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Maybe the beauty of the Greeks will play havoc with all your holiday plans. But whatever happens, you should spend at least one free evening, even if only for a change from so much erotic consumption, and best at full moon, to take a taxi to the Pnyx mountain, south of the Acropolis. Let your taxi driver drive you right to the summit of the Pnyx. Then you will find the whole of Athens spread out beneath your feet. As far as you can see the lights are glittering, as millions of dots. And right in the middle of it all rises the Acropolis mountain with the Parthenon lit by flood lights. Standing there like this I think you will agree with what I'd like to say finally:

Even if Athens should be cleaned by vacuum cleaners of all good-looking young men, even if everything were twice as expensive as it is at home, and even if you damned the rest of your holiday as a fiasco—this view of nightly Athens is so indescribably beautiful that it alone will have been worth the whole trip.

(This is an abbreviated version of two articles which appeared first in German in two issues of «amigo» and which have been translated by kind permission of the author.)

Translated by Ralph Forbes

## SONNET

I give this world of water, earth and air,  
Seas, mountains and the starry steeps of sky,  
Wind, sun and rain and all things strong and fair:  
All laughter and all loving fore and by.  
The lightest touch of tenderness, the wide  
Surge of this passion that must kiss and keep;  
The perfect moment on a turning tide  
That bears spent lovers to the bourne of sleep.

And I am grieved I cannot give you more—  
Were I as rich as Croesus, still no gift  
Eagerly given from his golden store  
Could ever match your largess when you lift  
Your head to look at me in sweet askance . . .  
My heart bursts like a bubble, at your glance.

by JIM RAMP