Temple on the Acropolis like a row of yellow, half-rotten teeth.

Athens, indeed, we are here. We therefore can do it. The streets are hot, the noise infernal. The dust is whirling & gray, in the meat-halls the butchers scream in falsetto, & up & down along the Plaka's steps the tourists drink themselves drunk on rezina, we are not alone, we are evidently not the only ones who think that we can do it, my conscience is black like the river Styx.

However, my eyes see,

Poros,

An island, a strait, a town, a harbor,
Cubism,
Sun, sky, water,
Never was the day so bright...
People on the spot, people on their way to & fro, the mountains on the other side, Peloponnes, "the wild people!"

Henry Miller sailed by here once long ago,
The smiles on the children's faces are light & swift like the winds' play over water, ripples, and the flowers in the gardens, the jasmines at night, lights in the night,

Sounds,
Not being able to sleep,
O Morpheos, give me sleep!
O Morpheos, give me peace!

With torches they seek the octopus, but lobster-fishing they don't understand, it
I don't answer, you look around the room, shake your head, wave your hands, then turn towards me & roar! "How the devil can you also think of drinking so much? You indeed can't endure it, Jens. You think you are twenty years old."

"You indeed didn't come back," I mumble & avoid your furious glance.

"I will also be allowed to look around," you answer & go out into the kitchen & fetch a bottle of mineral water.

"I have indeed sat here & waited & waited," I whine, but fail to mention that I haven't for a moment been bored of being alone, on the contrary.

You pour the water into a glass & drink voraciously.

"I will also have my private life in peace," you say.

"Your private life!" I sneer, "do you then have secrets from me?"

"What do you care?" you say & drink another glass of water in two gulps.

"Besides, where have you been?" I ask casually.

"Who wants to know?" sounds your impudent answer.

I shrug my shoulders.

"Well, I really almost don't care," then, suddenly enthusiastic, you say with a grin:

"Besides, you should have seen a sweet guy I met, he was really delicious."

"Delicious?"
I look at you for a moment, then I go over & tweak your nose. You pull your head back & look up into my eyes from your chair. Indeed we are friends for the time being; we smile then to each other, and we always make up, but there are other times when things flare up worse than now tonight, then we can quarrel until the sparks fly. We are splendid at shouting; doors crack, window-panes rattle, shirts are torn, & in between we throw eggs at each other's head or whatever suitable missiles may now be at hand. Yes, it happens merrily, & at some point or other we always make up in one bed or another. In some soothing darkness or other where under the covers we lie close together & whisper to each other,

"Yours is so delightfully straight," you whisper.
"Yours is so delightfully curved," I whisper.
"Love mine," you whisper.
"Love mine," I whisper.

And we burst out into laughter but then remember that it is indeed meant seriously & get to work.

But no Kim, I cannot any longer use all the beautiful dirty words we whisper to each other in the hot darkness under the blanket-tent. It is in the south, & everything is changed, our northern words leap out like wild flames & burn on our
Symbol! The Phoenix rises from the ashes while a soldier keeps watch, roaring boulevards, whistling police, the unbearable noise. And everywhere these colossal dashing soldiers, these handsome tanned strong faces & this perverse desire for uniforms, manliness? Insecurity? The contrast to the dirty foreign 'dissenter' - the hippies - is sharp.

We go & count our money, we only have enough for a cup of coffee with a glass of water.

Thank God that ice-cold water is served free in the underground shopping center under Omonia Plaza.

We are poor but must let on as if we were well-heeled.

How we long to be able to be honestly poor someplace.

Ah, we vagabonds!

But then, however, the money has indeed arrived & we go into the city to take off with it.

The island pops up...

Foam-born, sun-drenched blue like the sea, "There lies Samos," you say & point.

"Are you glad?" I ask you & for one reason or another feel happily afraid. (omit a line)

"Kim, are you asleep?"

"No."

"I can't sleep at all."

