

11 NOV FRI

Get changed from my private little room to a communal room - actually I had been getting a bit bored alone. Meet up with English girl Jeanne who I had briefly met in Florence - we go together to the archaeological museum. We see off a group that has to go back up to Amsterdam to p/v some money - then will come back here - what a way to go for money. Later today I find the Bank of America and go see what my fortunes are to get some money. Will I have to wait a week like some people that wire home for money? NO, since this is the largest bank in the world and this ole plastic card works like magic - money is instant! Matter of 10 minutes of paper shuffle. Sure feel a lot better, secure. Jeanne & I see museum with many Greco/Roman sculptures including one that Michelangelo remodernized a colossal group fighting a bull - the rest a somewhat dull - various gods - the Aphrodite is beautiful - the ideal woman. The real treat is of course all the booty from Pompeii and Ereuleum. Intricate and beautiful mosaics what craftsmans ship! Wall paintings, ~~and~~ silverware, soldiers armor, etc. They had everything back then. After something to eat which is always plentiful after fresh money

is in the pocket I take a look at the ¹⁰⁵ small aquarium. Small & somewhat ill kept but some unique animals - squid, horseshoes bottled light fishes of the deep. I go back to hostel to rest/siesta a bit then go out toward shopping area Via Chiasa. It really does liven up after 5:30 - a real street spectacle - everyone dressed to kill - these Italians really do know how to dress - their streets may be filthy and some real class differences but some really dress up. All the guys have the great looking jackets and pants. I don't end up buying anything guess I had too much fun window shopping and people watching.

12 NOV SAT

Morn meet interesting Greek fellow and his Japanese girlfriend - we end up traveling together on toward Brindisi via train. They both work together at a tourist shop on a Aegean Sea island that his brother runs and are now on vacation because obviously the tourist season is over. They came to see Italy. Actually a really cute couple - they get quite a few stares cause of their nationalities difference. We have small picnic on train. Arrive Brindisi - work out ship schedules - find out well

be on different boats unfortunately.
We do have pizza dinner together. See
them off on "Atlas". I wait my turn
on 1/2 passenger 1/2 auto truck ship "Gracia
Express". Many other backpackers - mostly
Americans crowd the pontoon deck which
is rows of seats that everyone slumbers on
some don't pay extra charge and rough it
up on the deck. It is cold and some rain,
leaves at about 2:30.

13 NOV SUN →
Still floating about on the high seas - but
I'm enjoying my first longer distance ship
ride. It's a big ship and fun to just
wander all over. Walk up around the deck
no land in sight, watch the ship plow
through the water, see water below deck,
have a coffee in the self-serve restaurant
where all the regulars (Gruks/Stalians)
hang out, back up to the pontoon deck where
all the young guys/gals are and doze off
for awhile more. Pull in at 1800 but they
seem to purposely hold off letting you off
so that the 18:57 train will be missed.
Oh well so a night in Patras. Meet fellows
from Penn and from Italy who are good
fun we have dinner down the street from
our crowded hostel. This weather is not

what everyone had obviously been ¹⁰⁷
hoping for. Drizzly and overcast. 14 NOV MON.

I'm soaking up 3 days just to get to
Athens. Oh well train ride is nice - right
along coast sometimes right on the edge.
Trains are not as commonplace as the
rest of Europe - this one bucks, shoves,
and stops every 10 min I guess to see if
the wheels are still attached to the train.
I end up playing cards w/ 2 girls from
S.A. Calif area - we play fun game of
hearts - brings back ole high school days
memories. Meet up with fellow from
Australia and from London - we end up
teaming up together for first night in
Athens. Train stations are tiny and thru
ugly part of town - not the best image of
Greece/Athens. Rest of afternoon we get
something to eat at local rest. We bring
along whatever guide books we have to
help us order food. Most difficult thing
here is that not only are the language diff
but it's the first time that the actual
alphabet is different Ω Π Σ Θ Ρ We have
fun ordering but manage to have a good
dinner. Rest of evening we wander on

downtown to tourist office to get maps etc.
exchange money. Walk up hill toward
the Acropolis-walk around PAKAS area
which is very beautiful-much like a
Germanic small medievalish town-small
windy cobblestone streets, quaint houses
squeezed all around, pedestrian only streets.
The people here are diff than Italy. More
pale, stockier, actually cleaner looking,
also the city is too, and the women on the
average are much more beautiful. Some
real eye-stoppers. Many tempting food
shops and after having money exchanged
I eat like a horse. Back to hostel which
isn't part of reg. system but not too bad.
They have a bar and make up in making
a good time for the lack of aesthetics.

