

This distinguished-looking chunk of rock is a "volcanic plug", the last gasp of some ancient eruption. Its also the mythical ascension point from which Icarus launched on waxen wings. When I saw it, I realized for the first time how myths begin — here's a 200 ft. outcrop of rock that looks like a half-melted lump of ice cream set totally out of context in the smooth hills above Galini. What else could it be?



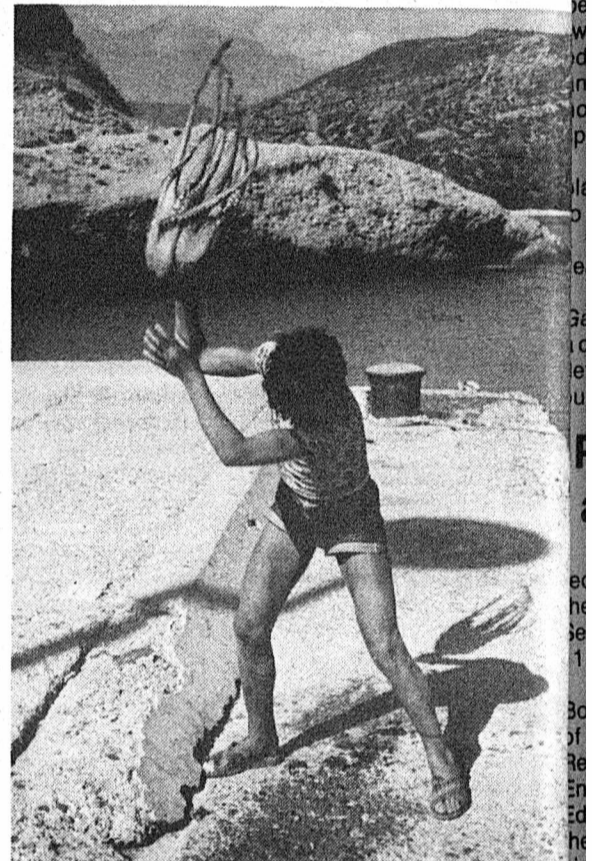
The fishermen of Galini mend their nets or take a snooze in the afternoon; they fish at night. The water beneath the boat is about ten feet deep and clear as china. And its cold.



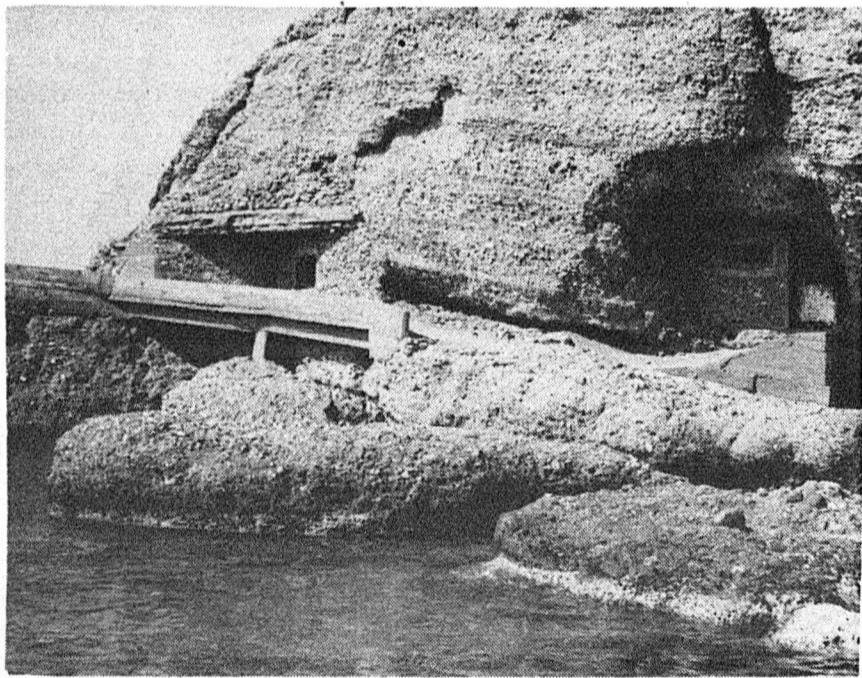
I'd like to be able to say that this guy is a Greek shepherd boy but - hold close your illusions - he's an electrician's apprentice whom I met on the village square, on vacation from Athens. The instrument is a bouzouki.

Agea Galini, Crete

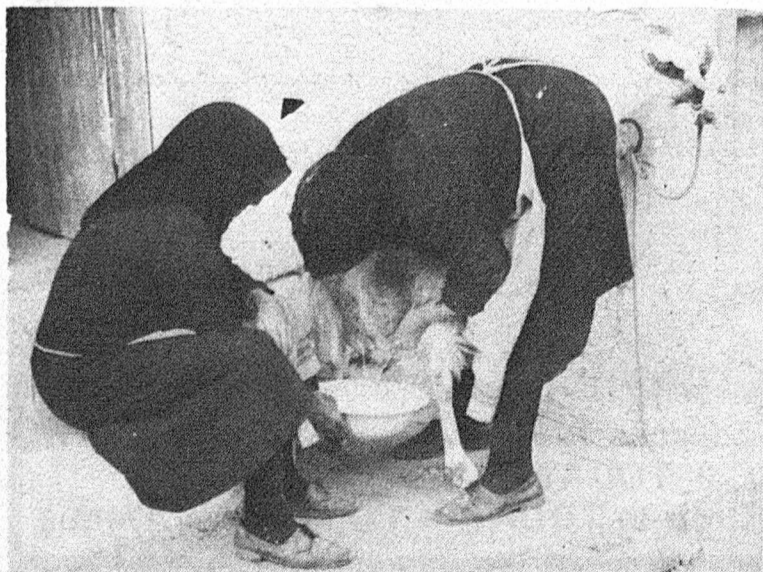
Last summer Gateway photo editor Don Truckey toured Southern Europe, spending a week in a village on the south coast of Crete called Agea Galini. Remember Joni Mitchell's Carrie Get Out Your Cane? ("The wind is in from Africa... beneath the Matalla of the moon"). Galini is 20 miles across a Mediterranean Bay from Matalla.



This lad flung that octopus on the dock for twenty minutes — to kill it and soften the meat for cooking.



Crete was occupied by the Nazis during the war; these bunkers are built into cliffs flanking the only possible landing spot for miles around. Now the concrete walkways enable transit around the cliffs which dive straight into sea around Galini. Everything in Greece is rock. Even the beaches are "cobblestoned".



Sorry about this shot, it's indistinct, but I wanted to show you the lot of traditional Greek women - milking goats and shrouding in black on a 30 Celcius day. Younger women between 18-30 simply aren't to be seen. They're cloistered somewhere.



Everywhere I went in Greece, I saw construction in progress, most of it on tourist accommodation. Right now there's a big promotional and building push in Greece; many islands have been over-run for decades, others are now being set-up. That's the trouble with being a tourist, however poor — there's always that shadow of complicity. Note the disco on the left.