

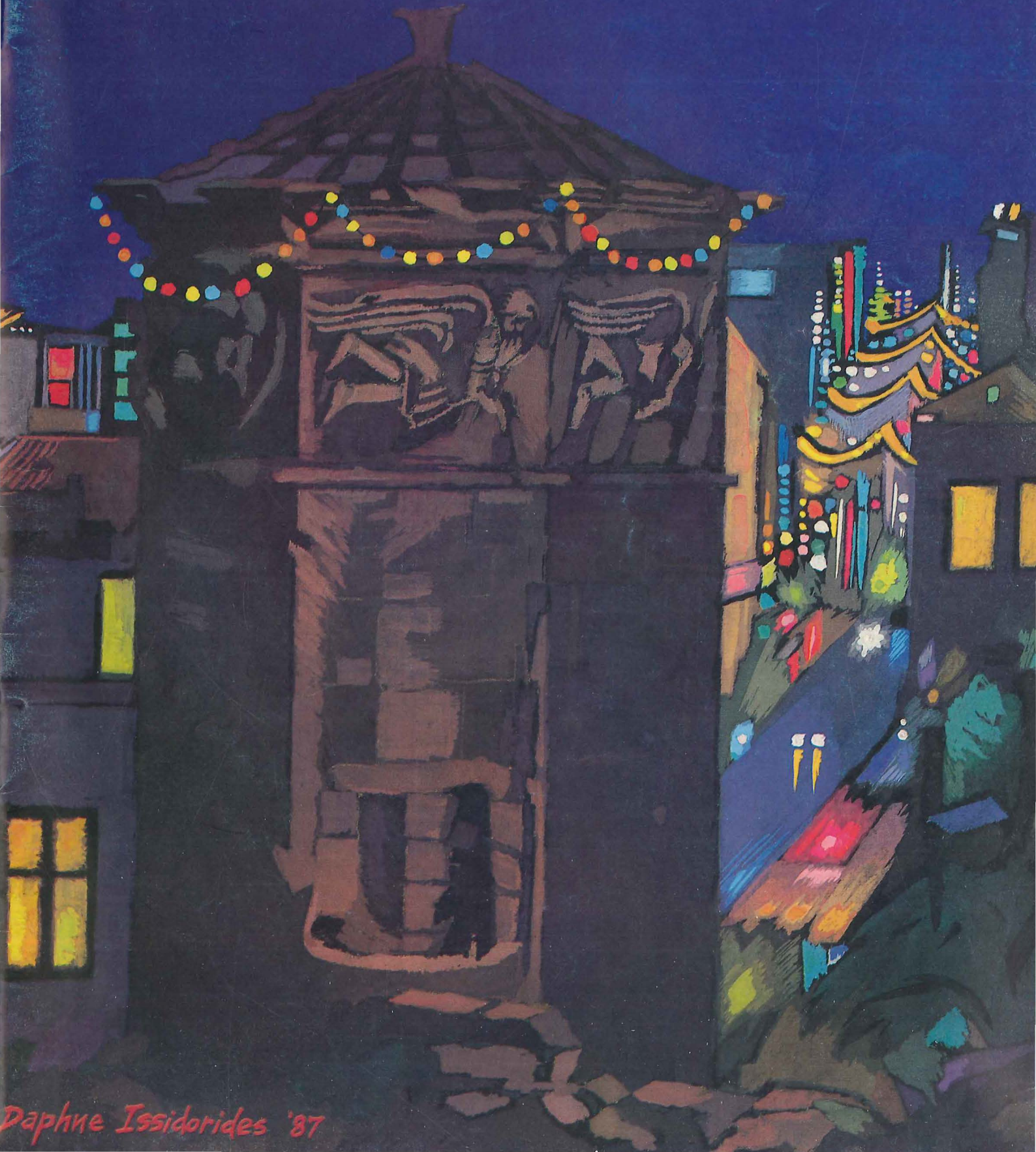
December 1987

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# ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly



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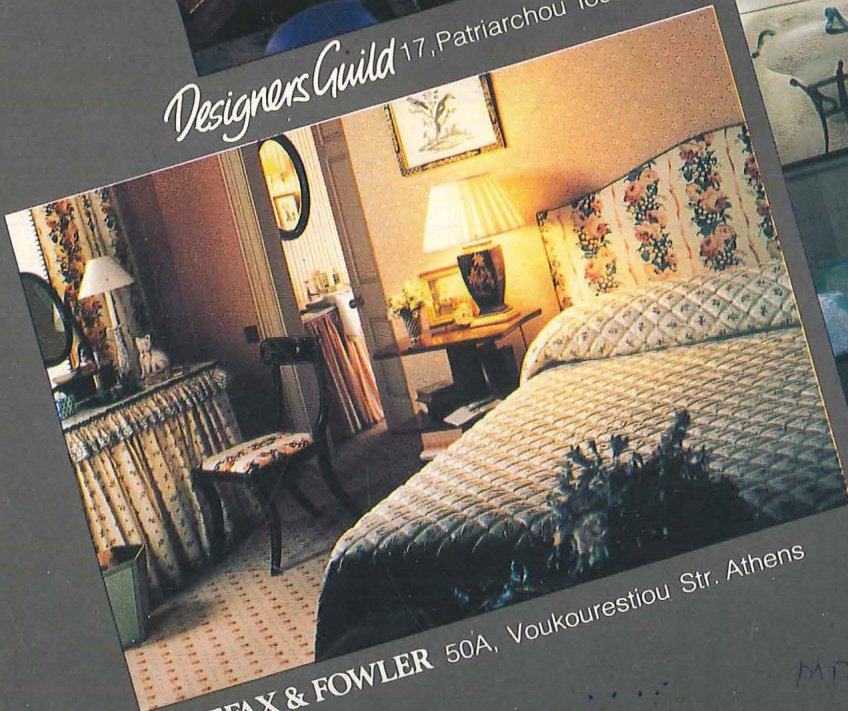
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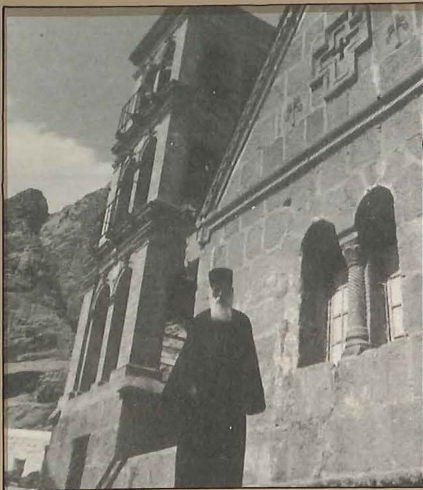
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### 22 The monastery of Mount Sinai

In the State of Egypt, an Arab-speaking land, there exists on a Jewish site a Greek Orthodox monastery. Lydia Carras presents a sensitive portrait of this 1400-year-old repository of Christian treasures, to this day, a spiritual inspiration for the world

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A society of dedicated individuals in Athens devotes energy, talent and love toward helping others who struggle to master what most of us take for granted. Karen Conrad examines the work of the Spastics Society and its efforts to achieve public awareness and acceptance of a special disability

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### 43 The great sponge mystery of Kalymnos

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Cover by Daphne Issidoridou



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## our town

### *Abusiveness and good manners*

There is an interesting new amendment to a law on crime prevention being discussed in parliament these days. It states that insulting certain 'persons of authority' in this country should be liable to more stringent punishment. Listed among these persons are the President of the Republic, the Prime Minister, the Speaker in Parliament, the government, leaders of legally recognized parties and judicial authorities. How 'government' got on this list is curious, as one usually thinks of it not as a person or two, but as a great many people, and if one includes civil servants in which this regime is so plentiful (and why not?) then the amendment covers just about everyone who isn't a neo-Nazi, Turk-loving, reactionary, anarchistic, Trotsky-ite deviate.

And a fine amendment it is. All citizens should be treated with greater respect. There's been far too much verbal abuse bandied around here lately. We've had enough of this behind-the-back chatter about the prime minister's private life, these vulgar attacks on the president mouthed by clowns parading as wits on the Athens stage, the slanderous epithets heaped on the head of the leader of New Democracy by the director of OTE.

Admittedly, one of the reasons for all this verbal abuse is that Greek is so rich in it. As in most things, Greece has a longer tradition than most cultures. Scholars studying the language of Ther-sites in Homer suspect foul-mouthing was already an art in Mycenaean times. Hence today the highly-developed vituperativeness of cab drivers, construction workers, customs officials, civil servants, kindergarten pupils, politicians and even old grandmothers when sufficiently provoked.

Sweet-talk and polite manners, like Scharity, must begin at home. And that's exactly where it did begin when the Ecumenical Patriarch Demetrios I was amongst us for a few days last month. His aura must have had some-

thing to do with it, for suddenly Greeks became paragons of politeness and protocol. The propriety of leaders, so often observed in the breach, was above reproach. The milk of human charity fairly oozed from their lips.

For instance, after a chat with the Patriarch, the prime minister stressed how very moved he was by his visit, dedicated to peace and love. It was nothing short of a miracle, after all these years of Greek-Turkish hostility, that love-of-neighbor-across-the-Aegean suddenly became a new dogma of socialist faith. Mr Papoulias, the foreign minister, announced that his meeting with the Patriarch "filled him with emotion and joy." Even the minister of education and religious affairs, Mr Tritsis - a figure in the very eye of a vituperative storm regarding student unrest and the confiscation of church property - stated "Modern Hellenism is wedded to Orthodoxy. Only the enemies of state and those ignorant of history will seek a rupture with the church." An aim of his ministry he added was "to make Greece an international center for Orthodox studies." It seems now that PASOK is on the verge of another about-face. It is not usual in these columns to make predictions but if, instead of appropriating 500 square miles of monastic land, PASOK - and its new, born-again religious ardor - gives as much state property to the church, no one should be surprised. Our periscope zeroes in on the whole cabinet's following the icon "Axion Esti" back to Mount Athos and going into permanent Byzantine retreat.

Luckily there is no amendment being discussed in parliament preventing praise from being given to 'leaders of authority', for it is this country's good fortune to have a president who is so sensitive to good manners. An episode revealing this is worth mentioning for the edification of everybody. At 2 p.m. Tuesday, November 17, the presidential limousine arrived before the GB where the Patriarch was giving a ban-

quet in honor of the president. Mr Sartzetakis emerged from his Mercedes, looked about and directly got back in again. His attendants froze.

"I will not go in until I am personally received by the Patriarch," he said. "I am the supreme leader."

His people scuttled into the hotel. Five, ten minutes passed before his Beautitude appeared at the steps. The president stepped grimly from his car again. "Why did you not receive me? I am the most honored guest."

"Yes, of course, you're right," stammered the Ecumenical Patriarch, endeavoring to smooth over the incident.

"I ask you, why did you not greet me? I want an explanation!"

"Please, Mr President, let us not discuss this here. We will talk inside."

The matter, of course, was quickly cleared up for the president was soon replying to the Patriarch's toast, commending his visit as 'a sacred mission of peace, love and unity'.

The episode was minor but revealing. The Patriarch clearly had a great many things on his mind at the moment and, generally, is more accustomed to rendering unto God than to Caesar. Nevertheless, manners are manners, and frankly they have become very lax. One sees it in the streets and on the pavements; hostesses no longer introduce their guests; people shove at buffet tables; waiters impertinently join in political quarrels with their betters while serving the smoked salmon. Even parliament is not free of ill manners, and one wonders if the new amendment will protect 'leaders of authority' from other 'leaders of authority'.

So, the Patriarch and the president, each in his way, have inspired us to turn over a new leaf. It is high time good manners were restored to a country which seeks the return of the Elgin marbles, the Olympic Games and what EOT defines as 'the better sort of tourist'. □

## Letters

### Return of the native

Dear Editor,

In your last several issues of *The Athenian*, I noticed that Elizabeth Herring's column "Close to Home" was missing.

I had the chance to live in Athens for three years and no one explains the condition of a foreign woman living in Athens better than Elizabeth. She is realistic, but in a most humorous way. And God knows one does need humor to endure...Athens.

From a psychological perspective, she has helped many women such as myself who have entered into marriages with men of Greek descent to understand many of the intercultural dynamics.

So, wherever she is, please get her to continue writing those wonderful columns.

Sincerely,  
Gelene Weiner, Psychotherapist  
Reseda, California

Dear Editor,

This week the October issue of *The Athenian* arrived... a welcome contrast

to our standard American periodicals. As is my usual custom, I flipped through the magazine in search of an article by your most entertaining contributor, Elizabeth Herring: for a humorous look at Greece, Ms Herring cannot be surpassed! She has put into words what we have all felt, adding fun to our frustration and making comedy of our confusion.

Over the months, I have sent my college-age students several of these articles as examples of some of the best creative writing I have ever seen.

...I've been educated, inspired and entertained by Ms Herring's delightful contributions. We hope to see many more of them in the future.

Sincerely,  
Mrs John Constantin

*Elizabeth Herring is back after a blackly humorous stint in an American hospital, and is most appreciative of the "fan mail" that awaited her at The Athenian. She promises to cast her usual wry eye on "Life in Hellas" - and more regularly.*

Dear Editor,

Regarding the demolition of the Asopos bridge in June 1943, three more names should be added to the list of the six participants mentioned by J.M. Thursby in her article, "The Other Bridge", (October 1987): Captain Pat Wingate, a Supper officer in the RE; Lieutenant George Karadjopoulos, a Greek engineer, graduate of Robert College; and Lance-Corporal Chester Lockwood, a British escaped prisoner of war.

Although these three men were not involved in the final assault, they certainly set the stage for it by being part of the team that carried the explosive charges down the gorge under conditions fraught with suspense and hazard.

The demolition of the bridge, so aptly described by Thursby, is a splendid manifestation of the spirit of team work which often characterized that period. The credit rightfully belongs to all those gallant men, as well as to the nameless muleteers and guides who participated in the operation.

Sincerely yours,  
Costas H. Issidorides  
Glyfada, Greece

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# THE ATHENIAN DIARY

by Sloane Elliott and Karen B. Stedman

## University students in revolt

About 5000 students carrying placards and waving banners marched through the streets of Athens on November 4 demanding increased government spending on education, free books, more student housing and better food. They also demanded the closure of all private colleges. The demonstration was organized by the National Students' Union of Greece (EFFE).

Students began boycotting class attendance November 2. Two days later they blocked Patisision Street in front of the Polytechnic with barricades of desks and chairs. At the same time they took over the University Club in Ippokratous Street which, the month before, had recommended obligatory AIDS testing for all students who were living at home.

At Sina Street the annex of the Moraitis School, a private institution, was taken over by students enrolled in a special program in conjunction with the Sorbonne. They objected to the cost of tuition (equivalent to \$2300 a year) and insisted on a halt to all private higher education.

Clashes occurred with MAT riot police outside the Marmara Hotel in Patisision Street where students were demanding increased housing.

On the following day, 15,000 students marched to Syntagma and then to the Ministry of Education where a delegation of EFFE students met with the minister, Antonis Tritsis. As there were no police on hand, there was no violence.

Tritsis acknowledged that the government was not allocating sufficient funds to education. Several days earlier the daily newspaper *Avriani* claimed that Tritsis had sent the prime minister 50 letters asking for personal intervention because the Ministry of National Economy had delayed payments of 4.5 million drachmas. Tritsis added, however, that he felt the funds which had been allotted to universities were not being properly utilized.

Tritsis countered criticism by saying that the ministry wants to increase housing accommodation but is receiving no concrete proposals from universities; branded as a lie that books were not freely distributed; claimed that a new 'meal coupon' system was being

introduced, and laid the blame for not updating the whole higher education structure with the words, "we are an economically undeveloped society."

Admitting that all sides were trying to present a picture of collapse in the Greek university, he said that the government would soon make its policy on education public to make room for "an open and broad dialogue."

Opposition was not so sanguine. Leftwing parties claimed that the militant mobilization of students proved that the situation in education had be-

come explosive, adding that the problem had become a social one. The centrist KODISO spokesman said that the education predicament had become a national issue and "the students in higher education are in revolt."

Tritsis brushed aside any question of resigning, claiming that the government was not considering any change of policy in church matters or in education.

The students were not palliated and unrest spread. In Piraeus roadblocks were set up and in Maroussi students occupied the metro station, disrupting train service for two hours.

### *Axion Esti*

At 2:15 p.m. on November 4 the warship *Aris* docked at Piraeus bearing the miraculous icon "Axion Esti" from Mount Athos. The installation of the icon for two weeks in the Metropolitan Cathedral of Athens was a part of the ceremony honoring the state visit of the Ecumenical Patriarch, Demetrios I. Though it was the Patriarch's first visit to Athens, it was the second for the icon. In 1963 it joined in the millennial anniversary here commemorating the foundation of Mount Athos.

The icon's name derives from the hymn, "Worthy it is (Axion esti) to magnify thee, Mother of God", derived from the Archangel Gabriel's words of annunciation to Mary. The chant provided the inspiration for Elythis' famous poem which became the text for the popular oratorio by Theodorakis.

The miracle relating to the icon took place on 11 June, AD 980, when a beautiful stranger appeared in a tiny chapel near Karyes. Standing on the right side of the iconostasis, he sang for the first time the office opening with the words "Axion esti". So great was the pleasure of the icon of the Virgin on the altar-screen with this expression of praise, that it miraculously changed places with the icon of Christ. The Virgin's icon attached itself to the right of the screen doors and Christ's image shifted to the left. It was later discovered that the stranger was none other than Gabriel himself.

Today the icon is housed in the Basilica of the Protaton in Karyes, but it remains the only place of worship on Mount Athos where the Virgin is found on the right and Christ on the subordinate left. The icon is surrounded by the seals of 20 Athonite monasteries, and contrary to traditional Byzantine iconography, the Virgin supports the child with her right arm instead of her left.

Received in Athens with a pomp greater than that accorded chiefs of state, the icon received a 21-cannon salute. While MAT riot squads engaged in street fighting with students near Omonia, a ceremony attended by Archbishop Serapheim and Mayor Evert took place before the icon in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Afterwards, thousands of Athenians accompanied the icon in procession to the Metropolitan Cathedral where a mass was performed in the presence of President Sartzetakis and Prime Minister Papandreou.

So great was the public demand for paying reverence to the icon - especially the women who are banned from visiting the holy mountain - that several days later the Archbishop announced that the cathedral would remain open 24 hours a day for the remainder of the icon's stay. During this period the icon was guarded by one representative each from the 20 monasteries of Mount Athos. □

Upscale tourism

National Economy Undersecretary for tourist affairs Nikos Skoulas announced last month a new campaign to promote Greece in various countries, primarily the U.S., Canada and Japan, to attract high income tourists to Greece.

He said the campaign would be carried out in close cooperation with private agencies using the newest methods in professional marketing techniques.

He stressed the importance of tourism to the Greek economy, and the need for improved services and tourist facilities, specifically passenger ports, centers for therapeutic tourism, new border stations, improvement and expansion of ski centers, development of social tourism, and projects at archaeological sites.

Apart from the Crete IMP, tourist projects budgeted at 10.1 billion drs had been under the IMP for the rest of the country, including the construction of 11 new marinas, the expansion of three existing marinas, the construction of building installations at the Kyllini hot springs and the establishment of six tourist offices, Mr Skouras said.

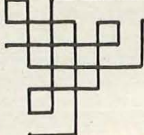
Major urban projects

Early last month Mayor Evert announced that the municipality of Athens had raised 6.5 billion drachmas in loans from foreign banks to finance 23 civic projects. Work on most of these will begin next year and be completed by 1991. These include the construction of a central shopping center called the Varvakeios Agora and a new municipal market.

The most ambitious project is the creation of a science, technical and crafts complex on and around the site of the former gasworks behind the Kerameikos cemetery. There will be buildings devoted to information on space studies and theoretical physics; ateliers for pottery, sculpture and metalwork; video, television and cinema studios.

The whole area is being submitted to architectural competition. Extending two blocks to the west, a commercial center will be designed containing malls and gardens.

Several local municipal centers are projected as well as an open-air theatre and stadium in Alsos Attikon high up



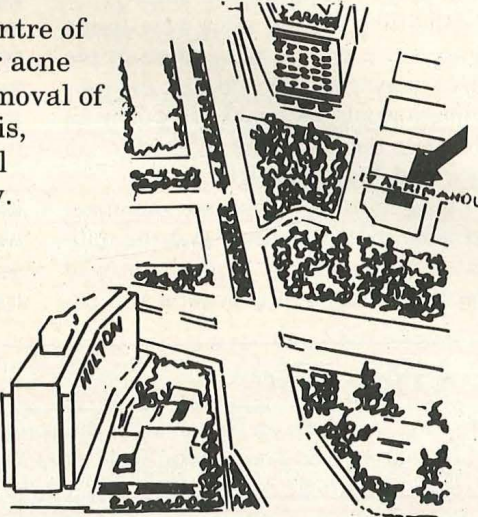
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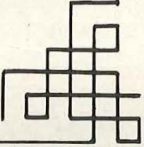

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## THE ATHENIAN

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For the promotion of athletics a closed gymnasium will be constructed on Strefi Hill, an open one in Kato Patissia, three swimming pools and ten tourist refreshment areas in various parks and squares around town.

Most of these projects are scheduled to be completed by the time of the opening of the Mediterranean Games in Athens in 1991. Besides, they are all considered incentives for bringing the Golden Olympics to Greece in 1996.

### Marathon talks?

Negotiations between Greece and the US on the future of the American military bases formally opened in Athens on November 9. The present agreement terminates at the end of 1988. Pursuing a step-by-step approach, the US hopes to conclude a new agreement in a short time.

Two days earlier, however, the prime minister, agreeing the issue was crucial, expressed doubts on the outcome of the negotiations. The talks, he said, would be held in a calm but firm negotiating climate since Greece would not give in to "a superpower which, particularly in this area, displays an aggressive strategy on all fronts."

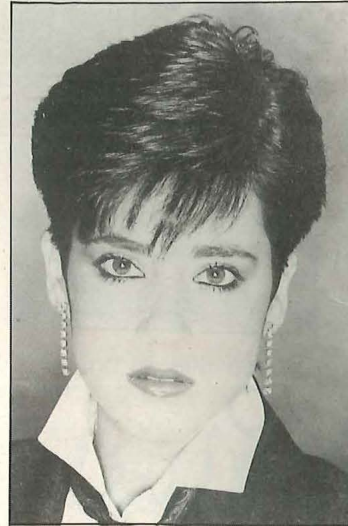
"There will be no advance solutions and behind-the-scenes commitments. Nor do the negotiations have an economic character, but a national one."

An agreement, he reiterated, could only be made if it served and safeguarded Greece's national interest. Otherwise the US will have 17 months to dismantle its military installations.

"If an agreement is reached, only then will it be submitted by referendum to the judgment of the Greek people who will either approve or reject it. Provided there is an agreement. I am not certain. Not at all certain, I would say."

Some press opinion differed. The far-right *Estia* wrote, "What is the point of these marathon talks when an agreement, negative or positive, could be reached in a few weeks? It seems clear that both sides know what they want and so they could surely wrap things up relatively quickly. What does the Greek government gain by delay? Even KKE knows what the outcome of the talks has to be. So let's end this theatre act and get the negotiations over with."

## Coiffure COSTAS



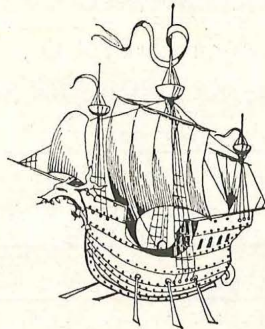
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**Sacred grove levelled**

Two conservative MPs stirred up a public outcry when they revealed in parliament that bulldozers under orders from the ministry of public works and that of the environment had uprooted 80 of the 200 trees which are the only remains of the Sacred Olive Grove of antiquity. The grove, dating from the time of the Peisistratos, once stretched from Athens and Piraeus to Eleusis. Some of the felled trees were more than 2000 years old.

The public works project which caused the damage is to widen the junction of two avenues in Aigaleo and to extend a complex of teacher-training schools.

The MPs called on the ministry of justice to stop the destruction at once. The *Elliniki Etairia* (The National Trust for Greece) joined the protest with an appeal to the Ministry of Culture, stating that the Sacred Grove was as much a part of the national heritage as the Elgin Marbles.

It was noted, too, that the outrage was committed during the European Year of the Environment and on the eve of the opening of "The Forests of Greece", a major exhibition prepared by the Goulandris Museum of Natural History at the Zappeion and inaugurated by the prime minister.

**Better way of life**

Early last month Alternate Foreign Minister Yannis Kapsis told parliament that Greek-Albanian relations had entered a new phase offering the Greek minority in Albania a better way of life.

The statement was in response to a question submitted by an independent deputy who, like many complaining about Greece's lifting of the 42-year state of war with her neighbor, accused the government of neglecting the interests of the Greek community in that country.

Kapsis defended the government's decision, saying that the move had resulted in the overall improvement of relations between the two countries and of the lot of the ethnic Greeks in Albania.

Reinforcing the commitment to forge ahead with improved relations, Foreign Minister Karolos Papoulias paid a three-day official visit to Albania later in the month as head of a large delegation including Culture and Scien-

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## THE ATHENIAN

ce Minister Melina Mercouri, to sign a broader agreement on cultural exchanges; Environment and Town Planning Minister Evangelos Kouloumbis, to discuss construction of a large hospital in Tirana, and Commerce Minister Panayiotis Roumeliotis for discussions on further development of trade exchanges. A visit was also planned to regions where Greek minorities live, to meet with their representatives.

Papoulias, stating that the two countries had very deep common roots in the distant and more recent past, said "the more Greek-Albanian relations develop in a cordial and friendly way, the more the Greek minority will live in such a climate and will enjoy its fruits."

## Church-State accord

Prime Minister Papandreou and Archbishop Serepheim reached an accord on November 3 at the former's home in Kastri; it was hoped this would settle the Church-State dispute that has disturbed the country for the last year. The Archbishop presented a draft agreement to be signed by Church and State for the transfer of monastic property. He proposed that four high-ranking churchmen serve on a joint committee to produce the final draft.

Last April a law passed through parliament which provided that the State take over 130,000 hectares of church real estate, amounting to slightly more than one percent of the country's total geographic area.

As the Church interpreted the law, the State was interfering in the Church's administrative affairs. As a result, large anti-government demonstrations took place with protest marches led by priests. The bill was also criticized for partisan leanings, whereby confiscated lands might be handed over to socialist agricultural cooperatives for the purpose of gaining votes.

By the terms of the new accord a joint committee will deal with amendments to the law regarding the charter of the Church to protect its self-administration. The Church will continue to manage monastic properties in urban areas; and where there are lands suitable for tourist development, such as in Vouliagmeni, Church and State officials will work together.

On November 11 Archbishop Serapheim briefed the Holy Synod on the agreement and his personal hand-

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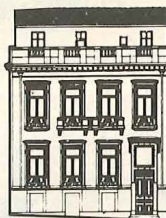
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## THE ATHENIAN

ling of it. Of the 74 churchmen, 68 voted their approval.

A few days before the accord was made, Demetrios I, Patriarch of Constantinople, announced that he would try to resolve the dispute. "As Ecumenical Patriarch we are always ready to help by all the spiritual means we possess in the resolution of this problem for the common good." It was said that the Patriarch hoped the dispute would be settled before the beginning of his six-day state visit.

This took place on November 13 when he was met at the airport by President Sartzetakis, Premier Papandreou and Archbishop Serapheim.

### Enter the Patriarch

With no formal training, Tazedakis works "on instinct" and designs her predominantly one-of-a-kind pieces around the shape of the semi-precious stones used, most of which she buys in Germany for the quality of the finish and polish.

Many of her customers are repeat business, buying what has variously been called art-to-wear and *stolidia* (decorative finery). "Someone might wear my jewellery as they'd wear an embroidered dress."

And does she wear her own creations? "Always," Tazedakis maintains. "They combine well with both old jewellery and more expensive pieces."

Ecumenical Patriarch Demetrios I's first visit to Athens began on November 13 when he was met at the airport by President Sartzetakis, Prime Minister Papandreou and Serapheim, Archbishop of Athens and all Greece.

During his stay in Athens, the Patriarch led Masses at the Metropolitan Cathedral, chaired a meeting of the Holy Synod, was presented with The Gold Medal of the City of Athens by Mayor Evert, honored by the Academy of Athens, received church leaders, visited Pendeli Monastery, paid a call on the Turkish ambassador, was entertained by President Sartzetakis at dinner and the prime minister at lunch. He reciprocated with a banquet at the Grande Bretagne where he was staying.

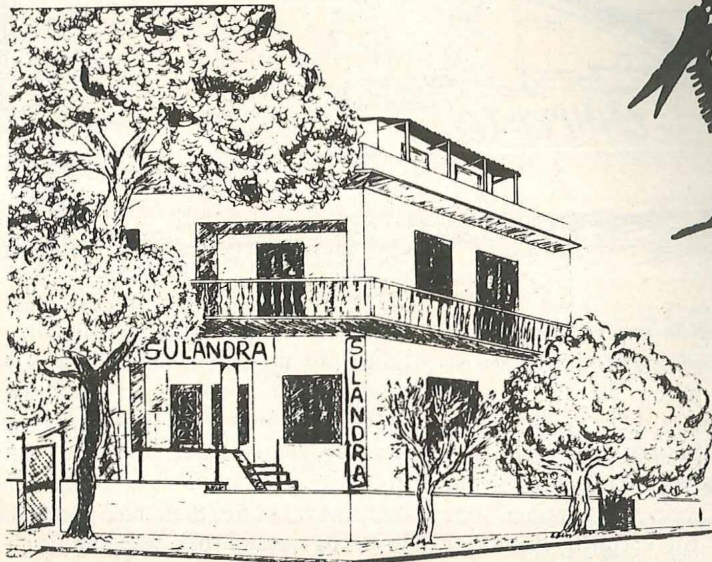
The Patriarch expressed confidence that the recent dispute between church and state would be solved and that "they will perform their duty to the nation and serve the people in an admirable spirit of cooperation and harmony."

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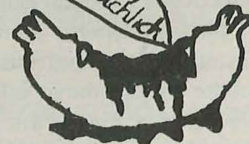
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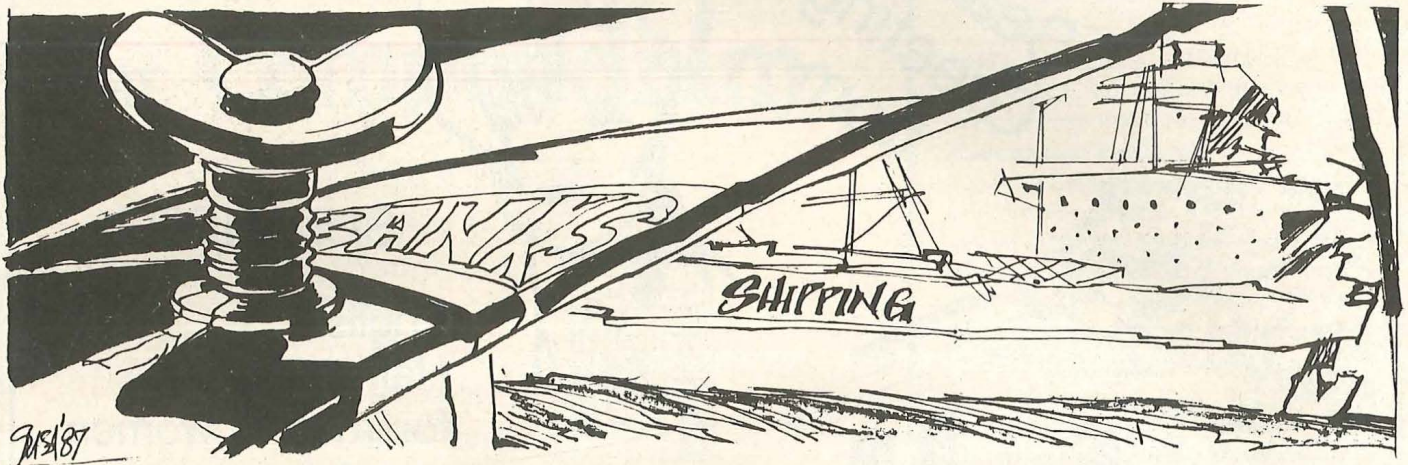
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# business watch

## Shipping finance: the squeeze is on



Every autumn, Piraeus' Marine Club, with its panoramic view of the port, is the setting for a high-powered international conference on ship finance, a subject in which many Greeks have more than a passing interest. Although some participants go for the opportunity to sip coffee with those with whom they'd like to do business one day, the abiding fascination of this event for others is to see bankers and shipowners blame each other for the mess both sides have got themselves into.

Even at the start of the 1980s, when the number of ships (and shipowners) in the world was already swelling far beyond international trade's need for them, shipowners were still overextending themselves in terms of the size of the fleets and, inevitably, their indebtedness to the banking system. But they had lots of help from the banks themselves, some of which continued to complete frantically to offer shipping companies the easiest terms.

The financiers who entered shipping at this stage with dreams of supporting and tapping a multi-billion dollar market were epitomized by a modest-sized bank from Connecticut, Colonial Bancorp. Colonial, having hitherto stuck solidly to real estate and general business lending, made its big move into shipping in 1979. Within four years it had run up more than \$40 million in loans to Greek owners, many of them non-performing, and within another two years had been bought out by a larger bank.

Today, all those connected with shipping like to claim they have learned a bitter lesson. One major American bank which had a \$300 million shipping loans portfolio in Piraeus alone has, through a mixture of persuasion and

action, whittled its exposure down to one-third of this amount in the space of less than three years. Said the Piraeus manager: "I don't believe there's a single bank here that has earned as much out of shipping as it has lost in the last few years," and he explained that to compensate for a (fairly common) loss of \$1 million on a loan, a bank would have to do up to \$100 million worth of new ship financing at typical interest rates, something that is ill-advised nowadays.

The result for shipowners has been a dramatic contraction in the finance available for them to buy vessels. Two years ago, the World Economy & Ship Finance seminar in Piraeus was told that more than 200 banks had withdrawn from ship finance altogether, leaving a miserable band of just 26 institutions from which to try and squeeze a loan. At last year's conference, a well-known financier, Paul Slater of First International Capital Corporation in New York, lashed owners for their "casino mentality" and said that the very idea of speculatively purchasing a ship, not because it had firm employment lined up, but because of the possibility of it appreciating in value and being re-sold at a profit, was "the product of a sick mind."

This created quite a stir, as Greeks are the most prolific buyers and sellers of ships in the world, sometimes accounting for half of all deals done globally. During shipping's lean years, Greek shipowners have been able to pay off their debts principally by re-selling vessels, rather than through income from carrying cargo. Some have recently made fabulous profits from selling vessels they bought 18 months ago, when the price of ships reached rock-bottom.

While Slater's was a personal — though by no means unique — view, all of shipping's 'money men' now agree that ship finance must only be given to known quantities and only then if the borrower sinks more of his own money into the venture than has previously been the case. Greek shipping legends Onassis and Niarchos were famous for not using their own cash if they could get someone else's dollars to do the work instead, and most of today's shipowners have built their fleets almost entirely on credit. Now, however, it is rare for more than 70 percent of the price of a ship to be advanced by the bank and some bankers draw the line at 50 percent, viewing shipping as so prey to rapid depressions that they should not be bearing more of the risk than the shipowner.

