centuries-old policy adopted in an attempt to survive in a predominantly Slav area in the southwest Balkans. British traveler Robert Curzon, in his 1834 book *Journey to Albania*, complained he could "get no information respecting Albania at Corfu (barely five miles distant) though the high mountains of Epirus seemed almost to overhang the island. No one knew anything about it." Even King Zog, Albania's last monarch, who ruled the small mountainous country until 1939, preferred limited contacts with the rest of the world. After a long history of Roman, Byzantine and Turkish domination, Albania since World



Students in Tirana Square

War II. has had to fend off takeover attempts by Yugoslavia, its neighbor to the north and east, and border disputes with Greece, to the south.

Antagonism is particularly strong toward the United States, which has no diplomatic ties with Albania. The hostility stems partly from a 1948 British-American attempt to infiltrate anti-communist Albanian exiles into the country in hopes of toppling Hoxha's fledgling government and ultimately sparking anti-Soviet uprisings across Eastern Europe. The plan was thwarted by British master spy Kim Philby, who betrayed the agents to the Soviets.

The price of isolation, however, has been high, and while proud Albanian officials publicly praise their economic and social achievements, they privately concede that contacts with the outside world can help their economy. Oil industry sources say Albania needs Western technology to boost production. The oil fields are the most profitable sector of Albania's economy, and experts say more oil must be pumped to sustain the vitally needed economic growth rates that would lead to production of basic consumer goods. Italy has opened negotiations on a plan to provide the technology in a joint project that could double the country's exports, estimated at 2 million tons a year, industry sources said. Greece has usually marketed Albanian coal and oil products to Western markets.

Only a few hundred Westerners were allowed into the country in 1983. Officials say about 5,000 Westerners — most of them Greeks and all of them entering as part of government delegations or tightly controlled tourist groups — are expected to visit Albania this year. But no Americans, Israelis, Soviets or South Africans will be admitted.

A member of a Hungarian trade delegation said Alia was using foreign trade to boost his economy rather than risking political and social reforms at home. Under Alia, Albania has agreed for the first time to establish a rail link between the northern city of Shkoder and Titograd, Yugoslavia. Two border crossings have opened between Greece and Albania, and a ferry link between the southern city of Sarande and the island of Corfu is being negotiated. Trade with Eastern Europe, especially Czechoslovakia, which helps excavate Albanian coal and valuable mineral reserves, is also steadily increasing. In a country where the size of the grain harvest and the garlic crop are consi-



*Girls carrying firewood in the town of Sarande*

dered state secrets, it is difficult to assess Albania's progress. But some results are beginning to show.

"People in Albania today are better dressed than they were five years ago, and their shops have more consumer goods," said one Western diplomat as he sat in one of the two bars in the capital where foreigners are welcome. "These are the tangible benefits of trading with the West that the growing communist middle class of Albania wants to see improved."

Albania sees fewer benefits in renewing political ties outside its borders. Hoxha broke off relations with the Soviet Union in 1961 after Nikita Khrushchev called on Albania and other Eastern European countries to abandon Stalinism. He froze relations with Chi-

na in 1978 after the death of his friend Mao Tse-Tung to protest China's decision to establish diplomatic relations with the United States and begin considering reforms.

In its bid for economic development, Albania has maintained relations with Soviet client states like Vietnam and Warsaw Pact nations. The rejection of ties with the Soviets and the Chinese, however, could threaten growth and spark discontent among Albanians with rising expectations.

"Their demands can only be met by increasing productivity," predicted one Westerner. "This means replacing antiquated Soviet and Chinese equipment with new spare parts — and the only way to do that without any political strings attached is to open up to the West." □



*Corfu, as seen from the Albanian coast*

# Light, shadows and dreams

The Karaghiozi shadow theatre arrived in Greece in the 19th century, and has enchanted audiences ever since

by Susan Zannos

Ask anyone who grew up in Greece about Karaghiozi and his face will light up and the reminiscences tumble out: "A man would drive through the streets with a loudspeaker saying that there would be a Karaghiozi performance, and we'd run and ask, 'Can we go, can we go?'...It would be at the movie theatre...Mom would say, 'Yes, if you get your lessons done'...I remember the one about Alexander the Great and the snake..."

The traditions of the Karaghiozi shadow theatre combine highly stylized characters and plots – or plot, to be more accurate – with freewheeling im-



*Stavrakes the Piraeus tough guy*

provisations and historical and logical anarchy. This curious mixture is somehow just right for presenting the small triumphs and greater disasters of the central character and hero, Karaghiozi.

This misshapen, irrepressible survivor of life's vicissitudes has been ill-treated by both nature and society. Short, hunchbacked, with a big nose and one arm three times longer than the other, Karaghiozi's consuming preoccupation is his prodigious hunger and his constant struggle to satisfy it. His efforts to get food, or the money with which to buy food, lead him to attempt any ruse, any impersonation, any profession that might present itself in the guise of an opportunity for a free meal. The single basic plot is simple: pressed by his poverty and hunger, Karaghiozi devises a scheme in which he pretends to some expertise (a baker, a sea captain, a pilot, a doctor...) and undertakes some complicated adventure. He overcomes many obstacles with his shrewd intelligence, only to be exposed at last and harshly dealt with by the legitimate practitioners of whatever field of specialized knowledge he is invading.

Many social historians see cultural implications in the broad outlines of this conflict. It has been suggested that Karaghiozi, as he evolved in the opening years of this century, is a portrait of the Greek people, and his struggles are a reflection of the conflict between cultural traditions and the values of an upper class that was becoming quickly Europeanized.

"It is the story of an outsider making desperate attempts to become assimilated into a world structured on concepts he neither relates to nor understands," wrote one scholar. "Could it be that we are dealing with the unwritten history of the Greek masses of the turn of the century abruptly finding themselves in a superficially Westernized state and feeling like clumsy impersonators in their efforts to conform to the laws, customs, values, fashions and political structures imported wholesale from the bourgeois civilizations of Western Europe with total disregard to local traditions?"

Well, I don't know. One could easily imagine Karaghiozi saying something like that while impersonating an emi-



*Byzantine Empresses Theodora and Eleni*

nent professor of social anthropology in order to get a free meal at the conference banquet.

A descendant of the ancient shadow theatre of the orient, the Karaghiozi theatre arrived in Greece in the 19th century differing little from its Turkish prototype. It can hardly be seen as a foreign import, however, since its origins in folk art go back for centuries in the traditions of the mixed peoples of the Ottoman and Byzantine Empires before it. The transformation of the central character from the handsome and witty Turkish Karagoz (black eyes) to the ill-favored but resourceful Greek Karaghiozi evidently occurred during the second half of the 19th century, but the plays and the puppets of that time are lost. Whatever the details of the gradual evolution of the characters might have been, however, the puppet masters who took up the art after the First World War had fixed types to work with.

The Karaghiozi players stand behind a canvas screen, and behind the lights which illuminate the screen from below. With long slender sticks they manipulate the flat puppets which are made of leather or cardboard. The puppet figures are jointed at the waist, and in some cases in the arms and legs, with perforations into which the sticks are fixed with metal clips. The puppets are painted on both sides so they can be flipped over and moved in the opposite direction if the action calls for it.

As the puppets go through their antics on the screen, the players pro-



vide the voices as well as the movements. The traditional Karaghiozi characters now include figures that were the creations of individual puppet masters responding to their observations of Greek society. The popular villager-puppet Barbarghiorgos was being used in the Peloponnese by a player called Mimaros around the beginning of the century. The tough-guy puppet Stavakes originated with Yannis Moros in Piraeus, and the dandified city-dwelling puppet Morfonios was the creation of Antonis Mollas in Athens.

While Karaghiozi was devising his nightly stratagems for getting a meal before eager audiences all over Greece, the Karaghiozi players were devising stratagems of their own to deal with the crisis in their profession caused by the coming of cinema. As one of the puppet masters of the '20s wrote, "A monster has come to us from America."

In the '20s and '30s, the Association of Karaghiozi Players had more than 120 members. In the neighborhoods of Athens and Piraeus thousands saw performances every night. In the provinces the touring shadow theatre groups came for the village feasts, for the olive harvests and the grape harvests. But everywhere they went, the Karaghiozi players were plagued by their rival for the public's patronage, the movies. In their struggle for survival, the players drew upon all their inventiveness, recruited popular writers, musicians and painters, and stole projection techniques from their enemy.

More important, the Karaghiozi players began to improvise like stand-up comics, taking their subject matter from the news of the day, from the events of the world and the doings of the village they found themselves in. In order to deal with the challenges that their new topical subject matter dealt with, they experimented with realistic special effects, such as smoke rising above the screen after canons were

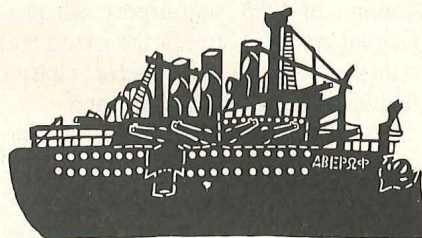
fired, or the smell of food cooking if a meal was being prepared.

But to say that the Karaghiozi players developed new figures drawn from their audiences, turned to topical subject matter and created new techniques is definitely not to say that they abandoned the older traditions. Far from it. The Turkish sultans and pashas are familiar figures – indeed the sultan's palace is always at one end of the canvas screen, just as Karaghiozi's shack (in its original condition except for the occasional addition of a TV antenna) is at the other end. These representations of the two dwellings provide constant reminders of the conflict between privilege and poverty.

And of course there are figures representing the great warriors and chieftains of the Greek Revolution, since patriotic themes abound in the plays. And there are figures representing saints. And Byzantine Emperors. And German U-boat captains. And mythological beasts. And Alexander the Great. The audience is not at all surprised to find the hungry Karaghiozi, eager for the reward offered by the



*Working the puppets*



*A shadow version of the battleship Averof*

Turkish sultan to anyone who can kill the dreaded serpent, assisting Alexander as he dispatches the huge snake.

History and logic have collapsed completely into the imagery of popular imagination. Dragons and motorcyclists, battleships and tiny figures representing dreams are united in a single visual context. They say that one contemporary Karaghiozi player, Thanassis Spyropoulos, even "put God Himself on the screen", a feat accomplished with a 1,000 watt bulb that first nearly blinded the audience and then was narrowed to a point with a funnel. The bright beam travelled slowly upward to heaven.

Spyropoulos is not only one of the great artists and performers of the Karaghiozi shadow theatre, but also one of its dedicated historians. His collection of drawings and scenery represents over 30 years of efforts. He is a major performer in the ERT-2 production of Stavros Paravas' *Kollytyria*. This television program for children is based on the shadow theatre and its traditions and is seen on Saturday afternoons.

Performances of Karaghiozi's endlessly inventive plots are presented in Plaka during the summer. The Haridyamos Shadow Theatre is located near the foot of the Acropolis in Lysikratou Square at the corner of Vironos and Epimenidou Streets. □



*Karaghiozi*



*shadow motocyclist*



*Three young horsemen*

# A marriage of old and new on Naxos

This largest of the Cycladic islands is at last stepping out of the shadow of its better-known neighbors

by Steve Kokkoros

**N**axos, with an area of some 550 square kilometres, is easily the largest of Greece's 39 Cycladic islands. Yet despite its size, Naxos remains something of a mystery when compared to such well-known neighbors as Santorini and Mykonos.

This may not be the case for much longer, however, as the island's first airport nears completion on the outskirts of the capital of Naxos Town – or Hora, as it is locally known – on the west coast. Scheduled to open in the summer of 1988, the airport will provide an air link between the island and Athens, as well as receive charter flights from throughout Europe.

Its relative obscurity thus far has enabled Naxos to preserve much of its traditional identity, while at the same time create a solid tourism infrastructure. This marriage between old and

new ways of life is demonstrated by the main road that divides Naxos Town in two towards the south.

On the right, near Aghios Georgios Beach, is the new town, where most of the hotels and pensions are concentrated. On the left is the old town, where the harbor is located, as well as most commercial and residential properties.

The harbor is lined with numerous shops, including several cafeterias, bars, restaurants, banks and travel agencies. It is the main gathering area for both locals and tourists. A tiny white church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, sits on a microscopic islet in front of the harbor, tucked away among colorful fishing vessels. The harbor is also an ideal spot from which to view a dazzling orange-and-pink-hued sunset.

Like Crete, Naxos is agriculturally self-sufficient. It is a producer and exporter of wine, olive oil, meat, potatoes, milk and cheese, to name but a few items. For the visitor, this means that food served in restaurants is usually fresh and reasonably priced. In contrast, restaurants on islands such as Santorini and Mykonos have to import much of their food, thus its freshness (and cost) are often questionable.

The top seafood restaurant in Naxos is O Nikos, which is located above the Commercial Bank of Greece, along the harbor of Naxos Town. The fare, which owner Nick Katsayianis brings in daily from his own boats, is broiled on a

backyard patio grill by chef Angelos Laskaris, who has 35 years of Greek and international cooking experience. Red snapper is the specialty of the house; although somewhat expensive (about 3,000 drachmas a kilo), it is well worth it.

Gregory's, which is also located along the harbor, is an inexpensive local favorite for traditional Greek cooking. All salads are priced under 200 drachmas, moussaka is 265 drachmas, and potatoes just 50 drachmas, for example. Customers receive a complementary glass of ouzo before their meal, as well as a choice of four items (banana liqueur, coffee, cake or ice cream) afterwards.

Originally settled by the Thracians, Naxos has seen a number of rulers over its rich 6,000-year history. They include Cretans, Ionians, Romans, Byzantines, Venetians, Turks, and even the Russians for a brief period during the 18th century. The island became united with Greece in 1832, following the 1821 War of Independence.

According to mythology, Naxos is the island where Theseus, on his way back to Athens, abandoned the Cretan Princess Ariadne after she had helped him slay the Minotaur. There are two competing sequels to this story. The generally accepted one is that Ariadne later married the god of wine, Dionysos, who was native to the island. The second, more spectacular, is that Ariadne fell to her death from a cliff in her grief over the loss of Theseus.

A marble gate and some blocks, located on the islet where Ariadne's palace was supposedly situated, are all that remain of the never-completed Temple of Dionysos (some say Apollo), which was begun around 530 B.C. A causeway connects the islet to the harbor of Naxos Town.

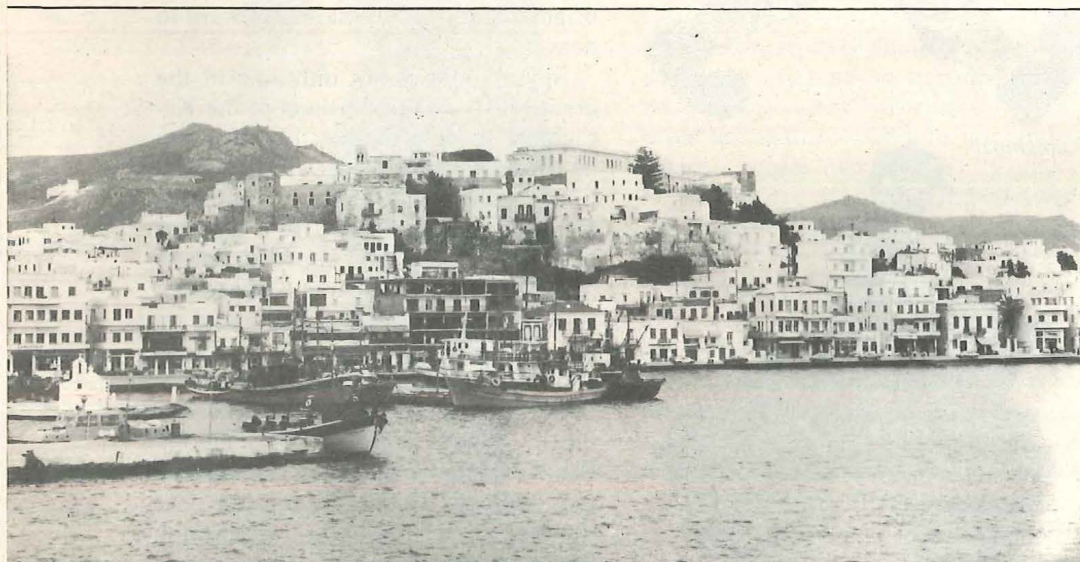
No one guards the temple, reflecting the relaxed atmosphere that prevails throughout this island of 18,000. In Naxos Town (population 5,000), many children play on the streets well into the night, and some of the inhabitants still leave keys in their doorways.

In the sprouting beach resort of Apollon, located on the northwest coast (54 km from Naxos Town), lies a 10.5-metre-long kouros (male statue) from the 7th century B.C. Another giant kouros can be found in the village of Melanes, about 4 km inland from Naxos Town.

In 1207, the Venetian adventurer



*A view of Naxos Town*



*The harbor, lined with shops and restaurants*

Marco Sanudo took over Naxos from the Byzantines and established the Duchy of Naxos. The Duchy lasted until 1566, when the Turks took over the island.

Only a tower and a few walls remain of the 13th century ducal palace which overlooked old Naxos Town, though well-preserved Venetian coats-of-arms still adorn several of the dwellings that housed the Venetian lords.

The interior of the old town is an interesting blend of Venetian and Cycladic architectural styles. Leading up to the castle are narrow, twisting lanes and arched porticoes, above which old white-walled houses with baronial doorways are situated. Within this maze, which is a sheer delight to explore, one will come across out-of-the-way tavernas, handicraft and jewelry shops, and more.

Located a few metres from the castle is the island's archaeological museum, which is open every day but Tuesday. The museum contains a small but impressive collection of glassware from the 3rd century A.D., as well as Cycladic figurines of the 3rd millennium B.C. Admission is 200 drachmas for foreigners, 100 drachmas for students. Greek citizens enter free.

Byzantine churches are also to be found in and around Naxos Town. The central village of Halki (18 km away) is home to several, such as the 12th-century Church of Panaghia Proto thronos. There are also medieval and ancient ruins to see, though Halki, with its white-walled houses set in a green valley, is worth visiting for its scenic beauty alone.

There are about 20 beaches scattered around Naxos, most of which are on the west coast and to the south of Naxos Town. Aghios Georgios, a long and unexceptional sand beach, is closest to town. A 40-minute walk (or short cab ride) southward along this beach will lead one to Aghios Prokopios, a crystal-clear, crushed rock beach, considered one of the best on the island.

Accommodation on Naxos is fairly inexpensive compared to other Greek islands. A single or double room with bath in a pension rents for about 1,000 drachmas a night in the summer. Bed and breakfast hotel rates during the summer range from about 1,400 to 3,000 drachmas a night for a single room, 2,600 to 4,800 drachmas a night for a double, with bath, based on double occupancy. Municipal and VAT taxes are included in these rates. □

There are about 60 hotels on the island. The best known is the Ariadne, which is located at the edge of Naxos Town's harbor. The Ariadne is owned and managed by Despina Kitini, a tall, witty brunette who likes to refer to herself as a "real Greek". Its 24 rooms (half with baths) rent for about 4,000 drachmas a night during the summer, based on double occupancy. For single travellers, there is a 20 percent discount. Kitini also runs the Tourist Information Center in Naxos Town's harbor.

Half-day boat excursions are available from the harbor to Santorini on Wednesdays, and to Mykonos/Delos on Thursdays. The cost is 3,000 drachmas and 2,000 drachmas, respectively. Tickets can be purchased from most of the travel agencies in town. Ferries also depart daily from Naxos Town to these and other Cycladic islands, and there is a twice-weekly service to Crete (voyage length about four hours).

Definitely worth its 800 drachmas cost is the six-hour roundtrip bus tour from Naxos Town to Apollon. The tour stops at several villages along the way, including Halki. KTEL, a group of private bus companies, operates an inexpensive bus network between Naxos Town and major villages. For those who might prefer to explore the island on their own, bicycles, motorbikes, jeeps, dune buggies and yachts can be rented in Naxos Town. There are also several campgrounds on the island.

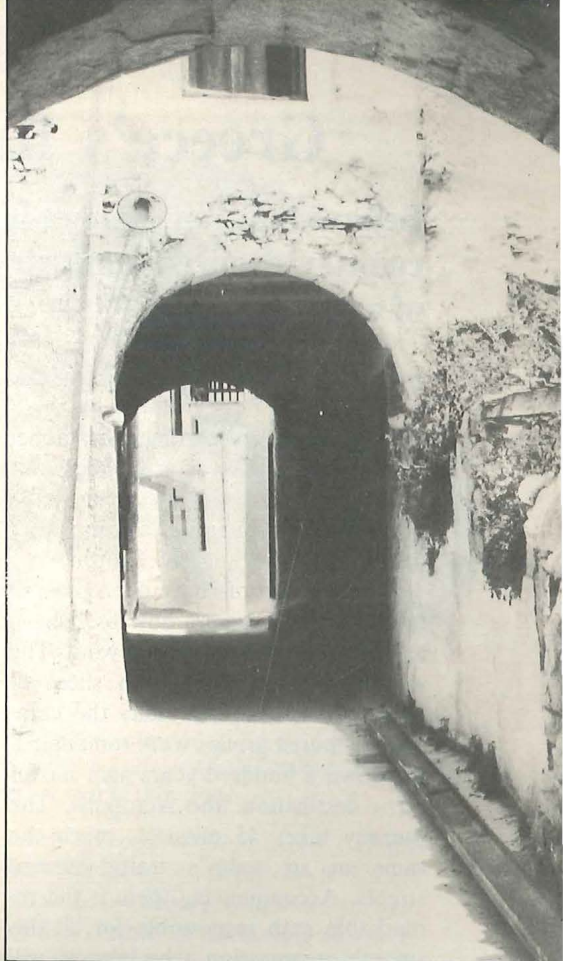
Ferries from Athens to Naxos depart daily from Piraeus, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from Rafina. The voyage from Piraeus takes about eight hours and costs from 1,272 drachmas (C class); from Rafina it takes about seven hours and costs from 1,040 drachmas (C class).

#### Major local festivals:

**July 14:** A religious procession is followed by a festival in honor of St. Nikodimos, in Naxos Town. Folk dances, songs and several presentations are featured.

**Dionysia:** This festival, whose roots go back to the paganistic cult of Dionysos, takes place during the first week in August. It features folk dances, local residents in traditional costumes, popular concerts and local food. Some food and local wine are provided free.

**August 15:** In honor of the Assumption of the Virgin, festivals will take place in several villages throughout central Naxos, with the most attractive one being held in Filoti (3 km from Halki). □



*Twisting lanes and arched porticoes are a delight to explore*



*An old tower is all that remains of a 13th century palace*

# Greece's first professional tourist guide

**Believe it or not, a mere hundred years ago the country's tourism industry rested solely in the hands of a single entrepreneur**

by J.M. Thursby

**H**orse-drawn carriages festooned with flowers or artichokes wait patiently in the warm spring sunshine to escort the aristocratic yachting party approaching the quay at Faliron.

Strict instructions have been given to the uniformed drivers how to behave and not to spit in a head-on wind. The visitors are welcomed with slices of watermelon, and eventually the caravan, as tourist groups were romantically known a hundred years ago, moves off – destination: the Acropolis. The journey takes 45 minutes, much the same as in today's traffic-jammed streets. Accompanying them is the remarkable man responsible for all this smooth organization, who later on will personally introduce the group to the glories of the Parthenon.

When Panayiotti Ghiolman set himself up as Greece's first truly professional guide in the latter half of the 19th century, he was unaware that he had quietly revolutionized tourism in the region. Greece then – as now – was a fashionable destination for travellers. But apart from the services of a "dragonman" – a local who acted as an interpreter – tourists had to pretty much fend for themselves, often in isolated



*Panayiotti Ghiolman (center) escorts a party of turn-of-the-century tourists*

and sometimes dangerous countryside (bandits were still active then). This lack was noticed by the talented young Cephalonian working with Thomas Cook Tours in London. With great foresight he decided to remedy the situation.

