

TA NEA



Index to all the facts

Dear Friends:

Three days ago I got back from London to find my phone cut off, my subtenant absconded without paying the rent and the bathroom ceiling having fallen in. I'd been away for nearly five months and it wasn't exactly an encouraging welcome back to New York. So far this year I've spent only one month here and it doesn't seem likely that I'll be spending too much time here in the future. Compared to other cities and other countries, NYC is very near the bottom of the barrel: it's dirty, dangerous, bad-tempered, inhumane, cold and miserable. In fact the main mystery to me is why, with so many better places to be, so many people choose to go on living here. Fortunately we're fast reaching the sort of world where more and more people realize that it's possible to live in more than one place.

When I first planned this newsletter, last October, I didn't know that it wasn't going to be based on New York. At that time I had a vague idea that some issues might come from elsewhere but it never occurred to me how truly international Other Scenes would turn out to be. The first five issues came from California, the next four (in the form of one 16-page tabloid) from New York. In addition to that subscribers have received (or should have received): The San Francisco Oracle; Ed Lange's "Nude Living"; the Los Angeles Free Press; Jerry Agel's "Books"; Open City Press; and finally OZ from London. That comes to 15 mailings so far - with three months of the year to go.

Despite all this, I have had a handful of the most surprisingly vicious letters I've ever seen. People accusing me of fraud, people insisting on their money back, some people even threatening to report me to the police and the postal authorities. Now really! I don't claim to be a very efficient publisher or businessman but I am trying to do the best job that I can in my limited sort of way. I promised 20 mailings for the year and I am doing the best that I can to make sure that everybody gets them. If by any chance you haven't received any of these mailings then send me a postcard saying which ones and I'll see that at some point you receive everything. Don't send me angry, threatening letters because most of the time I'm not here to receive them. Sooner or later I get back home and handle the mail and you won't lose out in the long run. Have a little faith, have a little patience! Love, love, love.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HANGUPS

One of the handicaps of running a business (however little I want it to become a business) is that it's sometimes necessary to rely on other people's help -- and other people aren't always as reliable as you anticipate. For example, before I left for Greece I arranged for somebody in New York to put out an issue on Greece, with material that I airmailed to him from Athens. I fulfilled my part of the bargain: I sent an enormous amount of copy about the new Greek government, conditions in that country, etc. and continued on my way confident that you wouldn't go newsletter-less all summer because you'd be getting this special Greek issue.

Unfortunately, my friend went to California for the summer without letting me know. So I returned in September to find copy written in June still sitting around untouched. Some of this is now presented to you in this belated Greek issue. Sorry for the delay.

By now you should also have received the special issue of OTHER SCENES/OZ prepared during my month in London. I got to London early August hoping to be invited to edit the International Times, decided that it was better to do something on my own and ended up sharing an issue with my old friend, Richard Neville, who is undoubtedly the most talented young editor in Britain. 25,000 copies of this issue were printed to flood the newsstands of London, Paris, Amsterdam, Copenhagen and Rome, and I am planning to reprint (as a black and white tabloid) in the U.S. as well. All you charter subscribers to OTHER SCENES, therefore, can at least take satisfaction in knowing that you're helping me to pioneer many new things.

MORE NEWSPAPERS

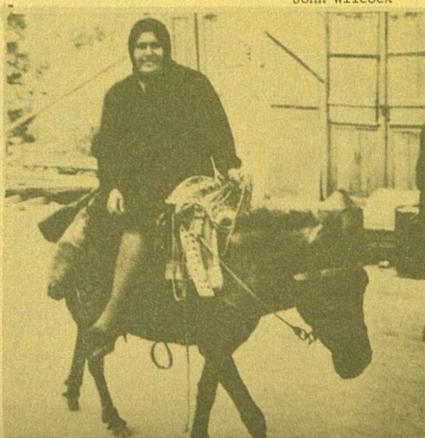
I am planning to stay in New York for one month during which time I am trying to get another new newspaper started here which can tie in closely with OZ in London and cement the international links that we have already forged. As early American OS subscribers (now supplemented by many European readers) you'll naturally receive first issues of any of these new projects. Incidentally, since this time last year I have travelled 30,000 miles, edited four papers (EVO, LA Free Press, Other Scenes, OZ), revised my book on Greece, and am deeply involved in plans for two new papers - one in London, one in New York. And all with less money than optimism.

And next comes Tokyo. I leave for Japan early in October to revise my book on that country. While there I hope to work with Gary Snyder and others on putting out a special issue of Other Scenes from Kyoto. If any subscriber would like me to shop for them (boutiques, poster shops, etc.) send me some money and instructions on what to look for, plus some agreement on commission etc. I'm still trying to figure out a way to translate all my travelling into an income someday. My address in Japan, of course, will be c/o American Express, Marunouchi, Tokyo. Through November.

Back to the U.S. in December where I'll spend Christmas in California. OTHER SCENES will continue on the same basis (i.e., 20 unscheduled mailings from all over the world) during 1968. It will cost \$6 for the year (\$7 foreign) with equivalent payment accepted in any currency. ALL CHEQUES MUST BE MADE OUT TO WILCOCK, not to Other Scenes. If you wish to give gift subscriptions now, which you remember, send the money to this address: Wilcock, 12 Glazbury Road, London W. 14, England. That's my mother. You can clip out this square (below) and send that to the recipient of your gift. As I'll be away from New York until after Xmas that's a pretty much the only way you can ensure that gift subscriptions will be handled before the end of the year.

Best Wishes

John Wilcock



OTHER SCENES



A PUBLISHER WHO WOULDN'T BE CENSORED

MRS. Helen Vlachou, publisher of two of Greece's biggest newspapers - the morning Kathimerini (which she compares to London's Daily Telegraph) and the evening Mesimvri (like the London Daily Mail) - suspended both of them immediately after the coup during the last week of April rather than submit to censorship.

It was a surprise move - she had no time to write an editorial announcing her decision - because it was generally believed that her right-of-center newspapers were more or less in agreement with the aims of the new military regime. Attempts have been made by the new government to persuade her to publish but she regards the present situation as "a little childish" because the regime wants her to make the first move to publish and then lift the censorship rather than the other way around.