As Greek shipping is still dominated by a personal rather than a corporate approach, and because most Greek ships are owned via low-liability Panamanian or Liberian companies designed to protect the shipowner against creditors, a distinctive feature of Greek ship finance has been the use of a personal guarantee signed by the shipowner to better secure the loan. Until recently, these were held to be essentially 'moral' undertakings and calling in an owner's promise to meet outstanding debts from other sources, should the shipping enterprise collapse, has always been a last resort. Greek shipowners usually own nothing in their own names for precisely this reason. However, the Greek Supreme Court recently ruled for the first time that shipowners and/or their guarantors are like any other traders and can therefore be bankrupted and liable for imprisonment.

There have always been exceptions.





When one of Greece's biggest shipping names died some years ago, his son is said to have called the company's bankers the very next morning to immediately take over all his father's guarantees. Other shipowners are known to have either incurred substantial personal expense to pay up every cent once their guarantee has been enforced, or else to inject huge sums from their own reserves to keep their shipping operations buoyant at difficult moments and prevent such a dire stage being reached. But, generally speaking, Greek shipowners now look likely to have to plough more of their own equity into shipping if they are to retain the support of banks.

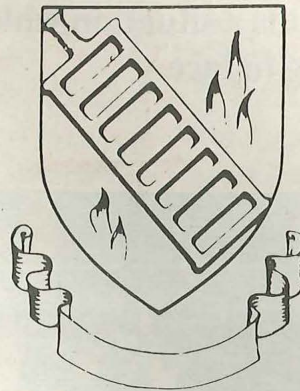
There was a lot of talk at the Pireaus seminar a few weeks ago about the stock market as a possible source of ship finance. Only a few shipping companies have had the public profile and the inclination to raise funds this way and there has inevitably been speculation about what can yet be done.

Earlier this year, one of Greek shipping's biggest and most stable names, Angelicoussis, was partnered by American Express Bank in a new company which was successfully floated on the Luxembourg Stock Exchange in June. Having comfortably raised \$45 million to finance part of Angelicoussis' involvement in shipping, it has reportedly inspired another five Greek groups to study the possibility of a share issue. However, that has been put back a long way by the stock market crash and investors are in any case unlikely to take to shipping shares en masse, shipping being perceived correctly as a high-risk field.

Despite all the problems, therefore, Greek shipping will continue to depend on traditional bank lending – one reason leading owners have recently leapt to the defense of their bankers when the latter have come under fire from Greek officials. President of the Union of Greek Shipowners Stathis Gourdomichalis has been quick to emphasize the degree of support Greeks have enjoyed from banks and to infer that this is a measure of the bankers' confidence in the expertise of the owners here. Despite a number of collapses, millions of dollars lost and the tougher line currently being employed by Greek shipping's financiers, both parts of this statement remain broadly true.

*Nigel Lowry*

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# Universities in decay

**Present student unrest is supporting a patronage system which is critically undermining the quality of upper education. It is a situation which political parties are refusing to face**

by Fotis Eleftheriou



As Greek major cities faced one wave of student demonstration after another, the collapsing university educational system emerged as this month's leitmotif. Such a development was inevitable as students marched in the streets almost every other day, occupied university buildings, clashed with the police and finally forced parliament to address the burning education agenda in a session full of appropriate drama.

Of course, all this clamor could have proved extremely beneficial to Greek society if political elites and those claiming to represent the students were indeed bent on tackling the gradual rotting away of a higher education system that reeks of decay. In reality, however, neither the politicians nor the student leaders, despite their sudden hyperactivity and the impressive hubbub, had any intention of taking the painful steps needed to deal with the roots of the disease.

All sides seemed satisfied in proceeding along the lines of the usual patching-up operation which steps on no one's toes and which carefully avoids upsetting vested interests. Needless to say, this approach merely perpetuates a simmering crisis until the next explosion comes about.

But what is the main problem of the Greek higher education system today? To put it very simply, Greek universi-

ties provide degrees that are becoming increasingly worthless to their recipients as the latter, entering the job market with high expectations, look hopelessly for work. With the state sector, already overflowing with useless bureaucrats, no longer capable of sheltering university degree holders (*ptyhiouhoi*), the latter find the doors of the much more selective private sector hermetically sealed.

And why should a private firm employ a Greek university graduate who is at best semi-educated and also has high salary expectations? For top positions a private firm will seek employees from those holding post-graduate or even graduate degrees from good universities abroad and particularly from the UK and the US. As for other positions, it is more convenient to employ non-university graduates who possess a minimum of initial expectations and who can be trained gradually by the firm itself, and eventually rising through the ranks. In the meantime Greek state-owned universities continue to spurt out one hapless *ptyhiouho* after another, whose fate (if he lacks the appropriate political contacts) will either be the dole, or to be forced to obtain a job totally unconnected with the subject of his studies, such as social science students who end up as salesmen, taxi drivers, secretaries, waiters, etc.).

But to this dramatic social problem one should add another alarming dimension. Greece – by failing to educate its young, to offer them specialized and up-to-date knowledge, to acquaint them with new technologies – is becoming increasingly pauperized in the area of well-trained elites which it desperately needs in order to catch up with its European competitors, particularly in view of full EC integration in 1992.

Now the obvious question which arises here is plain enough: Why do Greek state-owned universities produce hordes of semi-educated or uneducated graduates? One quick look at the state of affairs in Greek universities provides the answer. Libraries are non-existent. For students and academics alike, research is an unheard-of luxury. Students parrot the contents of one or two books and sail through their examinations.

Academics see teaching as a part-time job, as their salaries are abysmally low and the environment in which they work is characterized by a state of decomposition and decrepitude. Classes, many times with 300 or so students, prohibit debate and the development of critical thinking. A student finds that the existing system eases his path towards a degree, as it is quite an aberration – so long as he chooses not to drop out – not to attain one.

Finally, the system is packed with academics who not only fail to follow developments in their fields, but who are often of mediocre calibre. They have frequently 'penetrated' the universities or risen to professorial positions, due to outright party political deals and alliances, both on an academic and a student level (since the student vote affects the academic's career!).

Essentially Greek state-owned universities have become self-perpetuating bureaucratic monsters where the vested interests of academics and students combine powerfully in maintaining the immobility of the status quo. On the one hand the academics' main goal is to spend less and less time in their universities; to obtain tenure the easiest possible way; and to be promoted automatically like good old civil servants *à la Greque*. On the other hand, the students' main ambition is to gain degrees with the minimum amount of effort. Hence, in the recent demonstrations, students did not demand a restructuring and toughening up of the educational system, so that it might start at last to produce educated *ptyhiouhoi*. Instead, they merely clamored for greater spending for education (books,

housing, meals, etc.), so that the current system, in greater leisure, can continue to perpetuate its disastrous course. Needless to say, most academics were on the students' side.

So all the recent student commotion and the empty generalizations articulated by Papandreou and Mitsotakis in parliament will hardly affect the current decline in the higher education system. In fact, both PASOK and ND seem unwilling to make the necessary changes that will upset the powerful vested interests of students and academics.

The two most important factors which have led to the current impasse will retain their sacred-cow status: the state-monopoly on higher education, written into the 1974 constitution, of higher education and the infamous 'framework' law of the socialist government which has paralyzed the universities and allowed the invasion of political party alliances in their management.

The state monopoly of higher education has killed off all competition, creating a monstrous educational system which operates along the lines of the Greek Civil Service. Furthermore, as the state is well aware that its own university degrees are worthless, it has

raised the usual 'protectionist' barriers towards any other higher education offered in this country (banned by law) and towards degrees from abroad. Thus a BA from Oxford, Cambridge, Yale, Harvard, is not recognized by the Greek state as being equal to that of the University of Athens, and graduates of these universities, in order to gain 'equivalence' for their degrees, have to follow courses and take exams in Greek universities. As for PhDs from foreign universities, they also have to be submitted to a state committee, which will – it is hoped – recognize them as equal to that of our world-famous (notorious would be the best description) universities! Needless to say, students of Greek universities are the staunchest opponents of plans for allowing foreign universities to establish branches in Greece. Recently a branch of the Sorbonne was 'occupied' by 'angry students' and was eventually closed down by the state.

As long as the current 'framework' law continues to remain unchanged, there is little chance of extricating university education from its current impasse. "It is undemocratic," wrote left-wing Professor Vagenas of the University of Crete "that rectors, heads of depart-

ments, are elected by a body in which students are more numerous than academics." Needless to say, such 'elections' are 'guided' by party alliances, and rectors and professors are usually accountable to their 'electors', i.e. party-controlled student groups. To top it all, such alliances have led to the election of numerous nonentities as university professors. As Professor Koumandos has observed, the government's educational law allowed "thousands of mediocrities to become professors, some of whom are ignorant, party cronies and crooks. They teach, they decide, they elect their colleagues," he argues, "so that the situation goes from bad to worse."

All the above makes it clear that, if things don't change radically, Greek universities will slowly but surely continue their decline and rot away. Their degrees will be scoffed at abroad and become useless in the Greek market. Very shortly, Professor Koumandos observes, "we will become a nation of illiterate *ptyhiouhoi*, useful only in delivering speeches in favor of national independence, while at the same time we will be serving foreign tourists as bedmakers, bouzouki players and *kamakia*..." □

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# Learning doesn't end in the classroom



# Broadcasting revolution: the six-month-old experiment in free radio

by Jimmie Psellas

The fifty-year-old state monopoly on radio broadcasting was broken six months ago as the first independent municipal radio station went on the air: *Athina 984 FM* first beamed its signal from City Hall to serve more than 3.5 million people in the greater Athens metropolitan area. Soon after, Piraeus followed suit with its *Kanali Ena* (Chanel One) radio service. Today Thessaloniki has joined them, along with relay stations in Doxato, Katerini and Ithaki.

The good news is that the Athens and Piraeus stations are now enjoying high ratings and have managed to cover their costs with advertising, so taxpayers get quality broadcasts without paying an extra drachma.

Mayor Andreas Andrianopoulos of Piraeus, a conservative, says free radio has succeeded in "breaking the information monopoly by providing the opportunity to other (than government) forces to be heard and have a free choice in political and cultural broadcasting."

*Kanali Ena* general manager Alexander Velios says his station is doing extremely well. "We're on the air 24 hours a day with live programs and above all, have succeeded in giving our listeners pluralistic, multi-dimensional information." Velios feels that competition from independent radio stations will force government broadcasts to improve services. "In fact," he says, "they have already begun to do so. On musical programs, the state-run system can do much better due to competition, but I am afraid they can't improve on news."

*Athina 984 FM* general manager Yiannis Tzannetakos says his station provides a live 24-hour program and is now able to cover all costs, thanks to advertising. He notes that even though the station got started on municipal funds, it has now achieved self-sufficiency. The station has proved to be very popular. "Ratings on our station couldn't be better; 59 percent of young people between the ages of 12 and 24 listen to our station, as well as 56 percent of all men. Overall, one out of two listeners tunes to the *Athina 974 FM*," says Tzannetakos.

It was very difficult to establish independent radio stations before, since radio has always been a state monopoly and all governments since the 1930s have been opposed to any attempt to break it. The road to free radio, therefore, has been long and hard.

Radio was introduced in Greece by the Metaxas dictatorship fifty years ago. Metaxas's E.I.R. (Radio Broad-

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**"It's been Greece's misfortune that radio was introduced by a dictatorship as a state monopoly geared for propaganda"**

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casting Service) was a one-sided propaganda tool.

"It's been Greece's misfortune that radio was introduced by a dictatorship as a state monopoly geared for propaganda," says Dr Panayotis Dimitras, a Harvard-educated political science professor and associate of *Athina 984 FM*. According to Dr Dimitras, it's unfortunate that even television was introduced under the colonels' regime because, as with radio, democratic governments have inherited a one-sided television state monopoly. "Free radio is a welcome change because the independent radio stations we have today are contributing to fairness and quality in broadcasting," says Dr Dimitras.

After World War II the Metaxas apparatus continued to dominate the airwaves. Of course, more radio transmissions were set up with relay systems throughout the country, but again it was all government-controlled. Unfortunately, the elected governments

didn't open the airwaves to political parties, interest groups and other concerns.

After democracy was restored in 1974 elected governments continued the state monopolies with minor changes. The Papandreou government made some timid attempts to improve state-run broadcasting. For instance, all political parties have their statements read on the evening news for the first time. Saturday evening broadcasts of parliamentary debate are now being aired. Furthermore, state-run TV presents debates among government and party representatives on current affairs. The socialists also introduced a live program in which viewers can call in and pose questions to a cabinet minister invited for that purpose.

These reforms were not enough to satisfy the opposition parties, however, because they felt that, despite the reforms, they were still unable to get across their views. The stage was now set for the idea of free radio.

Intellectuals and others began to demand free radio, meeting the fierce resistance of the socialist government in power, which simply refused to license such stations. The interested parties decided to act even though, according to the government, their actions were illegal. Many interpreted Article 15 of the constitution dealing with broadcasting as meaning that free radio is constitutional, thus contesting the government's view on the issue. Action wasn't long in coming.

During the 1984 European parliamentary elections, Stathis Panagoulis, a former PASOK minister and currently head of E.S.P.E., a socialist splinter group, aired his own radio broadcast from his Glyfada home. His efforts were in vain. Police stormed his house and confiscated the radio station equipment, causing his mother to suffer a heart attack and drawing crowds of protesters against the government's action. Panagoulis himself escaped arrest — thanks to parliamentary immunity.

Similar attempts by the Eurocommunist Party, the news magazine *Anti* and others, ended up in the state prosecutor's office.

The most important attempt at free

radio came before the 1986 municipal elections when a group of 30 intellectuals set up *Kanali 15* (Channel 15). This clandestine station, among other things, hosted a live debate between the mayoral candidates of Athens. *Kanali 15* was also closed down by police.

At the time, conservative municipal candidate Miltiades Evert promised free municipal radio. Evert won the election and was ready to fulfill his promise, since he now had public support.

When George Papandreou, the premier's son, endorsed the idea, it was full steam ahead for Athens radio. Even though there was no legal framework for free radio, Evert, thanks to the de facto support of the government, could at last fulfill his campaign promise.

*Athina 984 FM* went on the air at the end of last May. Interviewer Maria Rezan, in an hour-long interview for the new station, hailed its birth as a "small historic moment" and, among other things, criticized what she called the state's radio "censorship". On the same occasion Mayor Evert promised that the station would provide "multifarious points of view."

A month later the Piraeus *Kanali Ena* went on the air to serve more than

one million people in the port and its working class suburbs. At the opening of the Piraeus station, Mayor Andrano-poulos said, "We hope to provide a different kind of broadcasting for Greece, different from that of government stations, with live programs and openness to all."

Soon enough a parliamentary committee was set up to deal with the issue. MPs from all parties came up with a set of proposals for the legal status of free radio. According to some of the proposals:

- The radio stations should be local in nature and retain their autonomy;
- Stations should provide quality programs by representing all points of view, thus all political, social and cultural groups in the community should have free access to the station;
- The stations cannot rely on government funding and all financial dealings should be open to all;
- Advertising is allowed, but for local interests and businesses only;
- The state-broadcasting monopoly should be prohibited from regulating these independent stations - which is perhaps the most important proposal.

Regulation of these stations should not be different from those of state radio and will be controlled either by the ministry to the prime minister or by

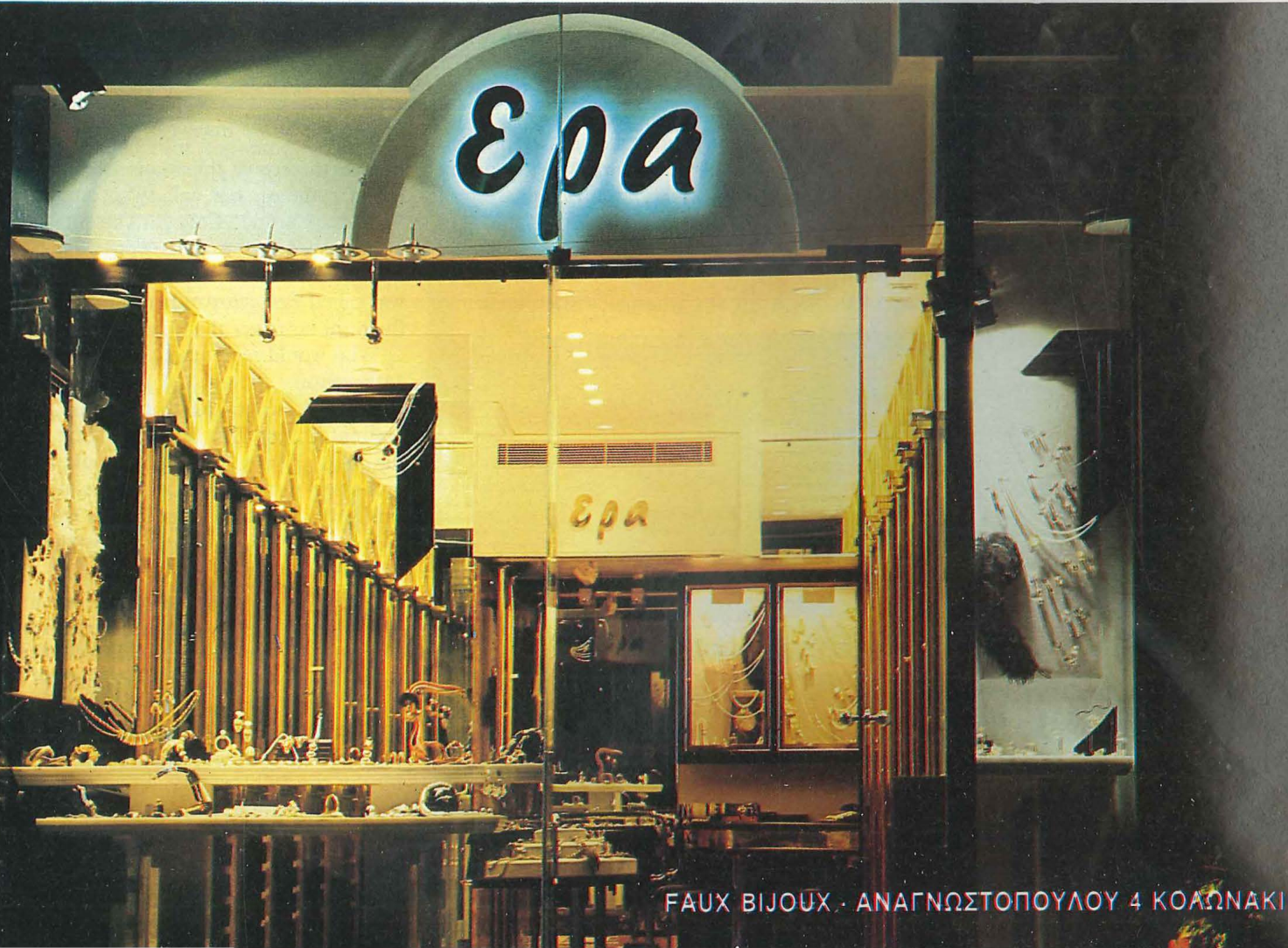
an autonomous agency to be set up in the future.

Last summer the government cleared the air as to issues relating to the legal status of free radio by introducing a comprehensive law on broadcasting. The law does not detail the specifics of free radio, but turns over all details to future presidential decrees.

As free radio now constitutes a reality in Greek life, the obvious question arises: what about television? Can Greek viewers get independent TV stations - with all their advantages and disadvantages?

According to Dr Dimitras, independent TV isn't expected to come soon - at least not before the next general elections. "If, after these elections, we get a coalition government, free television will have a chance. But even if it doesn't happen, it would be impossible for any government to keep out the inflow of satellite broadcasting knocking on our door. Keep in mind that TV stations are much more expensive to run compared to radio," he says.

The long and hard-fought battles for freedom in radio broadcasting are at last over. A careful deregulation in favor of independent television could complete the slow but certain path to a truly pluralistic Greece. □



# The monastery of Mount Sinai

by Lydia Carras

**Set in the wilderness of Egypt, the magnificent heritage of this 1400-year-old monastery continues to nurture and inspire the Christian spirit**

There is one place on earth where, according to all the peoples of the Book – Jews, Christians and Muslims – God spoke to man. It is the Jebel Mousa, Mount Moses or as it is known in Greek texts, *Theo vadiston Oros* 'The God Trodden Mountain'. It forms part of a barren, granite mountain range in the lower Sinai Peninsula.

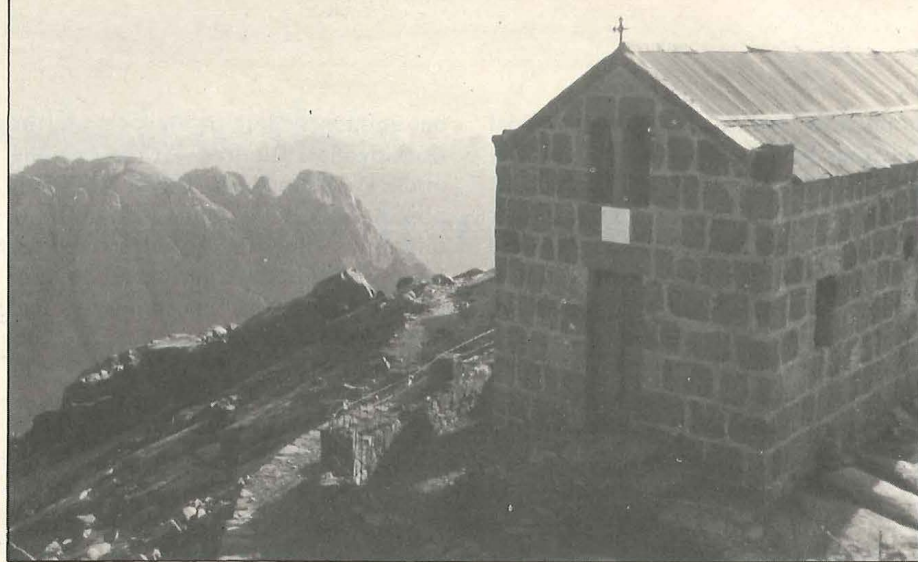
The Bible relates how, in the wilderness and solitude of this landscape, God revealed his will to Moses first through the Burning Bush and later through the Ten Commandments. Centuries later, in a cave on this same mountain, God spoke to the prophet Elijah.

These events were to be landmarks in human history. They shaped the historical destiny of the Jews. Christians saw in them a key point in the development of God's relationship with man. The Koran dwells on them time and again.

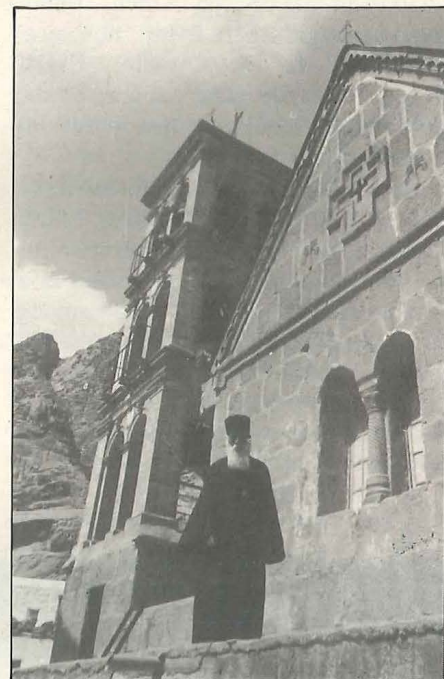
On the very site of the Burning Bush lives today, as it has for the last 1400

years, a monastic community of Christian Orthodox monks in what is known as the Monastery of Sinai, (St Catherine's). A Greek Orthodox monastery, in an Arab-speaking land, on a Jewish site, in the state of Egypt – truly a world heritage, religious, natural, historic, artistic. The monastery has changed little since its construction under Justinian in the 6th century AD. The same protective walls, the same church, the same way of life. Mighty empires have come and gone, but this place has remained the same, as if time had stopped outside its walls. There must be very few places on earth where the continuity of man's presence and of his environment is so real, so palpable.

The monastery's 1400 years of uninterrupted documented history illuminates the whole eastern Mediterranean world, and not a little of the western world is reflected in it. In the 11th century, for instance, when a Sinaite monk, Symeon, taking with him some relics of St Catherine, visited Rouen in



*The holy mountain peak and the chapel*

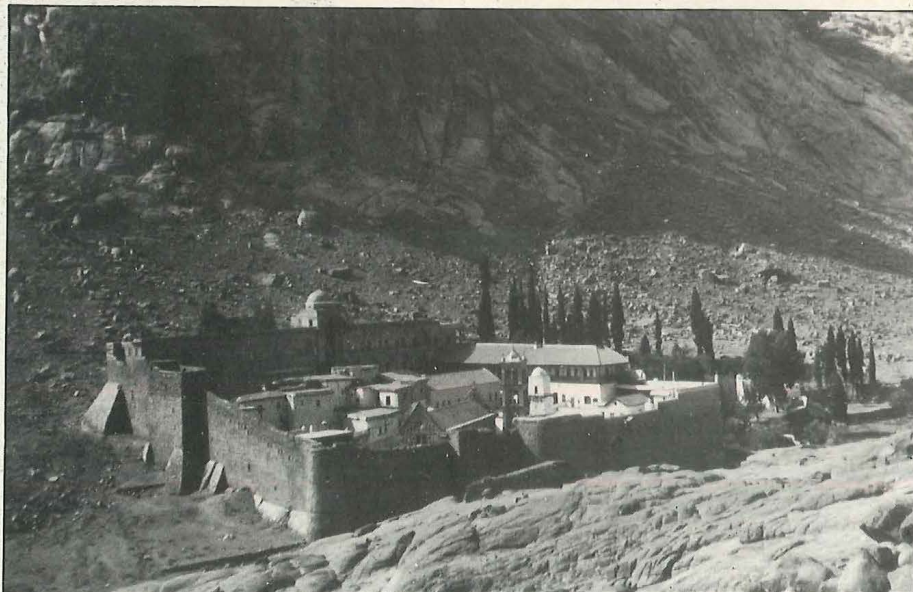


*Monk before the main church*

France to receive donations from the Norman dukes, her cult swept across Western Europe. Colleges, hospitals, even an order of knights were named after her. A Greek from Sicily, Symeon was called *Pentaglossos* because he was fluent in no fewer than five languages.

Who would remember today that in 14th century Britain the most widely read book after the Bible was an account of travels to Sinai? Or, that in the 18th century, the prestige of the monastery was such that its flag secured safe passage to ships travelling in troubled waters? Many Greek ships then sailed under it.

Much of that history can be studied in the famous library of the monastery. In it is preserved one of the richest collections of manuscripts, whether illuminated or not. The *Codex Sinaiticus*, one of the most important bibles in the world, was stolen from the monastery in the 19th century. Bought from the Russians in 1934, it is now in the British Museum. The library is well-equipped and well-kept by well-trained



*General view of the monastery*

monks and on appointment is accessible to scholars who come from all over the world to study there.

At the heart of the monastery is a church unique for the beauty of its icons. The word icon in Greek means image. Early Christian icons strive to portray the divine image revealed in Christ or the saints. They are means of a personal relationship with them. The Sinai Monastery with its numerous chapels is the repository not only of the largest collection of icons in the world, but also of the earliest and rarest icons in existence, thanks both to the fact that Sinai, in the midst of Islam, escaped Iconoclasm, (which was imposed by emperors in the Byzantine empire in the 8th and the 9th century), and has a very dry climate year around.

One of the most important treasures of Sinai is the great 6th century Mosaic of the Transfiguration above the sanctuary in the main church. Elijah and Moses, the Old Testament figures of Sinai, flank Christ who radiates light. The mosaic bears witness to a belief central to the Orthodox tradition, that the divine light sanctifies men's bodies as well as their souls. For those who have worshipped in Sinai, Christ's Transfiguration represents the hope for all creation, and the goal of their own yearning for God. The Sinai Monastery through the centuries has been and still is today a center of spiritual life. In it, or in nearby chapels and hermitages that are scattered in the majestic and austere landscape, were inspired or written some of the most treasured texts of the early Greek fathers, like St John Climacus in the 6th century or Saint Gregory of Sinai in the 14th. These writings are now being translated into many languages and are proving a source of inspiration to modern men all over the world.

Yet it is modern man who, in his greed for an instant experience and satisfaction, is posing a threat to the monastery. Tourism has placed a heavy strain on the monastic tradition of hospitality, and tourist agencies press for more visiting hours. An expanding tourist development is spreading where Moses camped with his people. Having survived all these centuries, never were the areas around the monastery in greater need of environmental protection.

Fortunately, the monks themselves are aware of this problem, and there are conservation projects completed or in hand. The National Trust for Greece and *Elliniki Etairia* indeed have awarded their annual scholarship to the University of York this year to a young architect-restorer who is working on



*Monastery view*

one such project. Yet the pilgrim or respectful visitor, who comes in patience and humility, will feel the warmth of the welcome, and will be able to catch a glimpse of life in Sinai in all its fullness. He will notice the monks living with the Bedouins in harmony, and in respect of each other's traditions.

He will feel, too, the austere and awesome beauty of the mountains, a source of inspiration to the Sinaite monks whose great faith has created great art through the ages. It is this life of the Sinaite monk, so poor, yet so rich, that makes a visit to Sinai an experience that literally alters many visitors' lives. They realize it is not just a museum, a repository of great treasures, but that it is alive and has a message for modern man. To many visitors, Easterners and Westerners alike, it is today a discovery of Christianity's roots, retaining its vigor and sense of mystery. □

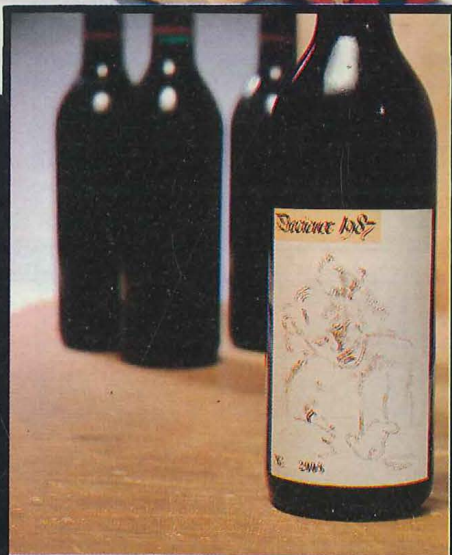


*Illustrated manuscript - 12th century*



*The library of the monastery*

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# Serving the disabled

**Through intense therapy and professional attention, the Spastics Society, Athens, has for 15 years been teaching and encouraging handicapped children to play normal roles in life. Although love and compassion abound, understanding and acceptance of the disability by society as a whole is still far off**

by Karen Conrad

A little rosy-complexioned girl sits on the floor, rocking gently to a song that is being sung in her imagination. Next to her a small boy with flaxen hair is lying face-down over a large cushion, his delicate body almost lifeless as he contemplates his surroundings in a way that only he can understand. In the next room an older girl is standing, encircled by her classmates, smiling and gesticulating feverishly – as if acting out her part in a play, the story of which only she knows. In yet another room, a petite blonde girl is working arduously at the task of putting on her shoes and socks, a job made difficult by the involuntary spasms of her limbs.

These rooms reveal all the things one would expect to find in a children's school: blackboards, toys, colorful murals of Walt Disney classics, pegs for brightly-colored schoolbags, and teachers watching over pupils with the utmost care and attention. But in these classrooms there are no desks, uniformly lined up like soldiers on parade. There are no text books, and the children here are not being taught subjects like geography, history and literature. They are learning the lesson of life. For these children the best part of the day is spent learning the basic things that come naturally to those they can hear playing outside in the street – things most of us take for granted.

The children in this center are very special. There is one bond which they share no matter how diversified their backgrounds may be – they all suffer from cerebral palsy, a disorder that affects well over 20,000 children and adults in this country alone.

Cerebral palsy, a disfunction in the body's ability to move, which occurs in the first years of life, is caused by injury to or incomplete development in those areas of the brain which determine, control and coordinate mobility and ensure smooth and regular physical movement.

There are three clinical types of cerebral palsy: spastic, athetoid and ataxic. In spasticity, the main characteristic is an increase of muscle tone with a lack of volitional control, which may involve one side of the body (hemiplegia), the lower extremities (paraplegia) or all four limbs (quadriplegia). In athetosis the main characteristic is involuntary and uncoordinated movement, while those who are ataxic experience instability and a lack of balance.

As injury to the brain may involve different areas, many spastics suffer defects in hearing and vision while others have learning difficulties and are limited in conceiving and expressing abstract ideas. This results in a slowing-down of their intellectual development.

In countries where little is understood about this disorder these children are often regarded as mentally retarded. Labelled "unfit" for training, they are considered by their families, and indeed a large part of society, as "lost causes" destined to pay the full price for the ignorance of those around them. Statistically speaking, more than half of the children who suffer from this disorder are of borderline normal intel-

ligence, but quite a few with severe physical disabilities are of superior intelligence. With correct professional attention and intense therapy many of these children can play a normal role in society.

It is exactly this kind of specialized care that a group of spastic children are receiving in a center in Pangrati run by the Spastics Society, Athens – a private organization founded in 1972 by the parents of 20 spastic children. Housed in premises spread over six buildings in Archimideous Street, it offers educational programs, physiotherapy, speech therapy, a pre-vocational workshop and a host of auxiliary services necessary in the care of spastic children. On staff at the center are qualified doctors, therapists, psychologists, social workers and teachers who work alongside a team of dedicated volunteers to provide services for the children and their families.

The head of the center and current chairman of the Society is Mrs Daphne Economou, herself a parent of a spastic child. She explains that the program at the center is split into two basic sections – one for spastic children aged five to 12, and the other for teenagers and adults suffering from the disorder.

The children attend classes daily from 9 am to 1 pm. As the degree of disability differs in each case, the children are divided into groups based on their intellectual level, rather than their age.

In the case of the severely disabled children, classes involve basic toilet training and simple exercises to stimulate the child's sense of touch, smell, sight and sound, as well as physiotherapy sessions carried out on an individual and group basis.

In the other classes children are taught how to eat their meals unaided,



*"The public needs to be enlightened as to what exactly a spastic is and some of the myths surrounding the disorder need to be put to rest" – Daphne Economou, chairman of the Spastics Society*

attend to matters of personal hygiene, and develop their speaking skills. Like all other schools, the children enjoy singing and take part in simple dramatic productions.

The adult program includes sessions at the center's pre-vocational workshop, discussions and debates, as well as a Youth Club where the teenagers and young adults have a chance to meet socially.

At present there are 50 children attending the day program. Another 40 attend various evening courses. A further 250 children and their parents and families receive the center's support through home counselling and related services.

In fact, parents play such an important role in the development of these children that the staff encourages them to attend open days and maintain close

contact with the families of spastic children to ensure they receive the necessary care and training when they leave the center.

Of these families, Mrs Economou says, "Greek parents here are marvelous. No matter how simple they may be, they love their children and try and do the best they can for them to help them progress. On the whole I am very impressed." She is also full of praise for the volunteers, both Greek and foreign, who lend their time and support. "We have a very fine tradition of volunteers in Greece, and we are lucky to have the support of so many members of the foreign community here, both on a private and group level."