"Shall I come in to you?"
"There is therefore a reminder that has come from the publisher, "you say quickly & move your fingers against the palm of my hand, "the devil,"

"I allowed myself to hold it back, I know you indeed, Jens," you say with a little sniffler & creep down into the bed to me.

"Kim," I say, "how exactly does a fig-tree look?" you look in amazement at me, blinking in the sunlight,

"Tell me, are you trying to be funny?"

I laugh,

"No, I am sure I mean it. Miller writes about such an old Greek fig-tree some place, & now I want to know how it looks."

You shake your head in despair & look at me as if I were more than crazy.

Then you get up,

"Come with me out here on the terrace,"

You say,

I follow you,

"Yes?"

"Glance down there," you say & point down to the precipitous rock just under our house,

"Yes?"

"Then what do you see?"

"A tree."

"That is a fig-tree," you say,

"Good God," I exclaim, ashamed, "and I have stood & glared at it every single day all summer long while I waited for you to come up from the beach."

For a moment I notice that you are looking
SATIONS ARE BEING BUGGED, THAT OUR MONEY IS
BEING CONTROLLED, WE KNOW NOTHING, AND WE
AND WE ARE FAIRLY FORTUNATE & VERY NAIVE
WHILE WE GO AROUND & SING OUR SUN-SONGS
IN THE GREEK WINTER.
NEVER WAS THE DAY SO BRIGHT...

[346]

"WHO BOOK YOU WRITE?" IS THE FIRST THING
THE HARSH & VERY UNPLEASANT POLICE-VOICE ASKS
ME ABOUT AT THE STATION,
YES, I WISH I KNEW, I THINK FOR A MOMENT
IN A FIT OF BLACK HUMOR, BUT REALIZE AT ONCE
THAT IT IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO LAUGH AT,
I Mumble something about TRANSLATIONS
& NOVELS,
AS IS THE TRUTH,
BUT HERE IT IS THEIR TRUTH WHICH MATTERS,
NOT MINE, NOT OURS, WE HAVE MADE THE 'WRONG'
FRIENDS ON SAMOS, THAT IS THE TRUTH ABOUT US
IN THEIR EYES, & THE RESULT IS THAT THEY
NOW REFUSE TO RENEW OUR RESIDENCE PERMIT,
THEY GIVE US ORDERS TO LEAVE THE LAND WITHIN
FORTY-EIGHT HOURS, THE BOAT GOES TODAY, EVERY-
ONE WITHDRAWS FROM US, NO ONE ANY LONGER DARES
TO GREET US, AND NOT MERELY OUR 'WRONG' FRIENDS
BUT ALSO ELLA, OUR CAT, WE MUST NOW SUDDENLY
LEAVE IN THE LURCH, WE SAIL AWAY FROM THE IS-
LAND WITH OUR SWIM-SUITS STILL WET IN THE BAG,
AND IS IT NOT AS IF WHEN WE CLIMB ON THE TRAIN
IN ATHENS, WE CAN ALREADY HEAR THE SCABBY CURS
IN THE NIGHT BAYING AT US?

[117] Now
"I don't really mean that, Jens."

"That's the effect you had on me then. I don't understand it. I can still remember how your hand was suddenly ice-cold one night when we drove home in a taxi out from Fran's place, ice-cold, and I couldn't stand it out."

"It was too late," you say then,
I bend forward in the chair & look into the fire.

"Yes, but how did it happen?"

You answer a little while after:

"How did it happen that you went & fell in love with me?"

"And you with me?"

"How did it happen?" you repeat for us both,

"I don't know," I answer, but only to myself. I feel so dumb. I am an illiterate in this here area.

"You are then otherwise in the habit of always having your theories in order," you say. "All the words, the ideology..."

"To hell with the ideology when it is a question of the passions!" I exclaim violently.

"And you mean that?"

"I mean it, yes. Otherwise I cannot see that there is something to live for."

Pause,

Then you say gently:

"I thought that you were a socialist."

"I am a sceptic. I am, sometimes I can catch myself thinking that the whole