Why didn't the Athens' newspapers' publishers stand together as a group and refuse to submit to censorship? Because, Mrs. Vlachou explains, some of them, being very rightwing, believe that the new military government is necessary to save Greece from communism and are therefore in agreement with its actions. Mrs. Vlachou deprecates mostly the "lies" that the papers are now obliged to print even more than the censorship.

EMPLOYEES AGREED

When she decided to suspend her papers rather than be censored, she says, most of her employees were in agreement with her. Some of them had other jobs or work in radio, television or publishing, and almost all agreed it was not possible to publish under the conditions imposed by the new regime. And now that the union of Athens journalists is suing her for unpaid wages she claims that her employees are still on her side but are being used by the government to bring pressure on her to start publishing again.

Sitting in the book-lined, fifth-floor office of her newspapers, one block from bustling Omonia Square, grey-haired Mrs. Vlachou is a charming, cultivated lady with strong principles in favor of free speech and a free press. She has always been known for her independent mind and has been accused of being extreme by both sides ("In America they accused me of being a Communist because I had been to Russia. In Russia they asked me why I had visited the United States") but dislikes what she terms "exaggeration" on all sides.

ALWAYS IN CONFLICT

Had she been in conflict with previous governments over material her papers had printed? "I must say I have always been in conflict with everything that was exaggerated, either whether it was prohibiting the sounds of a left-wing composer -- that kind of thing -- or overdoing it in any direction."

The visitor suggested to Mrs. Vlachou that some of the early announcements that the new government made over dress, beards and finances of tourists were ill-advised and maybe the new government could have used a good public relations man.

"They were looking for one. They were in our offices and practically arrested four of my employees to take them by force to become ministers but nobody did go."

PAPANDREOU'S FATE?

What did she think would happen to the younger Papandreou? "Nothing".

Wouldn't he become a focus for any opposition that might arise? "I think so. I think also they are preparing something very dangerous -- a young Communist party now instead of the old one, which was rather tired and fed up, more or less just talk. This kind of atmosphere creates a kind of vigorous..."

Mrs. Vlachou submitted that there were quite a lot of good new measures that the new regime could implement. She approved of the new measures concerning agricultural policy ("too Greek to explain") and also called for new legislation about taxes, "because in this country quite a lot of people get away without paying taxes. Especially rich people."

"If they could do that kind of thing and then after six months or one year make more or less honest elections and bring back politicians maybe, maybe this passing through would have been a sort of disagreeable, therapeutic, how do you say, disagreeable therapy. But I must say I don't think they'll want to get away. And the people around tell them, 'You must not abandon Greece' but it is not abandon Greece, they mean, but abandon us."

Does she think the government can survive indefinitely -- for the 10 years without elections that have been suggested, for example? No, says Mrs. Vlachou, because there will probably be disagreements among themselves long before that. "Who ever heard of a country being run by a dictatorial group? One always comes out with the power." To the suggestion that Russia was being run by a duo, she responded, "Yes but that is at the end of the revolution. Not at the beginning."

THE KING'S ROLE

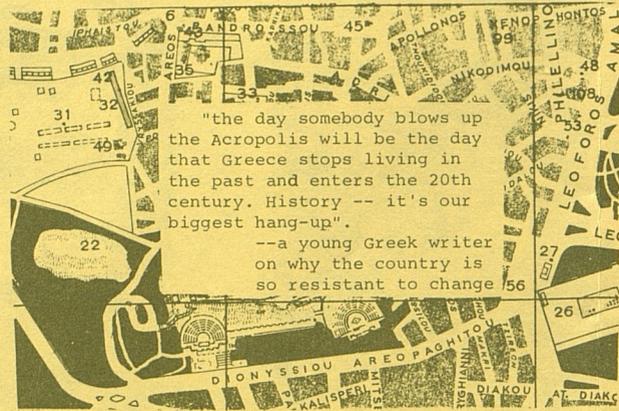
Was there a chance that the king or his mother had anything to do with the coup? "No, no, no. I'm quite sure he knew that these generals had in mind something like that and he was trying to keep them down. Maybe he expected something to happen but he was completely taken by surprise."

He could have emerged as a stronger figure? Maybe by insisting on immediate elections or something?

"He's trying very hard."

Did she believe the rumors that the CIA had been involved with the coup?

"There is so much legend around the CIA, so much legend, so much James Bond, they know everything, they do everything. I got the impression that America being more or less our bread and



"The day somebody blows up the Acropolis will be the day that Greece stops living in the past and enters the 20th century. History -- it's our biggest hang-up."

--a young Greek writer on why the country is so resistant to change

butter could influence the Greek government into anything normal."

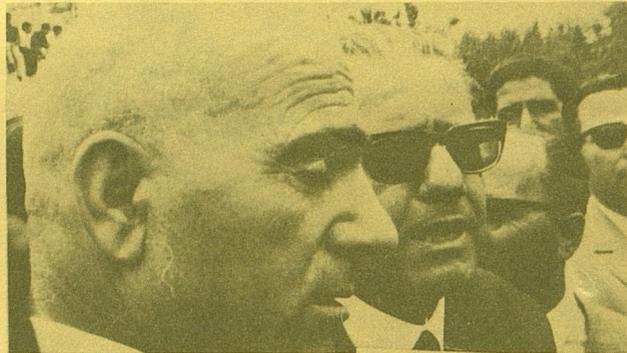
Supposing the government of America believes that their strongest ally in Europe could be a totally anti-Communist Greece that was run by the army and appeared to be run fairly democratically but nevertheless a regime they could rely on. Then it would make sense if they were behind the coup. Did Patakos and Spandidakis and the other officers have any close alliances with America?

"I don't know. Frankly I don't know at all. First of all I never knew anybody of these officers. I saw them for the first time afterwards."

They were plotting very secretly I must say, but I must say I have never heard of them -- not only the military but even the civilians, the civil people they have in the government. The first day here (this office) was full of newspaper people, all of them here -- 'Who's this, who's that?' they were asking me. 'But don't you know anybody?' 'I'm sorry I don't know anybody' (laughs) - 'never heard of them'."