Ghiolman's business affairs were conducted informally in the Petite Palace Hotel, now the Grande Bretagne. Acting as ship's chandler, agent, escort and guide all rolled into one, he organized supplies, trips to the main archaeological sites, explained in de-

tail, arranged accommodation and transport, and threw together impromptu dinners. Spinsters and widows no longer feared to explore the more remote classical remains and placed themselves entirely in his care. Princes, lords, business magnates and classic professors all respected his advice and knowledge, and many left glowing testimonies to his character and abilities. His new career flourished.

In 1902 Ghiolman and his brother Michael opened Greece's first travel agency in Syntagma. They amazed the local businessmen by installing not one but two telephones, which had the numbers 32 and 33. Today, just across the square, the family company continues to thrive on more than triple that number.

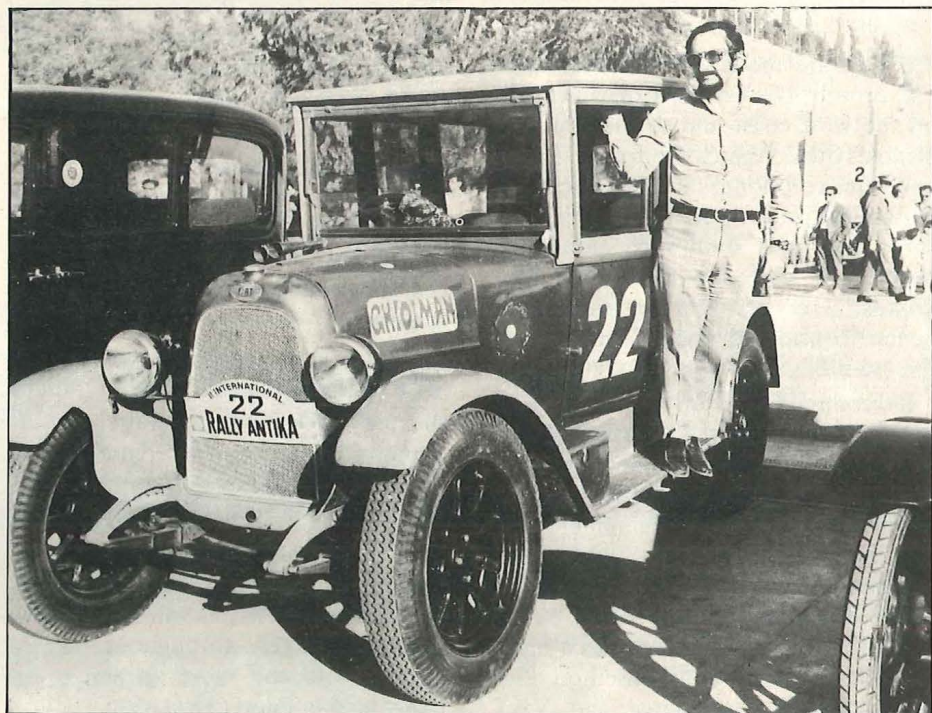
Innovation was their trademark. The brothers printed the country's first travel posters and brochure giving advice and listing excursions. A tour by carriage to Sounion, for example, took three days. There were no restaurants or hotels; passengers slept in large tents and all supplies had to be arranged beforehand. Many journeys were made by rail to the nearest station on the route, where carriages or mules were waiting for further transport. With infinite resourcefulness groups were

## GHIOLMAS

### AND THE TOURS IN GREECE

Mr. P. S. GHIOLMAS a thoroughly informed courier of Athens, well known to the majority of English and American travellers in Greece, is ready to accompany those tourists who may wish to enjoy a visit to the interior of this most beautiful country; a country famed the world over for its magnificent archaeological monuments and its historical relics. Besides having a good command of English, being versed in Greek mythology and capable of explaining, circumstantially, those ancient works, so greatly admired, he is able to procure every necessary for a journey, either long or short. He has, also, a good stock of those things required for the comfort of the traveller, which should include even provisions for the cook. This is important, travelling in the interior of Greece independently still being attended with difficulties, the accommodations being of the scantiest and the houses, in many cases, unfit for the reception of English or American travellers. He likewise has an intimate acquaintance with the many islands of Greece, due to his having acted as guide on the yachts of some of the most distinguished English and American travellers. In corroboration of these statements Mr. Ghiolmas has the pleasure of submitting the following testimonials, and referring to the travellers whose names are appended.

*Original testimonial*



*The younger Michael Ghiolman with a vintage car at a rally he helped organise*



Panayioti Ghiolman in military dress

accommodated in hotels when possible, or in hostels and private homes. The rich travelled by car, followed by a van carrying supplies and equipment to deal with floods, swollen rivers, rock falls, broken wheels or any other disaster which might present itself. Athens in those days sported only three cars, and one of them, terrorizing unsuspecting pedestrians, was driven by Coco, the wife of Panayioti and first woman in Greece known to sit behind a wheel.

Business in many ways was simpler before the introduction of telex bookings, traveller's checks and credit cards. Visitors paid in British gold sovereigns, gold florins or silver dollars. Unbelievably, in these days of gun-toting security guards, large sums of money were kept in small leather bags, name-tagged for each client, in a rolltop desk in their office. Expenses were paid out every evening. Anything left over was profit and was placed in a small chest to be shared between the brothers.

As time passed, the first tourist association was formed. Ghiolman was naturally chosen as president. It functioned at first mainly to standardize the postal service, and in a short time deliveries were organized three times a week to and from Europe and every 15 days for America. The brothers were agents for all main shipping lines, such as P & O and Cunard, and were the first to introduce coach tours. One of the coaches still survives, along with two vintage cars, which are often rented out to film or advertising companies. Later on, even the newly created airlines initially handled bookings in the Ghiolman office.

**M**ichael Ghiolman, the present managing director, grandson and



A van specially designed by the elder Michael Ghiolman, an ardent animal lover, for rounding up stray dogs, after which he nursed them back to health and released to new homes. The van doubled for transporting supplies and equipment on tourist excursions.

namesake of the founder, embodies the family's innovative flair. His first-floor office at 7 Filellinon, full of mementos, V.I.P. photographs and diplomas, is the epicenter of his diverse whirlwind activities. He appears to live in permanent top gear. An avid sportsman who has organized windsurfing and speedboat competitions, and everything else from airplane rallies to dog shows, he says he thrives on the unusual. "We make the impossible possible," Ghiolman says with enthusiasm.

Film directors, photographers of marine wildlife, artists, advertising managers and writers all know he is their man for out-of-the-ordinary arrangements. Added to his running a travel agency, which also specializes in yacht chartering, he acts as consul for Togo and, until very recently, Malta.

Between running to lectures, conferences or meetings, dealing with a non-stop flow of clients and speaking on

three phones simultaneously, Ghiolman is a hard man to pin down. Should he settle for even five minutes though, he has a mine of fascinating stories to tell. His family personified early tourism in Greece. Nowadays they must compete with innumerable other agencies, both national and international, in a fast and changing business. But Ghiolman takes the competition in his stride. "I'm lucky," he says, "my grandfather put me a hundred years ahead." □



The Ghiolman Brothers' original coaches

HERMES OF PRAXITELES

**OLYMPIA**

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# S.O.S. for a temple of dance

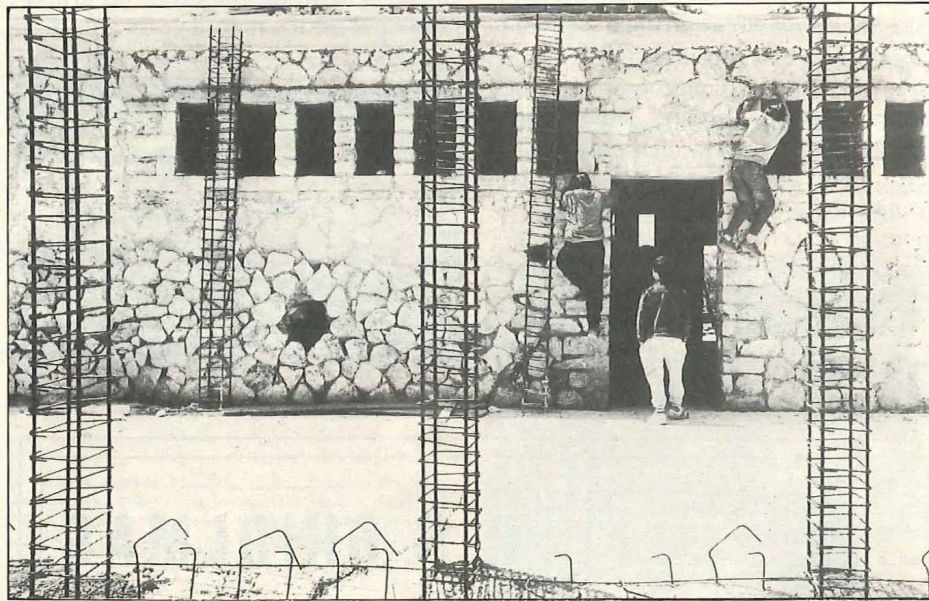
After decades of neglect, Isadora Duncan's old house on the slopes of Hymettos is now threatened by shoddy renovation

by Jenny Colebourne

The Organization of Dance (*Somateion horou kai rythmikis*) is protesting the renovation of the Isadora Duncan house in Athens. It is located on the corner of Kallipoleos and Alatsaton streets near the Church of Peter and Paul in the district of Vyron.

The Ministry of Culture has given the Vyron Municipal Council permission to restore the structure, which has been derelict for some time. It is, however, being reinforced with concrete pillars which obstruct some of the doors and windows.

When the Organization of Dance protested to the ministry, officials replied that the matter was no longer in their hands. Although the renovation completely destroys the original character of the building, the ministry is reluctant to interfere with the plans of local authorities.



The restoration: A state of disrepair

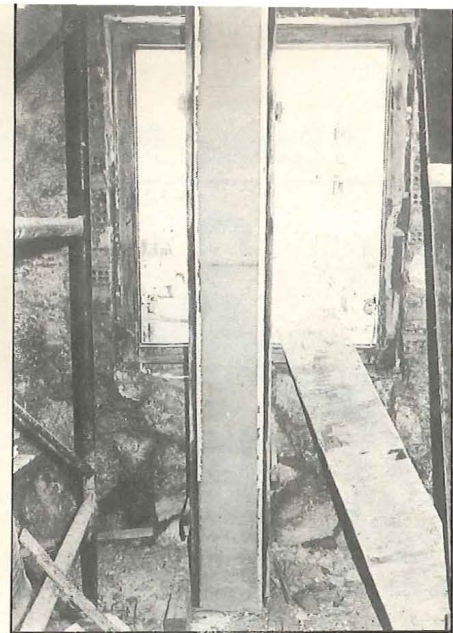
While the council says it plans to use the house as a center for dance, the renovation as it now proceeds will create a space that will be totally unsuitable for dance in any form.

Isadora Duncan first came to Athens in 1903 accompanied by her mother, her brothers – Raymond and Augustin – and her sister Elizabeth. This pilgrimage, “to the very holiest shrine of art, our beloved Athens”, was a project long cherished by the Duncans. “Upon

viewing the Parthenon, it seemed to us that we had reached the pinnacle of perfection,” Isadora wrote in her autobiography. “Therefore we decided that the Clan Duncan should remain in Athens eternally, and there build a temple that should be characteristic of us... We explored Colonos, Phaleron and all the valleys of Attica, but could not find anything that was worthy of our Temple. Finally, one day in a walk toward Hymettos, where the beehives are, from which the famous honey comes, we crossed a rise in the ground, and Raymond suddenly laid his staff upon the ground and shouted, ‘Look, we are on the same level as the Acropolis...’ The barren hillock, known since ancient times as Kopanas, soon belonged to the Clan Duncan.”

They purchased 2,500 square metres of land which lay then more than two kilometres outside the city limits. Raymond designed the house from a drawing of Agamemnon's palace at

Mycenae which had been uncovered by Schliemann less than three decades earlier. The walls of the Duncans' temple – “The Palace of Agamemnon”, as they called it – were built of red stone from the foot of Mount Pendeli and were pierced by many small windows. These walls surrounded an inner courtyard which was open to the sky. Dance floors adorned the back and one side of the house. A large outdoor floor, although columned by a graceful row of



A pillar blocking a window

poplars, allowed the Duncans to dance at a level with the Parthenon. In the bright, clear air of Athens, with virtually no buildings visible between them and the Temple of Athena, they must have felt a spiritual communion which is no longer possible.

The romantic Duncans overlooked a few practical problems in their temple which they did not discover until after they had ritually consecrated the house in a ceremony that was a happy blend of pagan and Christian. With a priest in attendance, a black cock had been sacrificed and its blood sprinkled over the cornerstone, a practice which is to this day a common rite and the origins of which the Duncans rightly ascribed to antiquity.

They danced away the first evening at their temple, joined by their neighbors from the surrounding countryside, and paid homage to the gods with libations of ouzo. In the morning, however, they suffered a rude awakening with the discovery that there was no water in the area.

When Eva Palmer first arrived in Greece two years later, the Palace of Agamemnon had not much advanced. She was accompanying Raymond Duncan's Greek wife, Penelope Sikelianou whom she had met in Paris.

“We went straight to Kopanas,” she wrote. “That is, to the foundations of a house which had been started a few years before this by Isadora and the whole Duncan family, who called it the Palace of Agamemnon, but it looked more like the remains of a medieval fortress, standing as it does, about five miles from Athens, on the summit of one of the foothills of Hymettos. I found myself within a large rectangular space, bounded by a well-built stone wall about 10 feet high, with sky overhead, and nothing inside but a few lean-tos. These, on investigation



The 'Palace of Agamemnon'

proved to be one good-sized room with a nice fireplace and a number of cell-like rooms, each with a door on the court. And that was all. There was no well, and no house or store anywhere near. It was evening when we arrived, and they installed me in the large room which they considered the best. I spread a few blankets and lay down, but it was not pleasant because the last use of the room had evidently been as a sheep-fold. So I took my blankets into the open court and had my first experience of sleeping under the Greek stars. That alone was worth the journey."

It was several weeks later that Eva first met Penelope's brother, Angelos. He was 21 and still unknown as a poet. The meeting developed into one of the most celebrated romances of 20th century Greece, and a spiritual union which would culminate a quarter of a century later in the great Delphic Festivals of 1927 and 1930. Eva describes this momentous first encounter in the court of the Palace of Agamemnon:

"I had appropriated a small cell-like room near the entrance door of the outer enclosure. This room had nothing but a door and two iron-barred windows just below the roof, about half a yard wide and six inches high. These windows did not open, and were almost useless for giving light, because the outer walls of Agamemnon's Palace were thick enough to withstand the onslaught of a primitive siege-tower. The sunlight however streamed in through my open door, and when the great outer door was also open I could see the whole range of Hymettos.

"I first saw him standing in the blazing sunshine outside my door; but the darting reflections from parched earth and stone walls, usually hard and glittering, had suddenly concentrated in light which was not glittering at all. He seemed at home and at ease in the intense brightness, and even after he had walked through the strip of sunlight in the center of my room into the shadow of its edge, he seemed to retain the glow which at first had appeared to be merely the reflection of the sun in

his hair. He was quite pale and apparently cool, in spite of the intense heat in the courtyard and on the road outside.

"Before he came, I had thought that I knew his appearance well. But it was something like imagining the lines of Greek mountains before one has seen them, or the colors of a Greek sea."

Isadora returned to Greece seven times. In 1919 she persuaded five of her best students to meet her in Athens with the assurance that "we may yet found a school in Greece". In preparation for their coming she had a roof put on a second room of the temple on the slopes of Hymettos, installed doors and windows, and moved in a green carpet and a piano. During her stays in Athens over the years her house served frequently as a meeting place for distinguished people of the theatre.



Isadora Duncan

Isadora's final departure from Greece was precipitous. In honor of Prime Minister Eleftherios Venizelos, whom she greatly admired and regarded as "a second Pericles", Isadora had danced the *Marseillaise* in the streets of Athens. Venizelos put the huge Zappeion Exhibition Hall in downtown Athens at her disposal so that she could provide the modern festivals of Dionysos in Athens with a thousand dancers upon whom "the whole world will come to gaze with wonder and delight". Unfortunately, the Venizelos government fell in November 1920 and Isadora left Greece in fear that she would find herself politically undesirable. Her plan to establish a school of dance in Athens never materialized. It has been said that she had not abandoned the idea, however, and was hoping to return here at the time of her death.

In 1975, historian Wilson E. Strand described The Palace of Agamemnon in *The Athenian* as follows:

"Having visited the house three years ago, I carried with me on my return visit an unforgettable memory of its fabulous view of the Acropolis and Piraeus. Three years ago it had seemed already mournfully rundown and dilapidated, but today it has further deteriorated into little more than an empty shell. The ruins of a souvlaki grill and a Fix beer sign in the window indicate that it has been used as a taverna. Today the thick 'Mycenaean' walls with their narrow, raised windows still stand.

"But the spirit of Isadora," Strand added prophetically, "has vanished and the house appears to be in danger of being destroyed before it is saved. Even sadder, the most expressive of 20th century dancers, Isadora Duncan, is all but forgotten in Athens, the city she loved so much, whose essence she sought to capture in dance." □

*The Dance Organization is located at Paparrigopoulou 15, Platia Klafthmos; tel. 325-5391.*

# An island hopping adventure

## Last stop: Mykonos and Delos

by Trevor Evans

“Greek? Bah! On Mykonos now you can hardly hear Greek. Greek is almost a foreign language. There are so many bloody tourists they have ruined our town, our customs – and will soon kill our language!”

It was Kyria Phrosso, bemoaning the decline of Mykonos as an unspoiled island hideaway. She was sitting opposite us at breakfast, behind the bread, coffee and jam, her sulky fat face red with passion, her voice breaking half in anger, half in despair.

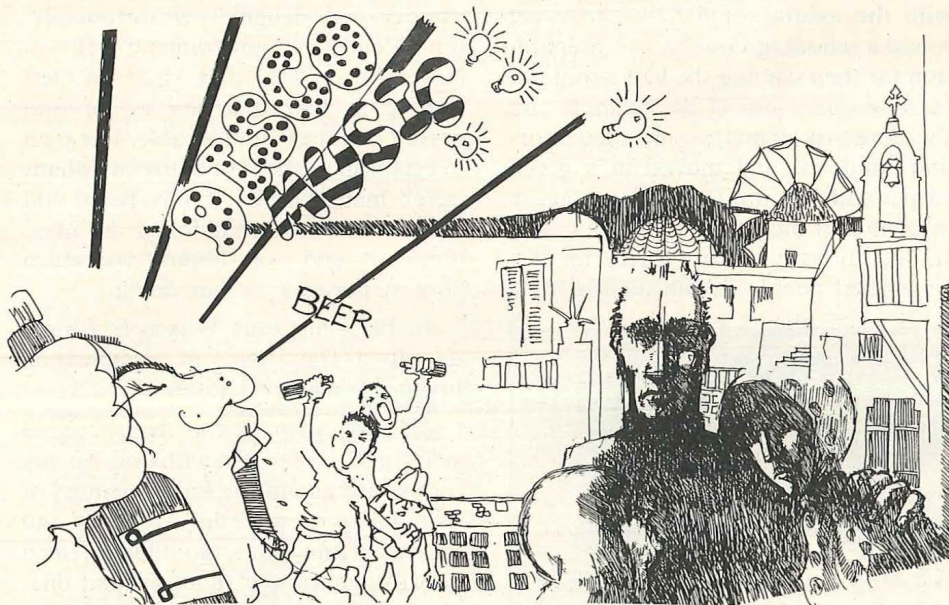
I stared blankly at my companion, and then looked round at Kyria Phrosso's handsome restaurant-bar, fitted out in quality polished pine, at the patterned floor mosaics, the dazzling white annex visible at the bottom of the

The price of water – *when you can get it* – has just gone up *again!*”

She screamed “again” so loudly I nearly fell off my chair, and Mustapha, her husband, who was sitting calmly behind the bar as usual, dragged his cap right down over his eyes as a sign that – in spirit anyway – he wasn't there.

“Oh, but the children suffer most, the children.” Slowly a big silver tear fell out of her left eye and rolled down her oily cheek. “Do you know my son refuses to finish his studies? He is twenty-five years old and thinks only of bad women and money. Always he comes to me for money ... No! To have all these people in Mykonos is *not* good.”

Perhaps not. We'd seen them. Thousands upon thousands of tourists clogging the narrow streets of the town like a colorful strain of cholesterol.



*'Are you Paradise or Hell?'*

garden through the open windows, the diamonds big as filberts flashing on her fingers ...Kyria Phrosso caught my eye and guessed my thoughts at once.

“Oh you know nothing,” she pouted, heaving her bosom forward to rest on the table like a sackful of melons. “You think these” – she waved the chunky diamonds under my nose as if they were a child's glass beads – “these are important? No. No! A happy life is what is important. With peace in the head. To me this business brings no peace, only problems problems problems. Do you know that life on this island is the hell on earth!” (I began to cringe. No stopping her now.) “At any moment you must expect they will cut off the bloody electricity. And water!

People from every land, people of every color and creed, of every moral and immoral disposition; perverts, young, old, rich, famous and the just plain ordinary; more and more pouring in year after year, until suddenly what had been a simple fishing village in the middle of nowhere became an international holiday center pulling in a worldwide clientele.

And the more people who crammed into the little town, the more extreme became the effect upon the town and its inhabitants. Signs of excess are everywhere. In Mykonos you will find the most obscene, the brashest, the kinkiest, the most drunk; some streets are made almost impassable by piles of merchandise heaped outside the shops

and by the hustlers hassling you to buy it; row upon row of gold shops filled with dazzling displays of jewelry – a king's ransom 10 times over – mock the ordinary tourist passing by. There is more greed, more shameless adoration of material wealth, more corruption of mind and body, more naked fleecing and milking of travellers in this town than anywhere else in Greece ... Kyria Phrosso's outburst had been a cry from the heart.

Yet in spite of it all, Mykonos is enchanting. Not for nothing is it known as “The Pure White Town”. To see Mykonos emerge into the light of dawn out of the darkness of a moonless night is to be present at the rebirth of a goddess, an Aphrodite, whose magic form remains fixed forever in the mind's eye. Traditionally, the Mykoniate women make the town white. As often as is needed and with tender care they whitewash the houses, the chapels, the flagstones of the twisting streets until they are whiter than snow, blinding as ski-slopes in the sun. The houses are cube-shaped and have flat roofs which are too hot to live on by day but serve as little patios by night to catch the coolness rising off the sea.

The whole town – houses, churches, streets and alleyways – is so completely fused together that one is tempted to say it is not just a town but a living breathing sculpture – a work of art.

The churches of Mykonos are of special interest – they'd have to be since there are nearly 400 of them. Most are white with dome or cupola-shaped roofs, sometimes painted blue or red. In some streets the chapels are as numerous as the houses. These tiny churches, many of them built by sailors in aquittal of a vow made during a moment of danger at sea, are poor, unadorned and in perfect harmony with the vision of those Mykoniates who built the town. Bare whitewashed walls, plain wood screens, old oil lamps – these are their simple trappings, treasures infused with a mystery and purity great cathedrals often miss.

By day the streets of Mykonos town are quiet. However, though it is a good time to browse through the empty shops, adventures can happen to you even on the quietest back street. Walking down to Alefandra early one morning we rounded the corner and came face to face with a hideous beast which, on seeing us, let out a horrible groan, opened its wings wide from wall to wall and hopped grotesquely towards us like a resurrected pterodactyl. Only the prompt intervention of its keeper, an



old sailor in navy blue shirt and cap, saved us from being swallowed alive by Petros the Pelican, the pride of Mykonos. On another occasion we came across Petros, who has been adopted as the island's mascot, down in the port. His keeper was playing hide and seek with him on a pair of boats. Every time the silly man disappeared behind an engine cowl or a convenient tarpaulin, poor Petros would flap his wings in despair, cry like a baby and run distractedly up and down the quay until his tormenter reappeared. But before you shed too many tears for Petros, know that he is a rogue and a villain; and that if – when you are eating lobster, red mullet or barbouni at an expensive restaurant in Little Venice – you allow him to creep up on you unawares – Bam! That was your lobster that was. Then look to the rest of your plate, because rascally old Petros will thief the lot. You have been warned.