It is this close collaboration that has seen the society through 15 successful years and enabled it to offer services for spastics and their families, the train-

ing of specialized staff, programs of public enlightenment, opportunities for social integration, in addition to research into the causes and possible prevention of this disorder. During these years the society has served over 300 families with spastic children through pioneering programs, particularly in the social and educational fields; organized eight international seminars; offered 10 full scholarships for post-graduate specialization abroad; found employment for 19 young spastics and encouraged 15 others towards higher education.

Despite these positive moves, the society has had its work cut out since 1972 in one area that perhaps remains the hardest to conquer – that of public awareness and understanding. A survey of parents carried out by the society in 1980 reveals that 85 percent believed

## Riding to self-confidence



*The grin tells it all!*

If you go to the Varibobi Riding Club any Thursday morning during the school term you will see a group of children learning the skills of horseback riding under the watchful eyes of a qualified instructor and a handful of very special volunteers. When you see these children it is hard to believe that some of them had never seen a horse before the program was started in October 1983. Even more amazing is the fact that they are all spastic children who attend the Spastic Society Center in Pangrati.

Between 10:15 a.m. and noon every Thursday, these plucky youngsters are put through their paces by riding instructor Aideen Lewis and a team of multi-national volunteers and trained physiotherapists from the center. Although many of the nine children were scared at first, and in some cases even unable to sit in the saddle, today the more accomplished children can, with time, be taught to ride and lead the ponies unaided.

The woman behind this project, Mrs Aideen Lewis, explains how this pioneering scheme began:

"Having been involved with the Riding for the Disabled Association in the U.K., I naturally wanted to maintain this link when I arrived in Greece. I was already teaching riding to students at the TISIS-Hellenic School when I met a physiotherapist, Sheila Minet. We decided to broach the subject of riding lessons for spastics with the owners of Varibobi Riding Club, Nick and Rosemary Georgopoulos."

The owners of the club volunteered their three ponies for use in the project and, following talks with the management and staff of the Pangrati center, the riding lessons got underway. At first some of those involved in the project were a bit wary as it was the first of its kind to be launched here in Greece.

"Even the children's parents were a little apprehensive when they attended our first session. Many of them were shocked that we were even trying to teach their children how to ride, while the others just could not grasp the full value of the riding exercises for their children", she says.

As well as the obvious physical benefit of these sessions – building up muscles and strengthening the children's limbs – riding helps to build up their self-confidence.

"It gives one such a terrific boost to see the children enjoying themselves and come to understand and love their ponies," she said.

Apart from the trained physiotherapists in attendance, the sessions are conducted with the help of a team of volunteers – each session requiring a minimum of nine, three helpers per pony. The present team of volunteers hail from Greece, Germany, the United Kingdom and the United States.

"Many of our helpers cannot speak Greek, but the most important thing is that the children see their happy faces and in time the bond that forms between the children and volunteers counts more than words," Mrs Lewis says. □

their child was accepted by close relatives and friends, while the number dropped to only 57 percent when asked if they felt their child had been accepted by society as a whole. In addition, an alarming 22 percent of the parents questioned believed that their children had not been accepted by members of the society in which they live.

Mrs Economou is no stranger to the battle against public ignorance and apathy: "The public needs to be enlightened as to what exactly a spastic is and some of the myths surrounding the disorder need to be put to rest. We are still coming up against a lot of ignorance and although there is a certain amount of compassion for these children, the basic lack of knowledge on how they should be cared for and what their needs are still presents a considerable problem." She adds that these children are "very special indeed, but not because they are handicapped - because they are fighting with a great problem and in most cases coming out on top."

Through numerous public talks and visits to private schools where members of the society have brought across the message of spastic children and their special needs, this problem is slowly being tackled. In addition to the



*In countries where little is understood about this disorder these children are often regarded as mentally retarded*

spoken word, the society has been producing and distributing publications covering such diversified subjects as: "What is a spastic child?"; guides for parents and families of spastic children; surveys on vocational training opportunities for spastic youth in Greece; accessibility studies to public areas for handicapped people and advice to expectant mothers.

All these things are slowly leading to a general understanding of the plight of spastic children in Greece, but the day of general public acceptance is still far away.

Today the society remains dependent on public donations and on much-needed volunteer help in running its daily programs, thus public awareness and understanding is a vital factor for its continued success.

"The society's main aims are to develop facilities for the treatment, training and education of spastics, to en-

courage understanding and acceptance within their own families and within society as a whole, to serve and support the families of spastics to foster research programs and to stimulate interest at all levels."

"The problem can be solved only by a major effort on the part of the whole community and the state."

"In spite of many commendable efforts there is still a great need for development and improvement in Greece," Mrs Economou says, adding, "when the community realizes the responsibility it has to offer adequate services, then spastics can begin to hope for a better future and will begin to contribute to society in their turn."

In the meantime they should not be deprived of "support, encouragement, dignity and hope - a hope which depends on scientific progress, and equally on the conscience of all of us who happened to be more fortunate." □



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# Anatolia: “The Morning Cometh”

**Once a theological seminary in a suburb of Constantinople, the complex, multi-faceted institution Anatolia College has become is a credit to the noble efforts of a dedicated educator**

by B. Samantha Stenzel



*Macedonia Hall at Anatolia College*

A visit to the peaceful, wooded grounds of Anatolia College, better known in Thessaloniki as the “American College”, gives one the feeling of stepping back in time, when life, free of modern pressures, had a misty aura centered in the intellectual realm.

This initial impression of calm however, is dispelled when one learns of the turbulent history of this institution which in 1986 celebrated its 100th anniversary. The sense that the school is isolated from the present-day environment also fades when one is introduced to the specifics of the academic curriculum and extra-curricular activities, all of which seem to reinforce the school’s motto, “Live not for myself alone but for the good of the community and the whole brotherhood of man.”

At Anatolia, in Pylea, five miles from the center of Thessaloniki, the crisp clean air facilitates a view of Mount Olympus, 35 miles away. Among the 16 academic buildings spread over 45 acres is the office of William W. McGrew, president of the College since 1975.

McGrew’s almost 30 years of service in Greece began somewhat “accidentally”. Having joined the foreign service at the age of 23, he languished in

Washington for a couple of years before opting for foreign language training. He was then assigned to Greece, where he worked for the state department in Athens, Thessaloniki, Nicosia and Izmir. Resigning after ten years, he took a position with Litton Industries. After it collapsed (inspiring an article entitled “Litton’s Noble Experiment”), he pursued his studies in Greek and modern European history at the University of Cincinnati, receiving his PhD. after dissertation research in Athens.

In 1974, the position of president of Anatolia College was vacated and McGrew filled it just one month after the fall of the junta. “The school at that time,” he confesses, “was not easy to run.” This was due, he feels, to the confusion which engendered antagonism towards the establishment, “both Greek and non-Greek.” As he recalls, “Greece was going through a period of experimentation and a questioning of values. This has happened in the United States and Europe in the 60s but not until the 70s in Greece.” As a result, “students became politicized and teachers went through some difficult years.” However troublesome those times were, they seem tame in comparison to the hair-raising trials and tribulations of the earlier decades

of the school’s history.

Anatolia College is a private, non-profit secondary school for Greek students, incorporated in 1886 in Boston, and operates under the Greek Ministry of Education. About 1,200 students, equally divided among boys and girls, attended the secondary program, which is divided into two gymnasia (grades 7, 8 and 9) and two lyceums (grades 10, 11 and 12). For this current school year such a record number of applications was received that two out of three had to be turned down.

In addition to the secondary school, Anatolia in recent years has added a Secretarial School, an English Language Training Center, a Summer Institute in Hellenic Studies for American college students and the School of Business Administration and Liberal Arts (SBALA).

This broad curriculum was undoubtedly beyond the wildest fantasies of the American Protestant missionaries who founded the school’s predecessor, Hamlin Theological Seminary, in 1840 in Bebek, a suburb of Constantinople. It was unlikely that they imagined their legacy would be such a complex, multi-faceted institution in a neighboring country.

By 1862, many students began coming to the school primarily to learn English. The board was then discussing the possibility of broadening the educational program to include those students who wanted training other than theological. This developed into a dispute which eventually split the board into two factions. Those in favor of an expanded curriculum remained in Bebek to found a traditional American high school which became known as Robert College. Those who wanted to continue the seminary moved to the obscure village of Merzifon, south of Samsun, in the Pontic region of Turkey. It was there, inspired by the sunrise over Mount Akdag, that both the name “Anatolia”, referring to the Greek word for sunrise, and the motto “Morning cometh” originated.

“It was remarkable what the original founders of the school did”, McGrew relates. “Merzifon was a complete wilderness when Charles Tracy went there in the 1860s. He literally built the college with his hands. As there was no heat in the dormitories, students would wake up in the morning and brush off the snow before they could get out of bed. The students were mostly Greek and Armenian Orthodox from all over the Balkans and some came from as far as Russia. Not only did these pioneers build a college, but also a hospital, a

nurses' training school, a school for the deaf, a printing press which printed Merzifon's first newspaper, *The Pontus*, and an orphanage."

The school continued operating until 1916 when Turkey sided with the central powers in World War I. It then closed until 1919, re-opening at the beginning of the Greek-Turkish War. Half the town of Merzifon had been evacuated in 1915 and many of the people never returned. In 1919, the Turkish authorities charged the school with being a nest of espionage activity. This traumatic period is recounted by one of the notable former presidents, Carl Compton, in his book *The Morning Cometh*, a 45-year history of Anatolia (available through Anatolia College Publications). Another centennial publication is *Survival Against All Odds*, a history of the first 100 years of Anatolia College, by Everett and Mary Stephens.

The authorities found maps of the region which had been used in religion classes to trace the path of St Paul. The members of the Pontos Society, a theological and archaeological club, and others who belonged to the Armenian Club were charged with revolutionary activity and six officers of the Pontos Club were hanged.

The Turkish government closed down the school in 1921, just before the Asia Minor catastrophe which resulted in the resettlement of one and a half million refugees to Greece. Most of the Christians from the Merzifon area relocated themselves in Macedonia. It wasn't long before the refugees, many of whom were destitute, once again hungered for education. They sent a telegram to the trustees of Anatolia College in Boston repeating St Paul's message, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

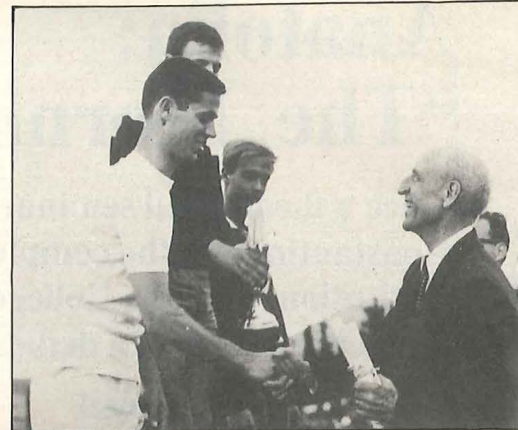
Thessaloniki seemed the natural choice for a new site because of its

central location and available buildings. Yet Thessaloniki was still reeling from the effects of a disastrous fire in 1917, as well as from World War I. So in 1924 Anatolia College reopened in suburban Xarilaou, in a most unlikely setting; a rented casino was used for classes and an old barracks once used by the French became the dormitory and dining hall.

Within a year, the enrollment had jumped from 13 students to 157. By September 1934, the school had received enough philanthropic support to buy the present site and the stately main campus building, Macedonia Hall, was constructed. With the aid of Prime Minister Venezelos, the institution received its permanent permit as an accredited Greek gymnasium and opened with 155 boys and 116 girls in its first term.

Although the school has quadrupled in size since those days, the early years of the school before World War II laid the groundwork for the present-day curriculum and ideology. The school endeavors to supply the best of both Greek and American educational training and thus serve as a model for secondary education in Greece. Anatolia offers a strong program in English, as one of its continuing goals is to provide a solid base in the language for its students. This is especially important to those who will continue their education in American schools.

McGrew emphasizes that Anatolia is a center for projecting American culture. "One part of our mission is to present things from the States that are done well - in music and drama, as well as education." MrGrew says he "betrays his own bias" by stressing the importance of the work ethic to students. "I guess that goes back to our Puritan heritage, but I believe in it." Apparently the students follow suit: many of them attend Anatolia on scholarship and many who go on to higher



Carl Compton at Anatolia

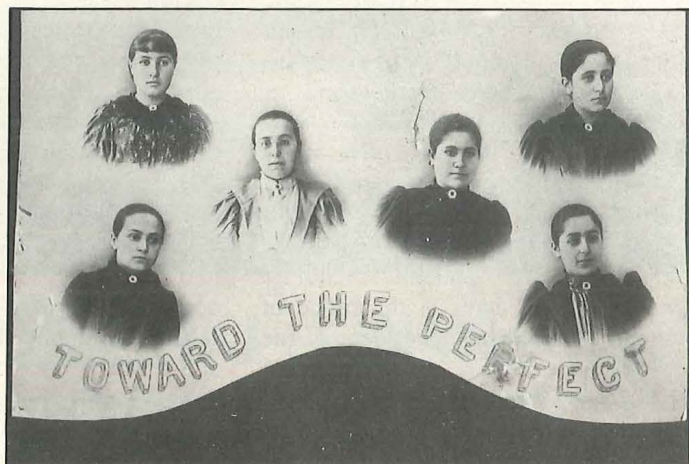
educational institutions in the U S do so on scholarship as well.

Academic achievement, however, is not the sole emphasis at Anatolia. A wide range of extra-curricular activities has been designed to encourage the use of English and to develop the student's non-academic talents. Regular publications include a student newspaper, *Focus*, and a literary magazine, *Pegasus*. A drama club sponsors productions of both American and Greek plays and an English-language Forensic Society participates in tournaments and debates. Sports activities include volleyball, soccer, handball and basketball which, according to local historians, was introduced as a school sport in Greece by former president Carl Compton in the college's early years in Thessaloniki.

The steady and peaceful expansion of Anatolia was disrupted in 1940 by Greece's entry into World War II. Anatolia became a military hospital and served as headquarters for the occupying German forces. Popular legend places the surrender of the Greek Army by General Tsolakoglou in the office of the president of Anatolia. Following the retreat of the German army in 1944, the British occupied the campus. After this, the community was completely disrupted by five years of civil war which took its toll on the



Miss Charlotte Willard (center), Dean of Anatolia 1911



Old class photo (1895) at Anatolia

facilities of the college, but not on its spirit.

Anatolia struggled to rebuild itself with the aid of the Greek War Relief Association, the Pan-Macedonian Society and the United States government. Anatolia responded in kind by cooperating with the Greek government and several agencies which helped rebuild the whole village of Lefkohori. The Anatolian community was putting into action "living for the good of the community and the whole brotherhood of man", much as they had when they operated the orphanage for Greek and Armenian children in Merzifon and as they would later do in 1974 when many Greek-Cypriot refugee students were admitted without examinations. Right now, Anatolia is involved in developing a program with the Thessaloniki School for the Blind in which students will use English-language Braille as a foreign language.

Commenting on the changes he has seen in Greece during his 13-year tenure at Anatolia, McGrew says, "Education is a more controversial and charged subject than it used to be in Greece. The reformist policy of the present government in building a new socialist society has had its effect. The government continues to adjust itself to the Common Market and we in turn have to follow the government's lead."

One recent development from 1982 to 1986 which created a serious problem at Anatolia was the restriction of private school tuitions to what Anatolia refers to as "unrealistically low levels." This new policy eroded the college's revenues and caused large operating deficits which obliged it to be rigorously economical. In 1985-86 the college managed to eliminate its deficit only by taking the drastic measure of selling some of its property in Athens. In 1986 the government, in a surprise move, lifted controls on tuition, allowing the college to take a large step towards



McGrew with students at Anatolia College

restoring a balanced budget. This year, however, the government allowed only a 12 percent increase over last year's tuition, which McGrew feels is a hardship "since it does not come near covering the increase in expenses due to inflation."

McGrew, whose book *Land and Revolution in Modern Greece* was published last year, observes, "The greatest factors that have shaped Greece in the last couple of generations have not been political or economical. They have simply been due to the movement of people from the villages to the city." Greece, according to McGrew, used to be a rural-based culture but is now a city-based one. This implies forming an urban tradition in a country that is rurally rooted. In terms of his experience, McGrew says, "Rural societies are very charming, and much of the quaintness of rural-based Greece is gone, but we must accept this fact for Greece is in Europe today and in Europe the city is the professor of life."

The "Friends of Anatolia" is an active booster group which organizes special events such as dinner dances. A series of evening ouzo parties with lectures was kicked off by guest professor Moutsopoulos, an architect who spoke on "The Origins of the Greek Dwelling." A ground breaking ceremony was held for the new library which received

funds from the Agency for International Development. It will contain 40,000 volumes, a small audio-visual theatre and a center with 30 personal computers. Anatolia was the first institution in Northern Greece to introduce computer training on the NCR system.

Strolling around the spacious tree-covered campus, McGrew said, "It probably shows my own limitations, but Anatolia is my life." He and his Greek wife Titika, whom he met at an alumni meeting, have a social life completely integrated into that of the college. McGrew spends his spare time as an underwater archaeology and skin-diving buff and even proposed a climb up Mount Olympus ten years ago, which at that time met with reluctance on the part of the students and teachers. Now it has become a very successful annual activity, held on two separate weekends in order to accommodate all the enthusiasts.

McGrew describes the hardest thing in Greece as gaining the loyalty of one's Greek colleagues to an institution or to a purpose which stands outside the individual or the family. "He characterizes Anatolia as having an ideology which is based in the community and is dedicated to educating. He feels the school can only succeed in these endeavors if "we have people who believe in these goals and are prepared to dedicate their lives to them." □



A workshop at Merzifon



Class outing at Anatolia College, c.1930

# Athens: October-December '44

## A memoir

**In the brief weeks between the Liberation of Athens and the outbreak of the Civil War a 24-year-old Welshman in the Royal Signal Corps struck up a friendship with a young opera singer, Mary Kaloyeropoulou. It was abruptly broken off in early December by street-fighting. They never met again until years later backstage at Covent Garden**

by Ray Morgan

Down a few stone steps off Filellinon Street lay the Argentina Nightclub. In newly-liberated Athens it was one of the few such places open for business. They were tinselled magnets for those of us who craved relief from the greyness of military life and were bored stiff by public school affectations of dreary officers' messes.

I pushed open the door. It was early yet, and, though the band was playing and the bar hostesses were at their stations, few customers were inside.

Aleko, the manager, came up to welcome me.

"Good evening Mr Ray. How are you?"

"Fine, Aleko. How is business?"

"*Siga, siga*. But it will come back. Let me offer you a drink."

For some reason Aleko had shown me special attention since my first visit. Some quid pro quo lay behind this, I was sure. Perhaps Aleko himself was not consciously aware of what it was.

We sat at a table near the bar. I asked for an ouzo and mused. At the ripe old age of twenty four I was already a seasoned soldier. My unit, the 23rd Armored Brigade, had seen service in the Western Desert and in Italy. Lotus-eating had followed in the flesh-pots of Cairo, Alexandria and Tel Aviv, so that I was quite blasé about sophisticated nightclubs and such life. Odd, perhaps, for a lad from the Welsh valleys who had left them to train as a school teacher. War has its compensations, as they say.

"Who is the new face at the bar, Aleko?"

She had an elfin, haunted face, pretty enough, but it was her hair, a waterfall of glowing auburn that made her so attractive.

Aleko raised his head and his lower lip in the typical Greek gesture of disdain.

"She's nobody."

"Oh come on" I protested.

"She won't last long," said Aleko. "We need to change them every few months."

The implication of the remark I found suddenly shocking. Almost for the first time I looked properly at the manager. His eyes were as hard as black stones. His face was broad and coarse; his lips fat and sensuous. Something of my distaste must have shown in my eyes.

"Would you like to come to a party?" he asked. "It is a very respectable party. Tomorrow night, at the home of a friend, a doctor." He really was trying to make amends; to restore the relationship. I was embarrassed, too.

"Why, thank you. Yes, I would like to come." The problem of transport occurred to me.

"May I bring a friend of mine?" I needed Jock. He was the Brigade Tank Recovery Officer, good company, a

major, and the possessor of a very nice civilian car that he had plucked out of the air. Jock Bruce must be asked.

Our barracks in Vassilissis Sophias Avenue lay in what today has become a very fashionable and expensive piece of land. Opposite now is the Hilton, and over what was our officers' mess, now rears the flamboyant American Embassy. Strange to think that directly under the grand front office where the ambassador no doubt elegantly sits, was our Brigade H.Q. officers' W.C., a 6-seater portable affair set up in the front garden. Being a mobile unit, the equipment was essential. We on our moves eschewed urban conveniences. Besides, we enjoyed the fresh air and comaraderie.

Within the camp walls were lines of wooden barrack huts, and, near the main gates, several 25-pounder cannon. Before 1944 was out the camp was to be the scene of a fierce, bloody battle between ourselves and the *Antartes* communist rebels.

But our first entry into these barracks is worth a mention.

We had docked at Piraeus, entering the front door of Greece as the Germans politely left by the back door, northwards. We hardly felt an invasion force, especially as we entrained at the metro terminal in Piraeus, and even less as we drew into the underground station in Athens. We came up into the sunlight in Omonia Square. In those days the center of the square held flower stalls and parading prostitutes, all cauterized today by a layer of cement and a number of symbolically-cleansing jets of water.

We blinked in the sunlight at the scene. Beyond a cleared space in the center of the square heaved an ocean of bodies, all around and up the avenue to the east. It seemed this was to be official liberation day. We set off up Panepistimiou Street. There was nothing contrived about the welcome.

The warmth was palpable, the emotion at fever-pitch. Up the narrow pathway through the crowd we swung our way, all self-depreciation forgotten. I had the particular honor of leading the signal squadron; the major and captain were with the advance party. Strutting along at the head of our column, the grisly old squadron sergeant major behind, was a heady experience. "God bless you, boys." "Welcome back."

"You are returned," "Welcome, Welcome." Plenty of such approving shouts in English could be heard among the roar of Greek cheers. There was clapping, waving, and many tears of joy, particularly moving when on manly Greek faces. Bunches of flowers were pressed into my hands. I passed them back to the old campaigner marching behind me who looked singularly inappropriate bearing blossoms.

He hurriedly passed them back to the soldiers behind, and so on down the line.



Thus it continued passed the University, between Schliemann's Palace on the left and the Tamion Building on the right. Then on to the Grande Bretagne Hotel and into Syntagma Square. Left, then, into Vassilissis Sophias Avenue and on up to the-barracks.

A day to remember.

The night after Aleko's invitation to the party Jock picked me up at the barracks in his car. We drove down Vassilissis Sophias to Syntagma Square and from there down Panepistimiou to Omonia. We rounded the square and descended Piraeus Street. A darker, shabbier district this. The Sacred Way leading to the Mysteries of Eluesis cut across here at right angles. Somehow the ancient sense of awe still haunted the place.

Following Aleko's instructions we found the little street. An old black-garbed crone pointed a bony finger upwards at our enquiry. It indicated an apartment-house.

"*Iatros, epano, epano,*" she squawked.

The building was old and the entrance hall ill-lit. I have never lost the prickly feeling of curious excitement when entering a strange apartment block in Athens. That night, too, I was affected by the combination of alien odors and secretiveness.

An old-fashioned lift with a wire grille took us up to a corridor. That, too, ill-lit. As the door to the flat opened, though, all despondency was dispelled.

A smiling motherly lady gestured us to enter. The room was full of people and a hubbub of talking and laughing, momentarily hushed by the sight of two still unfamiliar uniformed figures complete with polished "Sam Browns" and shiny buttons. The sound swelled up again and with it a gust of genuine warmth of feeling. Aleko, beaming, embraced me and shook hands violently with Jock.

"Wine, wine for my friends." This was a more natural Aleko than the nightclub manager. "Sweet Samos wine. It is good." He was right. It was delicious, and I made a mental note to introduce it into the mess.

Dance music jazzed out from an old-fashioned radiogram, and a couple jiggled in a small cleared space. They were all bursting to communicate with us, so they made up for their lack of English with smiles and nods and petting little pats on the arms. Jock's beady blue eyes twinkled an all-embracing Scotch good humor. I saw him gravitate with studied nonchalance towards a pretty girl with long dark hair.

The evening pleasantly progressed.

Which of those present at the party was the doctor, my host, I never really discovered. The moving spirit was Aleko. Yet inspite of his bonhomie I could sense that he was rather on pins. He kept glancing towards the door and puckering his face in the expressive way Greeks have of indicating their feelings – in his case, disappointment.

Finally an arrival appeared who was obviously the one who he had been waiting for. He positively leapt towards the door.

"Mary, Mary, *agapi mou,*" then a volley of Greek. The reply was in English, perhaps for our benefit. It was perfect English. An English girl, here? I had not seen an English girl, let alone spoken to one since Cairo many moons before. Not only was she English, she was good-looking.

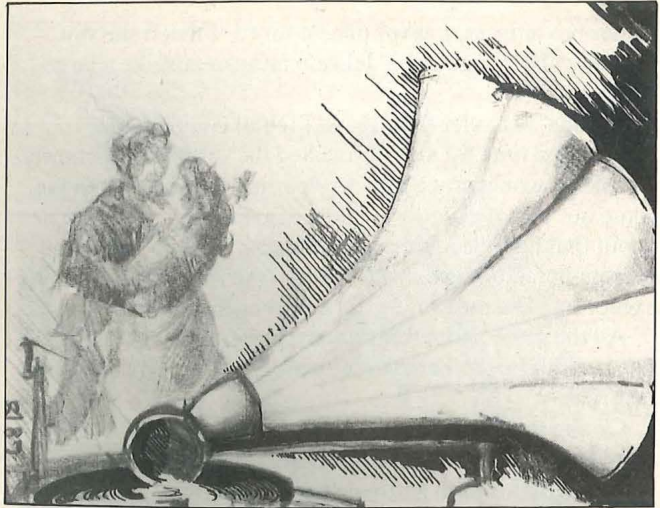
Conventional greetings over, I plied her with questions.

"How did you manage to get into Greece so soon?"

"I live here, have done so for years now."

"But the Germans, the occupation?"

Now I became aware of an accent, a nasality on certain words. I realized that she was, in fact, not English but American.



She was as eager to talk as I was. She spoke perfect Greek but clearly missed using English. The questions and answers flowed between us. She had been caught on holiday in Greece by the German invasion; was not able to return to America. Yes, she had work; was a singer with the Royal Opera Company. She lived with her mother not very far from where we now were. She was overjoyed at the arrival of the allies, but was uneasy at some political developments.

I suddenly realized I had only really heard her first name – Mary. Mary what? She told me a difficult name "Mary Kaloyeropoulou" – too much of a tongue-twister for non-Greeks. She later used a shorter version – Callas. She would be calling herself Maria Callas.

The next day, after I had finished duties at H.Q. we met in Athens, Mary and I. She was over the moon to be squired by a Britisher. On my insistence that I was Welsh, not English, she was intrigued yet scoffing. Scots, Irish, Welsh, we were all Englishmen to the Greeks. Her joy at the freedom that had come to Athens seemed to me to epitomize the joy that infected the whole city. We soldiers, too, felt an intoxication that had nothing to do with drink. Looking back, perhaps it was as much youth and the unfamiliarity stimulating Attic air as the sense of political freedom, that made us feel like minor gods.

That evening Mary and I were part of the eventide stroll, part of the huge ambling crowd that, gesticulating and conversing at maximum output, created a strange deep chorus of sound that resonated in the canyon of buildings in Panepistimiou near Omonia. The sounds of what little traffic there was then was obliterated by the human babel.

"In here." Mary jerked my arm which was linked in hers. We turned into a small bar in an arcade. "Something unusual," she said. "Have you ever tried one of these?" She ordered and handed to me a small pale yellow drink. "Go on, try it." There was no mistaking the flavor. It was a banana liqueur. Quite new to me, half the pleasure of the drink was in the unalloyed delight she took in my reaction.

Much of her appeal lay in her unaffected warmth. As she leaned on that little bar top, perched on a high stool, her eyes glistened. They had that unfocused dreaminess that comes from extreme short-sightedness, but she never wore glasses when she was with me. The eyes were slanted, slightly upwards, exotically almond-shaped. In her full relaxed face they suggested voluptuousness, but, made-up and with intensity of purpose, they could be very dramatic. When she smiled, she was all innocence. It was a fine generous mouth drawn at each corner into a mobile quirk, and the smile framed good, white teeth.

Only thing was, for me, she was too tall. Others remarked

on her buxomness. I never once noticed. Indeed she was graceful; she had gawkish delicate movements like a large kitten.

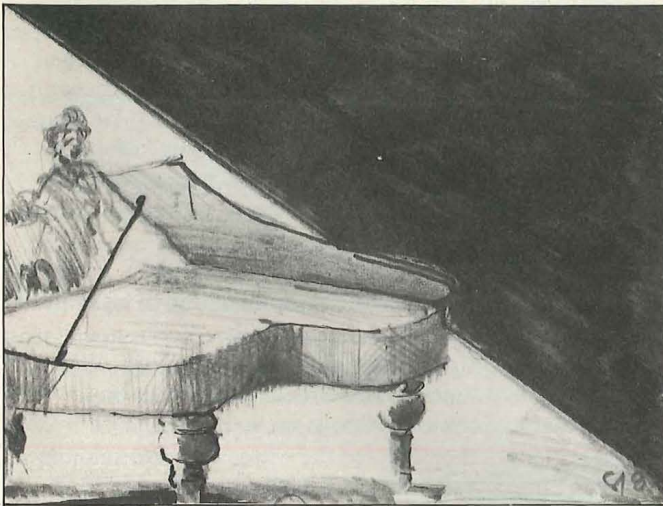
Yet she was taller than I, and I felt uncomfortable.

The next time we met I broached the subject, reluctantly.

"Mary, would you object to wearing low heels when you come out with me?" She laughed heartily. "Nobody worries about that here. Look there, and there," she indicated passers-by. She was right. It seemed the rule rather than the exception. The men really did seem shorter than the girls.

All the same, from that day on she very sweetly wore flat-heeled shoes whenever we were together. My ego was restored.

On the first Saturday after our initial meeting we decided to go to the Argentina. The place was packed, but there was no difficulty for us in getting a table. Aleko was all over us. Khaki predominated but there were naval and airforce officers, civilians too, and smart and beautiful girls. Samos sweet seemed to me to be the order of the day; a bottle materialized. We chatted; we drank; we danced. Sitting out one of the dances in the half-light we were joined by Aleko.



He leaned over Mary and whispered in her ear. The dance finished. Instead of the house lights brightening they disappeared completely. A blinding white spot speared our little table. "What the hell--," I was totally at a loss.

I was suddenly aware that Mary was on her feet, that the piano was striking up something classical. She struck a pose, opened her mouth, and a powerful mellifluous caravanserai of notes reverberated around the building. I stared up at her. Gone was the simple, vulnerable young girl. This was an imposing, confident artist. Even her physique seemed expanded; she positively bloomed with full-breasted virility. Unexpectedness had me stunned. Her work had been something we had never discussed, I had even forgotten that she had told me she was an opera singer. I would not have imagined her to be of this calibre anyway.

Compounded with surprise was self-consciousness at my own role in this lime-lit tableau. I cringed with embarrassment and sank down into my chair.

The tension was such that, to this day I cannot remember what she sang. Was it an aria from *Tosca*? Or *Aida*, perhaps? I shall never know.

The nightclub listeners were not so bemused. Applause erupted and continued for ages after she had sat down. Immediately she was herself again. As if she had come off-stage, she switched back to the Mary I had got to know. Only I was not quite the same again; I had glimpsed the prima donna.

From then on we met regularly. Our rendezvous was Jimmy's Bar in lower Kolonaki which was fashionable with the young sophisticates of the city. Mary, in spite of her seeming ingeniousness, had a wide circle of disparate acquaintances. There were parties galore.

Kolonaki was the select residential area of Athens, extending up the slope of Mount Lycabettus. The streets rose ever more steeply upwards until they finally became steps. During the Civil War Kolonaki became known to the Left as "Scompland" after the British General commanding, Scobie.

Much higher up Lycabettus than Jimmy's Bar in Anagnostopoulou Street lived a friend of ours, Mr K. He was a sponge merchant. His penthouse, or *retief*, as the Greeks called it, was a home from home for several of us in the army, and very nice, too. The verandah looked out over the apartments that fell away in terraces below. It looked across the city over the ancient glories of Athens, over the Acropolis itself, and on towards the sea. In daylight that sea always seemed a luminous blue, but at night it was, from Lycabettus, a velvet lacuna dividing the living sky from the shadow-filled plain.

Behind the apartment building ascended a belt of pine trees. They, then, were the haunt of lovers and bestrewn with their latex detritus, but, in a few weeks, I would be peering through their black shadows with a Tommy gun gripped in my nerve-sweated hands.

Jock and I, together with another friend, John Lowcock, who was Brigade R.E.M.E. Officer, made our way to Anagnostopoulou Street well supplied with bottles for a party. A tin or two of corned-beef would give ballast to the drink. Mary was meeting us there. You never knew what interesting types would turn up at these get-togethers. That night was to be no exception.

Mary, and some of the other girls, prepared sandwiches. A beaming Mr K. dispensed drinks and we danced to pre-war jazz. The doorbell rang. Mr K. answered it, and a whole bunch of visitors clattered into the flat.

"Yassou, Alepou," laughed the foremost, and clapped me on the shoulder. It was Spike Moran – "Kapitanos Spike" to the Greeks.

"Why 'Alepou'?" I had asked Spike back in Egypt where we had become friends.

"Because, O Fox, you are *poniros* – a cunning one." Patently untrue, I insist. Simple naiveté is often thus mistaken. I had swaggered along the pavements of Alexandria in the reflected glory of Spike's decorations. They included the eye-catching white of the Military Cross as well as a highly colored Greek ribbon.

Spike's companions who lumbered behind him into the flat that night gave me my first sight of the guerrillas I had heard so much about. These particular ones were of the politically Right, followers of General Zervas. Spike had been British liaison officer with Zervas in the mountains. Their gauche clumsiness was partly attributable to a lack of ease at this urban socializing, and partly to the heavy, thick-soled high boots they sported. They really did look a bunch of toughs, black-bearded and with skin turned dark by the sun.

"My friends, officers of General Zervas," Spike introduced them.

Drinks having been provided, they were soon jogging heavily about the room which suddenly shrank to half its size, full of burly bodies. I watched Spike tomfooling with the girls. What a character he was, part buccaneer, part hero, certainly part rascal. So many of his type had been

thrown up by the war. I suppose being dropped into enemy territory needed qualities of ruthlessness and cunning, as well as courage. I remembered him, soon after we had arrived in Athens, his ruddy wide cheeks inflamed, his black eyes glittering with mischief, and his black hair straggling over his forehead, surrounded by a group of newsmen, Americans to whom he was telling a tale at the Grande Bretagne. It was at the bar, against which Spike leaned, and on which were lined up his free drinks. I remembered the first night we were in Athens. Spike whisked a select few of us up to Kifissia to the house of a Mme Metaxas, an extremely fetching lady whose husband was away in Egypt as aide-de-camp to Prince Paul of the Hellenes. Was it her brother or her cousin, pale and effete, who raved about pre-war Paris? "Go on," had whispered Spike "spin him a yarn about your escapades in Paris. Keep him happy."