"I think they are very anxious to have good public opinion, very anxious. At the beginning they are learning. They do this and then they realize it was wrong and they do the contrary. At the beginning they are learning. They are learning on our backs (laughs) but they are learning."

Athens - May, 1967



THE SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH

GREECE'S new military government was sworn in on April 21, 1967. Constantine Kollias, 66, who had been the Supreme Court prosecutor, became prime minister; Gregory Spandidakis, 58, an army general, became deputy premier and minister of defense; Brigadier Stylianus Patakos became minister of the interior.

Censorship was instituted immediately. All Greek papers must now submit their pages daily for approval before being printed. Helen Vlachou, owner of the morning paper Kathimerini (circ: 40,000) which backed the Rightist National Radical Union party, and the evening paper Mesimvri (circ: 70,000) which was labeled as Conservative Independent, refused to submit to censorship and, instead, closed down her plant. Some Communist papers were suspended; all other papers continued to publish. In the words of one cynical Greek newsman: "Censorship will eventually be lifted but the government has taken the precaution to pass a few relevant laws first, such as outlawing any criticism of the regime."

The major enemy and whipping boy of the new regime was Andreas Papandreou, head of the Center Union party, who returned to Greece in 1964 to run for election and won, thereby losing his American citizenship. He had become a U.S. citizen by serving in the U.S. Navy in 1944, and later taught at the Berkeley campus of the University of California.

Papandreou was jailed as was subsequently his secretary,

Eleni Nahnikian, 31, ostensibly for sheltering "communists" in her Athens apartment.

Within weeks the new regime had also:

Banned slogans on walls or the distribution of "political ideas" via handbills or any other media;

Banned several movies, both Greek and foreign, for spreading "false propaganda" including one about Venizelos, a longtime Greek hero and former prime minister, an ardent anti-monarchist who died in self exile in Paris in 1936 since when a score of Greek towns and villages have named streets and squares after him;

Prohibited the music of left-wing composer Miki Theodorakis, who wrote the music for Zorba and Phaedre;

Banned ownership without registration of all radio transmitters, printing facilities and even mimeograph machines;

Prohibited gatherings of all groups of more than half a dozen going to such ridiculous measures as arresting the cast of a forthcoming play for meeting in rehearsal;

Jailed hundreds of people for making anti-government comments;

Banned the works of 70 Greek authors alleged to have leftist inclinations.

One of the first exterior criticisms of the new regime came from the Danish government which had the temerity to suggest that a military takeover and the abolition of scheduled elections were not an encouragement to democracy. The Greek government responded instantly with boring predictability:

"Greece is being defamed by inaccuracies and malignant accusations which are being fabricated at the centers of international communism," it spluttered. "No one is being prosecuted in Greece for his beliefs but only those who by their acts and their activity aim at the imposition of a Communist dictatorship by violence."

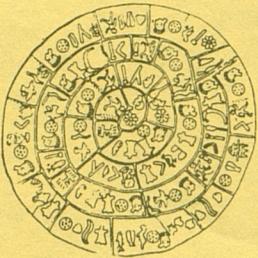
STILL IN JAIL

This statement seemed to bypass completely the fact that an admitted 6,000 prisoners (and

ECONOMES

NEWS

Underground Press Syndicate (UPS)



Le disque de Plaisirs (Musée d'Héraklion).

believed to be more than 10,000, including more than 30 members of the previous parliament, were already imprisoned on the isolated island of Yioura, unable to be visited by a group of international journalists who sought to check on their treatment.

The fact of the matter was that the new Greek government following much the pattern of military dictatorships the world over had a pathological fear of "Communism" and was willing to excuse almost any measures on the grounds that they were being merely "anti-Communist". Shades of Joseph McCarthy.

Eleftheros Kosmos, the daily paper generally accepted to be the semiofficial government spokesman, wrote in aggrieved tones that although Greece had allowed Communists to form a new party (EDA), to publish papers and magazines, to elect deputies, to "trap Youth" and enjoy all the benefits of democracy, yet "they have been taught nothing from their experience."

"This," said the paper, "is because the Communist cannot change his nature, because the leaders of the extreme left are vagabonds without value... As long as the bridges of any contact of non-Communist elements with the extreme left are allowed to exist Greece will always face dangers."

A clear indication, perhaps, that even agreeing with Communists makes one eligible for imprisonment.

TRUE DEMOCRACY?

Another daily paper, Vradyni, said in fact that although Communism in Greece was a minority it had been strengthened by political parties aligning themselves with it "or by politicians leading conservative parties who, with apathy and stupid optimism remained blind towards the Communist danger." Vradyni suggested that the April 21 revolution was actually an anti-fascist one which aimed at "leading the country back to true democracy preventing the creation of anarchy which would surrender us to the Iron Curtain."

And a third newspaper, Ethnikos Kiryx even managed to base an entire editorial justifying censorship of the press. For, said this newspaper, "the meaning of freedom of the press is misunderstood and the press directs and influences the governments". Ethnikos Kiryx bolstered its arguments by quoting from N.Y. Times columnist James Reston's new book about the press which they summarized as saying, "In a democracy politicians must remain apart from the press... the press does not have the right to impose its views on a politician nor to deceive the public in order to serve the politicians and its own interests. In order that both democracy and also the press may survive, close relations between politicians and the press must be avoided."

Apart from a period of about ten days immediately after the coup at the end of April, there has been no censorship of foreign newspapers and magazines coming into Greece despite the fact that their general tone -- especially the London papers -- has not been very sympathetic to the new regime. Understandably New York's Nation magazine declared the new regime to be a fascist one.

"A violent usurpation is not necessarily fascist", the Nation explained, "there

are other forms of dictatorship. But when an army faction seizes power, proceeds to suppress all left and centrist organizations, abolishes parliamentary institutions, muzzles the press and promises radical reorganization of society along rightist lines -- that is fascism.

"The excuse is familiar. The country must be saved from communism, which turns out to be anything and everything that might interfere with the naked exercise of power by the self-appointed saviors.