Speaking of food, how does a hard-up island hopper survive in a town where everything is crippling expensive? Take your time and look around, you'll find little bars selling delicious *souvlakia*, *biftecia*, chips and other nourishing snacks as cheaply as anywhere in Greece. And for your sun-downers and happy hours, don't be afraid to go right to the heart of the



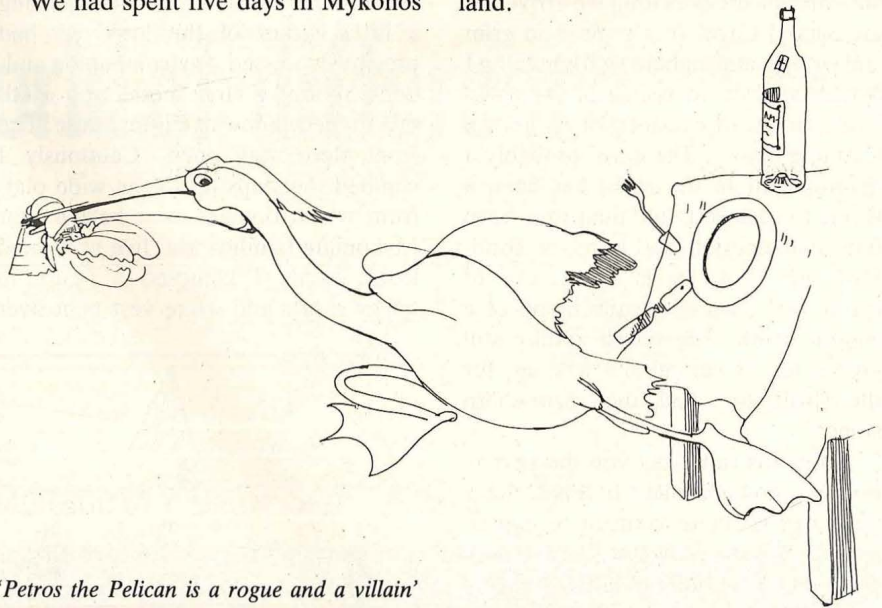
'The Mykoniate women make the town white'

*limani*. There you will find the *zacharoplasteia* "Amygdala" just in front of the "Sea and Sky" ticket agency. Order confidently your beer, your ouzo, your sweetmeats (the local almond cakes are excellent), coffee, Metaxa: prices are good, service is excellent and the view of the passing parade – the oddies, bums, freaks; the wealthy, the arrogant, the young, the famous and the beautiful – strolling before your eyes is unbeatable.

Which leads me to think of the other unbeatable view on Mykonos. Take the bus – the island bus service is very

efficient – to Paradise Beach and from there go by foot or boat on to Super Paradise Beach, and you will discover why most visitors to Mykonos make their way there sooner or later. It is the nudist capital of the Cyclades; an abomination to many Greeks, a lure to the prurient, a haven for the initiated, but always, always interesting. The day we visited, some wit had added a significant item to the sparse menu-card posted at the entrance to the little beach taverna. "Barbecued sausage", it said. "Ready any minute!" The joke sums up the mood. It's fun; it is a holiday; no more, no less.

We had spent five days in Mykonos



'Petros the Pelican is a rogue and a villain'

– five glorious days without a breath of wind. The happy hour arrived and we went to share it with Mustapha in the bar. Before I could order he slowly tipped up his cap, licked a curly whorl of his glorious moustache with the tip of his tongue and murmured softly.

"You think you want to go to Delos? ... Better go quick. Before the wind returns."

It was good advice. The island of Delos is totally exposed to the force of the Meltemi, and when it is blowing small boats dare not risk the passage. If it catches you on Delos you may find yourself spending a day or two on the island you hadn't bargained for – though don't let that worry you too much. There is a tourist pavilion there offering food and accommodation to the stranded voyager.

In ancient times Delos was renowned as the birthplace of Apollo. The myth goes that the goddess Leto was loved by Zeus and conceived twins. When her time drew near no island would receive her because Hera, Zeus' jealous wife, was in pursuit of Leto and had threatened vengeance upon anyone who sheltered her husband's latest

mistress. Leto, who was fleeing on the wings of the South wind found herself over Delos – "the wandering island", so called because it had drifted through the Aegean since time began. Zeus called out to his brother Poseidon for assistance. In a rare act of charity, the sea god anchored the island to the sea floor forever. After giving birth to Artemis on the neighboring islet of Rheneia, Leto crossed to Delos, where, in the shade of a date palm on the north side of Mount Cynthus, she gave birth to Apollo, god of light. The palm tree became sacred to Apollo and his worship was established on the island.

At six-thirty the next morning we were boarding the boat that would take us to the Sacred Island. We crossed a dead-calm sea watching a yellow sun change into a ball of acid light. As we approached Delos it struck us full in the eyes, dazzling and blinding until we could say there was no sea and no sky – only light, as if a living being had embraced us, as if the hand of the god of light himself had struck us.

We landed at the sacred port and made our way alone through the ruins of the ancient city to the top of Mt. Cynthus. In the clear morning light every column, every window, every sculptured stone in the city seemed as fresh and new as the day it was created. The withered grasses of summer burned bright as burnished gold through every hollow, every broken street and shattered cistern. North, south, east and west, clear, yet distant as figures in a dream, appeared the islands of the Cyclades that embrace Delos, heart and soul of the chain. There was Mykonos awakening in the east; Tinos, pin-sharp in the north; westwards the vague shapes of Seriphos, Kythnos, Zea and Syra; south the

great bulk of Naxos looming over Paros; and just opposite, close enough to touch, the bare granite slopes of Rheneia threatening tiny Hecate Island, trapped in the straits between us like a stranded dolphin.

Still, as we stared and stared, not a living thing moved upon the island. Our companions from the boat were lost to their own devices in other holy shrines. Fast as we dared then, we dropped down the sacred stairway that leads along the mountain – it is treacherous, broken, steep, a limb-breaker if you fall – to a point halfway down. There we climbed over rocks and through crevices until we arrived at the Sacred Cave. It is a place so grim and with an atmosphere so frightening I would not care to visit it in the dark. Ernle Bradford considers it to be “an alarming place”. The cave, probably a natural fault in the rock, has been a shrine to dark gods and their rites since time immemorial, and here, as Bradford says, “one feels the return of spring was ensured by the blood of a chosen youth. The rough granite still growls for its ceremonial wetting, for the shrill cry, and the razor-sharp stone.”

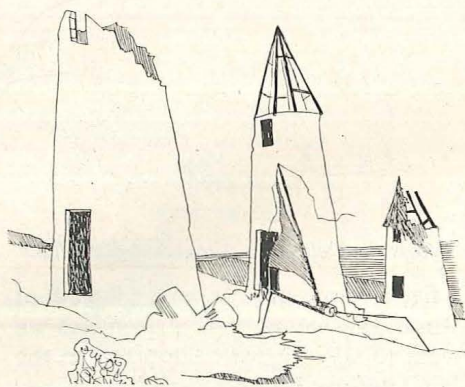
No words can bring you the perfection of mood and place that is Delos – you must go there yourself to experience it. If you take a certain reverence with you, you will come away with a memory of awe and wonder to treasure for a lifetime. Do not, at any rate, visit Delos in the frame of mind of a certain young Greek actress who recently acquired notoriety by posing half-naked on the back of one of the Sacred Lions. Let Bradford expose the degree of that exhibition of irreverence and bad taste: “Against a sky of blinding blue the lions shout into the wind. They are long-bodied, lean archaic lions, with a trace of panther in their ancestry – they are the guardians of the (sacred) shrine... They roar above the shining ridge ... and turn an indifferent stone eye upon the modern intruder.”

It is early afternoon and we are back in Mykonos. Our last day. The fascination of the lovely old town calls us in to explore one last time. We find ourselves again in Plateia Milon, and yet again we bemoan the changing times that have led to the decline of the Mykonos windmills. They are all shells now, except for one. Their brown thatched roofs are steadily rotting away and the great wheels which used to be furled with 12 proud sails have long since fallen off, leaving “quaint” little towers which look fit only to be the

dwellings of hobbits or garden gnomes.

Only Uncle Nikolaou’s mill is still working, safe inside its *xerolithia*, the traditional form of dry-stone walling which encloses not only the famous windmills, but fields and paddocks across the whole island. If you can get inside the mill you have to climb a narrow spiral stone staircase to the upper floor, where the mighty millstone is connected to an intricate wooden structure which makes the entire roof turn in the direction dictated by the wind.

We have been forever glad that we saved that last visit to the windmills for later in the afternoon. While exploring a little corner of the town we had previously missed, my companion suddenly spotted a large model of a windmill in the window of a little house. The front door was open. Cautiously I climbed the steps up to the wide platform which doubles as a balcony for Mykoniate families who live at ground level. Inside I glimpsed a figure in baggy shorts and white vest bent over



*‘The old windmills look fit only for hobbits or garden gnomes’*

as if working on something. As I peered forward the man turned his head and saw me. Shamefaced at being so rude as to peep into his front room, I waved an apologetic hand and jumped down into the street.

To our surprise he came to the door and with smiles and handshakes invited us in. A moment later we found ourselves in a traditional Mykoniate house filled with antique pieces of furniture and ancient sofas, draped velvet curtains, photographs of family patriarchs upon the walls and the holy candle glowing in the corner. Panayiotis – a shy, balding little man with a wistful smile – greeted us warmly and directed us to sit at his dining table, on which was displayed a set of joiner’s tools and all the bits and pieces of model windmills. The room was full of completed models, some just a few inches high, but the grandest of all, three-feet high, in full sail like a

schooner, stood in a place of honor on top of the family dresser.

“Good heavens, Panayiotis. Are you a windmill-maker by trade?”

We were astonished, not having seen anything like the quality or genuineness of these models in the town, only mass-produced plasticized junk in the shops.

No no. Panayiotis was not. He proudly informed us that, until his retirement, he had been an employee of the Greek Archaeological Service. Mycenae had been his first posting, then the National Museum, followed by the Acropolis. Finally, when he had acquired enough seniority to choose a posting, he had been sent to Delos. Now, to supplement his meager pension, he made faithful copies of the Mykonos windmills, all in natural materials. Eagerly he showed us the wood from which he made the sail wheels, the canvas for the sails, even the sack-cloth with which he made the little sacks which stood outside the painted cardboard doors.

Just then Maria, his wife, appeared from the kitchen carrying a tray of coffee and sweets, followed by Natalie, their daughter, a pretty 10-year-old, covered in blushes at meeting two complete strangers.

We talked long and examined every model in the house before choosing the little gem which we thought we could manage to carry home safely.

As I paid out a trifling sum for so beautiful a piece of handicraft my companion said to Panayiotis, “You must be delighted to have so many tourists in Mykonos.” (Wouldn’t you say the same?)

“We cannot sleep,” groaned Panayiotis. Maria nodded her head in agreement. “Every night the discos play, boom boom, until three, four o’clock in the morning. It is terrible, the noise.”

“But that is not the worst,” Maria’s face showed real pain. ... “Tell them Panayiotis.”

And he told us – of the drunks who come screaming down the street in the early hours beating on their doors and windows – of those who urinate and vomit on their doorsteps nightly – and of how his wife Maria, a proud woman of Mykonos, had to clear up the mess every morning.

We walked back to Kyria Phrosso’s hotel clutching our precious little windmill. Whenever I look at it now I remember Mykonos; Panayiotis, Maria and Natalie; and I wonder ... Mykonos, are you Paradise or Hell? □

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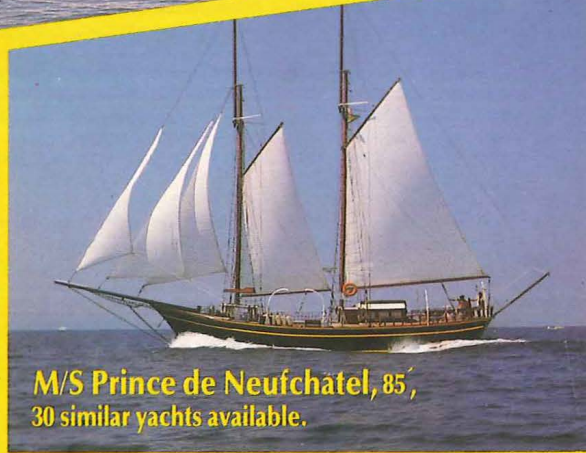


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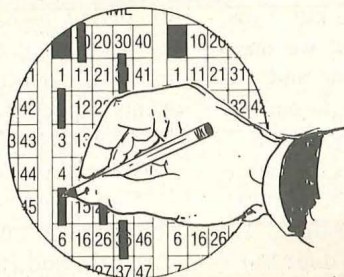
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2 12 22 32 42	2 12 22 32 42	2 12 22 32 42	2 12 22 32 42	2 12 22 32 42	2 12 22 32 42
3 13 23 33 43	3 13 23 33 43	3 13 23 33 43	3 13 23 33 43	3 13 23 33 43	3 13 23 33 43
4 14 24 34 44	4 14 24 34 44	4 14 24 34 44	4 14 24 34 44	4 14 24 34 44	4 14 24 34 44
5 15 25 35 45	5 15 25 35 45	5 15 25 35 45	5 15 25 35 45	5 15 25 35 45	5 15 25 35 45
6 16 26 36 46	6 16 26 36 46	6 16 26 36 46	6 16 26 36 46	6 16 26 36 46	6 16 26 36 46
7 17 27 37 47	7 17 27 37 47	7 17 27 37 47	7 17 27 37 47	7 17 27 37 47	7 17 27 37 47
8 18 28 38 48	8 18 28 38 48	8 18 28 38 48	8 18 28 38 48	8 18 28 38 48	8 18 28 38 48
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## From Turkey with love – Part III

*Greece's top operative, Commander Mimis Bondopoulos, or Secret Agent 007-UP, has been assigned by his boss, Alpha-Beta, to steal photographs of the Aegean sea bottom taken by the Turkish research vessel Piri Reis. In Istanbul he meets his contact, the sultry Eftiheeya Buzumoglou, who works in the high-class brothel of Madame Sublimé and who saves him from the garbage-grinder teeth of his arch-enemy, Bashi Bazouk, master criminal of Chanakkale, by nearly braining him with an empty Cointreau bottle. Fleeing Bazouk and his men, they enter the lab of Calouste Artinian, who is retouching the photographs for Turkish intelligence, and are faced by the drawn guns of Turkish security men.*

The two men pushed Bondopoulos and Eftiheeya into the dimly lit lab, where they saw a uniformed Turkish officer sitting in an armchair and eyeing them with a smug look on his face.

Bondopoulos recognized him at once. It was none other than Colonel Ekmek Kataif, head of the army's G2 branch with whom he had often collaborated on busting white-slave traffickers on the Bulgarian border and sheep rustlers in Kilikis. Beside him was the Armenian photographer who was staring at Eftiheeya in consternation. This was the day they usually met, but he had called her earlier to cancel the appointment.

Bondopoulos assumed a bluff and hearty manner and said: "Why, if it isn't my old friend Colonel Ekmek. What a surprise to see you here. But why the hardware? Were you expecting someone dangerous?"

The colonel told Artinian to get on with his work and the Armenian dis-

appeared into the darkroom. Then he turned to Bondopoulos.

"Cut the crap, Mimis, I know why you're here. We had your apartment bugged and we heard about your assignment when you were playing that self-destruct tape recording over and over again to memorize it. We sent you our own self-destruct tape warning you to stay away, but I'm afraid it exploded before you even opened the parcel. That sort of thing happens from time to time."

Bondopoulos' eyes widened as he heard this. "You nearly had me killed, you know that?" he said indignantly.

The colonel smiled. "As you say in Greek, a bad dog is hard to kill. I lost track of you after that, but we meet again – and I'm afraid you and the young lady will have to come to Ankara with me to answer a few questions."

At that moment there was a commotion outside and one of the security men went to the door to investigate. He was knocked flat when the door burst open and a raging Bashi Bazouk, with a large bump on his head, rushed into the room followed by 12 of his hooligans. The other security men were bowled over before they had a chance to use their weapons and the colonel fell backward in his chair. Bondopoulos grabbed Eftiheeya by the arm and pushed her into the darkroom, locking the door behind him. In the dim, red light the photographer looked up in surprise as Bondopoulos caught him by the throat.

"Give me those photographs or you're a dead duck."

The Armenian gestured toward a pile of glossy prints by the enlarger and Bondopoulos glanced through them quickly as Bazouk's men rattled the handle of the darkroom door and

shouted to the photographer to open it. They were indeed photographs of the sea bottom, strewn with shells, old boots, old tires, empty beer cans and broken toilet seats. But he had not time to wonder at the significance that could be attached to them by an expert eye.

As Bondopoulos had reckoned on entering the darkroom, it had originally been the kitchen of a residential apartment and, in old buildings such as this one, there was always a service staircase behind the kitchen door. He looked for this door in the semi-darkness while Eftiheeya was stuffing the photographs in an envelope and searching through the drawers for any others that might be there. He found it just as Bazouk's men were breaking down the darkroom door. The two agents slipped out silently, locked the door behind them and dashed down the service stairs and into the street.

"Come, we've no time to lose," Bondopoulos said as he hailed a passing cab and tumbled into it with Eftiheeya. "There's a Greek cruise ship sailing at midnight. We'll mingle with the tourists in the customs hall. The ship's captain has been told to expect me. The only danger is if the colonel gets away from Bazouk and alerts all departure points. But when Bazouk tastes blood there's no stopping the brute and he'll literally make a meal of those men and have Ekmek Kataif and the photographer for dessert."

They boarded the cruise ship safely but Bondopoulos relaxed only when they had cleared the Dardanelles and were in Greek waters, heading for Patmos. At Patmos, an army helicopter picked them up and flew them directly to Athens, where, with his apartment a shambles from Kataif's self-destruct tape recorder, Bondopoulos took a



room at the Grande Bretagne for a wash and brush-up and a torrid session with Eftiheeya before heading for Alpha-Beta's office with the photographs.

There were three other men with Alpha-Beta when he got there and he recognized them as the chiefs of staff of the army, navy and air force. Without wasting time he handed the envelope to Alpha-Beta, who took the photographs out and passed them around.

Bondopoulos saw their expressions as they examined the photos slowly turning from extreme interest to purple anger. The army chief glared at Agent 007-UP.

"We were expecting to see pictures of the Aegean sea bottom, and instead you show us pictures of a woman's bosom?"

"And bottom," the navy chief broke in, pushing one of the pictures to his colleague.

"Buzumoglou's bosom and bottom!" Alpha-Beta amplified, recognizing them at once.

**B**ondopoulos grabbed the pictures and stared at them in horror. They were extremely artistic poses of Eftiheeya in her birthday suit, presumably taken by that bastard Armenian photographer, which had somehow gotten mixed up with the Piri Reis photographs, although how he couldn't imagine.

"Give me 10 minutes," Bondopoulos said grimly as he left the room and ran all the way back to the GB. He was already beginning to suspect a double-cross, and when he burst into his room and found it empty, with a note on the pillow, his worst suspicions were confirmed.

In the note, Eftiheeya explained that while working at Madame Sublimé's she had met and fallen in love with Yevgeny Ripser-Korsetsov, the young assistant to the Soviet military attaché in Ankara, who had promised to marry her and take her to Moscow with him if she would get the Piri Reis photos. She was sorry she had to let him go to Alpha-Beta with he nudie pix, but those were the only other ones in Artinian's drawers. When he read this she would already be on her way to Moscow and she wished him luck.

Bondopoulos raved and cursed for a few minutes and then sat down and decided there was no use crying over spilled milk.

"What's more," he thought, "if that bloody Russian can make any head or tail of those broken toilet seats and old boots, more power to him." □

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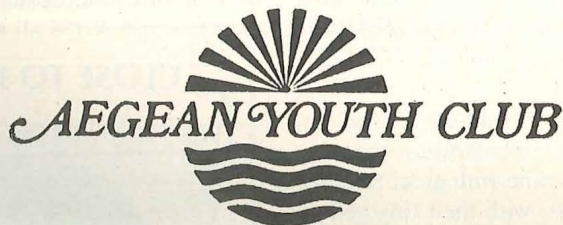
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## Sentimental journey

From the terrace of a painter's studio off Matoyannis Street, I look out over the illuminated honeycomb of rooftop Mykonos. The town glows like a chambered nautilus – rendered by Braque – lit from within, phosphorescent.

It is nearing midnight out here under the Great Bear, and though on the wind I occasionally hear, distant and muted, the din of street-level bars and clubs, up here I can still retreat to the Mykonos I have been courted by for the past 27 years. Here, above it, with the Meltemi in my eyes, I see soft-focus hieroglyphs on a navy ground. No sound. No fury.

It has been five summers since my last visit, and I embarked on the stalwart Naias this time with great trepidation. Journalists, with their tiny yellow hatchets, have been systematically chipping away at Mykonos for the past decade, calling her the harlot of the Aegean. But as most journalists are failed poets and paper puritans, I should not wonder that they do such a poor job of scanning Mykonos. To “relocate” Yeats, this is no island for old men, the young/ in one another's arms, birds in the trees/ etc.

But still, after my protracted absence, I returned fearing the worst. Mykonos was succumbing, friends promised, to the greed of grocers-turned-goldsmiths, the silly satyricon of bad-boys-abroad, the violence of dull, hard-drinking North European riffraff. Could it have happened? Not yet.

Instead, I have found my chosen island much the same as always, goldsmiths, bad boys and riffraff notwithstanding. The same seductive, white-

shouldered odalisque – gleaming, powdered, recumbent on her seal-studded bed. Purple prose? You bet; I love this place. So where does Alan Cowell of the *New York Times* get off terming her merely “pretty”? And how dare the foreign hacks imply, infer, hint that one will “see Mykonos and die” this summer? As though Mykonos were some lethally potent aphrodesiac capable of turning a reasoning mind to Jell-O. As though Mykonos had some patent on AIDS.

Oh, but homosexuals and naughty beaches and AIDS all make such juicy

### CLOSE TO HOME



ELIZABETH HERRING

copy. How can they resist?

“Permissive” is the adjective that comes up; as in “The permissiveness on Mykonos has long been tolerated by many of its permanent residents”. Would that the writer of that line might have been with me last year in the United States...or in Glyfada, or Rhodes, for that matter. Mykonos has no corner on permissiveness. But a sun-drenched isle where people take their clothes off before swimming is more interesting than the sordid clubs of the capitals. Yes, indeed. Have the hubris to name a beach “Super Paradise” and attract the beautiful and nubile of seven continents, and call down the wrath of Killjoys International. (Count the journalists on Elia in July...)

Waiting in my doctor's office in Atlanta this past spring, I observed an AIDS patient up close, a woman so emaciated that she had brought with her a pillow to sit on, a skeletal apparition with emptying eyes who called to mind quite another holocaust. AIDS is the holocaust of the '80s and '90s. Certainly not something one will risk for the sake of a brief tangle with (even) a perfect stranger. Whether it occurs between Parisian sheets or on the marble sands of a Greek island, no ephemeral pleasure is worth this terrible, wasting, near-certain death.

There was a lot of empty promiscuity everywhere in the sinful '70s – not just on lovely Mykonos – but the writing is on the white-washed wall. As one old Mykonos hand put it: “*Oh ti pirame, paidia!*”, which translates (spirit, not letter) “That's it. The party's over.”

True, Mykonos has tolerated its pockets of promiscuity for a decade just as other cities have tolerated their

private dives, Sunset Strips and "Plato's Retreats". But the Mykonians I know, and have known well for a quarter-century, are ethical, hardworking, generous, pragmatic – and not half as rowdy as, for example, the good old boys I went to college with. When you're tending children, weaving fabric, priming canvases, brewing 600 cups of coffee a day and trying to keep your teenagers out of trouble, there's not much time left for frolicking *al fresco*.

