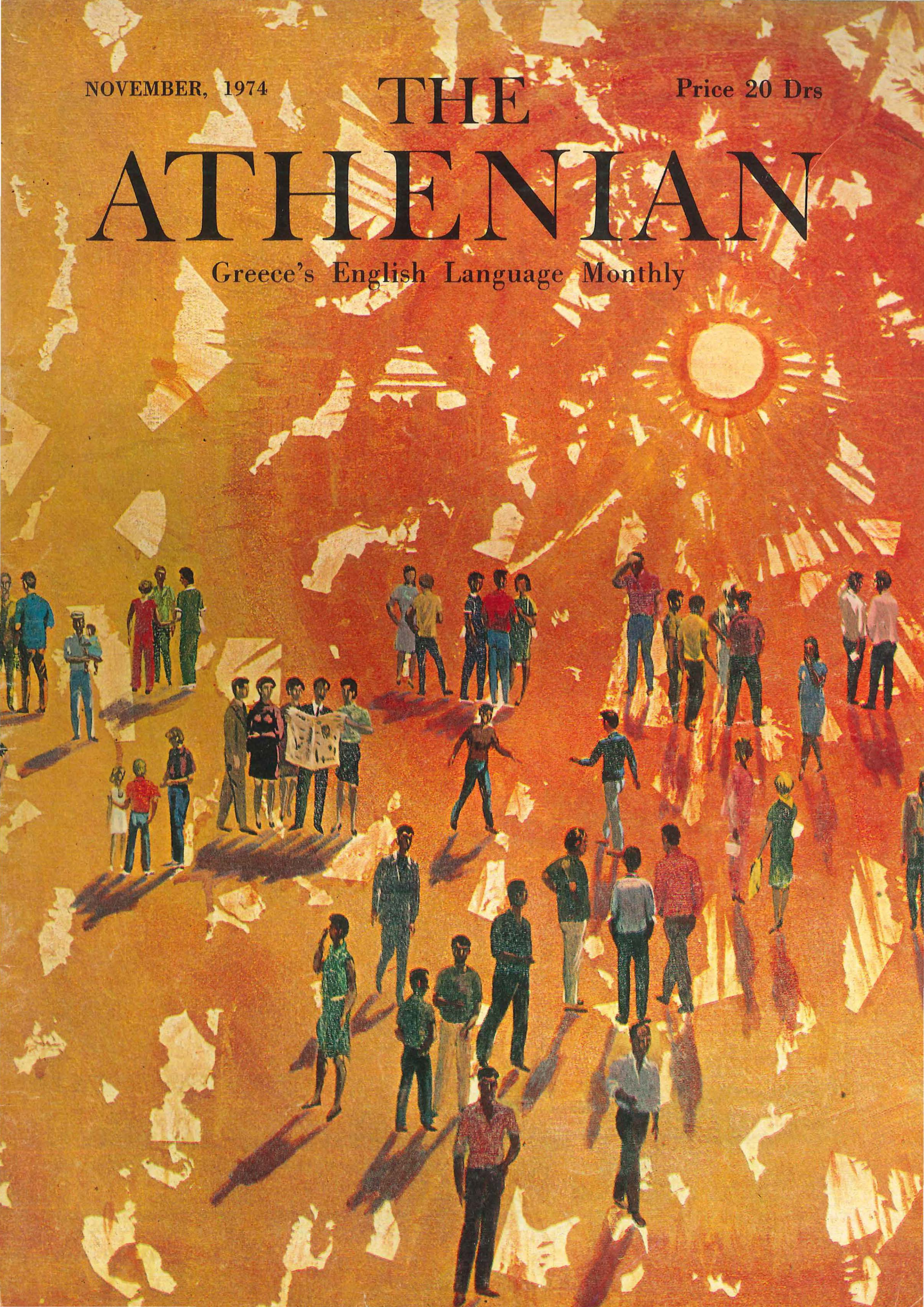


NOVEMBER, 1974

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THE ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly



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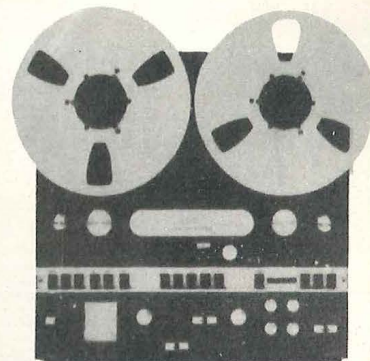


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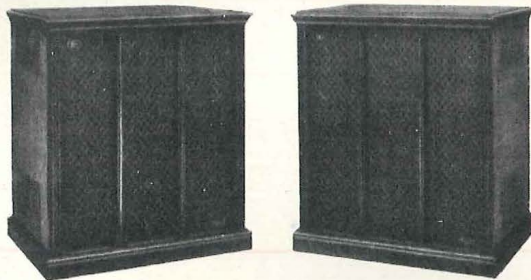
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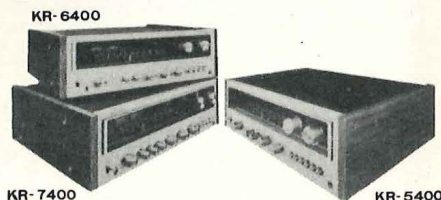
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community calendar

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

NOVEMBER 1

Coffee Morning — The St. Andrew's Women's Guild at the home of Bonnie Pugh, 69 Vas. Konstantinou, Paleo Psychico, Tel. 671-4854.

Lecture — *Goethe's Presence in the Poetry of Kostas Palamas*, given by Vassilis Lazanas (In Greek). At the Goethe Institute, 8 p.m.

NOVEMBER 3

Social Gathering — After the Sunday morning service at Christos Kirche.

Concert — The Collegium Vocale of Koln, under the auspices of the Goethe Institute. At Parnassos Hall, Karitsi Square, 8 p.m.

NOVEMBER 4

Fashion Show — Presented by Nikos and Takis. In the Terpsichore Ballroom of the Athens Hilton, 7:00 p.m.

Film — *The Thief of Millions*. At the Dorpfeld Gymnasium, Amaroussion, 8:15 p.m. (In German) Tel. 681-9173.

Kafee-Klatsch — With emphasis on Christmas fare. For the older members of the German Community. At Sina 66, 4:30 p.m.

Raffle Drawing — Organized by the American Youth Club for children going on the London trip. For details call 801-2556.

Lecture — *Richard Smith*, given by art critic Charles Spencer. At the British Council, 8 p.m.

NOVEMBER 5

Bake Sale — At the American Club, Kifissia. Organized by the American Youth Club.

Rotary Club — Dinner. The address by George Phillippopoulos: *One More Effort for Peace*. At the Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. (In Greek) For information: Tel. 623-150.

Symphony Concert — *Musica Viva* of Milan, Silvano De Francesco, conductor. At the Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

'Table Ronde' — *Proposals for a New Law on the Environment*. Led by Paul Mylonas (In French). At the French Institute, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 6

Kafee-Klatsch — For the older members of the German community. At 66 Sina, 5:00 p.m.

Social Gathering — Young Greeks and foreigners speaking German. At Sina 66, 8:30 p.m.

The Canadian Women's Club — A visit to the house of Ian Vorres at Paiania. A bus will leave from the Canadian Embassy at 10 a.m., tickets 30 Drs.

Exhibition — Until November 12. Autumn books: 500 new editions. At the British Council, during library hours.

Concert — Latin-American Folk Music. At the Spanish Institute, 8:30 p.m.

Lecture — *Psychology of the School Accident*, given by D. Zachos, for the Greek-German Medical Association. At the Goethe Institute, 9 p.m.

Film — Art films on modern sculpture. At the French Institute, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 7

Lecture-Debate — Conducted by A. Bayonas, Professor of Philosophy. At the French Institute, 8 p.m.

Duplicate Bridge — Bidding in English. At the American Club, Kifissia, 7:30 p.m. Open to all. Call Jo Heller, Tel. 894-3376.

NOVEMBER 8

Dinner Dance — For members of the British-Hellenic Chamber of Commerce. At the Nina Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. For information: Tel. 620-168

Film — *The Cell* (In German). At the Goethe Institute, at 6 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Film — *Ballad for a Dog*, by Gerard Vergez. At the French Institute, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 9

Excursion — A visit to the Acropolis for over

14's, arranged by the American Youth Club. For details call 801-2556.

Boy Scouts — A weekend camp out. For the Kifissia Troop of the American Boy Scouts.

NOVEMBER 11

Book Fair — Until November 15. At the elementary School of A.C.S., the Halandri Campus. 9:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m.

Boy Scouts — Court of Honour. The Kifissia Troop of the American Boy Scouts. At the American Club Ballroom, 7:30 p.m.

Recital — Zoe Vatikioti, soprano. At the Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

Film — *Headlines of a Murder* (In German). At the Goethe Institute, 6 p.m. and 8 p.m.

NOVEMBER 12

AWOG — A Fine Arts Tour. To the studio of well-known Greek painter Spyros Vassiliou and the National Gallery of Art. For further details contact Eddie Cotsis at 801-2898.

Bake Sale — See November 5.

Lecture — *The Cybernetic Town — Spatial-Dynamic Sculpture*. French sculptor, Nicolas Schoffer, will present his works. At the French Institute, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 13

Kafee-Klatsch — For the younger members of the German Community. A talk on *Modern Religious Books*. At 66 Sina, 4:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 14

Duplicate Bridge — See November 7.

NOVEMBER 15

AWOG — Exploring Athens: A walking tour of Plaka. For further details contact Eddie Cotsis at 801-2898.

NOVEMBER 16

Slave Sale — Does your car need washing? Do you have odd jobs to be done? The 'slaves' will sell their services to raise money for a London trip. Organized by the American Youth Club. For details call 801-2556.

Marine Ball — At the Athens Hilton.

NOVEMBER 18

Feature Film — *An Inspector Calls*. At the British Council, 8 p.m.

Jazz Concert — The Albert Mangeldorff Quartet. Under the auspices of the Goethe Institute. At the Akropole Theatre, 8 p.m.

Film — *Teresa*, by Gerard Vergez. At the French Institute, 8 p.m.

NOVEMBER 19

Rotary Club — Dinner. To be addressed by Haralambos Delis: *Athenais: A Byzantine Empress*. At the Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. (In Greek). For information: Tel. 623-150.

Bake Sale — See November 5.

Feature Film — See November 18.

Cours Public — *The Town*. Given by Edith Desaleux and Georges Rouault. At the French Institute, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 20

Play Afternoon — For German children. Movies will be shown. At Sina 66, 4:30 p.m. Further information: 612-288.

Chamber Music — A concert by the chamber orchestra of the University of Athens. At the Athens Hilton, 8:30 p.m.

Lecture — *Crossroads in a Literary Republic*. (In German). Given by Dieter Lattmann at the Goethe Institute, 8 p.m.

Exhibition — Until December 6. *German Books 1972*. At the Goethe Institute.

NOVEMBER 21

AWOG — Luncheon and fashion show. At the Royal Olympic Hotel, 11:30 a.m. Tickets and information: contact Norma Carvelas at 982-4014.

Literary Workshop — Led by Dieter Lattmann. At the Goethe Institute, 8 p.m.

Recital — Modern music. Maurice Borgue, oboe, soloist of L'Orchestre de Paris. At the French Institute, 8 p.m.

Duplicate Bridge — See November 7.

NOVEMBER 22

AWOG — Archeological Trip. A visit to Sounion and Thorikos. For further details contact Eddie Cotsis at 801-2898.

Christmas Bazaar — The Greek Animal Welfare Fund is holding its Christmas Bazaar at the British Council. Open from 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m.

Exhibition — Until November 27. *Christmas Ships* arranged by the Athens Society of the Friends of the Trees (Elliniki Filodassiki Etairia). At the Athens Hilton.

Lecture — *Byron, Between England, Italy and Greece*, given by essayist Andreas Marketos (In Greek with summary in Italian). In collaboration with the British Council. At the Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 23

Fashion Show — Presented by the Boutique Sored. In the Terpsichore Room of the Athens Hilton, 7:30 p.m. Tickets from Boutiques Sored, Pindarou 11.

Christmas Bazaar — See November 22.

NOVEMBER 24

Christos Kirche — A special service. Held at the First Cemetery (Proti Nekrotafeion) at 11:30 a.m.

NOVEMBER 25

Lecture-Debate — *The Theatre in France*. Led by Denis Bablet. At the French Institute, 8 p.m.

Piano Recital — Marguerite Wolff. At the British Council, 8 p.m.

NOVEMBER 26

AWOG — A visit to the Goulandris Museum of Natural History. For further details contact Jean Butler at 671-3615.

Bake Sale — See November 5.

Rotary Club — Dinner. To be addressed by Leonidas Lolos: *Inflation and its Consequences*. At the Kings Palace Hotel, 8:45 p.m. (In Greek). For information: Tel. 623-150.

Cours Public — See November 19.

NOVEMBER 28

Thanksgiving Dinner — A special menu is being offered in the Taverna Ta Nissia at the Athens Hilton. For reservations call 720-201.

Duplicate Bridge — See November 7.

NOVEMBER 29

Recital — For piano and violin. The Duo Barbetti of Florence. At the Italian Institute, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 30

Christmas Bazaar — The German Community's annual Christmas Bazaar. At the Dorpfeld Gymnasium, Amaroussion. For information: Tel. 612-288.

DECEMBER 1

Christmas Bazaar — See November 30.

THE ATHENIAN

Greece's English Language Monthly
Vol. 1, No. 13, November, 1974

Alopekis 20, Kolonaki
Athens 139
Telephone: 724-204

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Koumbari 6, Athens

PRINTED BY

E. Valassakis / K. Angelis O.E.

E. Valassakis, Sina 38

PHOTO TYPESETTING

Fotron S.A. - A. Lechonitis,

Anap. Polemou 16

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Greece & Cyprus: 1 yr. - 200 Drs.

Other countries: 1 yr. - \$9

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publisher's note

As The Athenian goes to press the country is preparing for the general election. Alec Kitroeff provides a guide to the various parties and attempts to shed some light on the electoral system in 'The General Election: What It's All About.'

In a more sardonic mood, Mr. Kitroeff takes us through the steps of voting procedures for the benefit of a great number of our citizens — some in their thirties — who will be exercising their franchise for the first time.

Our cover is by Spyros Vassiliou, one of Greece's foremost artists. He has exhibited in London, Paris, New York, Basel, Zurich, and Sao Paulo. His first exhibition took place in Athens 45 years ago, and his latest will be opening here at the end of this month.



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goings on in athens

SAINT'S DAYS OCCURRING IN THE NEXT FORTNIGHT: It is traditional in Greece to send greetings to your friends on their 'namedays.' These greetings may take the form of a phone call, a cable, or a gift of flowers, sweets, etc.

NOVEMBER 1 Kosmas, Damianou
 NOVEMBER 8 Michael, Gabriel, Angelos, Angeliki
 NOVEMBER 11 Mina, Minas
 NOVEMBER 13 Chrisostomos
 NOVEMBER 14 Phillip
 NOVEMBER 16 Matthew
 NOVEMBER 21 Presentation of the Virgin Mary — Panos, Panayiotis, Maria, Mary, Marika
 NOVEMBER 25 Aikaterini, Katy, Katerina
 NOVEMBER 26 Stylianos, Stelios, Styliani, Stella
 NOVEMBER 30 Andreas
 DECEMBER 4 Barbara
 DECEMBER 5 Savvas
 DECEMBER 6 Nikolaos, Nikos, Nicoletta

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS

NOVEMBER 1 All Saints' Day
 NOVEMBER 7 U.S.S.R. — Anniversary of the Revolution 1917
 NOVEMBER 11 Remembrance Day
 NOVEMBER 11 Sweden — Anniversary of King Gustav Adolph VI
 NOVEMBER 22 Lebanon — Independence
 NOVEMBER 28 Thanksgiving Day — USA
 NOVEMBER 29 Yugoslavia — Proclamation of the Republic

ADULT EDUCATION

At the British Council: *Introduction to English Literature*, until May, 1975. Classes will meet two evenings a week, from 7 p.m. - 9 p.m. Tel. 633-211.

The Athens YWCA (XEN), Amerikis 11, tel. 624-291. Courses in pottery and painting, handicrafts, Greek for foreigners and gymnastics beginning October 1. For all information contact Miss Griva.

The Athens YMCA (XAN), Omirou 28 & Academias, tel. 614-944, 626-970. Courses in English (Lower Cambridge), French and Greek for foreigners, shorthand, accounting, sewing, gymnastics.

Downtown Campus of Deree College, Athens Tower 'C', tel. 780-329. Day and evening courses in the English language, the Greek language and Business Administration.

The American Community Schools are offering evening classes at the Halandri Campus: Conversational Modern Greek; The History of Ancient Greek Thought; Film-Making, from Screenplay to Screen; Greek Folk Dances; Introduction to Digital Computers and Photography. Open to all. For further information contact the Community Relations Office, Tel. 659-3200.

St. Andrews Church Program of Adult Community Education, 'Interface 3' — November 14 — *Traditional Greek and American Values — Disarray and Dialogue*. At ACS, 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. November 21 — *The Greek - American Friendship — Is it Finished?* At ACS, 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.

INSTITUTES

FRENCH INSTITUTE, Sina 29, tel. 610-013. Courses in the French language: fundamental, intense, advance, specialist. Courses in teaching, translating and commercial French. There is also a lending library for French books and records.

GOETHE INSTITUTE, Phidiou 14-16, tel. 636-086. Courses in German language, commercial correspondence, shorthand, literature, translation, German for the legal profession begin October 14. Lending library for books, records and some films.

HELLENIC AMERICAN UNION, 22 Massalias, tel. 629-886. Courses in the English language, American Civilization and American Cinema begin October 7. Examinations for the University of Michigan, T.E.F.L. and E.C.F.M.G. Greek for foreigners also offered. A lending library of books in Greek and English.

ITALIAN INSTITUTE, Patission 47, tel. 529-294. A 4-year diploma course in the Italian Language which gives the holder the right to teach Italian in Greece. This can be followed by a two-year course in Italian Civilization and/or a two-year course in interpreting, simultaneous translation and stenography. Lending library of Italian books and films, a reference library of newspapers and periodicals, facilities for transferring Italian records to tapes and language laboratories.

SPANISH INSTITUTE, Koumbari 8, tel. 634-931. A two-year diploma course in the Spanish language. Courses begin on October 1. Greek for foreigners can be arranged. Classes for young children from Spanish or Latin-American families can also be arranged.

A.C.S. MERITS CONGRATULATIONS

Every year over 2,000,000 students in the United States and the world take the National Merit Test. Of this number, only 38,000 — less than 2 percent — are commended.

For a school the size of the Academy of the American Community Schools, to place nine students in the top two percent of the Nation, as it did last year, is an outstanding distinction. Excellent schools, three times the size of the Academy, seldom receive more than four or five commendations.

Last year, the following eight students of the American Academy joined the select group commended by the national Merit Scholarship Corporation: Lisa Ferentinos, George Kaffrezakis, Kathy Kaliher, Vera Kark, Wesley McGrew, George Paras, Edwin Ramos and Steven Stricklin. In addition, George Chaltas became a semi-finalist making him one of just 15,000 — an even greater distinction.

SCHOLASTIC APTITUDE AND ACHIEVEMENT

Registration for Achievement Tests to be taken on January 11 must be post-marked not later than November 29. (Late registration is not accepted by the Education Testing Service for overseas centres). Forms available at American Academy Counselling office.

CONSERVATOIRES

The three conservatoires listed are the recognised schools of music in Athens. Foreigners are accepted if professors of the instrument they wish to study speak their language.

Ellinikon Odion, Didotou 53, Tel. 620-098. Founded in 1899.

Ethnikon Odion, Mezonos 8, Tel. 533-175. Founded in 1926.

Odion Athinon, Piraos 35, Tel. 522-811. Founded in 1871.

PLANETARIUM

The Planetarium, Syngrou Avenue (near the Race Course). Through Nov. 10: *Space Subjects*, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, 7 p.m. Nov. 11 — Dec. 8: *Cruise in the South Seas*, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, 7 p.m. Nov. 3 at 12 Noon: *November Horoscopes*, Nov. 24 at 12 Noon: *Music Under the Stars — 2001: Space Odyssey*. In Greek but of interest to all. Foreign language programs can be arranged. Contact Mrs Vereketi at 933-3333.

MUSIC AND MOVEMENT

The Matey School, Dimocharou 27, Tel. 711-429. Courses in the 'Orf' System, modern dance, ballet, ladies' exercise classes to music. Children from the age of three but there is a waiting list. Greek, English, French, German spoken.

The Pratsica School, Aristodemou Pappa 4, Tel. 646-6972. Mrs Pratsica has her own system. Ladies' exercise classes to music. Children from the age of three. Greek, English, German spoken.

The Karela School, Mithimnis 19, Platia Amerikis, Tel. 858-235. Courses in the 'Orf' System, modern dance, ballet, ladies' exercise classes to music. Children from the age of four and a half. Languages: Greek, French, German.

YOGA

The Yoga Institute, Mavromateon 2a (by the National Museum), Tel. 819-345 between 8-9 a.m. and 1-4 p.m. One hour twice weekly: 600 Drs a month. One hour a week for ten weeks: 650 Drs. Miss Milioni studied Yoga for ten years in Australia and India. This institute has an excellent reputation.

BAKING ROUND THE WORLD

The St. Andrews Womens Guild is accepting orders for cookies and cakes made by the members from international recipes. Call Nancy Preston at 682-2540 or Roberta Ring at 651-3193.

MUSEUMS

- National Archaeological Museum, Tositsa and Patisision Street — Housed in a neo-classical building, the museum contains the world's finest collection of ancient Greek art — from the prehistoric Geometric period down to the Hellenistic. Six rooms of Archaic sculpture, including several of the massive 'kouroi'; the Poseidon of Artemision; classical funeral monuments; three rooms of classical sculpture, highlighted by the Diadoumenos; a room of finds from Epidauros; the Youth from Antikythera; two rooms of Hellenistic sculpture; and, of particular interest, an exhibition of finds from Santorini. Open daily from 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. Sundays 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays. Tel.: 817-717.
- Athens Numismatic Collection, first floor, National Archaeological Museum — One of the world's finest collections of tokens, coins and seals ranging from the 7th century B.C. right up to the present. Open Daily: 8 a.m. - 2:30 p.m. Closed Sundays and Mondays. Tel: 817-769.
- The Akropolis Museum, on the Akropolis — As absorbing as the Parthenon itself, the museum contains pediments from Archaic temples; slabs from the frieze, metopes and sculptures from the pediments of the Parthenon; the lithe, flowing Victories from the parapet of the Athena Niki; the almost delicate figures from the Erechtheum frieze. Deserves as much time and attention as the National. The 'Kores', high-cheeked and as enigmatic now as ever, command contemplation. Open daily: 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Sundays and holidays 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. Closed Tuesdays. Tel.: 323-6665.
- The Agora Museum, in the Stoa of Attalos, entrance from either Platia Thession or Adrianou 24, Plaka — Housed in the reconstructed Stoa, originally built for the city by Attalos II of Pergammon (159 - 138 B.C.), it contains finds from the Agora excavations — a variety of objects from Neolithic pottery to Hellenistic sculpture. Perhaps what makes the Museum so interesting is the knowledge that many of the objects displayed — potsherds, tiles, weapons, jewellery, amphorae, household utensils, and lamps — were the every day paraphernalia of the bustling market life. Open daily: 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Sundays and holidays 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. Closed Mondays. Tel.: 321-0185.
- Byzantine Museum, Vassilissis Sophias 22 — In the Florentine-style villa built in 1848 for the Duchess of Plaisance. The central attraction is the collection of Byzantine and post-Byzantine icons. Also on display are frescoes, illuminated manuscripts, church vestments with remarkable examples of the art of embroidery, church plates and jewellery. Open daily: 9 a.m. - 4 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays. Tel: 711-027.
- Museum of Greek Popular Art, Thespidos Kythathineon 17, Plaka — One of the best displayed collections in the city. A limited but excellent collection of embroideries, traditional folk costumes, wood-carvings, jewellery, metal-work, and pottery attesting to the craftsmanship and traditions of pre-industrial Greece. Open daily: 10 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Mondays. Tel: 321-3018.
- Benaki Museum, Vassilissis Sophias and

Koumbari St. — This fine neoclassical house contains a treasure of Greek art from prehistoric time down to the present. On display are icons, manuscripts, church vestments and embroideries, wood-carvings, and jewellery from Byzantine and post-Byzantine times. An excellent collection of folk costumes and handicrafts. Rare collection of ecclesiastical relics brought from Asia Minor at the time of the exchange of populations. The Eleftherios Venizelos room contains the personal possessions, manuscripts and photographs of the late statesman. In addition, a display of Islamic, Coptic and Turkish objets d'art — including textiles, carpets, embroideries, jewellery and weapons — and an unusual display of Chinese porcelain. Open daily: 8.30 a.m. - 2 p.m. Sundays and holidays 8.30 a.m. - 2 p.m. Closed Tuesdays. Tel: 611-617.

National Historical Museum, on Stadiou St. (near Syntagma) — Housed in the old Parliament building, designed by Boulanger and built in 1858. A collection of relics, mementoes and memorabilia from the wars and revolutions which created the modern Greek nation. Open daily: 9:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. Closed Mondays. Tel.: 323-7617.



National Picture Gallery, Vassileos Konstantinou (opposite the Hilton Hotel). Works by Greek painters from the 18th century to the present. A few El Grecos and a collection of works by Italian, Flemish and Dutch masters. Of special interest is the collection of sketches, including drawings by Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Watteau and others, and the exhibit of engravings — from Durer and Brueghel to Braque and Picasso. Open daily: 9:00 a.m. - 1.00 p.m.; 4.00 p.m. - 8.00 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 10.00 a.m. - 2.00 p.m. Closed Tuesdays. Tel: 711-010.

Kerameikos Museum, Ermou 148 (Monasteraki) — Located in the ancient cemetery, it houses the finds from the excavation of the cemetery. Archaic and classical funerary sculpture but of perhaps greater interest is the collection of pottery from the pre-Mycenean period down to the Roman period. Open daily: 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Sundays and holidays, 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. Closed Mondays. Tel.: 363-552.

The Goulandris Natural History Museum, Levidou 13, Kifissia — This is the first centre in Greece to be devoted to the study of Flora, Zoology, Entomology, Geology and Paleontology. Exhibition halls open daily and Sundays from 10:00 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 5 p.m. 8 p.m. Closed on Fridays. Tel: 801-5870.