"By some mysterious alchemy also, personal rectitude -- as defined by the rulers -- will establish social justice and abolish all the evils that have befallen the country under democracy.

"The antics of the Greek rulers would be funny if their decrees were not symbols of tyranny, with worse to come. Girls are forbidden to wear mini-skirts, the female thigh having been discovered to be related to subversion. Boys must not sport long hair. For the young of both sexes church attendance is to be compulsory."

PROTESTS, BADWILL

At the time of the coup, indeed, even more ridiculous pronouncements reeking strongly of pious, moralistic attitudes were made by the country's new leaders. Beards on foreigners were supposed to be banned and young tourists with less than 80 dollars were to be turned back at the border. Some of these measures were later rescinded but not before protests and badwill had flowed in from all over the world.

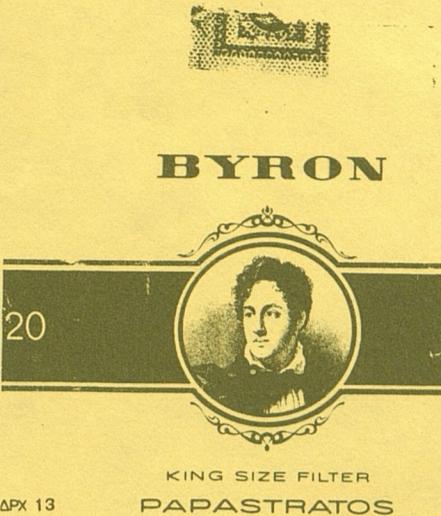
Of course, in a strongly religiously directed country such as Greece, authoritarian, moralistic attitudes are quite familiar whatever the government. Only a year or two ago tourists in remote rural areas ran the risk of assault or arrest for wearing bikinis. And this summer I was told on two separate occasions to sit up straight when I was lying down in relaxation on a park bench and at an outdoor, nighttime concert. My relaxed posture was "not proper", the policeman explained on both occasions, trying to lift me to a sitting position by force. Greeks, as has been observed before, give great respect for authority per se and tend to obey it unquestioningly whether it reflects common sense or not.

NO PROTESTS

So far, with almost all the obvious dissenters in jail and all potential new ones hedged in by a maze of censorious new laws, there has been almost no overt criticism of the new government. Most Greeks who will discuss the matter at all express either guarded approval of the regime or, at most, a shoulder-shrugging frustration about what can be done about it.

Some of the soberest comment on the situation has come from London's conservative Economist which recently asked why so few of those jailed for political disagreement with the regime had been released.

"One of the military junta's main justifications for the coup was that it forestalled a Communist takeover", the Economist wrote. "In the absence of any convincing evidence to support this conten-



APX 13

KING SIZE FILTER PAPASTRATOS

BYRON PAPASTRATOS. MADE IN GREECE

tion the regime may consider it expedient not to release too quickly prisoners who were arrested for their allegedly dangerous Communist proclivities. The regime is certainly trying to keep up a Red scare atmosphere in Greece, sometimes in ways that are reminiscent of Don Quixote's exploits against windmills."

Since the coup, cynical Athenians have been telling each other about the Greek who got drunk in Syntagma Square and proceeded to abuse the monarchy by shouting, "We're all being ruled by a 26-year-old idiot". The drunk was arrested, the story goes, and sentenced to 22 years imprisonment -- two years for insulting the king, and 20 years for revealing a state secret.

Man in crowded Athens bus to his neighbor:

"You in the army?"
No.
"Your father in the army?"
No.
"An uncle?"
Definitely not.
"Any of your relatives in the army?"
Not that I know of.
"Then get off my fucking foot".



SIESTA COMING TO AN END?

VICTOR WALKER

THE siesta, a feature of life here since the first Greek ate the first olive, may be the latest casualty of the 20th century.

A clash is looming between labor and management on whether shops should continue to close for three hours every afternoon, so that sales personnel can go to bed and emerge refreshed for the evening session.

Staffs are demanding a straight-through working day, from 8:30 to 5:30, with a staggered half-hour lunch break.

Shop owners, fearing loss of business, want to keep to the present 8:30 to 8:00, with everything closed from half-past one to half-past four. A union victory could deal a death-blow to the siesta.

Until a few years ago, almost everyone slept every afternoon in Greece. The siesta laws -- creation of any unnecessary noise between 2 and 5, whether by playing a radio at high volume or hammering a nail into a wall, can bring a police summons if a neighbor complains -- date from these days.

SPONGES & SNOOZES

The siesta was as rigidly observed as the British Sunday. Even the sponge sellers in Constitution Square would disappear into an alley,

ΣΑΒΒΑΤΟΝ

Σελήνη 11 ήμερ., 'Αν. ήλιου 5.11, Δ. 7.33



Θαλλελαίου και Νικοστράτου μαρτύρων

ΜΑΤΟΥ

draped sponge over face, and snooze. A few buses ran, a taxi might be found with its driver awake, and a sleepy waiter would serve a coffee if shaken, but to a remarkable degree the city slept.

The corollary was the late Greek night. Cinema did most business at the 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. performances, and tavernas and pastry shops were packed till three in the morning.

Gradually, over the past dozen years, a series of heavy blows have been struck at the "mesimvrihi hypnos" (the "middle-of-the-day sleep"; the word siesta is not generally known in Greece). Tourists proved that people could stay awake even on the hottest afternoons and not go mad. Factories, large businesses, the civil service, banks and public utilities all adopted the straight-through day.

Since, however, Greek office hours now are mostly from 7:30 or 8:00 a.m. to 2:30 or 3:00 p.m., with no break, the siesta was not so much cancelled as postponed. Office workers can still catch a quick nap before going shopping. But if the shops go over, it will be curtains for the afternoon sleep. For even the office workers will have to stay awake if they want to shop.

BAD FOR BUSINESS?

This, at least, is the contention of the sales assistants, in reply to the owners' argument that not to open in the evenings would be disastrous for business.