The foreigners *have* come to Paradise, Super Paradise and Elia to suspend their disbelief. True. But only the criminally insane or insatiable will now ignore the facts. It is high time that the minority who have come to give Mykonos a bad name – drawing the press along in tow – now concern themselves more with simply staying alive.

Permissiveness is not the role this great Cycladic beauty was cast for.

At this writing, one case of AIDS has been documented on the island. Only one. One too many.

It is my hope that those of you reading this at a waterfront cafe, or sprawled on one of the three wayward beaches of Mykonos' sandy empyrean, will have come to the island this year for something more than a brief encounter of the fatal kind. And that you will come away with memories something like mine.

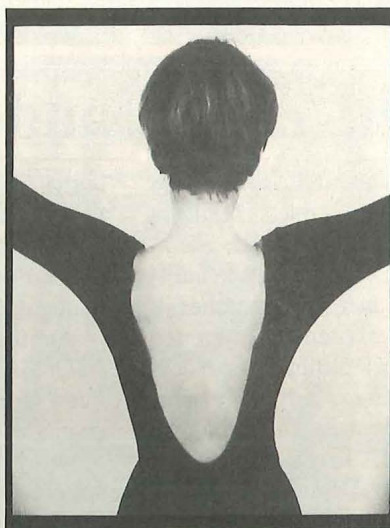
Perhaps you will be lucky enough to drink ouzo with *mezes* (Mykonos' famous copanisti cheese) in Ano Mera. Or sketch the architectural gems on the back roads to Paradise. If you are fortunate, you may see a rare Mediterranean seal, scale the peak on Delos, spearfish for your dinner, or locate the tiny "Cats' Chapel" beneath Agios Iakovos. You may catch Lilly Kristensen's collage exhibition at her home, have spinach soup at "Sesame", learn the hasapiko and sit in the single remaining fishermen's cafe, where Petros' heirs come for their daily fish and fresh water. (No, Mr Cowell, the original Petros is no more.)

Sadly, Mykonos has not been – for her beauty – spared the cold touch of AIDS. But neither is it singled out for special treatment. Yeats' "dying generations" will be dying during this decade *wherever* they refuse to play by the new rules.

Be seduced by Mykonos; not by the quickly aging bodies on a nudist beach. And be grateful that the island is "permissive" – "promiscuous" enough to take a thousand lovers, and enthrall them for one summer. Or 27. □

# Jenny Colebourne's

Director: Jenny Colebourne Cert. L.S.C.D. Dip. W.Y.C.



## BODY CONTROL CENTER

Ms Colebourne received her training in London and New York and still maintains contact with both places. She is a former dance lecturer for the London Education Authority, former performing arts lecturer at Middlesex Polytechnic, where she taught Yoga and modern dance and lecturer in the Body Control technique at the London School of Contemporary Dance.

She founded the Body Control Center in Athens in 1982.

Ms Colebourne also writes regularly on exercise and dance in the "Athenian".

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## Mirth, magic and mid-life crisis at Cannes

Like many 40-year-olds, the Cannes Film Festival may be suffering a mid-life crisis. It still retains the champagne and caviar image as the most prestigious of an increasing number of festivals. Yet the excitement generated by the arrival of celebrities at the black-tie premieres often exceeds that experienced in the cinemas. The brouhaha surrounding the arrival of Prince Charles and Lady Di and the fanfare afforded Liz Taylor as she attended a film this May are examples of this.

Cannes has exploded beyond its original modest beginnings to a massive event often overwhelming in its scope. More than 1,500 films were screened in competition at the Grand Palais and in the many small cinemas, including such gems as *Surf Nazis Must Die*, *Space Sluts In The Slammer*, *Curse Of The Confederate Cannibals* and *Assault Of The Killer Bimbos*.

In an attempt to attract as many foreign markets as possible, the 25 official selections crossed many national boundaries in casting and locations, sometimes comprising artistic considerations as a result. The festival's opener, *A Man In Love*, filmed mostly in Rome by French director Diane Kurys, uses an international cast in an acute observation of the on-screen, off-screen romance between a married American superstar (Peter Coyote) and English neophyte actress (Greta Scacchi) whose mother (Claudia Cardinale)

is dying of cancer. Although most critics' reactions ranged from lukewarm to disdainful, many in the audience praised the solid acting and plausible dialogue.

Another international offering, *Belly Of An Architect* by British director Peter Greenaway, stars Brian Dennehy giving a sympathetic performance as Stourley Kracklite, an American architect who goes to Rome to organize an exhibition about his unsung hero, the visionary architect Etienne-Louis Boullée. His obsession with the dead artist motivates him to carry on with the project even though he learns he is critically ill and, midway though, his neglected American wife runs off with a younger Italian rival.

Rather than the outsiders who approach it, the real star in this stunningly stylized production might be Rome itself, described by Kracklite as "the city of blood, meat and money". The meticulous camerawork of Sacha Vierny highlights the warm earth colors but also the "terrifying grandeur" of Rome's landmarks.

Outsiders observing a culture is also the topic of Frenchman Louis Malle's *In Pursuit Of Happiness*, screened in the "Un Certain Regard" section of the festival. In this case, representatives of the recent wave of immigrants to the U.S. — including Russians, Pakistanis, Ethiopians, Salvadoreans and Koreans — are interviewed in a refreshingly un-

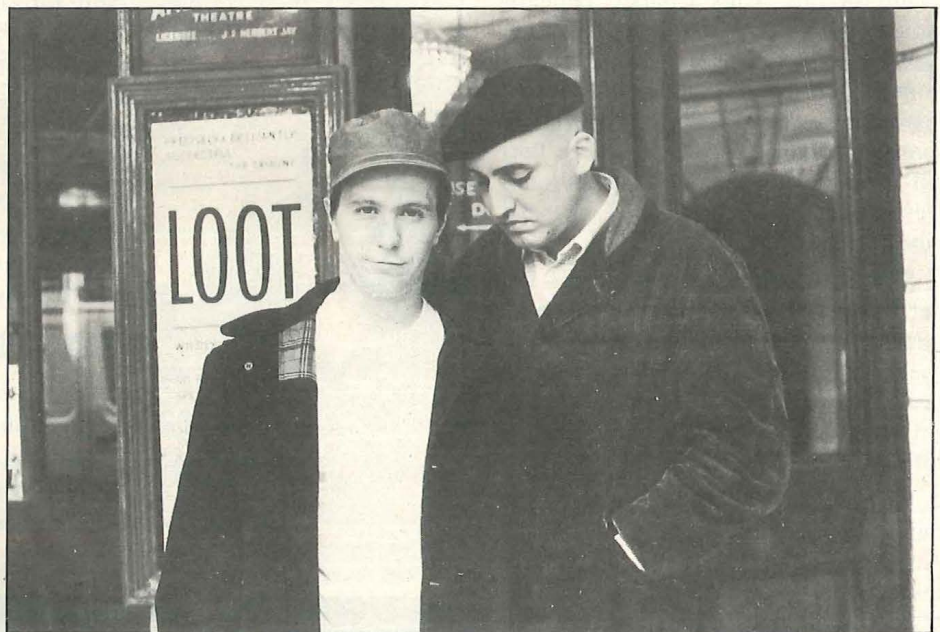
pretentious documentary.

All of them are united by a common desire to "make it" in the United States, to fulfill the American Dream. Some already have, such as the Pakistani who chats as he wanders through his enormous home and casually mentions that his family has applied for a bank charter which is expected to be approved. He is a startling contrast to the enterprising young Mexican who has been caught trying to illegally enter the U.S. Undaunted as he is sent back, he shakes the hand of the border official as he explains he has made it over many times before and says with a confident smile, "I'll be back soon."

The Taviani brothers, highly respected directors of such undisputed masterpieces as *Padre Padrone* and *Night Of The Shooting Stars*, ran amok with their entry *Good Morning America*, shown out of competition. Two brothers, Nicola (Vincent Spano) and Andrea (Joaquim de Almeida), church restorers from Tuscany, arrive in the United States in 1915, penniless but full of high hopes. After working as laborers on the Italian pavilion at the 1915 San Francisco Exposition, they wrangle their way into the movie industry. They work as handymen on the D.W. Griffith production of *Intolerance* and, after proving their worth, form their own company, "The Bonanno Brothers", and marry two lovely movie extras, Mabel (Greta Scacchi) and Edna (De-



Diane Kurys, director of 'A Man in Love'



Gary Oldham (left) and Alfred Molina in 'Prick Up Your Ears'

siree Becker).

The film is so self-consciously cute, and the Tavianis' first attempt to film in English so awkward, that it should more appropriately be classified as a parody of early Hollywood movies rather than a tribute.

Another entry hampered by an attempt to straddle different cultures was Italian Francesco Rosi's *Chronicle Of A Death Foretold*, adapted from the novel by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. Set in a small Colombian village, two brothers plot to kill a young man who has dishonored their sister (Ornella Muti). The story itself has an uneven pace due to the injection of interviews with the actors concerning their charac-



The cast of Woody Allen's new film, 'Radio Days'



Lillian Gish and Bette Davis in 'The Whales of August'

ters. To confuse matters even more, in one of the several versions screened part of the cast, including bridegroom Rupert Evert, speak English and the others speak Spanish.

Ettore Scola's *The Family* is unabashedly Italian in focus and handling, an intricate personal account of the 80-year-old history of a reticent professor's family, complete with unresolved love intrigues and noisy squabbling among siblings. However, the most successful of the Italian entries was *Dark Eyes*, made by Russian director Nikita Mikhalkov. The passionate and seemingly hopeless love story of the charming but weak-willed Italian Romano (Marcello Mastroianni) and the sensitive Russian Anna (Soviet actress Elena Sofonova) unfolds partly in turn-of-the-century czarist Russia and partly in Italy. Loosely based on several Chekhov short stories, particularly

"Lady With A Dog", it is a blissful wedding of the best of both cultures.

Mikhalkov's cinematic idol is Federico Fellini and his influence is clearly seen in the surrealistically humorous characterizations of the inhabitants of the Italian health spa where the lovers meet. The flamboyant arrival of Romano at the tiny Russian train station, where he is welcomed by a throng of robust singing gypsies and villagers, cheered as he valiantly chugs down a huge glass of vodka and is then hoisted on their backs for a triumphant entry into their village, could have been ludicrous; under the adept handling of Mikhalkov it is captivating.

Mastroianni, who won the award for best actor, has never been more delightful as his face effortlessly conveys the full range of emotions under the close scrutiny of Franco di Giacomo's camera. The interplay between he and

Sofonova as they fall in love is touchingly believable, and *Dark Eyes* was by far the popular favorite for winner of the Golden Palm.

Mikhalkov's brother, Andrei Konchalovsky, was represented by an American entry, *Shy People*, a film he describes as a "confrontation of mentalities rather than cultures". A sophisticated and self-centered Manhattan journalist (Jill Clayburgh) doing research for a magazine feature and her free-wheeling teenage daughter (Martha Plimpton) arrive unexpectedly on a visit to their Louisiana bayou kinfolk, headed by an enigmatic Cajun (Barbara Hershey). The striking photography of Chris Menges captures the haunting beauty of the swamps, and the



Brian Dennehy in 'The Beley of an Architect'

plot holds promise. But it runs off in too many directions and becomes excessive in its attempts to cover as many themes as possible, including the generation gap, divorce, urbanization, casual sex, feminism and cocaine, child and wife abuse. Even so, the film sustains interest despite its improbabilities, and Hershey, last seen in *Hannah And Her Sisters*, gives an inspired performance that won her the best actress award.



Gerard Depardieu (left) and Maurice Pialat in 'Under the Sun'



Melanie Griffith and Jeff Daniels in 'Something Wild'

Wim Wenders, who won the Golden Palm in 1984 for *Paris, Texas*, an odyssey across the southwestern U.S., returns to his homeland for this year's entry, *The Sky Over Berlin*. Wenders' mystical black and white tone poem follows angels, kindly spirits who observe the frustrated mortals in the divided city of Berlin without being seen; until one breaks the rules and falls in love. *The Sky Over Berlin* received one of the most enthusiastic ovations after its festival premiere and Wenders later walked off with the best director's award.

The highly-touted Soviet entry, Tengiz Abuladze's *Repentance*, held back from release since 1984, is a satire overwhelmed by heavy-handed symbolism in a story based on a Stalinist minister whose body refuses to stay buried after the funeral. It won the Special Jury Prize, the runner-up to the Golden Palm, making it a triumphant festival for Russian directors.

Stephen Frears' *Prick Up Your Ears* traces the career of unorthodox British playwright Joe Orton (Gary Oldham) from the anonymous working class to national celebrity during his 18-year "marriage" to his mentor and collaborator Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina). Frears' irreverent humor in a witty fast-paced script lightens the otherwise sordid tale in which Orton's insatiable promiscuity leads to the disintegration of the relationship and its inevitable grim conclusion.

As usual, many of the brighter moments at Cannes were provided by "smaller" films entered in the Director's Fortnight section, whose popularity were quickly enhanced by word-of-mouth publicity. David Leland's *Wish You Were Here*, featuring Emily Lloyd as a cheeky 1950s teenager who com-

pensates for the lack of affection in her home by tantalizing males of all ages, was the surprise hit of the festival.

Another Directors' Fortnight film that played to standing-room-only audiences was Canadian Patricia Rozema's *I've Heard The Mermaids Singing*. Inept-but-endearing temporary secretary Polly develops a voyeuristic adoration for her current boss, a refined art curator (Paule Baillargeon). Although Polly's existence may seem bankrupt, well-integrated black and white sequences reveal a whole inner fantasy world triggered by the photographs she takes as a hobby. Both *Mermaids* and *Wish You Were Here* are notable for the use of dry humor in situations in which two lonely "ordinary" women dare to assert themselves.

When Charlie Driggs (Jeff Daniels), a conservative tax consultant decides to indulge the "closet rebel" beneath his Brooks Brothers suit in *Something Wild*, he gets more than he bargained for. Kinky Lulu Hankel (Melanie Griffith)

recognizes Charlie as a kindred spirit after he walks out of a dinner without paying his bill, and she offers him a ride back to his office. Two hours later, Charlie learns that not all bonds are traded in the stock exchange as he has his sexual fantasies fulfilled by Lulu while handcuffed to a bed in a seedy New Jersey hotel.

Thus begins an unforgettable weekend adventure as he is paraded as Lulu's new husband at her 10th high school reunion in a small Pennsylvania town where they encounter Lulu's sadistic ex-con boyfriend Ray (Ray Liotta), who decides to reclaim his former flame. The first screenplay by recent college graduate E. Max Frye is inspired but attempts to incorporate too many subplots. The result might be subtitled *Peggy Sue Gets Married In Blue Velvet After Hours*. Yet it is highly enjoyable and enhanced by director Jonathan Demme's eye for humor and humanity.

Nostalgia permeated Woody Allen's 15th film, *Radio Days*, a tribute to the unsung stars of old radio programs. Like *Hannah*, *Radio Days* is a saga of a family whose members triumph over a mundane existence, in this case by cultivating an intense fantasy life. The main cast, including Mia Farrow and Diane Wiest and crew, are largely comprised of Allen's dedicated regular company. *Radio Days* is a brilliantly conceived, warm and witty piece. But it may disappoint those viewers who hoped for a repeat of the perceptive depth of characterization and range of emotions found in *Hannah*.

Lindsay Anderson's delicate direction gleams moving but unsentimental performances from two of the screen's legendary actresses, Lillian Gish and Bette Davis, in another nostalgic foray,



Elena Sofonova and Marcello Mastroianni in 'Dark Eyes'

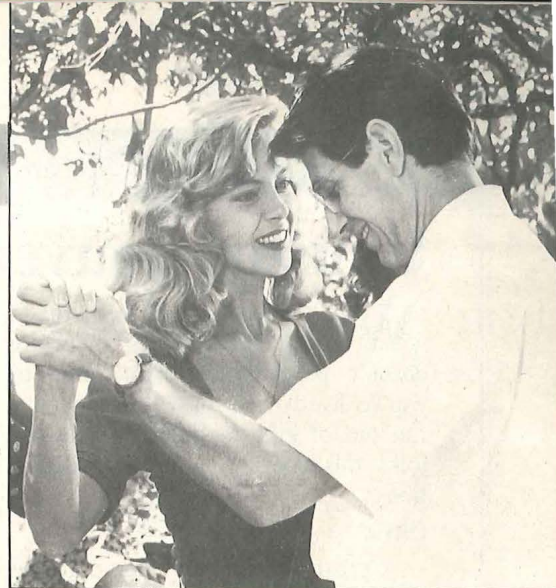
*Whales Of August.* The two aging sisters share a house, as they have for decades, on an island off the rugged coast of Maine in this screen adaptation of David Berry's play. Sarah (Gish) tries to patiently tend to her blind sister Libby. A shakeup in their domestic tranquility occurs when Mr Maranov (Vincent Price), a well-bred Russian of considerable charm and no apparent income, lights upon Sarah as a possible hostess when his latest in a series of well-heeled ladies dies and leaves him homeless.

Another film play was Paul Newman's *Glass Menagerie*, in which Joanne Woodward gives a riveting perform-

well-made *Matewan*, about a courageous effort to organize American coal miners in the 1920s, completed the American independent package in the Director's Fortnight.

The Greek Film Centre had an information stand in the marketplace of the Palais helmed by center director Michalis Koutouzis, who was present to discuss the distribution of Greek films abroad with foreign representatives.

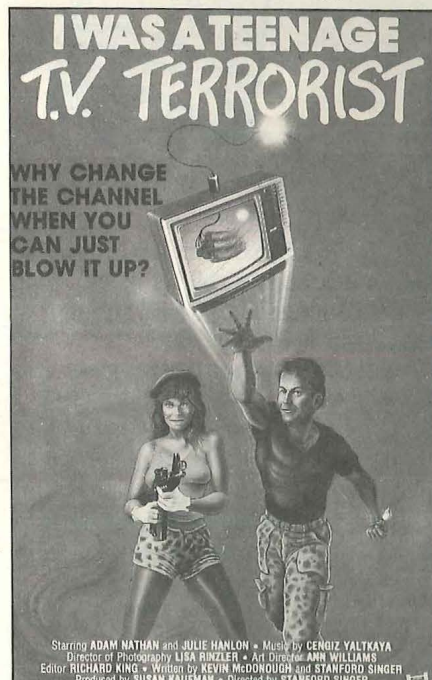
Niko Papatakis' Greek-French coproduction *The Photograph* was his second at Cannes. The first was *Les Abysses* in 1963, which had references



Greta Sacchi and Peter Coyote in 'A Man in Love'

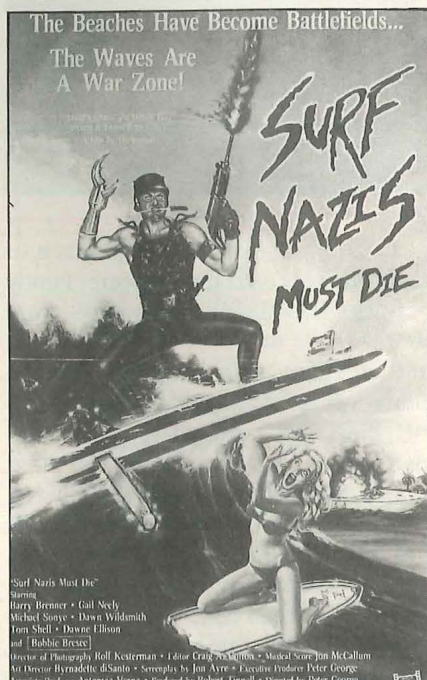
films as he complained, "The world is too full of violence."

Yet all appearances of friendly benevolence were dropped at the awards ceremony with the announcement by jury president Yves Montand of the winner of the Golden Palm, *Under The Sun Of Satan*. Maurice Pialat directs and co-stars in this ponderous drama about the clash of God and the Devil, with Gerard Depardieu cast as an uncertain priest who tries to save a possessed soul (Sandra Bonnaire). Although the film had been lauded by critics and is the first French entry to win the top award since *A Man And A Woman* in 1966, it was obvious that the film and the director were unpopular with the festival crowd. The audience broke out into a chorus of boos and catcalls when Pialat appeared to collect his award, which seemed to amuse him. "If you don't like me," shouted a sneering Pialat as he raised a triumphant fist, "I can tell you I don't like you either." □



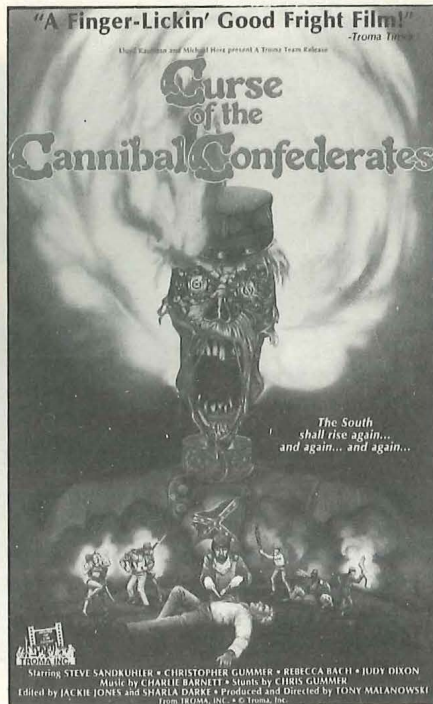
ance as the controlling but well-intentioned mother Amanda, while Karen Allen and John Malkovich are heart-rending as her entrapped children. Newman said the main object in filming Tennessee Williams' play, recreated word for word with no "brutalizations", was to put the memorable acting performances on record.

Actress Diane Keaton's directorial debut in *Heaven*, a quirky documentary combining interviews on topics such as "How to get to heaven" and "Sex in heaven" with clips from film archives was screened in the Director's Fortnight. It has an offbeat appeal that failed to win over many hardnosed critics or general audiences. *Home Of The Brave*, directed by performance artist Laurie Anderson, a documentary of a multi-media musical performance by her and other artists, and veteran independent filmmaker John Sayles'



to the Algerian War and caused near-riots at its festival premiere. *The Photograph* is about a crucial misunderstanding that arises between a young furrier and the distant relative he is living with in Paris. It is also about Greeks who leave their country for political and financial reasons and then experience a longing to return. Dimos Avdeliodis' *The Tree We Hurt*, a fresh, humorous tale of two boys' summer adventures in a small village on the Greek island of Chios, was enthusiastically received in the Critic's Weekly section of the festival. Some observers compared it to Francois Truffaut's early films, especially *400 Blows*.

Most directors seemed eager to deliver a heartening, optimistic message at Cannes' 40th anniversary. Menachem Golan of Cannon Films was garbed in a T-shirt and baseball cap to unveil plans for a number of children's



## Unusual souvenirs and ideal gifts

Whether this is your first trip to Greece and souvenir shop fare doesn't particularly tempt you, or you've lived here for years and have run out of gifts to bring back to the folks, this month we offer some suggestions.

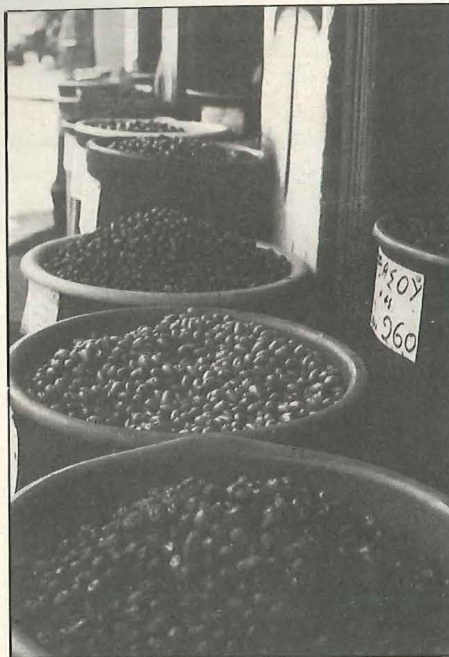
### Olives

A reliable old standby that is always welcome is food. One of the earliest cultivated fruits – there is evidence that they were grown on Crete over 5000 years ago – olives have ever remained a staple in the Greek diet. Of the some 170,000 tons of olive oil produced here each year, almost 90 percent of it never leaves Greece. Per capita consumption is 17 kilos a year, double that of its two main production competitors, Spain and Italy.