LIBRARIES

- AMERICAN LIBRARY — Massalias 22, 4th floor of Hellenic American Union. Tel. 638-114. 14,000 American books on all subjects; periodicals; records; reading room. (Mon. - Fri. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 6 p.m. - 9 p.m.)
- AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES — GENNADIOS LIBRARY — Souidias 61. Tel. 710-536. a research library on Greece of all periods, from antiquity to the present. Permanent display of rare books, manuscripts and pictures. (Mon. - Fri. 9 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. and 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. - 1:15 p.m.)
- ATHENS COLLEGE LIBRARY — Psychiko. Tel. 671-4628 ext. 60. 25,000 books in English. (Mon. - Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 1 p.m., 2:30 p.m. - 4 p.m.) By permission only.
- BENAKIOS LIBRARY — Anthimioi Gazi 2 (near statue of Kolokotroni). Tel. 322-7148. (Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 1 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., closed Saturdays.)
- BRITISH COUNCIL LIBRARY — Kolonaki Square. Tel. 633-211. English books on various subjects; reference library; reading room; record library. (Mon. - Thurs. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 6 p.m. - 8:45 p.m., Fri. 9 - 1 Closed Sats.)
- BRITISH EMBASSY INFORMATION DEPARTMENT LIBRARY — Karageorgi Servias 2, Syntagma Square. Tel. 736-211 ext. 227 A reference, not a lending library, with material on the British way of life. (Mon. Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 2 p.m., Tues. and Wed. 4 p.m. - 7 p.m.)
- FRENCH INSTITUTE LIBRARY — Sina 29. Tel. 614-841. French books and records. (Mon. - Sat. 9:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., except Saturday.)
- GERMAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE — Pheidon 1. Tel. 620-270. (Mon-Sat. 9a.m. - 12; 2 p.m. - 5 p.m.; - 8 p.m. — according to the holder's card.
- GOETHE INSTITUTE LIBRARY — Phidiou 14 - 16. Tel. 636-086. German books and records. (Mon. - Fri. 10 a.m. - 2 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m.)
- GREEK ANIMAL WELFARE FUND LENDING LIBRARY — Paster 12. Tel. 6435-391. (Mon. - Sat. 9 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.)
- HELLENIC AMERICAN UNION LIBRARY — Massalias 22, 7th floor. Tel. 638-114. Most books in Greek; a few books in English on ancient and modern Greece; records. (Mon - Fri. 8:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m. - 8:30 p.m. Closed Sats.
- ITALIAN INSTITUTE LIBRARY — Patisision 47. Tel. 529-294. (Mon. - Fri. and every other Saturday 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.)
- NATIONAL RESEARCH CENTRE LIBRARY — Vassileos Constantinou 48. Tel. 729-811 (Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 1 p.m., 4 p.m. - 8:45 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m. - 1 p.m.)
- NATIONAL LIBRARY — Panepistimiou Ave. Tel. 614-413. (Mon. - Sat. 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., 5 p.m. - 8 p.m., except Saturday.)
- NATIONAL THEATRE LIBRARY — Aghios Constantinou. Tel. 520-585, ext. 24 Books on drama and theatre. (Mon-Sat. 7.30 a.m. - 2 p.m.)
- POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL LIBRARY — Patisision St. tel. 611-859. Books on architecture, engineering, etc. (Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. - 7:45 p.m., Sats. 8 a.m. - 1:45 p.m.)
- PIERCE COLLEGE LIBRARY — Aghia Paraskevi. Tel. 659-3250, ext. 334. (Mon. - Fri, 8:30 a.m. - 6 p.m.)
- PARLIAMENT LIBRARY — Vassilissis Sophias Ave. Tel. 323-8350. (Mon. - Sat. 8 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.)

goings on in athens

MUSIC

Musical events held at the various institutes are listed under Community Calender.

THE ATHENS STATE ORCHESTRA will commence regular Monday night concerts on November 4. They will be held at the Rex Theatre, on Panepistimiou Street at 8:30 p.m. Tel. 620-320.

THE LYRIKI SKINI (National Opera Company) will probably begin their new season in November. Concerts will be held at the Olympic Theatre, Academias Street, Tel. 612-461.



ART GALLERIES

GALLERY ORA — Pitsa Mavrou, etchings, first and second levels (November 4-23). Houliaras, drawings, on the first level (November 25-December 13). Xenofondos 7. Open daily from 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 322-6632.

GALLERY ZOUMBOULAKIS-TASSOS — Richard Smith, graphics and multiples, (until November 9). Kokkinides, paintings (from November 10). Open daily from 9:30 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Closed Wednesdays from 2:00 p.m. Closed Saturdays 2:00 p.m. to Monday 12 noon. Tel. 634-454.

GALLERY IOLAS - ZOUMBOULAKIS — 'Takis', sculptures (this exhibition continues). 20 Filikis Eterias (Kolonaki Square). Open daily from 9:30 a.m. - 2:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Closed Wednesdays from 2:00 p.m. Closed Saturdays 2:00 p.m. to Monday 12 noon. Tel. 608-278.

DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY — Valia Nelavitsky, paintings (from November 2). Kidathineou Street, Plateia Filomousou Eterias. Open daily and Sundays from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Tel. 322-4618.

DIOGENES INTERNATIONAL GALLERY — Group show of Greek and foreign artists (permanent exhibition). Diogenes Street, Plaka. Open daily and Sundays from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Tel. 322-6942.

GALLERY PARNASSOS — Constantinos Grigoriades, paintings, on the first level. Andonis Kanas, paintings, on the third level (Until November 9). Stella Xarkou, paintings, on the first level. Constantinos Fassos, paintings, Chris Samarakis, paintings, on the second level. Panos Papazachariades, paintings, on the third level (November 10-29). Aghiou Georgiou, Karitsi 8. Tel. 322-5310. Open daily from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Open Sundays.

NEES MORPHES — Regone Pierakou, paintings (Until November 9). Udinotti, reliefs and book of poems (November 13-19). Vekerzdis, paintings (November 20 - December 5). Valaoritou 9a. Open daily from 10:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Closed Saturdays 2:00 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 616-165.

ATHENS GALLERY — Costas Coulendianos, sculpture, tapestry, drawings (This exhibition continues). Glykonos 4, Dexamini. Open daily from 10:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Closed Saturdays 1:30 p.m. Closed Sundays. Tel. 713-938.

GALLERY DESMOS — George Tougas with music by Argyris Kounadis (Until November 16). Yannis Michas, etchings (November 21-26). Leoforos Syngrou 4. Open daily from 6:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. Closed Saturdays. Tel. 910-521.

GALLERY SEVEN — Alix Steiner-Beomma, drawings (Until November 17). Leonor Fini, paintings (from November 17). Voullis 7. Open daily from 10:00 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and 5:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Closed Wednesdays 1:30 p.m. Closed Saturdays 1:30 p.m. Tel. 324-1695.

RECREATIONAL

GOLF

The Glyfada Golf Club, Glyfada (894-6820). Membership requires two regular Greek members as sponsors. Initial membership is 20,000 Drs for one person and 30,000 Drs for a couple. Yearly membership fee of 3,000 Drs for one person and 4,500 Drs for a couple. Visitors to Greece pay a daily fee of 120 Drs on weekends; for 15 days, 1,200 Drs; for a month, 2,100 Drs. A caddy costs 100 Drs for one round (18 Holes). To rent clubs costs 75 Drs and golf carts, 25 Drs. The course has an overall distance of 6,125 meters or 6,725 yards, with 18 holes. Famous Scots golfer Hector Thomson, George Sotiropoulos and Beatrice Stergiou are the club's professionals. Clubhouse contains a restaurant, a tv room, changing facilities and showers. Open 7 days a week from 7 a.m. to sunset year round. For information call Mr. Dedes.

SHOOTING CLUBS

The Panhellenic Shooting Association, Skopectiriou Street, Kaisariani (766-0134). Yearly membership fee, 50 Drs. 1 Dr. per shot and 1.50 Dr. per target. Open daily from 8:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. and 4:30 p.m. - 6:30 p.m. Sundays, 8:30 a.m. - 1 p.m. For information call Mr. Vasilli Dermitzaki.

The Greek Clay Pigeon Shooting Association (OFKO), Philadelphia Street, Kaisariani. Initial membership, 500 Drs. Yearly membership fee, 300 Drs. Open daily from 5 p.m. Closed Mondays. For information call Mr. Lycouris, Secretary General of the Greek Federation of Target Shooting, at 322-4335.

The Greek Touring Club has planned many interesting trips. For further information visit Polytechnion 12, Patissia, or call Miss Savaki at 548-600.

November 2/3: A two-day trip to Nafplion - Leonidio - Moni Elonis - Astros - Moni Loukous, leaving at 3:30 p.m. Saturday.
November 3: A day trip to Mycenae - Tiryns - Nafplion, leaving at 8:30 a.m... A day-trip to Davleia-Moni Ierousalim, leaving at 8 a.m.... A day-trip to Hasia - Moni Kleiston - Frourio Filis, leaving at 9 a.m.

November 6: An afternoon trip to Voula - Vouliagmeni - Varkiza - ending up at the Evgenides Foundation, leaving at 4 p.m.

November 9/10: A two-day trip to Kammena Voula - Moni Damastas - Moni Agathonos, leaving 3:20 p.m. Saturday.

November 10: A day-trip to Osios Loukas - Delfi, leaving at 8 a.m... A day-trip to Sikyon - Limni Stimfalia - Kastania - Goura, leaving at 8 a.m... A day-trip to Halkida - Prokopio - Limni Evoias, leaving at 8 a.m... A day-trip to Kalamos - Moni Kaloleivado - Megali Revythia - Agioi Apostoloi, leaving at 8:30.

November 16/17: A two-day trip to Lamia - Fourni - Karpenisi, leaving 3:30 p.m. Saturday.

November 17: A day-trip to Orhomenos - Akraifnion - Manteion Ptoou - Apollonos - Malesina - Paralia Theologou, leaving at 8 a.m.... A day-trip to Aliveri - Ergostasio DEH - Eretria - Pezonisi, leaving at 8:30 a.m.... A day-trip to Larymna, leaving at 8 a.m... A day-trip to Kouvaras - Moni Kronizas - Moni Ierousalim - Avlaki, leaving at 8:30 a.m.

November 23: An afternoon trip to Moni Kaisarianis - Asteroskopeio Athinon - Glyfada, leaving at 4 p.m.

November 23/24: A two-day trip to Tripoli - Vitina - Magoyliana - Dimitsana - Stemnitsa, leaving 2:30 p.m. Saturday.

November 24: A day-trip to Archaia Ereneia - Osios Meletios Moni Ag. Georgiou - Villia - Aigosthena, leaving at 8:30 a.m. A day - trip to Halkida - Politika - Steni, leaving at 8 a.m. A day-trip to Megara - Osios Ierostheos - Pahi - Moni Faneromenis - Salamina, leaving at 8:30 a.m. A day-trip to Villia -Kithairon, leaving at 8:30 a.m.

THEATRE

Regular evening performances begin at 9:00, 9:15, or 9:30. Matinees are at 6:00, 6:15 or 6:30 on Saturdays and Sundays — as well as on one week-day. It varies from theatre to theatre.

THE NATIONAL THEATER — The new General Director, Alexis Minotis, a veteran actor and director of the State Theater, will direct Büchner's *Dantons Tod*. Aghiou Konstantinou 30, Tel. 523-242.

ATHENA — Yannis Fertis and Xenia Kalogeropoulou present Bertolt Brecht's *The Private Tutor*, Brecht's adaptation of a play by Lenz showing how education passed from the hands of the aristocracy to those of the bourgeoisie and was thus emasculated. The play was translated by Marios Ploritis and is directed by Xenia Kalogeropoulou. Vass. Andronides, Vass. Andreopoulos, Chr. Tsangas and Betty Valassi play the leading roles. Derigny and Patission St. (about 120 yards from Alexandra Sq.) Tel: 837-330.

ATHINON — A revival of William Faulkner's play *Requiem for a Nun* presented by Voula Zoumboulaki who plays the lead, and Dimitri Myrat. The latter is both translator and director. Voukourestiou 10. Tel: 323-1221.

ALAMBRA — Kostas Karras leads a group of actors who include Nelli Angelidou, Stavros Konstantopoulos and Anna Veneti in Sean O'Casey's *Red Roses for Paul Matessis* has adapted the play for the Greek stage, Kostas Bakas directs. Stavros Xarhakos has written the music. 53 Stournara St. (near Politechnion). Tel: 527-497. (See Theater).

ALIKIS — Playwright George Roussos has written another historical play *Mando Mavrogenous* about a great heroine of the War of Independence in which Aliki Vouyouklaki stars, and Kostas Michaelides directs. Mikis Theodorakis has composed the music. Amerikis 4, Tel: 324-4146.

ALFA — The group under Stefanos Lineos and Elli Fotiou continues last year's hit, *The Key-Keepers*. They have announced the production of a second play, *The Rosenbergs Will Never Die* by Allain Decaux. 28 Octomvriou and Stournara St. Tel: 538-742 and 525-032. (See Theatre).

ANALYTI — Kakia Analyti and Kostas Rigopoulos whose 'Agapimou Ouaoua' established a record for its long run, are presenting Kostas Moursellas' *The Ear of Alexander*. This dramatic comedy is a bitter satire on family and social life. Antoniadou and Patission St. Tel: 839-739 (See Theatre).

AMIRAL — Smaroula Youli presents a satirical sequence of short plays, written by three well-known modern Greek playwrights: Moursellas, Bost and Skourtis. Amerikis 10 Tel: 639-385.

ANIKHTO THEATRO — Actor-director, George Mihaelides, and his troupe in a new social drama, *The Trial of the Six*. The play is based on the 1922 execution of six political and military leaders after the defeat of the Greeks in Asia Minor and the burning of Smyrna. Kefalinias 18, Tel: 835-070.

BROADWAY — Another comedy by the famous columnist and playwright Dimitri Psathas, *The Little Man*, presented by Yannis Yionakis and his group. Patission and Ag. Meletiou Stt. Tel: 862-0231.

DIANA — Vera Zavitsianou and Angelos Antonopoulos lead a cast which includes Lila Papayanni, Minas Christides, Katerina Vassilakou and Nikos Aperghis, in the six character play, *Absurd Person Singular* by Allan Ayckbourn, made even more absurd by its Greek title *The Bourgeois Class is Joking*. Directed by Minas Christides. Ipokratous 7. Tel: 626-956.

DIONYSSIA — Elli Lambetti returns to the stage after several years' absence to star in Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*. Minos Volonakis directs. Amerikis 10. Tel: 624-021.

ERENVA — Actor and producer Dimitri Potamitis presents his own play *The Last Temptations of Adam and Eve*. Ilision-Kerasountos Stt. Tel: 780-826.

GLORIA — Kostas Prentenderis, has written a play in which Kostas Voutsas and Maro Kontou star. Ipokratous 7. Tel. 626-702.

KAVA — Nikos Hadjisicos and Titika Nikiforaki will present a new Greek play, *We Did Not Give This Street the Name of Patience*, by Notis Perialis. Stadiou 50. Tel: 321-0237.



KOTOPOULI — Stavros Paravas and Zoe Laskari head a group presenting a review written by Freddy Germanos and cartoonist, Kyr. El. Venizelou (Panepistimiou) 48. Tel: 635-167, 614-592.

KIVOS — This avant-garde theatre in Pireaus in another play — the fourth this season — by Brecht, *Schweik in the Second World War*. Vas. Konstantinou 12. Tel. 425-633.

MOUSSOURI — Kostas Moussouris with a Russian play, *I Want to see Mussov* by Valentin Katayev as adapted by Sauvajon and translated by Marios Ploritis. Directed by Kostas Moussouris, the cast includes Maria Marmarimou, Martha Vourtsi, Despina Nikolaidou, Kakia Dandoulaki, Stavros Xenides, Babis Katsoulis and Mimis Fotopoulos. Karitsi Square 6, Tel: 323-6064, 322-2748. (See Theatre).

ORWO — A new group called the 'Institution of Mixed Theatre' presents *The Fall from the Galaxi* — a play by Alkistis Gaspari dealing with youth and their problems. A dozen actors will work under the direction of Eriko Andreou. Voukourestiou 10. Tel: 323-1259.

PIRAMATIKO — This experimental theatre's founder, Marietta Rialdi, presents her

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new play *Sk...* (which presumably is equivalent to the English *Sh...*) in which she plays the lead and directs. Akademias 28. Tel: 619-944.

RIALTO — Kanellos Apostolos directs the group, 'Free Circle' in Aristophanes' *Pluto*. Olga Tournelli plays the role of Poverty. Kypselis 54, Aghiou Meletiou. Tel. 837-003

SATIRA — Vassili Diamandopoulos and George Mihalopoulos, founders of the Theatre of Satira, co-star in Jules Feiffer's *Little Murderers*, winner of the London Drama Critics' award for the best foreign play in 1967. Trikorfon 3, Tel: 822-696.

SINEAC — Alekos Alexandrakis and Nonika Galinea star in a play by the Rev. Daniel Berrigan translated and directed by Minos Volonakis, who has returned to Greece from London after a long absence. Andreas Filippides and Faedon Yeoryitsis have joined the group. The play deals with an actual incident during the war in Vietnam. Panepistimiou 48.

TECHNIS — At the Art Theatre, Karolos Koun presents the famous Brechtian play, *Fear and Misery under the Third Reich* — better known in English as *The Private Life of the Master Race*. The play was translated by Peter Markaris. Stadiou 52, Tel: 322-8706.

VEAKI — Karolos Koun again. On the second stage at his Stournara Street theatre, he is presenting *Isabella*, *Two Caravelles* and *a Story Teller*, a peculiar satirical folk play by Dario Fo. In the *Commedia dell'arte* style, the play deals with the story of Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella. Translated by Kostis Skalioras. Directed by Karolos Koun. Stournara 32. Tel: 523-522.

VEMBO — Moustakas, Fonsou, Voyadjis, Preskas, Stylianopoulou, Metaxopoulos and Fontana in a musical review by Jaques Jacovides: *We have a Leader with Eye-Brows*. Karolou 18. Tel: 523-453.

VERGI — Actress Elsa Vergi repeats last year's success, *The Dance* by Nikolas Zakopoulos but this time in its entirety, including portions cut by the military censors. Voukourestiou 1 (Stoa Metoxikou Tamiou). Tel: 322-9061, 323-5235.

VRETANIA — The group from the 'Elefthero Theatro' (Free Theatre) with the world premiere of a play by Hourmouzis written circa 1835. A chieftain of the Greek Revolution, Hourmouzis suffered after independence at the hands of the Bavarians who held all the key governmental positions in 'free' Greece. His play *The Adventurer* is obviously a satire on this period. As is customary in the Free Theatre, the play is team-directed. Music by George Papadakis and sets and costumes by the painter Savas Haratsidis. El. Venizelou 7, Tel: 322-1579.

cinema

The new films appear, and sometimes remain, at first run theatres for prolonged engagements, reappearing later in the neighborhoods and suburbs. We suggest you keep the listings for future reference. The following are some of the films appearing in the Athens area in November. The Greek title is shown in parenthesis and the restriction in brackets follows the description. Wherever possible we have given the precise age restriction.

AMERICAN GRAFFITI (Neanika Synthemata)

— Small town suburban America in 1962, a kind of never - never land time before the Vietnam War and the social upheavals. The film amusingly chronicles one evening in the lives of a group of characters who have just graduated from high school and have not made up their minds about what should come next. Director George Lucas handles four parallel stories deftly while Richard Dreyfuss turns in a fine performance as an easy-going fellow reminiscent of Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*. [17]

THE EXORCIST (O Exorkistis) — William Friedkin who entertained us with his direction of *The French Connection* has returned to disgust rather than to frighten us with this film based on the best-seller by William Peter Blatty (who also wrote the screenplay). The acting by Ellen Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb and Jason Miller as well as the cinematography are of a high quality but it is wasted on a pretentious story about a girl possessed by the devil and depends on cheap tricks rather than substance. [17]

THE GREAT GATSBY (O Iperohos Gatsby).

The only thing great about this re-filming of Fitzgerald's classic was the budget. Even if one tries to forget Fitzgerald and enjoy the film as a film, one is confronted with a slow-paced work of little imagination. British director Jack Clayton causes super-star Robert Redford to falter as Gatsby. Sam Waterston as Nick the narrator is worth watching, however, because of his easy-going Mid-Western manner (he at times reminds one of a young Will Rogers), and Mia Farrow is an appropriately flitty and flighty Daisy.

HARRY IN YOUR POCKET (O Telefteos Portofolas) — A detective story with humour. Directed by Bruce Geller, with James Coburn, Walter Pidgeon. [17]

LACOMBE LUCIEN — (Lakomb Lucien, Praktor Tis Gestapo) Louis Malle who last year brought us the provocative *Murmur of the Heart* about a mother / son affair is back this year with an action film. [17]

LEMMERDEUR (O Kakos Belas) — A box-office success in France, directed by Edouard Molinaro (*Girls for the Summer, A Ravishing Idiot, The Gentle Art of Seduction*) starring Lino Ventura and Jacques Brel. [17]

LE MAGNIFIQUE (Enas Yperochos Kataskopos) — Espionage again but with satire. Directed by Philippe de Broca and starring Jean-Paul Belmondo. This was France's entree at the Salonika film festival.

PANE E CIOCCOLATA (Bread and Chocolate)

— The ex-Greek Junta may have banned many films from entering Greece, but could not stop filmmakers from turning out productions with anti-junta themes. This Italian production, starring Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina as Greek exiles living in Switzerland, focuses on the humor and pathos of those seven long waiting years. Directed by Franco Brusati. [17]

THE PARALLAX VIEW (Ipothesis Parallax) A political thriller suggestive of the Kennedy assassinations, directed by Alan Pakula whose credits include *Klute, To Kill A Mockingbird* and *The Sterile Cuckoo*. Warren Beatty and Paula Prentiss star. [R]

SERPICO — Al Pacino of *Godfather* fame is moving and convincing in this tale of a hippy cop. Directed by Sidney Lumet who directed such films as *The Pawnbroker* and *The Group*. The music by Mikis Theodorakis seems completely off the mark. [17]

SOUNDER (E Farma Ton Xegrammenon) Black cinema has become big business, especially in films filled with drugs and violence in the Shaft tradition. But here at last is an honest and tender film about a poor Black family in the South. Paul Winfield proves to be a talented actor and Martin Ritt, a director unafraid of emotion. Music by Taj Mahal. [NR]



S.P.I.E.S (Kataskopoi) — Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould who as a team were such dynamite in M.A.S.H. are less than a feeble sparkler in this strained film involving supposedly humorous shenanigans with the CIA, the Russians and the Chinese. The only good scene is near the beginning as super-stud Gould steals Sutherland's anarchist girlfriend, admirably acted by ZouZou. [NR]

THE SUGARLAND EXPRESS (To Express Tou Sugarland) — Goldie Hawn steals the show in her best performance so far. She plays the role of a young, determined Texas mother who springs her husband from prison in order to help her rescue her child from the State Welfare folk who have put the child up for adoption. Based on a true story which took place in 1969,

most of the film is taken up with what must be the longest chase scene to reach the screen. Directed by Steven Spielberg, with a fine performance by Ben Johnson in a supporting role.

SPACE ODYSSEY 2001 (Odissia Tou Diastimatos) A re-release of Stanley Kubrick's beautiful, brutal and baffling 'trip' which has succeeded in raising science fiction to a new level of cinematic art. Based on the Arthur Clarke novel. [G]

VIGILANTES ON THE STREET (O Ektelistis Tis Nihtas) Peter Yates puts Charles Bronson through his paces, this time as a doctor who decides to take the law into his own hands when his wife is murdered. [R]

THE YEAR OF THE PIG (Ta Gourounisia Hronia) Emile de Antonio's bitter documentary of the Viet Nam conflict. De Antonio succeeds in tracing the development of American involvement from its beginnings and even goes back to film clips which explain why the French failed before the US decided to take on Ho Chi Minh.

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL (To Petagma Tou Glarou) A film about birds based on Richard Bach's novel. Hall Bartlett has altered the lean philosophical story to include a love story (of course!) and has managed some spectacular photography of seagulls (the main stars escaped after filming, so perhaps we'll be spared 'The Return of Jonathan Livingston Seagull!') Those who enjoyed the simplistic book will fall for the film. Others will prefer to have their birds served by Aristophanes or Hitchcock. [G]

STATE OF SIEGE (Katastasis Poliorkias) Costas Gavras (*Z, The Confession*) directs a fast-paced political film about CIA involvement in South America. The story is based on a true incident in Uruguay where urban guerillas captured a CIA agent (unconvincingly played by Montand). Although one may question Gavras's distortion of the facts concerning the actual event, it seems clear that this film is a more mature work than *Z*. Franco Solinas has done the script, Theodorakis has written the music dramatically played by a South American group. [R]

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (E Treis Somatophilakis) — Richard Lester (*A Hard Day's Night, Petulia*) directs an upbeat comic version of Alexander Dumas's classic that has the rich satiric density of a Hogarth print. The background is on the whole more fascinating than the main story which produces smiles rather than hearty laughter, unlike his refreshingly (at the time) funny Beate film. A large cast includes Raquel Welch, Michael York, Charlton Heston and Faye Dunaway. [NR]

ZANDY'S BRIDE — Swedish director Jan Troell who made a name for himself with *The Emigrants* and *The New Land* falls short of his earlier work in this plodding story about California pioneers. Gene Hackman and Liv Ullmann are good enough, however, to make the film tolerable.

ZORBA THE GREEK (Alexis Zorbas) — A revival of the ever-popular tale of an aging Greek with a zest for life, based roughly on the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis. Anthony Quinn who has played everything from the Pope to an Indian warrior is Zorba, Alan Bates, the young bookworm and Irene Papas, the village widow who is stoned. Michael Cacoyannis directs.

restaurants and night life

MAINLY GREEK CUISINE

The establishments reviewed have been visited by the editor of Restaurants and Night Life and are recommended as indicated.

We welcome comments from our readers and invite suggestions.