Shop assistants quote the experience of the Saturday closing. Until five years ago, all Greek shops closed Wednesday afternoons, and on Saturdays stayed open especially late. Saturday evenings were the biggest session of the week. The unions won that round. The shops closed Saturdays and stayed open Wednesdays, and owners, after prophecies of bankruptcy, found they were doing just as much business as before.

Shop assistants contend the same thing will happen if shops close at 5:30. "If people want to buy something," said a spokesman of their union, "they'll buy it". Even at the cost of their siesta.

The present agitation is based on several factors. Sales personnel complain their friends are free in the evenings and they are not, which "degrades" them.

Also, as the city grows, commuting takes longer, costs more, and, in the packed buses of the rush hours (Greek buses are licensed to carry 23 passengers seated and 77 standing), involves more acute suffering.

And, anyway, with most large stores and many shops now having installed air-conditioning as a means of attracting customers, the straight-through day has ceased to be the ordeal it once was.

SHOPS ARE COOLER

In fact, when Athens temperatures soar over the 100-in-the-shade mark, shops are generally cooler than homes. For air-conditioning in the house or apartment is still ultimately the prerogative of the rich, like not running a car but having a private taxi parked outside the front door.

The situation in Greek towns has now reached that delicate balance where, if the shops go over, the siesta will be as good as dead. Sweeping changes will then seem inevitable in the Greek way of life.

In general, the Greeks will simply have to start going to bed earlier at night. For, despite the impression gained by tourists, they do get just as tired as other people.

It's been worked out that if shop assistants stop sleeping in the afternoons, and the public has to stay awake to do its shopping, the cinemas, theatres, tavernas, night clubs, restaurants and bus and subway transport will find it possible, perhaps even necessary, to close earlier.

the anecdotes of a guide

--extracts from "The Anecdotes of a Guide" by Nick Mav-

In 1930 I guided two young ladies on a tour

ΕΘΝΟΣ



THIS CARTOON, not political as might be supposed, refers to the championship-winning Olympia Kos football team (in doorway with sabre) with previously 'executed' victims seen hanging in the background. Caption, lower left, reads: "Bring me some more like those."

GOVERNMENT GOES ON TOUR

TWENTY-four hours before "the visit of the minister" the bus drivers were dropping off packages at every tiny village and town in Crete. The packages contained big red and blue posters with bold letters at the top and smaller words superimposed in the dead-end corridors of a typical Cretan labyrinth through which a bold, blue arrow showed the way out:

21 of April 1967
NEWS TO ALL GREEKS
FROM NOW ON ALL GREEKS
SHALL GO TOGETHER AND
NOT BE SPLIT UP INTO
DIFFERENT PARTIES

Communist - Anarchist
Leftwing - Rightwing -
Etc. - Etc.

The date referred to what is now known as the "coup" -- that fateful night this spring when the Greeks went to bed with no inkling of what was to happen and awoke to find tanks around the major cities, the army in control, newspapers suspended, left-wing candidates for the forthcoming elections in jail and the elections themselves cancelled.

It had all happened so suddenly that there were virtually no protests. Those that could and would have protested were mostly locked up; the others began to make rationalizations. "Let's wait and see what happens; we have had enough bloodshed; this government is really for the people; now it is so much easier to get things done; let's wait and see; let's wait; let's be patient; we don't want any more trouble."

ZORBA'S CRETE

And now it was a month later and Greece's new military leaders were visiting Crete, traditionally the stronghold of Greek independence, the place where revolution began, the last refuge of the fiercely independent Greek spirit so typified by "Zorba the Greek", and his late creator Nikos Kazantzakis, himself a Cretan.

In each tiny hamlet archways of vine leaves were being erected, pictures of the kind displayed, blue and white Greek flags hung from windows. The schoolchildren were on holiday for the occasion but in their bright blue uniforms they were, hours before the parade was due, lining the streets with baskets of rose petals to toss. Local dignitaries rehearsed their speeches and all around the main square the men sat, as they always sit, sipping their sweet coffee and talking no longer of politics.

The photographers and TV cameramen waited, joking idly as they strolled between the lines of waiting spectators. The clergy, all bearded, all

with black hoods and robes, waited in a bloc, haughty and arrogant. Important before, they are now indispensable as one of the three major legs on which the new Greek state stands (church-King-army). Passing away the time, the reporters discovered an old crone sitting beside the speaker's stand and subsequent questioning elicits that she is the mother of Brigadier Patakos, one of the regime's new leaders. It is ironic that one of Greece's new dictators should be from this stronghold of independence.

Suddenly from the highway cheering can be heard and a phalanx of cars pulls to a halt, followed by about a score of army trucks and jeeps.

LIGHTNING VISIT

It is a lightning visit -- a few words of welcome by local dignitaries, a set speech from Brigadier Patakos and General Spandakakis (with local references befitting local heroes come home), flowers thrown, cheers from the crowd and then a roar of engines being started and dozens of army cars and jeeps following the few leaders.

One thing is plain, however; the new leaders have great confidence. To all intents and purposes there is nothing to guard them from attacks either physical or verbal from anybody who chooses to break through the thinly held police line. A foreign tourist is able to walk within a few feet of the leaders, without identifying himself, and take a score of pictures.

During the next few days the pattern is repeated in tiny towns and villages throughout Crete. In Ayia Gallini, a tiny fishing village (pop: 300) on the remote south shore, lunch is served outside a small restaurant on the village's main street. Almost the entire population crowds around to watch the leaders eat bread and fish ("Why don't they feed the multitudes with five loaves and little fishes?" a cynical Danish tourist asks) and seeing an English girl watching, Brig. Patakos calls her over.

"Your London papers way we are fascist", he says reprovingly. "You can see we are not fascist. We have no guards. We do not fear to go among the people. Tell that to your English papers."



THE PRESS
Greece's daily press, once a free wheeling and sometimes irresponsible media of information is on the verge of extinction. Greeks were avid newspaper readers before the April 21st army takeover, but all that has changed now.

The military regime has suppressed the press' traditional right to speak out though they claim that thoughtful objective criticism is acceptable. But a survey of Athens's newspaper editors reveals the opposite. The regime is not willing to accept criticism yet and may never be.