You can find plastic bottles or tins of olive oil in any local supermarkets, and you might pair it with a metal pinch-waisted pitcher, the traditional receptacle for oil still used in most tavernas. In the central market area you'll find barrels with umpteen varieties of olives, the oblong purple-black Kalamata considered by many to be the best.

### Ouzo

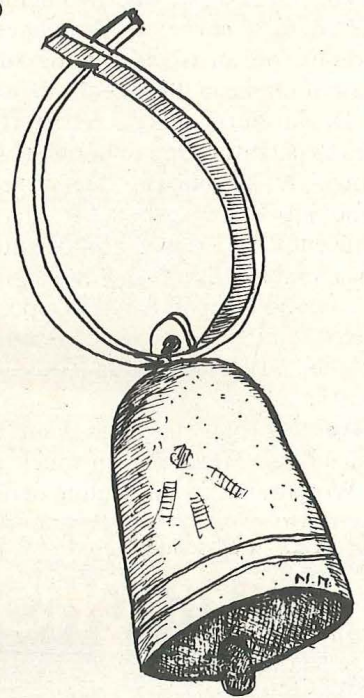
Ouzo, the classic Greek aperitif, got its name during the 18th century when the Thessalian town of Tirnavos became famous abroad for its quality ouzo. The main importer was Marseilles, and so the drink came to be known as *Uso Marsilia* (from the Latin *usitare* for "use").



Olives in the central market

Ouzo producers have built much of their business on claims of secret family recipes. Basically, spirits made from grape mash or raisins are distilled a second time with various aromatic herbs which can include aniseed, fennel, star anise, coriander, ginger, cinnamon and mastic resin (from a plant that grows only on the island of Chios).

Anise and the other aromatic oils are soluble in this alcohol-water base in certain proportions, resulting in a clear liquid. But when water or ice is added, thereby altering that proportion, the flavors precipitate and the drink turns cloudy.



Brass goat bell

Ouzo from Mytilene or Chios is said to be the best, but as flavors from brand to brand vary it is a question of personal taste.

### Cookbook

There are plenty of Greek cookbooks, some quite good, but one in particular, *Cookbook of the Jews of Greece*, written and illustrated by Jewish Museum Director Nikos Stavroulakis, is special.

In addition to mouth-watering recipes from Greek-Jewish communities here and abroad, it is a rich cultural history of the 2400-year-old Jewish presence in Greece, a presence 70,000 strong before World War II and 5000 after.

The book is available from English-language bookstores and from the Jewish Museum gift shop.

### Metalwork

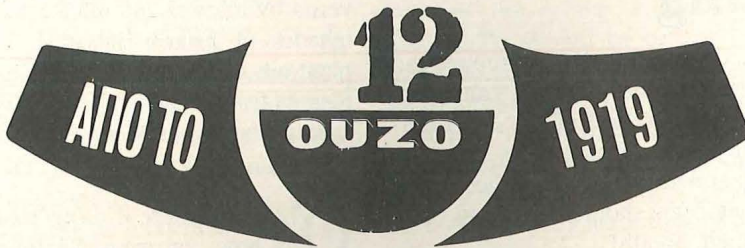
Metalwork has been an important craft in Greece since ancient times. Just off Ifestou Street (where not so long ago metalsmiths dedicated to Hephaestus, the god of the forge, worked their metal over open fires in the street) is Moschos, a dusty rambling shop with unusual old brass and copperware.

Hanging all over the shop are brass goat and sheep bells on wooden harnesses, each with different identifying marks worked into the brass and each with individual clangs to their bells. Decorative on their own, they also



Pinch-waisted pitchers for olive oil





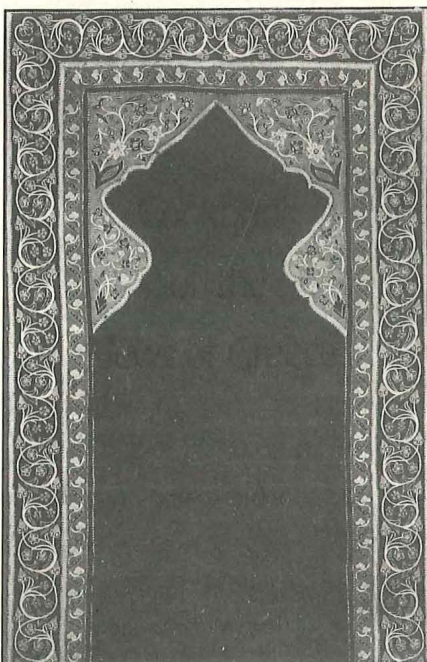
make unique doorbells for a country house. Or look for their Turkish coffee grinders, old ones which are beautiful but largely non-functional or brass reproductions which can be used both for grinding coffee beans into the fine powder needed for Turkish coffee, or as pepper grinders.

**Louis Vuitton copies**

The famed French luggage-maker has long produced a line in brown plasticized linen imprinted with his initials, costing many times what it looks like it is worth. Greek manufacturers import the look-alike vinyl from France or Italy, put the bags together here and sell them for a fraction of the original.

Owners of the real thing insist their bags last forever and point to the heavy expensive Vuitton lock and key as the mark of an original. If you're not a purist, Spiliopoulos & Sons has a good selection of copies and competitive prices. Their best-looking is a large carry-on tote, trimmed in leather with a detachable shoulder strap.

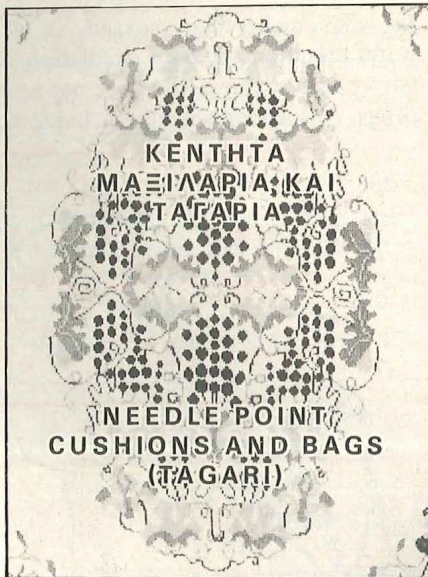
Stefanidis is one of the few stores in



Athens that carries the envelope-style soft briefcase, useful if you have a few papers and don't want to carry them in a nylon bag or a cumbersome briefcase.

**Greek island sheeting**

This 100 percent cotton was originally hand-woven and used for linens and



*N.W.O. needlepoint design*

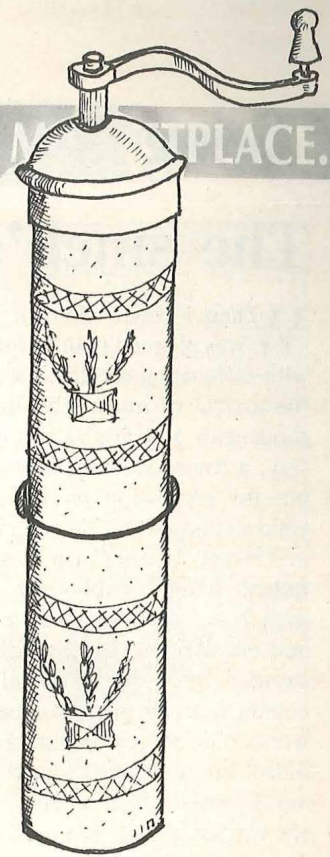
clothing before the advent of polyester and ready-to-wear. Now it only looks hand-woven, but its rough, sturdy quality makes it ideal for curtains, slip covers or quilted comforters. It can be found around Eolou and Ermou Streets off Monasteraki Square.

**National Welfare Organization**

For last-minute, one-stop shopping this is the store to visit. Although they are known for their needlepoint cushions and rugs based on motifs from ancient, Byzantine and folk art, you can always find quality hand-crafted gifts here and, as it is a non-profit organization, the prices are pleasing too.



*Pinch-waisted pitchers, shops around Sokratous & Evripidou Sts in the Central Market, about 500 Drs.*



*Turkish coffee grinder*

*Jewish Museum of Greece, 36 Amalias st., 323-1577, open Sun. through Fri. 9 - 1, cookbook, 2600 Drs.*

*Moschos, Adrianou 37, Monastiraki, 321-7065, coffee grinders, 800-1400 Drs, brass bells, from 800 Drs.*

*Spiliopoulos & Sons, Ag. Filotheis & Apollonos 30, Mitropoleos Square, 322-5976, large carry-on, 6000 Drs.*

*Stefanidis, Lekka 7, Syntagma, 322-3806, envelope briefcase, 5000 Drs.*

*National Welfare Organization, shops: Ipatias 6, Plaka; Voukourestiou 24a, Kolonaki; Athens Hilton.*

*Pat Hamilton*



*Island sheeting*

## The smell's the thing

When I was a child in England I was plagued in the winter months with suffocating catarrh. I would dread the arrival of my mother in my bedroom with a steaming metal jug on a tray, a towel over her arm and a purposeful expression on her face. The yellow concoction rejoiced in the name of "Friars' Balsam" (in fact, the holy fathers had probably only employed such basic decongestants as camphor and eucalyptus), and as I choked and sweated over the powerful fumes, I couldn't decide whether the cure was worse than the complaint. My mother didn't know it, but, like the Chinese and Egyptians five millennia before her, she was employing aromatherapy – the use of essential oils from plants for the relief of a variety of physical problems, and even mental states.

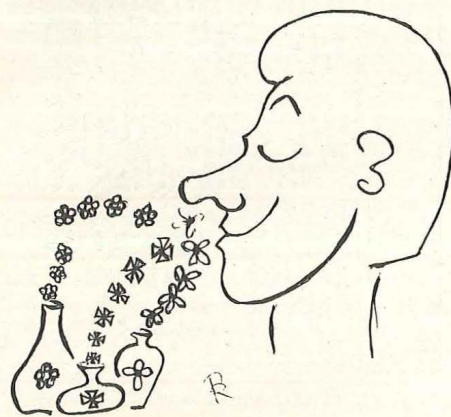
Although a long-standing natural therapy, aromatherapy is not widely known; there are only a handful of practitioners in Britain, for instance. However, for those who wish to avoid the chemicals produced by the drug industry for relieving simple everyday discomforts, aromatherapy can be employed safely and simply at home. The essential oils extracted from herbs, spices, flowers, woods and resins seem very expensive at first glance, but as only a few drops are needed for each treatment, a little goes a long way. It is worth paying extra for the better-quality oils produced in the Mediterranean. Some 200 essential oils are now available, but only 30 or 40 are used in aromatherapy.

The four ways of assimilating the oils are by massage, in the bath, as a vapor or in food and drink. The first is the most effective method. The rubbing action activates nerve endings and stimulates blood circulation in the skin's surface, thus easing the entry of the oils into the epidermis, from where it is carried by the lymph fluid and blood to the particular organs, glands and tissues for which it is beneficial.

Many are skeptical of the ability of the skin to absorb essential oils – or any other substances – and view it as an impenetrable barrier. However, aromatherapists say this is not so. The skin is the largest organ of elimination of the body (in a person weighing around 75 kilos, the skin is approximately 3 kilos of that weight), and if oxygen and

carbon dioxide, sweat and sebum can pass through the skin, so can other things. A simple test of the skin's permeability is to rub the soles of someone's feet with a clove of garlic – a few hours later you should be able to smell it on their breath!

The oils must never be used undiluted, especially near sensitive membranes. For massage, a few drops should be added to a vegetable oil, such as almond or soya – more oil doesn't give more benefit, and it will only be taken up by the skin for seven to 10 minutes. The degree of efficiency and penetration varies from person to person – a large amount of subcutaneous fat will impede their passage, as will water retention and poor circulation. It works best on those who have not used drugs. Absorption will also be hindered



*Aromatherapy is an alternative to chemicals* when the body is eliminating, such as sweating through anxiety, heat or exercise. Thanks to their anti-bacterial and anti-viral properties, the daily application of essential oils on the skin is said to build up its natural resistance to illnesses brought on by contact with germs.

When used in the bath, essential oils are absorbed two ways – via the skin and through inhalation. The room should be warm, and doors and windows closed to keep in the aromas. Draw a warm bath, add a few drops of essence and immerse your body completely for at least 10 minutes while relaxing and breathing deeply.

A more concentrated form of inhalation is to add a few drops of oil to a bowl of hot water. Lean over the surface at a distance of about 22 cen-

timetres with the head and bowl covered by a towel and inhale the vapor (shades of Friar's Balsam!). Finally, plant oils can be taken internally in the form of tisanes and teas from flowers or leaves, and as herbs and spices used in cooking.

Of course, there is disagreement as to how, or even whether, aromatherapy works. It should certainly not be a substitute for treating the cause of an illness, but rather a means of relieving symptoms, and as a preventive measure. Its supporters claim not only physical, but also psychological benefits from its use. They say essential oils produce an instant calming effect when inhaled. This is because the identification of smell and aromas is linked to the limbic system which is responsible for the level of consciousness that is entirely non-rational, intuitive and direct. It unscrambles the stimuli sent in from our environment by the senses.

If you are interested in having a basic set of oils to cope with common daily problems, the following are suggested: *Rosemary* as a tonic, of special benefit to the heart and circulation, and scalp. It helps the shy individual to be more assertive. *Lavender* as a relaxant and reviver, aiding headaches, neuralgias and other body pains. It also overcomes shyness and tensions in women. *Peppermint* helps digestive problems such as dyspepsia, flatulence and colic. It can aid catarrh used short term, and lifts states of melancholy.

*Fennel* has an eliminatory influence on the large bowel, lungs and kidneys, while it also calms tensions and chronic stress. *Thyme* is a lung remedy. It liberates breathing, as well as loosening a too-rigid and unyielding personality. For catarrh, colds and flu, it is best inhaled. Last comes the *rose*. Its wonderful aroma has a cooling and uplifting quality by focusing on the chest, so its psychological benefit is to those hurt in life, or who suffer internal anger and grief.

Aromatherapy is not after all such an unfamiliar experience in everyday life. When next taking a choppy boat ride in the Aegean, you may be surprised to see a fellow passenger suddenly whip a lemon from his pocket, cut it open and start sniffing diligently. In fact, he is only using a type of aromatherapy against sea sickness long practiced in the Mediterranean.

*D. Remoundos*

## The shoulder stand

The shoulder stand can be approached immediately after the "plough" and "knees-to-the-ears" positions (last issue) without going into the relaxation pose, when you are strong enough. Assuming that you are a beginner and you do relax first, bend your knees and gently draw them up towards your chest. Turn the palms of your hands over and gently press down to take your weight onto the back of your neck.

Bend your elbows and bring your hands as high up your back as you can. The elbows should be as close together as possible so that the arms form a solid base.

Gently raise your legs toward the ceiling, both feet together and toes relaxed. You should be particularly aware of the toes being relaxed if you are used to going to dance classes, where the toes are always pointed.

Breathe easily and deeply the whole time. As you breathe out make sure your weight remains on the back of your neck and your chest comes over to your chin. Also make sure your pelvis is upright.

Stretch your legs higher and higher towards the ceiling. Eventually your full weight should be on the back of your neck. Take easy deep breaths continuously.

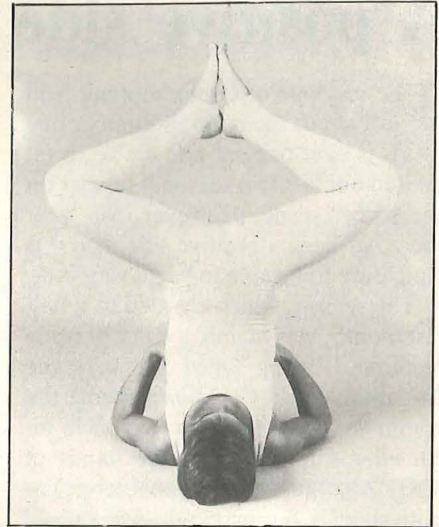
Slowly lower your right leg to the floor over your head, keeping the knee stretched. Take a few easy breaths before raising your leg into the shoulder stand again.

Repeat with both legs.

When you are ready, bend your knees, bringing the soles of your feet together. The feet should be directly above the buttocks and you should still be on the back of your neck.

Spend a few moments in that position breathing easily. Stretch your legs gently back up to the ceiling. Pause for a moment. Gently bend the knees back to the shoulders. Place the palms of your hands back on the floor and roll back down, vertebra by vertebra, and stretch the legs out into the relaxation position.

You may experience some back pain. Don't be alarmed – it will pass. Bend your knees towards your chest again and place the hands on top of them to stretch out the lower back. You may get a headache after this



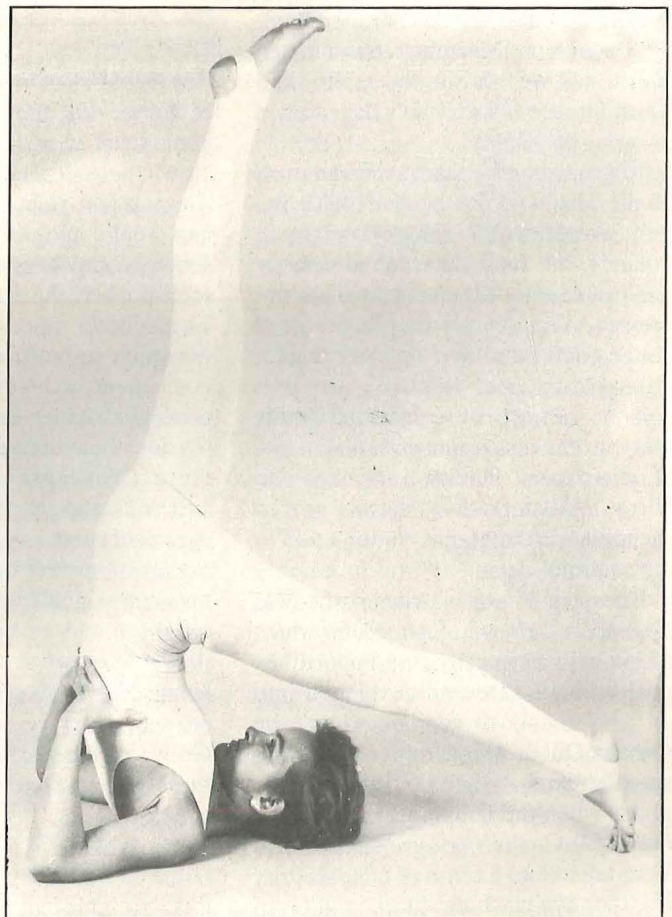
*Bend knees and bring soles of your feet together*

posture. This is due to a release of toxins and it should pass after the first few times you do the posture. It's one of the hazards of living in a polluted environment.

It is not a good idea to do these postures if you suffer from high blood pressure, although yoga as a whole is extremely good for these conditions, and has been used in hospitals with much success. **Jenny Colebourne**



*Raise the legs to the ceiling*



*Lower leg to the floor*

## A positive side to soccer

The bad side of Greek football, still just about the nation's number one sport, is ever-present and we've dwelt on it in our last two seasonal reports on the soccer scene. However, this year there *has* been a positive side, and it is a pleasure to be able to begin with that.

The season, which crawled to a halt last month, was mainly a story of pride restored. Having failed to make the 24-nation World Cup finals during the country's last campaign – which included a humiliation at the hands of lowly Albania – the national team has miraculously put hair on its chest and developed into a force to be reckoned with – and not just by the Albanians of the game.

Currently it is bidding to win through to the finals of the European Championship, which will be held next year. With no further matches to be played until late September, Greece leads its difficult qualifying group by a single point over the Netherlands, which has a game in hand. With the in-form Dutch likely to collect two points from its game with Cyprus, both the leading teams face testing away matches before they clash at the Olympic Stadium on December 16 in a match which may well decide the group, and which Greece will probably have to win in order to qualify.

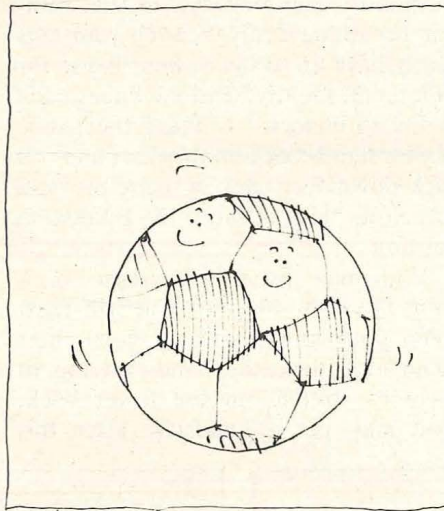
Not only has the team achieved most of the results it has needed (with the only exception an unlucky defeat in Poland), but their determined defense and fast counter-attacking style has impressed. At every turn they have scored better goals than their opponents and, at long last, Greek football's two idols and the subjects of a thousand gaudy locker-room and training photos in local newspapers, Dimitri Saravakos and Nicos Anastopoulos, have proved themselves a dangerous combination at international level.

The pick of the matches so far was Greece's 1-1 draw in Rotterdam, which began with a typically cool opportunist goal by Saravakos and developed into an end-to-end thriller in which the mighty Dutch frequently looked desperate. On that night, and all the other nights when the temperature had fallen below 30 C, the opposition may have been lulled into a sense of false security by the eye-catching black tights of Panathinaikos midfielder Bamba-

koulas, who has gone on to play a discordantly virile part in the Greek successes.

Pride was also regained by Olympiakos this season. The famous Piraeus club, traditional rivals of Panathinaikos for Greek football's top honors, put recent management uncertainties and last year's tame showing behind it and led the domestic league from start to finish, taking the title by a comfortable 10-point margin.

For Panathinaikos, the only other



club capable of mounting a sustained challenge for the championship year after year, it was a miserable season after their league and cup double triumph last year. The climax came a few weeks ago when they suffered a shock 3-2 defeat in the cup competition semi-final at the hands of Heraklis of Thessaloniki. Surely, never has a team on which so much money and thought been spent had to field such a woe-begone goalkeeper as Panathinaikos this season. Leaping, rolling and lunging are a goalkeeper's stock movements, and kids delight in performing such spectaculars at an early age. It's both a matter of instinct, technique and showmanship – goalkeepers frequently are caught in mid-air by the cameras, even though they are several feet away from being able to reach the ball, but they have to react instantly or be beaten. Greek goalkeepers, among others, perform heroic contortions to field the simplest shots. But the Panathinaikos keeper's stock in trade is an anguished mime as he watches the ball enter the goal, both his feet planted firmly on the ground.

Yet the game in general is facing a much greater crisis even than the out-of-form goalkeeper. The paying public has deserted the stadiums in droves, threatening to plunge the clubs even deeper into debt. First Division attendances were more than 30 percent down from last year, and ticket sales for Panathinaikos home games were only half those of last year. There have been some mitigating circumstances. The league title was more a procession than a battle for Olympiakos, and matches between the leading clubs were thus robbed of some of their interest. Secondly, the season ended in farce with 12 of the 16 top clubs striking for better conditions and refusing to play their last three matches.

With striking clubs having two points taken from them for each game they refused to play, the medium-rated Athens team Panionios, one of the four which rejected the strike call, crept up into fourth position, which may be enough for it to qualify to play in the European club tournaments next season – simply by the team putting on its uniforms for three weeks in succession and trotting out to do battle with opponents who never arrived.

The strike was a protest against the state not putting money back into the game. Specific complaints are that neither of the two television channels pay the clubs for the right to cover matches and that clubs are not paid a weekly share of the earnings from the state football pools competition, Pro-Po. These are genuine (and long-running) grievances, but strike action is an insult to the game's fans, and only provokes counter-threats from the authorities as the clubs owe a fortune in unpaid IKA social security contributions alone.

