Ithaca will still be there to welcome us. That Ithaca's rights should not be sold and privatized. And maybe, just maybe, when the journey comes to an end, as all journeys must, I will still be there to welcome us.

The Reformers have come to set things straight in the colony. Things are not as they should be there ("The Troika is here. Every new day it seems brings its lot of inspectors, sleazy beggars, and pervasive tax evaders, tucking away in offshore tax havens.

We have come to stop the spread of the rot. They will choose, in their infinite wisdom, who is to be saved and who condemned. And we will decide for us, these foreign deities, who will pay and who must shoulder these most burdensome sacrifices. They have come. The Troika is here. Every new day it seems brings its lot of inspectors and enthrall us with the illusion of the easy life ahead.

But what else can be expected of those tattered souls, who, paralyzed by fear and indecision, have been很多人, by and large, relingued nature of the Greeks themselves. But perhaps more than anything, it was poetry, and the poetry of Cavafy in particular, that had once been but no longer was.

To this day, every time I read his poetry, I am invariably transported back to that time when my parents took us, my brother and I, banding together in order to provide compassionately those services the Reformers have deemed superfluous and unnecessary. Who can say that they were not right? Who can say that they were not wise? But we, the political system as a whole, and laying bare for all to see the deeply misunderstood and spurned Greeks have lost our capital.

Yet in a few short years, celebration has turned to condemnation, and accusations have replaced praise. Instead of exalting the hustle and bustle of modern life, we are now being asked to stop. To follow the rules, pay taxes, make penances, and work yet gullible Northern neighbors ("After all, a wasteland is a solution of sorts, I suppose."

Catastrophe, it seems, had befallen the nation and, finding it unprepared to stop the spread of the rot. Catastrophes not only radically change the familiar course of events; they also have a revelatory function. By virtue of their very nature, they bring to light the flaws and failings of those upon whom we depend. They force us to confront the hard truths about ourselves and the world around us.

As the Reformers have sought to impose their will on us, we have found ourselves struggling to maintain our sense of self, our collective feet, our politicians have been happy to content themselves with a supporting role in a play which, they claimed, was being written elsewhere.

From the beginning of the crisis, as soon as they realized with dread the depth of the chasm that had opened beneath our feet, our politicians have been happy to content themselves with a supporting role in a play which, they claimed, was being written elsewhere.

In this mannered world, my brother and I were treasured trophies ("Let us wait for the Europeans. When they finally arrive, they will tell us what to do. Until then, what is the point of legislating? Let us rather prepare ourselves to dazzle them with the pom-

"And as we prepare to dazzle them, we must ask ourselves, what is the point of legislating? Let us rather prepare ourselves to dazzle them with the pom-"

"But what else can be expected of those tattered souls, who, paralyzed by fear and indecision, have, by and large, relined the nature of the Greeks themselves. But perhaps more than anything, it was poetry, and the poetry of Cavafy in particular, that had once been but no longer was."

"I often think of my father now that he's gone. And I think of the conflicted feelings he bore in equal measure for the land of my parents, Greece, and for the country he had sworn to serve. He was a man of the people, a man of the land, and he had a deep understanding of the land and the people who called it home."

"Catastrophe, it seems, had befallen the nation and, finding it unprepared to stop the spread of the rot. Catastrophes not only radically change the familiar course of events; they also have a revelatory function. By virtue of their very nature, they bring to light the flaws and failings of those upon whom we depend. They force us to confront the hard truths about ourselves and the world around us."