London fellow Matthew tells me of his trip
to the U.S. for 9 months esp. when in Calif

15 NOV TUES

Most major sights are closed today so I end
up going to the Archeological Museum myself
and end up spending practically the whole
day there. Buy the guidebook and really
educate myself on ancient Grecian art
from Neolithic, Mycenaean periods which
were rich with gold, dark ages then

the Hellenistic periods, classical 109
era, until Roman domination. They are
proud to note that this is one of the few
totally ethnic museums in the world
Everything comes from the same land
and not from elsewhere. Rich sculptures
and potteries. Great artists-with grasping
geometric design. Head downtown and
come accross school where they are
having celebration of student led overthrow
of military gov. Nov 15, against Turks
invasion of Cyprus, and against NATO.
Peaceful but noisy demonstration a
traffic controllers nightmare. Back w/
friends for dinner where we just ended
up pointing at the food we wanted delicious

16 NOV WED

Today is a busy day. We all go our
separate ways. Aussie to island Sos,
London fellow to Istanbul. I to the
laundry to drop off clothes then move
into hostel on Kelespie which will allow
me more freedom also nicer. On bus to
downtown make small talk w/ a Greek
student-seems they all study chemicals,
like fellow in Budapest and in E. Berlin.
There are only 4 univ. in Greece the major
ones here in Athens. We talk about

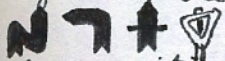
demonstrations which are the 10th anniv
of freedom from military gov., against
NATO & cruise missiles and Turkish
invasion of Cyprus and newly claimed
independence of their half of the island.
I climb up the Acropolis up to the
Partheon sights. Expansive and monumental
-al feeling on top - virtually barren except
for temples half fallen apart, rubble of
broken marble and tourists meandering
amongst the remains of classical Greece.
A large group of English tourists with their
guide work their way around the sites,
then a German group, then a Japanese
group with cameras at ready. Most Japanese
have lousy old cameras while others have
their new professional cameras. Irony. They
are doing much restoration work which
is good but of course obstructs the "perfect
pix" unless they are the focal point. The
view of Athens is tremendous - this is a very
big city 3 mill +? With time to spare I
check in the Ancient Agora or marketplace
The museum showing the Stoa of Attika
built in coop w/ American Classical Assoc.
houses a museum - with a interest of nine
ostraka - bits of pottery w/ the name of

a potential political outcast by vote
of the citizens. The Greeks a more pure
direct involvement - by law! - than
would be possible in today's large world.
Back to p/v laundry, meet roommates, back
out to buy bus tour ticket, then hop up to
the Plaka area for meandering and
dinner. Finally, have mousakka which
is delicious, stuffed tomatoes rice cheese,
beer and french bread. Many people
around but I'm sure this place is maddening
in the summertime along with the rest of
Greece. On and off rain, overcast, w/ breaks
of sun - not really lay on the beach type
of weather.

17 NOV THURS

Up and at 'em early to catch 8.15 bus
tour - but first ham & eggs breakfast.
Thought it would be best to take organized
tour for convenience and guide - trains
are too hard to come by out here. Only
couple people my age plus a French girl
who is a flirt to me, must be lonely - but
I'm not really in the mood - too time consuming
for what?! See immense deep canal that
cuts thru mainland and Peloponneses - it
would take a long time to fall down to the

water. Next to me is an obnoxious American
the spit and image that Peter Segall would
cast in plaster of Paris. If I wasn't such
a sweet guy I'd smack her in her
ugly mouth... I'll have to listen to her the
rest of the trip. Even with a touch of
wittiness but wholly dumb with a pair
of lips to express it. On to Corinthos -
lady guide is organized, obviously experienced
in crowd control - speaks in English
then into French for explanations. Corinth
was smashed except for temple by the
Romans who honored the same gods. Mach
schnell because you only get 20 min to
peek and shoot - after all we will travel
400 kilometers this trip. To Mycenae
thru orchards of oranges & lemons ripe for
picking. Mycenae was so advanced and so
ancient for its time but (13th 11th cent) was
annihilated but the new Greeks... barbarians
from the north named Dorians (hence
Doric columns) (whereas in Corinthos
Corinthians ornate columns of later Greeks)
Walk around and into Aghenomon geometric
perfect built beehive tomb! On to seaport
old town Apatlos (sp?) where I attack
with my camera armed w/ fresh ammo