However, there are many more underlying causes why the fans have been driven away. The two top clubs, which traditionally can count on as much support as the other 14 First Division teams put together, have both alienated followers – Olympiakos because of its bitter boardroom wrangles, and Panathinaikos because owner George Vardinoyannis' checkbook approach to improving the team by luring away the best players of other clubs has given it an identikit image which fans have found harder to identify with.

Also, there continues to be a lack of professionalism on the pitch – as when a disinterested-looking Panathinaikos were mauled 6-3 by humble Ethnicos in the last match of the season they actually played. Or when Olympiakos were bundled out of European competition at the first hurdle earlier in the season, as were all the Greek contestants, after losing heart when only two goals behind halfway through the away match of a two-leg confrontation.

Television coverage of football, besides being free, shows the public every goal scored in the First Division every week, whetting the appetite not for the game itself but for more of the same highlight diet. It's impossible from such coverage to glean any idea about how a team is really playing, and ultimately it becomes difficult to care.

Newspaper photographers, on the other hand, have more of a sense of the real joys of the sport and have become adept at catching stars in the most torrid embraces. They could be congratulating each other on scoring, but we all know it often goes deeper... One particularly fast finger on the shutter recently caught the climax of a running battle of insults between two players when one sought to emphasize his verbal scorn by jabbing his finger into the heart of the other's posterior, an act which was narrowly judged to be outside the spirit of the game by his club, which fined the aggressor.

On another occasion, the newspaper *To Vima* published a collection of photographs – in fact, the same freelance photograph as it was published by various papers. Dramatic as it was, the original print had not actually contained the ball, and *To Vima* delighted in showing how all the editors had selected different positions when each of them superimposed the ball in a bid to improve on the moment.

A great deal now hangs on the national team's performance in the remaining European qualifying matches. A country's success and participation in the final stages of such high-level tournaments usually has a kick-on effect on domestic interest in the game. Greek victories seem to be the closest remedy at hand for rekindling enthusiasm, because the way is barred only by a powerful Dutch football team, rather than by the Greek government itself or the stubborn ways of Greek players. □

## Here's to halva

When very young, I knew two kinds of halva. First and best was mother's halva, made in the kitchen with *simigdali* (farina or semolina) and spiced with cinnamon. Not quite a holiday dessert in the class of *kourambiedes* or *galaktoboureko*, her halva disappeared quickly anyway. Even when she packed a large platter, it was never enough for her four children and all the cousins who visited us.

Then there was the *other* halva – the one that stuck to the roof of the mouth. I never knew where it came from nor how it was made. But regularly every year during the fasting period before Easter, *that* halva intruded. I soon learned to avoid it. I couldn't develop a taste for the imposter with the same name as mother's fabulous dessert. Even now that I know it is made from tahini, which is made from sesame seed, I still cannot accept *that* halva as a familiar food.

As for the beloved halva, its beauty never diminishes. Wherever you find a traditional Greek home or restaurant, you'll taste halva. And always, the halva has an original touch – the nuts sprinkled in or on top, or the shape of the servings, or the sweetness and spices.

Such a dessert must have a remarkable history. Halva certainly does. In its many versions it has been pleasing cooks and diners since ancient times. Many writers, including Athenaeus, described puddings made of wheat meal and milk and honey. Some versions as far back as the 3rd century were studded with pine nuts. These desserts had many different names.

The name of the contemporary dessert derives from the Turkish *helva*, "a dessert made of tahini or semolina", according to Demetrios Kalliris. This language specialist also points out that the *halvatzis* is the person who makes the halva (not to be confused with one described as a "halva" – a lazy or nitwit type).

You can make a distinctive halva with your own secret recipe, using mine as a starting point. I've revised mine again and again. The following completely new recipe features half olive oil, a concession to the ancients and to a delectable "Halva Politikos" (Constantinople style) sampled last October at Taverna Thraki (Fokionos Negri 22 in Kypseli). □

Until now, I've always used butter, as my mother had. But the owner kindly told me his ingredients (not his proportions) and they were identical to mine except for the oil. The restaurant halva was so *spiroto*, each grain separated from the next, so I tried using the oil with success.

I decided to try my former recipe with half oil and butter. This recipe is delicious. You can cook it on a burner, but baking it in the oven forms an unforgettable crust around the edges. But don't tell anyone – that's for the *halvatzis!*

### Homemade halva

**syrup: 1-1/2 cups sugar, 1 orange rind, 5-6 cloves, 1 stick cinnamon**

**1/2 cup unsalted butter and fine olive oil mixed**

**1 cup *simigdali* hondro No.4 (coarse semolina or farina**

**1/4 cup pine nuts, almonds or walnuts, chopped (optional)**

**ground cinnamon**

**1/2 cup milk**

In a saucepan, combine the sugar with 3 cups water. Cook and stir over medium heat until the sugar dissolves. Add the rind, cloves and cinnamon. Boil for 10 minutes. Remove the rind and cinnamon stick.

Meanwhile, in a heavy saucepan, gently heat the butter and olive oil (take time to do this slowly; avoid browning the butter). Stirring constantly, add the *simigdali*. Cook for at least 10 minutes until the wheat turns golden and smells toasted and delicious. You'll have to stir over low heat almost constantly.

Add half the nuts, if using them, and cook for another minute. For a spicy flavor, sprinkle a little cinnamon.

Slowly add the milk, stirring constantly (the mixture will bubble furiously). Then add the syrup and stir to mix. Transfer the dessert to a casserole or baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg.F/175 deg.C) for about 35 minutes or until the halva thickens and forms a crusty edge. Remove from oven and stir quickly with a fork.

Either transfer to a shallow pie plate and spread the top evenly, or spoon into a large or small mold. For the latter, use custard cups for a generous serving. Invert the halva from the mold to a platter.

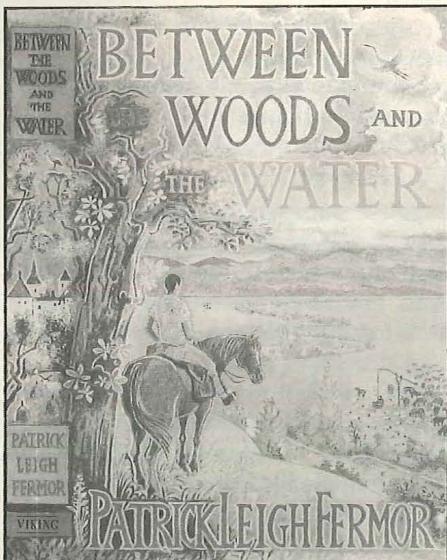
Continue until all the halva has been unmolded. Sprinkle the top with ground cinnamon and nuts. Cool thoroughly before serving. □

## On the road – again

*Between the Woods and the Water*,  
by Patrick Leigh Fermor,  
Elisabeth Sifton Books,  
Viking, hardcover, 248 pages

On the 8th of December, 1933, Patrick Leigh Fermor, then all of 18 and characterized by his former (and precipitously ex-) public school house-master as “a dangerous mixture of sophistication and recklessness”, set out from Tower Bridge alone to walk to Constantinople.

He carried with him notebooks, drawing blocks, an old *Oxford Book of English Verse*, and the *Loeb Horace*,



Vol. I, in which his mother had inscribed a short poem by Petronius: “Leave they home, O youth, and seek out alien shores...Yield not to misfortune: the far-off Danube shall know thee, the cold North-wind and the untroubled kingdom of Canopus and the men who gaze on the new birth of Phoebus or upon his setting...” (The youth set out, “free as the road/Loose as the wind”. Installments of cash followed, posted to postes restantes along his route.)

Would that we all had such mothers. Would that we all were such travellers. Forget about becoming such writers, though. For Fermor is a (if not *the*) master of his genre: as self-indulgent as Durrell, as expansive as Melville, as evocative and as precise as Graves; about as good as one gets in the language, and better than most of us deserve. Full stop.

For those of you who, heads in sand,

missed the publication in 1977 of the first volume of this trilogy recounting (recreating, reinventing) Fermor’s pre-war pilgrimage from England to the Bosphorus, the “time of gifts” has yet to begin and you have a book to catch up on before getting lost “between the woods and the water”.

Late last year, Viking brought out the penultimate volume, which continues the odyssey begun in *A Time of Gifts*. Now we must wait impatiently for the final chapter.

*Between the Woods and the Water* is no faded sequel, however long Fermor has left us stranded on the bridge, mid-Danube. He takes up his tale, and his reader, where he left them. It is the same vigorous voice that goes on with the stranger’s initiation in a strange landscape. This book is a meditation, an epic, an elegy for a vanished Middle Europe. It is also a duet for two travellers: a boy who became a man on his feet, and a passionate septuagenarian who traces that boy’s steps, retrieves his lost diary and interprets, embellishes his memories with the learning of 53 years. (This is the same man who went on to fight in Greece and Crete in the Second World War, lead the party that captured General Kreipe, and earn the DSO and OBE; the author of *Roumeli* and *Mani*; honorary citizen of Heraklion, Gytheion and Kardamyli.)

The book is a travelogue set to  
*Book jacket painting by artist John Craxton*  
*The author on his trek across Europe*

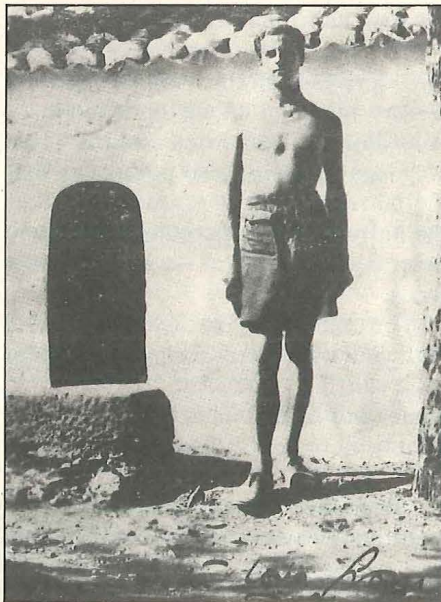


Photo by Valasia Cantacuzène

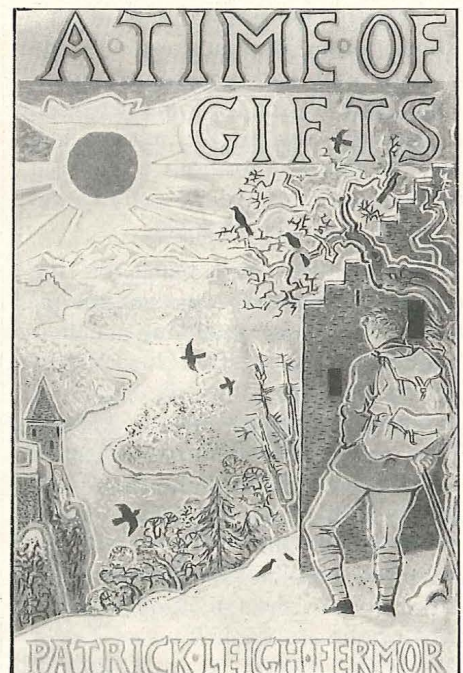
music. Scored for flute and oboe.

Jonathan Raban, another gifted traveller, has addressed himself to why travel books and travellers who write are currently so much in vogue. He might have been speaking of Fermor: “He is a creature of accident and coincidence, committed by his journey to a life of chances muffed and chances seized. He is temperamentally volatile: a friendly hotelier or a break in the weather can make his spirits soar. This traveller-hero, or traveller-fool, has an important place in our contemporary mythology...He confirms our apprehensions about the strangeness of the world, its unlimited capacity to present itself to us as a foreign land. Seductively, stylishly, he glamorizes what for most people is a source only of anxiety and discomfort – the mobile, glancing, dislocated quality of life in this century.”

All true. But polymath Fermor is no traveller-fool. What he knew at 19 of languages, history and the fine art of listening, his readers may never master.

You long to have accompanied him. Through the candle and moonlit streets of Esztergom, the stork-shadowed Hungarian foothills; across the Alföld astride Malek, “a fine chestnut with a flowing mane and tail”; into the fray of a bike-polo chukka with Count Jozsi; and out of time as we know it in the mesmerizing eddies of conversation about history, politics, antiquity, Transylvania.

You long to accompany him, and you do, wandering through a life, an



era, a place that have ceased to exist. Snuffed out. The glasses touch, Angéla lifts her white arms, the storks take wing, and the scene darkens: "Every part of Europe I had crossed so far was to be torn and shattered by the war; indeed, except for the last stage before the Turkish frontier, all the countries traversed by this journey were fought over a few years later by two mercilessly destructive powers; and when war broke out, all these friends vanished into sudden darkness."

But Ishmael escapes with his knowledge.

Fermor's learning is formidable and eccentric. Put down this book and you feel you have feasted on truffles, good strong meat and an éclair or two. Along the way with this intrepid little knight, you will learn what the Huns wore (linen raiment or the pieced-together skins of field mice;) how to say "A child with too many midwives remains with his navel-string uncut" in Romanian, and "I kiss your hand, dear countess" in Hungarian. You will also discover how Socinians differ from other Unitarians, how a bucket of water left on a winter bridge saved ships on the Danube, and how Vlad II of Wallachia

earned the epithet "the Impaler".

Useful information? For a precious few, perhaps. But fascinating if, like this reader, you prefer digressing to arriving. Fermor's is a sensibility one would hate to see confined to a less wideranging prose form.

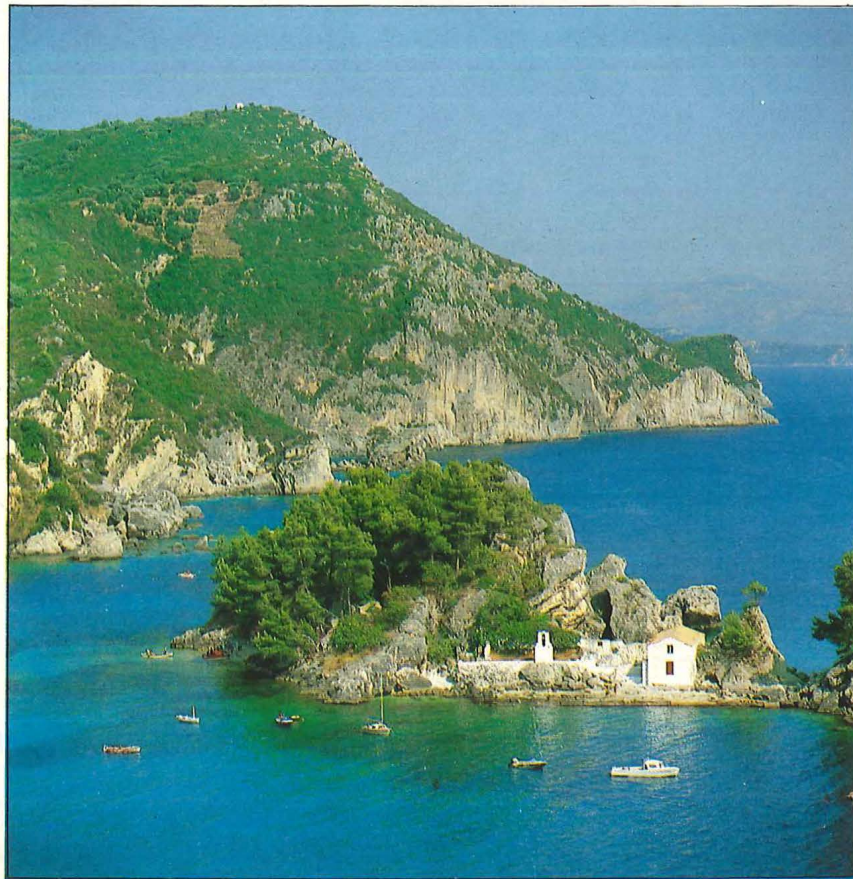
And there are the Fermor sentences that roll on and on like the Don, the Moldau. "Transylvania, the Banat of Temesvár, the Great Plain, the Tatra mountains, Bukovina, Galicia, Podolia, Lodomeria, Moravia, Bohemia, Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia and, above all, the Carpathians themselves – how closely the geography of Austria-Hungary and its neighbors approximated to the fictional world of earlier generations! Graustark, Ruritania, Borduria, Syldavia and a score of imaginary kingdoms, usurped by tyrants and sundered by fights for the throne, leap into mind: plots, treachery, imprisoned heirs and palace factions abound and, along with them, fiendish monocled swordsmen, queens in lonely towers, toppling ranges, deep forests, plains full of half-wild horses, wandering tribes of Gypsies who steal children out of castles and dye them with wal-

nut-juice or lurk under the battlements and melt the chatelaines' hearts with their strings." (I just *know* he declaims these things aloud down there at his villa in the Mani, trying them out for sound on the dry air.)

Just Fermor's outrageous, intimidating vocabulary marks him as surely, but not solely, a writers' writer. Calumet, habergeon, objurgate, helve, jacqueries, penumbra, drugget – all gleaned from a quick thumbing. Not to speak of other languages sprinkled, mostly parsed, it's true, throughout. Here we have traveller-writer as writer-mentor, as don, as initiator.

I cannot for the life of me imagine sharing a berth with Paul Theroux. Not for a millisecond. Nor does the political angst of Naipaul allow a fellow traveller to preserve his sense of wonder (for the horror, the horror.) Jan Morris loses me. Freya Stark overwhelms me. Dervla Murphy puzzles me.

But there is no doubt in my mind at all that, between the woods and the water, a great traveller has written his way into the history of letters with this soaring duet in a lost land. □



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# Katey's corner



☆ In an era when Independence Day in much of the world is synonymous with an opportunity for rolling out whatever arms and armor a country happens to possess (usually to the detriment of the streets of the parade route), Fourth of July celebrations in the United States are sort of refreshing. The politicians still return to their home cities and towns from Washington, D.C., the local Kiwanis groups and Boy Scout troops are very much in evidence, a faintly discordant band from the high school will no doubt be on hand to perform and the picnic baskets are opulent. Hot dogs and pick-up baseball games, Cokes and sack races, grandma's apple pie and swimming races – everything is all sort of mixed up and confused, but for sure there will be the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, a speech by the

mayor and fireworks to top it all off. There will be some patriotism and flag waving and, this year with elections "only" 16 months away, numerous presidential hopefuls will be fanning out across the country giving favorite son speeches as they jockey for media time. But that is part of the tradition, too.

☆ It is always a pleasure to welcome **Billy Eidi**, the renowned Lebanese pianist, back to Athens. His benefit performances are always well attended and enthusiastically received; his recent show at the Athens College Theatre for the benefit of mentally handicapped children was no exception. Now residing in Paris, Eidi is a professor at the *Ecole Normale de Musique de Paris*, at the *Conservatoire d'Etampes* and the summer school in Flaine. The performance was made possible thanks to the assistance of Olympic Airways.

☆ Another welcome addition to the cultural scene is the tradition – now in its fifth year – of having a **Gina Bachauer Memorial Concert** in the spring at Pierce College Auditorium. The great Greek artist would have been highly pleased with the young performer this year, for he

was phenomenal. Winner of many worldwide awards, Chinese-American Alec Chien was the recipient of the 1986 Grand Prize of the Gina Bachauer International Piano Competition held in Salt Lake City, Utah. Attesting to his great talent is the fact that he also won the Audience Prize with a 7- to-1 margin over his nearest competitor. Special thanks to The American College of Greece for perpetuating this fine tradition.

☆ Word comes from the **Hellenic Amateur Music Society (HAMS)** that success achieved by their performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*, enabled them to donate almost 500,000 drachmas to charity. Rumor has it that the new year will bring a performance of G & S's popular *Ruddigore* – more on this in the autumn.

☆ On the occasion of its fifth anniversary, the **Ambassador Health Center** at the Athenaeum Inter-Continental Hotel hosted a soiree around the pool for patrons and friends. I suppose the idea was that if those invited wined and dined unwisely and too well, it would be incumbent upon them to take full advantage of the sauna, jacuzzi, steam baths and especially the gym facilities to get back in shape!

☆ The president of the **Consular Corps** in Greece, George Besi, has been singularly honored by being designated Consul of the Year by the Consular Corps College and the International Consular Academy. The award reads as follows: "Honorable George J. Besi, consul general of Ecuador and president of the Consular Corps of Greece, is duly named Consul of the Year 1987. We are delighted to salute his tireless dedication to the demands of his post; his impeccable direction of many consular activities and his strong leadership of the Consular Corps in Greece." I am quite sure that all of his colleagues here in Greece



*The Turkish Embassy has been very busy of late. First there was the Delegation that came to Athens for the purpose of awarding the "Abdi Ipekci Peace and Friendship" prizes to 21 Greeks and 9 Turks. And there was the sensational fashion show/musical program/reception that delighted all present with the beautiful traditional costumes and modern fashions worn by beauty queens from Turkey. Someone had the idea of having the models carry small Turkish flags in one hand and Greek flags in the other as they came on for their encore following the program. It may not go a long way toward cementing Turkish-Greek relations, but it probably did no harm.*

would heartily endorse this award – which does not even take into consideration the fact that he has devoted more than 10 years to coordinating the activities of the group, both official and social. Bravo, George!

☆ The flowers were definitely blooming in the spring *this* year! Beautiful blooms, spectacular arrangements and their accompanying mixed scents delighted all who visited the **floral exhibition** organized by the Flower Council of the Netherlands, under the auspices of General Manager Eddy J.M. Florijn and the agricultural counselor of the Netherlands Embassy, Leo Braakenburg. Not only was the Hilton lobby filled with the colorful display, but floral arrangements could be found elsewhere



*Board members of the Propeller Club of Piraeus had an opportunity to chat informally with Margaret Papandreou at a pre-luncheon cocktail party on the occasion of her recent speech to the group. Her talk, entitled "Effective peace actions", had recently been given to several important organizations throughout the United States. In the photograph are (from left) Aris Manias, club first vice president, Mrs Papandreou, U.S. Ambassador Robert Keeley and George J. Angelis, club president.*



around the hotel, too. The exhibition was opened by Netherlands Ambassador Gerrit Van Barneveld-Kooy, and the beautiful blooms were flown from their native land by Royal Dutch Airline KLM... No less exciting were the arrangements presented for Athenians through a cooperation of the Cultural Center of the Athens Municipality, the Embassy of Japan and the Greek chapter of the Ikebana Ohara School of Japan. With flowers arranged for the total environment, Mrs Sumie Takahashi, master of the Nihon Kado Koryu School of Ikebana, produced breathtaking works of art. Mrs Yayoi Tanaka, wife of the Japanese ambassador, attended with many friends from the diplomatic corps who took advantage of this unique opportunity... Flowers bloomed in a different way this year when ceramicist Teni of Halandri combined forces with artists of the Designers Guild to provide complimentary fabrics with tiny blossoms providing an overall motif. Guaranteed to bring the outdoors indoors this summer, this new approach is a welcome one. To see them, drop by Teni's on Tzavella in

Halandri. ☆ The opening event for this year's **Spartathlon** ultra-distance race was recently held aboard the World Renaissance of Epirotiki Lines. To be held September 25 and 26, this world-class event will again attract athletes from around the world to follow in the footsteps of the Athenian military courier Pheidipides, running the 250 kilometers from Athens to Sparta within the allotted 36 hours. On board for this special occasion were many ambassadors from countries whose athletes regularly participate, representatives from Greek government ministries that will be involved, executives from sponsoring organizations and members of the press. Spartathlon is an exciting volunteer effort, and if you would like to be involved with the organization and preparations for the race, just telephone Mrs Veremis at 345-5266. ☆ *The Athenian* has received a copy of a factual pamphlet on AIDS which was originally printed in Britain. Telephone the office at 322-3052 or 322-2802 if you would like to obtain the booklet for just copying costs.



Mrs Louise Keeley (right) and Mrs Trudy Jordan cut the ribbon to officially open the St. Andrew's Church May Fair, while American Ambassador Robert Keeley and Chairman of the Church Council Bill Jordan looked on. Lots of people passed through the gate to join in on the fun of the occasion. Kids bobbed for apples, threw wet sponges at their volunteer colleagues and bean bags for soft drinks. Later everybody enjoyed barbecued chicken, crisp and diverse salads, something cool to drink and tea and scones for a quiet recovery change of pace. At the end, happy and exhausted, everybody pronounced the May Fair a super success – including those winners who went home with very special prizes. Chairman Elayne Moisey deserves kudos for a job well done; her thanks go to each and every person who pitched in to help!