RESTAURANTS

LUXURY, WITH MUSIC

- Ta Nisia, Athens Hilton. Tel. 720 - 201. A very luxurious restaurant with Greek atmosphere. Spacious and elegant. Service and food excellent. A fabulous selection of Greek hors d'oeuvres and specialties (roasted lamb with oriental rice). Guitar music in the evening. Expensive. Mr. Fondas is the maitre and one of the best. Open daily: 12:30 - 3:30 p.m., and 7:00 - 11:30 p.m.
- The Grill Room, Astir Vouliagmeni, Tel. 896-0211. For opulent dining few surpass the gracious restaurant of the lovely Astir Vouliagmeni hotel complex. Well prepared French cuisine served with elegance. Georges Diararas at the piano. Entrees from 150 Drs. Call for reservations.
- Tudor Hall, Constitution Square. Tel. 232-0651. The penthouse of the King George Hotel. Sophisticated but warm, beautiful Tudor decor with candelabra. Magnificent view of the Acropolis especially in the summer when they move most of the tables onto the terrace. Soft appealing music in the evening. Good international cuisine, excellent service. Entrees from 150 Drs. Open daily: 1 p.m. - 4 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.
- Riva, Mihalakopoulou 114. Tel. 706-611. Very fine French cuisine served beautifully garnished. Chef Kouritis provides a fare both pleasant to the palate and to the eye. Maitre Kosta at your service. Chris Koures at the piano. Justifiably expensive. Daily 8.30 p.m. - 12.30 a.m. Closed Sundays.
- RESTAURANTS WITHOUT MUSIC**
- Balthazar, Varnazou 27 at the corner of Tsoha (close to U.S. Ambassador's residence). Tel. 644-1215. Mr. & Mrs. Paleologos preside at this spacious old mansion decorated with paintings and a rare collection of glasswork. The international menu has not only been enriched with new dishes but the cuisine has improved. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open daily 8 p.m. - 1.30 a.m. Open for lunch from Nov. 15. Closed Sundays.
- Le Calvados, Alkmanos 3 (four blocks north of the Hilton), Tel. 726-291. Arcades and rustic furniture create a warm atmosphere reminiscent of the white houses on the Normandy coast. Chef Yanni offers a fine selection of well-prepared dishes: frogs' legs, escargots, kidneys flambe, prawn croquettes, crêpes, etc. *Vin maison* very good. Entrees from 100 Dr. Open daily 7:30 p.m. — 2 a.m. (Highly endorsed by several readers).
- The Steak Room, Aeginitou 4 (close to the Hilton Hotel). Tel. 717-445. A cosy split-level candle-lit room. Excellent cuts cooked on an open charcoal grill and served with baked potatoes or french fries. Tasty salads with imaginative dressings. The owner, Mr. Papapanou is a charming host. Entrees from 145 Drs. Open daily and Sundays 6:30 p.m. - 1:00 a.m. The Steak Room has opened an Annex cocktail lounge almost adjacent to the restaurant. Open daily 6:30 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.
- Mitchiko, Kidathineon 27 Tel. 322-0980. Well-prepared oriental dishes, served in a historic mansion in the Plaka — King Otto once lived there. Three stately rooms and a third with Japanese decor. Entrees from 175 Drs. Open daily from 1 p.m. - 3 p.m., 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Closed for Sunday lunch.
- Tabula, Hatziyanni Mexi 7 (near the Hilton). Tel. 716-134. Below street level, very cosy, rustic decor, dim lights. Joanna and Fotios, graduates of the Ecole de Tourism offer French and Greek specialties. The *plat du jour* usually worthwhile; the Tabula salad, special; very good onion soup. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open 9 p.m. - 4 a.m. Closed Sundays.
- Pagoda, Bousgou 2, Tel. 602-466, 643-1990. The first Chinese restaurant in Athens, with branches in Beirut, Cyprus, and Nairobi. Pleasant atmosphere with a touch of Chinese decor. Offers quite a variety of dishes that are not extraordinary but quite acceptable. Sweet and sour pork, 73 Drs. Chicken with bamboo shoots, 80 Drs. Beef with mushrooms, 75 Drs. Spring rolls, 50 Drs. Open daily: 12.00 - 3.30 p.m. and 6.00 p.m. - 2.00 a.m.
- Papakia, Iridanou 5 (about 2 blocks from Hilton). Tel. 712-421. An old, established restaurant offering attentive service and good food. International cuisine and Greek specialties. Duck with orange and olives, 120 Drs. Open daily 12 - 3 p.m., 8 p.m. - 2 a.m.
- Les Gourmets, Meandrou 3 (Hilton area). Tel. 731-706. Small French restaurant on two levels (we prefer the lower level). The *plat du jour* indicated on a small blackboard is usually a good suggestion. The French chef is also the owner. The *rilette maison* and the *gigot d'agneau* very good. Entrees from 90 Drs. Open daily: 7:30 - 1:00 a.m. Closed Sundays.
- Blue Pine, Tsaldari 27, Kifissia. Tel. 8012-969. Enchanting, elegant country club atmosphere with woody, rustic decor. Exceptional garden. Red tablecloths, comfortable arm chairs, candlelight and soft taped music. Excellent formal service. Consistently high standard. Offers excellent cuts on charcoal. Entrees from 120 Drs. Open daily: 8:30 - 1:00 a.m. Closed Sundays.
- Stagecoach, Loukianou, 6, Kolonaki. Tel. 730-507. Mid-West saloon atmosphere with clever decoration and a long brass-railed bar. A variety of hamburgers, good cuts of beef, salads, etc. Entrees from 100 Drs. Caesar salad 38 Drs. Open daily 11.30 a.m. - 4 p.m., 7 p.m. - 1.30 a.m.
- Gerofinikas, Pindarou 10. Tel. 622-719, 636-710. Taverna style, offering a great variety of Greek and Turkish specialties. Oriental desserts exceptional. Businessmen's luncheons. Moderately expensive. Open daily: 12:30 - 4:00 p.m., 7:30 - 12:30 a.m.
- Corfu, Kriezotou 6 (next to the King's Palace Hotel). Tel. 613-011. A typical city restaurant in the centre of Athens (one block from Constitution Square) with very good Greek cuisine tending to emphasize the specialties of Corfu. Spacious wood panelled room, filled with businessmen and tourists. Quick and attentive service, reasonable prices. Veal stewed with fresh beans, 67 Drs. Pork cutlets in wine sauce, 73 Drs. Pudding a la Corfou, 14 Drs. Open daily from noon to 1:00 a.m.
- Delfi, Nikis 15. Tel. 323-4869, 323-8205. Formerly a taverna, now a full-fledged restaurant whose high standards have not only been maintained but actually improved. Bright, business-like decor with clean tablecloths and spotless napkins. Service prompt and efficient. A fine choice of hors d'oeuvres, egg, pasta and fish dishes, vegetables, salads, cheeses, entrees, grills and *plat du jours*. Entrees from 55 Drs. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. — 1 a.m.
- TAVERNAS WITH MUSIC**
- Myrtia, Markou Mousourou 35, Tel. 719-198. Excellent cuisine with pleasant music. Choose from specialties that appear in ritual fashion: cold and hot appetizers and pittas. Choice of stuffed chicken or roast lamb in lemon sauce. Highly recommended. Prices moderately high. Daily 9 p.m. - 1.30 a.m. Closed Sundays.
- To Perivoli T'Ouranou, Lisikratous 19, Tel. 323-5517. An ordinary looking taverna with claim to fame for having smuggled songs of the resistance into their programmes during junta times. The same team directed by Kimon Vasilas present a well-chosen series of songs: Ioannidis, Moutafis, Tambaris, Diamandi are some of the performers. Very pleasant atmosphere but music rather loud. Food acceptable. Showtime 11.00 p.m. Min. charge 120 Drs. Entrees from 120 Drs.
- Xynou, Angelou Yerondos 4, Plaka. Tel. 322-1065. One of the oldest and best known tavernas in Plaka which has managed to retain its authenticity. Separate rooms, the walls covered with murals representing the life of old Athens. Pleasant garden. Spicy appetizers, very good cooked dishes, excellent retsina. Two guitarists entertain guests with popular Greek songs. Entrees from 120 Drs. Open daily from 8 p.m. - 2 a.m. Closed Sundays.
- Palaia Athena, Eleasa 4. Tel. 322-2000. A well known taverna in Plaka with picturesque interior. Entertainers: comedian Moustakas, singers Cleo Denardou and Terris Chrisos and Fotis Metaxopoulos and his ballet. Show at 11:30 p.m. Food edible. Entrees from 200 Drs.

TAVERNAS

- O Platonos, Diogenous 4, Plaka. Tel. 322-0666. A very simple taverna but one of the oldest in Plaka. Weather permitting, tables are set out under the plane trees. Beside charcoal broils there is usually a *plat du jour* such as lamb with noodles 44 Drs or veal with eggplant in tomato sauce 42 Drs. Open daily from 8 p.m. to midnight. Closed Sundays.
- Rodia, Aristipou 44 (near the Lycabettus funicular). 729-883. An old house converted into a taverna decorated with family memorabilia. A miniature garden covered with vines and holding only nine to ten tables. You can choose from a great variety of appetizers in addition to two to three cooked dishes. Quick service. Very reasonable prices. Open daily from 8 p.m. - 2 a.m. Closed Sundays.
- O Nikos, Skopelou 5, Kifissia. Tel. 801-5537. On a road running parallel to the main road of Kifissia: turn right just before the Mobile station at Nea Erithrea. Tiny, charming garden in summer and a warm wood-paneled room in winter. Cozy and intimate. Hors d'oeuvres excellent: an aubergine dish stuffed with walnuts and wrapped in ham especially recommended, 10 Drs; eggplant salad, 11 Drs; stuffed vine leaves, 23.50 Drs. Entrees (mostly broils) from about 50. Open from 9:00 p.m. and for lunch on Sundays and holidays.

Vassilena, Etolikou 72 (Piraeus). Tel. 461-2457. An exciting eating experience in a renovated grocery store. Sit back and enjoy a parade of about 18 delicious Greek delicacies, brought to your table. Yiorgos, the son of the founder, successfully continues the picturesque tradition. No menu — one price: 125 Drs., drinks excluded. Daily: 7:00 - 10:30 p.m. Closed Sundays. Call for reservations.

Babis, Poseidonos Avenue 42, Old Faleron. Tel. 981-6426. This very pleasant, old style, vine-covered taverna surrounded by concrete buildings, is still able to offer the coolness of an oasis, especially during the hot summer days and nights. Mr. Babis has his own fishing boat and so the fish he serves are always fresh. There are also various charcoal broils and a *plat du jour*. Very reasonable prices. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. - 3:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. - 1 a.m.

PEINIRLI

Peinirli is a kind of pizza, a boat-shaped, hollowed-out pastry filled with one or two poached eggs and a variety of other things such as ham, country sausage, minced meat, cheese and tomato sauce or whatever your choice might be.

You can find peinirli in various parts of Athens, but we suggest 1 *Pighi Eleftheriadis* on D. Solomou St. and *Peinirli* at the end of the same street in Drosia, a suburb past Ekali about 20 km. from Athens. In these peinirli restaurants you can also find a lot of things to munch on: small fried squash (kolokithakia) with garlic sauce; country sausages; dry bean salad with fresh onion and tomatoes; and charcoal-broiled meat. Prices are very reasonable — peinirli with ham and eggs costs about 45 Drs.

Open all year round 1 *Pighi Eleftheriadis* is open for lunch whereas *Peinirli* serves lunch only on Sundays.

NIGHT CLUBS — CABARETS

- The Nine Muses, Akademias 43. Tel. 604-260, 601-877. A fashionable discoteque with all shapes, colours, sizes of old mirrors set on black walls creating a tasteful and discreet decor. Red tablecloths, dim lights, long and spacious bar. Excellent food, attentive service, good choice of music (and not too loud). From 9.30 p.m. till the wee hours. Entrees from 200 Drs.
- Copacabana, Othonos 10, Syntagma. Tel. 323-2061. Orchestra and well-selected international floor-show. Acceptable food. Min. Charge 180 Drs.
- Athina, Sigrou 165. Tel. 934-3485. George Katsaros presents: Doukissa, Yannis Dounias, Katie Ambavi, Lefteris Mitilineos and Moufloszelos and Christina. Geo. Katsaros and his orchestra begin at 10.30 p.m. Show-time 12.30 a.m. Minimum: 250 Drs. Open Daily.
- Harama, Endos Skopefteriou, Kesariani. Tel. 766-4869. Honest-to-goodness bouzouki music and songs presented by Vasilis Tsitsanis, Sotiria Bellou and others. Not recommended for dinners but do get there before 11.30 p.m. Bellou appears at 1.30 a.m. and Tsitsanis at 1.45 a.m. Minimum charge: 160 Drs. Open daily.
- Neraida, Vasileos Yiorgiou Kalamaki, Tel. 981-2004. Dancing to the orchestra and entertainment by pop singers Nelli Manou and Danaï from 10 p.m. Greek show begins at 12.30 a.m. Filipos Nikolaou, Litsa Diamandi, Eleni Roda, Trio Elenik and others. Minimum charge: 280 Drs. Closed Sundays
- Athinea, Panepistimiou 6. Tel. 620-777. Pleasant atmosphere, good food. Dancing to music by the Athinea Orchestra and songs by Elena & Georges. No floor show. Daily from 10 p.m. Closed Sundays. Min. charge 130 Drs. Entrees from 150 Drs.



OUZERI

- Orfanides, Panepistimiou 7, in the same block as the Grande Bretagne Hotel. Another famous ouzeri in operation since 1914, and a favourite gathering place of journalists. Tables set out on the sidewalk. cold cuts. Open daily: 8:30 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. and 5:30 - 10:30 p.m., Sundays, 10:30 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.
- Athinaikon, Santarosa 8 (near Omonia square). Tel. 322-0118. A tiny place in very simple surroundings, and located next to the law courts. It is frequented by

lawyers and judges. A limited selection, but always fresh with high quality appetizers and food. Some of its specialties: shrimp salad, fried mussels, meatballs and sweetbreads. Very low priced. At the same locality since 1937. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. - 11:15 p.m.

BOITES

The boites are now in full swing. Once small, unpretentious places, those in Athens no longer fit the proper definition of the genre. They now operate in larger areas but one can hear popular singers performing the latest songs, frequently the work of the finest poets set to music. Drinks are served as well as dry fruit or sandwiches. Admission prices are about 130 Drs. and include one drink. Phone ahead to check on possible changes in programmes. Most boites are in Plaka.

Esperinos, Ragana 13. Tel. 323-5935. Entertainers: George Zografos, Nitsa Theodoraki (the niece of the composer), Mary Dalakou. Two performances: at 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 140 Drs.

Rigas, Afroditi 9, Tel. 322-3702. Entertainers: Kaloyiannis, Panayiotou, Xanthipi Karathanasi, Effie Panayiotou, Fotis Fotiadis, Nina Zakoyianni, Natasa Dionisopoulou. Three shows: 10, 12, 2 a.m. Saturdays: 9, 11.30, 1.30 a.m. Min. charge 125 Drs.

Medousa, Dionisiou Aeropagitou & Makri 2 (near the Akropolis). Tel. 918-277. Entertainers: George Manos, Kaiana Balanika, Lilanda Likiardopoulou and others with Nikos Danikos' orchestra. A music-hall type revue. Daily programme at 11:30 p.m.; Saturdays 10:00 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. Minimum charge 140 Drs.

Zygos, Kidathineon 37. Tel. 323-5595. Auditorium-like hall with tables set on several levels. Entertainers: Viki Mosholiou, Themis Andreadis, Georgia Longou and Dimitris Xenidis. Two programmes at 10 p.m. and midnight. Minimum charge 130 Drs.

O Notis, Leoforos Thiseos 220, Kallithea. Tel. 951-0143. An authentic taverna serving charcoal broils only. No decor, no frills but marvellous meat in great variety. The story goes that the owners were originally butchers and the excellent quality of the meat bears this out. Generous servings, very reasonable prices: liver 23 Drs; chops 48 Drs; simple horiatiki salata 7Drs. Open daily and Sundays from 7:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Zigos, Kidathineon 22. Tel. 322-5595. Auditorium like hall with tables set on several levels. Entertainers: Viki Mosholiou, Themis Andreadis, Georgia Logou and chorus. Two programmes: at 10 p.m. and midnight. Min. Charge 130 Drs.

Skorpios, Kidathineon 15. Tel. 322-3881. Entertainer: Costa Hadzis and his guitar. Also Loukas, Mihalopoulos, Nadia Hadzi and others. Two shows at 10 and 12. Min. charge 120 Drs.

Zoom, Kidathineon 37. Tel. 322-5920. Entertainers: Manolis Mitsias, Tsanaklidis, Pandis, Eleni Mandelou. Two shows daily at 10 and 12. Min. charge 120 Drs.

Orizondes, Sholiou and Hill (corner). Tel. 323-7427. A new boite in a nicely renovated old house. A three-hour programme starts at 10 p.m. Entertainers: Maria Dimitriadou, Aphroditiki Manou, Dimitrief, Yannis Sirris, Min. charge 140 Drs.



our town

The People No

REMEMBER the last time we voted? It's hardly more than a year ago, but it seems longer than that it may be that the procedure was so simple. There were no programmes to think about, and no choice of candidates. We didn't even have to write anyone's name. All we had to do was to say 'yes' or 'no' which in itself made no difference, as it came out 'Yes' anyway. The major rivalry of that campaign was between the mayors of Athens and Piraeus as to who could construct a bigger NAI on the slopes of Kastella and Lykavittos.

In spite of the huge number of 'yes' ballots printed, they were enormously outnumbered by the 'yes' leaflets. Fourteen million were scattered over the country mostly by airplane — in the Greece of Christian Greeks it is hardly surprising that all the angels voted 'yes'. These leaflets are still turning up in the rose bushes of the 'garden cities' around Athens.

It is interesting to note that the 1,700,000 posters printed for that 'campaign' cost two million drachmas, while glueing them up cost four and a half. Since most of these were devoted to the President of the Democracy of Substance, it is another proof that no matter how big he got, he could never stick...

Galloping Poll

THERE IS a nasty rumour circulating that Gallup has come to Greece and that his representatives are busy canvassing the country, pressing questions on innocent citizens in the hope of predicting the outcome of the forthcoming election. When we heard this we decided it was time for our own unofficial poll.

Down we went once again to Zonar's to find Kyrios Stelios but he

turned us hands down and declared that how *he* would vote was none of our business. Glancing up and down Panepistimiou Street to make sure there were no policemen in sight, he suggested we take off quickly before we got him and ourselves into trouble.

We refused to be daunted and hopped a bus over to Platia Amerikis where we knew we would find Kyrios Stefanos who has uncensored opinions on all subjects. Sure enough he rose to the occasion. First he treated us to a long dissertation on the follies of today's youth, explained that he is a committed fascist, and then unblinkingly announced that he would vote for Andreas Papandreou because he is 'strong' — like Papadopoulos. We stumbled along behind him through his labyrinthian reasoning for several minutes but finally gave up in despair and took ourselves off to our friend the Patrician Lawyer.

We found him deep in thought in his office. 'Who are you planning to vote for?' we asked. Shrugging his shoulders, he replied, 'I shall decide when I have made up my mind which party I'm running with.' Remembering that we vote in his constituency he reminded us that he would expect our support. We countered by asking if he would guarantee that our son gets into the university. As he began to phrase his promise, we hastily took our leave before he remembered that we do not have any children.

Back home for a break we turned to Maria, our maid from Kastoria. 'Who will you vote for Maria?' She explained very carefully that out of respect for her late father she and her sister would vote as he always had. Unfortunately they were not sure how he had voted but they had written home to find out. She had no plans to run herself, however.

We next made a phone call down to our friend Yiorgos in the Morea. After explaining that women are

inferior and that his wife would do precisely what he told her, he declared that he was confident Papadopoulos would put together a party before election date and that he would vote for him. Having heard that morning over the BBC that Papadopoulos had just been placed under arrest we signed off hastily and phoned another friend in Salonika.

Our call was transferred to a small town in some remote mountain area where the local operator told us to hang on while she found *ton Kyrion Voulefti* (Mr. Deputy). Our friend got on the phone and explained in whispered English that he is running on the Karamanlis ticket but he would be voting PASOK because he is a socialist. Why was he running on Karamanlis's ticket? Because he was a cinch to win: it was his father's old seat and the entire area always voted solidly for Karamanlis. We weighed making another phone call to Crete but after a moment's thought decided to leave the job to Gallup after all.

Advice to Candidates

MS. HARA KIOSSE, a contributor to *Ta Nea*, recently cast some pearls of wisdom on the pages of that newspaper which we loosely translate here for the benefit of our readers:

Now that we are in the middle of the election, and are determined to enjoy the remainder of it, we wish to give our politicians a word of advice.

After so many years of inactivity, we have begun to look back to the years before the junta with a nostalgia somewhat out of keeping with reality. The fact remains that our politicians did have weaknesses as well as virtues, and we have not forgotten either. So, democracy being by its nature a criticism and a dialogue, it might be a good idea to remind our statesmen of some of these weaknesses.

It is impossible for you all to say that you are progressive and socialist. Some of you *have* to remain conservative. Though the world has shown progressive tendencies in the last seven years, our democracy has plenty of space for Left and Right. Ignoring the Right just because it is unfashionable can only confuse the conservative voter.

Don't slyly slip in *old* photographs among your *new* ideas. We are a small country. We all know each other, and we all know very well how old you are. You are ten years older than you were at the last election — just like the rest of us. Furthermore, if we wanted students in the new parliament, we could easily find some.

Don't dye your hair. It doesn't come out well in photographs. Besides, women not only can detect it, they *prefer* statesmen with greying sideburns.

Stop the old *koumbaros* business. Spending most of your time baptising and marrying people is a public admission that you are buying votes. We are sick of *rousfeti*.

For the same reason don't attend every funeral and memorial service. We have been in political mourning long enough. Forward-looking political programmes are more impressive than elaborate eulogies. Furthermore, in this election (unlike others we've had) the dead are not going to vote.

Don't press yourself up close to celebrities to get your picture taken. It just emphasizes how unknown you are.

Don't speak in the first person, much as we like your personality and admire your individualism. The fact is that for seven years we have been forced to listen to the personal impressions of military men and would be refreshed by some objective talking.

Lastly: Don't give us any song-and-dance about your heroic acts of resistance. We *already know* who resisted and who didn't, and we won't hold it against you if you did nothing. Neither did most of us. Right now we need people with political ability, and let's hope we do not need resistance groups again.

Despina Papadopoulou, CIA or The First Lady of Peinirli

UP IN DROSSIA, that hotbed of *peinirli*, there is an attractive taverna from which hangs a sign reading: 'The Nest — Despina Papadopoulou and Company'. A nest is depicted at the centre of this sign in which several chicks engagingly reach up to peck at a luscious worm dangling from the beak of their mother. One

cannot imagine a more cheerful and carefree place, but in fact things are not quite as they seem, as is so often the case in Greece.

In the first place 'madame la patronne' shares a name with a lady of greater fame, and secondly 'company' in Greek, *syndrofia*, is shortened on the sign — as is usual — to 'Sia', which happens, in Greek, to share *its* name with the United States Central Intelligence Agency.

Although Mme. Papadopoulou has been in the restaurant business for thirty years, the last seven have given her nothing but trouble. For most of them she was harassed by sympathisers of the junta, who either congregated at her establishment in the hope of contacting fellow agents or because they imagined her to be engaged in satirical anti-social activities. Even her robin's nest was suspected of being a parody of the Immortal Phoenix rising from its Revitalizing Flames.

With the restoration of democracy things, if anything, grew worse. Not only was she suspected of being pro-junta,



but her C.I.A. (that is, her partners who happen to be her brother and her sister-in-law) were thought to be her accomplices. Even the Turkish origins of *peinirli* did not pass unnoticed. In the unlikelihood of Dr. Kissinger's passing through Drossia to solve her problems, we recommend that she rename her specialty Byzantine Pizza.

Meanwhile at the nest of the other Despina Papadopoulou, former First Lady of Neo Psychiko, things aren't going well either. Indeed, there is nothing sadder than an empty home. Neo Berchtesgaden, as it is locally called after Hitler's famous Bavarian chalet, lies a thousand metres up on the pine-clad slopes of Mount Parnes.

Such loving effort has gone into this delightful hide-a-way! Built on seven hundred and fifty stremmata requisitioned by the Ministry of Agriculture from forest preserve, this recreational villa was designed by architects doing their military service and constructed by army contractors and soldiers, thus saving the country a good deal of money. OTE and DEI generously brought in utilities free. Luxuriously

furnished and decorated by Saridis, it is, we hear from those who have been so fortunate to visit it, absolutely 'dernier-cri' with much emphasis on 'boiserie' and the most fashionable 'style rustique' — indeed all in all in that faultless taste we grew accustomed to from Our Former First Lady.

Not only is the villa empty, but so are the many observation posts, the four dormitories made to house a staff of one hundred and twenty guards, the telecommunication centre, the elaborate garage meant not only to house but fully service the family limousines, and the helicopter port equipped with the most up-to-the minute equipment.

In the new democracy it is difficult to say what should be done with Unwanted Stately Homes. A museum along the lines of the Victoria & Albert is an idea. It might be called the Despina & George and feature the pens with which the latter signed various constitutions and it should certainly include a collection of the shoes and hats for which Despina was so famous.

Let Freedom Sing!

THEATRES, movie-houses and cafes all over town complained on the evenings of October 11 and 12 that they had very little business. Little wonder! These were the evenings of the two Theodorakis concerts at the Karaiskakis Stadium.

At 2 p.m. on the 11th the stadium was already half-full. By the time the concert began the audience had grown to between 45 and 50,000. The next night the stadium was just as full. The enthusiasm was enormous, but perhaps more surprising was the self-control of the audience — in spite of a deliberate provocation: it was revealed that some of the wiring of the microphones had been cut.

Although youth predominated, there were many middle-aged and old. It was also a unique gathering of the popular and the famous. Andonis Kaloyannis, Maria Farandouri, Manolis Mitsias, among many others, performed. Ritsos read poetry, Mangakis sang, Iliou and Pezmazoglou were present.

The purpose of the concert was to raise money for the sake of Cyprus but it was above all a celebration of freedom.

Freedom, yes — but not riotous or unbridled. This was not only true of the Theodorakis concerts but of the various demonstrations that have taken place in Athens recently. As public acts they have shown responsibility, organization and discipline. Let us hope that this is their significance for the future.

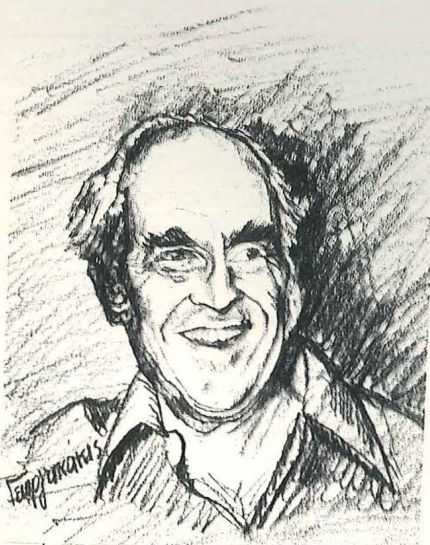
THE GENERAL ELECTION

What It's All About

ON Sunday, November 17, we go to the polls to elect a new Parliament — the first since the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved on April 14, 1967 as a preliminary to the May 28 election which was prevented by the military coup of April 21.

Most of us are pervaded by a feeling of political numbness, no doubt brought on by the 'plaster cast' Mr. Papadopoulos claimed he had applied for our good during the past seven years. We are conscious, of course, that the end of the dictatorship, and the decision to hold early elections, are the outcome of the national disaster in Cyprus. We are also aware that the government we bring to power must extricate us from that mess with as little humiliation and material losses as possible and then deal with the tricky question of our NATO membership.

The same government, however, will also have to deal with problems that affect us more immediately such as keeping inflation under control, closing the balance of payments gap and getting the economy rolling again. It will also have to strike a delicate balance between the demands of the country's reactivated labour unions, and employer resistance to their demands, which might lead to a wave or waves of crippling strikes.



Andreas Papandreou. Will he justify hopes that a democratically-run socialist movement will be established in Greece?

The chief contender, and Prime Minister of the interim government responsible for the elections, is, of course, Constantine Karamanlis. This tall, handsome, greying man of 67, hails from Serres in the north of Greece where he began his career as a lawyer in 1932. In 1935 he entered politics and was returned to parliament from Serres as the candidate for the right-wing



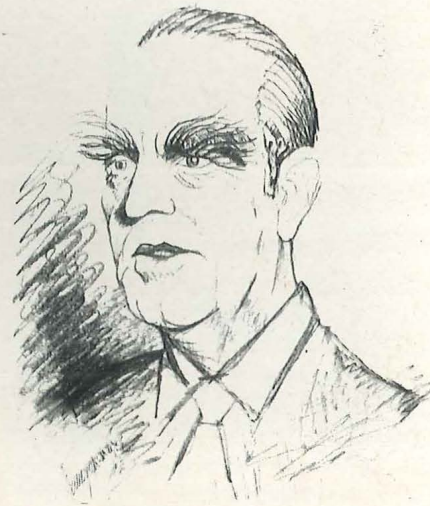
George Mavros grew in stature as Foreign Minister during the Cyprus crisis emerging as a capable, moderate and unifying force in the Centre Union.

Populist Party. He withdrew from politics in 1936 when the Metaxas dictatorship ruled the country. Karamanlis was re-elected in 1946, again under the Populist banner, and was Minister of Labour, Transport and then Social Welfare in successive governments headed by Constantine Tsaldaris, Dimitrios Maximos and Themistocles Sophoulis up to 1949. In 1950 he was re-elected and appointed Minister of Defence for a short while in a coalition government headed by Sophocles Venizelos and then joined the Rally of the Greek People under Field-Marshal Alexander Papagos. He is widely credited with having been a particularly successful Minister of Public Works for three years in the Papagos government. Greece at that time was beginning to rebuild on the ruins of four

years of German occupation and five years of civil war.

When Papagos died in October 1955, King Paul selected Karamanlis as his next Premier, choosing him over the heads of Panayotis Kanellopoulos and Stephanos Stephanopoulos who had both been Vice-Premiers in the Papagos government. Karamanlis won a vote of confidence in Parliament and four months later formed his own party which he called the National Radical Union. He won the next elections in 1956 and 1958 with comfortable majorities and was able to remain in power until 1963 — in spite of strong accusations by the Opposition that the last election in 1961 had been rigged. That election had returned his party with 174 seats in the 300-seat house.

In 1963, he handed in his government's resignation to King Paul. The alleged reason was disagreement over the king's desire to pay a state visit to Britain in spite of the danger of demonstrations that would prove embarrassing to the country. A short time before, Queen Frederica and Princess Irene had narrowly escaped an undignified street brawl, in front of Claridge's Hotel in Mayfair, with Mrs. Betty Ambatielos, an Englishwoman married to a Greek seaman and communist leader who was under detention in Greece.



Constantine Karamanlis. Will he in the post-election period win a place for himself in Greek history as an ethnarch?



Ilias Iliou, the soft-spoken elder statesman of the Left, and long-time fighter and defender of leftist causes.

The election thus precipitated by his resignation was won by George Papandreou's Centre Union upon which Karamanlis decided to leave the country, little realizing that his self-imposed exile would last for almost 11 years. The leadership of the National Radical Union was handed over to Panayotis Kanellopoulos.

Karamanlis now heads a newly formed party called the New Democracy. Its political orientation is reckoned to be centre-right and it appears to stand the best chance of winning the election. This is because of Karamanlis's enormous prestige; his past record as a man who gets things done; his successful handling of events during the past two months, since the collapse of the dictatorship and the proclamation of



Petros Garoufalias played a major role in the downfall of the last legally elected government in Greece and now leads the extreme Right.

elections; and the hope among more liberally-inclined voters that his years in Paris will have mellowed him and rubbed off some of the corners of his rather autocratic nature. Counting against him is the natural reaction of many voters against anything savouring even faintly of the right and a feeling that the Centre Union, so brutally deprived of its virtually certain electoral victory in May 1967, should be given its chance. He will also be confronted with resentment on the part of some of his former supporters at his seemingly capricious unwillingness to lead the parliamentary opposition in 1963 and his abandonment of his party and its supporters to the ineffective leadership of Mr. Kanellopoulos, his wife's uncle.