Editors are warned they must adhere to a strict line. Government handouts are the order of the day giving readers a dry boring sheet to read. Ministers' speeches are printed in full, summaries are unacceptable, and all ministers want their addresses given special prominence in the press.

Government committees touring parts of the country always receive rousing welcomes by cheering thousands shouting support for the regime, say the official handouts.

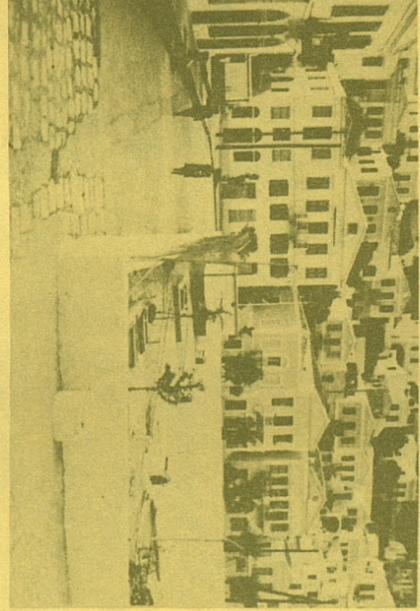
The regime is always referred to as "national government" or "revolutionary government" but the word dictatorship is taboo.

"What do you want me to do," an editor of an afternoon paper said, when asked why he uses all the government announcements, "go to jail for five years if I don't publish the trash."

The press is the most volatile instrument in Greece and has been used by every succeeding government as a means of building up its support once it got into power. Though the press prior to the coup d'etat was free, it still adhered to party line and relied on its financial support to see them through difficult times.

To all intents and purposes Greece's newspapers have been castrated. They are obliged to run not only what the government tells them (and not run any stories critical of the regime, the church and/or monarchy) but also have to place the stories where the censor tells them to. In July, for example, when the King returned to his summer home on Corfu the welcoming stands were so "padded" with spectators that the structure collapsed, killing three people and injuring others. In any "free" newspaper it would have been a page-one lead but the Greek papers were instructed to play the story down by placing it down the page with a single-column headline. Similarly, on the visit of Richard Nixon, the papers were forbidden to write headlines that referred to his comments about the eventual need for elections so that a speech of qualified approval was presented as a paean of praise.

"Our newspapers," admits one Athens publisher, "are not so much being censored by the regime but edited by it."



There's a tiny boat, the Elias, that leaves Rhodes three times a week bound for Simi with a load of tomatoes, Italian beer, apricots and as many passengers as can be crammed into the minuscule lounge. The trip costs 25 drachmas and takes two hours. The Elias stays about 20 minutes to unload and then returns to Rhodes so you know you'll not be completely cut off. Other boats, though, are unpredictable. The tourist office in Rhodes is always ready with some inaccurate information about schedules but nothing around here is very reliable. The excitement of a trip to Simi, therefore, is enhanced by the uncertainty of how you'll leave it.

The major landmark in the town of Simi, where you land, is an ugly series of parallel trenches, covered with plastic, that comprise the seawater conversion plant. A major stockholder of America's Dupont company happened to drop by Simi once -- a two-hour stopoff on a cruise -- and learned that the island was short of water. It just so happened that his company was anxious to test the practicability of plastic (instead of the more commonly used glass) in this kind of plant

and, hell! maybe a tax loss would come in useful anyway, so the equipment was donated to Simi along with a fulltime staff to keep it going.

Unfortunately there wasn't anywhere to locate it except in the town's main square -- the only piece of open space they'd got -- and so that's where it went, an ugly compound surrounded by high barbed wire. And, as a matter of fact, the fresh water that it produced wasn't needed during about two-thirds of the year so it was poured back into the sea from time to time. But then that's progress, or altruism American-style.

FULLTIME STAFF

Meanwhile, a fulltime staff was paid to operate the plant, including a manager and his wife who chose to live on Rhodes rather than in Simi (and added to the payroll a fully-staffed boat to take them back and forth); the local church officials were given responsibility for handling administrative details. And a color movie was made of the whole affair so that Dupont stockholders, back in the States could see how generously they were treating this little Greek town.

Simi boasts another example of American generosity: the American farm where purebred American chickens, fed on a special nutritive powder, produce delicious eggs at bargain prices. Originally the plan was for the villagers to feed the hens themselves and about 1,500 were put on sale very cheaply. Naturally enough, the villagers bought dozens of them and cooked them up instantly -- until a police order came through not to eat the special red hens but keep them for egg-raising. The trouble is that Simians, like most poor Greeks, feed their hens on whatever they can find, turning them loose in the village to fend for themselves. It costs too much to buy the special powder that incubator-raised hens need to keep up their high egg-producing potential.

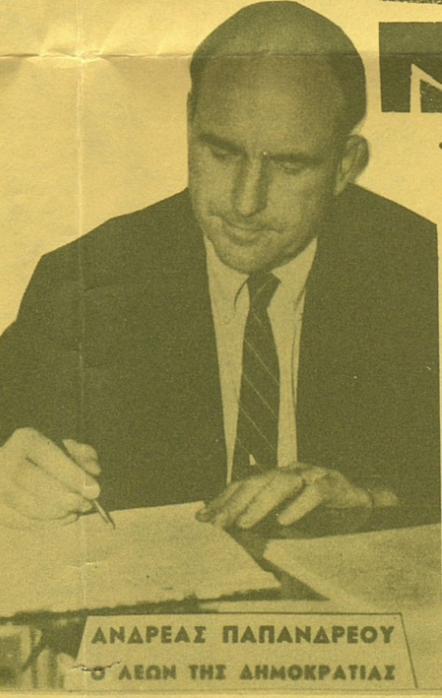
Most of the above information was provided by Rumanian-born artist Daniel Spoerri (he now regards his home as Paris and, at 38, is a pioneer pre-Pop collagist having exhibited in the Museum of Modern Art's "Assemblage" show back in 1961). Daniel and his wife, Kiske, have lived on Simi for the past eight months, writing, among other things, a book about the food, which is primitive but in Spoerri's hands imaginative. We shared a turtle stew one night, a rarity in Simi where the local fishermen usually throw such beasts back into the sea.