Tonight with his Zervas pals Spike was feeling at home and relaxed. It was a good party. Mary was entering into the spirit of things, bouncing about like a lively young foal. Good old Mr K., grinning, sweating, nodding, slid in and out of the kitchen. With his great curved nose and heavy-lidded, protruding eyes he looked the model for one of Osbert Lancaster's less-flattering Greek caricatures. Yet, good-hearted as he was, I saw him wince agonizingly each time a hob-nailed mountain boot cracked down onto his polished wood parquet floor. Occasionally he would nip into the bathroom to give his sponges a stir. The bath was half-full of an obscene-looking, evil-hued mess of them, soaking in a bleaching liquid. I little knew then what a crucial instrument this fellow was to be in the shaping of my own destiny. For the moment, though, unkindly I fear, I could not help seeing him as Pandarus to all these young Troiluses and Cressidas. I watched Mary and tried to visualize her as an operatic Cressida. As always the metamorphosis of this warm girlish creature into a stage performer was beyond my imagination. Too, the party was well on, and I had not a good head for drink.

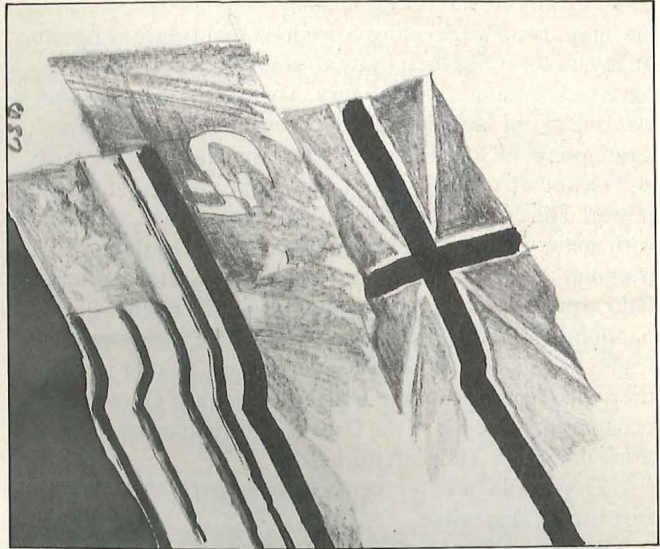
All of a sudden I became aware that the dancing had stopped though the music thumped on. Instead of singing, chattering and laughing, abruptly there was tension and anger. One or two of the Zervas men were shouting fiercely at a couple of the civilians. One of these, a girl, was directing a fusillade of splenetic verbiage back. I had never heard such a cross-fire of explosive aspirates all backed by a whole repertoire of jabbing, flailing gestures. I had already learned that a minor altercation in Greek sounded like a murderous assault to an outsider, but this was, by any standards, on an empyrean scale.

"Who the devil is she?" snarled a furious Spike to Mr K., indicating the champion of the anti-Zervas bloc, a handsome, intense girl in her late twenties.

"Lina Sarriyianni," said Mr K. Then followed a further explanation in Greek. Spike spoke it fluently, albeit, as I was later told, with an atrocious peasant accent. I heard *Stratigos* repeated several times, at which Spike nodded with a 'so-that's it' air. *Stratigos*, I later learned meant "General". Mary, meanwhile, had been busily placatory, soothing on the one side and understanding on the other. She was that extraordinary exception among Greeks, an apolitical person. It was not that she was unaware of the stresses and strains of the complex political situation in Greece, but somehow above the fray.

By now passion had subsided and dancing continued, but the sparkle had gone.

As spike turned away from us I nudged Mr K. and



indicated the girl. "Tell us more." What's-her-name had merited a look or two before. Now, with her spirit fighting her composure, she was radiant. Her nose was classical except for a slight indentation between it and the forehead. Dark hair, severely styled, and lively eyes, made up the rest.

Mr K. told me of her. "She has just come out of a German concentration camp."

"She doesn't look Jewish," I said.

"She isn't," he replied. "She comes from a fine Greek family. Her grandfather was Filaretou, friend of Venizelos and a senator. She detests the Right. These are the politics of Greece, I'm afraid."

"How did she get put into a concentration camp?" I asked.

"Fate, the greatest force majeure. She was in the wrong place at the wrong time. You must ask her for the story."

I sensed that Mr K. was playing Pandarus again. Mary and I left the party soon after. In my last glimpse that night of Lina, she was being made much of by Jock and John Lowcock. She was laughing with a charming artlessness.

Being the third-string signals officer for the brigade, which meant, in fact, being the third-ranking signals officer for the main operational force in Greece, I was becoming more and more aware of a deterioration in the military situation. The politics were highly complicated but basically it was a struggle between the communists who were flexing their military muscles, and the center and right who were supported by the British, and, less categorically and at a distance, by the Americans. The trouble was that the 23rd Armored Brigade had gone into Greece to occupy a vacuum, not as a fighting formation. True, there were British parachutists and the Sacred Battalion of the Greek Army, as back-ups, but in small numbers. We began to feel a bit precarious.

Mary was used to ringing up the mess to make arrangements to meet. The telephone exchange in the camp was in my charge, so there were no problems about getting through.

One night she rang me, "Ray, why don't you bring Jock down to the flat tonight. We can go out to a movie with my mother." I agreed, contacted Jock, and that evening we made our way to Mary's flat. It was off Patisson Street, behind the Acropole Palace Hotel.

In Mme Kaloyeropoulou's sitting room we sat and chatted, and were served the traditional Greek sweet in a

glass. I recounted a strange incident that had happened that morning. I had been riding down lower Alexandras Avenue on my motorcycle when I saw an angry crowd on the pavement milling about a figure. My first thought was that it was one of our lads in trouble. The army motorbike was large, powerful and noisy. I jumped the bike over the curb and roared up to the crowd. I revved the engine at maximum power. The crowd scattered. In the center stood, wide-eyed with anxiety, not one of our soldiers but one of theirs, an irregular, an *antartis*, a member of E.L.A.S., the communist field army, Jack – booted, complete with de rigueur bandolier. Beneath his black beard his face was yellow with fright. I waved the crowd away. Under my leather jerkin they could spot my shoulder pips and years of German occupation had bred in the Greeks a Pavlovian reaction to army uniforms. They left hurriedly.

“You should have let them get on with it.” Mary was surprisingly aggressive.

“What happened to the *antartis* anyway?”

“Oh, he skeddadled – left.”

“Was he armed?” asked Jock. “I know you weren’t.”

“Well, as I said, he had a full bandolier, and I’m pretty sure he had a side arm. He didn’t look too dangerous to me.”

“No,” said Jock, “but if there are enough of them --”

Mme Kaloyeropoulou came back into the room and Mary changed the subject. “We’re late. If we don’t go now we shall miss the show.”

A family outing to the pictures. The respectable urbanity struck me as a bit odd under the circumstances. A mile or so up Patission were assembling the hunters down from the hills, out for our blood. Or perhaps they, too, were enjoying a film at some ramshackle outskirts cinema.

At the barracks life was busy enough, but, foolishly, it was routine work. We would have been better employed, with hindsight, in getting up anti-grenade netting on the windows and sand-bagging the doorways. By the time we did get round to doing it, it was too late and many lives had been lost.

Tension was daily increasing in the city, but it was at night that the communist incubus descended with special menace. Mary and I found ourselves on one of those nights leaning

against the marble base of the statue that graced the square near her home on the edge of the Pedion Areos park. It was a still, cold night; incredible how a great city could be so still; no sound of traffic or trolleys, no footsteps, no voices, only an indefinable susurrant, the body functionings of a city holding its breath. Then, from over the hill behind us, came a long, eerie, disembodied call. Whether devised to terrorize or not, that is the object it achieved. You knew that, in simple terms, it was a voice swollen by a megaphone, but at that time and in that place, I would defy anyone not to feel his nerves tingle. A phrase was repeated over and over again.

“What does it say?” I whispered.

“Kappa, Kappa, Epsilon. The initials of the Greek Communist Party.” she breathed back.

Just then, from the blackness of the trees in Green Park behind us, came another of the calls, hoarse, heavy with threat, unearthly. I felt my skin crawl into gooseflesh. Mary shuddered. We cuddled together, each lending the other the comfort of closeness.

Militarily, things continued to worsen. We knew that the roads leading into Athens from the countryside were filled with columns of E.L.A.S. *andartis* armed to the teeth. In the city, friendly citizens informed us of outlying areas that were increasingly coming under the control of the communists. Strategic points in the city were being infiltrated. We still moved about unarmed.

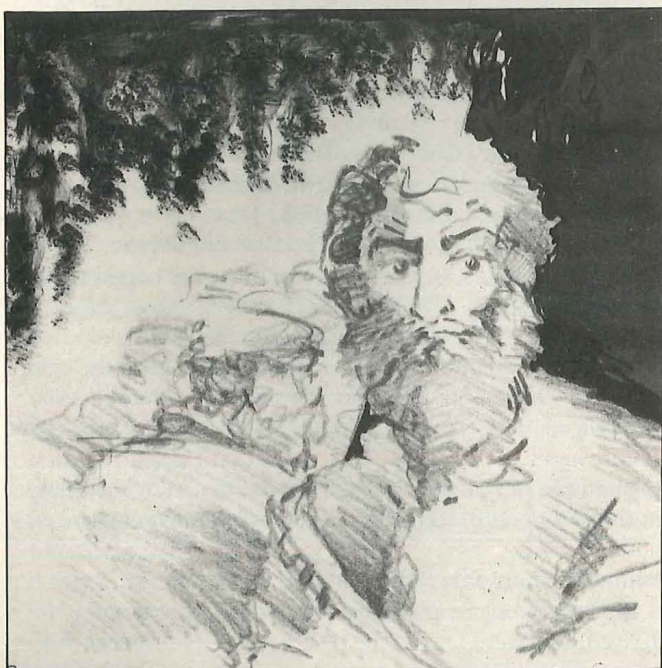
Politically, matters were as complicated as only Greeks could make them. But, in essence, many Greeks with political affiliations stretching from the center to the extreme left were deeply suspicious of the motives of the English. George II of Greece was being set up, they believed, for a quick return. Yet he had been king of a near-fascist state for years before the war. After all their sufferings from the Germans and the Italians, were they to go back to a dictatorship of the right? Many of these people, too, had been blatant collaborators.

At least some concessions were made to the left. Six ministries in the new government were allotted to them, and a seventh vital ministry, that of war, was given to a man who was acceptable to both sides. He was a retired general. His role in the drama was a vital one.

It was getting more and more difficult for me to get away from the barracks, and with the civilian city all around I was suffering from military claustrophobia. On a Sunday morning I was free from duties, and suddenly aware that it was a glorious Attica morning: the tiniest nip in the air, heart-warming sunshine, and an atmosphere that was so clean and sweet you could taste it. Not yet the *kafsaeria* of modern Athens.

I strolled down Vassilissis Sophias Avenue into Syntagma. I stood and bathed my eyes in the effulgent shapes and planes that reflected so theatrically the intense Aegean light.

It is fashionable to say that Athens is provincial and ugly. To me it was always beautiful, bright and exciting. Perhaps that is because it was the first city of any size that I had lived in and got to know. I remember the glow I felt as I looked down past the Old Palace, down the broad Amalias Avenue, and along the bordering green luxuriance of the Royal Gardens. For my peace of mind, it was fortunate, then, that I did not know that the road a yard or two in front of me, facing the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, would, within a few days, be spattered widely with blood, blood that would light the fire to a very nasty war. For on 2nd December from



the police station on the corner behind me, would come a volley of shots that would kill 15 and wound 148 (according to the communists) of a fairly orderly procession.

On this lovely Sunday morning, however, all was peaceful and pleasant.

"Kalimera, Mr Ray," a voice broke in on my reverie.

It was Mr K., resplendent in a smart striped grey suit, his moist protruding eyes warm with benevolence. We shook hands.

"Are you going anywhere especial?" he asked. I shook my head.

"Then why don't you come with me? I am going to visit a friend of mine, a Greek general." I had had my fill of the army in recent days. No, I was not keen on meeting a Greek general.

"He has a daughter – very beautiful," added Mr K.

"Lead on, Mr K., I am your man." said I, convinced.

As we walked down Amalias Mr K. went on about his friend the general. "He is a great man, a great man, you know. When we were at war with the Turks the government sent him to England, to your Lloyd George to get help. He had many promises of aid from him."

I listened with half a mind while admiring the row of magnificent palm trees in the gardens opposite, and the lovely Byzantine-styled Russian church we were just passing.

"After the terrible disaster in Asia Minor in 1922 he was put in charge of the evacuation from Smyrna." Mr K. continued. "You know, the Turks massacred thousands of us Greeks then; terrible, terrible."

By this time we had reached the austere Gothic church of St Paul's, aggressively English in that corner of a foreign city-patch.

"He was one of the few Greek commanders who came out of that defeat with honor. They made him Chief of Staff – a great man." Mr K. rambled on, biographically, as we came up to a fine apartment block, facing the statue showing a shapely female Greek crowning a handsome Lord Byron. We went up by lift to the second floor. A smart maid opened the door. Mr K. disappeared into the recesses of the apartment, and I was directed into a charming salon. One whole wall consisted of double crystal-glass sliding doors.

The view from the window was magnificent, even for Athens where dramatic views were commonplace. Directly opposite, Vassilissis Olgas swept around towards the pine-clad hill within which lies the gleaming marble stadium. On the left the leafy shades of the Zappeion and the Royal Gardens seemed to stretch all the way back to the slopes of Lycabettus. But it was to the right that the eye was irresistibly drawn, to the few remaining columns of the Temple of Zeus and the Arch of Hadrian. Behind it all stretched the smooth line of Mount Hymettus.

The swish of the runners of the sliding doors drew my attention back into the room. There, framed in the partly-opened glass doors stood the general's daughter. "Beautiful" Mr K. had called her. Hyperbole it was not, but it was a mistake. Beautiful signifies classic coldness, aloofness. This girl had none of that. She was just extraordinarily pretty, petite, *sognée*, neat. Her mouth drew the eye compellingly, deliciously-shaped, utterly kissable.

If the view outside had charmed me, the vision inside threw me completely. God bless Mr K. I was at a loss.

"Hello! Do you speak English?" was the best I could offer. Her reply was equally trite, yet it remains with me as if it were just spoken.

"Yes, a leetl," – her voice, her accent – as sweet as her smile. We sat and talked. Maro was her name, Maro

Sarriyianni. For once a Greek name sounded familiar.

"That rings a bell. I believe I met someone of the same name at Mr K.'s house: Lina Sarriyianni."

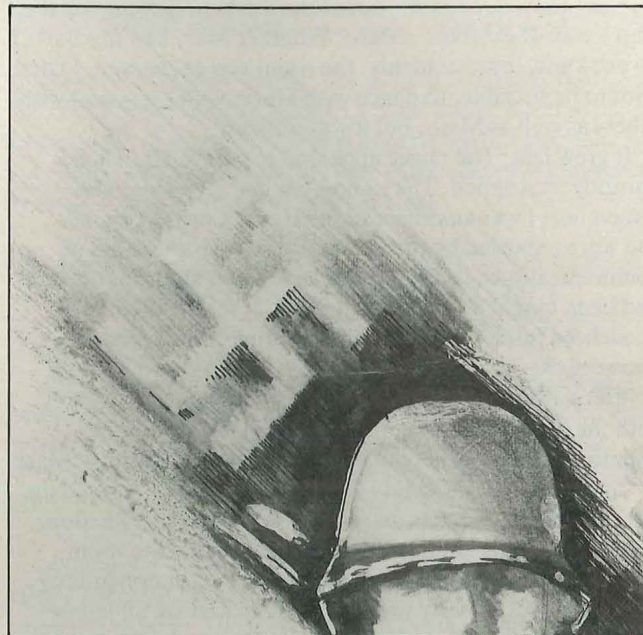
"Oh, yes," Maro replied. "She is my cousin. We are close in blood. Her mother and mine are sisters, her father and mine are brothers." Her English was, in fact, excellent.

"I was told she had a bad time from the Germans," I said.

"Yes, she was arrested here, at this flat. It is a long story." Maro shrugged.

"Please tell me," I asked.

"Well, I shall try to make it short. My father is a civil engineer. He built this house. But he was once a general, so when a conference of politicians in Cairo early this year wanted someone to unite the E.L.A.S. and the E.D.E.S., the left and the right that is, under one commander, they chose him. He had to go up into the mountains. As he is over 60 years old it was difficult for him and it was dangerous. Anyway, it was all for nothing; when he reached the headquarters of E.L.A.S. they kept him incommunicado. He could do nothing." Maro sighed, and shook her head.



"Meanwhile," she went on, "we were warned, my mother, my little brother and I, that the Germans were going to arrest us. We had to get out of here – quickly. The maid Theoni was to stay behind and look after my old grandmother who was ill and wandering in the mind. We escaped, disguised, over the mountains to the east coast of Greece, and from there across the sea to Turkey. The English army took care of us there, and eventually helped us down to Cairo."

I sensed that there was much more to that escape than she casually recited, but I let her continue.

"That is where Lina came into it. She came here, to the flat to see our grandmother. Just as she arrived the Gestapo burst in. They arrested Lina; she has our family name. They also arrested Theoni, our maid. They would have taken away Grandmother too, but even they realized, after questioning, that she was weak in her mind. She was left behind, but Lina and Theoni were placed in a concentration camp."

The recital, so matter-of-fact and unvarnished, moved me more than a dramatized account could possibly have done. Truth was, too, that I was already so very much in sympathy with one of the participants – the fascinating girl by my side.

It came time to leave. I desperately wanted to see Maro again but did not dare hope to mix in those elevated circles. I had even less hope after meeting Spike Moran at the barracks next day.

"I hear you have met the Sarriyianni girl," he began. How he got the information so quickly I could not imagine; that is, until he went on. "You know that her father, General Sarriyianni, is Minister for War, don't you?" No, I did not know. So he was the seventh minister. "You don't want to mix with him. He's not one of our lot," continued Spike. I was angry. Spike's lot I had already learned to think little of, if he meant his E.D.E.S. pals, the extreme right-wing bully-boys. No more was said for the moment.

That night we all gathered together again at Mr K.'s. It was for the last time at his place, though we did not know it then. I met Mary and we went along together. Everything was going full blast when we arrived: Jock flushed with high spirits, and not a few liquid ones; John Lowcock, suave as ever, sedately stalking up and down the room in time to the music. I saw, too, why Jock glowed so; the handsome Lina was also there.

Then I saw her coming out of the kitchen, helping Mr K. with a tray of eatables – Maro. Whether Mary saw my start, I do not know, but, suddenly, the room was enchanted. I tried hard to be sociable, to dance with Mary, with Lina, and with others as well as Maro, but it was difficult.

It grew late. The music appeared to get wilder. Then, abruptly, it stopped. The radiogram had given up. Now, remember, I was an officer of the Royal Corps of Signals. We were regarded by the rest of the army as the kings of communications, including wireless. But what I, for one, had been taught at Catterick just about fitted me as a household fuse replacer, and little more. Still, I felt the honor of the corps was in my hands. I knelt down reverentially before the machine. I fiddled knowledgeably with the back wires. Nothing happened. Well, nothing technical, that is. What did happen was that a kittenish Mary in some excess of mischief – or was it jealousy? – heaved me backwards off my heels, to send me rolling across the floor. Roars of guffaws and shrieks of laughter filled the room, both at my discomfiture and at Mary's hefty man-handling ability. Well, the party was over, but at least we all left in very good humor.



Next day Spike contacted me again. His tone was vitriolic. "Well, he's done it." I wondered what he was on about. "Your Sarriyiannis. He's resigned from the government."

We knew already that the six communist ministers had resigned over the issue of disarming the guerrillas. General Sarriyianni had stood firm – much to the satisfaction of the British – then.

"Churchill has attacked him in the House," Spike went on. "Said he resigned from fear. That his family was in the hands of the communists."

"Well, that's not true for a start." I was stung into replying. I had visited Maro where she and the family were staying at Lina's house in Nikis Street. I knew that they were still there and quite safe.

The truth was that Maro's father was willing to stay on as minister if he were given power of action, something which the British Army would find it very difficult to accede to. They would not consider giving a Greek control over their operations. But having responsibility without power is an unattractive proposition, and General Sarriyianni was not going to play that game. They wanted him, in effect, as a stooge.

Later I asked about his attitude to Churchill. There he was, after a life-time's honorable service to Greece, being castigated by a British prime minister in Parliament. Surely he must feel resentful? For myself, as a Welshman from the mining valleys, I had little respect for Churchill the politician, though I might admire him as war leader.

The general merely smiled. He was, it seemed, still a fan of the British premier. "The interests of your own country always come first," he said – or that is how Maro translated it.

That, however, was much later. Now, at the resignation of Sarriyiannis, confrontation was imminent. Sporadic gunfire, day and night, became familiar city-wide. There seemed to be no doubt that, unless we reacted, Athens, and so Greece, would become communist almost overnight. Few military organizations would have held off for as long as we did. So, goodbye parties and high-living! War was taking over, once more.

Came the evening that all commanders were called together at our officer's mess. The brigadier was promoted immediately to major general and put in charge of operations. The conference was held in a large room in the sturdy stone building. As one of the signals officers I was there, too, very junior, stuck in a corner, trying to look as much a part of the furniture as possible. They were, militarily, a mixed bunch, and seasoned, tough leaders of men, all of them. They included Greeks, veterans of the Italian campaign, and British parachutists, rank men, H.Q. specialist officers and others. All of them, though, in appearance very similar; so much so that they remain faceless in my memory. Only one of the senior officers of those days can I still visualize, and that is because he eventually became a "media-figure" as leader of the famous Everest Expedition. He was Lt. Col. Hunt who, then, commanded the K.R.R.C.

It was, perhaps, a historic night. Certainly our general played it that way. He even used the phrase, believe it or not, "Gentlemen we are about to take the glove off the mailed fist." Our actions were not going to be as effective as the words implied, but at his stirring call to arms, eagle eyes glistened and manly jaws jutted. The emotional temperature jumped a few taut degrees. The general outlined the situation. He began to dispense orders. Let us now put aside



flippancy because, in blood-letting terms, both sides were to serve without stint.

So, a tense, electric atmosphere.

Then...the telephone rang. It stood on a little side-table a few feet from where I was sitting. A hush. The general strode across. He lifted the receiver. "Yes?" he snapped.

Over the wire, as clear and distinct as a bell, came a feminine voice, saying, "Oh, can I speak to Ray – to Lieutenant Morgan?"

Surely it wasn't...

Surely they hadn't put her through? ...

It was – and they had. Mary was on the line. The general glared.

I muttered a few incoherent words of excuse into the phone, and did my best to enter a state of transparency. I also mumbled to myself some choice imprecations on the operators, undoubtedly laughing their heads off, down at our Exchange.

Well, that was it, the last time, in Greece, that I spoke to Mary. The next time we met, in London, she had become Maria Callas.

But was that telephone call a *crûde coeur*? Was she about to beg me to go down to Patissia and rescue her from what was developing into a terrifying situation? Had I cut her off when she was desperate? Perhaps. Certainly, that area, like all of Athens except for the center, and the road to Phaleron, was in the hands of the communists. Few, seeking freedom, managed to get out of their territory and into ours, for a long time to come. Our position, too, rapidly became critical.

Desultory gunfire became, soon after our offensive, a deafening cacophony. Athens was a battlefield with all its din: the rattle, from all sides, of machine-gun bursts; the continuous crackling of smallarms fire; the whump of mortar bombs, and the banshee wail and shuddering explosions of our 25-pounder cannon shells which were being lobbed through the air over the city. To move out of the barracks down the avenue to the center we had to ride in battened-down armored scout cars, and the concussion of the bullets, including elephant shot, on the steel was an unnerving hail.

Civil war is the kind that soldiers most detest getting involved in. No longer is the enemy "up there", he is all

around, he is unidentifiable. For us in the barracks it was to become especially bloody when a night attack overran us completely. For myself, my first experience of being taken prisoner – and by irregular troops – was a deeply penetrating trauma. That, however, is another story.

Many years later Mary and I met again, I should rather, now, call her Maria. I had married my general's daughter. Maro had given me a beautiful daughter. We called her Niki - Victory.

Back in England, I read that Maria Callas has arrived. I telephoned her at Claridge's Hotel. She was excited to hear from me and she chatted away to little Niki. "Bring Maro to Covent Garden on Saturday," she said. "See the opera and come to my room backstage afterwards."

We went. She was breathtaking.

Afterward, waiting at the foot of a steep and surprisingly dingy staircase backstage, I experienced a dose of *trac*. I tried not to show Maro how the butterflies in my stomach were flapping their wings. A pair of feet appeared stepping gingerly down the stairs. Maria's visitor passed by us, nodding. It was the Earl of Harewood, patron of the opera. We went up.

Fussing about the door to the dressing-room, apparently sorting out shoes, was an elderly gentleman who smiled and nodded at us. He pushed open the door. There was Maria. She was radiant, still excited and flushed from her wonderful performance. Greeks have a lovely spontaneity when they greet you. They are completely genuine. Maro was hugged and kissed on both cheeks. I, too, got a warm hug and kisses. Maria turned to the elderly gentleman and introduced him. It was her husband, Signor Menenghini, who, patently, saw her as his little chick, to be cosseted and cared for. He went out and left us to it, to our excited chit-chat on old times. In my initial shyness I made some inept remark about her hair, dyed for Norma a henna-color that looked fine from the auditorium but ghastly close up. Even that gaffe Mary took in her stride.

How sad that envy and spite were to paint, so often, a different picture. Certainly it was a profound enrichment of my life, to have shared with Maria Callas even so tiny a part of hers. □







# The Eighth Annual GALA CONSULAIRE



will be held on  
**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1987**  
at  
**THE ATHENS HILTON HOTEL**  
**TERPSICHORI BALLROOM**  
at 8.30 p.m.

Black Tie Optional

Tickets must be purchased and tables reserved the latest by  
Wednesday December 2, 1987 from one of the following persons:

MS Z. CONSTANTAKIS, TEL.: 3602.992 (KOLONAKI)

MS E. HADZIOTIS, TEL.: 7220.301 (HILTON)

MS ANN HAVASY, TEL.: 7212.951 EXT. 403 (AMBELOKIPI)

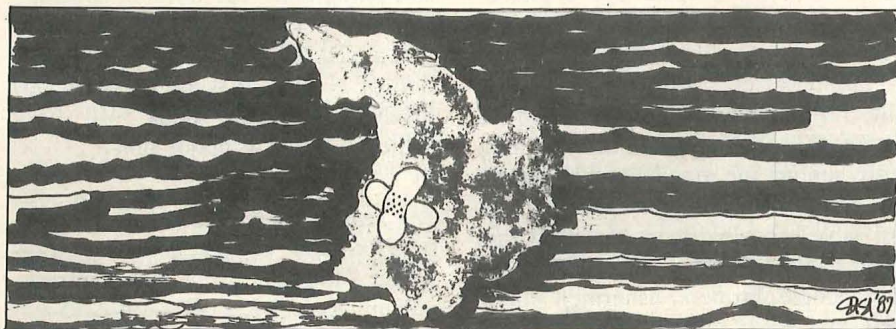
MS SOPHIA HACIYORGI, TEL.: 4520.122 (PIRAEUS)

MR MOHAMED BELKHALIFA, TEL.: 6474.210 (P. PSYCHICO)

# The great sponge mystery of Kalymnos

**Experts are baffled and sponge farmers are losing their livelihoods because of a mysterious disease that has stricken the sponge fields of this small Aegean island.**

by Lee Stokes



After surviving centuries of competitive challenges, the sponge divers of the tiny Aegean island of Kalymnos are now facing what appears to be a far more serious threat — a mystery disease some have dubbed “sponge aids”. The disease first struck the shores of Aegean islands last September, but since that is the month the sponge diving season traditionally ends, local residents sat back and hoped the problem would disappear. It didn’t.

This summer, Kalymnos’ 50 sponge trawlers have been forced to abandon their shallow home waters, afflicted by the problem, and work instead off the coast of Italy.

Old maps showing the Aegean’s best sponge fields, zealously guarded for centuries and passed from father to son, are now deemed useless by islanders. “We have been struck by a mystery disease,” said a worried Mihalis Zairis, the mayor of Kalymnos. “Some call it ‘sponge aids,’” he said referring to the deadly disease known as acquired immune deficiency syndrome, which affects humans. “But we think it’s some sort of fungus.”

Kalymnos divers say the disease has simply rotted Aegean sponges, considered something between an animal and a plant. “They dissolve as soon as you touch them,” said diver Yannis Nikolaou. The disease has turned their normally dark brown or black skin to white. “Since it takes a sponge at least five years to grow, this plague could destroy our livelihoods for years to

come,” Sitting in the bustling town hall, decorated with pictures of sponge trawlers, old metal diving suits and a bronze statue of a naked sponge diver, Zairis said samples of dead sponges have been sent to Paris and London for tests. “But so far,” he noted, “scientists have been unable to find the problem.”

Eleni Vourtsiadou, professor of marine biology at the University of Thessaloniki, said Greece’s average annual 55,000-ton natural sponge harvest would drop “to almost nothing this year.” She said the plague was “eating the sponge itself away, and leaving just the skeleton. We know very little about diseases which affect sponges,” she said. “They can host microscopic organisms in their skeletons, such as bacteria and fungi, which under normal conditions are not harmful. Why the sponges are dying off now is a mystery.” Vourtsiadou said sudden changes in the temperature or the salinity of the water could be fatal for sponges, which are sensitive to their environment. “Similar things have happened around Florida in 1895, Tunisia in 1911, and the Bahamas in 1939, killing the sponges there,” she said. Whatever the problem, small Kalymnos sponge processing plants, usually run by families, are already feeling the pinch. “It’s just been one disaster after another,” said 64-year-old Nikos Papahazis, who has owned a sponge plant near Kalymnos’ picturesque waterfront for 36 years. “We’ll have no sponges to sell.”

The waters of Kalymnos, which are

said to produce the world’s best-quality small-holed sponges, have been worked by divers for thousands of years. Greek sponges were familiar household items in ancient Greece and Rome. Homer said they were used to clean palace tables after festivities in honor of suitors seeking the hand of Penelope, Odysseus’ wife. Other ancient writers said sponges were used as a form of contraception, and as drinking vessels for Roman soldiers.

The harvesting of sponges is hard and dangerous work. “About 35 Kalymnos divers have died since the 1950s, and scores of others have been crippled by the bends,” Papahazis said. “The death toll since the 1970s is much lower. In the good old days, when there were no artificial sponges and no competition from America, about 350 boats with 3,500 men would leave Kalymnos after Easter and roam the Aegean. They would come back six months later,” he said. “Today, no more than 50 boats with about 700 men go out to sea.”

Sponges feed through a filter system on minute organisms and particles carried in the currents. They are covered by a dark outer membrane when they are harvested. Kalymnos fishermen describe the inside as “milky white”. “We dive in waters between 10 and 70 feet (three metres to 20 metres) deep,” explained Sakellaris Papazis, a 69-year-old retired diver. “We put the sponges in nets after we harvest them, and keep them in sea water for about eight hours as the micro-organisms die. We then step on them as if they were grapes until the dark membrane comes off.” The sponges are later cut into smaller, smoother shapes and bleached to give them a whiter, cleaner look.

Synthetic plastic sponges produced largely in the United States have offered some competition for Greece’s lucrative natural sponge industry, but it was cheaper sponges harvested off Key West, Florida, that provided the worst threat — until now.

“We could cope with cheaper and longer-lasting synthetic sponges, because there was always a market for the real thing,” said Pavlos Mavroforou, a Cretan sponge merchant. “We even survived competition from the United States. But how we can compete with ‘sponge aids’ is another matter. Only God can help us now.”

*Lee Stokes is the Athens bureau chief for UPI.*

## Landscape with figures

*Travels with a Wildlife Artist: The Living Landscape of Greece*, by Peter and Susan Barrett. Foreword by Gerald Durrell. Columbus Books, 19-23 Ludgate Hill, London. 160 pp.

Peter Barrett is a skilled artist, and his wife, Susan, is a perceptive writer of description as well as being a novelist. Together they have collaborated on producing a book in large format which holds within its covers a portrait of Greece which has not been seen before. Over one hundred beautifully rendered watercolors and as many pencil sketches are combined with a sensitive text in a free and attractive layout.

These paintings are not merely drawn for identification; they are often spacious landscapes in which wildlife forms are set into their particular habitats. There are the eagles, vultures and agrami in their Cretan setting, the palms of Vai, the indigenous flora of the Aegean, the bears and lynxes of the Pindus Mountains and the forests of Rhodopi, fish in Cycladic shoals,

waterfowl of the Prespa Lakes and the Nestos Delta, small mammals such as stone martins, and reptiles – *Caretta, caretta* being only the most publicized of the many species of turtle – that are found in all regions. Perhaps most beautiful are the butterflies of which more than three score are depicted. And, of course, the book itself is a veritable carpet of wildflowers.

Susan Barrett's text accompanies the illustrations closely, but she has had the happy thought to include man prominently among the mammals that inhabit the country. Her human vignettes focus on those who live most closely within their habitats, so that islanders, mountain people, farmers, fishermen, foresters and town folk on holiday or as sportsmen, not only reveal themselves as products of their environment but also show how this determines their attitudes to the world about them. These are no sentimental portraits. Exposed to the upheavals of social and economic change, these men and women reveal themselves as dependent on, respectful of, indifferent to, or

arrogant about what determines, ultimately, their – and our – survival. Susan Barrett must be commended for the generosity with which she gives all views equal time.

The Barretts first came here 25 years ago, made the country their home for a decade, and have visited often since. Their concern and understanding of Greece shine through every illustration and paragraph. The authors conclude with the hope that their readers will join the Hellenic Society for the Protection of Nature. If some do, then this lovely and loving book will have achieved one of its major aims. □

*The Tragedy of the Turkish Capital Tax* by Faik Okte. Groom Helm Ltd., Provident House, Burrell Road, Breckenhams, Kent BR3 1AT, 1987. 95 pp.

This extraordinary monograph on a little-known but enormously consequential subject appears to have been written in 1949, but it has only been published in English now. Furthermore, it was written almost as an act of contrition by the director of finance in Istanbul himself, the person most

## Living tradition

*The World of Greek Dance* by Alkis Raftis. Finedawn Publishers,

Early on the author makes a simple, but an interesting and important distinction between what is tradition and what is folklore in Greek dance, for it applies to other arts as well. Tradition here is defined as what is bequeathed from one generation to the next. So, the building of a traditional house is an art which the builder has passed on to his son, and he to his son and so forth, and it remains as such so long as it continues to be functional to its purpose. By the same token, traditional dance is an intrinsic part of a society, transmitted through generations as an organic part of culture. It is completely functional and is always expressive of the society which dances it.

In ancient Greece no distinction was made between dance, music and song. This still holds true in Greek villages today where the words of a song, its tune and the dance performed with it, all comprise a single entity in man's mind. "Traditional dance is everything

which takes place before it. It is a stage on which the whole history of the village is enacted."

Folklore may look the same but it is entirely different. It is the architect-designed slate-roof, Epirot house in Ekali; it is the island-style bungalow in a resort complex. So, in dance, folklore is also performed outside of its social context. It is not transmitted in a traditional manner but by a 'reproductive' process involving dance-masters, gym instructors, television shows and even record companies.