Second favourite is the Centre Union headed by George Mavros. This party contains the survivors of George Papandreou's and Sophocles Venizelos's Liberal Party and has now been joined by a left-of-centre group calling itself the New Political Forces headed by John Pezmazoglou, George Alexander Mangakis and others.

The success or failure of political parties in this country still hangs, unfortunately, on the personality of their leaders. A man with a strong personality or with proven abilities — or even, simply, with a certain amount of charisma and a flair for oratory — can set up a party, profess to adhere to certain vague principles, and build up a following that may hand him an election on a silver platter. But no sooner does he disappear from the scene, than his party collapses like a deflated zeppelin. More often than not, when it is revived by another strong personality, it is given a new name and the old party is completely forgotten.

George Mavros, may well have remained a relatively less well-known figure to the great majority of voters were it not for the fact of his appointment as Foreign Minister in the first post-dictatorship government. His handling of the Cyprus issue and his frequent appearances on TV and the newsreels were a revelation to a great segment of the public which was quick to appreciate his basic common sense and firm grasp of the issues with which he was dealing.

Mavros is a 65-year-old veteran politician and an expert on international law. Since 1946, he was almost continuously a member of Parliament and a Minister in various Liberal Party and Centre Union governments. He withdrew from the political arena in 1964 to assume the governorship of the National Bank of Greece. After the

coup of 1967 he was hounded and harassed by the junta, placed under house arrest, detained, exiled to Yaros and made to suffer all kinds of indignities because of his steadfast opposition to the dictatorial regime.

The leadership of the Centre Union reverted to Mr. Mavros almost automatically after the death of George Papandreou and the departure of his son, Andreas Papandreou.

The Centre Union - New Political Forces movement will almost certainly win the vote of die-hard liberals and incorrigible Venizelists as well as that of the more conservative left-leaning youth. It is expected to receive strong support in the big cities but not so much in the provinces. Its policies differ little from those of the Karamanlis party. In



John Pezmazoglou, an urbane, Cambridge-educated academician turned politician, is one of the founders of New Political Forces.

the minds of most voters the question will be: 'Who gets my vote, Karamanlis or Mavros?' and not what their parties represent.

The next contender, in order of importance, is Andreas Papandreou, the maverick son of George Papandreou who has the dubious distinction of having caused more controversy and aroused more passions than perhaps any other man in modern Greek history. He is also blamed, through his actions, for unwittingly precipitating the military coup of April 21.

The 55-year-old Andreas is a brilliant economist who, in spite of his Harvard background, his American wife and the fact that he has belonged to the faculties of major American universities, has adopted fiercely anti-American policies and consistently

denounced American interference in Greek affairs. He considers himself to be a socialist and is the leader of the Panhellenic Socialist Movement, better known under the Greek acronym of PASOK.

A political force to be reckoned with in precoup days, whose socialistic leanings struck fear and terror into the hearts of the country's conservative elements, he is now no longer considered a dangerous opponent by the New Democrats or the Centre Union. He is widely accused of being an opportunist but his consistently radical views have, in fact, deprived him of the sizeable following he would almost certainly have enjoyed had he cashed in on his father's popularity and chosen the traditional road to political victory. The extreme left is composed of the formerly outlawed Communist Party and the EDA party, the legitimate cloak under which the Communist Party was able to function in pre-coup days. The Communist Party, KKE, is divided into two separate wings, the Interior (Esoterikou) and the Exterior (Exoterikoi). It is referred to as Koo-Koo-Eh. At the extreme right is the National

Democratic Union of Petros Garoufalias, the controversial Minister of Defence in the last Papandreou government. Neither the KKE-EDA union, entitled the United Left, nor the National Democratic Union are expected to return more than a handful of deputies, in view of the electoral system under which this election is being held.

This system is known as the reinforced proportional system. Greece is divided into 55 electoral districts, each returning a number of deputies in proportion to its population for a total of 300 deputies.

Under the reinforced proportional system, there are two distributions of seats in accordance with the total percentage of votes won by each party. A bonus of 12 seats is reserved for the winning party and runner-up. Thus, a party that corners 50% to 53% of the total vote in each district returns 136 deputies on the first distribution of seats. The other parties get 75 seats while 77 seats are held over for the second distribution. If a party wins 34% to 35% of the total vote in each electoral district, it is entitled to 79 seats on the first distribution. A party

with 25% to 27% of the total vote in each district gets 59 seats on the first distribution. A party with 17% to 18% of the vote in each district gets 28 seats on the first distribution. There are 80 to 90 seats left for distribution on the second round, not counting the 12 bonus seats.

What happens if two parties run neck to neck for the second distribution of seats can result in a mathematical headache of the first order and for the past few weeks, Athens newspapers have been full of abstruse calculations based on the possible percentages of each party. The fact remains that a party that wins more than fifty percent of the total vote is assured of its 136 seats on the first distribution and another 50 or so seats on the second distribution to make for a strong working majority in Parliament.

The fact also remains that the party that does get in will need such a working majority to enable it to take several unpopular measures that will probably be needed to solve the country's most immediate and pressing problems.

ALEC KITROEFF

HOW TO VOTE

If you've never voted in an election before, here are some tips on how to go about it from an old and experienced hand.

First and foremost, select five or six candidates who have a reasonable chance of being returned and of subsequently occupying a ministerial or other high position in the government-to-come. Then call on them personally either at party headquarters or at their homes. You will probably have to wait for five or six hours in a crowded ante-room under a pall of cigarette-smoke and in the company of several dozens of your fellow-citizens, nursing cups of coffee or talking to each other at the tops of their voices across the room.

If you want to while away the time, you can try guessing which of them was eating raw garlic the day before, which one hasn't changed his socks since Christmas and which one hasn't had a bath since a 3% tax was slapped on the water rates to pay for the Mornos River project three years ago.

At long last you will come face to face with the harassed candidate. You will impress upon him the fact you are vastly taken by his noble character, his long list of qualifications his impeccable record and his unquestioned abilities.



On the strength of these, you add, you have persuaded your entire family, numbering thirty-six registered voters, and sundry friends and acquaintances, numbering sixty-four registered voters — all in his district — to cast their ballots for his party and place their cross of preference by his name.

With tears in his eyes, he will squeeze your hand gratefully and promise you the world if he is returned. He will then give you a small pile of official ballots, with the cross marked against his name, for distribution to your friends and relatives and to anyone else who might cross your path.

After you have repeated this process with the five or six candidates who might prove useful to you, you can sit back and relax until election day, mulling over what special favor, sinecure, concession or state loan you will seek from whichever of the candidates becomes a minister, undersecretary or secretary-general of some key ministry. The beauty of the whole thing is that none of the candidates has any way of knowing whether you did swing a hundred or more votes his way or not.

A couple of days before election day you will rummage in an old drawer and look for your election booklet which

The election scheduled for November 17 is neither timely nor welcome but it is necessary. The coalition that took over the junta has been hamstrung because it was not elected by the people and it is essential that an election be held to clarify the situation.

Nonetheless, it is bound to be an 'abnormal' election campaign. The political groups are more or less in disarray, the machinery of the former parties disorganized. Some are entering the arena within weeks of their formation, while some are without sufficient funds and certainly in no position, given the shortness of time, to develop platforms or to organize their forces. The direction Greece will eventually take is a question for the future. The forthcoming election will revolve, as did those that preceded the coup, around individual personalities. The only meaningful message that can emerge will be the recognition of the National need to unite against the still real threat of another military take-over, and to punish those responsible for the outrage of the last dictatorship.

This is the mood of the Nation. Leaders of all political views have called

for moderation and restraint, save, perhaps, for Petros Garoufalias who argues that the army and gendarmerie have been demoralized and that a 'restoration' of 'law and order' is needed. Only the most perverse reasoning would allow the argument that either one or the other existed in the last seven years.

Certainly most people wish for a nation in which Law and Order are respected; the question immediately arises as to their definition. Surely, it does not mean that the 'servants of the people' may inflict on the populace their *exclusive* definitions when the mood possesses them! The real tragedy of Greece in modern times has been just that. When political developments have taken a new turn threatening to alter the *status quo* as a prelude to reform -- a normal process that must accompany change, evolution, and development in all nations -- the military has intervened with force and disrupted the process. It never seems to have occurred to them -- or to those, within and without, frightened by the threat of change -- that *they* are the instruments of anarchy, and that the nation must pay, with agony, for their gross misjudgements.

These are the concerns foremost in the minds of responsible citizens today. For the moment they have clouded other issues facing the country. The social consciousness of a nation can never be arrested, and the most superficial glance reveals a society characterized by inequality. The need for egalitarianism, universal free education worthy of the term 'paedagogia', genuine individual freedom, social welfare, to name a few, are notions accepted in Greece in principle. Their application has left much to be desired.

Before we can focus on these issues, however, the nation must unite, once and for all, against the true forces of anarchy. All segments of the society -- including the members of the military -- must assume their proper places as citizens within the nation and not as groups -- separate omnipresences -- waiting to inflict the wrath of *their* gods on what they may consider to be digressions from a 'sacred' path.

Thus, we embark upon an election. Crippled, somewhat, by too many years of oppression, but hope remains that the future for Greece will be promising.

—H.P.K.

was issued to you so many years ago it is beginning to look like one of the letters exposed under glass in the Victoria and Albert Museum's recent Lord Byron exhibition. The photograph on the inside cover looks nothing like you and the home address under your name has long since been razed by bulldozers to make way for a model prison. Yet it is still valid and a most important document since, without it, you cannot vote. If you do not vote, you are liable to prosecution, you cannot have your passport, driving or hunting license renewed or have any dealings whatsoever with any government service.

Outside the voting precinct stands a weary soldier in battle-dress, dressed to kill with tin hat and fixed bayonet. His function is not to frighten the communist voters away but to maintain law and order. He also is a hold-over from the days when bullets used to vie with ballots for an electoral victory.

Inside the precinct you will be confronted by a huge, square, wooden box with a slit on the top and by a row of officious-looking gentlemen -- sitting at a long table behind the box -- with the authoritative air of high-court judges. You proffer your voting booklet and identity card and it is snatched from your hand with a sneer by the first man

in the row. He reads out your name and your father's and mother's Christian names. Another person in the row turns over the leaves of a gigantic ledger and runs a nicotine-stained finger down the list of names. He stops at your name and, taking a ruler, runs a line right through it -- crossing it out with the finality of a death sentence. Thoroughly shattered by this experience, you take the official envelope that is handed to you together with a handful of ballots, one for each party, and retire humbly behind a dirty old blanket slung over two poles. You then fold your ballot, stuff it into the envelope and lick the flap down.

Emerging from behind the blanket, you face the ballot-box over which another officious-looking gentleman stands, covering the slot with a copy-book. He exposes the slot for a split second, allowing you to thrust your envelope into it, before covering it again and looking around suspiciously in case any Speedy Gonzalez manages to make any unauthorized insertions by sleight-of-hand quicker - than - the - eye tactics.

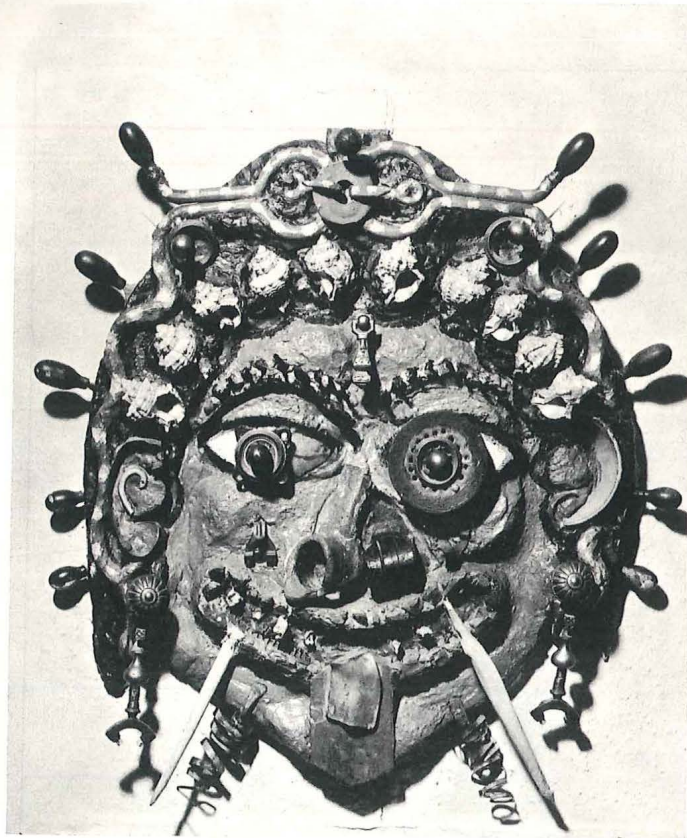
At the same time, another officious-looking gentleman has inserted a huge hatpin into your plastic identity card to make sure you don't go and vote somewhere else with the same card.

Rather relieved that the hatpin went into the card and not into you, you walk out of the precinct with a horrid feeling you've placed the wrong ballot in the envelope, didn't put a cross by the candidate of your preference, or folded your telephone bill and put it in the envelope by mistake.

When you have assured yourself that none of these alternatives are likely and that you have cast a proper and valid vote, you suddenly remember you were not given back your voting booklet. You rush back into the precinct and retrieve it from one of the officious-looking gentleman who warns you sternly not to be so absent-minded. You walk out again and leaf through the booklet, looking for the page that has been stamped with the date of the election and discover to your horror that it has not been stamped. You rush back to the precinct wave it triumphantly under the nose of the chap who gave you the gratuitous advice about absent-mindedness. He stamps it in silence and hands it back to you with an if - looks - could - kill glare, and you walk out of the precinct again -- this time really feeling you have accomplished something.

—Alec Kitroeff

The Many Masks of Kimon Friar



Part Two: The Greek Portrait

HOMECOMING — *nostos* — was to be a memorable experience for Kimon Friar. After a year of psychoanalysis with Theodore Reich in New York, he had overcome the psychological block to his creativity. Dr. Reich had urged him to complete his analysis by visiting Greece.

Friar was born on the Turkish island of Imrali (Kalolimnos) in the Sea of Marmara but had emigrated to the United States at the age of three. He had never lived in Greece but had always considered it to be his spiritual home. His homecoming had to be postponed for a year, however, while he fulfilled a teaching commitment to Amherst College.

HE SPEAKS fondly of the lovely New England town, the home of Emily Dickinson whose poetry he considers, heretically, to be superior to that of Sappho. He speaks with enthusiasm about the college and his students whom he judges to have been among the best and the brightest he has known. They were mature students who had just returned from the war and knew what they wanted from education.

It was at Amherst that Friar became the teacher and friend of James Merrill, the poet who has since won the National

Book Award and the Bollingen Prize in Poetry. He remembers Merrill as a shy young man who one day handed him a pile of poems in the school cafeteria. Having been deluged over the years by the indifferent work of many self-styled geniuses, he set aside Merrill's poems for a while only to be astonished by their quality on first looking into them. He immediately got in touch with Merrill and began to teach the young man all he knew about the craft of poetry.

Merrill was soon transforming the exercises into beautiful poems, many of which he wrote to his teacher and about his teacher. One of these, *The Black Swan*, provided the title for a limited edition of Merrill's first verse published in Greece in 1946 and dedicated to Kimon Friar. The cover was designed by Ghika. Friar smiles as he recalls that he had 'Not For Sale' printed on each copy so that they would become what they are today: collectors' items.

Merrill, whom Friar refers to as his second, brilliant pupil — John Malcolm Brinnan having been the first — was the son of one of the founders of the brokerage house, then called Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, and held a trust fund worth millions. Merrill, soon to graduate, was torn between his family's expectation that he would enter

his father's business and his own wish for a career as a poet. Friar insisted that it would be criminal for a poet of young Merrill's talent to become a businessman. The young man chose poetry and confronted his father who, though disappointed, did everything he could to help his son's career. Soon after Friar arrived in Greece in 1945, Merrill travelled from America and joined him. He has maintained a home in Athens ever since.

His commitments to Amherst completed, Friar set out to rediscover his roots. Travelling on a Liberty ship, he arrived in a Greece which had just emerged from World War II, only to be plunged into a horrendous civil war.

DESPITE the turbulence around him, Friar discovered here an inner peace: 'When I entered the harbour at Piraeus I felt in an intense, mystical, and very real sense that I'd come home. I suddenly realized that I had been a stranger in America.' I ask what he means by this and he gives as an answer the use of hand gestures. Without being conscious of it, he had always talked with his hands and body, a manner that seemed strange to Ameri-

The Medusa, a collage by Ghika, 1949
Photography by Makis Skiadhareisis

cans. In Greece it was not peculiar: everybody expressed himself in this way.

His apartment in Athens today is filled with the memorials which have become the symbols of his life. There is the life mask from his youth made during his 'friendship' with Keats, his portraits in oil by Tsarouhis and in marble by Natalia Mela, the Medusa made by Ghika. A wall is covered with photographs of friends: Kazantzakis, Sikelianos, Seferis, Ritsos, Elytis, Vasilikos, Samarakis, Gatsos, Embiricos, Xarhakos, Kanellopoulos, and the Papandreous, father and son.

Friar is tanned and lithe. In a photograph taken in 1973 when he had grown a beard, he resembles an old sea captain — perhaps much like his maternal grandfather who plied his caiques between Alexandria and the Crimea in the last century. He likes this picture, but in person Friar looks much younger.

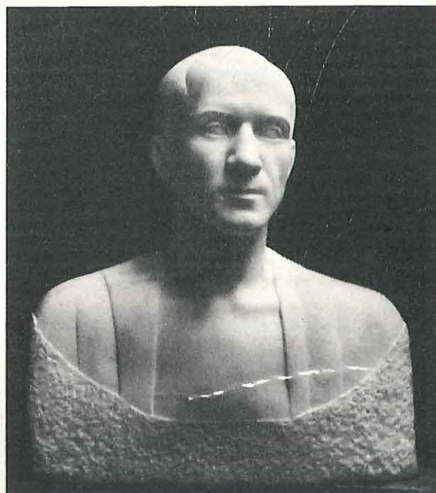
FRIAR PAUSES, searching for the words that will best describe his first Greek experience. Until that moment he spoke with the hypnotic power of a well-rehearsed Ancient Mariner. Now he finds it difficult to select a point of departure. We both observe that distant memories sort themselves out easily but recent experiences are confused: one is unable to view them objectively. Friar seems to have, indeed, separated his life into halves — into a 'duality' as he would say. The American experience was sealed off when he returned to Greece. The Greek experience is now so much a part of him that he finds a simple chronological account an ineffective means to expressing what has happened to him.

We speak of Friar the translator. He began, he notes, with many advantages. He was a poet and had been a teacher of the craft of poetry. He has — always — at his conscious command, all the techniques he has taught his students: the use of metre, rhyme, rhythm, imagery. He had first to improve his Greek, however. He frankly admits that his command of his native tongue was poor when he first arrived. He had studied ancient Greek in college but it was through his translations and his conversations with the poets that he learned modern Greek well.

His fascination with modern Greek poetry was such that he translated the works of thirteen poets in two years. Those whose works he had selected, however, were a special group, primarily Surrealists and Symbolists, for whom he felt a special affinity. 'I hate cliques

and so I decided not to publish my translations until I had a more representative collection of modern Greek poetry', he explains. Friar did not realize that his project would become so all-consuming. In the ensuing twenty-six years he translated eighty-five poets.

THE anthology that was planned in the late forties materialized as a book only last year. *Modern Greek Poetry* and its sequel *Contemporary Greek Poetry*, on which Friar is presently at work, are landmarks in translation. Together they are of much wider significance than his translation of Kazantzakis' *Odyssey* because they introduce to the English-reading public the entire spectrum of modern Greek poetry from Cavafis to the present. The first volume, *Modern Greek Poetry*, a choice of the Readers' Subscription



Marble portrait of Kimon Friar
By Natalia, 1948
Photograph by Aris Konstandinidhis

Club, contains, as well, a 130-page introduction, a definitive essay on translation, and almost a hundred pages of notes. Friar's work serves not only as an anthology but also as the most thorough textbook on modern Greek poetry in translation. It is a massive accomplishment.

I ask if he had ever considered simply editing such an anthology, delegating the translations to various contributors. He answers that he most certainly would have done so had he known the time and soul-consuming effort his work would eventually involve. He had committed himself to the project, however, and resolved to complete the task he had so lovingly begun. In the future he will collaborate with others in translating and editing the works of several poets.

Friar has had the immense advantage and good fortune to work with all but four of the poets whose works he has

translated. Cavafis, Kariotakis, Ouranis, and Sarandaris had died before he began translating their work. All of the other translations were made in cooperation with the poets. He dedicated his anthology, 'To my collaborators, the Greek poets.'

In his essay on translation included in the anthology, Friar writes that translation is the urge to go beyond and over, beyond lands and nations and times and languages, proceeding under a million guises and disguises toward that ideal realm, that Ithaca, that universal language longed for but never attained, a spiritual if not a physical communication. No translation is timeless no matter how universal the language may be. New ones are needed as cultures and languages change. Good translations are thus blood transfusions, often giving life to what was on the point of dying, he writes. Like transfusions, they must be continued if the work is to live.

Friar reaches for another book and hands it to me. It is *The (Diblos) Notebook* by James Merrill. He explains that he is cast as Orestes in Merrill's novel and that the story is based on his relationship with a Greek woman whom he met on Poros in 1948. After her husband's death that very year, she told Friar it had been his wish that Friar stay at his estate, and she asked him to live and work at their villa for as long as he wished. He accepted and stayed there for two years in the gardener's cottage. Friar remodeled and named the cottage 'The Medusa' after a collage of that gorgon made for him by Ghika which was imbedded into the wall above the lintel. On Poros he translated many of the Greek poets. Grateful to the widow for her encouragement and help, he invited her to join him when he returned to America to resume teaching in 1951. Merrill's book is primarily about their relationship.

Can the novel be read as an accurate account of those years? 'Of course not!' Friar exclaims. 'It's a novel, a notebook, a roman a clef in which the author discusses the relationship between fact and fiction. I recognize myself in it, of course, but as though I were looking into one of those distorting mirrors found in carnivals. I don't much like what I see, not that mask of me, but I cannot possibly object, first because an author has the right to do anything he pleases with his material, and secondly because it is beautifully conceived and written. Gore Vidal has distorted me much more by using parts of me in the character 'Friar Andrews' in a recent novel, *Two Sisters*, in which he

mercilessly lampoons the two Kennedy sisters and Anais Nin.'

I borrowed Merrill's book to read. Much of Orestes' character, as presented by the narrator, is negative. Many passages seem perceptive and, to me, accurate. Merrill writes, for instance, that Orestes' tastes run to Michelangelo, the monumental, the metaphysical.

THE ODYSSEY, A MODERN SEQUEL, is Nikos Kazantzakis' verse epic about contemporary man's search for meaning and purpose. Kazantzakis begins where Homer left off. Odysseus is restless and soon wearies of the peaceful domestic life of Ithaca. He sets sail in search of freedom and God. He travels to Crete with a new crew and Helen of Troy who abandons Menelaus in favour of new adventures. After taking part in a revolution which destroys Knossos, the wanderer embarks for Egypt with his crew but without Helen. There he finds a decadent civilization where revolutionary forces oppose the Pharaoh.

Odysseus escapes with a number of refugees and journeys through Africa to the source of the Nile. There he establishes an 'ideal' city, elements of which show the influence of Plato's *Republic*, St. Augustine's *The City of God*, and More's *Utopia*. The city is destroyed by an earthquake, however, and Odysseus becomes a renowned ascetic. Finally, after travelling south through Africa and sailing out into the ocean, he reaches the regions of the South Pole where he dies. Kazantzakis introduces many symbolic characters along the trip who represent Buddha, Christ, Don Quixote and others who teach Odysseus much. He ultimately breaks away from each in order to preserve his quest for God whom he defines as 'wide waterways throughout man's heart.'

I had heard Friar speak before about his working friendship with the Greek writer. I was curious to learn, however, how he had met the author of *The Odyssey* and how he came to decide to translate the epic.

IT BEGAN with the artist Ghika at his home on Hydra. Ghika had such a strong affection for Kazantzakis' work that he planned a series of forty drawings to illustrate passages he had selected from *The Odyssey*. Kazantzakis had written a prose summary of the entire epic to combine these selections. Friar had heard very little about the bold, Greek writer whose reputation in his own country rested, at the time, mainly on his travel literature.

He read the forty selections and the summary, and was so impressed by them that he began to translate them and the summary into prose.

He first met Kazantzakis in the summer of 1951 at a youth hostel in Florence, Italy. 'We were eating on plastic trays in the garden', Friar remembers, 'and it was so dark we could hardly see each other'. After they had talked for a half hour or so Kazantzakis, impressed by Friar's perception, asked if he had in fact read all of his works. When Friar told him that he had read only the forty selections of *The Odyssey*, those chosen by Ghika which he had translated, Kazantzakis exclaimed that he had never met a man in his life who understood him so well. Kazantzakis' words proved to be true.



On Mykonos, 1949.

Friar speaks of the 'amazing rapport' that existed between them from the start and continued until the poet's death five years later.

Although Friar published the prose translations in various periodicals when he returned to America, in the autumn of 1951, he did not have any immediate plans to translate the entire *Odyssey*. He was preoccupied by his work at New York University in Washington Square where he was teaching the writing of poetry and modern American and British poetry. At the same time he was conducting a radio programme sponsored by Grove Press called 'Magic Casements of Prose and Poetry'. The title words 'magic casements' from 'Ode to a Nightingale', were most appropriate to Friar whose first view of the world of poetry was glimpsed through the verse of Keats.

While in New York Friar had the chance to see old friends and through one of these, Arthur Miller, he made a

new acquaintance: Marilyn Monroe. Thinking of Miller's drama, *After the Fall*, which is about the playwright's relationship with Monroe, and of Norman Mailer's recent laboured analysis of her, I ask Kimon how he remembers her. He found the relationship between her and Arthur to be an attraction of opposites: he, the labouring, conscientious artist — the intellectual, involved with and sharing in the guilt of modern man — she, so unconscious of her artistry that no one has been able to define it — a beauty ravaged by the guilt of others, symbol of carnal knowledge, yet remaining, herself, innocent. Kimon remembers Monroe as a woman of wit and intuition, if not one of knowledge and intellect. 'She was neither moral nor immoral, but moved and lived with the innocent amorality of a pussy cat. And', he adds, 'she did indeed have a vivacious and voluptuous beauty'.

At the Off-Broadway theatre, Circle-in-the-Square, Friar organized programmes similar to those at the Poetry Centre but with an emphasis on drama. Tennessee Williams, Gore Vidal, Arthur Miller and Lillian Hellman, among others, read from their plays, scenes of which were frequently acted out by the theatre group. He presented operas, musicals, films, jazz, poetry readings.

AFTER a year in New York he accepted a teaching position at the University of Minnesota in Duluth. Surely Duluth was an anticlimax after the excitement of New York! 'No!' he remonstrates. 'I have never been made unhappy by any place. No place has ever disappointed me. The great varieties of life and experience that fascinate me can be found anywhere on earth, even the North or South Poles. Of course, Greece is for me the *one* place, because it is out of this world.' At this time, he was an active reviewer, contributing articles to *The New York Times*, the *Saturday Review* and the *New Republic*. With the latter he was also a contributing member on its editorial board.

The Odyssey project became a reality when the publisher Max Schuster visited Kazantzakis at Antibes, in 1953. After the great success of *Zorba the Greek*, Schuster made the trip in order to sign up the Greek writer for further translations of his works. While in Kazantzakis' study he asked about the mammoth first edition of *The Odyssey* which the poet-writer kept on his writing table. Kazantzakis explained that of all his books, it was the one he considered his masterpiece. Schuster,

who, from childhood, had felt a love for Homer, was fascinated by the new epic. Kazantzakis read him parts of his poem. Schuster was enthusiastic, even though he could not understand Greek, and insisted that the book be translated. But who could translate it? Only one man in the world, replied Kazantzakis. 'Where is this man to be found?' asked Schuster. 'In Duluth, Minnesota!' — replied the Greek writer.