The Players' new theatre in the round was a delightful setting for their last play of the season, "You Never Can Tell", but its location was apparently inconvenient for some of their loyal followers from the north. By not making the effort they missed a super performance, directed by Joyce Simmonds. The George Bernard Shaw dialogue was witty and the plot was good, and, as usual, many of the members contributed time and talent to keep things moving without a hitch. In our photo are (from left) the waiter, Graham Rogers; Philip played by Andrew Rendall; Dolly, Susan Kyriakides; and (seated) is Mr Crampton played by Raymond Godfree.



Because of its popularity, the idea of having all three schools participate in the Champion School Prize Day was followed again this year. Headmaster Tony Eggleston welcomed those present, as did Dr George Phylactopoulos, standing in for Chairman of the School Board Tom Shortell, who was abroad. Valedictory remarks were made by Head Girl Prefect Alice Seferiades and Head Boy Prefect Richard Leith, diplomas were delivered to graduating 12th grade pupils, and the principal address was given by the guest of honor, Sir Jeremy Thomas, the British ambassador, who also awarded the school prizes for excellence in various fields with special awards made as follows: Philip Noel-Baker Trophy to David Syriani; Malcom Trophy to Lynne Caravias, Most Promising Young Sportsman to Robert Allsop and Headmaster's Prizes to Richard Leith, Alice Seferiades, Oliver Davies and Valerie Jonston. You will recognize many friends in our photo, including (with flowers) Lady Diana, Mrs Eggleston and Ambassador Thomas.

# classifieds

Cost 1200 drs all inclusive for a minimum 15 words; 15 drs each additional word. All ads must be prepaid by cash, cheque or money order. Deadline is the 15th of each month for the following issue.

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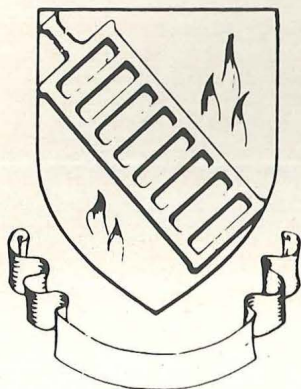
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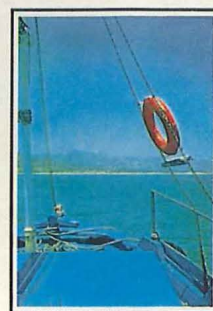
Nicholas Gage

HELLAS  
 A PORTRAIT OF  
 GREECE



# HELLAS

## A PORTRAIT OF GREECE



Nicholas Gage  
 Author of ELENI

### HIGH PRAISE FOR "HELLAS — A PORTRAIT OF GREECE"

The best reviewers of the America's top newspapers and magazines favor Gage and "Hellas".

— "Hellas" is the best book I've read on Greece since Miller's "Colossus of Maroussi" classic (C. Janus, The Chicago Sun Times)

— His relaxed insidersness sets the book apart from others about the country (New York Times)

— "Hellas" is a volume that Greece-bound tourists might substitute for about half of Loeb Library of Classics (Washington Post).

— It is written with fierce pride and complete honesty (Boston Globe)

— A warm, engaging and highly personal word portrait of a unique nation (Associated Press)

The newspapers Houston Chronicle and Los Angeles Times, the president of the New York University John Brademas and many others praise this remarkable book which is far more than a travel guide.

It is a personal, poetic, fascinating and incisive portrait of Greece given with emotion and expertise.

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# THE ATHENIAN guide

Where to go... what to do

focus • music • dance • drama • museums • sites • tourist tips • sports • matter of taste • restaurants and night

## focus

### festivals

The **Pendeli Festival**, which specializes in chamber music concerts, is marking 10 years of events. This year is dedicated to Greek musicians. All the known Greek groups (duos, trio, etc) as well as many soloists will participate. The duration is 15 days, July 12-July 27, and it will take place at the mansion of the Duchess of Plakentia. For more information about the program



*Dora Stratou folk dance*

call Mrs Dadaki at 804-0194. At the same place another festival continues until July 9, **Kristallia** organized by the Pendeli Cultural Association. The program includes, Greek songs by the musical section of Nea Pendeli on July 1. From July 2-July 7 classical music concerts, Chorotheatro Nausica on July 8 and Karagiozis by Evgenios Spatharis on July 9. For more information call 804-0000, 804-2575, 804-1373.

### exhibitions

The National Gallery, in collaboration with the museum of Western Art, Tokyo, the museo de Santa Cruz, Toledo, and the Grupo Banco Hispano Americano, Madrid, is organizing an exhibition-presentation of paintings by Domenikos Theotokopoulos (El Greco), **The Annunciation** (c. 1608-1610) which consists of a) **The concert of Angels** in the National Gal-

lery, Athens, b) **The visit of the Archangel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary** in the collection of the Grupo Banco Hispano Americano, Madrid. The duration is until July 30.

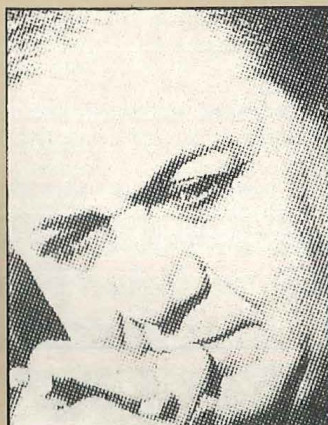
In the new wing of the **Museum of Modern Art** in Andros, which was founded by

Vassilis and Eliza Goulandris, various exhibitions will take place. Works by Pablo Picasso, Henri Cartier Bresson, Frank Kupka, Opi Zouni, Dimitris Tiniakos and an exhibition of contemporary Greek sculpture will be on show. The opening day is July 5 and it

ΕΘΝΙΚΟ ΚΑΙ ΚΑΡΔΙΟΤΕΤΡΙΑΚΟ ΠΑΝΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΙΟ ΑΘΗΝΩΝ  
150 ΧΡΟΝΙΑ

**150 ΧΡΟΝΙΑ**  
**ΠΑΝΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΙΟ ΑΘΗΝΩΝ**  
**ΕΚΘΕΣΗ ΜΟΥΣΕΙΟΥ**  
**ΟΙΚΙΑ ΚΛΕΑΝΘΗ ΠΛΑΚΑ**

*Athens University Museum*



*Manos Hadjidakis at "Athens in Music '87"*



*Joe Cocker at "Athens in Music '87"*



*Cab Calloway at "Athens in Music '87"*

will last until September 20. Opiz Zounis' exhibition will end the 10th of August.

**dance**

**Folk Dance today**, an International conference of the I.O.F.A-UNESCO, to be held July 1-5, in Larissa. Delegations from the 90 member-countries of the I.O.F.A. have been invited to attend. Culture Minister Melina Mercouri will open the conference. The program includes: a.official ceremonies; b.parade of delegations in local costume; c.communication of scientific research papers; d. projection of films and video on folk dance; e.exhibitions of folk items; f.visits to places of folklore interest (museums, villages); g.performances of folk dance and folk music groups every day. Papers will be read in English or Greek and translated. Participation is open to: folk dance teachers, dance group leaders, choreographers, folklorists, anthropologists, festival organizers and others who have an active interest in folk dance. For information and registration call Dr. Christos Chalkias, tel. (041)253427.

**theatre**

**The International Workshop and Study Centre of Ancient Drama** is presenting Sophocles' **Antigone** in English, performed by

12 American actors, at the Ithaka Festival on July 1 and 2 and at the Limassol Festival, Cyprus, on July 6 and 7. There will also be a performance held in the ancient theatre at Curium.

**education**

**The Athens Centre** will sponsor a series of summer seminars on Greek civilization. Lectures will be given by guest speakers from

10:30 pm. **Byzantine Civilization** by Nikos Stavroulakis, on July 7 and 9 at 5:30 pm, July 8 and 10 at 9 pm. **Modern Greek History** by Prof. P. Zaronis, on July 16 at 5:30 pm and on July 17 at 9 pm.

**summer trips**

The Athens Centre will sponsor two archaeological field trips open to members and friends of the Centre. A five-day trip, July 11-July 15, including lectures at the sites, by Dr. Catherine Vanderpool, and museums of **Delphi, Olympia, Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Tiryns and Nauplion**. A performance of a classical Greek drama will be seen at the ancient theatre of Epidaurus.

The second field trip to **Istanbul** will include visits to the Topkapi museum, Aghia Sofia, the Blue Mosque and other major Byzantine and Ottoman monuments. Other visits to the covered bazaar and travel by boat up the Bosphoros. For further information call the Centre at 701-2268 or 701-5242.

**notes**

A 300-year-old building, the former Kleanthis house, is now the **Athens University Museum**. Valuable materials from offices, storages and libraries of the first university of Athens, which celebrates 150 years since its foundation, are gathered in this museum. Photos of the university activities, old books, manuscripts, the first diplomas, old medical tools and other things, along with 50 portraits of leaders, donors and rectors, are exhibited in the museum. The whole organization was undertaken by Dimitra Tsouhlu, art historian, and the painter Assadur Baharian, of the cultural center "Apopsi". The museum is open from 9 am-9 pm., but is better to call before visiting at 324-0861.



"The Annunciation" by El Greco at the National Gallery



Apostolos Caldaras at Lykabettos



Andreas Papadatos

Greek and American universities. The seminars will take place at the Athens Centre, and are open to members and their friends. For further information call the Centre's office at 701-2268 or 701-5242. **Ancient Greek Civilization**, introduction to Classical Greece by Dr. Catherine Vanderpool on July 6 at 5 pm. **Ancient Greek Drama** by Dr. Thomas Falkner, July 6 at 6:30 pm and July 10 at

## Festival Guide

Tickets to performances at the **Herod Atticus Theatre** can be bought at the **Athens Festival box office**, Stadiou 4 (in the arcade), tel. 322-1459, 322-3111. The office is open weekdays from 8:30 pm-1:30 pm and 6 pm-8:30 pm. For events, tickets are also on sale at the theatre box office, Aghiou Constantinou and Menandrou Sts., tel 522-3242 from 8 am-1:30 pm and 6-8 pm on weekdays. At the **Odeon of Herod Atticus**, on the days of the performances from 6:30 pm-9 pm.

For shows at the **Ancient Theatre of Epidavros** tickets can be bought at the **Athens Festival box office** and at the **National Theatre** as well as at the theatre box office on the days of the performances, Fri. 5 pm-9 pm and on Sat. 9 am-1 pm AND 5 pm-9 pm. tel (0753)22-026. For Epidavros, tickets can also be bought at the **Olympic Airways Office** in Nafplio, on 2 Bouboulinas Ave., tel (0752)27-456 and 28-054, on the eve and day of the performance.

Advanced sale of tickets begins 20 days before each performance. All events are subject to change.

### Herod Atticus

All performances begin at 9 pm.

- |                   |                                                                                                                        |
|-------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| July 1,2          | Shankai Juku Ensemble (Japan) in <i>Eggs Standing out of Curiosity</i> and <i>Cumquat Seed</i> . Tickets 400-2500 drs. |
| July 3,4          | Bamberger Symphoniker, conductor Witold Rowicki and soloist Yiannis Vakarelis (piano). Tickets 300-1500 drs.           |
| July 6            | Byzantine Choirs, <i>The Athens Cathedral Choir</i> and <i>The Romanian Patriarchate Choir</i> . Tickets 250-1200 drs  |
| July 6            | Athens State Orchestra                                                                                                 |
| July 10,11        | Theatro Technis, Aristophanes' <i>The Birds</i> . Tickets 250-1500 drs.                                                |
| July 12           | Piano recital by Vladimir Ashkenazy. Tickets 400-3500 drs.                                                             |
| July 13           | Athens State Orchestra                                                                                                 |
| July 15,16,18,19, | La Scala Ballet with the Orchestra of the Sofia Opera. Tickets 400-3000 drs.                                           |
| July 21,23        | English Bach Festival. Tickets 400-2300 drs.                                                                           |
| July 25,26,28,29  | Ballet National de Marseille (Roland Petit). Tickets 400-3000 drs.                                                     |
| July 27           | Athens State Orchestra                                                                                                 |
| Aug 1,2           | National Theatre, Aeschylus' <i>The Seven Against Thebes</i> . Tickets 200-1000 drs.                                   |
| Aug 3             | Byzantine Choirs. Tickets 250-1200 drs.                                                                                |
| Aug 4             | ERT Symphony Orchestra, conductor Miltiadis Caridis                                                                    |
| Aug 8,9           | National Theatre, Aristophanes' <i>Ecclesiazusae</i> . Tickets 200-1000 drs.                                           |
| Aug 11,12,13,14   | Batsheva Dance Company, Israel. Tickets 400-2500 drs.                                                                  |
| Aug 19,20         | State Theatre of Northern Greece                                                                                       |
| Aug 22,24         | Staatskapelle Dresden Orchestra, conductor Hans Vonk. tickets 300-1500 drs.                                            |
| Aug 23            | The Trio: Mstislav Rostropovitch, Bruno Giuranna, Anne-Sophie Mutter                                                   |
| Aug 27,28,30      | Dresden State Opera and Dresden Staatskapelle Orchestra, Wagner' <i>Lohengrin</i> . Tickets 500-3500 drs.              |
| Aug 31            | State Orchestra of Thessaloniki                                                                                        |
| Sept 2,3,4,5      | Paul Taylor Dance Company. Tickets 400-2500 drs.                                                                       |
| Sept 6            | Nana Mouscouri concert. Tickets 500-3500 drs.                                                                          |
| Sept 8            | Bayerischer Rundfunk Orchester, Director Colin Davies, soloist: Agnes Baltsa and Jose Carreras. Tickets 300-1500 drs.  |
| Sept 9            | Bayerischer Rundfunk Orchester. Tickets 300-1500 drs.                                                                  |
| Sept 12,13        | Amphi-Theatre (Spyros Evangelatos), Aristophanes' <i>Peace</i> . Tickets 250-1200 drs.                                 |
| Sept 17           | Byzantine Choirs. Tickets 250-1200 drs.                                                                                |
| Sept 18-22        | A week dedicated to Greek Music. Tickets 300-1500 drs.                                                                 |

### Ancient Theatre of Epidavros

All theatre tickets are priced between 400-1400 drs.

- |               |                                                                                                              |
|---------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| July 3,4      | National Theatre, Aristophanes' <i>Ecclesiazusae</i> directed by Yannis Margaritis                           |
| July 10,11    | National Theatre, Sophocles' <i>Oedipus Rex</i> , directed by George Michailidis                             |
| July 17,18    | Athinaion Theatre (Karezi-Kazakos), Sophocles' <i>Electra</i> , with Genny Karezi, directed by Oleg Ephremov |
| July 31 Aug 1 | Amphi-Theatre (Spyros Evangelatos), Aeschylus' <i>Choephore</i> , directed by Spyros Evangelatos             |
| Aug 7,8       | Theatro Technis (C. Koun), Aeschylus' <i>The Persians</i> , directed by Carolos Koun                         |
| Aug 14,15     | Proscenio (A. Solomos), Euripides' <i>Hecuba</i> , with Anna Synodinou, directed by Alexis Solomos           |
| Aug 21,22     | State Theatre of Northern Greece                                                                             |
| Aug 28,29     | Modern Theatre (G. Messalas), Aristophanes' <i>Sfinges (Wasps)</i> , directed by George Messalas             |
| Sept 4,5      | Cyprus Theatre Company, Euripides' <i>Orestes</i> , with Dimitris Potamitis, directed by George Theodosiadis |

## Patras International Festival

For more information call (061)276-592

July 1,2,	Philharmonic Orchestra of England, soloists G. Vakarelis, L. Kavakos
July 3	Jazz concert with Chick Corea at the piano and Gary Barton saxophone
July 4,5	Piramatiki Skini Techni Thessalonikis
July 6	Bordeaux Symphony Orchestra
July 7,8	Yiorgos Dalaras
July 9	"Oregon"
July 10	Guitar recital by Kostas Kotsiolis
July 11,12	National Theatre, Aristophane's <i>Ecclesiazusae</i> directed by Yiannis Margaritis
July 13,14	Symposium on Love Poetry
July 15	Ravi Shankar (sitar)
July 16	Rantos Collegium group
July 17,18,19	National Theatre, Sophocles' <i>Oedipus Rex</i> directed by George Mihailidis
July 17	Live Electronic Music
July 19	Electronic Music "Spectacular"
July 20,21	Dutch group Xenakis Ensemble
July 22	Kyriakos Sfetsas
July 23	Piano recital by Nelly Semitecolo
July 24,25	Yiannis Parios
July 26	Vassilis Papaconstantinou
July 27	Traditional electronic music
July 28	Piano recital by Andreas Adamopoulos
July 29	Chant recital by Victoria de los Anheles with Itsiro Souzouki (guitar) and Hans Maria Kneif (flute)
July 31 Aug 1	Open Theatre by G. Mihailidis
Aug 2	Yiorgos Dalaras and Al di Meola (guitar)

## Heraklion Festival

For more information call (061)226-795

July 1	Folk-dance ballet "Piet Lou" of China
July 2	Bolshoi Sextet
July 6,7	Greek Dances by the Lykeio Ellinidon
July 9,10	Ethniki Lyriki Skini, <i>Apahides ton Athinon</i> by Nicos Hatzia Apostolou
July 11,12	Theatrikos Stathmos Herakliou
July 13	Popular Cretan music
July 14	Choir from Nicosia
July 15	Australian Orchestra
July 16	Yiorgos Stavrianos
July 17,18	Folk-dance ballet "Berioska" of the Soviet Union
July 20,21	Uriah Heap
July 22	Concert by the "Chanome yiati remvazo" group
July 25,26	Music-dance by the "Cotton club" group Cab and Chris Calloway, "Williams Brothers"
July 28,29	Heraklion Cafe-theatre, D. Kehaidi's <i>To Tavli</i>
July 31 Aug 1	Ballet National de Marseilles (Roland Petit)
Aug 2	Saporo's "Reiko Noto" Japanese ballet

## Athens Municipality – Athens in Music 87

Athens Municipality is organising a music festival which will take place at the Panathinaikos stadium (P.A.O. Alexandras Ave.) Advanced sale of tickets at the central kiosks of the Municipality and 60 kiosks all over Attiki. All concerts start at 21:00 hrs. and the ticket price is 800 drs. for more information call 364-0910, 363-9521, 362-1601.

July 5,7	Bordeaux Aquitaine Orchestra, conducted by Roberto Benzi
July 8,9	Blue Oyster Cult concert
July 10	Bob Geldof concert
July 11	Joe Cocker concert
July 13	Wayne Shorter Quintet concert
July 14	Brazil 87, Astrud Gilberto voice, Egberto Gismonti piano guitar and the Azymuth trio
July 21	Black Sabbath concert
July 22	Dizzy Gillespie Quintet concert
July 24	Manos Hadjidakis concert
July 26	Jeunes de la Mediterranee Orchestra, conductor Arturo Tamayo
July 27	Cab Calloway Cotton Club
July 28	Stan Getz Quartet concert and "Hores" (countries) by G. Trantalidis
July 31	Dimos Moutsis concert
Aug 1,2	Greek Song '40-'50 concert
Aug 3	Stephan Grappelli trio concert

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26	27	28	29	30	31	

## NAME DAYS IN JULY

In traditional Greek circles one's name day (the feast 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 *chronia palla* (many happy returns).

July 1	Kosmas, Damianos
July 17	Marinos, Marina
July 20	Ilias (Elijah)
July 26	Paraskevas, Paraskevi, Vivi, Evi, Voula
July 27	Panteleimon, Pantelis

## DATES TO REMEMBER

July 1	Canada Day
July 4	U.S. Independence Day
July 14	Bastille Day - France

## GALLERIES

There is little activity at the galleries over the summer months, and some close altogether. Those that remain open usually have permanent exhibitions of local artists.

- AITHOUSA TECHNIS IAKINTHOS**, Zirini 23 Kifissia, tel 801-1730. A group show until September.
- ATHENS ART GALLERY**, Glykonos 4, tel 721-3938. A group show for all summer.
- EPÍPEDA**, Xanthippou 11, tel 721-4644. A group show until mid-July.
- EPOCHES**, Kifissias 263, tel 808-3645. A group show lasting all summer.
- KOURD**, Vas. Sofias, tel 361-3113. A group show until July 10.
- NEES MORFES**, Valaoritou 9A, tel 361-6165. A group show until September 20.
- SKOUFA**, Skoufa 4, tel 360-3541. A group show for the whole summer.
- TO TRITO MATI**, Xenokratous 33, tel 722-9733. Group show.
- ZOUMBOULAKIS**, Kolonaki Sq., tel 360-8278. Group show.
- ZYGOS**, Iofondos 33, tel 722-9219. A group show until July 31.

## EXHIBITIONS

- PAINTING, SCULPTURE AND ENGRAVING EXHIBITION** with works by professors of the School of Fine Arts, at the Ethniki Pinakothiki as part of events marking the 150th anniversary of the school. The exhibition will last until the end of August.
- SPANISH MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE**, an exhibition at the Pnevmatiko Kentro in collaboration with the Spanish Embassy, with 50 works until August 20.
- ELENI KOSTANTOPOULOU** is exhibiting her work in memory of her daughter Iro, a heroine of the resistance, at the Pnevmatiko Kentro until July 5.

## MUSIC, DANCE, THEATRE

**CLASSICAL GUITAR SEMINAR** at Zakynthos by Andreas Papadatos organized by the municipality of Zakynthos, starting on July 20 until July 29. For more information call 562-1934, 223-4430 or the municipality at 25276, 22333.

**LE SOULIER DE SATIN** at the Ymittos Theatre, end of July beginning of August, directed by Antoine Vitez, in collaboration with the Ministry of Culture and the French Institute.

**LYCABETTUS THEATRE, Bolshoi Sexteton** July 1. **Bakunaima**, Brazilian Theatre group, on July 3, 4, and 5. A. Lidoriki's **Lord Byron** performed by G. Messala's "Modern Theatre", on July 7 and 8. **Berioshka Ballet** on July 11, 12, 13 and 14. G. Souri's **Athens 1887** on July 17 and 18. **Chuck Berry** rock concert, on July 19 and 20. **Aliki Kayialoglou** on July 22. **Open Theatre** by G. Mihailidis, on July 25 and 26. **Ethniki Lyriki Skini Ballet** on July 28. **Apostolos Kaldaras** the composer will give a concert on July 29 and 30.

**DORA STRATOU GREEK FOLK DANCES** are held at the Dora Stratou Theatre on Philopappou Hill until the end of September. The show begins at 10.15 pm on weekdays and at 8.15 and 10.15 on Wednesdays and Sundays. For information and tickets call 921-4650 after 7 pm.

## SOUND AND LIGHT

**ATHENS: ACROPOLIS-PNYX** - The show is performed in Greek, French, English and German every day. For information and tickets at the Athens Festival box office, Stadiou 4 tel 322-1459 or at the entrance gate at Ayios Dimitrios Lombardiaris, tel 922-6210, on the day of the performance. Tickets 350 drs and for students 120 drs.

**RHODES: MUNICIPAL GARDEN - PALACE OF THE GRAND MASTER** - Information can be obtained by phoning the Palace at (0241) 21922, the EOT office at (0241) 23255. Alternate performances are in Greek, English, French, German and Swedish.

**CORFU: OLD FORTRESS** - Call the EOT office at (0661) 30520 for tickets and information. The program is in Greek, English until September 30, and includes Greek folk dances.

## WINE FESTIVALS

**DAPHNI**. The festival is open daily from 7:30 pm until 12:30 pm beginning July 11-July 30. Admission is 220 drs., 170 drs. for groups and 120 drs. for students. Tickets are purchased at the gate.