"But," the author concludes, "Greece is extremely fortunate in that local dances are kept alive, and without state intervention, as is the case in other Balkan countries. In the rest of Europe, dances are only presented as folklore."

The book is divided into two parts, the first of which, in one section, gives a historical survey of dances from ancient Greece, through the Roman and Byzantine periods as well as the Turkish occupation. Instead of trying to convince us that the dances have remained unchanged through all these centuries, the author gives us a view of the dance scene through quotations of

first-hand accounts.

Alkis Raftis, a sociologist by profession, is perhaps at his best in the section entitled "Dance Situations". Here the reader becomes acquainted with some of the many regional customs which are not only related to the dance but are really an integral part of it. His training as a sociologist is also evident in his suggested research methodology for those interested in the field of dance or dance ethnology.

This first section also includes introductions to the special customs which are accompanied by dancing: Easter, carnival, weddings, saints' days. There is also a general account of various costumes. Of special interest is the section dealing with music, musicians and instruments. The descriptions of the various traditional instruments are especially good.

Part Two is given over entirely to lists of various subjects which may be of interest to the dancer, potential dancer, ethnographer or the just plain curious. There are lists of feast days and celebrations conveniently arranged by date and region. Unfortunately no information is given as to the type of events taking place, but one under-

responsible for implementing this shameful tax.

The capital, or *varlik*, tax became law under the government of Sukru Saracoglu on 12 November, 1942. There was not doubt, given Turkey's shaky economic situation during World War II, that the country needed an emergency tax on capital. But that it would be a totally discriminatory law – nothing short of confiscation – levelled against non-Muslim nationals, left even the author dizzy and breathless when he first got wind of it. Only 20 years earlier Turkey had enthusiastically subscribed to the principles of religious and ethnic toleration among minority groups in the Treaty of Lausanne.

Born "the misbegotten offspring of German racialism and Ottoman fanaticism," the law in its enforcement was incredibly brutal. Among the extraordinary conditions of the law was the speed with which the money had to be collected, making any reasonable assessment of what a man's capital really was, impossible to calculate. Furthermore, the tax-payers had to raise the money in a fortnight and there was no right of appeal.

Property was seized and sold and those who defaulted were deported to

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stands the difficulty of such an undertaking. Other subjects included with their accompanying informative lists are places to see dance performances, places to dance, shops selling costumes, instruments and records, folk museums and folk dance classes. Dr Raftis makes it clear that he is well aware that such lists can never be complete nor up-to-date. However, they most assuredly give the reader ample opportunity to find a place to begin.

While Dr Raftis seeks to assure the reader that "...Greek dance is alive and flourishing.." in many media from village celebrations to city tavernas, at the same time he makes us aware that "...traditional dance is dying, along with its sole vehicles: the old men and women in the villages." *The world of Greek Dance* is an excellent introduction to this wonderful tradition. It more than satisfies the need to know where and when, whets our appetite with a number of photographs and is ably translated by Alexandra Doumas. While intended mainly for the newcomer to this "world", it can also be a valuable reference work for those more acquainted with the subject.

Yvonne Hunt

labor camps in Askale, the 'Siberia' of Turkey in eastern Anatolia. There a number of them died. Since those who cohabited with a defaulter were liable to pay, relatives, too, were ruined. Sixteen months after its enactment, as the situation grew increasingly scandalous, the law was repealed by the same government which had passed it.

During this period the tax-collectors suffered terrible stress, some having nervous breakdowns. Two young inspectors died shortly thereafter. The author lost 12 kilos and wrote seven years later that he had not recovered.

The tax, however, had a permanently shattering effect on minority groups. Immediately after the war the number of Armenians dwindled dramatically. A quarter of the Jews who had Turkish citizenship emigrated to the newly-founded state of Israel within a year. In 1923, when the Treaty of Lausanne was signed, there were 112,000 Greeks in Istanbul. After the flight of the '50s and '60s, there were barely 5,000 left.

"Most of my friends who worked with me on the tax hated it and wanted to forget the whole episode. I am not of the same mind... Memory is everything to mankind. Loss of memory is insanity... It is the duty of all those involved to state all the facts clearly and to reveal the truth about this tragedy in order to prevent the repetition of such an unfortunate event."

A brave book and a grave reminder.

*Postal History of the Ionian Islands (1386-1864)* by Dimitri P. Zaphiriou. Christie's – Robson Lowe, London, Zurich, New York, 1987. 265 pp.

This luxurious, large-format, fully documented book is certainly specialized, but it is a philatelist's delight. Oddly, the postal history of the Seven Islands has been largely ignored until now, although Corfu's rich archives have always been available to the curious.

It is also a history of the islands in general, primarily from the last years of Venetian rule until the union with Greece. Of particular interest is the chapter on the little-known Septinsular Republic (1799-1807) which, between intervals of French rule, was the first Greek territory acknowledged as an independent state in modern times.

There are 50 pages illustrating seals, over 250 devoted to documents and texts and there is a full bibliography. □

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# gallery rounds

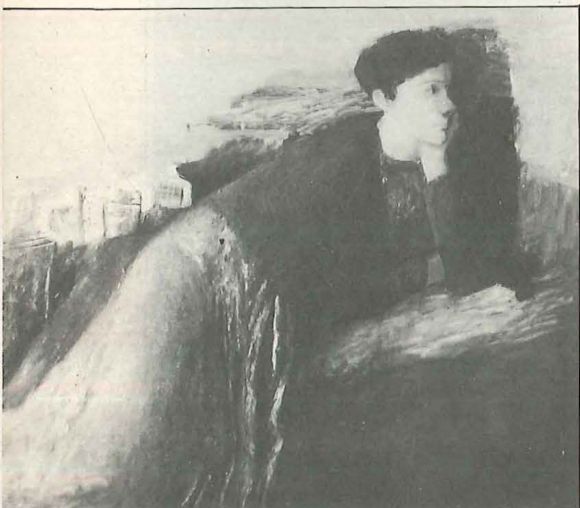
## Today's USSR artists

The northern Athenian suburbs have lately been experiencing a boom in art galleries. One of the most recent openings, last spring, was the Costakis Art Gallery, which towers over a magnificent panoramic view of Athens from one of Politia's highest points. Operated by Aliko Costakis, the gallery is fast becoming a center of Russian art – not a surprising development when one remembers that Aliko is the daughter of the noted Greek-Russian art collector, George Costakis, who owns one of the largest private collections of Russian avant-garde paintings.

Aliko Costakis, who frequently travels to Moscow searching out new talent, is presenting this month 12 contemporary Russian painters. Ranging in age from 28 to 50, most have a formal art education, a record of numerous group exhibitions abroad and membership in the USSR Union of Artists, a qualification allowing their work to be shown in government museums and exhibit halls.

There are at least three paintings by each artist, featuring a variety of abstract, figurative and surreal imagery, interestingly lacking social and political themes.

Alexandr Sitnikov, born in Iva, is the best-known abroad and most successful of the group. His expressionistic paintings match the forcefulness and wild color of his Western colleagues and are by far the most exciting of the works on show. Zachar Sherman, of Kokand, renders biblical themes in abstract expressionist imagery. In "Noah" he depicts three icon-like figures

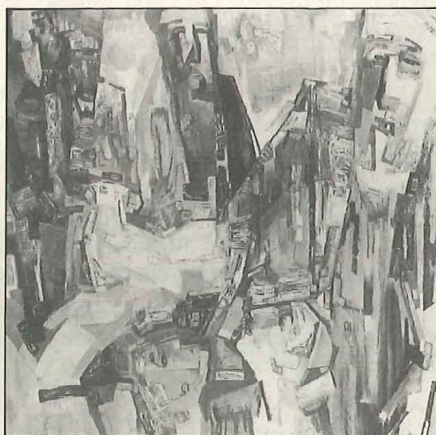


Melancholy, romantic image – Larisa Naumova's "Portrait of Yelishkevskay" in blue, 1983 oil on canvas

emerging from broad vigorous brushstrokes into an atmosphere of religious intensity.

The husband and wife team, Alexandr Borodin and Tatiana Mikhailik were both born in Tomsk. Borodin's "Moonlight Night" is a lovely verandah scene with part of the view reflected on a glass door, radiating golden sunset hues; Mikhailik's "Gurzuf at Night" shows a remarkably eerie play of light and shadow. Gennadiy Zubkov, of the Urals, reflects a cubist style and hazy color field of pastel hues in "St Brigita Cathedral".

Ukrainian-born Roman Zhuk depicts an especially lovely portrait of a young girl seated in a red chair, her straw-colored hair flaring away from her head, while Larisa Naumova of Simpheropol presents her portrait girl as a melancholy romantic image in a dream-like landscape. A change of pace is



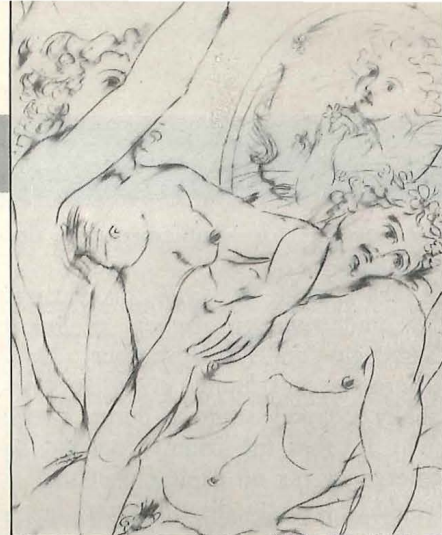
Biblical themes in abstract expressionist imagery – Zachar Sherman's "Noah", 1985 oil on canvas (detail)

presented by Moscovite Irina Lavrona. Her charming scenes of a "Dancing Party in the Railway Station" are painted in two-dimensional style.

Now that the new open policies of the Soviet government allow greater freedom of cultural exchange, the American and European galleries are snapping up much of the current available work. It will be interesting to follow their perception of Western art trends, as well as their own innovative developments.

Costakis Art Gallery  
Dexamenis 54, Politia  
Dec.1-31

At press time these paintings are still clearing customs and therefore the dates of this exhibit cannot be confirmed. Please call the gallery at 801-3247 for details of the show.



Voluptuous contours emerging out of a continuous flow of line – Dimitris Talaganis' pastel drawing

## Modern marbles

Marble, as an artist's material is generally associated exclusively with sculpture. Dimitris Talaganis, however, relates it to painting. His own technique of painting on marble will be introduced for the first time anywhere in his current exhibit at the Epipeda Gallery.

With india ink and a fine brush, Talaganis paints, on thin slabs of gleaming white marble, erotic images inspired by mythology and by the love poems of King Solomon – the "Song of Songs" of the Old Testament. The panels are encased in gold- and silver-gilded bronze frames, two metres high, topped by a triangular marble pediment; or they are set on marble obelisk-like pedestals that work also as candelabras, combining both classical and modern elements. Meant to stand on the floor as sculptures, their sense of symmetry and harmony of line are an expression of the artist's professional status as an architect.

This innovative use of marble revives the enchantment of the ancient Greek spirit and evokes a return to classicism. The seductive beauty of these 'sculptural paintings' are Talaganis' way of luring man, in his search for moral values, away from modern technology back to classic beliefs.

Watercolors and pastel drawings on glossy cream-colored paper, also on exhibit, continue the depiction of sensual figures, their voluptuous contours emerging out of a continuous flow of line. Fleshy forms evoke an erotic aura as they lie languorously admiring their innocent beauty in mirror reflections.

The rhythm of flowing lines is repeated in the watercolors as well. Here again, Talaganis has a special technique of drawing, using a steel instrument that presses into the paper. The indentations, covered with gossamer shades

by Mary Machas

of tender colors, add volume and intensity to the work.

The exhibit has the general title of "Xaipe" which is both a greeting and a farewell. It is a word bursting with emotion and human gesture, as the artist points out, and its essence overwhelms all the work with sensitivity and charm.

*Epipeda Gallery  
Xanthippou 11, Kolonaki  
Dec.2-17*

## Turbulent landscape

Danae Doukas in her double exhibit at the Athens Odeon and the Tholos Gallery takes us on a journey about Mount Olympus with her oils, watercolors and mosaics. Numerous walking tours up this mountain, both real and legendary, have offered the artist a profusion of enticing images to record. Its physical beauty is portrayed within a surreal atmosphere, enhancing the image of a majestic yet turbulent landscape.

The oil paintings depict the stark mountainside, its rugged peaks soaring high, capped with snow; the wind, a greyish mist swirling about the peaks; the narrow, climbing step-like passes; the tall leafy trees reaching down to a winding river. The essence of an inscrutable and isolated mountain, the home of the ancient gods, is beautifully rendered.

The watercolors are sheer poetry, a continuous flow of ethereal images and transparent tonalities. These depict a different aspect of the mountain – the

richness of its plant life; the luscious greenery; the rare wildflowers arrayed in vibrant colors; the waterfalls streaming down through the rocks. The color is lovely – muted tonalities delicately shimmer on the landscape's surface, mesmerizing the viewer.

Of great interest is a large mosaic composition designed for the lobby of a downtown building. It consists of nine panels, one metre high, depicting a panoramic mountain view. Made of fine stones found along the walking paths and by the sea, bits of enamel, glass and marble, all carefully selected for color and texture, it is indeed a very impressive work. Both exhibits should be seen, as the work is divided between the two galleries.

*Tholos Gallery  
Filellinon 20, Syntagma  
Athens Odeon  
Vas. Constantinou & Rigilis Ave.  
Dec.13-Jan.15*

## Spanish inspiration

Costas Gitziris, one of our newer young talents, is presenting an exhibit of oil paintings inspired by a recent trip to Spain. Woven into his own work are references to paintings seen at the Prado, expressed in a modern expressionist manner, but retaining much of the aesthetic essence of his inspiration.

Gitziris leans heavily on Velasquez for motivation as he interprets the latter's portrait work through paintings in his own personal style. Intriguing titles, such as "Hunting in the Black Forest – Sept. 1837 – 6 a.m." create an immedi-



*Intriguing titles enhance the story of the painting – Costas Bitziris' "Hunting in the Black Forest – Sept.1837 – 6 a.m."*

ate imaginary setting of time and place, and enhance the story of the painting, which depicts an elegant nobleman, dressed in elaborate period costume with gun in hand, at dawn, ready for the hunt. Gitziris introduces an abstract element, a black vertical panel, to the right of the image, defining perhaps an extension of space.

A series of large-size paintings with details from "Las Meninas" is most impressive. A young princess is alternately depicted as innocent, devilish, and as a faceless form drifting somewhere in an abstract/expressionist limbo. The dynamic expressionistic brushwork is juxtaposed with the subdued coloring characteristic of Velasquez – black, red, pink and white.

Gitziris recreates the atmosphere and images associated with Spanish religiosity in his painting of three figures – two men and a young woman shown in shadow. The haunting expression and elongated hands and fingers of a priest convey a mystic quality emphasized by yellow-green tonalities. A bold dramatic presentation is projected in the dark painting of a girl curled up in a chair, the personification of deep sorrow and torment.

Especially interesting are the gouache-and-crayon figure studies, details from paintings by various Spanish artists, a sort of 'memories of subjects seen'.

*Trito Mati Gallery  
Xenokratous 33, Kolonaki  
Nov.24-Dec.10*



*A majestic yet turbulent landscape – Danae Doukas' "Images of Olympus", oil*

## Video boom in Greece

In the past few years, the proliferation of video rental shops in Athens has been incredible. Almost every block in central Athens has a video shop to supply the approximately 600,000 VCRs in operation in Greece and according to surveys, the average household rents five video films a week.

Film addicts coddled in the great American movie palaces – and therefore purists about viewing conditions – would likely view the situation with alarm. Serious film goers are of the opinion that worthwhile films must be viewed – at least the first time – on a large screen in a darkened theatre, preferably one in which the audience refrains from conversation.

The impact of movies is lessened when viewed on a small television screen in a household which presents distractions that impair concentration and encourage conversation during a film. One of the joys of cinema-going is discussing the movie afterwards, over a drink or dinner.

Admittedly the idea of owning a treasured classic such as *Gone With the Wind* or *Casablanca*, that can be played over and over again at will, steals some of the magic from the viewing experience. It is a joy to see video cassettes (in America) of oft-remembered “art films” and independents that had a limited cinema run in the States and none at all in Greece.

Despite purist reservations, it must be conceded that video is here to stay. An analysis of the video movement here in Greece reveals the earmarks of universal video trends; yet there are factors peculiar to Greece and some are actually encouraging, in terms of the final effect the video boom might have on cinema attendance.

The first Video Show, held in the Zappeion in October, provided a startling indication of video trends in Greece. Besides eye-catching displays of video cassettes accented by flashing disco-style lights, one was assaulted by flyers and catalogues advertising new products and filled with Rambo-type macho characters, along with scantily clad, well-endowed females. Seminars were organized on different topics throughout the six-day show. One, “Video and Children”, dealt with vio-

lence in films and its effect on children, stressing the need for parental guidance in home viewing, rather than government censorship.

The Video Show reflected the growing awareness among distributors that they must organize themselves in order to enforce guidelines concerning the distribution of video films, perhaps limiting the number of video shops. The number of video clubs in Greece – 2,500, and over 1,000 in Athens alone – is mind-boggling.

Yiannis Adam, president of the Video Producers and Distributors Association (representing more than 120 Greek companies) says over 400 films are released each month at an average price of 5000 drachmas, bringing the monthly profit to the overwhelming figure of over one billion drachmas. Adding the non-legitimate market, the figure becomes about 50 percent higher.

The non-legitimate market includes “pirate” cassettes, back-to-back copies and pornographic films. Producers of these products are excluded from the Producers and Distributors Association. Greece was once considered a leader in producing reputedly salacious porno films, but the demand for them has dwindled. “All over the world,” Adam remarks, “the trend is the same. When the video boom starts, everyone wants to see porno films; but they eventually get fed up with them and turn to other entertainment.”

Combating the counterfeiters in the industry has been a major goal of the association. An anti-piracy association which represents the seven largest companies has been formed to act as industry watchdog. Counterfeiting is considered a criminal offense punishable by five to ten years in jail. The Supreme Court handed down a major decision a few years back in which individuals accused of piracy were sentenced to six or seven years in jail.

Adam views the cinema and video industries as working hand-in-hand. “We’re on the same side,” he says. Cinema owners often cite video popularity as the reason for the drastic decline in cinema attendance in recent years, an event which resulted in only about 125 cinemas still operating. In the heyday of the 60s, there were more

than 500 cinemas in the Athens-Piraeus area.

However, Adam thinks the poor equipment and outdated furnishings the cinemas have to offer play a large part in this decline. He cites the booming business of the newly-renovated Radio City and Opera cinemas, now equipped with Dolby sound, as examples of how this trend can be reversed. “Video popularity develops the habit of viewing movies, which helps the cinemas as well,” claims Adam.

Adam says the pirate cassette trade is hurting the cinemas as well as the video trade. Under current regulations, a subtitled film cannot be released in the video circuit before six months has elapsed since its debut in the cinema. However, pirate cassettes often circulate before this time elapses or even before the film has played in the cinema. This is a punishable offense, but there is no jurisdiction over films without subtitles.

The Video Producers and Distributors Association has filed complaints against large hospitals and hotels which have often offered a couple of video screenings a day, for which an admission is charged. Without the permission of the producer, these screenings are illegal (even without admission charges), a decision which was backed up by Minister of Culture and Science Melina Mercouri.

In the United States and in many European countries, the video market now includes many recent releases and older classics of the “quality film” category, so that segments of audiences have become quite knowledgeable about the worldwide history of cinema. The importation of more older classics, an action long delayed because “Greek audiences prefer color films”, is expected to begin soon.

Greeks also favor action-adventure films for home viewing, one factor thought to be responsible for the replacement of this genre in the cinemas by a more intellectual fare. Robert Ginty, star of *Exterminator*, *Exterminator II* and *Mission Kill*, all big hits locally, was in Athens for the Video Show to promote his films, including *The Retaliator*, which will be released in the Athens area in February. One of his first comments to me was, “Actors have an overwhelming tendency to become trapped in their own persona.” Ginty is a big, ruggedly handsome fel-





Robert Ginty with Video Producers and Distributors Association president, Yiannis Adam

low whose physical appearance, perfectly suitable for his action roles, belies the mellow, thoughtful character of a man who has spent some time pondering films, filmmaking and video production and distribution.

Ginty explains that although he does not feel trapped by his own persona, he "made a decision early on to be more business oriented." He says this hurt him because he lost the opportunity to do more prestigious material instead of action-adventure films; yet "it gave me a lot of insight into how to make movies and how to make money out of them."

Ginty, born in Brooklyn, comes from a family that expected him to enter politics as an adult. He surprised them by choosing to become a drummer instead, backing up such rock greats as Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. After appearing in a small independent film, he plunged into acting. Ginty studied with Lee Strasberg at the famed Actors Studio in New York City before heading out to Los Angeles where he appeared in three successful television series, including "The Paper Chase". Interspersed with these, he appeared in films, including his favorite role as Bruce Dern's best friend in the powerful drama, *Coming Home* (1978).

Ginty is concerned that violence is such a major preoccupation of audiences and hopes "action films for action's sake have seen their day." Now he admits, "I want a more creative way to work." He has therefore ventured into new and different territory. Ginty is working on a script for *The Liars' Club*, a drama based on the real-life experiences of four adventure stars who go off on a location shooting together and, in the course of filming, come to grips with the core of their personalities and the dissimilarity of their screen images.

Ginty, who has spent most of the last seven years in Europe, plans to direct a film in Greece, with Greek actors, next summer. First, though, he hopes to fulfill a dream by directing his first film

about a bounty hunter who discovers he has killed an innocent person, which leads him to uncover a vicious police plot. Ginty will play the title role and intends to "make the character interesting and dimensional, instead of projecting the image of a karate expert." He is relying on his imagination to make up for his lack of funds. "I may be mad as a hatter, but I want the style of the film to depend more on a vertical rather than a horizontal element."

Ginty's observation of the Greek video market is, "There's a lot of money being made fast, so if everyone is piggish about it and tries to grab it without planning for the future, it will become chaotic." He viewed the Video Show as an important step in solidifying the various factions of the industry because "they must all work together." If this doesn't happen, Ginty envisions, "The major companies will organize themselves into supermarket-type businesses and the market will become very Americanized; then, once again, the European will be sitting there drinking his ouzo and bitching about how "these Americans take over everything!"

Ginty feels promotion is invaluable in selling the films as though they were fast food. He explains, "I go to all the shops just like an author does when he is pushing a book." He continues, "Video shop owners usually do too small a business to engage in any real publicity themselves." Although Ginty realizes movies are "mass entertainment", he stresses that distributors have to discern between "trashy films and those that are trying to do something."

For Greek films to crack the international market, he feels they need to discover exciting new stars like Gerard Depardieu or Brigitte Bardot. Ginty mentions the multi-plex cinema houses in the States which have as many as 14 small screening rooms under one roof, as one way of catering to individual taste and giving a boost to film production.

Greek audiences have always preferred subtitled films to dubbed ones in the cinema and on television and video cassettes this is no exception. While in the US, subtitles on a video film is "the kiss of death" in terms of popularity, American, English and French subtitles are very popular in video rentals in Greece.

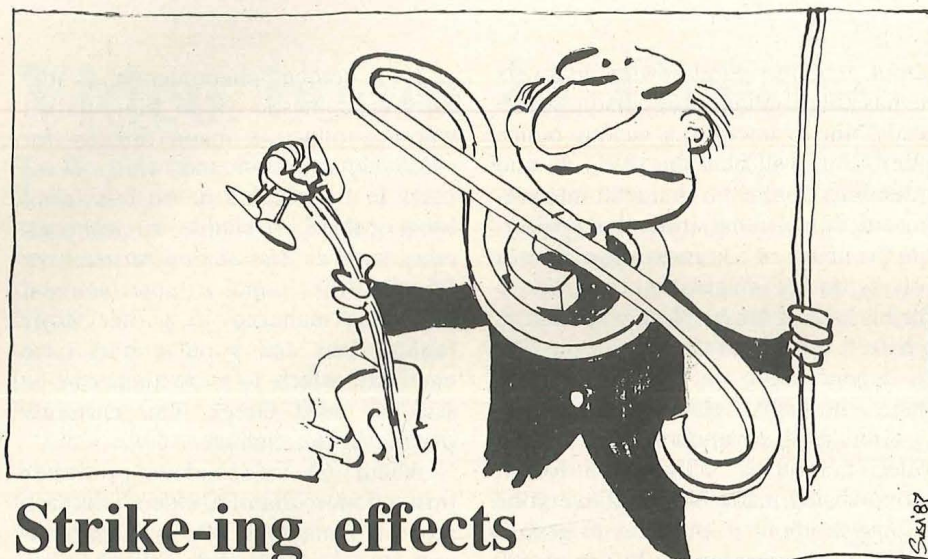
One unique phenomenon is the thriving domestic video film market whose product is made directly for video consumption and which never plays in the cinema or on television. Most of these are simple, farcical comedies such as *The School Mistress for Idiots*. This popular entertainment form has managed to garner many faithful fans and popular stars have emerged, which is more than can be said for most Greek films currently playing in the cinema.

About 60 independent producers turn out more than 100 video films each month. Panayiotis (Pete) Constantinou, one of the leading entrepreneurs of this new medium, has made as many as three video films in a month. The average film is written in a few days, shot in seven, edited in 35 hours and costs about \$15,000. Sales of a film to even half the video clubs in the country will return a threefold profit to the producer.

Constantinou frankly admits, "I don't call myself a filmmaker; but I am a professional and a businessman." He is happier making films that the average person can enjoy because, "Nobody goes to see Greek movies in the cinemas, even if they have won the prizes abroad." On the other hand, many concerned observers feel the video market is so glutted that it will no longer be profitable. Television director and video studio owner Dimitris Vernikos foresees the demise of the entire local video industry in a couple of years. "That's when we'll begin to get something like cable television with a number of channels to choose from...and there will be no reason to rush out and rent a Greek video movie."

Director Francis Ford Coppola has long been a booster of video, particularly as a tool in making a feature film on video first. He gloomily predicts what many other industry insiders believe: that within a short time video technology will be so advanced that films will be outdated. Cinema diehards would shudder to think of a future without the reassuring comfort of the local movie theatre. Surely there is room for both cinema and video, and with some sensible cooperation, they will complement one another, rather than remain in conflict. □

(Thanks to Andy Horton for information on the video producers in Greece.)



## Strike-ing effects

Early this year the Athens State Orchestra went on strike for higher pay and a more generous allowance for the maintenance of musical instruments. Although these demands remain unsatisfied, the devastating effects of the strike were all too fulfilled on the orchestra's first performance early last month.

Under conductor Andreas Paridis, its sound was harsh, uncontrolled, almost amateurish. This was particularly unfortunate as Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in E Minor is a masterpiece of the genre and the Turkish soloist, Suna Kan, is a gifted musician. Her phrasing has remarkable continuity and her bowing is excellent. The smaller episodes were full of nuance and she has an overall capacity for 'singing' in a subtle, almost subdued, way. As if often the case, her weaknesses are born of her strengths. There was an absence of sharply defined, classically constructed, antitheses; frequent lack of excitement at climaxes, and at times an indecisiveness in the last movement's dance-like rhythms.

A fair appraisal of her performance, however, must take into account the orchestra's cooperation – in this case non-existent. Things were simply chaotic: uncoordinated strings; bursting brass fanfares; expressionless, chilly chords in the woodwinds. Much must be blamed on the long strike, but the conductor was an accomplice to the crime.

I esteem Paridis highly; he has a long and exciting record of fine performances; as secretary-general of the State Opera, I strove for his return and his *Nabucco* of Verdi which followed in 1981 was a well-deserved triumph. But

on this occasion he just contributed to the anarchy. As an accompaniment for a soloist, it was one of the most deplorable I have ever encountered.

It is to Paridis' credit, however, that he introduced a short, highly synthetic piece in a three-part scheme called "Proemion" by Pericles Koukos, a young and promising composer from whom we would like to hear more.

## The Nash Ensemble

Under the aegis of the British Council and the Athens State Orchestra, a benefit for the Hellenic Society for Disabled Children was performed by the distinguished Nash Ensemble on November 3. The finely balanced program opened with Bartok's brilliant, almost jubilant "Contrasts for Clarinet, Violin and Piano". It testifies to what has been best achieved in music during this century: variety of harmonic language; freedom from formal constraints; daring instrumental effects; as well as versatility and originality in rhythms, invented or borrowed from folk music or jazz as it best suits the needs of a particular piece. The precision, brilliance and whole-hearted dedication of the Nash players is astonishing.

Mozart's marvellous G Minor Quartet was finely played, too, though in that slightly dutiful fashion that might be called "exhaustion with the classical", a malady that can affect the best musicians.

Matthew's Clarinet Quartet has all the traits of moderate modernity in harmony and effects which make it, finally, indifferent. The Ensemble made it sound far better than it must actually be – which its high praise, indeed.

The other glory of the evening was Dvorak's Piano Quartet in E Flat, one of his most inspired, passionate and technically accomplished pieces. The first two movements – the most lyrical and dramatic of this splendid work – were played with almost unbearable excitement. The last two, equally flawless in performance, were fortunately more emotionally relaxed.

Acoustics have greatly improved at the Pallas after recent alterations, but the aesthetic result is a perfect fright.

## Double star

Pianist Yiannis Vakarellis and violinist Leonidas Kavakos appeared together at the Athens College Theatre on November 6. Prokofiev's Sonata No.2 in D Major opened, Moderato, with temperate, controlled lyricism which was then broken by growing anxiety followed by increasing dissonances. Here, Vakarelli was weakest, rather loud and not always expressive, but both artists came to a close in an exquisite, airy manner.

In the Presto the contrasts of dynamics were precise and beautiful. With excellent bowing by Kavakos, it was tonally more free. After a short, slow section, a sharp and surprising rise came at the end. The Andante was marvellous: delicate, long, unorthodox, melodic, with superb pianissimos from both players. The final Allegro con brio got off to a very decisive start and set the tone for the rest of the piece. A brief melodic episode between the vigorous opening and conclusion was played with suggestive undertones.

Vakarellis was splendid in his clear tones of romance in the opening movement of Schumann's Sonata No.1 in A Minor. In the frenetic pace that followed, Kavakos (otherwise superb) had some tonal imbalances. There were fewer of these in the Allegretto and better cooperation between instruments. Both performers did miracles with the final part, bold in theme and development – full of power, drive, decisive tempos and fine dynamic contrasts.

The simplicity and dignity of the melodic line in Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' Sonata betrayed young Kavakos' lack of complete maturity. He is, of course, a prodigy both in age and by the standards of the Greek musical environment today. He is a fine musician. Time will show how far he may develop into a great one. □

## Merry-season treats

Holiday season invokes a sweet, spicy image – a time of exciting home baking and gift-giving; but Christmas-time can also mean frenetic, nerve-jangling rushing, often making you feel a little helpless in the face of holiday preparations.

You can, however, avoid the dilemma by baking and freezing favorite specialties in advance or by buying them in an Athenian *zacharoplasteion* (Hellenic-style patisserie) where familiar *kourambiedes*, *melomakarona*, *tsourekia*, *diples*, *koulourakia*, *loukoumia* and nut creations are dis-



played alongside European pastries.

A pleasant aspect of these pastry hubs is the comfortable family atmosphere. Asimakopoulos Brothers, a third-generation shop (Har. Trikoupi 82 in the Exarhia quarter of Athens) is a perfect example. The business is now run by three cousins. Thanasis Asimakopoulos, the eldest, who has worked in the shop for 40 years, energetically oversees production and coordination with the kitchen, where an aunt, their pastry specialist (who still measures recipes in the obsolete *oka*), does the baking. Dimitri, a civil engineer, and Thanasis, a veterinarian, who came to work full-time in the shop a few years ago when it was doubled in size to make room for more pastries (and customers), take turns at the cash register and also serve shoppers.

French tarts, cakes, cream puffs, *éclairs*, *napoleons* and myriad cookies and candies are lined on trays in the display cases. Here you can also buy *savoyard* (savoy biscuits) and *cremchantilly* (really rich whipped cream) to take

home and assemble your own classic Peach *savoyard* Tart, featured below.

To many Athenians, however, the Asimakopoulos *pièce de resistance* is the sheep's milk *yaourti* (yogurt), made daily in the kitchen. "Our specialty is *yaourti me kaimaki* (yogurt with thick skin on top)," says Dimitri Asimakopoulos. The yogurt is sold in half-kilo or kilo containers, and it is a favorite for supper. Should you prefer less sugar with your Christmas treats, try mixing yogurt and fresh fruit topped with nuts and seeds for a flavorful and beautiful dessert. Merry-sweet Christmas!

### Melomakarona me Meli Thymariso (Melomakarona with Thyme Honey)

Spicy orange-flavored *melomakarona*, dipped in honey syrup, are favorite pastries at Christmastime. The recipe is offered by specialists at the Asimakopoulos shop. You can reduce the quantity to suit your needs or make the entire batch to have on hand between Christmas and Easter.

#### For melomakarona

1/2 kilo fine semolina (*simigdali psilo*)  
2 kilos all-purpose flour  
80 g (25 drams) baking powder  
1/2 kilo corn oil  
480 g sugar (150 drams)  
grated rind from 2 oranges  
juice of 3 oranges

#### For syrup

1-1/2 cups thyme honey  
2 cups sugar  
1-1/2 cups water  
6-8 whole cloves  
2-3 cinnamon sticks  
1 orange rind

1. In a bowl, mix and knead all the ingredients to make a soft dough. Break off small pieces and shape into oblongs. Gently press tops with an inverted grater to imprint a design, and place on baking sheets.

2. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes, and cool on racks.

3. Mix honey, sugar, and water in a saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until sugar dissolves. Add the seasonings and simmer for 15 minutes.

4. Using a slotted spoon, dip cool cookies into the hot syrup and arrange on a platter. Cool and store in covered containers or freeze until ready to serve, thawing first. Serve on individual plates. □

### Peach Savoyard Tart

Layers of *savoyard*, sliced peaches, and *chantilly* (whipped cream) make an extravagant and impressive treat for a birthday or other special event (you can buy the *savoyard* and whipped cream at Asimakopoulos. Use fresh fruit in season, such as delicious *yarmades* (fresh freestone peaches) or strawberries, raspberries, or other seasonal fruit. (Many Hellenes, including pastry makers, use canned peaches.) You'll also need a flat plastic dish, *diskos plastikos*, available at many Athenian shops.

#### For 11-inch (28-cm) tart (serves 8)

3 large (750 g), very ripe peaches or 1 large can peaches in syrup

1/4 cup sugar (optional)

2 tablespoons honey (optional)

small piece orange rind (optional)

24 *savoyard* (the Greek version of French savoy sponge biscuits)

Grand Marnier or other liqueur (optional)

1 kilo *chantilly* (from 1/2 kilo heavy cream)

1. Peel, pit, and slice the peaches evenly into a bowl and catch all the juices. Sprinkle very lightly with about 2 teaspoons sugar. Invert a plate over the peaches and refrigerate for a few hours to release all the juices. If using canned peaches, drain and reserve the syrup in a separate bowl.

2. Improvise a syrup if using fresh peaches. Here's one idea: make a light syrup using 2 tablespoons sugar, the honey, 1/2 cup water and one peach slice, finely chopped, with some orange rind. Boil for 5 minutes. Cool syrup, remove orange rind, and add a few drops liqueur. Add to this syrup all the peach juices.