Friar was, of course, happy to be chosen for the task, but he was not at first sure how a translation of *The Odyssey* should be done. He enjoyed his life as a university professor and considered working on a prose translation during summer vacations. After spending the summer of 1954 with Kazantzakis in Antibes, he decided on a verse translation.

THE ODYSSEY consists of twenty-four books or chapters. In Antibes, Friar with the Greek writer's help, made a translation of Book Six into prose and parts into several verse forms as well. The results strongly suggested that verse was the only honest solution to the problem of translating Kazantzakis' rich imagery, but Friar was uncertain. He sent copies of the translations he had made thus far to friends such as Gore Vidal, Tennessee Williams, Archibald MacLeish and Arthur Miller, as well as to T.S. Eliot. The answers were unanimous: *The Odyssey* should be translated into verse, into iambic hexameter. The decision was made.

Friar was now confronted with the fact that he would have to devote all his time to the project. If he worked at the translation only during his summers, it would take ten or more years to complete. A Fulbright Fellowship and a small stipend from Schuster, however, enabled him to sail from France and to return to Greece.

'I lived very, very simply indeed', says Friar of the four years he spent on the epic. He had all of Greece in which to translate, however, a fact that should inspire even the most insensitive souls to poetry and a zest for life. He travelled throughout the Peloponnisos on a Lambretta scooter, stopping in villages and writing on cafe tables surrounded by his dictionaries, notebooks and an edition of *The Odyssey*. He followed his pattern of work while wandering — like Odysseus himself — through many Aegean Islands to Crete, the Ionian Islands and, of course, to Ithaca.

Was it difficult to translate without being near Kazantzakis? Friar felt that the four months he spent with the author in 1954 provided him with an

understanding of the entire epic, both its scope and language. Every day from seven in the morning until late afternoon, Kazantzakis read *The Odyssey* while Friar noted down unusual words and difficult passages. 'I was fortunate because my Greek was not sufficiently accomplished for me to realize how strange the language of *The Odyssey* really is in terms of the Greek language. I accepted it as it was!'

The Odyssey presents many problems even to those who know the Greek language intimately. Many have enjoyed *The Odyssey* more in English than in Greek because in his translation Friar has kept to a simple idiomatic English vocabulary which captures the



The 'Hartopondikas' and the 'Harokopos'
Kimon Friar with Nikos Kazantzakis
Photographed by Helen Kazantzakis
Antibes, France, 1954

spirit of the original without attempting the impossible — finding English equivalents for Kazantzakis' idiom based on an extreme form of demotic Greek, containing many words of the peasantry not found in any dictionary.

Speaking of the man, Friar continued. 'The thing that impressed me most about Kazantzakis was that he was a man of great complexity who knew many languages, who had immersed himself in almost every major intellectual movement of the twentieth century, had travelled in many parts of the world, had written many novels, travel books, dramas, poems and translated fifty books. Yet he was the *simplest* man I ever knew. He had the simplicity of deep water, very deep water. I was never so moved by the presence of simplicity and genius as I was with Kazantzakis and this is what I loved

about him.' As he says this, Friar is so possessed by the spirit of the man that one imagines seeing him reflected in his eyes.

FRIAR has over a hundred letters from Kazantzakis, whose books occupy several shelves in the living room. Each of these has a personal inscription from the author. He plans to write a book based on their friendship and collaboration. Kazantzakis once wrote him saying that if he had ever had a son, he would have wanted him to be Kimon. Of this Friar is immensely proud. In fact, Kazantzakis had no children and thought of his books as his offspring.

Opening his copy of *Zorba*, Friar translates the inscription 'To my dearly beloved poet and friend and 'harokopo', Kapetan Kimon Friar, who, if *Zorba* had known him would have acknowledged him as his son, as a true 'zorbopoulo'. Signed, 'egho o hartopondikas'. Friar explains: *harokopo* means playboy; *zorbopoulo*, cub of *Zorba*; Kapetan, skipper; *hartopondikas*, bookworm.

He speaks of Kazantzakis' unselfish concern for others. As an example, Friar refers to a serious accident he suffered on his scooter in Greece.

Kazantzakis had warned him that scooters were dangerous toys and that if he wished to commit suicide, he should at least have the kindness to wait until he finished translating *The Odyssey*! Friar took no heed of this advice and one afternoon near Xilokastron, swerving to avoid a donkey, he collided with a truck. He was taken to Evangelismos Hospital in Athens with a broken, right thigh-bone and a cracked skull.

'When Kazantzakis heard about this, he sold his house on Aegina and sent me money. I felt deeply moved by this generous gesture of his, but I sent the money back right away, like a true son of Kazantzakis, even though I was desperately poor at the time and had to stay in a room with eighteen others, three of whom died before my eyes. The fact that he sold his house for my sake, however, meant a great deal to me.'

Though he worked by himself on *The Odyssey* between 1954 and 1957, he corresponded regularly with Kazantzakis. After the summer of 1954, which they had spent together, they met on two occasions. The first meeting took place after Kimon had reached the halfway mark. Kazantzakis suggested they meet in Bled, Yugoslavia, high in the mountains near the Austrian border. The author chose Yugoslavia because he had book royalties due him there which could not be used outside

the country. He was to spend a holiday while working. Friar remembers that month not only for the valuable help Kazantzakis gave him in revising his translation but also because they had time to be alone together, to talk and to hike in the surrounding mountains. They continued their discussions very often until late at night. Helen, Kazantzakis' second wife, was in Crete watching the filming of Jules Dassin's, *He Who Must Die*, a film based on her husband's novel, *The Greek Passion*.

THEY MET again in Antibes in May of 1957. It remains particularly vivid in Friar's mind, because it was their last. Kazantzakis reviewed the whole translation and not only approved it but wrote him that the translation had as much merit as the original and often surpassed it. Kimon notes this as typical of Kazantzakis' generosity. When Friar left Antibes, the man whom he had come to love as his spiritual father, as a poet and a friend, embraced him and wept convulsively. 'He was a man who hardly ever cried in his life' Friar reflects. He asked Helen why her husband had broken down in such a way. She replied that he had a strong premonition that they would never see each other again. Kimon then left for America while Kazantzakis went to China. It was his last journey.

He who had written so intensely of man's struggle in the face of death, died himself in October of 1957.

'I HATE cooking!' Kimon Friar calls out from the kitchen, on my next visit to his apartment. The living room was filled with the music of Handel and the hearty odour of baking stuffed eggplant and squash. 'So when I have to,' he adds, 'I cook something that will last for a week!'

He clears away a clutter of books and manuscripts and sits down to continue the story of his translation of *The Odyssey, A Modern Sequel*.

It never occurred to me that it would be an immediate success. I thought like Joyce's *Ulysses*, it would take twenty years to be acknowledged'.

Thinking of the novel as being the most American of literary genres, I was curious to know how an eight-hundred page epic poem by a Greek could be so attractive to Americans. He laughs and compares Kazantzakis' work to the Mississippi River, the Empire State Building, the Grand Canyon. 'The epic has the scope and size Americans appreciate. After all, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* is meant to be one poem.' He believes that Kazantzakis' daring philosophy which is most lucidly stated

in *The Saviors of God* (also translated by Friar) appeals to American youth. As proof he happily informs me that *The Whole Earth Catalog* identifies *The Odyssey, A Modern Sequel* as its 'Bible of belief,' as 'the book of the future'. He once received a letter from an addict, serving time in prison, which read, 'I assure you that whether I take drugs or read *The Odyssey*, it's the same trip!' He later met the fellow while lecturing in Michigan. He presented Friar with an LSD sugar cube which he has not as yet felt the urge to use.

The Odyssey never caught on in England despite the fine reviews it



With life mask and sunset reflections
In the veranda window of his apartment
Athens, 1950

Photograph by Konstandinos Manos.

received. 'It's too much for them,' he suggests, 'it doesn't appeal to their reserved character.'

Armed with large scrapbooks, Friar relives the excitement of publication and the ensuing acceptance across America. Reviews, articles, news stories, and advertisements from the front-page book sections of *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *The Chicago Tribune*, *Saturday Review* and many others. *The Odyssey* was also the choice of three book clubs: Book-of-the-Month Club, The Reader's Book Club, and The Seven Arts Club.

Just as interesting — in quite a different way — as his critical success, was the story of his trip to South America where he wrote the introduction and corrected the proofs of *The Odyssey* during the last months of 1957 and the first half of 1958. He chose

Latin America because he wanted to visit his relatives in Chile whom he had not seen since he was three years old. He speaks of being with his uncles Gabriel, Fotis, and Herakles, and with his aunts, Meropi and Pulheria, in the desolate port-town of Antofagasta; of travelling through most of Chile with another uncle, Agammemnon from Santiago; of lecturing at the University of Santiago; of joining a group of writers and professors on a cultural goodwill tour of two newly established villages in the god-forsaken territory near Tierra del Fuego; of collapsing for a month on the beaches of Rio after correcting the final page proofs of *The Odyssey*; of his frustration at having missed an opportunity to travel up the Amazon; of viewing Voodoo dances with a friend from the University of Bahia in Brazil. Friar tells his anecdotes amusingly.

ONCE *The Odyssey* was published in December of 1958, the quiet life of a translator gave way to the dizzying social whirl of instant success. His publisher and friend, Max Schuster, sent out an unheard of number of reviewers' copies — five hundred — and hosted a gala reception for Friar at the Twenty One Club which was attended by influential publishers, writers and artists. The late Spiros Skouras, then director of Twentieth-Century Fox, bought the film rights to *The Odyssey* and invited Friar to Hollywood to write the screen treatment. Kimon got along well with Skouras. 'He was a born peasant. I liked his wily simplicity.' Twentieth-Century Fox Studio was filming *Cleopatra* that year, and Friar came to know Elizabeth Taylor and other stars during his three month stay. Burt Lancaster was interested in playing Odysseus in Kazantzakis' epic. The script was completed, but it was shelved when *Cleopatra*, the most expensive film ever made up to that time, became a critical and financial disaster, thus ending swiftly and completely the Era of the Hollywood Epic.

I express my doubts about how *The Odyssey* could ever have been turned into a film that would do justice to Kazantzakis' epic. In my mind, for instance, I remember Kirk Douglas as a feeble Ulysses in the 1954 film of the same name, in which he looks more like a cowboy gone to sea than like a Greek hero suffering the wrath of an angry Poseidon. Kimon laughs, admitting the impossibility of the task. He makes the point, however, that great films are seldom made from great books and that there is nothing wrong with making some money from such a project especially since many people will be

encouraged to read the book after viewing the film.

Kazantzakis, in spite of Friar's protests, had signed the royalties from the English translation over to his translator. Even though he later divided the royalties with Kazantzakis' widow, the unexpected success of the book enabled Friar to return to Greece in 1960, to purchase his Kallidromiou apartment, and to live, modestly, while devoting his energies to translating and writing.

WHEN he returned in 1960, he realized that he had come 'home' for good except for excursions abroad. Much of his time since has been devoted to work on his anthology, *Modern Greek Poetry*. He launched a journal in 1960, *The Charioteer*, published by the Parnassos Club in New York, and in Athens launched another, *Greek Heritage*, a deluxe publication modelled on *American Heritage* which stresses the continuity of Greek culture from the classical period to the present. The 1974 issue of *The Charioteer* is dedicated to him and his work, with essays on his translations by the co-editors, Andonis Decavalles and Bebe Spanos. In addition to lecture tours of America — in 1971 alone he lectured at seventy universities on Greek poetry and against the junta — and teaching positions as a visiting professor, he serves as the Greek editor for *Books Abroad* and *The Charioteer*.

With the aid of a Ford Foundation Grant, he is hoping to finish his anthology of *Contemporary Greek Poetry* within the next two years. He speaks of the future as if it were infinite and seems to have little intention of reducing the strenuous pace he has maintained for so many years. He is translating Homer's *Odyssey* into iambic hexameter to be bound together with Kazantzakis' epic when completed, a project suggested by the late Max

Schuster. Temple University Press is publishing his translations of selected poems by Odysseus Elytis this month — *The Sovereign Sun*. In November a collection of ten essays he has written under the title of *The Stone Eyes of Medusa* (in Greek) will appear, and a bilingual edition of a longish poem, *The Nativity*, (translated into Greek by Kazantzakis), with five coloured illustrations by Rouault. Another book,



As sea captain, 1973
—Like his grandfather before him —
Photograph by John Sakellaridis

Aspects of Duality in Literature and Art, will contain his aesthetic philosophy.

WHAT is this duality of which Kimon Friar so often speaks? Essentially it is a view by which a work of art is seen as the product of tensions between antitheses. This pervading sense of conflict in the creative act has allowed Friar to see not only a poem as a work of art, but also to see through it and back to its source of inspiration at the initial battle between joy and pain within the poetic psyche.

A mask may be simply the face a man puts on in his approach to his vocation. Certainly this is true of Friar who — as translator, poet, and critic — has adapted a great variety of inner gifts to suit, outwardly, each specific task that he has set before him.

But a mask may be more than this. It may have an identity of its own. So striking is the capacity of Friar to identify himself with the poetic experience of others — as apparent in the Keats of his youth as in the Kazantzakis of his middle age — that Friar may be said to have worn the mask of all the poets he has translated.

Friar is more enraged than frightened by death. He is not afraid of death, he simply loves life. He quotes a favourite line from *The Odyssey*: 'Death is the salt that gives to life its tasty sting.' 'Death is a reality we must face,' he states simply, 'but I feel like the Greeks of the demotic songs who wish to wrestle with Charon, fighting as if they might win, even though they know they must lose in the end.' He has much work to do and he is determined to complete it.

FRIAR is in a hurry to keep an appointment with a writer-friend. Outside we climb into his car as the sun is disappearing behind a jagged skyline. He threads his battered Fiat through evening traffic. I think of the opening lines of Kazantzakis' epic in the Friar translation:

*O Sun, great Oriental,
my proud mind's golden cap,
I love to wear you cocked askew,
to play and burst
In song throughout our lives,
and so rejoice our hearts.
Good is this earth,
it suits us!*

—ANDY HORTON

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GREECE'S SHAGGY RUG STORY

THEY are unique to Greece. They have become so popular that their production is now a major industry and their export a valuable source of balance of payments credits. Yet exactly what they are, how they are made, and how they should be taken care of are secrets second only to those of the ancient Eleusinian rites.

We are speaking of flokati, of course. On a coast to coast tour of the U.S. some years ago we posed as prospective buyers and visited many places that sell flokati rugs. We listened to sales clerks who knew nothing about their production spin fantastic yarns astonishing to hear in some of the most famous stores in America. Magazine editors, meanwhile, seem unable to distinguish their sheep from their goat and insist on describing flokati as being made from goat's hair. Still others believe they are made from lamb's wool — which is too short for shag rugs — or that they are the skin right off the poor sheep's back!

The confusion about flokati is not, however, restricted to foreigners. Those living outside the areas where they are produced frequently know very little about their manufacture and the tall tales woven by some dealers for the purpose of selling poor workmanship have not helped the situation.

For those who may still be in doubt let it be stated: flokates are, very simply, shag-type carpets made from pure wool fibres which have been spun into yarn, woven and looped together, and then processed under water.

Originally made by the mountain peasants, flokates have remained over the centuries a product exclusive to Greece. To be the only people to fashion something from sheep's wool and water — raw materials available in most countries — takes some ingenuity.

Why none of the millions of Greeks who have migrated all over the world through the centuries have not carried this craft with them is a mystery.

The first flokates were used in ancient times as wall coverings to keep out the bitter mountain winds. Ordinary sheepskins were used to cover the floor. In the Middle Ages the craft grew until it became a major item for barter — sold or exchanged for shoes, kegs of wine, silver jewellery, gold trinkets and Turkish carpets for the very rich. As their value came to be recognized by those making them, flokates became a valuable item for the *prika*, or dowry.

*The sheep are coming home in Greece
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Through the evening red and STILL...
— Ledwidge*



How many flokates a girl had stored away in her Hope Chest became more important than her charms: beauty after all, is too soon gone, but flokates last a lifetime!

The major factor in processing flokati is water and its weaving became a village industry in those areas where water was plentiful. Some of the best are still produced in Thessaly outside of Trikala, and it is well worth a week-end trip to see them made in their natural surroundings.

Today flokati is made with a mixture of Greek and New Zealand or Australian wool, normally 60/40 or 70/30, the higher percentage being the imported wool. The latter is whiter,

fluffier, and softer to the touch. You can test this for yourself if you are in a store which has natural — *fisiko* — grey and brown rugs because these are all-Greek wool. Local wool, however, is very strong so that the combination of the two is one of strength and beauty.

The process begins when the two types of wool are placed in a carding machine which pulls the fibres apart, fluffing and mixing them. The wool is then spun on special hand spindles which form the yarn: this method is unique because unlike most yarns which remain a tight thread once spun, the flokati yarn 'opens' in the waterfall, much like a Japanese water flower. To prevent twisting, the yarn — after



spinning — is boiled and then strung on trees to dry.

Three yarns are used to produce the rugs. Of these the *warp*, the yarn that is stretched *vertically* across the loom, is no longer hand spun — not even for handmade rugs — since it has no effect on the final appearance. The second yarn is called the *woof* or filler and is woven *horizontally* across the loom. Together these make up the backing of the rug. As each yarn is woven back and forth it is pushed very tightly against the other by the shuttle bar. The third yarn which is the *shag* (the pile on an ordinary rug) is pre-cut into strands seven or eight inches long. These are looped over the woof as it is being woven. As a row of the woof is filled with looped strands more rows are woven into the loom, more strands are looped through and so on.

The quality of the flokati is determined at this stage, since, with one exception which we shall explain later, the quality of wool used in most rugs is the same. The closer the rows, the heavier and thicker the finished rug will be. If strands are looped, for example, through every *three* rows, the flokati will be twice as thick as if looped over every *six*.

An ordinary flokati hand loom is about one metre wide so that the finished panel is never wider than 90 cm. Larger rugs are made by sewing these woven panels together. Customers unaware of this often think that a rug sewn together in this fashion is somehow inferior. When sewn well before being placed under the waterfall, the seams are almost invisible underneath, while from the top they are undetectable. When machine-made flokati first came on the market some were deliberately woven in narrow

panels and then sewn together to give the illusion of handmade rugs. Flokati can be woven any length and, of course, occasionally one sees it in stores in huge rolls from which the desired length is cut.

Once the flokates are removed from the loom and, if necessary, sewn together, they are taken to the waterfall for the final processing. The waterfalls are made by diverting natural mountain streams into flumes which carry the water to covered chutes. Wide at the top where they receive the water, the chutes are narrow at the bottom so that the water funnelling through is forced out at considerable pressure.

The chutes are over three metres high and pour down a stream into a round, wooden tub creating a whirlpool. With the water churning and foaming it looks like a witch's cauldron although the water is cold. From above it resembles an enormous old fashioned washtub, but in fact it is coneshaped causing the cascading water to whirl around and around, tumbling the flokates like the clothes in a washing machine. Every few hours the flokates are hooked out with a long tree limb that has been cut where the branches fork giving it a shape similar to a shepherd's crook. They are immediately returned to the tub. This is a difficult task because the water-soaked flokates are heavy — but it is an essential step if the rugs are to shrink evenly throughout.

There is a narrow overflow channel leading away from the tub. Several metres along this channel pine tree branches are placed, overlapping each other. The hundreds of tiny twigs catch and hold the fluff as it is washed off the flokati. The longer the rugs are allowed to tumble under the waterfall, the more wool is lost. This is one reason some

producers remove the rugs from the vat as soon as possible. The 'lost' wool also accounts in part for the difference in price per kilo between the various qualities.

The fluff caught on the pine branches is not used for pillow stuffing or otherwise discarded, however. It is reprocessed and again woven into flokati which do not compare, naturally, with the others because the fibre is too short to wear well. Many of them look very beautiful until they are washed at which time they develop mangy spots.

The best flokates are left in the waterfall several days — during which time they are repeatedly pulled out and returned. Once this process is completed they are hung on long lines stretched between trees to dry. In the winter they freeze and hang in the mists like sheets from a ghostly laundry.

Flokati producers do not usually own their own waterfalls and many use the same one. A coloured yarn is tied to the rugs to identify them and is often still there when the rugs are bought.

Nowadays there are many flokates with designs. Some are quite beautiful while others are made up of the most unfortunate colour combinations. Large rugs with designs must be chosen with care for they tend to overpower everything else in the room.

The first design woven — and for many years the only one — was the Bridal Flokati. This rug was an important part of the dowry because it was placed on the back of the animal that carried the bride to church. Basically it consists of an inner border composed of a continuous series of checkerboards in various colours. It is most attractive when the design is brightly coloured and the rug white. It also makes a beautiful bedspread. With any design rug the yarn must be dyed before weaving. Solid colours can be made by dyeing the yarn or the completed rug, but this is a rather tricky process because the final colour is not the same as the one seen in the vat. Therefore I never recommend a do-it-yourself-dye job — at least not for flokati!

There is no denying the beauty and sheer luxury of flokati. A rug, especially these days, involves a considerable investment, but properly looked after flokates will last a life time. How to choose yours and how to care for them? We will have advice and hints for you next month.

— DON SEBASTIAN

POST BYZANTINE ART

The 17th — 19th Century

DURING the 16th and 17th centuries, two peculiarities in the art of Orthodoxy stand out increasingly. On the one hand there is a group of painters who flirt with the styles and iconography of Western art to the point of introducing oil techniques which destroy once and for all the character of the icon. On the other hand there is another group of painters who adhere closely, almost mechanically, to the last great years of Palaeologue art and produce works of such exactitude that at times it is almost impossible to distinguish between the icons of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Two contemporaries of Damaskinos reflect these divergent developments. John Kyprios was working in Venice at approximately the same time that Damaskinos was frescoing the Church of St. George and was possibly responsible for some of the work in the church. A number of icons by his hand survive, one of which, an Annunciation, is in the collection of the Benaki Museum. While iconographically it conforms closely to a type that was prevalent during the late Palaeologue period — the Virgin standing to receive the angelic salutation — there is a certain 'naturalness' about the proportions of the figures that betrays an attempt to contemporize along the lines of then current Western ideals. One might be tempted to look for an influence from Classical art, especially in the statuesque pose of the Virgin and in her restrained gesture of acceptance which contrasts sharply with the more dramatic and almost theatrical gestures found in many Palaeologue icons. More probably, Kyprios was attempting to introduce a Latinate element into the style of this icon. This becomes apparent if it is compared to icons utilizing the same iconography that were executed either before or after this panel. An interesting example of this latter type can be found in the Benaki in an Annunciation by Tsanfournaris of the seventeenth century.

Another contemporary of Kyprios and Damaskinos was Andreas Ritsos who executed most of his work in the sixteenth century. Ritsos was in many ways a more accomplished painter than Kyprios and also less ambitious in that he remained closer to the tradition of Byzantine panel painting which shows no trace of direct Western influences or affectations. He and several other painters of the sixteenth century were so intoxicated with confidence and commitment to the 'classical' Byzantine ideals of painting that it is almost



*The Archangel Michael by Poulakis.
From the Benaki Museum, Athens.*

impossible at times to differentiate an icon of the sixteenth century from one of the fourteenth century.

Increasingly in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries one notes a greater influence of Venice and the West in the icons of the great Christian painters, although many of them show remarkable versatility, switching styles, techniques, and iconography to suit donors or quite possibly their own whims. Some of the greatest names among these painters are Lombardos, Pavia, Tsanfournaris, and Moskos. Poulakis stands apart from

them as perhaps the most 'baroque' in mannerisms and his nervous almost itchy compositions are intricately composed of convolutions in figures and landscape.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century one notes a reaction on the part of apparently unknown painters who express perhaps the Orthodox Church contracting in response to increasing Western influences. Many of the icons of this century adhere closely to Byzantine traditions in colour as well as sense of form and balance. There is, however, a frigidity that reflects a

certain fear and self-consciousness which characterize the period in general. The Greek Church was undergoing difficulties. The working relationship that had initially existed between the Ottomans and the Church had broken down as a result of overt attempts made by the West to endanger this balance. The Jesuits on the one hand and the Turks on the other would eventually force Orthodoxy into a state of atrophy that is reflected in some icons which clearly attempt to re-create a past glory.

By the eighteenth century the Ottoman Empire began to show signs of the fatal illness that would leave it the 'Sick Man of Europe.' Its social and economic structure began to break down, affecting inevitably the Church which lost not only revenue but also its prestige. Great painters of icons disappeared. The icons of this period are the work of unknown monks or laymen who were clearly ignorant of the canons governing the art. In response to this artistic decline, the 'Painter's Handbook' by Dionysios of Fournas re-

appeared. A guide to iconography, it became the 'bible' of icon painters, though so few icons of value were being produced that it was virtually irrelevant.

Oddly enough it was *after* the Greek War of Independence that the art of the Eastern Church was dealt the final blow. The desire of Western Romantics to see, in every Greek, a possible descendant of Pericles, infected Greeks themselves so they began to disparage their Byzantine heritage. Greeks became highly self-conscious about the peculiarities of Byzantine art that were unintelligible to Europeans. Lacking confidence in their tradition, they literally began to wage war against that heritage. Western influences emerged in the introduction of polyphony in church music, in atrocious painting of the St. Suplice style, and in the introduction of oil painting techniques which transformed the crisply accentuated character of icons into soupy imitations of the sentimental religious art of nineteenth-century Europe. The deterioration was complete by the end of the century.

What with the classically oriented archaeologists and the freshly Europeanized Greek, almost all of the important small Byzantine churches of Athens had been destroyed or 're-done,' their facades and interiors unrecognizable under newly applied plaster and paint. It is worth remembering that the Church at Daphne was still being used as a stable well into the present century, its mosaics distintegrating into an effluvium of manure.

Despite the efforts of individuals, there has been no revival to speak of. The inner religious tension and experience that gave the art of Orthodoxy its depth and contemplative character has vanished in the wake of materialism. Ours is not a religious age and we can expect no more than what has happened. Icon painting is today nostalgic, personal and isolated. The great tradition is, for all practical purposes, dead.

—NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

From Yorkshire to Greece

UNDER a setting sun, Glyn Hughes sat, bearded and balding, on an Athenian balcony. "I am becoming less naive", said the English poet. And he meant it. For though Greece is at present absorbed with its own destiny, there is still room, amidst the national rediscovery, for a foreign artist.

Room for Glyn Hughes. With two volumes of poems published, a prose work soon to be released, a Young Poet's prize from the Welsh Arts Council, and a Poetry Book Society recommendation to his credit, he is not, even so, a poet to inspire instant recognition. Yet he has a solidly-built reputation, and he is recognized among poets whose names are larger: Norman Nicholson, Robert Bly and Seamus Heaney have in the past been named as his admirers.

At 39, he is also one of those rare poets who is able to live by speaking the words he writes at readings and gatherings — a beautiful life that he appreciates. Even in Greece — away from the Yorkshire moors and smudge-smoked industry that are his inspiration and his home — Mr. Hughes found an audience for his verbal imagery.

That was when he spoke and recited his poetry to 200 listeners at the British



Council in Athens. Listeners who applauded warmly as the small, dry, thoughtful Englishman spoke lyrically of his homeland, and of Greece itself.

He is gone now. Back to the moors and wafts of Yorkshire smoke, but the poet saw Greece in its key moments: he saw it first under the junta, and then when democracy was reborn. He is grateful for that. Hence his words: 'I am becoming less naive'. For in his seeing and his writing — Mr. Hughes is well on

the way to completing a book on Greece — he has learnt things which the moors never taught him.

Any tourist, of course, can learn things about Greece simply by looking through a bus window. An artist will look through the same glass shield and see more. Beyond that, Mr. Hughes has a Greek wife, Roya, to help him interpret the things he has viewed.