**ALEXANDROUPOLIS**. This wine festival begins July 12 and lasts until July 16 from 8 pm-12 pm daily. Tickets can be purchased at the gate. For more information call (0551)26410.

**RETHYMNON**. The festival takes place at the Municipal Garden from July 18-July 28, daily, 7:30 pm-1 am.

## FESTIVALS THROUGHOUT GREECE

**THESSALONIKI** - Open theatre celebrations will take place at the Municipal Garden Theatre from July 13 until the end of August. For further information call the Thessaloniki municipality (031)277-641.

**EPIRUS** - Theatre, concerts, Greek and foreign dance events, sculpture and folklore exhibitions will take place at the open air theatre of the Society of Epirotic Studies in July and August. For more information call (0651)26442.

**HERAKLION** - The municipality sponsors an extensive program of artistic events until the end of August. For further information call (061)226-795. See *Focus*.

**RETHYMNON** - The municipality of Rethymnon is organising a program of cultural events at the municipal theatre and at the Venetian fortress Forteza until the end of August. For more information call (0831)25360.

**RHODES** - Various events as concerts, dance, piano recitals, speeches etc., organised by the municipality of Rhodes, will take place at the Medieval Theatre of the Palace of the Grand Master for the whole summer. For more information call (0241)29678-27427.

## SUMMER COURSES

**MODERN SPOKEN GREEK** new intensive one-month classes, starting on July 3 and September 3. All levels, special courses, latest techniques. Registration: July 15-30. At the Hellenic American Union, for more information call 360-7305.

**ATHENS CENTRE**, 48 Archimidous St., tel 701-2268, will sponsor a series of summer seminars on Greek civilization, starting on July 6 until July 17. See *Focus*.

## CLUBS AND ORGANISATIONS

**LA LECHE LEAGUE** meetings on advantages of breast-feeding to mother and baby, on July 1 for Athens north tel 639-5268 and on July 14 for Athens south, tel 895-8048.

## LIBRARIES

**AMERICAN HELLENIC CHAMBERS 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.-Fri. 9-2. Closed Sat.

**ATHENS COLLEGE LIBRARY**, Psychico. Tel. 671-4627 ext.60. Open Mon.-Fri. 8:30 am-4 pm, closed Sat. 25,000 books in English and Greek; English periodicals.

**AMERICAN LIBRARY, USICA**, Hellenic American Union, Massalias 22 (4th Floor). Te. 363-7740. Books, periodicals, indexes and US 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.-Fri. 9:30 am-2 pm and Mon.-Thurs. 5:30-8:30 pm.

**BRITISH COUNCIL LIBRARY**, Kolonaki Sq. Tel.363-3211. Lending Library open Mon.-Fri. 9:30-1:30. Mon.-Thurs. 5:30-8:00. Reference Library open Mon.-Fri. 9:30-1:30, Mon. and Thurs. 5:30-8:00.

**BENAKI**, Koumbari 1. Tel. 362-6462. For reference use only. Books, periodicals, manuscripts, gravures and water-colors pertaining to all periods of Greek history and art with emphasis on folk tradition. Mon. 8:30-2:00 pm, Sat. closed.

**FRENCH INSTITUTE**, Sina 29. Tel. 362-4301. Books, periodicals, references and records in French. Mon.-Fri. 10:00-1:30, 5-8, except Mon. mornings.

**THE GENNADEION**, American School of Classical Studies, Souidias 61. Tel. 721-0536. References on Greece from antiquity to the present. Permanent exhibit of rare books, manuscripts and works of art. Mon. Wed. Fri. 9 am-5 pm. Tues. Thurs. 9 am-8 pm and Sat. 9 am-2 pm.

**GOETHE INSTITUTE**, Omirou 14-16. Tel. 360-8111. Books, periodicals, references, records and cassettes in German. Mon.-Fri. 9:30 am-2 pm and 5-8 pm, except Wed. afternoons.

**MULTI-NATIONAL WOMEN'S LIBERATION GROUP**, Mavromihali 69, Feminism, fiction, women's issues, psychology, back copies of feminist journals and a good selection of women's health literature. Tel. 281-4823, 683-2959, before 3 pm. The library is open during the group's meetings, the first Fri. of the month and on Thurs. 13 days after the first meeting, around 8:30-9 pm.

**NATIONAL LIBRARY**, Panepistimiou St. Tel. 361-4413. Open Mon.-Thurs. 9 am-8 pm, Fri. and Sat. 9 am-2 pm in several languages. For reference use only.

**NATIONAL RESEARCH CENTER**, Vas. Konstantinou 48. Tel. 722-9811. Scientific journals and periodicals in all languages except Greek. For reference use only, but photocopies made upon request Mon.-Fri. 7:30 am-2:30 pm and 4:00-8:45 pm.

**PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY**, Vas. Sofias. Tel. 323-5030. Mon.-Sat. 8:30 am-2 pm. The Benaki Annex is located in the National History Museum.

**PINAKOTHIKI LIBRARY**, Mihalakopoulou 1. Tel. 723-5857. Located behind the Pinakothiki (National Gallery), the library is open Mon.-Fri. 8:30 am-2 pm. Art books and journals focusing on the period after the 15th century and on modern Greek art. For reference use only.

**THE HELLENIC AMERICAN UNION OF GREEK LIBRARY**, Massalias 22, 7th floor. Tel. 362-9886 (ext.51). Open Mon.-Fri. 9 am-1 pm and 6-9 pm. A general public library, it also functions as a reading room. Along with its 6000 volumes of Greek books, it holds an impressive collection of English books on ancient Greek literature and drama, modern literature, Greek history and Greek art (ancient to contemporary), travel atlases and maps. Membership costs 100 drs per year for Greek citizens or foreigners who hold a residence permit. Other users can check out books as well by paying a deposit of 500 drs. One can check out 2 to 5 books for a period of 2 to 3 weeks.

**MUSEUMS AND SITES**

**ACROPOLIS**, open 7:30 am-6:00 pm, weekdays and 8 am-5 pm Sunday. The entrance fee of 400 drs includes the museum.

**ACROPOLIS MUSEUM**, same hours as the Acropolis except Tuesday when it is open from 12-7 pm. Tel. 323-6665. Sculpture, bases, terracottas and bronzes from Acropolis excavations.

**ANCIENT AGORA**, 9 am-3 pm weekdays and 9 am-2 pm on Sunday. 150 drs entrance fee, half price for students.







**KING GEORGE HOTEL**, tel.323-0651.

**Tudor Hall**, panoramic view of the Acropolis. International cuisine with some Greek specialities. Open daily from 12-4:30 p.m. and from 8 p.m.-midnight.

**LEDRA MARRIOTT HOTEL**, tel.934-7711.

**Ledra Grill**, International specialities such as chicken kiev, pineapple curry and more, also featuring U.S. beef and seafood. Tuesday-Sunday nightly, 7:30 p.m.-12:30 a.m. Nightly live entertainment to the sounds of Franco Mattola and his guitar. Reservations recommended.

**Kona Kai**, Polynesian food complete with waterfall, recessed pools. Open Monday through Saturday from 7 p.m.-12:30 a.m. Expensive but well worth it. Tepanyaki, Japanese exhibition cooking, food prepared at special tables of 8; cook is part of the party, special arrangements and reservations necessary.

**Zephyros Coffee Shop**, open daily from 6:30 a.m.-1:30 a.m.; breakfast from 6:30 a.m. served a la carte or buffet, speciality eggs a la minute: all day menu 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; salad bar geared to business lunches, wide selection of international local dishes; late night menu, 11 p.m.-1:30 a.m.; Sunday brunch 11 a.m.-3:30 p.m., buffet serving hot and cold dishes; wine on the house

**MERIDIEN HOTEL**, tel.325-5301/9.

**Brasserie des Arts**, French cuisine, superb chef, tasteful portions, unique waiter service. Open for lunch, 1-3:30 p.m., and dinner, 8 p.m.-1:30 a.m. Last order taken at 12:45 a.m.

**Athenian Bistro**, snacks and buffet with Greek specialities, daily from 7 p.m.-2 a.m. Great for business conferences.

**CHANDRIS HOTEL**, tel.941-4825.

**The Four Seasons**, Greek and international cuisine, a la carte, drinks, live music 9 p.m.-1 a.m.

## PANGRATI AND ENVIRONS

**ILISSOS** Aminta 6, Agalma Trouman, Stadion, tel 723-5746. Lunch and dinner every day except Sundays. Banqueting facilities, receptions and meetings. Business lunches at reasonable prices.

**KARAVITIS**, Arkinou 35, Pangrati, tel. 721-5155. Traditional old taverna serving wine drinker's meze and meat with potatoes and vegetables served in an earthenware dish. Wine from the barrel.

**MARKIZA**, Proklu 41 (Varnava Square), Pangrati, tel. 752-3502. Known for its wine lover's meze, onion pie, Cypriot meat balls. Wine from the barrel. Closed Monday.

**MAYEMENOS AVLOS**, (Magic Flute), Kalevkou and Aminda 4, tel. 722-3195. A gathering place for the theatre and after-theatre crowd serving snacks, full meals, sweets and ice cream. Specialities include lemon pie and an unusual sauerkraut. Open all day for coffee and cake. It also sells pies and pastries to take out.

**MYRTIA**, Markou Mousouri 35, Metz, tel. 701-2276. Greek cuisine, large variety of hors d'oeuvres. The specialities include lamb in lemon sauce. Closed Sunday.

**ROUMBA**, Damareos 130, tel. 701-4910. Specialities include filet à la creme with mushrooms and "Rombosalata". Closed Tuesday.

**THEMISTOKLES**, Vas. Georgiou 31, Pangrati, tel. 721-9553. Extensive taverna fare, charcoal grills but the speciality is meat in lemon sauce. Delicious fried meatballs.

## KOLONAKI

**ACT 1**, Akademies 18, tel. 360-2492. International and Greek Cuisine.

**BAYAZZO**, Ploutarchou and Dinokratous, Kolonaki, tel 729-1420. This cosmopolitan gathering place for politicians, diplomats, businessmen and artists is a must for appreciators of good cuisine - the unique creations of the elements of Nouvelle Cuisine and traditional Greek Dishes. The pallet will be tantalized from the "Festival of Seafood" and the "Dialogue of Veal with Green Apple and Mushrooms" to the "Floating Mountain" - dessert. Open daily (except Sundays) 12.00 to 16.00 and 20.00 to 3.00.

**BRUTUS**, Voulgaraktonou 67, Lofos Strefi, tel. 363-6700. Attractive, quiet restaurant and full bar. Among the main dishes you will find "meatball Brutus" stuffed with cheese, bacon and mushrooms served with a baked potato and special sour cream-like sauce, tiny skewered meatballs, a "plat du jour" which changes daily. Desserts include homemade chocolate cake and lemon pie on alternate days, baked apples and yogurt with sour cherry sauce.

**DIONISSOS**, Mt. Lykavittos (accessible by the funicular which starts at the top of Ploutarchou St. Kolonaki), tel. 722-6374. Atop one of Athens' landmarks with a view of the entire city. Daily 9 am-11:45 pm.

**DEKAKOIKTO**, Soudias 51, Kolonaki, tel. 723-7878. Small restaurant with pleasant atmosphere, a small number of well-prepared dishes. Good bar (with snacks). Daily 12 pm-2 am. Sunday 6:30 pm-2 am.



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tel. 8015-335

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kinds.

**TO SMARAGDI**, on the coastal road, Kato Voula, tel. 895-8207. Shellfish, fresh fish, various hors d'oeuvres.

## PIRAEUS

**DOGA**, 45 Deliyiorgi, Evangelistria, tel. 411-2149. Specialties: snails, kebabs, innards on spit (*kokkoretsi*), pureed yellow peas with onions (*fava*).

**KALYVA**, Vassilis Pavlou 60, tel. 412-2149. Colorful cartoon murals, dining balcony overlooking the sea and Microlimano; established reputation for excellent quality of their meats. Daily from 8 pm-2 am.

**LANDFALL CLUB**, Makriyianni 3, Zea Marina, tel. 452-5074. Seafood and Greek cuisine.

**VASILENA**, Etolikou 72, tel. 461-2457. A long-established taverna situated in a renovated grocery store. The owner provides a parade of 16 different dishes (in the order that he chooses) for a fixed price. Soup is usually served last! Be sure to have an empty stomach to do honor to this delicious food.

**VLAHOS**, 28 Koletty, Freates, tel. 451-3432. *Bakaliaros*, *bifteki* done over charcoal; start with *retsina*. Known as the Garage locally for its big front doors opening onto a large courtyard. Open daily from 8pm-2 am.

**ZILLER'S**, Akti Koundouriotou 1, tel. 411-2013. Tastefully decorated and popular with a floor-to-ceiling wall of liquors and a complete and reasonably-priced menu. Overlooks the sea and Votsalakki Beach. Daily from 12 pm-2 am.

## SEAFOOD

**MICROLIMANO**, (or *Turkolimano*, as it is still called) in Piraeus now hosts 22 seafood restaurants, all offering a good meal with excellent service at a table by the sea. Every taxi driver knows where it is, but if you want to use local transportation, take the metro to Faliron station, one stop before the Piraeus terminal, and walk towards the Castella hill, following the sea around to the tiny port (a five-minute walk). If you use the green bus in Syntagma, again get off at Faliron station. A few of the more popular tavernas:

**ZORBA**, tel. 412-5501. Specialty is the tray of *mezedes* offering stuffed mussels, shrimp, octopus and much more. 26 Akti Koumoundourou.

**THE BLACK GOAT**, at No.6, an old favorite, and one of the first tavernas in the marina, choice of fresh lobster, crayfish and clams. Yachtsman's hangout.

Another less well-known and less expensive seafood row in Piraeus is at **Fraetes** around the coast from the Zea Marina yacht harbor. Several restaurants offering fresh fish and a cliffside view of the sea. Also for seafood.

**ANDONOPOULOS**, Frederikis 1, Glyfada, tel. 894-5636. An old and comfortable restaurant with an extensive

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**BOULLABAISSE**, Zisimopoulou 28, Amfithea (behind the Planetarium, Syngrou Avenue), tel. 941-9082. Bouillabaisse, fresh fish and a variety of shellfish. Nightly 7:30 pm-midnight.

**LAMBROS** on the shore road, Posidonos 20, Voula, tel. 896-0144. Variety of appetizers and usually a good assortment of fish. Moderately expensive. Daily 10 am-1 am. Closed Mon.

**PSAROPOULOS**, Kalamon 2, Glyfada, tel. 894-5677. One of the oldest seafood restaurants on the marina, open year round, tasteful service, tasty dishes, tasteful prices.

## COFFEE SHOPS, TEA ROOMS

**AITHRION COFFEE CORNER**, Atrium Shopping Center, Harilaos Trikoupi Street, between Akadimias and Panepistimiou. An uptown coffee shop/ouzerie. Fresh ingredients and quick, courteous and efficient service.

**BRETTANNIA**, Omonia Square, open before sunrise to wee hours: fried eggs, yogurt with honey, hot milk and cognac.

**DE PROFUNDIS**, 1 Angelikis Mihalis 1, Plaka, tel. 721-4959. Pleasant antique-filled environment. Quiches, pies and pastries. English teas and a variety of coffees and spirits. Classical music on the stereo. Open every day from noon to 1 am.

**ERMIS: ALL ABOUT COFFEE**, Ermou 56. Sandwiches made with French bread, cakes and *mezedes*. Beverages include juices, coffees and spirits. Nice atmosphere.

**FILOMUSA**, Filomousou Etarias Square & Kydathinaion, Plaka, tel. 322-2293. Remodeled neoclassical house on square. Fruit juices with or without alcohol, sweets, a large variety of teas. Discreet jazz-rock music. Open from morning to night.

**OREA ELLADA**, (Beautiful Greece), the charming café of the center of Hellenic tradition, 36 Pandrossou St, Monastiraki. Coffee, drinks and snacks. Sit among pottery, handicrafts and antique treasures and enjoy a view of the Acropolis: 9:30 am-7:30 pm daily, Sunday until 2:30 pm.

**LOTUS**, Glafkou 14 & D. Vasililiou, Neo Psychiko, tel. 671-7461. Aromatic teas, pastries and fruit juices. Also sandwiches and crêpes. Wonderful selection of music. Unusual decor. Mostly a young crowd.

**STROFES**, Hamilton 7, Plateia Victorias, tel. 883-3625. Hot and iced teas, spoon sweets, homemade liqueurs, fruit salad and pineapple jelly. French, Italian and American music from 1930-1950. Old Greek newspapers and magazines.

**TO TRISTRATO**, Ag. Geronda-Dedalou 4, Plaka, tel. 324-4472. Milk shop. Breakfast with fruit specialties, cakes, sweets, coffee.

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## STEAKHOUSES

**BEEFEATER STEAK HOUSE** 9 K. Varnali, Halandri, tel. 883-2539. A Canadian corner in Athens; American and national specialties. Air-conditioned. Open from 2 pm-2 am.

**FLAME STEAK HOUSE**, Hadziyianni Mexi 9 (near the Hilton), tel. 723-8540. Specializes in good charcoal broiled steaks and chops. Bar open for cocktails. Nightly from 7 pm-1 am.

**PONDEROSA**, Kifissias 267, Kifissia, tel. 801-4493. Restaurant-Charcoal Grill Steak House. The specialty is American Style Steaks. Behind the Olympic Airways, near Plateia Kifissias. Open Monday to Friday from 6 pm-2 am. Saturday and Sunday from 3 pm-2 am.

**PRINCE OF WALES**, steakhouse and pub, 14 Sinopes St, tel. 777-8008. Open every day from 12 pm-2 am. Closed Sundays. Businessmen's lunch menu (main dish, beer or wine, and dessert).

## The Stage Coach

After more than 15 years, still serving superb steaks in sophisticated surroundings which are now highlighted by soft piano music in the evenings.

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However, be warned, the service staff is a bit prompt and always smiling.

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**STAGECOACH**, Voukourestiou 14, tel. 363-5145. Specializes in steaks and salads with an extensive bar. Reservations advisable. Daily 12 pm-4 pm and 7 pm-1 am. Closed Sunday.

**STEAK ROOM**, Egintou 6 (between Hilton and US Embassy), tel. 721-7445. Full menu featuring charcoal broils. Includes a bar. Reservations advisable.

## CREPERIES

**MARIONETTA**, 40 Ippokratous St. and Didotu St. (corner). Old neoclassical house with magnificent marionettes on the walls and hanging from the roof. Specialties: shrimp crêpe, "Marionetta" crêpe, cold pork salad, wine barrel, beer, fruit juices.

**PHADRA**, Metsovou 14, tel. 883-5711. Neoclassical house decorated by young Greek artists. Large variety of unusual crêpes. Closed Tuesday.

**RUMOR'S**, 35 Dimokritou St. Kolonaki, tel. 364-1977. Specialties: Tuna crêpe, spinach and cheese crêpe, salads (also restaurant).

**TO ROLOI** (The Clock), Aristotelous St, Victoria Square. Crêpes with chocolate, ice cream, honey and walnuts, dinner crêpes.

## FRENCH

**BELLE HELENE**, Politeias Square, Kifissia, tel. 801-4776. In a lovely green park with two small lakes, Greek and French food. Specialties include "Symposio" filet with madeira sauce, artichokes, bacon, ham, chicken livers, cheese, mushrooms, chicken crêpe with ham, cheese in tomato sauce. Open daily from 10 am-2 am.

**ERATO**, Varnali 7, Halandri (Dourou Square). Restaurant, bar. Open nightly from 7 pm-2 am, except Sunday when it opens for lunch at noon. International cuisine (Greek and French).

**BAGATELLE**, Ventiri 9 & Hadziyianni Mexi (near the Hilton), tel. 721-8893. Piano. Open daily from 7 pm-1 am. Specialties: frogs' legs, snails, filet of sole stuffed with lobster, *duck à l'orange*, baby lamb in wine sauce with vegetables, Homemade desserts, crêpes stuffed with almonds, ice cream, hot cake with almond and *crème anglaise*.

**JE REVIENS**, Xenokratous 49, Kolonaki, tel. 721-1174. Specialty French and Greek cuisine. Open for lunch and dinner.

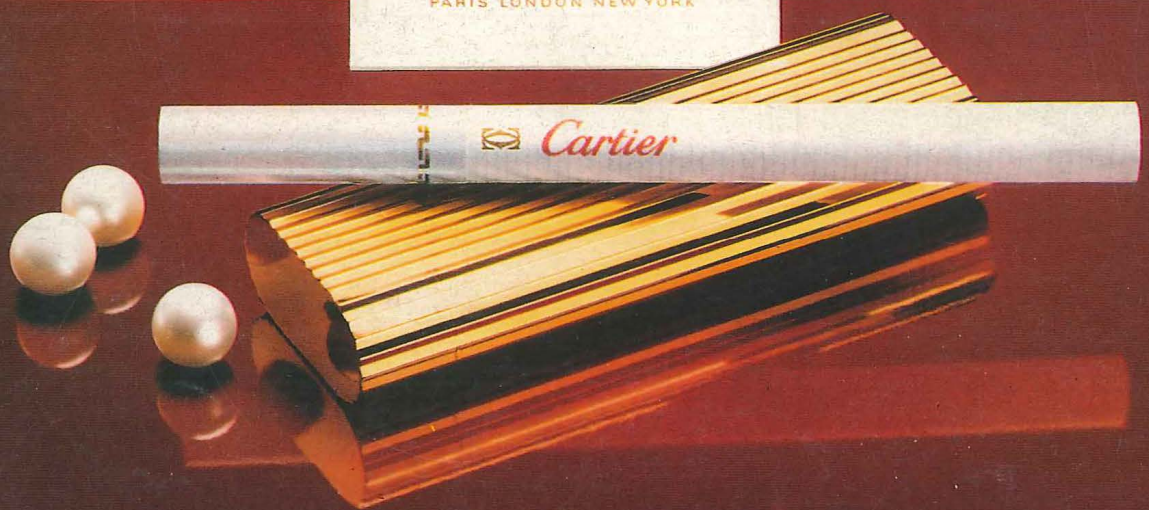
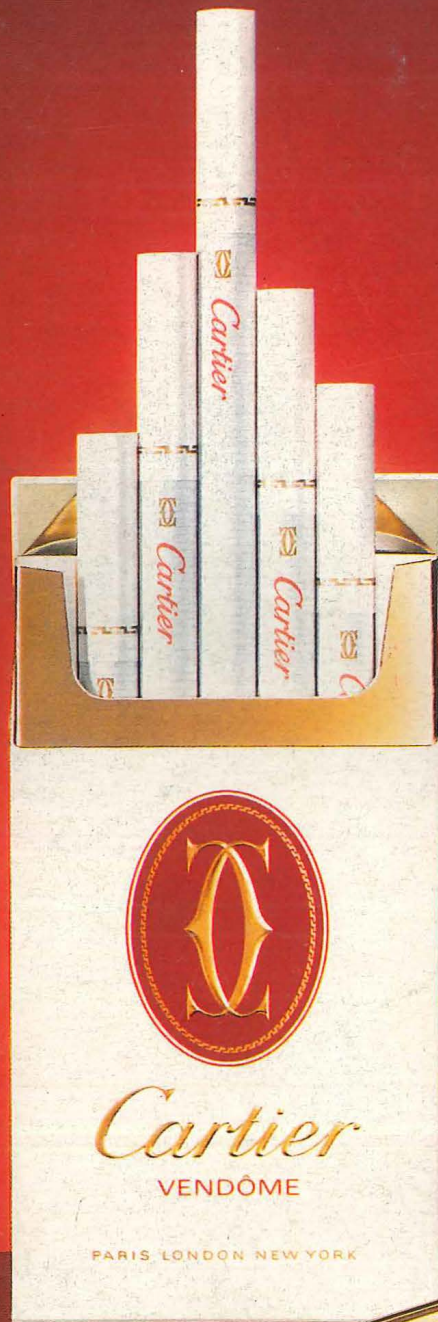




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