VERY UNTOURISTY

Simi is totally unequipped for tourists and is, therefore, a delightful place to visit. The only good hotel, a converted private house, is closed most of the time -- it had registered only 20 visitors up to mid-June of the year -- and a boy has to sent up into the hills to fetch the manager (this is the local "telephone" service) to come down and open it up for guests. It is simple, beautiful and cheap: 30 drachmas per bed per night.

The restaurants don't stock food, apart from such basic necessities as bread and pastries, but they're willing to cook for you if you buy a fish somewhere, from some passing fisherman maybe. Meat is a rarity: the local butcher has some a couple of times each week. Says he gets it from Rhodes but the local rumor is that it comes in from Turkey, smuggled in small boats.

The major industry in Simi is fishing, but in typical lai-



ΑΝΔΡΕΑΣ ΠΑΠΑΝΔΡΕΟΥ
Ο ΛΕΩΝ ΤΗΣ ΔΗΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑΣ

sez-faire fashion the fishermen go out only when they feel like it, two or three times a week instead of daily as on most islands. The island has always been famous for its boat building and still hand-crafts them today along the harbor. There's also a loukoom (Turkish delight) and halvah factory which is able to operate profitably because, for some reason taxes are lower on Simi than other islands.

Simi has a disproportionate number of cops to the size of its population. Turkey is very near and since the coup all Greece's borders have been watched rather closely.



NEW REGIME OKAYS CONTRACT
- MILLIONS FOR U.S. FIRM

THE American firm of Litton Industries which has been trying for years to get a contract out of the Greek government to develop tourism and resources in Crete, suddenly found -- one month after the new regime took over -- that the contract was agreed upon. Only last fall it had been turned down because of opposition in the Greek parliament.

Nobody has suggested that Litton Industries had anything to do with organizing the coup which made the contract possible but, nevertheless, the company should be at least 100 million dollars richer by 1978 as a result of it.

Litton's chairman has explained that the Greek venture would be pilot project for applying Litton's systems to other foreign countries. Greece, he said, was being used "as a sort of guinea pig."

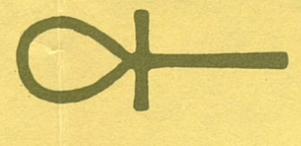
"BANANA REPUBLIC," SAYS LONDON TIMES

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Greece today, West wrote, is "the last of the old Balkans -- tired, corrupt and despondent with a frightened king and a stupid military government."

West added that the new regime was "obsessed by trifles," and that "the very ease of the coup is proof it was not necessary."

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the anecdotes of a guide



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On April 1929, I organized a trip to mount Olympus on behalf of a group, amateur botanists from America, and arranged for their equipment for camping, mules, and the necessary muleteers. All went well until the day before Easter Sunday. When I thought they would enjoy seeing how the monks at the high Meteora celebrate their Easter. The group agreed that it would be a very pleasant experience, so we packed and started descending Mount Olympus.

Early next morning on Easter Sunday, just as the sun was beginning to creep up through the trees, the first in the row of muleteers suddenly abandoned his mule and started running. I called after him, «Manolis (this was his name) what is the matter with you?» He shouted «Ca-Ca-Cantaras». This was the name of the feared leader of the political group that was terrifying the districts of the mountains. I seized the mule from the bridle and after a 50 yards walk, I saw what had frightened the muleteer. It was a young boy about 18-20 years old, dressed in the uniform of the Euzonans, and wearing a black handkerchief tied around his head. On the front part of the handkerchief, just on the forehead, was a cross embroidered with red thread.

I greeted him in the customary Eastern way by saying «Christos Anesti» (Christ is risen) and he answered in the Orthodox manner «Alithos Anesti» (Truly risen).

«Which band do you belong to?» I asked him. He looked at me proudly and said: «I belong to the band of Cantaras».

I did not lose my temper and said crossing myself «Is it today that I shall meet this man? I have heard much good about him». He grinned and answered somewhat ironically «Yes, don't worry about it, you will meet him further on».

This statement shocked me and my heart started bounding like a clock, although I was aware that Cantaras never harmed foreigners.

Anyway, I went ahead to settle things before seeing my groups spread. I had just walked 100 yards when I was astonished by what I saw. On a plateau of pine trees, eight adults were spit-roasting small lambs, and on the other side near a waterfall, a band of about thirty five bearded men were sitting around on small rocks. I immediately recognized Cantaras (having seen his pictures in the newspapers) and directed the «Christ is Risen» greeting to him. He answered amicably «Truly is Risen». Then he asked: «Who are these peoples». When I told him they were Americans, he relaxed, and began talking about his knowledge of their country. Then suddenly his attention was diverted by two of his men who were carrying forth our young muleteer. I worried about the fate of this boy and begged Cantaras to be indulgent, at least on that Holy Easter Day. «Don't you know that I never harm foreigners?» he said to my relief, «least of all Americans».

Meanwhile, our party had arrived on the spot. I introduced the bandits to them as being the «Guards of the Forests», and Cantaras gave them a royal welcome (he even apologized for the lack of chairs) - offering them liquor, and red Easter eggs, cakes, and invited all of us for lunch. I felt easier, thinking that having been alone, Cantaras would have never treated me with such courtesy and hospitality. After accepting his invitation, we joined them in their feast, replenished with Bordeaux wines.

The atmosphere became gay under the influence of the wine, and the bandits began to teach the Americans the native peasant dances. Our group tried to take photographs, but Cantaras said: «Nick, I don't like our pictures to be taken». I, therefore, had at last, to inform my group that these men were not the «Guards of the Forests», but in fact the most cruel and dangerous political bandits of Greece.