The couple came to Athens to be married. They had said the words of a civil ceremony back in Hammersmith, London where they met three years ago, but in Athens they were married in a Greek Orthodox Church. That was the first lesson on Greece — the infuriating lesson of officialdom: 'I was romantically enthusiastic about it at first', he said. 'I thought it would be delightful. But I became sick of it by the time it had finished — it was the first time I had experienced Greek bureaucracy'.

Experience, however, is the stuff that artists' lives are made of. As a boy he suffered the schoolroom indignity of a council house background and the physical indignity of beatings from the local gamekeeper — reward for trespassing on the surrounding lands of the rich. In his twenties he turned to nature and lived from a patch of cottage-circling land amidst the hills and sheep.

Then he knew the illusion of escape and its consequent bitterness when he bought a cheap car that led him to neglect that land and helped him lose what he calls his 'integrity of purpose'.

Later, Mr Hughes' first marriage broke down. His first wife was a folk-singer who taught him the rudiments of coping with an audience. Some of the poetry he wrote then reflects the depression of that time.

Fate had made him an art teacher, but again fate led him to one headmaster who discerned the struggle between writer and painter, and asked him to decide between the two. Mr Hughes chose words. At 30, when most people shudder away from breaking routines, he consigned teaching to a few hours nightwork and concentrated on poetry.

Chance meetings, the occasional reading and publication — and his reputation grew. Two books were produced. He toured the United States giving poetry readings. At home they became more frequent. For the past three years he has been able to scrap teaching altogether and live by reading his own thoughts.

And then came Greece. His first visit to the country, and he came with a new wife from this land. Adding further contrast, the poet had only just completed a book about Yorkshire itself — a book of local history, of lore and autobiography. *Millstone Grit*, is one of a series on the regions of Britain, published by Gollancz. Daphne Du Maurier's *Vanishing Cornwall* is another in the same series.

He toured Greece, dubious at first about writing anything at all, but finding soon that he was unable to stop himself — even under the old regime when he admits to taking 'peculiar precautions' with his work: sending home a dozen pages at a time lest the manuscript be confiscated, committing to memory some details and descriptions or even considering the use of a pseudonym. It was as the junta fell that Mr. Hughes says he began to lose his naivety. He listened as Greeks spoke about politics — listened as even small boys discussed governments and world affairs.

'What interested me in Yorkshire?' he asked. This or that district — the history of this or that Methodist chapel. Things which are quite peripheral. These things can be made completely irrelevant. I think I am beginning to see things so much more about the whole world I am living in, and about the politics of the world' A gift of knowledge as a souvenir.

COLD

*Tonight the brittle trees
rattled and snapped in wind and the stars broke
trembling, like shattered ice.
Logs and frozen heather creaked
and starlight shook under our feet.*

*My son and I went onto the moor,
walking under drapes of a low room.
A skull cracked under foot;
a tarred roof winked, a snowball fell;
then quiet, that seemed to glow.
We came indoors when we had stared at snow.*

*Now we changed our places at the hearth,
like penguins on an ice-floe. Draughts
enter through wall and roof: the swords
of cold sneak through our warmth
like poison threading liquid in a glass.*

BEFORE ANTIGONE SPEAKS

(for Vassilis Philias)

*The "good things in life"
have ruined him. Sometimes he has
indigestion from swallowed scruples.
He banks his future with the torturers —
for who but they
can look their master in the eye and say
"Tomorrow, you might be our prey"?*

*No-one can follow him; like a runner
doubling back in tangled streets,
he evades with fast duplicities.
So Creon answers the crowd in "Creon Square":
"They're short of water in the villages?
Then let them drink their tears".*

*For Antigone
there are no living leaders; and the dead
point to iconoclasts manqué.
to the poor, who pay no rates
but who follow laws
unqualified by reasons of state".*

*Creon, you frown,
But, Creon, can you stand the shock
when this feeble flower as strong as a rock,
Antigone, cuts you down?*

GLYN HUGHES.

The gift does not go completely unrepaid. Mr. Hughes, now back on the moors, left a question behind: If he can make a living from reading his own poetry, and if he can come to Greece and draw 200 people — cannot the Greek poets themselves? Could they not also live by reading their own words?

'It is the most auspicious time for this to happen', said Mr. Hughes. 'If people can march on embassies now — they can stand up and read poetry and no one can stop them'.

— NICK ROE

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books

Modern Greek Writers: *Solomos, Calvos, Matesis, Palamas, Cavafy, Kazantzakis, Seferis, Elytis.*

Edited by Edmund Keeley and Peter Bien: Princeton University Press, 1972. 261 pp. Dr. 350.

THE BIRTHRATE of scholarly associations is high; so is the incidence of rickets and anemia among many groups, but the Modern Greek Studies Association is certainly a robust baby which began by strangling serpents in its cradle. Witness the impressive proceedings (the 10 articles in this book) of its 1969 Princeton Symposium. Its theme — which should not be taken too literally or narrowly — was "Modern Greek Literature and its European Background." Editor Peter Bien contributes here a model introduction, compact, creative courteous (treading on no toes but scorning flattery): an overview of Greek studies, an informative history of the MGSA, and a lucid survey of the symposium. This critical balance also holds for Bien's essay on the demotics of Kazantzakis. The other editor, Edmund Keeley, contributes a perspicacious article on Cavafy's so-called 'new' poems which, whether or not they add to Cavafy's stature (yes, Virginia, there are some anti-Cavafyites) do add much, as the essay does, to our understanding of the poet. The longest essay in the volume is by the poet Lorenzatos who proves conclusively the ideological debt that Solomos owed Dante. The book testifies to the uniqueness of Modern Greek Literature and to the uniqueness of those studying it: international scholars, ever more numerous, and philhellenic with a passion, but with scholarly objectivity too. Another beauty of this book is that it contains so many appetite-whetters, like hors-d'oeuvre in a true French gourmet meal: first-rate dishes in themselves yet with the promise of more to come. This is especially true as several essays are modified sections of recent or forthcoming books, as in the case of Maskaleris on Palamas, Bien on Kazantzakis, Keeley on Cavafy, Vitti and Dimaras on their respective histories of modern Greek literature, and Levi on Seferis. Or else the writers, in the best tradition

of scholarly generosity, refer the reader to more recent findings (Bouvier, in his essay on Calvos in Geneva), or to other critics (Vitti's wonderful plug of professor/critic Sahinis.) And Stavros Deligiorgis's hard-packed paper on native equivalents to foreign elements in translations surely must be part of a wider study to come. Lastly, although linguistic, sociohistorical and poetic aspects predominate in this collection, Angelos Terzakis deals with *Vassilikos* by Matesis — the only play discussed at length in the book — as both the first (1830) sociological/ideological drama of modern Greece and as a masterpiece which, says the author, could outrank *Hernani* (also 1830), were it not for the sad lot of minor literatures. How symbolic this is of most of modern Greek literature, and of the obvious need for the Modern Greek Studies Association!

—EDWIN JAHIEL
from *Books Abroad*

THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT

Sidney Sheldon. Hodder and Stoughton, 1974; 440 pages.

WHAT a chilling, gripping, suspenseful web of intrigue Mr. Sheldon has spun. From its opening chapter, when all the main characters arrive in the city of Athens to witness a spectacular murder trial, *The Other Side of Midnight* begins its spellbinding hold on the reader and unravels a story of love, hate, betrayal and revenge.

This is the story of Noelle, the daughter of a Marseille fishmonger whom she loved dearly. Determined that his daughter's incredible beauty bring them wealth, her father drags her into an affair with a wealthy, old man and into a life that ends in horrifying tragedy.

Betrayed once again by her first chosen lover, she resolves to dedicate her life to gaining revenge. She climbs to the top of the ladder of stardom but remains an enigma even to Gauthier, one of her many lovers, a top film director in Paris. Gautier had known

from the very beginning that Noelle was going to be a star but what astonished him as he came to know her better was that stardom was not her goal.

This is the story of Catherine, a loner from Chicago, with a fierce and urgent longing to be recognized, to lift herself above the millions of people who teemed the earth. She did not know what she wanted, only that she ached desperately for it. In time the paths of Noelle and Catherine cross and both are destroyed.

Sheldon's tale of intrigue is set against the backdrop of war-time Washington, Nazi-occupied Paris and Athens. Its ending is both surprising and shocking and remains with the reader long after the book has been closed.

The Other Side of Midnight is available at the Airport Library and the Stars and Stripes bookstores.

—ANNE ST. MARTIN

For Bookworms

THE BRITISH COUNCIL recently exhibited its new collection of over three hundred paperbacks. Though covering a very wide field, it has been carefully and imaginatively selected. The great majority of items are of the excellent quality of paperback book-making one has long expected from Pan, Paladin, Fontana and Penguin. These make up a large percent of the group. Though a well-balanced collection, the emphasis is on books of a practical nature and the dozen or so *Teach Yourself Books* are superior in their fields. The new librarian, Miss Janet Teal, is particularly pleased that the leading Athenian booksellers have agreed to receive orders for books shown in this exhibition.

—S.E.

ONE of the nicest things that happens around the American Community Schools this time each year is the November Book Fair which is held in the elementary school library. With lively, happy background music, a gay, festive carnival atmosphere and a broad selection of books that the young students can purchase at moderate prices, the ACS Book Fair has proven an overwhelming success year after year. Mrs. Alik Ammerman, librarian at the elementary school recalls that last year the Fair was scheduled for three consecutive days, but by noon of the second day it was a sell-out!

The paperback books on sale are published by Scholastic Enterprises and are priced from 15 - 30 Dr. or 50 cents - \$1.00. Mrs. Ammerman promises that once again there will be at least 1500

The Beating of the Season

providing a rounded collection of titles which will include fairy tales, classics, craft books and stories about horses. The Book Fair will be held during the second week of November to coincide with National Children's Book Week, an annual event in the United States. Mrs. Ammerman says that the Fair has a value and an educational purpose. It allows children to browse as in a bookstore and buy good books which are not available anywhere else in the community.

Profits from the sales go towards the purchase of books and other materials for the library. Last year's profits are being used for a 'reading hut' now being constructed by a group of high school students. When finished it will provide a secluded, reading 'hide-a-way' for a group of half-dozen or more children at one time.

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THIS year the opening of the winter season was considerably delayed as a result of the weather, the suspense about the future of the National Theatre, and the radical changes in the repertory criteria resulting from the abolition of censorship. Satire, direct or indirect, and social issues seem to be the vogue. Of the forty or so theatres expected to open in the greater Athens area (including Piraeus), only nine were in operation by mid-October while a great many were in rehearsal.

At the Alambra Theatre a group headed by Kostas Karras is presenting Sean O'Casey's *Red Roses for Me*. The vehicle to the production's success seems to be the music composed by Stavros Xarhakos. Influenced by the prevailing spirit of the times, both the adaptation and the direction of the play have shifted the emphasis away from O'Casey's 'human' approach to drama. As a consequence what emerges is a Brechtian epic — or rather, a misunderstood Brechtian 'approach'.

The Irish playwright while contrasting the repressive forces of society with the desire of the younger generation for artistic and political freedom, presents the 'human' side of his heroes. Kostas Karras's performance in the main role is weak in this respect. As a heroic figure, however, he is excellent. Nelli Angelidou as the mother, and Stavros Konstantopoulos as the eccentric musician and folk-philosopher, turn in fine performances. Anna Veneti, as the girl in love with the hero, offers a performance that attempts to escape from Bakas's interpretation and to remain faithful to O'Casey's intentions.

Nonetheless the production as an epic is very good. Together with Xarhakos's music and under Bakas's direction the group presents an enthralling performance which carries the audience into the Polytechnion on that tragic day in November 1973. The translation is by Paul Matessis, and costumes and sets by Joanna Papanoniou.

At the Moussouris Theatre, Kostas Moussouris directs and presents *I Want*

to See Mussov, by Soviet dramatist, Valentin Katayev, adapted by M. Sauvajon and translated by Marios Floritis. This is a farcical comedy with undertones satirizing Soviet bureaucracy, physicians' blind cruelty, star-worship, etc. A clean and neat production, as usual under Mousouris's direction it is an excellent presentation of a weak farce that lacks the tempestuous ingenuity of the French masters in this genre. The audience, nevertheless, leaves the theatre smiling. Mimis Photopoulos is excellent in the part of the creator of the farcical situation. Maria Marmarimou and Martha Vourtsi are equally good, while Kakia Dandoukaki is both exquisite and natural as the bewildered ingenue prize winner. Stavros Xenidis as the unfortunate Mussov and Despina Nikolaidou as the doctor would have been excellent had they not over-acted. Babis Katsoulis as the absent-minded philosophical physician is perfect.

Kakia Analyti and Kosta Rigopoulos co-star in a new play by the contemporary Greek Dramatist, Kostas Mouselas, now being shown at the Analyti Theatre. *The Ear of Alexander* is a sarcastic view of the home life of a modern money-monger and his family. This is an unusual piece of allegory about today's consumer society.

The play was reviewed during rehearsal a week before the opening, and the performance looked promising. Kakia Analyti is asked to give a bravura performance of a cat-like wife transformed into a tigerish, blood-thirsty female. Kostas Rigopoulos gives an extremely promising interpretation of the comic-tragic central hero. The play promises to provoke considerable discussion because of its allegoric connotations. Directed by Victor Pagoulatis, the cast includes Elias Logothetis, Makis Revmatas, Nikos Pangratis, Vassilis Platakis and the charming Katerina Bobou. Sets by George Anemoyannis.

—PLATON MOUSSEOS

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An American Theatre-goer at the Alpha

ENTERING the Alpha Theatre on Patisson Street for a Friday night performance of Czechoslovak Milan Kountera's *The Key-Keepers*, the sensation of descending into nether worlds is increased by the spectator's passage downward into the theatre: through a deep stoa, down a flight of steps, down the declining centre aisle. Before us the curtainless proscenium stage is divided into two drab apartment rooms depicting the two worlds with which the play deals.

Two Athenian couples join us as we take our seats. We are breathless and perspiring: the date is October 11 and a demonstration has forced cars off the main routes and compelled us to walk some distance. University students have filled the streets from Panepistimiou up to the end of Zappeion. 'What was the demonstration about?' I ask the woman next to me. 'Would that we knew,' she answers in disgust. I decide to direct any inquiries about the play and the programme notes to other members of the party.

As the gong strikes for the third time, the stage clocks begin to tick and the house is shrouded in darkness. Though the play is set in Czechoslovakia, during the Nazi occupation, it could be any place during any occupation. The divided set represents two different worlds: the Krouta household or 'Key-keepers' whose members believe that ultimate power resides in the hands of those who control the 'keys', and who insist that the 'key-keepers' will survive the reign of the oppressors; the other, the bedroom of Yiouri, tortured with doubt, who seeks to obliterate his spiritual longings by

metamorphosing spirit into flesh and gorging himself with the body of his voluptuous and shallow wife, Lina, the daughter of Mrs. Krouta.

Disquieting hallucinations invade Yiouri's consciousness, forcing him to recollect past experiences with his friends in the resistance. This third world of idealism and defiance intrudes into the Krouta household and into Yiouri's marriage. Tortured by his attempt to violate his own nature, Yiouri, bitterly self-aware, is forced to see the fraudulent nature of his existence. The steadfast resister, Tonta, expresses his contempt for Yiouri's choice: 'To bed with your wife to listen to the snores of your mother-in-law.' The omnipresent menace of the occupying army is made manifest through the figures of the booted, uniformed, armed officer and the savage porter - informer.

The audience responds to the challenge of Kountera's innovative staging, easily recognising the characteristics of the three worlds, even when they merge in kaleidoscopic confusion of scene and sound. I join the audience as it shivers under the rasping threats of the relentless informer, but I sense that these men and women are identifying better than I with the fear of sinister forces.

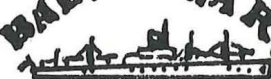
A woman gasps audibly at one point. During intermission I approach her and ask how the play was presented last year for the drama is a powerful rendition of life under oppressive conquerors and insists on the rights of free creative activity. How was it received by the previous military dictatorship? She replied that it was extensively censored.

Another spectator interrupts us: 'Last autumn among the spectators, there were planted government informers in civilian clothes. They would report violations of censored sections.' I glance at my programme and note the progress of performances: Opening Night: Sept. 9, 1973. Closed Nov. 16, 1973. Performances resumed with prescribed omissions, Feb. 22, 1974. The audience is deeply involved in the

emotional and intellectual conflicts in the play, expressing its repulsion and mockery for the preoccupations of the 'key-keepers,' whose superficiality is dramatized by Krouta, the wife, and Lina, the daughter, cavorting on stage in a puppet-like dance. They understand when profound struggle is artistically juxtaposed against trivial concerns, and applaud when Yiouri decides to join his friends in the resistance forces.

The performers stand before the audience with their heads bowed, receiving the audience's applause. Stephanos Lineos (Yiouri) gently lifts his right hand and speaks of the empathy they feel with this play. They will continue to perform it, now freely, until after the elections — and they hope these elections will take place. After November they will present *The Rosenbergs Will Never Die*. The 'locked-in' Yiouri has twice escaped and assumed his ethical, responsible, free spirit — once in Kountera's play and a second time at the Alpha.

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UNDER normal circumstances, summer exhibitions are more or less restricted to group shows by artists associated with the galleries. This year the events of July that led to the Cypriot tragedy were followed by a series of group shows sponsored by the better known galleries; the proceeds from the sales were donated by the artists to the cause of Cyprus Relief. Zoumboulakis, Nees Morphes, Ora and Desmos all had near sell-outs, and paintings not sold were presented to the Cypriot Embassy for future benefit exhibitions. The proceeds from commemorative posters also went to the relief fund. The poster by Fasianos — sold through Zoumboulakis — was a sad statement on the pretensions of being 'with it'. In fact it was a reiteration of that old jingoism and belligerence which is hardly needed in the face of the reality of real suffering on the part of the Cypriot people — whether Greek or Turkish.

Regone Pierakou's exhibition of a series of water colours at Nees Morphes from October 2 - 21 was largely made-up of scenes from Athens and its surroundings. Academically controlled and technically well executed, they were disappointing in the choice of colours. In some ways they resembled studio exercises executed within the limits of the basic range of colours to be found in a commercial water-colour tray. Little of Greece was reflected in the manipulation of the almost fluorescent colours — a pity when one considers how suitable the medium is for the light of the southern Balkans.

Zoumboulakis has opened a new gallery on Kolonaki Square. In both dimensions and general atmosphere it is highly suitable for exhibiting large sculptures. It opened on October 17 with a fine show by Takis — his first major exhibition in his native Athens: his work is represented in the collections of New York and Houston Museums of Modern Art as well as those of the Tate and Guggenheim. It is very difficult — if not impossible — to assess his work with words as it is based primarily on experiential 'contact' with realities. Many of the sculptures have a strange aura of mystery that one feels permeating the instruments of ancient alchemy. This in itself is perhaps not too surprising when one realizes that Takis is frequently preoccupied by those aspects of reality that obsessed some of the ancient masters of the arcane arts and sciences — magnetism, vibrations,

emanations of struck chords, the search for perpetual motion and the silence of pure energy. Takis often manages to reduce both his media — as well as himself — in such a way as to place directly in the focus of one's experience the pure essence of reality using his media to make it tangibly present. I have felt the force of magnets with their strange reversal of poles. This is the first time that the quality of 'void' which is the magnetic field has been so emphatically placed before my vision: small elements vibrate in the air, sustained at times by nothing more than the essential interplay of energy.



Vue de la Galene — Signax by Takis.

The work of a young German painter, Gudrun von Leitner, was presented by Zoumboulakis at his Kriezotou street gallery early in October. Her paintings were very much involved with contemporary 'Op' art — although they were, for the most part, quiet and unproblematic. Colour was sparsely applied to designs of interiors and vistas laid out with almost mathematical precision that gave a feeling of achievement with little scope for development.

The Ora Gallery's late September, early October show of 'painters as they see themselves' was quite amusing in some ways. A large number of self-portraits by contemporary Greek painters provided insight into the usually hidden ego-limbo of the artist, although many of the drawings were full of good, healthy, self-awareness and humour. Minos Argyrakis appeared as a bearded satyr in Marilyn Monroe drag; Xenakis was aptly computerized; and Kopsides emerged as a byzantine archon. Tsarouchis thrust a troubled face into the gathering. All of the portraits were done within the past two

years save one — that of Vasso Katrakis. Hers was executed in 1941.

In the lower gallery at Ora, Thomas Papadoperakis exhibited imitation paintings set in imitation frames. A 19th century palette of umber, sienna, and sepia was used to create impressions of what it is like to have an old, unwanted, and at times worthless painting on the wall. Here and there a well-modeled hand peeked out from a mess of contrived varnish. Having failed to get anything going, one canvas was simply painted black and then slashed down the middle. The general impression was that of the frustrations of a has-been academician, which Papadoperakis is *not*, or the closing-out of a bankrupt art dealer. Art imitating art *can* have significance but this collection of paintings displayed that self-consciousness that is found in museum imitations of ancient vases with patination and carefully manipulated simulations of cracks. If the point is supposed to be a comment on what happens to one's valued paintings and portraits after a hundred years or so, then it is well taken.

A fine show by Koulentianos was opened in October with a collection of recent sculptures, prints and tapestries. Koulentianos has lived for the past years in Paris and as a sculptor has executed many large commissions in Europe. The tapestries and prints are strongly sculptural in conception and execution, the former utilizing both form, as well as subtle textural variations, to achieve effects. This is the show of a mature artist and is well worth seeing.

—NIKOS STAVROULAKIS

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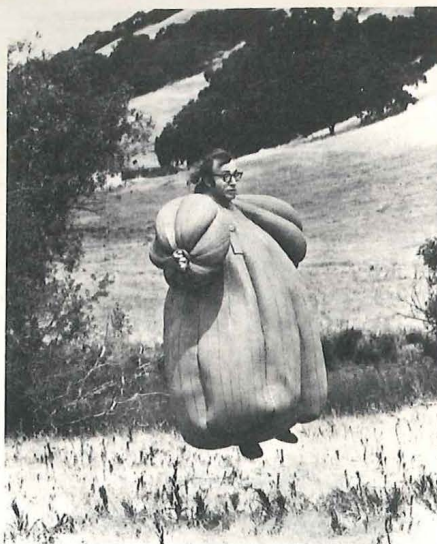
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POLITICAL FILMS

HISTORY is bad theatre, Ionesco once said, but as subject matter for serious films, history has frequently become good cinema. Now that censorship has lifted in Greece we can look forward to seeing many historical and political films previously banned. Numerous films such as Emile de Antonio's *Year of the Pig* (a Viet Nam documentary), Eisenstein's classic *Potemkin*, and some excellent Bulgarian films including *The Last Word* by director Binka Zhelyaskova have already reached the screens. All of Costas Gavras's films are to appear as well as a seemingly endless supply of Russian movies on political subjects. One should also add that the recent Salonika Film Festival projected and awarded prizes to a number of political / historical works.

We should rejoice over this newly gained viewing freedom. At the same time, however, we must brave ourselves to endure the 'over-kill' which is already becoming apparent as trendy theatre owners rush to project any film with a political theme regardless of the quality or significance. At best, audiences this year will learn to distinguish good political cinema from mediocre or commercial works. At worst, many will become bored with *relevant* films and retreat to the cinemas showing harmless and slick entertainment like *The Sting* or *Tom Sawyer*.

Politically committed films such as those of Costas Gavras or Jean-Luc Godard's *Tout Va Bien* succeed in arousing strong feelings for or against particular parties, ideas, ways of life. Such films should be seen and discussed, but I hope that some discriminating manager will revive films like Jean Renoir's *La Grande Illusion* (1937) which is political without being didactic, historical without being long-winded, and committed to a strong sense of humanism without falling prey to the dangers of partisan politics. Renoir's gentle touch is far more devastating than the heavy-handed horror of many 'revolutionary' film-makers.



An airborne Woody Allen, in *Sleeper*.

RICHARD NIXON AND WOODY ALLEN

Director Emile de Antonio's 1971 documentary collage of Nixon's career, *Millhouse*, is subtitled *A White Comedy*. The film might have been more appropriately named *American Grafitti*. *Millhouse* (a corruption of Milhaus, Nixon's middle name) is neither 'white' nor a comedy in any traditional sense. Rather, it is a farce describing the career of an American politician.

The comic spirit should be a celebration of life. *Millhouse*, however, is a pointed but convincing study of the political death of Richard Nixon, and, by implication, the unhealthy state of American politics in general. In 1971, when this film was released critics could talk about Nixon's performance in these film and TV clippings taken from his career as being a curious mixture of W.C. Fields, the Marx Brothers and Billy Graham. Today Nixon appears as one to be more pitied than laughed at now that he has left the White House and Watergate behind. The black humour generated by Nixon's wooden and neurotic speeches leads the audience to snicker rather than to laugh heartily. How can one laugh, for instance, at the fact that Nixon sent TV crews to film a dying Eisenhower for TV campaign ads?

De Antonio's film would seem to be the perfect example of what Jessie Bier in his book *The Rise and Fall of American Humour* calls the collapse of American humour. Noting that much of American comedy has had a serious social aim, Professor Bier comments that the confusion and horror of contemporary American life has led most humourists and satirists to become bitterly cynical. Mark Twain, for

example, who began his career with such buoyant good humour, developed into a hardened pessimist. More recently, one need only trace the writing career of Kurt Vonnegut to see that his latest book, *Breakfast of Champions*, is a dark satire far removed from the milder jabs of *Cat's Cradle*. Similarly, de Antonio has used Nixon as his own worst enemy in order to shock the audience into awareness rather than to entertain filmgoers with more subtle humour.

If Professor Bier's observations are correct, what are we to make of Woody Allen? *Sleeper*, which will soon be appearing in Greece, is Woody's closest yet also his funniest look at society. In this tale, Woody is able to level his comic imagination at society past, present and future. The plot concerns what happens to Woody when he is frozen for two hundred years and then brought back to life by a futuristic society.

It is perhaps too early to say whether or not Allen is the exception to the general trend in American humour suggested by Professor Bier, or the vanguard of a new wave in American laughter. What is clear, however, is that Allen is easily the best American comedian on the screen today.

Described by one critic as a 'Jewish Buster Keaton,' Allen has the sad, puppy-look and romantic heart of Charlie Chaplin, the often deadpan expression of Keaton, and the verbal brilliance of Groucho Marx. Furthermore, his thick lensed glasses, and unkempt, thinning hair give him the air of an eternal student who has spent most of his life in a library.

'Comedy is such hard work, isn't it?' Woody said in an interview while making *Sleeper* last year. Indeed, one must marvel at Allen's stamina as well as talent in writing, directing, starring in, and editing his films. Certainly his hard work has paid great dividends in *Sleeper*. Woody fires off memorable one-liners during the film: when told he is to undergo a pre-frontal lobotomy he quips, 'No not my brain! It's my second most favourite organ,' and when asked by his leading lady Diane Keaton whether or not he believes in God, he responds, 'I believe that there's an intelligent being that rules the universe except for parts of New Jersey!' He satirizes various politically popular personalities such as De Gaulle ('a great French Chef'), Nixon, Billy Graham and Norman Mailer ('he donated his ego to Harvard Medical School') in a scene where he is shown old photographs which mean nothing to his

companions. He mocks future culture as becoming robot-run and authoritarian, one in which individuality is crushed and sex can be simulated in a handy home machine called the 'orgasmatron.' Slapstick comedy is achieved by a Keystone Cops chase in futuristic vehicles accompanied by a brisk dixieland sound track (for which Woody played his clarinet). Even revolutionary forces come in for a ribbing as Allen presents Erno, the leftist leader, as a narcissistic dandy.

Like the Marx Brothers, Woody holds no ideas or groups sacred. Everything and everyone is fair game for laughs. Allen can get away with his irreverent attitude because he *deflates* rather than *destroys* it. Just as Will Rogers used to mock politicians in general much to the amusement of both Republicans and Democrats, so Woody brings an otherwise divided audience together in a dark theatre for an hour and a half (the maximum time for a good comedy, according to Woody) to laugh at *all* problems. If we leave the theatre after seeing *Millhouse* with a feeling of disgust and sorrow, we return home from *Sleeper* realizing that even though all is not well with the world, that by having laughed at what we had previously considered to be serious, we have in some way become more human, more objective, and, hopefully, better able to face our own problems.