3. When ready to assemble the tart, dip the *savoyard* into the syrup to soak lightly. Arrange a row of *savoyard* around the sides of an 11-inch plastic dish and then fill the middle to cover the bottom. Cover with a layer of peaches. Spread almost half the whipped cream over the peaches, smoothing evenly to the edges. Top with another layer of soaked *savoyard* and cover with cream, reserving a few tablespoons for the garnish. Arrange the remaining peach slices in an attractive design of concentric rings on top, leaving an empty circle in the middle. Garnish with the last dabs of cream in the central space. Refrigerate until ready to serve. Slice at the table and serve on individual plates. □

# A candle for Letitia

A month ago, when New York City was still in her unseasonable shirt-sleeves, I went to view Van Gogh's *Irises* at Sotheby's. Roped off like the Holy Grail it is, the painting was alone on a far wall of the south wing. A multitude of modestly dressed, portly, elderly French ladies from Brooklyn who'd been clucking their tongues at the naughty Balthuses, a female companion dragged in, unwilling, by her vociferous partner, who (obviously) couldn't tell her Moores from her Giacomettis, Letitia and I ... we were all there behind the fragile barricade gazing into Van Gogh's sublime, sinuous Eden; its one noble white iris standing head and shoulders above all his violet brethren.

Won't do any good to describe it here: You had to be there.

Yes, I have to admit that I am affected beyond reason by certain works of art. Like magnets, they have the power to pull me into expensive cities every now and then, against my better judgment; to keep my untrained tendons up on point, craning above the inevitable crowd for a better look. The *Irises* would be one such magnet had they not sold for \$53.9 million to some anonymous collector. I, we, may never see them again, nor are they likely to visit us. But in this case particularly it really doesn't matter: One look must last a lifetime, and it will. (Dante saw Beatrice from a window and sat down to write: The best things in life are those that get away fast, I guess – the shooting stars.)

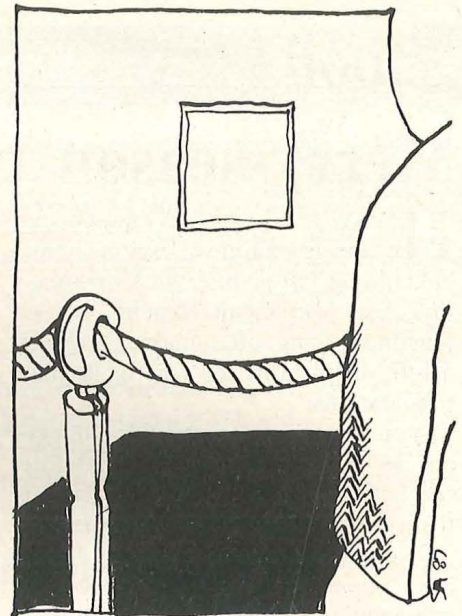
Which brings me to the reaction of my companion at that pre-auction exhibition, a woman who repairs human brains for a living – given their 'repairability' – and a confirmed atheist. I've known Letitia for 16 years, and as long as I've known her she's always felt that when we go out, we go out! Ppphhht – and there's none of that onwards or upwards afterwards either. We live, we die, and that's that. So Letitia rolled her eyes when I murmured that while Sotheby's might be cleaning up down here, Van Gogh had surely gone on to greater things.

Oddly enough – at least oddly to me – Letitia doesn't seem to mind her own mortality, or mine, or yours. She's taken Ram Dass's 'Be here now' to heart with a vengeance. Eat, drink (a 1946 Chambertin, when you can,) be merry, and clamp that artery! Extraordinary woman. I admire her for her singlemindedness, that long focused

haul through med school, her internship, her residency, and on up. She's always known exactly where she was going and what she'd have to do, and sacrifice, to get there. A lot. And a lot like Van Gogh, really. But so little like me.

I suppose I ought to admit here that as well as believing in 'being here now' (which I still *do* rather more poorly than 'being there then'), I also believe in being here or there or somewhere afterwards. It has little to do with my fundamentalist uncle's 'saving me for Christ' one winter's day in a Columbia, South Carolina parking lot; although, bungling as that rescue attempt may have been, it *did* set me out on what I'd term 'My Trek'. No, my conversion involved a more arduous and as yet unfinished rite of passage – probably something more like med school, an internship and a residency than I'd care to contemplate – or even Dante's painful, stumbling tour through hell and back. And *I'm* not back yet.

It involved a long bout of adolescent agnosticism, a lot of letting every sanctimonious relative within earshot have it with a "Bah! Humbug!" or worse, and, then, a considerable amount of 'listening to' people-like Jung and Auden and C.S. Lewis and Fromm and Merton and Mozart etc. – and then, too, my friend, the Washington, D.C.



poet and Georgetown professor, Roland Flint.

Flint (as well-named as Letitia is not) is one of those makers of works that draw me back again and again and again (works like Rodin's *Balzac*, the Bronze *Kouros* of Piraeus, Grunewald's *Resurrection*, Bruegel the Elder's *The Fall of Icarus* and, on another plane, Beethoven's Piano Sonata No.32 in C minor, Op.111) for some sort of mythic nourishment. And it was Flint's poem, "Follow", that I quoted in part to Letitia as we stood before the *Irises*.

She looked up at me as strangely as I must have looked up at my Uncle Alvis all those years ago now, and shook her head not quite in disgust. But, when faced with an atheist standing before a Van Gogh, one is apt to do uncharacteristic things. (I don't *talk* about God, usually. I just light a lot of invisible candles and keep having gentle goes at my friends who accept no tense but the simple present.)

So, here's the whole thing, Letitia. I have Roland Flint's permission to reprint it, and you have *my* permission to, once again, shake your head not quite in disgust and get on with the here and now of medulla oblongata and carotid, or whatever it is you tinker with so exquisitely in New York.

For my own part, I'll go on believing that Christmas, like the *Irises*, is some sort of Hemingwayesque moveable feast, something that always accompanies me in my private collection of treasures. And you never know: One day, a white iris or an aria in *Fidelio*, or a turn through the Rodin gardens – or just the daily miracles in those broken heads you tend, may have you following Dante, Flint, Van Gogh et al down the road to Christmas present, past and future.

## CLOSE TO HOME



ELIZABETH HERRING

## FOLLOW

Now here is this man mending his nets  
After a long day, his fingers  
Nicked, here and there, by ropes and hooks  
Pain like tomorrow in the small of his back,  
His feet blue with his name, stinking of baits,  
His mind on a pint and supper – nothing else –  
A man who describes the settled shape  
Of his life every time his hands  
Make and snug a perfect knot.

I want to understand if only for the story,  
How a man like this,  
A man like my father in harvest,  
Like Bunk MacVane in the stench of lobstering,  
Or a teamster, a steelworker,  
How an ordinary working stiff,  
Even a high-tempered one,  
Could just be called away.

It's only in one account  
He first brings in a netful –  
In all the others, he just calls,  
They return the look or stare and then  
They "straightaway" leave their nets to follow.  
That's all there is. You have to figure  
What was in that call, that look.

(And I wouldn't try it on a tired working man  
Unless I was God's son –  
He'd kick your ass right off the pier.)  
If they had been vagrants,  
Poets, or minstrels, I'd understand that,  
Men who would follow a different dog.  
But how does a man whose movement,  
Day after day after day,  
Absolutely trusts the shape it fills  
Put everything down and walk away?

I'd pass up all the fancy stunting  
With Lazarus and the lepers  
To see that one.

by Roland Flint  
from *Resuming Green:*  
*Selected Poems, 1965-1982*  
The Dial Press NYC, NY 1983

## The World Of Greek Dance

by Alkis Raftis  
Finedawn Publishers  
1987



Dr Alkis Raftis' comprehensive new work on Greek dance, the continuing vital tradition, is now available at the following foreign language bookstores in Athens and Kifissia.

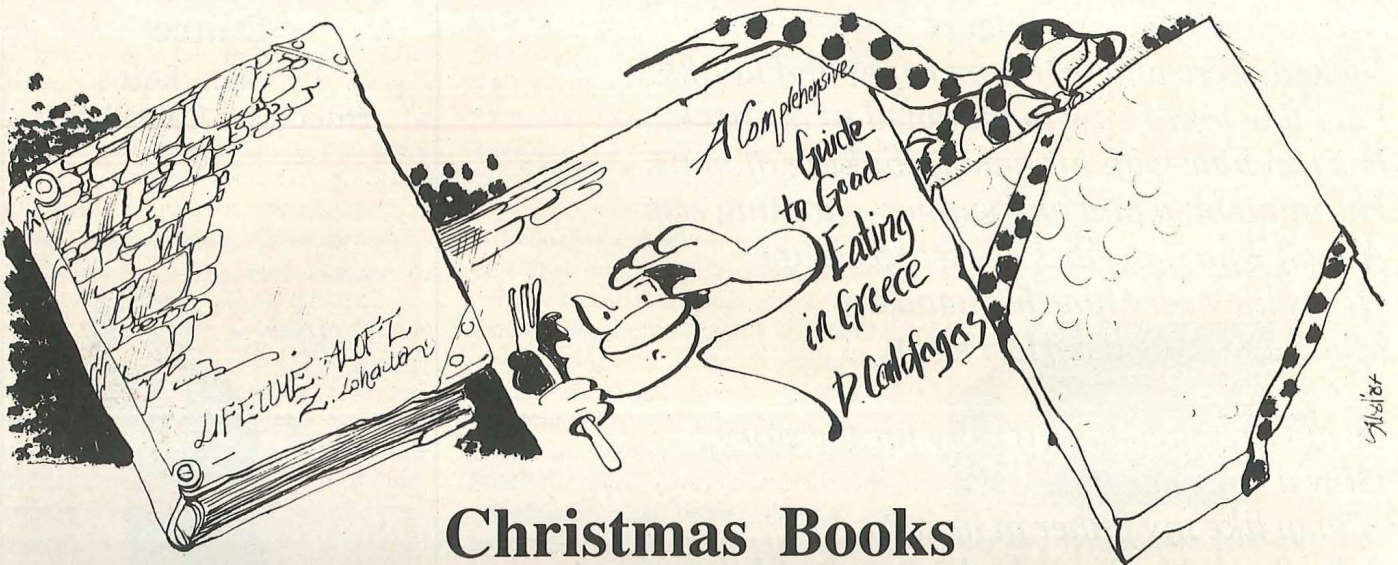
In Athens:

Compendium,  
Eleftheroudakis,  
German,  
Kauffmann,  
Pantelidis,  
Samouchos

In Kifissia:

Symvolon and Newsstand.

At Newsstand at  
the Caravel, at the Chandris  
and at the Alpha-Beta in  
Psychico.



## Christmas Books

The following books, all published by the Cultural Cooperative of Kato Koukaki, are first editions, bound in gold-embossed, crocodile skin and printed on fine vellum. The de luxe, numbered series of each edition comes with a mink dust cover and they make lovely Christmas presents at the bargain price of \$2999.95 each. Copies autographed by the author are slightly more expensive, at \$3999.95 each.

### Lifetime Aloft

By Zuzu Zohada

This is the poignant autobiography of a 52-year-old woman who began her career as an airline hostess in 1952 with TAE, Greece's first postwar airline, which later became Olympic Airways. she describes her first flights in DC3s as an impressionable 17-year-old, and how she overcame her fear of entering the cockpit by braining the co-pilot with a beer bottle on the third time he pinched her bottom and made lewd suggestions.

As the airline grew, so did her reputation as a tough cookie and whereas most of her colleagues ended up marrying pilots and successful executives, Zuzu beat a lonely path up and down the aisles of airliners, demonstrating the use of life jackets and oxygen masks, dishing out plastic trays of plastic food and collecting barf bags from airsick passengers.

Her one and only love affair was with a handsome Middle Easterner who courted her assiduously and promised he would marry her and take her round the world on his luxury yacht – if only she would carry a small parcel on the plane for him on her next flight and promise not to open it under any circumstances. Her suspicions naturally

aroused, Zuzu took the parcel to the airline's security office where it was found to contain two *kebab koftas*, a jar of *tahini* and a Tupperware of *baba ghanoush*. It turned out he couldn't stand airline food and hadn't wanted to have airport security men prying into his lunch. On the plane, he realized his parcel had been tampered with and bitterly took Zuzu to task for her lack of trust in him. She never saw him again.

She tells many anecdotes about the celebrities she met aloft during her long career, but ruefully remarks at one point that she never had the good fortune of meeting a prime minister.

Zuzu is now retired and lives in a small apartment in Glyfada, crammed with her magnificent collection of miniature liquor bottles and towelette packets, and within earshot of the screaming jets that land and take off at Hellenikon every two minutes – a constant reminder of a lifetime spent at 30,000 feet.

### A Comprehensive Guide To Good Eating in Greece

By Diogenes Calofagas

Like his ancient namesake, Diogenes Calofagas has been roaming the Greek countryside with a figurative lighted lantern, looking for a good restaurant. And like Diogenes of old, who was looking for an honest man, Calofagas is still in search of an eating place he can come away from saying: "I'll certainly come here again."

Nevertheless, he has managed to single out a baker's dozen of places that he recommends in this slim volume which could be described as a definite guide for very tolerant and broad-minded gourmets. They are restaurants

where you don't have to sit for 45 minutes before the waiter takes your order, another 90 minutes before it comes and a further 50 minutes before you get your bill; where an undeodorized youth in a grimy apron does not spread a plastic sheet over a multi-stained tablecloth covering a table that does not invariably balance on three legs and needs a telephone directory under the fourth to steady it; where the same boy with the grimy apron does not bring an anodized zinc basket of stale bread and paper napkins which he throws on the table with a handful of cutlery; where the salt cellar is not stuffed with grains of rice and has plugged holes and a ring of verdigris on the metal cap; where the menu does not come in a thick plastic folder and is completely illegible because the plastic has dimmed with age and is no longer transparent; where an expensive hi-fi cassette console and amplifier does not feed a battery of speakers strung along the walls with the top 40 from Anatolia blaring at 120 decibels; where a family of fifteen, including grandparents and two-year-olds, does not sit at the next table, making valiant attempts to drown the music with high-pitched whining, loud gossip and heated arguments; where a feeble exhaust fan in a hole in the wall does not cope with clouds of tobacco smoke and the pungent smells of frying fish and grilled meat; where even orders that have just come off a hot grill do not manage to arrive at the table stone cold.

Readers will be surprised to learn that such places do exist and Mr Calofagas is to be commended on his assiduity in discovering them and on his detailed descriptions of their bill of fare. In his haste to catch the Christmas

lists, however, it is unfortunate that the author has neglected to give the addresses of these restaurants or the towns in which they are located. It is to be hoped that this vital information will be contained in the second edition of what will obviously become a best-seller.

### The Church at the Crossroads

By the Reverend Archimandrite Constantinos Stavrokopis

I opened the pages of this book expecting to read all about the recent crisis between the Church and the Papandreou government over the law by which church property is to revert to the state. Instead, I was delightfully surprised to find that the "church at the crossroads" is none other than the 12th century Byzantine church of St Malachias the Prophet standing at the crossroads between the villages of Kato Neohori and Ano Neohori in northern Epirus, of which the Rev. Stavrokopis is the parish priest.

He describes the intricate stonework of the church, which is badly in need of repair after eight centuries of wear and tear, the intricately carved altar screen, considerably blurred by time and the beautiful frescoes, so blackened with smoke and age that they are hardly discernible - at least they all look that way in the photographs, which were taken by the good Father himself with an old Brownie camera and no flash on a cloudy day.

### Give Us Back Our Marbles

By Yannakis Epanastatis

In this remarkable first novel, young (11-year-old) Yannakis Epanastatis displays a literary skill and narrative dexterity that should take him far. The story begins with a stern schoolmaster confiscating the marbles of a group of boys who have continued playing with them in the school yard after the bell for classes has rung. Crying "give us back our marbles!" the boys occupy the school and after they have held out for eight days and lived on nothing but Mars bars and Papadopoulos biscuits from the school's candy store, the principal relents and gives them back their marbles.

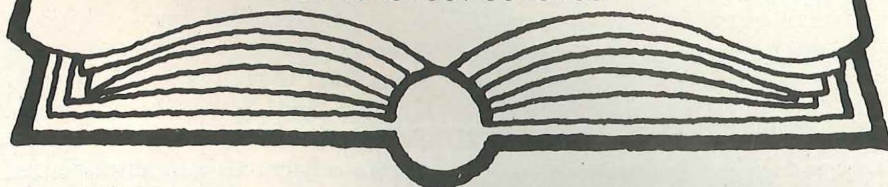
Toughened by this experience, each member of the group goes on to achieve notoriety as a grown-up in, as the author puts it, "politics, industry, banking and other forms of organized crime." There are rumors that Dino de Laurentis is dickering for the screen rights to this fast-moving, action-packed novel, with Charles Bronson slated for the starring role. □

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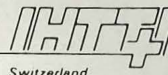
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## The ladies have it

**Sofia Papacosta**, managing director of Scanink, an importer of printing equipment, was originally steered towards the family steel business by her father, who sent her to Germany at the age of 17 to study steel production. "I



*Sofia Papacosta – "My German grandmother, one of the first women graduates of Leipsig University, taught me the importance of goals and planning."*

always wanted to go into business, but at 17 my dreams were not to sell tubes and pipes."

At Cologne University she met and married a Dutchman who was later sent to work in Central America by a German steel company. After living in Cuba, Costa Rica, Mexico and Nicaragua, the marriage ended in divorce and Sofia returned to Greece to work for her father, eventually remarrying and bringing her husband into the business.

"I was never completely satisfied and wanted something else, yet not a boutique or shop." A family friend with a printing plant suggested she locate printing products which were unavailable in Greece. She took the advice and began importing printing inks (the

company name refers to Scandinavian inks).

Now, 17 years later, Scanink represents more than 50 foreign suppliers in the printing business. As a shareholder in a subsequently-formed company, Hellenic Printing Enterprises, she prints the covers of *Tachydromos*, *Gynaika* and *Seventeen* magazines, among others.

"We collaborate with all the major Greek magazines; we're not a large company, but we're healthy. Actually we could be much bigger, but from the first we decided to represent only quality products. Clients call me and say 'I know you're the Rolls Royce, but these days I can only afford a Deux Chevaux'."

Sofia, 48, credits her success to love of her work and good planning. "My German grandmother, one of the first women graduates of Leipsig University, taught me the importance of goals and planning." She feels the main problem for women in business is the conflict of home versus office, using her own daughter as an example.

"She studied business and has been working for the company, but is now off raising her second baby. Like so many women, she may be working, but her mind is at home. We women tend to take all the problems we have at home to the office with us."

Sofia had two daughters by her first husband and a son with her second and recalls the conflicts of raising three children and running a business at the same time. While many Greek working women have their mothers at home as babysitter and housekeeper, Sofia never did ("she was only 18 years older than I, with so many interests of her own"), but the children were in American schools so they didn't need someone at home to prepare lunches for them.

"I always insisted we sit down to a proper breakfast and then we always met at home at 5 p.m. Sometimes I'd be exhausted from a busy day at the office and I'd have to sit and hear the small problems, which for them were the biggest. Whoever arrived home first had to prepare Mama's coffee. I'd come home in the afternoon and before opening the door there'd be the smell of coffee and I knew somebody was there."



*Tsini Maria Jhon – "People who come here eat what I'm going to eat. I want my own food healthy and fresh and that's what I serve."*

**Tsini Maria Jhon**, of Taiwanese-Spanish extraction, came to Greece six years ago to join the family's gem-cutting business; cooking was her hobby. Now there has been a definite shift in emphasis for the jewellery designer-cum-restaurateur who opened Tsini Foods in 1984 (Dimokritou Street in Kolonaki) and devotes her full time to making a go of the Chinese fast food restaurant.

Obviously a one-woman band, from interior decorating to shopping, cooking and exuberant welcoming of customers, Tsini patterned the mirrored one-room restaurant after similar places in Taiwan.

"Red and black are Chinese colors," she said, dishing bits of Chinese salad and fried squid balls onto my plate, "and the idea of only one big table you find all over Taiwan, to make people feel at home, not so lonely."

The youngest of seven children, Tsini – when pressed – admits to being homesick, but doesn't want to return to China until she's made a name for herself. "I'm a very strong character," she says, flashing a wide-mouthed grin. "I want to be a success."

She learned to cook from her mother (a gold medal Mother-of-the-Year winner in Taiwan and apparently no weak sister herself). "With rice alone I can make 120 different dishes." But she insists that first and foremost the restaurant is homestyle.

"People who come here eat what I'm going to eat. I want my own food healthy and fresh and that's what I serve." □



# SEASON'S

# GREETINGS

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*Big selection of presents...and prices!*

## For a gem of a Christmas...

With Christmas fast upon us, one of the most appreciated gifts you can give someone special is a piece of fine jewellery, and Greece is a wonderful place to shop for it. Jewellery is still considered a good buy here because it is a handicraft industry. Labor costs are relatively low and designers have a wealth of artistic tradition to inspire them, such as the items on display at the National Archaeological Museum (Helene Stathatos Collection) and the Benaki Museum. More than 4000 years of jewellery can be seen, roughly grouped into two categories, Ancient and Byzantine.

From the Minoan/Mycenian period through the time of Alexander the Great, jewellery represented the constant link between man and metaphysical forces. If gods and goddesses weren't depicted on pieces of jewellery, then closely-aligned symbols from nature were. Jewellery was thought to heal wounds, bind eternal friendship and produce erotic response. From this ancient period we see seal-stones and signet rings, used as identification in a

largely illiterate world; the gold-leafed diadems for military and athletic heroes; and jewellery as a functional element, a closure for clothing, for example.

During the Byzantine era metalwork became ecclesiastical and imperial in design and the pagan symbols were gradually replaced by Christian ones. Crosses, large-scale polychromatic pieces and coins predominate, and there is much unrestrained use of color, created by mixing enamel and precious or semi-precious stones.

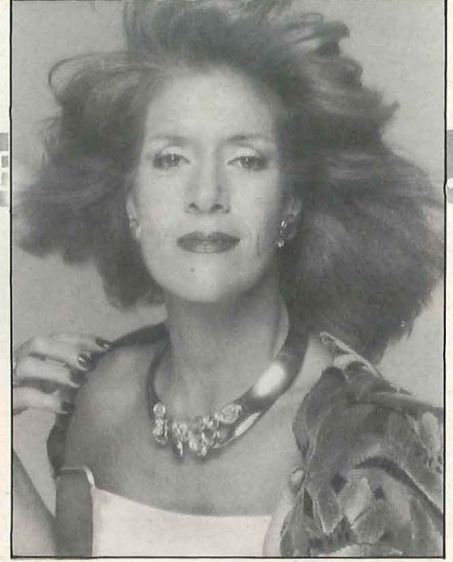
Of the types of Greek jewellery available today, the most successful internationally are those adapted from the Ancient and Byzantine designs. There is also classic, or Italian art jewellery, using precious stones and foreign design, which is often purchased as an investment. A third category, brass, bronze and silver, often in combination with ceramics, semi-precious stones, horn or ivory, are often considered more valuable for their creative design than for the materials used in their composition.

**La Chrysothèque Zolotas**, holding the patented exclusive right to reproduce jewellery from the Archaeological and Benaki museums, has been in business since 1884. In addition to reproductions from original stone molds, their designers have created many modern pieces inspired by classic traditions. Although the majority of the collection is 22K, the decision to make pieces in gold-plated sterling silver has helped to bring them within reach of the mid-range shopper.

**Petradi's** Katie Tazedakis started out selling loose semi-precious stones and then moved into jewellery design, combining the stones with gold-plated or silver-plated brass in highly individual designs. She insists silver is "no good" for women over 18 and thus all her pieces have at least a trace of gold "for warmth".

With no formal training, Tazedakis works "on instinct" and designs her predominantly one-of-a-kind pieces around the shape of the semi-precious stones used, most of which she buys in Germany for the quality of the finish and polish.

Many of her customers are repeat business, buying what has variously



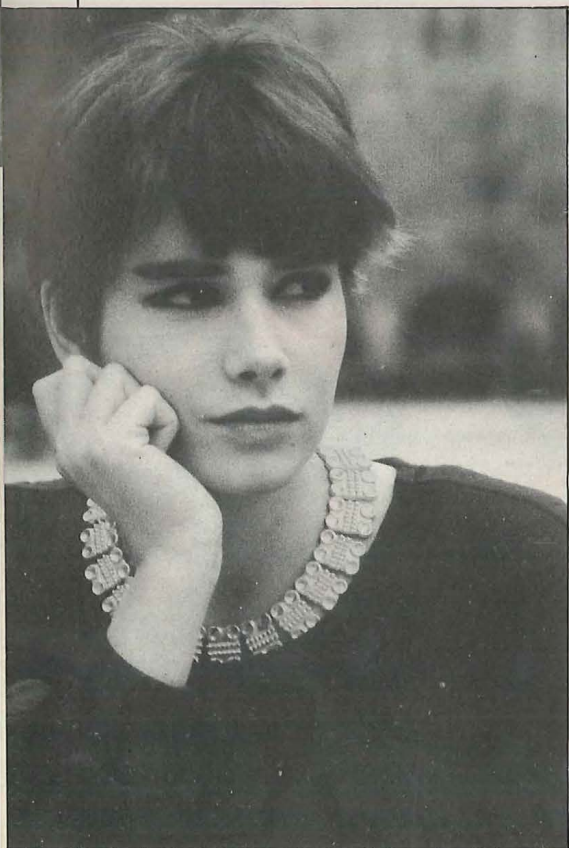
*Katie Tazedakis of Petrodi wearing a collar of brass, silver-plated and oxidized, with semi-precious stones molded on gold-plated brass*



*Silver jewellery by Nikos Nafpliotis*



*Temple of Artemis, from Stergiadis: a pendant in 22K gold found in Macedonia; part of a private collection in Madrid.*



*Gold jewellery from La Chrysothèque Zolotas*

been called art-to-wear and *stolidia* (decorative finery). "Someone might wear my jewellery as they'd wear an embroidered dress."

And does she wear her own creations? "Always," Tazedakis maintains. "They combine well with both old jewellery and more expensive pieces." Prices start at 6000 drs.

Twenty years ago when **Nikos Nafpliotis** was working as a cameraman in London, he began taking courses in jewellery design. Very soon, however, his hobby took precedence over his career. He has had shops on Patmos and Naxos and opened in Kolonaki two years ago, working primarily in silver. His Cycladic pieces are particularly striking and he is known for his rings, which he has been making since 1973, no two alike. Prices start at 4000 drs.

**Stergios Stergiadis**, whose family were jewellers in Asia Minor for four generations, is primarily a wholesale/exporter. In fact, he is known as the "wedding ring jeweller", with 48 designs and such prompt service that an order made in the morning from any part of Greece is delivered by noon. His collection of jewellery, based on ancient designs, takes pieces directly from well-known museum collections, the Helene Stathatos Collection or the Hock Collection, for example, often adding precious stones or designing a whole series around one outstanding piece. Although he sells primarily to shops, he gives a healthy discount to retail customers.

George **Patrikiadis**, whose family are archaeologists, stresses quality over



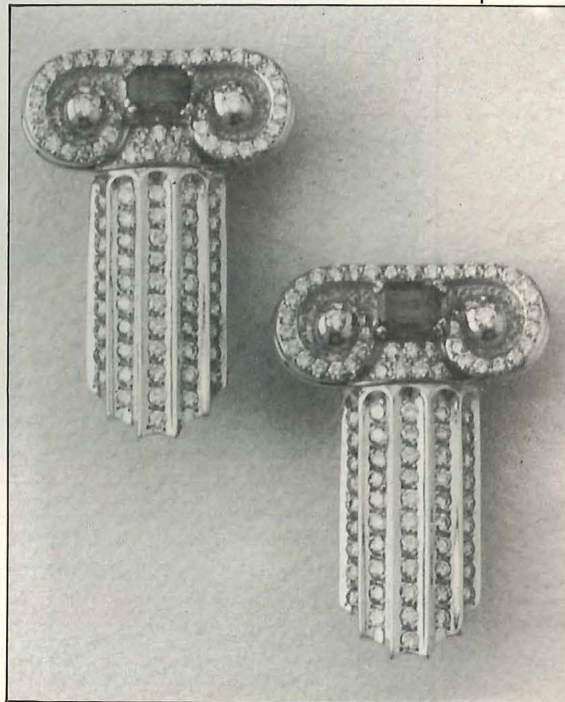
4th century BC silver Macedonian coin with the head of Apollo, from Patrikiadis

quantity. An example of his careful approach is his velvet-lined box with authentic ancient pieces, sold complete with certification and exportation licence. All reproduction jewellery is 22K gold, handmade in his Ambelokipi workshop.

**Michalis** is definitely an international, high style firm, with a branch in Switzerland and a unique system of taking the store to the customer. Regular correspondence is maintained with 5000 valued clients, and during frequent trips to the US and the Middle East with new collections, Michalis' jewellers are invited directly to the clients' homes. Most of their models, taken from major periods of Greek antiquity with precious stones worked into the original design, are one-of-a-kind.

**Maramenos & Pateras** was founded in a small workshop in Plaka in 1969 by

George, Takis and Dina Maramenos and Andreas Pateras. While they still maintain a shop in Plaka, as well as in the Athens Hilton, their main operation is now in Syntagma. Having maintained a 20-year tradition of original, handcrafted designs in gold, they assert that "the inspiration never yields to the strength of the precious metal". Often hundreds of designs are sketched before a new series of designs is perfected (a special series is planned for this



Maramenos & Pateras' "Columns": classical detail in an exclusive contemporary design; 18K gold with diamonds

Christmas), and all draw on classic forms of Greek art and nature - 18K gold with precious stones (diamonds are used liberally) depict columns, dolphins, the labyrinth, leopards, etc. and coins and seals are joined in sculptural combinations. You'll find excellent quality here.

*Addresses:*

*La Chrysothèque Zolotas, 10 Panepistimiou, 361-3782.*

*Lalaounis, 6 Panepistimiou, 361-1371.*

*Petradi, 20 Voukourestiou, 361-8886.*

*Nikos Nafpliotis, 21B Loukianou, 722-9277.*

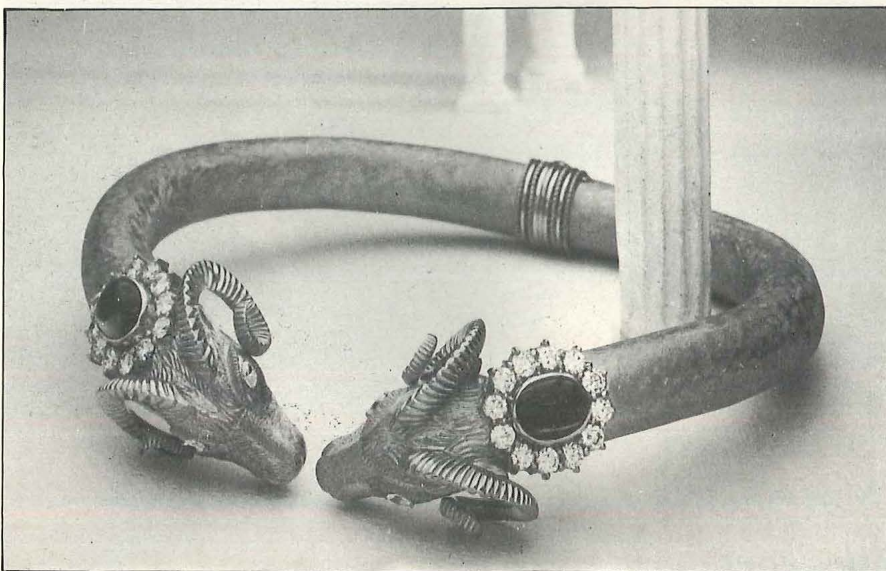
*Stergios Stergiadis, 2 Karageorgi Servias, 322-8062.*

*Patrikiados, 58 Pandrossou, 321-9928.*

*Michalis, 2 Voukourestiou, 324-0921.*

*Maramenos & Pateras, Voukourestiou & 2 Stadiou, 324-6885.*

**Pat Hamilton**



18K gold handmade double ram's head necklace with diamonds and blue sapphires, from Michalis



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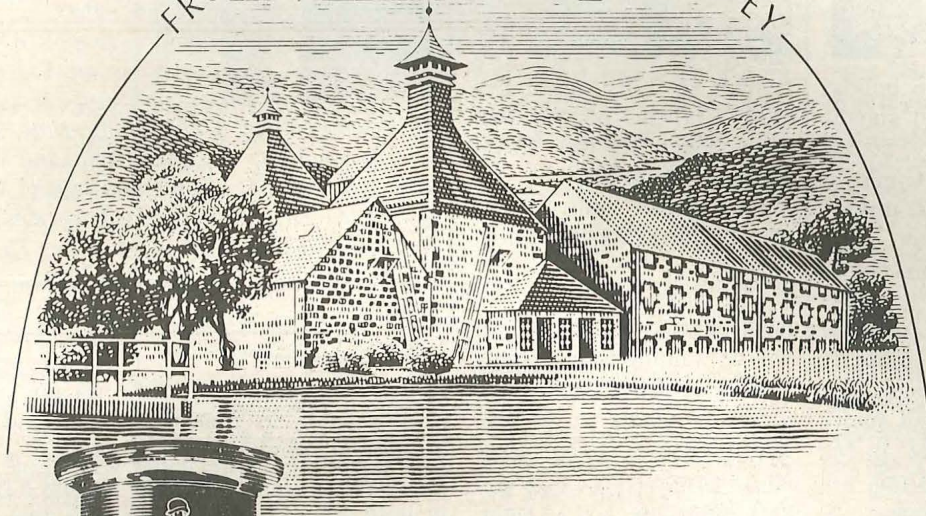
**NN**

*Nikos Nafpliotis*

*Jewellery designer*

*21B, Loukianou str., Kolonaki - Athens 10675 tel. 7229277*

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# katey's corner



☆ Approaching the holiday season is very special, and the traditional specialty of the Christmas feast in Greece is turkey. In Athens turkeys from the American Farm School of Thessaloniki can be found in Alpha-Beta stores along with the accompaniments – stuffing, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, fruit cakes, pumpkin and mince pies. All of us here at *The Athenian* hope that this will be the very happiest of Christmas Seasons for you

ember 9. Special Christmas music will be provided by students of ACS following luncheon. For tickets or further information, telephone 770-1062. The **British Hellenic Chamber of Commerce** is organizing its Christmas luncheon for Wednesday, December 16. This typical English Christmas lunch will take place at the Royal Olympic Hotel and you can obtain tickets and/or additional information by calling 362-0168 or 263-5683.