Far from being the least disturbed, the group was actually thrilled to hear this, and we stayed for another two hours there before continuing on our way. (Needless to say we had

--extracts from "The Anecdotes of a Guide" by Nick Mavarakis, ex-president of the Greek Guides' Union (book available, \$1, from 2 Amerikis Street, Athens, Greece.

by this time lost all chance of seeing the monks' celebration at Meteora). Before departing however, the head of the group took me aside and asked me if I thought we should leave Cantaras some money. I said «Goodness! You are spoiling everything». Immediately the intelligent Cantaras asked me what this man had said to me. He insisted to know with such determination that I was forced to ask him whether he needed any money. Without answering me, he ordered one of his boys named Kitis to bring a large valise, which he opened. It was filled to the brim with coins and dollars. Then twining his moustache, he said with a proud smile «Tell your American he may have as much money as he wishes, but I would like some cigars if they really manufacture them». We gave him ten boxes.

That evening we planned to stay in the village of Castania. When we arrived at our Hotel we found two roast lambs and six bottles of Bordeaux - with the compliments of Cantaras. Six months later he was killed.

On October 1929, during one of my daily tours to different travel agencies in Athens, Mr. Wilson, the Managing Director at Cook's office, showed me, with great concern, a letter just received from a British Lord. It requested hotel accommodation for himself, his wife and two daughters, as well as arrangements for some sightseeing in Athens and a four-day classical tour to the Peloponnese. However, the Lord stated in his letter that there must be an Italian or a Turkish one. «We do have a Turkish guide», I immediately said to Mr. Wilson. «Oh, Nick, you have saved me!» He said with much relief, and then added: «Please ask him to be here tomorrow morning». Of course, there were no Turkish guides available in Athens, but since I speak Turkish fluently, I decided to become the guide the British Lord had requested for. The following morning I had a card made with the inscription «Sueri Bei, Dragoman and Guide» and presented it and myself at Cook's Office. It took a while to convince them that I could pass for a Turk, and they finally agreed that I had very well be the right man for the job. As soon as the ship Aegean docked at Piraeus with the British and his Lord family, I boarded the ship to welcome them to Greece. When I produced my newly-acquired card, the Lord was delighted to find that my name was very Turkish indeed, and thrilled at the fact that he now had a guide of his preferred nationality. I accompanied them to their hotel and the following day we started our sightseeing trip of Athens. At the beginning, I noticed that the Lord seemed annoyed whenever I spoke of the wonders of Greece. However, later on, during our seven-day tour to the Peloponnese, he gradually began to relax, and by the time we reached Olympia, he was enjoying himself completely.

Back on the ship at the end of our tour, he thanked me for the wonderful time by all said: «It is very odd indeed that a Turkish guide would make me fall in love with Greece».

I felt this was the right time to stop my game, and handed him my real card. He read it slowly and finally asked: «What are you then? A Turk or a Greek? Tell me the truth!». «I am a Greek, my Lord» I said, and then added: «It would be expecting too much to find a Turkish guide in Greece». «If so», he said, «I think we should spend another week in your country, this time with Nick Mavarakis, a Greek guide». We all laughed and he ordered the luggage to be taken off the ship. The days that followed, cruising the islands, were the most wonderful of all, and I never did ask our British Lord why he did not want a Greek guide from the beginning. That, after all, was his privilege.

In 1930 I guided two young ladies on a tour to Olympia. During lunch at a hotel in Tripolis, where we planned to stay overnight, one of them asked me to tell them how the Temple of Apollo, which stood nearby, had been discovered. I explained to them that in 1765 a frenchman with the name of Bochor, who was travelling through Adritsaina, heard a shepherd remark to another that he had taken his goats to pasture up by the «pillars». Curious as to what these pillars might be, the frenchman asked the shepherd to lead him to where his goats were, thus discovering the famous temple. Back in France Bochor talked about his discovery to archeologists and scholars, but it was forty years later that an Englishman called Leake decided to investigate the site after reading Bochor's accounts. He came back to Bassae, where the temple stands, and made careful drawings and plans, to guide future visitors to this magnificent temple.

Both young ladies were most impressed by my story and expressed their desire to see it, if possible, that very same day. I informed them that no good roads had yet been built up to Bassae, that it was at an altitude of almost 5000 feet, and that it would be an extremely difficult climb.

Our two energetic ladies assured me that it would be perfectly all right with them, since they were used to «roughing it», and both knew how to ride on mules.

Then I ventured to say that there were no hotels in Bassae where we could stay. There was only one rumbling old guest house lacking in all comforts and definitely not suitable for two young ladies. It was so primitive, I explained, that the only way to take a shower there, was with the help of a veiled old lady, who would with one hand hold a punctured tin over one's head while pouring heated water into the tin with the other. I also added that the peasants of those hills were very superstitious and believed that snakes, if seen inside a house, will bring good luck to its occupants and by no means would they permit anyone to harm them. Whenever I ventured into this wilderness I carried snake serum with me to avoid any eventual danger.

Rather than discouraging the young ladies, my warnings seemed to stimulate their desire to make the trip, and they insisted that it could well turn out to be their most fascinating adventure in Greece.

We arrived at Adritsena late that evening aching and exhausted and after a light supper at the old guest house, we retired to our rooms to rest. I felt asleep right away, but early in the morning, a loud piercing scream woke me up and, imagining the worst, I quickly grabbed my snake serum and ran out of my room to help the



presumed victim. I saw one of our young ladies rush out of the toilet, flinging her skirt up and down, and running frantically along the corridor.

«What happened? Did a snake bite you? Where is it?» I asked eagerly. Between sobs she answered: «Not a snake... something else... it was awful». And then, pointing at the toilet she added: «in there!».

Well, it wasn't as bad as I had anticipated, but it must have been quite a shock indeed.

I soon found out that this «toilet» did not have the usual equipment but just a hole under which the underground cellar was. Somehow, a pig entered the cellar and when she crouched she felt an unexpected slimy greeting from below...



Μὰ δὲν ἔχω σχέσεις μὲ τὸν Φερνάντο! Στ' ὀρκίζομαι! Πῶς φαντάστηκε...



Ἄκουσε τὴ φωνὴ τοῦ Φερνάντο μέσα στὸ δωμάτιό σας. Ἐγὼ τὸν εἰδοποίησα, ἀν καὶ μετάνοιωσα ἀμέσως γιὰ τὴν πράξι μου...

ΤὸΝ ΤΟΥΡΙΣΤ