of ASA 64 bought on faithful ole plastic. 113
Skip the town lunch to see town. On to
Eidipius (sp?) ancient theatre 3: 4th cent BC
the most acoustically perfect theatre in the
world. A coin dropped in the stage centre
can be heard easily from any seat.
Had fun taking abstract shots of theatre
steps. Good ole Schielmann uncovered this
ancient piece of history from under a neglected
mound of earth. Now it is the only one in
such good condition - concerts (Classical
Greek) are still held here w/ an exception of
Maria Callas singing here about 20 yrs ago.
Cruise back in the bus thru winding roads
cutting thru pure primitive Greek life.
Old women draped in black riding crossways
on mules w/ a small bundle of twigs. Olive
trees abound here in this hilly rocky soil.
My favorite graphics are the road signage -
Thick red-orange border with yellow center
and black symbol - often would have an
orgasm. There are afraid of bold color here.
 Otherwise graphics aren't
that exciting here, not the old artistic
creativity of yesteryear. There's the large
demonstrations all thru downtown in
celebration of the anniv. Someone said

there's 500,000 here - I don't know about that but it is very crowded - admittedly I've never been amongst so many people - lots of banners, chanting, applauding a couple of red flags. Best graffiti of the day: ~~no~~ = ~~no~~ finally someone was smart enough to figure it out. Since the bus can't take us right downtown - streets obviously closed off - left off on outskirts, but close enough. Back up to Plaka for more moussakka and to write my second and final great batch of postcards. Walk all the way back to hostel on other side of town.

18 NOV 83 FRI

That's today (actually, right now I'm on the boat waiting to leave Patras, Greece harbour ~ 22.00) Decide to quit Greece - no Crete, Delphi or Mikkinos - weather not worth the trip and time is getting short - still want to go to Venice, stop off in Milano to see Paulo Bocci then onto Den Haag to see Susanne then back to Frankfurt to fly out back home. So little time left - I don't want to go home. I never had so much fun meeting people that I really want to meet - interesting people and of course interesting places. I guess I'm being a little reflective now because

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this is the turnaround point back towards home and having to go home and back to reality and all its trials and tribulations that one must suffer thru. Guess that's why one can enjoy the high points in life. At the train station I'm sure I want to leave when it's starts to pour take taxi to train - its cheap ~.75€. Meet another Aussie girl Michele. We train to Patras. Patras I treat myself to another filling meal and watch cartoon - Targan w/ Greek subtitles. 2 kids lean at the front door to watch. Americanism the new culture creeps into there lives - most other cartoons aren't so good. Now on the Grecia Express w/ its load of packers, touring Italianos going back home and cars and big rigs. Could be another long night but then better than a train. Anyway it was snowing in Gyrodaira. Well, time to go upstairs to be socialable. Meet Michele w/ two other guys - but I butt in after intro. myself. One fellow has been in the service in Germany, just got out and is traveling on 2 month Eurailpass. Has learned German while living w/ a girl and is typically glad to be out of the service. Problem is he's hooked on Europe and really

doesn't want to go back. He's from
Los Altos, Calif. and has a witty sense
of humor. Him and the other fellow
from Adelaide, Australia (same place
Steve of Milano is from) were on Crete
and in some drunken stupor dressed
up as women - dress over boxer shorts
and all. They raised the eyes of some
old timer Greeks but failed at the main
purpose... ironically to catch some fish.
We go upstairs to the bar *fido* buy each
other "shouts" Transition: rounds of drinks
look on page 191 for other things only
an Australian could say. Remember that
all this fits in their style of talk, which
is a Cockney accent - sing song, but not
as much as England. Many vowels are not
spoken. So we had a "whole of a time" trading
slang, as the bartender was trying to
P/U girls and putting on a show on the
dance floor. Pull in at 2.00 and crash
out on the floor pad & sleeping bag - much
more comfortable than the people who
try and wriggle around on the seats. The
boat doesn't rock too much so sleep is
fairly solid. Wake up to Corfu.

19 NOV 82 SAT

Today will be spent on Grecia Expresso ¹¹⁷
steaming for Brindisi, long boat ride.
Arrive Brindisi about 17.00. Have a train
connection to Venice - this is non-stop travel
End up getting a cabin for myself - get some
sleep but actually its torture, so many stops
and each one could be yours. Flight now
(26 NOV FRI) I am in Switz on train to Holland
and am going thru an awfully long
tunnel - could be the longest one?! Enter
Venice at sunrise - at station meet blonde
haired Calif from Los Altos near S.F. Tall &
like a "beach boy" We step out of station and
in front of us is the fantasy world of Venice.
Stewart and I hit it right off - both of us have
that aloof Calif humor that makes everything seem
funny. Haveid laughed this much in a long time -
we definitely will get together in SF. Stewart
works with sporting equip where he was a manager
and had studied marine-biology but found more
work in sales. We take the "bits" on a boat to
the youth hotel which everyone has complained
about - its actually pretty good and meals are great
pork chops, salad, spaghetti, good bread, and a bar
only problem is that rooms are like the service
30 people. Meet another Australian fellow
who helps me with my Aussie slang list.