☆ For those of you who are newly arrived in Athens, you will be wanting to take some **Greek lessons**. There are plenty of places to do this, and although it can be a challenging experience, it is also very rewarding. Even a smattering is worthwhile. There are



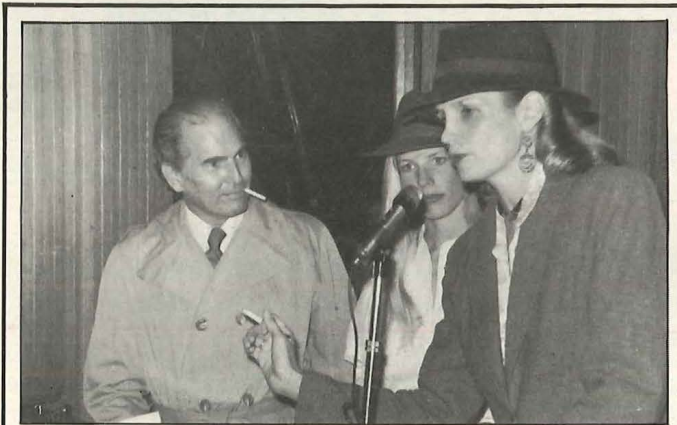
Mr Brian Lenihan, T.D., deputy prime minister and minister for foreign affairs of Ireland (right) and Mrs Lenihan hosted a reception during their recent visit to Greece at the Irish residence. They were assisted by Ambassador and Mrs Charles Whelan posted in Moscow. The diplomatic corps and the golfing community were exceedingly reluctant to see them go.

rather congenial!

☆ Something new that XEN is offering in its downtown location at Amerikis 11 is an **Introduction to Photography** in both English and Greek. As its instructor, Charles Conant, says, "Don't be shy – this is a learning experience." Why not enroll; perhaps you can turn your out-of-focus photos into works of art. For telephone information on this and other XEN activities, call Mrs Havatsas at 362-4291. ☆ The **Hallowe'en Carnival** organized at ACS was a real small-people heaven. Ghosts and goblins abounded. Fierce faces were technologically advanced from the days when a bit of make-up sufficed, the

orange and black decorations set the stage and the games and food could not be beat. There is something special about a really nonsense holiday that has no reason for existing except for the fun involved. Thanks to the organizers and phooey to the bad weather.

☆ Congratulations to the parents, students, teachers and staff at **TASIS-Hellenic International School** for becoming fully accredited by The Middle States Association of Colleges and Schools. Anyone who has been through this accreditation process will appreciate the effort involved. Bravo!



The Hellenic-American Union had a real fun promotion in conjunction with their recent "Bogie" series involving a contest for movie star look-alikes. Our photo shows (from left) Humphrey Bogart in the person of Michael, a Greek-American projectionist, and – obviously – as Lauren Bacall, Amy, a student in the Western Washington University in Greece program. The prizes, a Humphrey Bogart poster and two dinners offered by the nearby Bayazzo Bar and Restaurant, were presented by *The Athenian's* film critic, B. Samantha Stenzel.

and yours – whether you remain in Greece or fly to family gatherings halfway around the world.

☆ In line with the season, here is a note to the gentlemen: Please remember that there are a couple of holiday occasions when wives and friends are welcome to join the festive board at primarily male bastions. So, please don't forget us. The **Propeller Club Christmas Lunch** is to be held at the Athens Hilton Hotel on Wednesday, De-

courses at all levels for foreigners at the Athens Centre 701-2268, the Hellenic-American Union 362-9886 and the XEN (the YMCA of Greece) 362-4291. This latter organization provides a valuable service, in that you can get a group of friends together in your neighborhood and ask their neighborhood XEN to provide the teachers; i.e. in Kifissia, Papagou, Glyfada, etc. – wherever they have a branch. That makes learning Greek



The Greek-South African Association, in cooperation with the SA Tourist Board and SA Airways, organized a gala dinner to honor the Chairman of the SA Tourist Board, Mr Danie Hough. Proceeds from the function went to help support the philanthropic society "The Friends of the Children". As usual it was the ladies who did much of the organizing, led by Catherine Cafopoulos, wife of the president of the association, who has Mr Hough on her right in the photo. South African Ambassador Frans Conje and his wife were on hand, as well as Nick Stathakis, deputy director of SA Tourist Board.

☆ From the mail bag: You can pick up a copy of the Athens College Theatre program at the campus in Psychico. Telephone 671-7523 or 647-4676 for information...Boutique Mirina recently presented fall and winter fashions to a delighted crowd at the President Hotel. If you missed the show, you can go by Kassaveti 19 in Kifissia for a personal viewing...**The Pierides Museum** of Modern Art has been busy outside its confines recently. They mounted an exhibit of works of the '30s generation at the Hellenic American Union and another one in the lobby of the Athens College Theatre of well-known contemporary Greek artists...Until December 20th you can catch a kaleidoscope of dining delights at the Athenaeum Inter-Continental Hotel. As usual, it is the Pergola's pasta night for me, but the new Cafe Vienna overlooking the golden ball is pretty tempting, too...A symposium was recently organized by French Ambassador Francois Marcel Plaisant, Biopolitics International Organization (B.I.O.) and the Science Office of the French Embassy entitled **'Bios' in the Next Millenium - Fears and Hopes**. Held at the French Institute, the symposium examined the subject from many important aspects...The American College of Greece has weighed in with a super-sounding cultural series for 1987/88. One of the events was especially inviting. Who could resist a jazz concert called **BasDrum-Bone?**...Hope you caught the **British Airways Theatre** at the Athens Hilton with their presentation of William Douglas Home's sparkling comedy *The Kingfisher*, featuring Googie Withers, John McCallum and Gordon Jackson. They are really going to have to come up with an evening to beat that one...The new season always produces a plethora of art openings. Some recent showings were: The Cultural Center of Athens joined the



*IBM was justifiably proud to celebrate recently its 50 years in Greece. They arranged a special occasion at the Athenaeum Inter-Continental Ballroom for customers, diplomats, government officials, members of the press and company officials who flew in from Paris for the occasion. In our photo (from right) the general manager of the Athenaeum, Wolfgang Grimm, was present to congratulate Mr Nick Hampsas, general manager of IBM Greece, with his wife; Mr Hervé Caron, President, Areas Division, IBM Europe, and his wife; and Mr Horst Breitenstein, general manager-area south. The unveiling of a huge 50th birthday cake was accompanied by a champagne toast.*

municipality of Papagou to feature some of the outstanding artists from Papagou - of whom there was a surprising number. Some of these we will hear much more about in the future...The Athenaeum Art Gallery featured a showing by Oxana (Pazdoboudko-Klefoyianni). Somehow the paintings looked 'at home' in that beautiful setting...and Galerie Titanium featured the works of George Derpapas...Everyone is combining to have us beautifully scented - what with the introduction of the new room fragrance, Aelos, by Mr and Mrs Christos Mitsopoulos at the Grande Bretagne and the presentation by Mr and Mrs G. Saranti of Montana, the new fragrance sensation of Claude Montana, at the Zoumboulaki Gallery.

☆ A great void is felt with the departure of **Chaplain Jeremy Peake** of St Paul's Anglican Church, and his wife Min. Their ten years in Athens found them involved in every aspect of the foreign community - not only with St Paul's, of course, but also the Orthodox Church, as well as music, animal welfare, Min's involvement with the Women's International Club, refugees, foreign students, long-established British residents, the diplomatic and business communities - their contacts have been boundless. Given as well their life-

long attachment to Greece, the move finds them both immensely sad. However, they are looking forward to Vienna where Jeremy will be the chaplain at Christ's Church and to friends from Greece keeping in contact and giving them a call when passing through. In the interim before a new chaplain for St Paul's is appointed, Associate Chaplain H. Chivers who has been serving St Peter's in Kifissia will take full charge. He may be reached by telephoning 721-4906.

☆ A recent change at **St Andrew's** Protestant Church involves an *incoming* pastor, Perry Alexander. He has led congregations in California and Hawaii prior to serving three years as a chaplain in the U.S. Navy. He comes to Athens following an extensive tour throughout Asia, where he helped train Asian ministers and evangelists in four countries. Holding a Masters of Theology from Dallas Theological Seminary, Pastor Alexander is currently completing his doctorate at Westminster Theological Seminary. He has greeted the challenge of St Andrew's and its extended ministry with enthusiasm. He may be reached at 681-8336.

☆ Remember that patronizing the **Christmas charity bazaars** makes each of your gifts a dual one - the money you spend helps the needy, and the recipient of your purchase has a gift made with a feeling of caring. In this way the spirit of Christmas automatically expands. There will be many seasonal musical and church services - pay particular attention to the *Focus* section of *The Athenian* this month. Merry Christmas! □



*Celebrating the 40 years that Swissair has operated regular services to Greece, the President of Swissair, Robert Saubli, and his wife came to Athens. They were guests of honor at a reception given by the Swiss Ambassador and Mrs Charles H. Steinhäuslin in the embassy residence, attended by many members of the travel industry, government officials and friends. In our photo, Mr and Mrs Staubli appear between the ambassador (right) and Mr Mario Selva, general manager for Greece and Cyprus of Swissair, during the reception. During his visit Mr Staubli met Olympic Airways officials, greeted Swissair employees, and was featured speaker at a Propeller Club luncheon*

# 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.

## BAZAARS

**The Lioness Club of Athens (Psychico) Bazaar at the Hellenic American Union on Fri. December 4 from 10 a.m.-7 p.m. will be held to raise funds for a new creche in Neo Psychico.**

## TO BUY

Beautiful original cards for Christmas and all occasions by gallery artists. Jill Yakas, Spartis 16, Kifissia. Tel: 801-2773

English 100 percent pure white silk taffeta. Tel: 361-9986, 10 a.m. to 12 p.m. for prices and delivery.

## FOR SALE

Athens - on offer for sale prestigious building with three floors and ground floor. All with independent entrances but also communicating - if required. A three-faced building - Leoforos Alexandras-Vraila-Therianou (near the park and outside restricted circulation area of center of Athens). ideal for embassy offices, for insurance, banking, industrial, publishing or any other business headquarters. Please phone: Mr J. Papadopoulos, Lawyer, Tel: 322-5755 or 323-0271, Monday to Friday 6-8 p.m.

## SERVICES

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**DON'T FORGET CHRIST** this Christmas! Find Him at the Crossroads International Christian Center. 770-5829, 801-7062.

## FOR RENT

**IN KOLONAKI** (Marasli and Vas. Sophias 1), exclusive and amazing flat, fully furnished and decorate to a very high standard. Five rooms. Tel. 862-9400.

## LESSONS

**RAJA YOGA MEDITATION:** for self-realization, peace of mind and constant inner strength. Daily tel. 867-1551.

**Spanish Lessons:** Greek full-time professor of Latin-American university gives private lessons to beginners and advanced students. Tel: 513-3339 (with answering device)

**Greek Lessons:** To English, Spanish, French and German-speaking students by experienced Greek teacher. Tel: 513-3339 (with answering device).

**Greek-born** teacher with university qualifications and over 15 years of experience gives Greek lessons to foreigners - beginners and advanced. Call Christina Tsigaridou: 360-2359, 364-1938

**Modern Greek** offered to foreigners by English and Arabic-speaking professor (M.A. Linguistics Essex University). Reasonable rates. Tel: 884-1696 between 8-10 a.m. and 9 p.m.-midnight.

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## Pointers

➤ Aeolos, the new parfum d'ambiance created by Mr Laporte from Paris, exclusively for Meli, is here. This parfum evokes the delicate fresh scent of a fifth season. You'll find it in all the Meli shops in spray or oil. ➤ **Gentilini** has introduced Gentilini white wine 1986 - 15,000 bottles have left the vineyards located in Kefalonia, 60m above sea level. The wine will continue to improve in the bottle for a year or two. When mature, it should be served at 15 deg.C or 60 deg.F. Serve it as the perfect complement to fish, cold chicken, fruit, salads and all soft white cheeses. ➤ **Thai Airways International** has introduced a new reasonably priced service, 'Thai Pac', designed to facilitate foreign

visitors to Thailand sending goods and souvenirs (up to 30 kg. in weight) abroad. ➤ **EOT** expects 1988 to be a banner year for American tourists travelling to Greece. The general secretary of EOT, Pantelis Lazaridis, after attending the congress of The American Tourist Operators' Association in Houston, said the demand for cruises and incentive tours had increased significantly. ➤ **Apka**, the importer of Johnnie Walker products in Greece, has a special collection of Christmas offerings this season. 1 1/2 litre bottles of Red Label come in handy-grip packages of beautiful Victorian design, or, for the upscale imbiber, a bottle of Black Label is elegantly presented. ➤ Social and econo-

mic changes in England resulting from the First World War brought changes in lifestyle and dress, and wardrobes took on an easy, comfortable style. **DAKS** were the first trousers designed by Simpson and Co. to fit the bill. **DAKS** has now opened their first 'corner' in Greece at Studio Petrides, Amerikis 19, Athens. ➤ **Gianfranco Ferre** has introduced a new scent, designed for the traditional but modern man. It exudes an air of ancient magic - lively, strong and distinctive. ➤ **Sofoklis Emmanouilidis** has a new winter collection for women which accentuates the feminine line. The collection features slim above-the-knee skirts and wide shoulders. Designs come in bordeaux, dark green, black and

purple and are 100 percent wool. ➤ **Achaia Clauss** has launched a new white wine in Greece, *Bon Viveur*; it has a fruity bouquet, balance, a full rich body and, like all the wines of Achaia Clauss, has its own distinctive characteristics. ➤ **Ziridi Schools** have organized a three-day German cultural event to acquaint people with the culture and history of Germany. The event was launched by Culture and Science Minister Melina Mercouri. ➤ **Precieux 1987** is a red wine made from two distinctively Cretan grape varieties, the Kotsifalli, which gives the wine its power and refinement, and the Mantilarie which gives it color. The taste and bouquet are achieved through aging in special oaken barrels. □



# GREEK IDIOMS..

ΓΕΙΑ!



by JUST VEIA '87 ©

THESE LESSONS WILL HELP YOU TO LEARN EFFECTIVE & ACCURATE GREEK. NO MATTER HOW ADVANCED YOUR GREEK IS, THIS COURSE TAKES YOU FURTHER.

## Lesson 2.



ΤΡΕΧΩ!  
[trého]



ΤΡΕΧΕΙ...  
[tréhi]

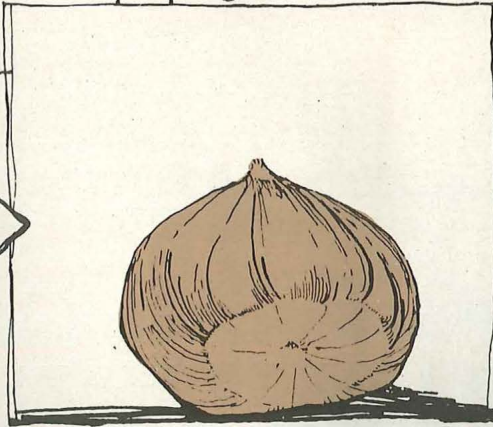


ΔΕΝ ΤΡΕΧΕΙ...  
[ðén tréhi]

VERB **to RUN**  
 [trého] ΤΡΕΧΩ ΤΡΕΧΟΥΜΕ  
 (I run) ΤΡΕΧΕΙΣ ΤΡΕΧΕΤΕ  
 ΤΡΕΧΕΙ ΤΡΕΧΟΥΝΕ  
 Negative: ΔΕΝ ΤΡΕΧΕΙ [ðén tréhi]

**ΚΑΣΤΑΝΟ**  
[kástano]

ΔΕΝ ΤΡΕΧΕΙ ΚΑΣΤΑΝΟ  
CHESTNUT DOESN'T ...



RUN.

meaning: It doesn't matter at all

# 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

### art

**Mimis Vitsoris** was born in Thessaloniki in 1902. His short life – ended in a psychiatric hospital in 1945 – was marked by spiritual searches. At the age of seventeen he entered the School of Fine Arts in Athens, but abandoned it immediately, unable to conform to the academic method of education. He travelled to Italy, Germany and France, acquainting himself with the contemporary movements of the period. He participated in exhibitions abroad, such as the Biennale in Venice in 1935 and 1940, and the San Francisco Biennale in 1939. Additionally, he did illustrations in magazines and newspapers. Until now, his work had been exhibited only twice since his death, in 1957 and 1973. The Dada Gallery will present his oils, temperas, aquarelles and sketches through December 14.

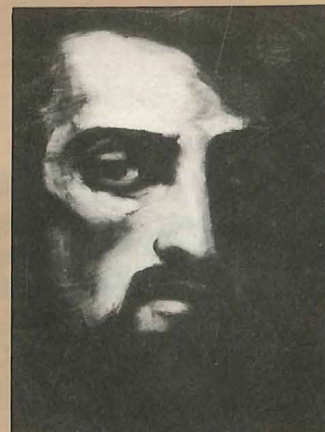
An exhibition of engravings by **Viky Tsalamata** will be

held at Epoches Gallery until December 15. According to the artist, the *Musical Landscapes* – the exhibition's theme – is an attempt at figurative writing. Behind every shape, she believes a sound exists as a fourth dimension. The notes develop gradually in abstract forms, dispersing in the musical landscapes. Tsalamata studied painting and engraving at the Academy of Fine Arts in Bologna, Italy, and continued her post-graduate studies in engraving at the Slade School of Fine Art in London.

In tune with the spirit of the season, an exhibition of 20 large wooden icons of the traditional Byzantine technique will be presented at the Zygos Gallery from December 7 through December 24. The icons are painted by **Aphroditì Pournari**, an experienced artist who studied in Athens and at the school for the restoration of artwork of Dalem Museum in West Berlin. Her icons are influ-

enced by the school of Constantinople and the Cretan school.

**Nikos Houliaras** is an artist with many talents. He paints, writes novels, short stories and poetry, and illustrates books and record covers. Born in Yiannina, he studied at the school of Fine Arts, sculpture and scenography. In 1969 he was awarded the 1st Parthenis prize for his painting. His recent work will be exhibited as *The painted ones that remember me*, followed by text such as "I know a city, two special people, they live alone out of the society.....since a long time



Mimis Vitsoris at Dada

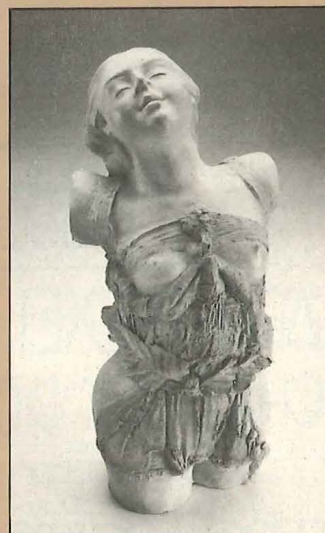
show are collages of Myconos and Hydra by Lilly Kristensen, etchings of Corfu by Delia Delderfield, water colors of the Dodecanese by Maggie Hardy, paintings by Charles Howard and Diana Schofield and silkscreen prints by Guy Vasen. Also to be seen are beautiful original cards for Christmas by gallery artists. **Aiginor Asteriades** (1898-1977), one of the leaders of contemporary Greek art, used Greek elements in his work, which took many



Lambros Alas at Argo

ago I painted people that look like me, I do not know if it is my image or if I am their image. They live in a small shanty at the back of my mind. They remember me always and wait. I knock at their door and they come out. Sometimes I take them for a walk..."

At **Jill Yakas Gallery** an interesting and varied exhibition of work by gallery artists will be on show until December 19. All the artists share a love of Greece that is reflected in their work. On



Irini Gonou at Skoufa

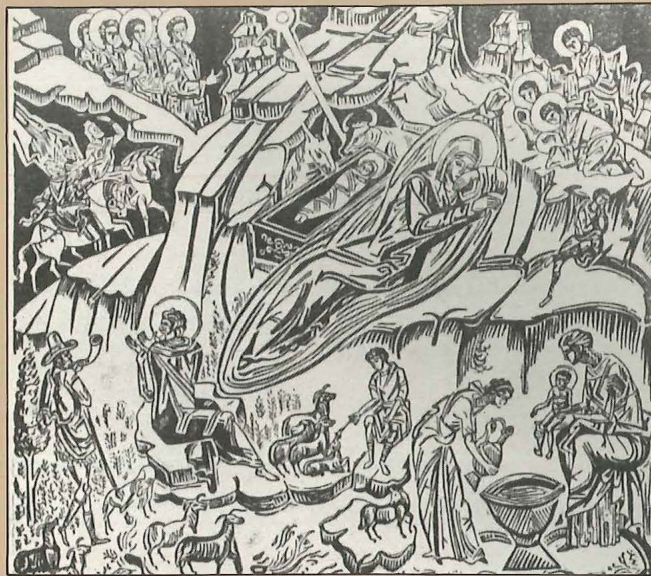


Christmas card by Lilly Kristensen at Jill Yakas

forms and spanned over half a century. Known mostly for his paintings, he also painted icons and worked in engravings and publications. This exhibition will be presented, for the first time, all of his engravings from 1924 to 1968. The exhibition is organized on the 10th anniversary of his death and will be held at Iakinthos Gallery through December 30.

**exhibitions**

Furniture and objects of the group **Memphis** of Milan will be presented at the gallery "Popi K", Ploutarchou 18, Kolonaki, starting December



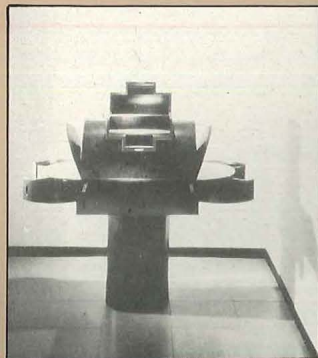
A. Asteriades at Iakinthos

Sixty-five years after the devastation of Asia Minor, the Athens municipality is organizing an exhibition with **embroidered linen** from Krini (Tsesme), a Greek town of 15,000 inhabitants 19 kilometres from Smyrni in Asia Minor. The collection in this exhibition does not represent the great number of handicrafts made by the women in Krini. These few



Christos Markidis at Gallery 7

7 and continuing through January 7. Popi Zervopoulou-Krouska collected the material about the development of the group which was organized in 1981. Besides the furniture and the objects, photos and printed materials with critics' interviews, biographies of the designers and books relating to Memphis will be on show. Memphis will be exhibiting for the first time in Greece.



Charlotte Hartine Bedin, Memphis 1987, at "Popi K"

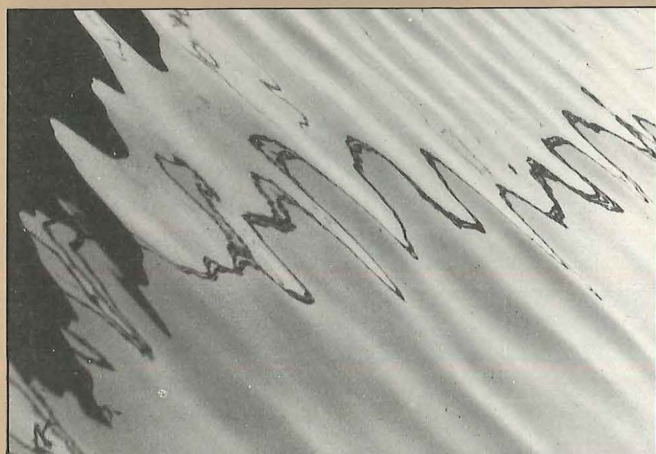
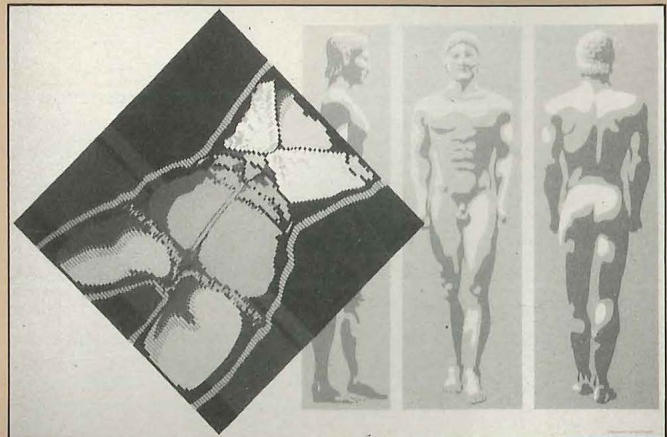


Photo from Yannis Maillis' book



V. Papathandonakis at Athenaeum Art Gallery

on display are the only ones saved from the devastation in 1922. Some of them date from the 19th century and they represent the culture and the Hellenism of that small town.

**books**

"Holding a camera in his hand, **Yannis Maillis** teaches us a great deal. With a sensitive eye, he isolates happy moments in nature through reflections in water. The result is a great variety of abstract images, rich in color, transforming nature into art. It suffices if one has eyes; then all things can be justified", says the painter Spiros Vassiliou about Yannis Maillis' work. A series of photos, reflections in water, has been exhibited in Athens at the Skoufa Gallery, in Boston, Hamburg and will be presented in January in

Munich at the Glyptothek and the Antikensammlung Museum. The work of Maillis made a great impression in Germany and on the famous publishing firm Prestel-Verlag, which published a book with his photos. The publishing firm handles only artistic publications which circulate worldwide. On December 2, at the Skoufa Gallery at 7:30 p.m., the ambassador of Germany will present the book and will talk about the publishing firm. The book will be on display at the bookstores Kaufmann, Eleftheroudaki and the Skoufa Gallery by the second fortnight of January.

**theatre**

The First Edition of D.H. Lawrence's *The Long Adolescence*, Part I, and *Marriage and War*, Part II, will be presented in a one-man show by the distinguished actor **Roy Spencer** at the British Council on December 7 and 8. Roy Spencer was born in D.H. Lawrence's home county of Nottinghamshire and has made a special study of the writer's work. He trained as an actor at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London.

**music**

The **American Community Schools** of Athens will present its combined band and choirs in a concert of seasonal music to the theme of *A Winter Frolic*. Traditional Christmas Carols, secular and sacred, will be performed. The

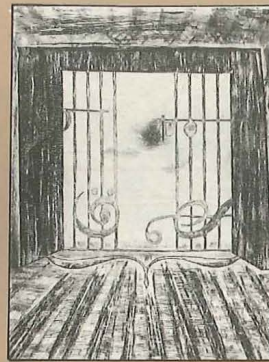
concert will take place at the American community Schools gymnasium, 129 Aghias Paraskevis Str., Ano Halandri, December 10 at 7:30 p.m. Admission is free. For further information call 639-3200.

## films

**The Duellists** (1977), based on a Conrad short story, is about two Hussards during

the period of the Napoleonic Wars. Directed by Ridley Scott and produced by David Puttnam it stars Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel.

**Laurence Olivier: A Life**, parts 1 and 2 will be screened at the British Council December 21 and 22 at 8 p.m. They are two awarded-winning films, made in 1982, to mark Lord Olivier's 80th birthday this year. Part 1



Viky Tsalamata at Epoches



Stephanos Xanthakis at Eikastikos Horos

traces his life from childhood until his triumph with Henry V in 1944. Part 2 covers his later career from 1945.

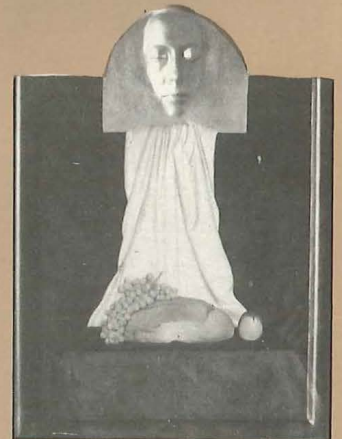
## notes

**Angela Lyras Dance Company** will give performances, including new choreographies, in the Public Theatre of Pireaus on December 7, 8 and 9.

**The Spastic Society** is organizing an auction in collaboration with Skoufa Gallery, where the paintings on auction will be exhibited from December 7 through December 9, the day of the auction. The gallery is at Skoufa 4, Kolonaki.

**The Camera as Tool** is subject of a seminar on black and white photography. In addition, there will be class lectures, slide presentations and gallery visits. Classes will be

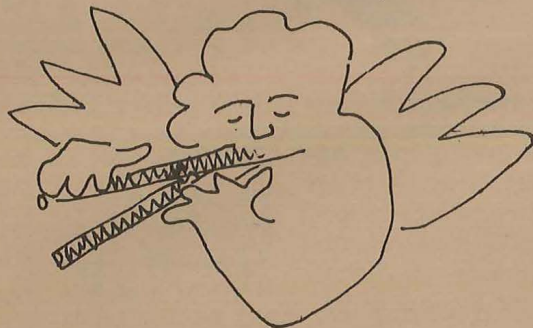
conducted in English for beginners and advanced level students. Individual or group darkroom rental will also be available. For further information call YWCA (XEN), Amerikis 11, Tel: 362-4291.



Dionysis Palmas at Zygos



Nikos Tziotis



## Christmas Bazaars

**The Athens Cosmopolitan Lions Club** will hold their Christmas Bazaar at the Royal Olympic Hotel December 19 from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. For more information call Mr Baganis at 360-1311.

The annual Christmas Bazaar in aid of **St Paul's and St Peter's Anglican Churches**, under the patronage of the British ambassador, will be held at the Royal Olympic Hotel Saturday, December 12 from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

**The Lioness Club of Athens (Psychico)** will be holding their Christmas Bazaar on Friday, December 4, from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. at the Hellenic American Union. On sale will be many hand-made items, home-made cakes, marmalades, etc. All proceeds will go towards the establishment of a creche in Neo Psychico.

The Christmas Bazaar of the **Alumni Association of the American College of Greece** will be held at Pierce College, Aghia Paraskevi, on December 19. For further information call Mrs Skalaïou 672-2861 or Mrs Christotomou 322-0179.



Nikos Houliaras at Nees Morphes







## TAVERNAS AND RESTAURANTS

### CENTRAL

**CORFU**, Kriezotou 6 (near to King's Palace Hotel), tel.361-3011. Menu includes popular standbys of Greek cuisine as well as a few variations from Corfu. Daily noon-1 a.m.

**DELPHI**, Nikis 13, tel.323-4869. Excellent lunchtime spot, very good food, reasonable prices 11 a.m.-11 p.m.

**DIONYSOS**, across from the acropolis, tel.923-3182 or 923-1936. Complete restaurant and pastry shop. The house specialties are charcoal-broiled shrimps, fillet of sole, baby lamb and veal mignonnettes in oregano sauce. note: Dionysos-Zonars at the beginning of Panepistimiou St., near Syntagma Square, also has complete restaurant service. Tel.323-0336. A third Dionysos is on Lycabettus Hill.

### DRUGSTORE

**Stoa Korai**, tel.322-6464, 322-1890. A multi-purpose restaurant. Open 8 a.m.-2 a.m., except Sundays.

**EVERYDAY**, Stadiou 4 and Voukourestiou corner, tel.323-9422. Spacious and central, serving mousaaka, grills and salads. Also convenient for coffee, croissants, pastries and ice cream. Open 7 a.m.-2 a.m. (Restaurant-cafeateria, pastry shop).

**FLOKA** Leoforos Kifissias 118, tel.691-4001. A complete restaurant, pastry shop and catering services. Delicious club sandwiches and ice cream pies ("Black Venus", etc.).

**IDEAL**, Panepistimiou Ave.46, tel.361-4604, 361-3596. "The Restaurant of Athens" founded in 1922. Pleasant atmosphere in a succession of well decorated rooms, discreet stereo music, attentive service, extensive menu. Open for lunch at noon. Ideal for late diners. Don't let the unobtrusive entrance put you off.

**KENTRIKON**, Kolokotroni 3, in arcade next to the Athenée Palace Hotel, tel.323-2482. Full taverna fare including beef sofrito, beef in earthenware soup.

**KOSTOYIANNIS**, Zaimi 37 (Pedion Areos), Exarchia, tel.821-2496. Large selection of appetizers. Main dishes are among others, Rabbit Stifado (stew with onions), souvlaki with bacon and quail. Closed Sunday.

**LENGO**, Nikis 29, tel.323-1127. Charming bistro restaurant with good Greek cuisine; a little expensive. Open daily 12 p.m.-1 a.m.

**NO NAME**, Bouzou & Moustoxidi 20, tel.642-0306. Piano Bar and restaurant. International cuisine with full cocktail bar. Open daily except Sunday. Lunch 12 noon to 5 p.m. Dinner 8 p.m.- 5 a.m.

**THE THREE BROTHERS**, Elpidos 7, Victoria Square, 822-9322, 883-1928. Open after 8 p.m. Closed Sundays. Specialities include swordfish souvlaki, shrimp with bacon, shrimp salad, eggplant with cheese in tomato sauce.

Extensive menu.

**SINTRIVANI**, Filellinon 5, near Syntagma Square, tel.323-8862. Greek cuisine, extensive variety of dishes including souvlaki and moussaka (specialities). This restaurant also serves fresh fish.

### HILTON/U.S. EMBASSY AREA

**BALTHAZAR**, Tsoha 27 and Vournazou, tel.644-1215. Renovated mansion not far from the U.S. Embassy. Restaurant and attractive bar. Menu includes scalloppine with cream, spaghetti and a different curry daily. Fresh salads.

**FATSIOS**, Efroniou 5, Pangrati (south of the Hilton), tel.721-7421. Good selection of well-prepared Greek and Oriental specialties. Daily from 12-5 p.m.

**LE BISTRO**, Holiday Inn Hotel, Mihalakopoulou 50, Ilissia, tel.724-8322. French and Greek cuisine. Piano.

**MIKE'S SALOON**, Vas. Alexandrou 5-7 (between the Hilton and Caravel Hotel), tel.729-1689. Bar, snacks and meals. Daily 12 p.m.-2 a.m. and Sundays from 6 p.m.-2 a.m.

**OTHELLO'S**, 45 Mihalakopoulou, Ilissia, tel.729-1481. Speciality: Beef Stroganoff. Open daily from 12 p.m.-2 a.m. Closed Sunday.

**PAPAKIA**, Iridanou 5 (behind the Hilton), tel.721-2421. The specialty, as the name suggests, is duck (steamed in cream sauce). Other entrées are lasagna, chicken Kiev, vegetable "pies" and daily specials. Daily from 8 p.m.-2 a.m.

**ROUMELI** Panormou 107, Ambelokipi (across the park from the Apollon Towers), tel.692-2852. At lunchtime a wide selection of Greek dishes; evening specialties are charcoal broils. Daily from 12 p.m. until late. Bakaliarios, Bifteki special, snails, baked fish (gavros).

**THE PLOUGHMAN**, Iridanou 26, Ilissia (near the Holiday Inn), tel.721-0244. Dartboard, English cooking, and reasonable prices. Open daily from 12 p.m.-2 a.m., kitchen closed on Sundays.

**TABULA** Pondou 40, (parallel to Mihalakopoulou, behind the Riva Hotel), tel.779-3072. A varied menu of Greek and international specialties plus a well stocked bar. Fresh fish nightly. Open from 9 p.m.-1 a.m. Closed Sundays.

### PLAKA

**Angelos' CORNER**, Syngrou 17, near Temple of Zeus. Cozy nook with piano. Excellent Greek and French cuisine. Seats 50 max. reservations necessary. Tel.922-9773/7417. Serves dinner from 6 p.m. to midnight.

**BAKALIARAKIA (TA)**, Kydathinaion 41, tel.322-5048.

Basement taverna specializing in salt cod in batter usually served with garlic sauce. Souvlaki and delicious salads. **DAMIGOS**, where Kydathinaion meets Adrianou, basement taverna offering quality meat, fresh vegetables, specialty bakaliario and skordalia; extremely reasonable, friendly service.

**FIVE BROTHERS**, Aeolou St. off the square behind the Library of Hadrian. Open daily from 8 a.m.-1 a.m.

**HERMION**, cafe and restaurant in a little alley off Kapnikareas (near the Adrianou St. cafeateria square). Delightful spot for Sunday lunch with exquisite Greek cuisine (a light touch with the olive oil), friendly service. Open daily from 8 p.m.-midnight.