Sleeper is the most alert American comedy in several years and a hopeful sign that American humour has not completely given way to easy cynicism.

—ANDY HORTON

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music

MUSIC IN POST—JUNTA ATHENS

THOUGH seemingly removed from the world of politics, the Performing Arts in Athens have undergone some far-reaching changes since the return to a civilian government. The State orchestra, the Opera, the Radio/Television Symphony, all are operated by the government, and their directors and administrators come and go with political fluctuations. Just as the public schools have opened without textbooks, in many cases — pending the publication of new, approved materials — so the Opera and Symphony are rehearsing without any announced programmes for the coming season.

Some changes, however, have already been carried out. One of the first steps to be taken by the new government two months ago was to place the orchestra under the direct authority of a special committee composed of the principals of the symphony, leaving Director-General Andreas Paridis (who, according to the local press, is a relative of the discredited ex-minister of Tourism, Christos Balopoulos) some-

what of a figurehead whose future is very much in doubt. All matters of programming and personnel advancement now lie in the hands of the special committee whose announced aims are to improve musical standards and curtail alleged favouritism in hiring and promotion. In the meantime the government has asked the noted expatriate musicians, Miltiades Karydes (sometime conductor of the Philharmonia Hungarica) and Yiannis Xenakis (the noted composer who has been living in exile in Paris since 1947) to return to Greece and to recommend any changes that should be made in the organizational structure of the Orchestra and its programmes. The weekly Orchestra concerts have been moved from Sunday mornings — a remarkably illogical hour — to Monday evenings at 8:30 p.m. at the Rex Theatre, Panepistimiou Street near Omonia. The first concert is scheduled for November 4th.

The Opera (Lyriki Skini) is under new management, Dimitri Chorafas (a present director of the Strasbourg

Opera, France) having been recently appointed as its new General Director. The season has not yet been announced, but performances will continue to be given at the Olympia Theatre on Akademias Street after the first of the month.

The Programming Director of the E.I.R.T. has likewise been replaced. The new incumbent, George Sikilianos, perhaps Greece's leading resident composer, is certainly a decided improvement over his predecessor, Constantine Nonis, a former clerk at the E.I.R.T. offices who rose rapidly to his position as Director of radio programming after 1966.

Additional changes will undoubtedly be made following the November 17th elections, but from what the reviewer has seen thus far, it would appear that those in high places who are responsible for what has taken place to date are sincerely devoted to the improvement and expansion of Greece's inadequate classical music concert offering.

— ROBERT BRENTON BETTS

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A GREAT CIRCUS

FACED with an efficient censorship and the possibility of artistic extinction, it is only an artist of unusual integrity who will commit himself to expressing the feelings that may be uppermost in people's minds. It is now easy for composers and writers who bowed to censorship to reveal in public their opinions and experiences. It is now easy for me to write a review of a record originally conceived as a humorous but barbed indictment of the 'reforms' introduced by the Papadopoulos regime.

Yet when there was no money to be made by selling one's reminiscences to the press, or producing garish, political posters to be placed for sale in shop windows, Iakovos Kambanellis (the poet of Mauthausen) and Stavros Xarhakos collaborated on a song called *Pame Ki Emis*, which was incorporated into their stage-musical, *To Megalo Mas Tsirko* (Our Great Circus). In words and music, there is nothing over-explicit in this song. There is no need to remind an audience that the subject is the shooting down of an unknown number of young people. There was no possibility, then, of heavy-handed journalism. Then, as now, the audience knew:

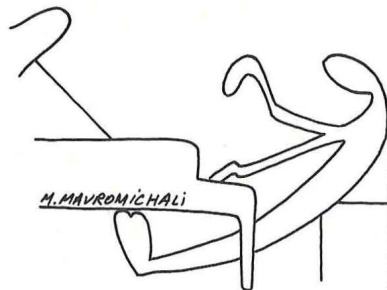
Let us go, you and I, to the courtyard of autumn behind the husks of summer turned to stone, let us go, you and I, to the children who fell asleep beneath the blooded talons of the dove. Let us go you will see the yard where they grew up, two children in love, two children of earth, Orestes from Volos, Maria from Sparta...

The song begins with restraint. The opening verse sung by Nikos Dimitratos, a new singer, makes a powerful impact rising to a climax as the chorus takes up the tune and voices scream from the wings, 'Where is my son?' 'I want my daughter!'

This naked simplicity, this humility of the artist before the event, is something you won't find anywhere else in the 2½ - record album (*sic!*) *To Megalo Mas Tsirko*. The album is presented in a deluxe format, with several pages of glossy photos from the stage production including a photocopy of pages of the text marked out by the censor. The song *Pame Ki Emeis* (Let's go, you and I) is included on a 'free' 45 rpm disc tucked in at the back. This little record, which cannot, as far as I know, be bought separately, is by far the best of the 'Circus.'

The 'Circus' began about a year ago, in the open-air theatre in Patission Street, opposite the Polytechnic. Taking advantage of the partial lifting of censorship which followed last year's 'referendum' Kambanellis produced a biting and witty potpourri in which the circus represents the political history of modern Greece. Xarhakos composed the music with a deliberate bounce and occasional brashness, and Nikos Xylouris was brought in to do the singing. In the photographs published with the records he is shown in Cretan dress at the court of King Otho, striding about the stage with microphone in hand. The absurdity is all part of the effect, of course, and is no more disconcerting that the appearance of an imposing guillotine which dominates the stage, the subject of some drunken carousing on Side One.

Our *Great Circus* was intended for the stage. Clear warning of the record's



shortcomings is given in one of the many tracks of spoken dialogue, in which the author explains and apologises for the presence of 'so many songs' in the work. They are, he tells us, 'like bridges that lead us from one episode to another.' Fair enough, but on a record the songs must stand on their own, and the witticisms and dramatic dialogue which take up a large proportion of the four sides are not enough, in any case, to provide a complete sequence if you haven't seen the play.

Xylouris seems somewhat out of his element and sings with much less conviction than on *Syllogi*. The rest of the troupe, who frequently join in, were not selected for the purity of their voices — even Jennie Karezi, who sings the other track on the little disc, *O Asotos* (The Prodigal), is renowned as an actress, and has a great sense of style, displays uncertain pitch.

Most of the people who buy the two-disc set (priced at 300 drs) will do so for more than purely musical reasons. The records do have their high points, but the two numbers on the small record demonstrate that Xarhakos still possesses depths which are scarcely glimpsed in *To Megalo Mas Tsirko*.

Theodorakis's *Thalassina Fengaria* (Moonlit Seas) has made much less impact that it deserves. Everybody knows what the *Great Circus* is, or what the *Songs of Struggle* are about, but few people realise that this record is the first issue of six songs by Theodorakis, recorded in 1967, but never released because April 21 intervened. The six songs on the first side of the record, are sung by Bithikotsis and Viki Moscholiou and the Bithikotsis' tracks in particular rank musically and vocally with the best that Theodorakis was producing at the time. Particularly fine is 'Kato ap' ton Astron to Panygyri' (Beneath the celebration of the stars), which gives full scope to Bithikotsis' voice.

The lyrics are by Nikos Gatsos and the flip side is taken up with five well-known Theodorakis-Gatsos songs of the same period, sung by Bithikotsis and Maria Farandouri. Inexcusably, three of these are taken from the fill-up to *Mauthausen* a recent re-issue.

Briefly Noted:

Domna Samiou, Souravli - Greek Flutes and Pipes. Originally scheduled to appear in September, Miss Samiou's new collection of instrumental folk music was delayed for technical reasons but was expected to be issued in late October. It promises to be one of the most interesting additions in some time to the folk music archive.

Mikis Theodorakis, Tragoudia tou Agona (Songs of the Struggle), features Maria Farandouri, Andonis Kaloyannis and the composer himself, and includes many of the widely distributed 'underground' songs of Theodorakis' exile. The lyrics are by such diverse figures as Alexandros Panagoulis, would-be assassin of Papadopoulos, and the formal, pastoral 19th century poet, Andreas Kalvos. Some of the finest of the *Songs of the Struggle*, such as 'Milo' (I speak of the last trumpet call) and 'Makria, Poli Makria' (Far, far away) have been excluded. As far as I know, they are not available on disc.

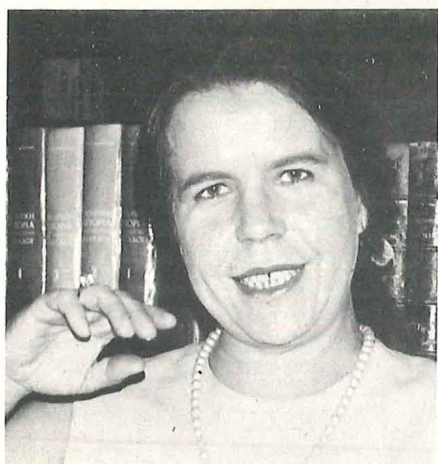
Mouflouzelis Erhete (Mourflouzelis is coming). A new record of original 'rebetika' songs, in which Yannis Mouflouzelis, a contemporary of Vamvakaris, Papaioannou and others, accompanies himself on the *baglamas*.

Glezos, Emiliano Zapata. A stirring setting of Pablo Neruda's poem by Glezos, orchestrated by Mamangakis. Singers include Andonis Kaloyannis.

—RODERICK BEATON

THE GERMAN INFORMATION CENTRE

GREECE has always attracted foreigners — from the intrepid travellers in olden days to the modern young things of today — and Athens has a large foreign community. Have you ever wondered what happens to all those young tourists, whose hearts are captured by our virile Adonises? Life is never a bed of roses, but it can be uncomfortably thorny in an alien culture with language problems thrown in. Then there are the older residents who have lived in Greece for so many years that they feel unable to pull up their roots — even to return to their homeland.



Germans residing in Greece are fortunate — indeed, to be able to turn to the German Information Service and to Mrs. Vera Dimopoulos-Vosikis — a woman of unusual qualifications and enterprise — who is there to assist those in need of advice.

Vera Dimopoulos-Vosikis, a vivacious lady, bursting with energy, is a qualified lawyer in her homeland, Germany, where she was appointed a judge at the tender age of twenty-eight. She is now married to the Athenian lawyer, Haralambos Dimopoulos-Vosikis whom she met at the University of Munster. She has lived in Greece since 1967. After one year as a *hausfrau* she felt the need to find more challenging activity. Mrs. Dimopoulos-Vosikis is unable to pursue her career in Greece but when one of the teachers at the Goethe Institute was transferred to another country, she was asked to assume the position. This led to her presenting a course, *Special Terminology of German Law*, for lawyers and law students. It has proved so popular that she has continued to offer it ever since.

Mrs. Dimopoulos-Vosikis' association with the German community

developed from contacts made at Christos Kirche. Mr. Meier, the pastor of the church, and Miss Martin, the social worker, were aware of the need of some members for guidance and help in coping with marital and other problems. Thus the German Information Service was born.

The Centre is located in the Dimopoulos-Vosikis' beautiful neo-classical house where her office is warm and cosy, the atmosphere informal. The advice she offers is neutral — uninvolved emotionally, she is able to examine each situation with objectivity. In her approach to the problem she is



guided by her own philosophy. That is: the foreigner must try to adjust to Greece and not expect Greece to adjust to the foreigner. When this attitude is adopted many of the problems are resolved or at least alleviated. If legal advice or medical care is required, the visitor is directed to professional people able to communicate in German.

Mrs. Dimopoulos-Vosikis locates volunteers willing to help the elderly or sick members of the community. They visit them, offer comfort, and assist them by posting their letters, doing their shopping, seeing to their laundry or by visiting them in hospitals to bathe them and bring them cheer. For those without cars transportation is arranged.

Other problems may arise related to inheritance or social security problems in Germany. With her legal background, Mrs. Dimopoulos-Vosikis is in the position to advise them, and to suggest whom they should contact in Germany.

The service is sometimes called upon to find *au pairs* for mothers who must return to Germany, perhaps to care for sick and dying parents, or for mothers who must enter the hospital. The *au pair* takes over the care and well being of the family until the mother is able to return. Mrs. Dimopoulos-Vosikis will advise parents on holiday camps for children of mixed-marriages, as well as accommodation for school children in families where the fathers are employed by German firms located outside Athens where there are no German schools.

The response from members of the community has been excellent. In most neighbourhoods, a key person is located. She is contacted when a German woman moves into her particular area and will invite the newcomer to coffee to introduce her to others living



nearby. This goes a long way to helping Germans adjust to the Greek way of life. Care is taken not to overburden any one volunteer and the work is spread among as many helpers as possible.

The Centre is in constant communication with Christos Kirche, the German Catholic Church, the German Embassy, the Greek-German Association, the Greek-German Chamber of Commerce, the Dorpfeld Gymnasium and the two social workers attached to Christos Kirche. So as to be on a legal footing, the Centre is a branch office of the Greek-German Club *Philadelphia* — the first to be founded in Athens.

This is just one more sign of a steadily developing awareness of the needs of ex-patriots, some old, some young, with no family or social service who is responsible for their care and welfare.

The German Information Service is located at 24 Massalias, next to the Hellenic American Union, Tel. 612-288 and is supported by donations. Perhaps you can help?

M.D.L.

PENCIL SKETCHES OF GREECE

(1965 - 1966)



SKETCH IV

Summer is Over

THE children are dancing in the streets, their palms and faces turned upwards, their tongues sticking out of their mouths to catch the drops. I go to the veranda but before I see the rain, I smell it. The pavement gives off its distinctive smell of dust and tar when touched by the drops. The dusty leaves tremble in a wind that blows up from the sea.

Paris, our 13 year old neighbor, is chanting: 'Vrehi, vrehi,' as he grabs John and swings him around.

'Ti?' asks John inquiring after the word 'vrehi'.

'Vrehi, vrehi, vrehi,' shouts Paris into John's face.

'Oh, stupe, that means it's raining,' exclaims Cynthia only too ready to give forth with her week-old knowledge.

'Vrehi, vrehi,' the children chant, joining hands and circling around in the street. They are joined by our baby, David, just turned two and the member of the family that has the least trouble picking up Greek. After over two months in Greece, his Greek vocabulary is not far behind his admittedly limited English vocabulary.

Maria, the mother of Paris and Artemis, rushes across the street to tell me that this is the first time it has rained since last April.

'Summer is over,' she sighs, 'Fall has begun.'

She smiles and looks skyward. The hot summer is over and she claims her house is very hot because it has no attic and no insulation. This will be better she thinks.

One can tell where Artemis gets her blonde hair and blue eyes, her mother is very fair. She was born and brought up

on the island of Lesbos, right off the coast of Turkey. She is pleasant and hard-working. It is no easy chore in Greece to bring up a family of three children — Paris 13, Artemis 8, and Anna, a year old cherub.

Middle class families are small here. Among the couples we know, Maria and Stefano are the rare ones. Most have one child and a few, two children.

Their home is barely large enough for them to squeeze into with one room serving as a bedroom for all of them. A hall is being used as a living room. The bathroom and the kitchen are being finished gradually, and it seems that every day that I go over there, they have proudly and thankfully added some new amenity to their home.

I tell the children to get out of the street and dance on the sidewalk — it is dangerous business in Athens to cross the street, let alone dance on it — and take leave of Maria to do my shopping.

The clear spring-summer air of Attica is the purest I have ever seen anywhere and I have often wondered why more artists don't exile themselves here instead of to Nordic Paris. I can't paint, but if ever I were given a chance, through some magic, to choose a talent by which I could become a true creator, I would choose to become an artist if only to capture in one painting the colour of the Attic world.

With the rain, something drastic has happened to the atmosphere. As I drive down the coastal road from Glyfada towards Athens through Kalamaki and Phaleron, I hardly recognize the sea. It has changed from deepest Mediterranean blue to a murky white-foamed gray. The sky, which always reflects accurately the colour of the sea, is a drab gray, overlaid with wide black clouds.

The humpbacked island of Aegina, normally clearly visible on summer days, has been erased — along with its famous neighbor, Salamis. Piraeus, which from this angle usually gleams like some fabled, fairy city, has turned a sickly yellow.

The sea is churning upward and splashing itself over the road at some points.

Fall comes to Athens without distinction. It will grow chillier with each passing day; colours fade from the earth as if someone has taken a giant filter or veil and spread it over everything.

I am like the Greeks. Fall is only one day old and already I am longing for Pascha.

SKETCH V

Mommy, I Can't Speak Greek

'MOMMY, I can't understand what the people are saying. I can't talk to anybody. I want to go back to America.'

Cynthia, our eight year old daughter, whines throwing herself onto a chair, sinking into the depths of a sulk. This complaint has been going on ever since our arrival.

'But you will learn' I plead 'you learned German. It takes time. Greek is not an easy language. It took Mommy and Daddy twelve months at Monterey to learn it and we studied night and day.'

The logic of my words goes unheeded and the face has taken on a look of childish misery.

John, our six-year-old boy, is out playing in the street with his chum, Paris. John can communicate with Paris even though he doesn't speak a word of Greek. He communicates with a guffaw, a punch, a flying tackle or a smile. He is conscious of no barrier. He is a boy and the person opposite him is a boy. I maintain that boys communicate with each other in a language that not even a scientist can fathom. The scientists will learn the language of the dolphins before they crack the code of boyhood. If John feels the need of a word, he points to an object or miraculously fathoms it out of the deep sea of Paris's Greek and tries to pronounce it. Paris, hearing John mumbling a word, listens for a moment, his devilish, intelligent head cocked, and then, catching what John wants to say, repeats it until John can say it himself.

Artemis, Paris's sister, presents herself shyly at the door. She is tall for her age, kind, with a tangle of blonde

hair and wide blue eyes. She wants to play with Cynthia, she tells me, and I drag Cynthia, still sunk in her sulk, into her room with Artemis. Then, I sit with them on the floor to translate and play the go-between. Artemis has no way to communicate with Cynthia but Artemis isn't bothered. She plays happily with Cynthia's 'Barby' doll, remains silent, and now and then smiles sweetly and encouragingly at Cynthia. I point out little things to Cynthia, telling her the Greek word and telling Artemis the English word. We join in a language game and the situation eases as long as I stay in the room with them. When I leave, Cynthia puts up her wail again, and refuses to stay alone in the room with Artemis.

The only solution for this would be to find a tutor, I tell my husband, to teach Cynthia Greek as fast as she can absorb it before the problem gets out of hand and she crawls into a tight shell.

'Then, by all means, lets find her a tutor,' agrees my husband.

SKETCH VI

The Tutor

MRS. Limas, a large, dark haired puffing woman enters our house chattering while giving Cynthia appraising glances. I try to interject a few words, suggesting how I would like the children to be tutored, but Mrs Limas ignores me. She is the consummate professional.

'Just go right about your business,' she tells me 'and I'll teach these children Greek. I've brought the first grade books, poems, and remember I've been teaching school for 25 years and know my business.'

I try to offer my theory, to tell her how we learned at Monterey, that I'm not interested in Cynthia's learning grammatical principles or even to read or write, just conversation to get her over this first period of stress.

'Stress? Stress?' retorts Mrs Limas. 'The child needs a good foundation,' she replies authoritatively and pulls Greek primers out of her bag.

Cynthia has moved to a corner of the room, four fingers shoved fully in her mouth, her head sunk onto her chest.

'She'll learn fast,' says Mrs Limas. 'She looks like and intelligent child.'

Intelligent child, indeed, I'm thinking to myself. In that bashful stage she is going through she looks like something fit for...

'Where is the other child?' says Mrs Limas, expertly pinching Cynthia's

cheeks and drawing her over to the desk.

'Well, I thought we might separate them,' I offer, 'as John might be a little more difficult and I'd rather have Cynthia move at her own pace.'

'Don't worry about the boy being difficult. Greek as a language study is good discipline. Just what a six year old needs. It will do him good. Now Seenthia, Alpha Beta Gamma...'

I shut the door on my cowering daughter.

SKETCH VII

The Lessons

CYNTHIA is learning Greek. Hurrah! Mrs Limas is coming three times a week although Cynthia finds it hard work and is grumbling, the satisfaction of being able to talk and understand makes it worthwhile. Besides talking, she is reading and as I tip-toe past her room, I hear: 'Mimi, throw the ball, throw the ball here,' being read in Greek out of a primer.

She is also learning by rote. 'Every morning I get up and wash my face and hands...' etc. I bet she remembers this silly phrase long after she has had children of her own. 'Seenthia' threatens to quit or at least cut down to once a week. I encourage her to stick with it until Christmas. When her half hour lesson is over, John begins his lesson. Tip-toeing past his door is not a treat.

'Alright now, Yanni, Alpha-Beta-Gamma.'

'Ego thelo ena milo,' answers John, ignoring Mrs Limas' invitation to recite the Greek alphabet.

'You'll get a nice apple if you say, Alpha-Beta.'

'Eimai kourasmenos,' he yawns.

I hear a slight scuffle and Mrs Limas' voice grows a little sterner. 'My dear boy, you'll never learn Greek this way.'

I open the door and intrude my opinion. 'I think, Mrs Limas, that perhaps he is too young. He doesn't realise what a glorious thing it is to know the Greek language and perhaps next year... Don't forget, he can't even read or write English yet. After all, all we wanted to do was to give him a little introduction to Greek...'

'All little boys need discipline,' she pursues, pinching his cheek this time with what seems to me more than an affectionate gesture.

My will prevails this time and John is liberated from Greek lessons. He runs screaming out of the house:

'Paris, Paris... I've graduated!'

SKETCH VIII

John the Hellene

PARIS and Artemis are now the constant companions of John and Cynthia. Paris has the bright-eyed intelligence and devil-maker attitude that goes with his name. He is tall, thin and wiry, with closely cropped black hair and laughing blue eyes. He is as fast as a kangaroo; with his long legs he can leap verandas and swing from clothes lines. He is always up to something and I hear his mother's frustrated voice yelling at him for some mischief he has just wrought.

When I picture Paris, his namesake who stole Helen and brought grief to all of Greece, I picture him like John's Paris. Projecting him forward into young manhood with stubble starting to grow on his chin, his shoulders a little broader, his thighs thicker, it wouldn't be hard to envision him with a beautiful maiden tucked under his arms, his blue eyes twinkling in mad flight with all of Mycenae and Sparta hot on his heels as he makes his way to Troy.

I wonder what his mother would think if I told her that.

John admires him, there is no doubt. Paris is teaching him about all the Greek heroes, the voyages of Ulysses, the resurrection of Christ, and of battles with the Albanians. Instead of bringing home pictures of America from kindergarten, John is drawing Greek flags, Orthodox priests, and some uncontrolled scrawl that he claims says: 'Long live the King and Queen!' When we go to a barber shop, John tells the barber to cut his hair so that he can slick it back like the King. It has not taken long to Hellenize John.

—BRENDA L. MARDER

GRECIAN ADVENTURE YACHT

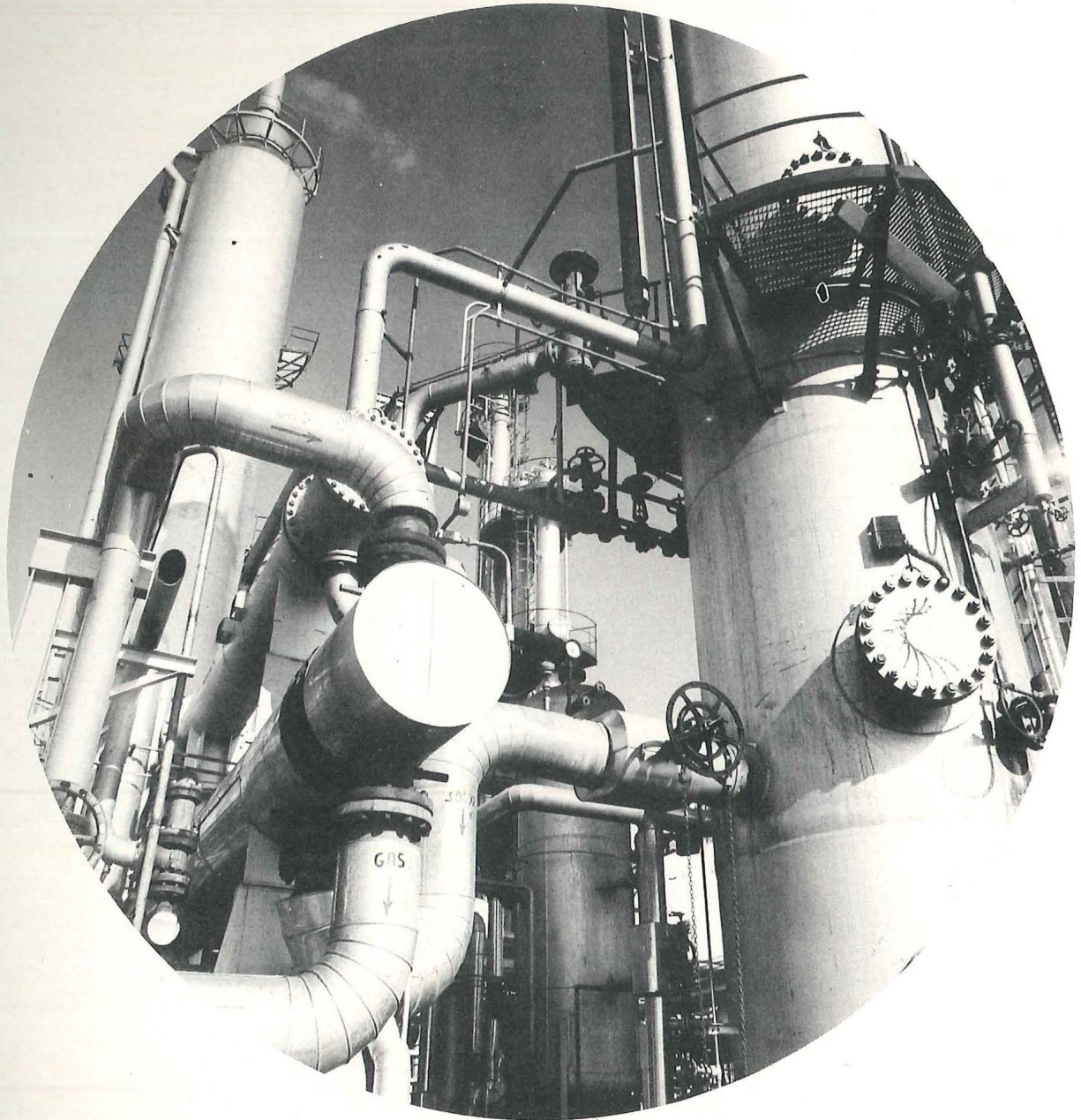
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cooking



Neglected Fruit

QUINCE and pomegranate are in abundance at this time of year but most people simply do not know what to do with them! Here are some suggestions.

Quince (*Ki-dho-ni*) used to be as common as the apple or the vine but is now sadly neglected. A bowl of quince left in a room for a few days will fill the house with a delicious bouquet. Although widely used for jellies and preserves it may also be added to stews or oven baked. It holds its shape almost as well as green mango and makes a nice chutney — at a fraction of the cost of the imported brands.

To bake quince simply wash, butter and place in a heated oven for about 45 minutes until almost tender. Hollow out the centre, mix with nuts, brown or white sugar, raisins and stuff mixture back into the center. Bake until tender.

QUINCE JELLY

1 ½ kilos quince
2 quarts of water (40 fluid ozs or 1200 ml)
900 grms sugar
1 tsp lemon juice
Vanilla bean (optional)

Wash, peel, core and cut quince in thick slices. Put in a large pan, cover with the water and add the peel and pips tied in a muslin bag. Simmer for one to one-and-half hours until tender. Remove pan from heat, squeeze muslin bag. Turn contents of pan into a jelly bag and allow to drip without squeezing. (If you don't have the right equipment turn a stool upside down, tie the four corners of the muslin to the legs and place a pan underneath). Measure the liquid, return to pan, bring to the boil,

add sugar and vanilla, boil rapidly until jelly sets (drop a little in a glass of cold water and if it keeps its shape it is set). Just before setting point add the lemon juice and skim well. Pour into sterilised jars and cool before sealing.

QUINCE CHUTNEY

1 kilo quince
2 large onions — finely chopped
4 cloves garlic — minced
1 packet or jar of candied peel (Frutiddor at 12 Drs or Contita at 18 Drs)
425 grms seedless raisins (sta-fee-da Ko-reen-thia-kee or sool-ta-na)
1 quart (20 fluid ozs or 600 ml) white vinegar
2 tbs curry powder
1 tsp ground cloves (Ga-ree-fa-lo)
1 tsp ground ginger
1 tsp ground cinnamon (ka-neh-lla)
1 tbs salt
Water

Use well-ripened fruit. Pare, core and slice quince. Combine in a large pan with all the ingredients except the water. Bring to the boil and simmer gently, uncovered, until fruit is tender — about 45 minutes. Stir frequently to prevent mixture from sticking to the pan. Add water if it becomes too thick. Pack in clean, hot jars. Process in boiling water for 5 minutes. This quantity makes about two quarts.

BEEF STEW WITH QUINCE

113 grms butter
¾ kilo stewing beef (mos-har-ee tis ka-tsa-ro-las)
1 onion — chopped
½ pint (barely 300 ml) water or stock
Salt and pepper to taste
675 grms quince
2 tsp sugar

Melt butter, saute onions. Cut meat into small pieces and add to the pan. Brown all over. Pour over liquid, add seasoning. Pare, core and slice quince thickly. Add to meat. Sprinkle with sugar. Cover pan and simmer till meat and quince are cooked. This is rather a sweet dish.

Pomegranates (*roh-dhia*) look ghastly to clean and are — but we came across a way which considerably eases the process. Cut off the crown end and score fruit lightly lengthwise in several places. Soak fruit in cold water for five minutes. Holding fruit under water, break sections apart with the hands and separate the seeds from the pulp. The seeds will sink to the bottom and the pulp will float to the top. If you have

been looking longingly at the very expensive commercial grenadine syrup, then make your own... with pomegranate. It makes an excellent sauce for dessert and you may begin mixing exotic drinks such as Pink Ladies and Daiquiris.

POMEGRANATE SYRUP (Grenadine)

Liquidize pomegranate seeds in the blender, a few at a time. Strain through a sieve lined with muslin. Combine 1 cup of juice with ½ cup sugar. Bring to boil and simmer for one minute. Cool. This may be stored in the fridge for up to two weeks or put in deep freeze.

Pomegranates and lamb may sound unlikely but here is a delicious way to surprise your friends.

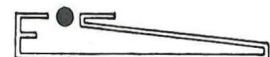
POMEGRANATE AND LAMB KEBABS

900 grms boneless lamb
½ cup pomegranate syrup
¼ cup salad oil
1 tbs lemon juice
1 ½ tsp salt
¼ tsp pepper
2 cloves garlic — minced

Cut lamb into small cubes; combine all the other ingredients and mix with lamb. Leave lamb to marinate for at least four hours or overnight. Remove lamb from marinade and place on skewers, alternating meat with slices of onion, tomato and peppers. Broil well on all sides.

P.S. If you have your own herbs in your garden or in pots, you will soon be cutting them back for the winter. Instead of drying them, why not wash them well, chop finely and place in an ice tray. When frozen place cubes in plastic bags in freezer. You may use mint, basil, marjoram, and sage. They will make a nice fresh addition to your stews, soups and sauces over the winter months.

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television

The following is a *guide* to television viewing. Schedules are sometimes changed at the last moment and new programs introduced. Programs will no doubt be pre-empted for election campaign coverage.

EIRT broadcasts the news in *demotiki* at 8:00, 10:00, and sign-off. YENED broadcasts the news at 7:30, 9:30 and sign-off. The latter station usually presents a summary in English.

Well-known performers are now appearing regularly with the latest in music and views while the 'talk' programs grow more interesting by the day. Of special interest is 'Invitation to Dinner' on Friday evenings at 9:00 p.m. People from all walks of life, including the famous, air their views. The format is a bit contrived but the conversations are interesting. (In Greek).

In addition to the usual cartoons, Lucy, etc., there are many programs for young people in the early evening. We especially recommend Thunderbird, Jacques Cousteau (in French), Exploring the Untamed World, On the Wrong Side of Time, the Flaxton Boys, Follyfoot.

Programs in Greek are followed by an asterisk (*).

SUNDAY

EIRT 6:00 Soccer*... 6:40 The Technique of Soccer: instruction for youngsters*... 7:05 Lassie... 7:30 Musical Program with known singers*... 8:15 Jacques Cousteau: The Mystery of the Sea (in French)... 8:40 Jolly Sunday with stars of theatre and song*... 10:20 Film*...

YENED 11:30 a.m. Marionettes*... 11:15 a.m. Documentary*... 12:15 Folk Songs and Dances*... 1:30 Week's International News in Review*... 1:45 News*... 6:00 Cartoons... 6:30 Lucy Show... 7:16 Music*... 7:45 General Hospital... 8:15 Eyes on Sports*... 10:00 Film... 11:30 Alfred Hitchcock...

MONDAY

EIRT 7:00 Puppet Theatre*... 8:15 I Dream of Jeannie 9:00 Elizabeth I, BBC series with Glenda Jackson... 11:25 Songs*... 11:15 Ballet...

YENED 6:00 Exploring the Untamed World... 7:00 Folk Songs and Dances*... 7:50 Documentary... 10:00 Theatre*... 11:30 Cannon...

TUESDAY

EIRT 7:00 Children's Program*... 8:15 Political Program*... 8:35 The Waltons... 11:10 Thriller: A British series (to be announced)...

YENED: 6:00 The Ski Boys (for children)... 7:50 Combat... 8:45 Documentary*... 10:00 FBI...

WEDNESDAY

EIRT: 7:00 On the Wrong Side of Time... 8:15 Tom Grattan's War... 9:10 Crime and Punishment (in French)...

YENED: 6:00 The Flaxton Boys... 7:50 Eyes on Sports*... 10:30 Kung Fu... 11:30 Musical Program...

THURSDAY

EIRT: 7:00 Karagiozi Puppet Theatre*... 7:15 Kentucky Jones... 9:00 Musical Variety*... 11:00 Hunters Walk... 12:05 Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow, music old and new*...

YENED: 6:00 Carter Primus (children's program)... 7:00 Air Patrol: Chopper One... 9:00 Zane Gray Theatre 10:00 Comedy*... 10:45 Mannix...

FRIDAY

EIRT: 7:00 Thunderbird. Fascinating space series with puppets... 8:15 Follyfoot: British series based on a book by Monica Dickens... 9:00 Invitation to Dinner*... 10:50 Gunsmoke... 11:40 Serious Music...

YENED: 6:00 Cartoons... 10:00 Our Neighbourhood* 10:30 Kojak... 11:30 Musical Moments...

SATURDAY

EIRT: 7:30 Yoga Lessons*... 9:05 Do Re Mi (musical)*... 9:35 International Sports*... 10:20 Film*...

YENED: 4:00 Sports*... 6:00 Dennis the Menace or The Real McCoys... 9:15 Songs... 10:00 Film*... 11:30 Petrocilli with Barry Newman...

radio

GREEK

The National Broadcasting Company (EIRT) presents three programs daily: the National Program and the Second Program offering news, commentary, and music; the Third Program devoted to classical music.

The Armed Forces Radio (YENED) is a second network.

EIRT National Program: 412 m or 728 KHz
Second Program: 216.8 m or 1385 KHz
Third Program: 451 m or 665 KHz

News in English, French, and German daily (except Sun. & holidays). at 8:15 a.m. 1:10 p.m. & 9:45 p.m. Sun. & holidays at 7:25 a.m. & 2:40 p.m.

Weather report in Greek & English daily at 6:30 a.m.

Classical Music from 6:00 p.m. to midnight daily over EIRT's Third Program.

YENED broadcasts the news in English and French daily at 2:55 p.m. & 11:15 p.m. Suns. at 2:35 p.m. & 11:15 p.m.

VOICE OF AMERICA

The following is a guide to a few weekly highlights. The programs and their scheduling are, however, subject to change.

Local Time	Metre Band
5:30 a.m. to 9:30 a.m.	19, 25, 31, 41, 49, 238, 379 m and 15.43e, (15.31e), 11.845d, 9.77, 7.27, 6.135 MHz. 1259, 794 KHz.
6:00 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.	16, 19, 31, 41, 49, 238 m. and 17.855, 15.205, 9.76, 7.205, 6.04 MHz. 1259 KHz.
8:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m.	19, 31, 41, 238, 379 m. and 15.205, 9.76, 7.205, 7.17 MHz. 1259, 791 KHz.

Sunday

News on the hour & 28 min. after the hour

AM	12:30 Studio One 1:00 News & topical reports 1:15 Letters from Listeners 1:30 - American Musical theatre 2:00 5:00 - The Breakfast Show 9:30
PM	6:30 Studio One 7:00 News & New Products USA 7:15 Critics' Choice 7:30 Issues in the News 9:30 Issues in the News 10:15 Concert Hall 11:30 Issues in the News

Monday-Friday

On the hour from 5:00 - 9:00 a.m. — News, Regional and topical Reports, VOA Comment, News summary.
On the half hour — An informal presentation of popular music with feature reports and interviews, answers to listeners' questions, Science Digest, From 5:30 - 8:30 a.m.

AM	12:30 Music USA 1:00 News & Topical Reports 1:15 Music USA (jazz)
PM	6:30 Music USA (popular) 7:00 VOA Magazine — News, Opinion, analysis 7:15 News Summary 7:30 Features: Americana, Science, Cultural, Letters 8:30 Dateline (Mon., Wed., Fri.) The NOW Sound 9:30 Features: Americana, Science, Cultural, Letters 10:15 Music USA (jazz) 11:00 VOA World Report

Saturday

News on the hour & 28 min. after the hour

AM	12:30 New York, New York with Ben Grauer 1:00 News & Topical Events 1:15 Music USA (jazz) 5:00 - The Breakfast Show 9:30
PM	6:30 Forum 7:00 News 7:15 This Week 7:30 Press Conference USA 11:30 Press Conference USA

BBC

BBC broadcast 24 hours a day a variety of programs ranging from World News to radio horror theatre. Programs include music of all kinds, reviews, commentaries, sports, science reports, business and press reviews. BBC may be heard on the following frequencies at the following times:

MHz	Local time	Metre
9.41	5 a.m. - 9:30 a.m.	32
6.18	7 a.m. - 9:30 a.m.	49
11.75	7 a.m. - 9:30 p.m.	26
21.71	11 a.m. - 5:15 p.m.	14
17.79	11 a.m. - 6:15 p.m.	17
15.07 and 12.095	11 a.m. - 8:30 p.m.	20 and 25
9.41	4:30 p.m. - 1:15 a.m.	32
7.12 and 6.18	7 p.m. - 1:15 a.m.	42 and 49

REGULAR FEATURES

WORLD NEWS BULLETIN — Broadcast 19 times a day. AM 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. PM 1, 2, 3, 4, (Sat. only) 4:25 (ex.: Sat. & sun.) 6,7 (ex. Sat.) 8, 10, 12.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT — BBC Correspondents based in key places all over the world comment on news and its background. Sun 5:15 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 6:15 p.m., 1:09 a.m.

DISCOVERY — An examination in depth of advanced developments in the world of science. Tues. 7:09 p.m., rep. Wed. 4:30 a.m.

ARISTO-TELLY

NAMES such as 'Stavros' and 'Theocrates' might seem like anachronistic misnomers in the realm of names such as 'cop' and 'Kojak', but one name, 'Telly' (Short for Aristo-TELE) has managed to synthesize the ancient Hellenes with modern TV viewers. Approximately forty million Americans (and now an unknown number of Greeks) watch *Kojak* every week, and at present hundreds of magazine and newspaper articles on the reasons 'why' are circulating around the international TV world in search of a suitable and satisfying answer.

Words such as 'charisma', 'sexy', 'savvy', 'tough', etc., add to the studio and public image, but the \$40,000 a week star doesn't seem to be looking into any dictionary for a definition of his gilded-media success. The so-called Telly charisma can, for the sake of expediency, be attributed to his sexy, hairless paté, his impeccable un-cop-like wardrobe, or his realistic, blunt language which is a refreshing escape

from unnatural niceties usually exhibited by TV law enforcers.

Kojak understands his limitations — he's vulnerable, even though superheroes are supposed to be all-knowing and all-powerful. The *deus ex machina* element is one TV-script ploy purposely avoided. Life is not a pocket - full - of miracles and so Kojak's hard, down-to-earth approach to criminals is the only way to make the world a little bit safer. The austerity of his approach is equally matched by his 'urge for life' and this is a quality which attracts everyone whether in soap operas or Dick Cavett nuances.

In the long, forgettable line of TV hit shows there has been an obvious dearth of "real" people to look-up and relate to — the high price of fad commercialism. Granted, Telly "Kojak" Savalas knows what mass-appeal psychology to use in order to gain the top rung. For example, he planned the image he wanted to establish, he knew that Kojak must be a strong, can-take-cave-of-any-situation Lieutenant of Detectives and at the

same time displaying a subtle weakness — sucking on a Tootsie-Pop or acquiescing to the hard reality of everyday death by, almost cruelly, interjecting humor to ward off the pain. After a fellow detective is shot and killed in the line of duty, Kojak reacts with stoicism by complaining about all the 'damn paper-work' ritual which must be completed for his report on the killing.

The twinkle in his eyes mixed with a virile, yet concerned air (a gentle tilt of his head as a response to a question lets everyone know he, Kojak and Telly, really cares) is perceived by his viewers as natural. Telly does not intellectualize, he plays himself.

Hidden persuaders are all around us — but Telly's persuasiveness is easy to take, so easy that it won him the 1974 Emmy for Best Actor in a Dramatic Series, and international 'Kojak' programming in eleven countries, and with due respect to the scriptwriters, the success of *Kojak* is due to his personality.

— SOPHIA NICHOLAS

BOOKCASE — The best of books for the general reader, discussed by leading reviewers and the authors themselves. Sat. 11:00 p.m., rep. Mon. 3:15 p.m., Thurs. 1:15 a.m.

THE LIVELY ARTS — comments by critics and artists on all kinds of drama, films, visual arts, and music in Britain and the world at large. Wed. 1:15 a.m., rep. Wed. 9:45 a.m., Tues 3:15 p.m.

RADIO CANADA INTERNATIONAL

News Broadcasts in English

Local Time	Metre Band
8:30 to 8:57 p.m.	31.07, 48.86m 6140, 9655 kHz

10:58 to 11:55 p.m.	16.84, 17.58, 25.31m, 17820, 15325, 11855 kHz
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News Broadcasts in French

10:00 to 10:58 p.m.	16.84, 19.58, 25.31m 17820, 15325, 11855 kHz
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DEUTSCHE WELLE

News Broadcasts in German

9, 10, 11 a.m.	6075, 9545 kHz
1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8 p.m.	49.38, 31.43 m

News Broadcasts in Greek

9:40 to 10:40 p.m.	6075, 7235, 7285 kHz 49.38, 41.47, 41m
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U.S. ARMED FORCES RADIO

Every hour on the hour AFRS provides 5 minutes of news and weather except where otherwise indicated.

1954 KHz — Athenai Airport
1484 KHz — Kato Souli

Major events in sports are often broadcast by taped delay in the afternoon from 1:00. However, these are not regularly scheduled broadcasts.

Sunday

AM 0:00 News
0:05 Interlude
1:08 Night Train (Rock)
3:05 Jonathan Fields (Rock)
4:05 American Top 40
5:05 Jeanie McWells (Jazz)
6:05 Close to You
6:30 Banners of Faith
7:05 Master Control
7:30 Protestant Hour
8:05 Sunday Serenade
10:05 Amen Corner
11:05 Carmen Dragon (Classical)

PM 12:00 News (15 minutes)
12:15 Army News Notes
12:30 Revelations in Jazz
2:05 Athens in Dimension (Rock)
4:05 American Top 40
5:05 Jeanie McWells (Jazz)
6:05 Golden Days of Radio
6:30 Playhouse 25
7:05 Drama Theater
7:30 Focus on Jazz
8:05 First Hearing
9:05 Young Sound
10:05 Navy Concert Time
11:05 Serenade in Blue (Jazz)
11:30 Session

Monday — Friday

AM 0:00 News
0:05 Don Tracy
1:08 Night Train (Rock)
3:05 Roger Carroll (Rock)
4:05 Bob Kingsley (Rock)
5:05 Gene Price (Country)
6:05 Good Morning Athens (Rock)
7:00 News (15 minutes)
7:15 Swap Shop/Bulletin Board
7:30 Good Morning Athens (Rock)
8:05 Roger Carrol (Rock)
9:05 Woman's World
10:05 Tom Cambell (Rock)
11:05 Remember When

PM 12:00 News (15 minutes)
12:15 Paul Harvey (News)
12:30 Larry Scott's Country Gold
1:05 Viva
2:05 Roland Bynum (Soul)
3:05 Music Machine (Rock)
5:05 Gene Price (Country)
6:00 News (30 Minutes)
6:30 Armed Forces Digest
6:45 Swap Shop/Bulletin Board
7:05 Drama Theater
*7:30 Ira Cook (Popular)
8:05 Charlie Tuna (Rock)
9:05 Pete Smith (Easy listening)
10:00 News (15 minutes)
10:15 Starflight (Easy Listening)
11:05 Wolfman Jack (Rock)

Saturday

AM 0:00 News
0:05 Interlude
1:08 Night Train (Rock)
3:05 Johnny Darin (Rock)
4:05 Young Sound (Rock)
6:05 Message of Israel
6:30 Good Morning Athens (Rock)
8:05 The Treehouse
9:05 Continental Country
11:05 Jim Pewter (Rock oldies)

PM 12:00 News (15 minutes)

12:15 Air Force Weekly
12:30 School's In
1:05 Jonathan Fields (rock)
2:05 Athens in Dimension (rock)
4:05 Johnny Darin (rock)
5:05 Bill Stewart (Big Bands)
7:05 Mystery Theater
7:30 Grand Ole Opry (Country)
8:05 Finch Bandwagon (Big Bands)
9:05 Young Sound
10:05 Bobby Troup (Jazz)
11:05 Jazz Scene

* This program is pre-empted on Mon., Wed., and Fri. for the programs, 'Meet the Press,' 'Face the Nation,' and 'Issues and Answers,' respectively.

THE CAR WITH THE HIGHEST SALES IN EUROPE

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It is not enough to make cars that are economical or have low gasoline consumption in order to have the highest sales in Europe.

— The French find that the FIAT holds the road as well as their own best makes with forward traction.

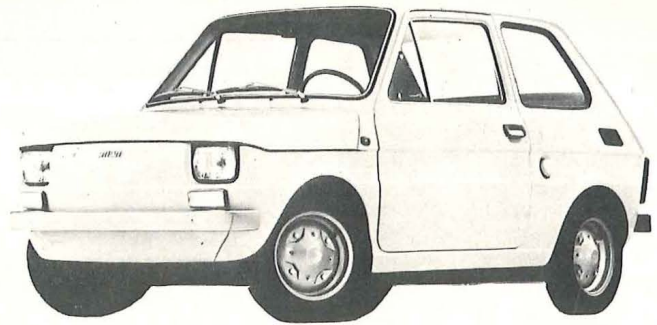
— The Germans, who have the longest road network in Europe, find the FIAT just as comfortable as their own big saloons.

— The British find that the FIAT is not bulkier than their own small cars but that it *does* offer comfort inside.

— The Swedes find the FIAT more rugged than many other makes. If it were not so, they would have continued to buy only their own national makes. FIAT is a reliable car.

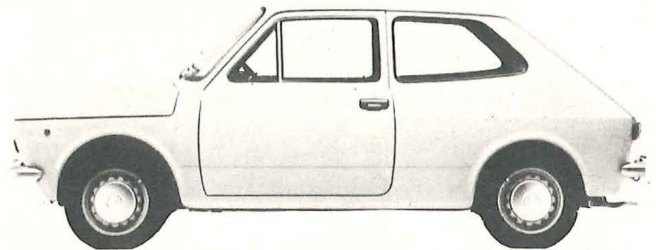
In 1965 a Swedish comparative report attributed to the FIAT a lifetime of eight years and four months. In 1971 the same report attributed to the FIAT a lifetime of 10 years and eight months... and we have not stopped improving on this record.

— But above all, Europeans are certain that FIAT offers them service everywhere. Hence they do not waste money and gasoline. And all Europeans are certain of this: They have been buying more FIATS than any other car since 1962.



**FIAT
126**

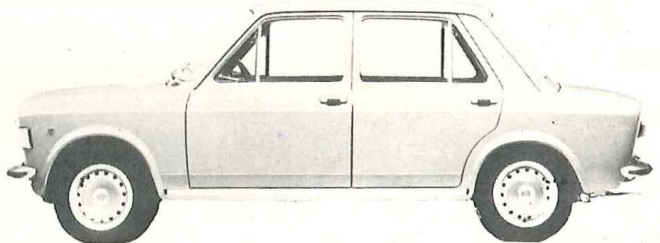
Has the lowest running costs. It is a car that consumes less gasoline in absolute terms. It costs less to operate, less in taxes, less in parking and servicing. And now it has a sun roof.



**FIAT
127**

No other car in its class offers more space for five persons, with so many features, and at such low cost and gasoline consumption.

You may choose from a three or two-door model.



**FIAT
128**

This is the car that will not make you long for a smaller one, nor wish to change to a bigger one. It incorporates the advantages of both.

GASOLINE CONSUMPTION, KILOMETERS PER LITRE (CUNA SPECIFICATIONS*)

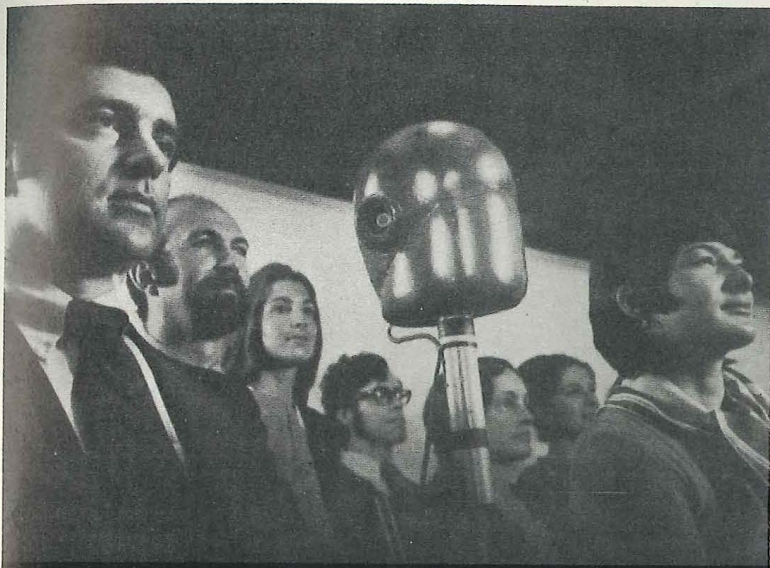
FIAT 126	19.2 km
FIAT 127	14.5 km
FIAT 128	11.2km

*Fully loaded at 2/3 maximum speed on flat road plus 10%

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DUTY FREE HI-FI IN GREECE

As a visitor or foreign resident in Greece, you have the opportunity to obtain Hi-Fi equipment at low, duty-free prices. From our stocks, we have available a great range of high class equipment. The following are only a few of the makes for which we are the exclusive distributors in Greece — for some of the makes, we are the sole distributors in Europe. Come and see our show room. The staff has friendly, dependable, and free Hi-Fi advice.



Fifth row center

Morgan—a dummy recording head in the best seat at the Boston Symphony's Tanglewood Music Festival—gave Bose a key answer acoustical engineers had sought for ten years. The shrill and harsh sounds characteristic of even the finest of conventional home music loudspeakers were apparently caused by beaming sound waves directly at a listener.

In a live performance, sound waves from musical instruments reflect from all surfaces of the hall and arrive at a listener's ears from all directions. The same sound comes to each separate ear milliseconds apart. Our mind pulls it together. Like a willow swept by rain, we are bathed in sound, and just as our two eyes unify an image, so do our ears cooperate.

As simple as this seems, Bose engineers spent years at exacting experimentation to discover that more precise electronics wouldn't close the gap between the experience of concert music and conventional hi-fi. The answer lay in how music travels to our ears.

So Bose created an unconventional speaker which grazes music off the walls of your listening room, forming a spatial environment of sound similar to that of a concert hall.

The precise illusion of sound spread through a room is uncanny . . . it comes from areas, not points. Sit anywhere in your room: your ears needn't focus; the sound is there . . . fifth row center. Bose owners know that the difference between a fine sound system and a great one is the speakers.

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For information on Bose Direct/Reflecting® speakers, write us at Dept.



BOSE®

The new Micro-Acoustics QDC-1 Stereo Phono Cartridge:

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Recently at a trade show in Chicago, we invited audiophiles to compare a master tape with a 'stereo' disc cut from the tape. The tape and the disc were played through the same electronics and the same loudspeakers. The only difference was that a tape deck was used to play the 15 IPS master and a turntable with our QDC-1 Stereo Cartridge (Pat. Pend.) was used to play the commercial pressing. Without fail, listeners *could not* hear a difference between the disc and its master.

Until the advent of the QDC-1, there really wasn't a cartridge on the market that could make a stereo record sound as good as its master tape. So cartridge manufacturers didn't have to deal with an absolute standard of measurement for their product. Customers were asked to choose between the "sound" of one cartridge or another. The fact is that a cartridge shouldn't have any *sound* of its own. Ideally it should just be a direct link between the record groove and the preamp input. And that's precisely what the new QDC-1 is—an ultra precision component that will radically change the way all cartridges are judged.

Hearing is believing

ma MICRO-ACOUSTICS CORPORATION
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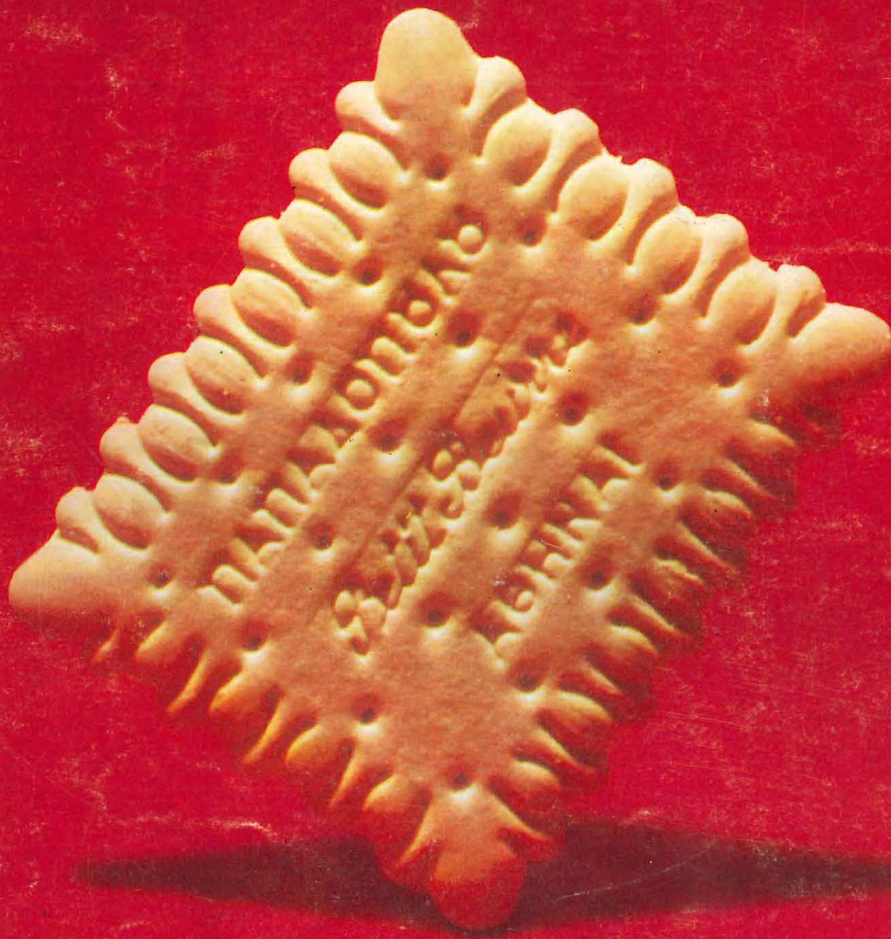
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