**MILTONS**, Adrianou 19, Plaka, tel.324-9129. Charming island atmosphere. Large steaks, also fresh fish. Open lunchtime, perfect for business lunches and evenings. Reservations suggested.

**PICCOLINO TAVERNA**, Moni Asteriou between Hatzimi-halli and Kydathinaion, opposite the church. The best pizza in town, also offers full taverna fare with fresh shrimp, swordfish kebab. The host keeps serving you ouzo on the house long after you've become a regular. Open daily from noon-midnight.

**PSARRA**, Erotokritou and Erechtheos Sts., tel.325-0285. An old favorite, great for Sunday lunch, swordfish souvlaki, taverna fare; special spot for locals and residents. Open from 12-5 p.m. and 7 p.m.-2 a.m. daily.

**THE CELLAR**, Kydathinaion and the corner of Moni Asteriou. Quality taverna fare, good service and extremely reasonable prices bring Athenians from all over the city to this basement taverna; not unusual to see a Kolonaki couple in lavish evening wear take their place at one of the crowded papercloth-covered tables; some choice island wines besides retsina. Open from 8 p.m.-2 a.m. daily.

**SOCRATES PRISON**, Mitseon 20, Makriyianni, tel.922-



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Menu includes a glossary of all dishes  
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3434. Charcoal grilled chicken and swordfish, rolled pork with carrots and celery in lemon sauce, roast lamb with and French food. Specialities include *Symposio* filet with mushrooms, meatball casserole. Pikermi wine laced with wine from Santorini (barrelled).

**THESPIS**, taverna on Thespidos Street. Special menu: lamb liver, roast lamb, tiropitta oriental (bitesized, crispy pie with melted cheese and herbs), roof garden and outside garden opposite; quality service, reasonable prices. Open from noon-2 a.m.

**XYNOS**, Ag. Geronda 4, tel.322-1065. Old Plaka taverna with extensive fare including stuffed vine leaves, fricassée. Wine from the barrel. Guitar music. Closed Sunday.

### PANGRATI AND ENVIRONS

**LISSOS**, 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**, Arktinou 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.

**MAYEMENOS AVLOS**, (Magic Flute), Kalevku & Aminda 4, Tel.722-3195. A gathering place for the theatre and after-treatre 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 specialties include lamb in lemon sauce. Closed Sunday.

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

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



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## HOTELS

**ATHENS HILTON**, tel.722-0201.

**Galaxy Supper Club**, fresh gourmet food plus nouvelle cuisine items at reasonable prices. Music. Open daily from noon to 3:30 p.m. for buffet lunch.

**Galaxy Bar**, presenting singer and pianist Billy Dare performing daily from 9:15 p.m. to 1:45 a.m. except Mondays.

**Ta Nissia**, taverna downstairs. Music. International cuisine.

**ATHENAEUM INTERCONTINENTAL**, Tel: 902-3666.

**Pergola**: Informal Greek setting, featuring selection of international and local specialties and snacks. Daily, for breakfast, lunch and dinner, 6 a.m.-2 a.m. Lobby.

**La Rotisserie**: Elegant dining featuring superb French cuisine. Fine cellar. Piano entertainment. Monday to Friday, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Lobby.

**Premier**: Unique Kebab specialties from 21 countries. Panoramic view of Athens. Live entertainment with D. Krezos. Tuesday to Saturday, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Bar open 7 p.m.-1 a.m. 9th Floor.

**Cafe Vienna**: Elegant indoor Boulevard Café, serving a delicious assortment of Viennese pastries, sandwiches, and crêpes in the evenings. Piano entertainment. Daily 11 a.m.-1 a.m. Lobby.

**Malibu Paradise**: The tropics go Disco ... with exotic cocktails, disco hits and dazzling light'n music effects. Club Layrinthos, Wednesday to Sunday, 9 pm.-2 a.m. Saturday 10 p.m.-3 a.m. -1 Level.

**Kublai Khan**: A unique in Athens Mongolian Barbecue. Opening scheduled towards end of November (information to follow).

**ASTIR PALACE Athens**, off Syntagma Square, tel.364-3112.

**Apocalypsis Restaurant**, excellent international cuisine served in elegant surroundings. The menu also includes Greek favorites like avgolemono soup. Extensive wine list, including a very good house wine. Open every day for lunch, 12:30-4:30 p.m. and dinner, 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Live dinner music with pianist Yiorgos Niarchos beginning at 9:30 p.m.

**Asteria Coffee Shop**, open every day for breakfast 7-11 a.m., lunch 12:30-4 p.m., dinner 7:30 p.m.-1:45 a.m.

**Athos Bar**, open every day from 11 a.m.-1:30 p.m. Piano music.

**ASTIR PALACE Vouliagmeni**, tel.896-0211.

**Grill Room**, downstairs cafe-restaurant, piano music, sometimes a small orchestra for dancing. Open daily from 1-3:30 p.m. and from 8 p.m.-2 a.m.

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

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

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

**Ledra Grill**, international specialties such as chicken kiev, pineapple curry and more, also featuring U.S. beef and seafood. Tues.-Sun. nightly, 7:30 p.m.-00:30 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. Tepannyaki, 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 à la carte or buffet, speciality eggs à 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 specialties, daily from 7 p.m.-2 a.m. Great for business conferences.

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

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

## KOLONAKI

**ACT 1**, Akademias 18, tel.360-2492. International and Greek cuisine.

**BAYAZZO**, Ploutarhou and Dinokratous, Kolonaki, tel.729-1420. The name means "Theatrical Clown" in German. Lunchtime salad "fountain", champagne brunches. Dinner specialties include Bouzouki Frivolitet (calamari stuffed with pine nuts and rice), vine leaves stuffed



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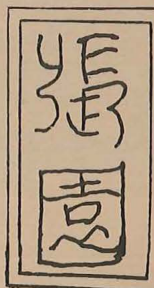
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# restaurants and night life

with sea bass mousse, aubergine (eggplant) with ouzo-flavored mince meat and yogurt.

**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.

**DIONIASSOS**, 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 a.m.-11:45 p.m.

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

**FAIYUM**, 44 Kleomenous, Kolonaki, tel.724-9861. Open

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37, IONIAS Str. KIFISSIA, TEL. 80 14 260

every evening. Speciality: crêpes and desserts. A few Chinese and Arabic main dishes.

**GEROFINIKAS**, Pindarou 10, tel.362-2719, 363-6710. Fine Greek and oriental cuisine, fresh fish, out-of-season fruits and eggplant purée. Cosmopolitan atmosphere.

**LA RIOGA**, 50 Kleomenous St., Kolonaki, tel.724-8609. Piano music accompanies your meal. Among the entrées are steak with Café de Paris sauce, baked potatoes, paella, schnitzel, liver, and steaks with various sauces. For dessert try the crêpes Suzette Flambées, chocolate crêpe, and finish your meal with Irish coffee.

**NOUFARA**, Kolonaki Sq. 21, tel.362-7426. Restaurant, snack bar, spaghettiaria.

**MAXIM**, Kanari and Milioni 4, Kolonaki Square, tel.361-5803, 363-7073. Piano bar-restaurant. Piano music nightly. Roof garden. Open for dinner every night except Sun.

**ROUGA**, Kapsali 7, Kolonaki Square, Tel.722-7934. Set off in a small cul-de-sac (*rouga* means lane.) Open nightly from 8 p.m.-2 a.m.

**VLADIMIROU**, Aristodimou 12, Kolonaki, tel.724-1034, 721-7407. Twenty years old this year and still going strong. Speciality entrées are pepper steak and spetsofal (sausages and green peppers in tomato sauce) from the Pelion area. Piano music and songs. Bar.

## KIFISSIA/NORTHERN SUBURBS

**APOSTOLIS**, 11 Gortinias, Kifissia, tel.801-1989. Spinach and cheese pies, sweetbread pies, filet of beef, oven-baked cutlets. Open on Sundays for lunch.

**AUBERGE**, Odos Tatoiou, tel.801-3803. International and Greek cuisine.

**BARBARA'S**, lonas St., Kifissia, tel.801-4260. First class restaurant with a welcoming atmosphere. Snails bourguignonne, crêpes with fresh spinach, the best Chateaubriand in Athens.

**BELLE HELENE**, Politeias Square, Kifissia. Tel. 807-7994. In a lovely green park with two small lakes, Greek madeira sauce, artichokes, bacon, ham, chicken livers, cheese, mushrooms, chicken crêpe with ham, mushrooms, cheese in tomato sauce. Open daily from

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10:00 a.m.-2:00 a.m.

**BLUE PINE**, Tsaldiri 27, Kifissia, tel.807-7745. Country club atmosphere. Renowned for its fine assortment of hors d'oeuvres, also favored for charcoal broils. Piano. Closed Sun.

**CAPRICCIOSA**, Kassaveti and Levidou 2, Kifissia, tel.801-8960. Pizza restaurant. Open daily from 10 a.m.-1:30 a.m.

**EKALI GRILL**, (part of the Ekali Club), Lofou 15, Ekali, tel.813-2685. A posh yet hospitable restaurant with selection of some 20 wines mainly from small vineyards, the Ekali grill will really provide a treat. Tantalizing salad bar, tournedos, Chateaubriand, filet of sole. Cream pies, cakes, fruit salad or crêpes Suzette. Soft piano music.

**EMBATI**, at the 18th kilometre of the National Road, Lamias, tel.801-1757. Turn off at Varibobi. International cuisine, special dishes and grills. Music begins at 10:30 p.m. Closed Sunday.

**EPESTREFE**, Nea Kifissias (west of the National Road follow the signs at the turn-off for Kifissia), tel.246-8166. A charming taverna atop a hill. Rustic and cosy. Dinner from 10 p.m. Closed Sunday. Music, piano and songs.

**HATZAKOU**, 1 Plateia Plakas, Kifissia, tel.801-3461. Open nightly and for lunch on Sunday. Speciality: Schnitzel Hoffman.

**GRAND CHALET**, Kokkinara 38, Politeia, Kifissia, tel.808-4837. International cuisine with Greek specialities. Piano and songs.

**KATSARINA**, 43 P. Tsaldiri, Kifissia, tel.801-5953. Specialities: fried cod with garlic sauce, snails, savory pies and stuffed vine leaves.

**LOTUSFOGOS**, (Lotus Eater), 4 Aghias Lavras, Kifissia, behind the station, tel.801-3201. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays. A buffet of unique international recipes created by the charming hostess. The buffet includes a choice of soups or one of two or three hors d'oeuvres, one of two special main dishes with vegetables, salad and wine. This restaurant is praised all over Europe. Limited seating. Reservations a must.

**MOUSTAKAS**, H. Trikoupi and Kritis, Kifissia, tel.801-4584. Also open for lunch on Saturday and Sunday.

**NICHOLAS**, 270 Kifissias Ave., Filothei, tel.681-5497. On Sundays and holidays open also for lunch. Crêpes with cheese stuffing, snails, dolmadakia (ground meat and rice-stuffed vine leaves) bekri mezese (meat cooked in wine).

**NIKOS**, Skopelou 5, Kifissia, tel.801-5537. On a road running parallel to Odos Marathonos, turn right just before the Mobil station at New Erythra. The speciality is topped with oil and oregano.

**PEFKAKIA**, 4 Argonafton, Drossia, tel.813-1273, 813-2552. Youvetsakia stifado (rabbit stew) and large choice of mezedese (hors d'oeuvres).

**PELARGOS**, 83 G. Lyra, Nea Kifissia, tel.801-4653. Closed Sundays. Specialities: skewered goat, also kokkoretsi (inards on the spit), apple pie dessert. Retsina from the barrel.

**PICCOLO MONDO**, Kifissias Ave. 217, Kifissia, tel.802-0437. Phone for reservations. Piano-restaurant with French cuisine. Main dishes include medaillons de boeuf and escalope with tropical fruits. Closed Sunday.

**PITSOUNIA**, 26 Halkidos, terminus of the Kato Kifissia

bus, tel.801-4283. Open for lunch and dinner. Bakaliaros skordalia (fish with garlic sauce), snails.  
**SARANTIDI**, Plateia Elaion, Nea Kifissia, tel.801-3335. Large variety of food, good wine. Music. Also open for lunch on Sunday.

## HALANDRI/MAROUSI PSYCHICO/ENVIRONS

**ALATOPIPERO**, Konstantileos/Tsavella, Marousi, tel.802-0636. *Youvassi* (pork with garlic cooked in a ladorharti) and chicken *sti gastru*. Daily, except Monday, from 8:15 p.m.-2 a.m. and Saturday from 8:15 p.m.-3 a.m.

**CHRISTOS**, Serron and Ethnikis Antistaseous Sts. Halandri, tel.671-6879, 647-2569. Grills, unusually delicious zucchini chips, "bifteki special" smothered in chopped fresh tomato, tasty hors d'oeuvres.

**DIOSKOURI**, D. Vassiliou, Neo Psychiko, tel.671-3997. Wide range of seafood and grilled dishes. Specialities: charcoal grilled fish, cooked specialities (casseroles and stews).

**HATZAKOS**, Irodou Attikou 41, Marousi (just below the KAT hospital), tel.802-0968. A variety of seasonal dishes. Speciality: lamb in filo pastry.

**KRITIKO**, Pendelis Ave/Frangokissia, tel.681-3136. Two fireplaces, short orders, *Idolmadakia beyerdi* (a Turkish dish), retsina from the barrel. Open daily, except Mondays from 8 p.m.-midnight and Sunday from noon-midnight.

**KYRANITA**, 4 Ithakis, Halandri, tel.682-5314. Greek cuisine. Music. Daily from 6 p.m.-2 a.m. Closed Sundays.

**O MORIAS**, Vas. Konstantinou 108 and Pelopinissou, Aghia Paraskevi, tel.659-9409. Family taverna with very reasonable prices. Specialities include lamb in tomato sauce with pasta, grills (unusually good meatballs), salads. Wine from the barrel.

**ROUMBOS**, Agiou Antoniou, Vrilissia, tel.659-3515. Closed Fridays. Pork with olives, beef au gratin, gardoumba (casserole liver, heart, etc.)

**STEKI TOU ANDREA**, Messinias/Kithaironos, Frangoklissia, tel.682-5041. Fried bakaliaros, bifteki special, snails, baked fish (gavros). Open nightly from 8 p.m.-2 a.m. and for lunch on Sundays, 12-5 p.m.

**THE VILLAGE II**, Moraitou 82 and Vrana (Neo Psychiko), tel.671-7775. Pleasant "village" atmosphere, good service. Specialities: lamb cooked over grapevines, *frigandeli*, charcoal-broiled quail.

**TI PRASINO**, Plateia Drosopoulou, Filothei, tel.681-5158. The taverna with (perhaps) the fastest service in Athens! The menu includes grills (sausages, chops, souvlaki and hamburger steak) and delicious deep fried meatballs. Salads. The meat is all first quality. Lunch from 12-4:30 p.m. and dinner from 7:30 p.m.-midnight.

**TO SPITI**, Frankopoulou 56, New Psychiko, tel.672-1757. Private home converted into cozy taverna. Menu offers grills, meatballs, pork in wine sauce with cheese, fava, salads, retsina.

## GLYFADA/VOULIAGMENI SEASIDE

**ANDONIS**, 22 Armenidos, Glyfada, tel.894-7423. Open for lunch and dinner. Shrimp ragout, charcoal grilled octopus.

**BARBA PETROS**, 26 N. Zerva, Glyfada (Aghios Konstantinos), tel.891-4937. On Sundays also open for lunch. Special cheese pies, kid, chicken, short orders.

**CHURRASCO**, 16 Pandoras St., Glyfada. Slick dining, outdoor terrace dining and bar; speciality: steak tartare, fixed at table. Elaborate fairly expensive, elite Athenian crowd.

**DOVINOS**, 2 Plateia Fleming, Glyfada, tel.894-4249. Various fish dishes, baked and grilled.

**EL GRECO**, Cnr. Kyprou & Feves Sts, Glyfada, tel.899-4249. Various fish dishes, baked and grilled.

**EVOI EVAN**, behind the Zeus boat factory, Ano Glyfada, tel.893-2689. International cuisine. Music.

**FRUTALIA**, Kelsou 5 (from Athens, turn left at Vouliagmenis 63), tel.921-8775. Nostalgic songs in a rustic setting. Nightly from 8 p.m.

**IMBROS**, Selinis/Iliou, Kavouri, tel.895-1139. Open for lunch and dinner. Fish, meat, Constantinopolitan cuisine.

**KANATAKIA**, I. Metaxa/Pendoras Sts, Glyfada, tel.895-1843. Short orders, speciality: *hilopittes*. Wine from the barrel.

**KASTRO BARBA THOMA**, Vlahika, Vari, tel. 895-9454, open from 11 p.m. Baby lamb, contrefilet, suckling pig, souvlaki, *kokkoretsi* (Innards cooked on the spit), spleen, choice of appetizers.

**LE FAUBOURG**, 43 Metaxa and Pandoras, Glyfada, tel.894-1556. A full menu of meat dishes including calf liver cooked with onions and bacon — a house speciality. Open daily except Sunday, for dinner only.

**MAKE UP**, Grill restaurant, Posidonos 4, Vouliagmeni, tel.896-1508. Open daily for dinner.

**PANORAMA**, 4 Iliou Kavouri (opposite Hotel Apollo), tel.895-1298. Constantinopolitan *mezedeze*, lobster, fish of all kinds.



English chef prepares such specialities as rainbow trout, homemade steak and kidney pies and delicious filet steaks. From Nov.1 we are open again for our famous roast. Sunday lunches 1-4 p.m. We will cater for any business lunches or small receptions.

Open Christmas Day, reservations only.

33 Prigipos Petrou, Glyfada

For reservations call: 896-2710

33's, Prinkipos Petros 33, Glyfada. Open 7 p.m.-12:30 a.m. Closed Wednesday. Sunday lunch from 1:00 p.m. For reservations call 896-2710.

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

## PALEO FALIRON/ALIMOS

**CAMINO**, Pizzeria-trattoria, Posidonos 54, Paleo Faliron, tel.982-9647. Piquant pastas, pizzas and choice cuts of meat are special; draft Heineken and Santorini bottled "house wines". Not as pricy as neighboring Italian restaurants.

**FONDANINA**, Vas. Georgiou 31, tel.983-0738. Specialties include stuffed "Pizza Calzone", spaghetti carbonara, rigatoni with four cheeses, saltimbacca à la Romano, filetto di diavolo, Italian and Capricioso salads, chocolate mousse, creme caramel and "cake of the day".

**GASKON TOMA**, 20 Posidonos, Paleo Faliron, tel.982-1114. Open every evening. Appetizers, short orders, plaki (fish and vegetables cooked in wine). Ouzo and wine free.

**KAPRI**, Posidonos, Paleo Faliron, tel.981-6379. Open for lunch and dinner, 12-4:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.-1 a.m.

**MOURIA**, 101 Ahileos, Pal. Faliron, tel.981-3347. Specialty: squab in season. Retsina from the barrel.

**PAPAGALO**, Leof. Posidonos 73, Eden, tel.983-3728. Menu which will accommodate all moods and tastes. Snack and salad bars, charcoal grills, ice cream and crêpes.



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lunch,  
and one perfect  
dinner;  
near by our open  
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per. E velpidon Psychico

**PANDELIS**, 96 Naiadon, Pal. Faliron, tel.982-5512. Constantinopolitan cuisine, with various specialties. Daily from 12 p.m.-2 a.m. and Sunday from 12 p.m.-5 p.m.

**PANORAI**, Seirion/Terpsihoris Sts, Pal. Faliron, tel.981-3792. On Sundays open only for lunch. Short orders for fish and meat; shrimps.

**SEIRINES**, 76 Seirion, Pal. Faliron, tel.981-1427. On Sundays also open for lunch. Short orders, rabbit in red wine, *bakaliaros* (cod).

**SIXTIES**, Leof. Posidonos 42, tel.981-9355. Elegant restaurant with nouvelle cuisine, bar and live music.

**STA KAVOURAKIA**, 17 Vas. Georgiou, Kalamaki, tel.981-0093. Open only at night 6 p.m.-2 a.m. Crabs *kavouria*, charcoal-broiled octopus, various fish.

## PIRAEUS

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

**GARTH'S**, Akti Tr. Moutsopoulou 36, Pasalimani, Piraeus, tel.452-6420. Open Tues.-Sun. 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Friday lunchtime 12-5 p.m. Closed Monday.

**KALYVA**, Vas. 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 p.m.-2 a.m.

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

**VASILENA**, Etolikiou 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 Kolley, 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 8 p.m.-2 a.m.

**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 Volsalaki Beach. Daily from 12 p.m.-2 a.m.

## 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.

Another less well-known and less expensive seafood row in Piraeus is at **Freates** around the coast from the Zea seafood menu. Daily noon-midnight.

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

**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 Trikoupis St., between Akadamas and Panepistimiou. An uptown coffee shop/ouzerie. Fresh ingredients and quick, courteous and efficient service.

**BRETTANIA**, 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-1 a.m.

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



**PONDEROSA**  
Restaurant-Charcoal Grill Steak House

American-style steakhouse  
Kifissias 267, Kifissia  
(Behind Olympic Airways  
near Plateia Kifissias)  
7 days per week 6 - 2  
Specialists in bon fillet,  
Pepper steak, T-Bone ribsteak.


Now we have barbecue spareribs  
Reservations tel: 801-4493, 982-4136

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

**JIMMY'S**, Valaoritou 7 & Voukourestiou, tel.362-8359. Flaky, light croissants and other breakfast goodies.

**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 a.m.-7:30 p.m. daily, Sunday until 2:30 p.m.

**LOTUS**, Glafkou 14 & D. Vasiliou, Neo Psychiko, tel.671-7461. Aromatic teas, pastries and fruit juices. Also sand-



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Busy businessmen can now keep abreast of world stock prices while simultaneously savoring a superb *Stage Coach* steak.

A REUTERS video news service has been introduced at the highly regarded *Stage Coach*, continually transmitting world and financial news, sports, weather, gold-silver quotes and even a daily horoscope.

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Fresh fish and lobster have been added to the perennially popular meat choices of prime rib, T-bone, N.Y. sirloin and bon filet.

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**Voukourestiou 14**  
(Near Syntagma Square)  
Tel: 363-5145  
363-2966

wiches 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.

## STEAKHOUSES

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

**PONDEROSA**, Kifissias 267, Kifissia, tel.801-4493. Restaurant-Charcoal Grill Steak House. The specialty is American Style Steaks. Behind Olympic Airways, near Plateia Kifissias. Open Mon.-Fri. from 6 p.m.-2 a.m. Sat. & Sun. from 3 p.m.-2 a.m.

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

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

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



**CHINA** restaurant

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72 EFRONIOU STREET, ILISSIA TEL: 723-3200.724-5746  
(Between Caravel Hotel & University Campus)

# restaurants and night life

## FRENCH

**BELLE HELENE**, Politeias Square, Kifissia, tel.801-4776. In a lovely green park with two small lakes. Greek and French food. Specialities 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 a.m.-2 a.m.

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

**BAGATELLE**, Ventiri 9 & Hadziyianni Mexi (near the Hilton), tel.731-8893. Piano. Open daily from 7 p.m.-1 a.m. Specialities: 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. Speciality French and Greek cuisine. Open for lunch and dinner.

**LE CALVADOS**, Alkmanos 5 (near Athens Hilton), tel.722-6291. A touch of Paris with a comprehensive menu from house pâté to "Mousse au chocolat" including a variety of steaks with original sauces, shrimps with curried rice, and cheese fondue. House wine. Specialities from Normandy and fine Calvados of course.

**L'ORANGERIE**, 55 Efroniou (opposite the Caravel), tel.724-2735, 724-2736. Nice atmosphere. Specialities: filet au poivre vert (filet with green pepper), risotto méditerranée, seafood, seasonal salads. Piano.

## ITALIAN

**AL CONVENTO**, Anapiron Polemou 4-6, Kolonaki, tel.723-9163. Gourmet specialities: pasta and scaloppine. Nightly from 8 p.m.-1 a.m. Closed Sunday.

**AL TARTUFO**, Posidonos 65, Pal. Faliru, tel.982-6560. Specialities: spaghetti, pizzas, scaloppine, filet à la Tartufo, carbonara, tortellini à la crème. Nightly from 7:30 p.m.-2 a.m. Lunch Saturday and Sunday.

**ARCOBALENO**, 14 Nap. Zerva, Glyfada Square, tel.894-2564. Speciality: shrimp provencale.

**DA WALTER**, Evzonon & Anapiron Polemou, Kolonaki, tel.724-8726. Spacious bar. Specialities: rigatoni with four cheeses, fileto Piedmontaise, sauce madeira, profiteroles. Nightly 8 p.m.-1 a.m.

**IL FUNGO**, Posidonos 68, Pal. Faliron, tel.981-6765. Specialities: filetta, 22 kinds of pasta, 20 varieties of pizza, 16 different scaloppine. Nightly from 8 p.m.-2 a.m. Saturday 12:30 p.m.-2:30 a.m. Closed Wednesday for lunch.

**LA BOUSSOLA**, near metro station Kifissia, tel.808-3912. Formerly "Da Bruno". Under same management as "La Boussole" in Glyfada. Filet à la diavolo and "Triptiho à la Boussole" (three kinds of pasta with special sauces and cheese) are among the specialities.

**LA FIAMMA**, Plateia Dimokratias 5, Holargos, tel.651-7355. Large variety of Italian dishes and oven-baked pizza. Take-out service. Open daily from 7 p.m.-2 a.m. and on Sunday and holidays from noon-2 a.m.

**LA TARTARUGA**, 25th of March 38 & Palaioiologlou Sts, Halandri, tel.682-8924. Large portions of piquant entrees and pizza, also Italian main dishes. Chilled glasses. Very reasonable prices.

**TOSCANA**, 16 Thisseos, Vouliagmeni, tel.896-24978. Open every evening. International and Italian cuisine (also Greek dishes). Specialities: excalope à la Toscana, excalope cordon blue, filet with mushrooms, torta romantica (dessert).

## KOREAN

**GO RYEO JEONG**, Alimou 33, Argyroupolis, tel.991-5913. Authentic Korean, Chinese and Japanese cuisine. Parking. Open daily 10:30 a.m.-4 p.m. 6:30 p.m.-1 a.m.

**SEOUL**, 8 Evritanias, Ambelokipi (near President Hotel), tel.692-4669. Specialities: beef *boukouti* (prepared at the table), *yatse bokum* (hors d'oeuvre), *haimon gol* (seafood and vegetables prepared at the table), *isapche* (Korean spaghetti with black mushrooms).

## MEXICAN

**AZTEC**, Leof. Kifissias 267 (near the trohonomo), tel.801-5335. The first Mexican restaurant in Greece. Menu includes a glossary of all dishes. Open Mon.-Thurs.6:30-11:30 p.m. Fri. & Sat.6:30-12:00 p.m.

**Viva Mexico**, Grigoriou Lambraki 49, Glyfada, tel. 894-5302. A new Mexican restaurant for Athens. Specialities are Parigiada & Tacos Viva Mexico. Chef: Frederico Ramirez. Guitar music.

## LEBANESE/ARABIC

**ALI BABA**, Poseidonos Ave. 13, Kalamaki, tel.983-0435, 983-2984. Restaurant and Arabian music hall. Superb Oriental cuisine with Lebanese "meze" and a rich variety of sweets. Floor show with belly dancers. Every night from 10:30 p.m.

**BEYROUTH**, Karapanou 13, Glyfada, tel.893-1169. Lebanese "meze", specialities and sweets. Take out service, home deliveries. Open daily 8 p.m.-2 a.m. Sat. & Sun. also 1-4 p.m.

**KASBAH**, (Caravel Hotel), tel.729-0721. Entrees include chicken livers piquant and hommos (chickpeas with tahini). Closed Sunday.

**MARALINAS**, Vrassidas 11 (between Hilton and Caravel Hotels), tel.723-5425. Open for lunch and dinner. Lebanese meze, charcoal grills.

**MIRAMARO**, Aristotelous 5 & Syngrou (opp. Ledra Marriott Hotel), tel.922-3290.. Egyptian club with floor show. The oriental menu includes hommos, lentils, stuffed vine leaves, marinated lamb's tongues, mixed grill. Sweets: baklava and kataif. Egyptian ouzo.

**SAHARA**, Possidonos 15 & Davaki, Kalamaki, tel.983-7731. Arabic food, floor show.

**SHAHRAZAD**, Akadamias Ave.43, Central Athens, tel.360-4260, 360-1877. Club-Restaurant. "An underground oasis in the heart of Athens". Select menu for cosmopolitan clientele. International and Oriental music floor show.

## CYPRIT

**AGRINO**, Falirou Ave., Koukaki (opp. Intercontinental Hotel), tel.921-5285. Restaurant, taverna, bar. Traditional Greek, Cypriot, English and Continental cuisine. Piano and guitar music. Open from 10:00 a.m. until after midnight.

**KIRKY**, 1 Pendelis, Kefalari, tel.808-0338. Specialities: *haloum* (fried Cypriot cheese), *seftalies* (tasty village sausage). Fireplace.

**BELLA PAIS**, Plastira 77 & Meletos 7, Nea Smyrni. Taverna, music. Cypriot and Greek specialities, *seftalies*.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIAN

**SVEJK**, Roybesi 8 (Neos Kosmos), tel.901-8389. Specialities: *sbitkova*, *knedik*, *palatinka* etc. Closed Tuesday.

## INDONESIAN

**RAMAYANA**, Askepiou 74, tel.361-8973. Indian and Chinese cuisine. Open daily from 7:30 p.m.-1:30 a.m. Closed Sundays.

## SPANISH

**CASA MADRID**, Akti Koundourioti 4, Kastella, Piraeus, tel.412-3032. Plush interior for winter season. Free parking next to restaurant. Specialities include: paella, stuffed squid, braised lamb, beef steak with pueros sauce, roast pork and chicken a la Madrid.

**COMILON**, Polyia 39, Ano Patissa, tel.201-0592. Unusual appetizers, very tasty paella, and sangria. Specialities: Sepias on Olivas (cuttlefish with green olives), pork mandarin (baked pork filet with pineapple and orange). Spanish and Latin American music. Nightly from 8 p.m. Closed Monday.

**SEVILLA**, Theognidos 11-13 (beginning Ag. Sostis Church), tel.932-3941. Spanish and French specialities, music and songs. Paella, Andalusian steak, little meat loaves, Sevilla, sangria.

## CHINESE

**CHANG'S HOUSE**, Doiranis 15 & Athinon, Kallithea. From 190-192 Syngrou Ave., turn right. Tel: 959-5179, 959-5191. Reasonable prices. Open daily for Lunch & Dinner. Special chefs from Taipei & Hong Kong. 160 varieties of Chinese dishes.

**GOLDEN DRAGON**, 122 Syngrou Ave. & G. Olympiou 27-29, tel.923-2316. Reasonable prices. Open daily 12:30-3:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.-midnight.

**KOWLOON**, Kyprou 78, Glyfada. Open daily 12-3 p.m. for lunch and 7 p.m.-1 a.m. Specialities include fried rice, baked duck and king shrimps.

**HINA**, 72 Efroniou Str., Ilissia. Tel: 723-3200, 724-5746 (Between Caravel Hotel & University Campus). Open daily Lunch & Dinner. Superb Chinese cooking by chefs from Taiwan & Hong Kong in a luxurious oriental atmosphere. Reasonable prices. Specialities include Peking Duck, Spareribs, Sharks Fin Soup, etc.

**LONG FUNG TIEN**, Alkionidou 114, coastal road near EOT Beach B, tel.895-8083. You can choose chop suey, spring rolls, Chinese noodles, among other dishes. Peking duck must be ordered 24 hours in advance. Every Sunday Chinese buffet lunch at a fixed price.

**PAGODA**, Bousgou & Leof. Alexandras 3, tel.643-1990, 644-6259. Chinese cooking, decor and service. Dining room for dinner parties. Specialities include soups, prawn, chicken and beef dishes, sweet and sour meat and fish, lobster Cantonese, Peking duck, steamed snake. Desserts include lichees, fresh mango in season and sweets.

**THE PEKING CHINESE RESTAURANT**, 6 Fedras and Karapanou, tel.893-2628. We recommend anything sweet and sour. The chef adds chili sauce making the sweet and sour slightly fiery. Open daily from 1 p.m.

**THE RED DRAGON**, Zirini 12 & Kyriazi, Kifissia (near the Zirinou Sports Center), tel.801-7034. Cantonese cuisine. Specialities: Malaysian noodles with shrimp, crab with chili, beef with fresh ginger root.

## JANAPES

**KYOTO**, Garibaldi 5 (on Philopappou Hill), tel.923-2047. Japanese delicacies in a comfortable setting. Daily 12-3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.-midnight. Closed Sun.

**MICHIKO**, Kydathinaion 27, Plaka, tel.322-0980. A historic mansion houses this multi-roomed restaurant. Japanese garden; traditional music. Daily 12:30-2:30 p.m., 6:60 p.m.-midnight. Closed Sun.

## GERMAN

**ALT BERLIN**, Kolokotroni 35, Kefalari, tel.808-1324. Restaurant, sweets, ice cream. Open 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

**RITTENBOURGH**, Formionos 11, Pangrati, tel.723-8421.

## AUSTRIAN

**VIENEZIKI GONIA**, Ventouri & Ouranias 13, Holargos, tel.652-0275. Viennese and Greek specialities, soft music. fireplace.

## VEGETARIAN

**EDEN**, restaurant and cafe, 3 Flessa Str. Plaka, tel.324-8858. Charming meeting place for travelers (backpackers); juices, salads and sweets.

**JUICY**, Loukianou 34, Kolonaki, tel.722-4817. Menu includes large array of exotic juices and fruit cocktails. 'Juicy' salad, cheese and vegetable sandwiches, soya burgers and a daily vegetarian special. Prices tend to be steep but portions are generous and quality of produce excellent. Open Mon. through Sat. 11 a.m.-2 a.m. and Sun. 6 p.m.-2

## CREPERIES

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

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

**RUMOR'S**, 35 Dimokritou St., Kolonaki, tel 364-1977. Specialities: 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.

## OUZERIES

**APOTSOS**, Panepistimiou 10 (in the arcade), tel.363-7046. Probably the oldest ouzeri in Athens, in operation sine 1900. The posters which cover the walls may be among the oldest found anywhere. Meatballs, sausages, smoked ham, potatoes, salami. Daily from 11:30 a.m.-3 p.m. Closed Sunday.

**ATHINAOKIM**, cnr. Panepistimiou & Themistokleous, tel.322-0118. Small and simple. At this address since 1937. Offers a limited but delicious selection of snacks that include sweet breads, fried mussels, meatballs and shrimps. Daily 11:30 a.m.-5 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.-11:30 p.m. Closed Sun.

**GENOVEFA**, 17th November Ave. 71, "Vlahou" bus stop, Holargos, tel.653-2613. Large selection of appetizers to accompany wine, beer or ouzo. Choose from shrimps with feta cheese, eggplant, potato salad, lamb tongue with oregano, codfish balls, fried cheese, etc. Closed Sun.

# Club Med



**HIVER 87/88**

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