

AT LEAST SOME  
SENTIMENTS WERE  
EXPRESSED,  
IF NOT ALL.



*“At least some sentiments were expressed, if not all”*

This is a record of a performative talk and discussion that took place at the CCA, Glasgow on 27 September 2015, as part of the exhibition ‘The Shock of Victory’.

Artists Joanna Peace and Serra Tansel spent June and July 2015 in Athens, Greece, as witnesses to and participants in a time of intense political activity. Putting their bodies amongst many other bodies at protests and rallies and around tables - on the night of the referendum on 5th July 2015 and on many other nights - was an emotional and politicising experience for them both.

For this event the artists invited people from a range of backgrounds and professions to contribute writing, images, music, film, objects and poetry that reflect upon, question or re-imagine the events of summer 2015 in Greece. These people are mostly Greek, though not all, and based in Athens, though some are now back in their respective European countries.

What connects them is that they shared this time in Athens with Joanna and Serra.

With contributions from: Laura Bray & Dimitris Kassis;  
Becky Campbell; Catriona Gallagher; Dimitris Makropoulos;  
Panagis Marketos; Elisabeth Molin; Maria Papapostolou;  
Stelios Tsilioukas; Augustus Veinoglou; Talc Design Studio;  
and Lydia Lazari.

Watch the video of the event here: <https://vimeo.com/141643915>







- Serra and I were extremely lucky to meet people who generously opened their lives to us during this time, and over drinks and coffees and during demonstrations helped us to understand the events in Athens both this summer and historically, to read signs and translate speeches even when it was hard for anyone to make sense of what was going on.
- So when I saw the open call for events to take place in this Forum space, I had a strong desire to bring the voices of some of these people we had met there, and put them in the same space as discussions around the Scottish referendum, to see what that might generate.
- We invited these friends to send us contributions that could reflect upon, question, or re-imagine the events of the summer, and we left it very open as to what these contributions might be.
- It is important to note that, as well as those who would call themselves artists, we have contributors who are teachers, scientists, architects, linguists. Many have been active in grassroots politics in Greece for many years. One was in Athens for only a month. What connects them to each other and to us is that we became friends.
- So we are going to speak and present these contributions interspersed with works of our own generated from this time for about 45 minutes to an hour, ~~and then we'll have a 5-10 min break to stretch our legs and have a drink~~, and then we would like to open it up to you for questions to us and to each other, I know there are people in this audience who have just as much to say about this subject as we do. The CCA have constructed a beautiful space for discussion so hopefully you can stick around for a bit for that, and in the making of this talk we have found many resonances with the work on display, so I would urge you if you haven't already, to take a look around the show.

The first contributor I want to introduce is Lydia, whose text and image forms a vivid and irreverent spine through this presentation and whose voice amongst other voices will appear and disappear in the light of the overhead projector here.

Place SPIT quote on OHP - JO — SERRA POEM  
— BLUE IMAGE

Blue image - Jo

# SERRA SPIT POEM

This is my first public talk ever. But I'm confident as I have authority to speak on this subject.  
I am a hero.  
Hero for Greece. An international hero for Greece.  
I potentially saved Greece.

When me and my friends went to a summer school in America in 2005, all of us, as 7 Turkish girls, fancied a Greek guy each. When we came back to Istanbul, one of my friends' Dad, as a typical jealous Turkish father, said "Who the hell are these Greek guys you're speaking about? If we all spat at the same time as a nation, we could drown Greece."

Okay, I know this is extremely hard to coordinate, 80 million people spitting at the same time. But I potentially saved Greece as I know for certain, under any circumstances, I would not spit when the time came. Greece won't drown. Not in my lifetime at least.

I won't spit on Greece  
I will save my spit for others maybe  
or  
I will use it to water, to flourish my words

For such serious matters  
My words sound too much like a game  
but so does finance  
and words on finance.

They both shed  
Blood.  
Tears.  
Saliva even.  
Denying, underestimating, manipulating material.

Think of material then  
The sea separating Greece from Turkey  
or connecting.  
We're not in it or by it now.  
How can I carry it to this room if not with words?

The sea  
C for cannibalism  
What?  
It all turned into words again

But there is a sea, really.  
You can abstract it in finance, in words, in maps.  
But how can you abstract the all inclusive hotels on the coast?  
1 star hotels  
2 star hotels  
3 star hotels  
4 star hotels  
5 star hotels  
Many stars hotels  
Maybe they all died a thousand light years ago, yet we see them just now.

All the refugees this sea swallowed,  
maybe we will see them shine a thousand light years later.  
Are they in heaven now?  
What happened?  
It all turned into words again.  
But how can they turn into words for their families?  
It's disgusting.

A cry  
A scream

Blood on their cheeks, they blushed, humiliated,  
People killed themselves in Greece.  
It all turned into finance again.

I want to spit on it all.  
But to wash it all, with love.

Change OHP



I want to spit on it all  
Don't think I want a big family. Everytime mine turns out big I run for my life.  
It all looks sweet now

### III. ~for lovers of the rapturous feeling~

it's the same world/a hundred years is covering this secret. I know every word of it

nothing you should keep holy now }

{ anything you put on is potentially leaking<sup>2</sup>



### IV. Imagined retribution lines

-I have a coat of arms now, you'll get to see it when I march against you.  
I'm failing to disperse. Im not moving to the side

-That's not elegant

You trained me well-I can tell where I'm dumped now and immediately  
STARTwalkiNgk back home

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or  
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whom we not know

\*\*\*

I WISH ICELAND would come slap us in the face  
land on us and suffocate  
us, us the immer noch problematic we -face plant lagoon and ash on  
our volcanic islands

the dance contained while the song ecstatic  
-but that's just my suggestion-

VII



the lovelies are gathering now  
and let us retreat to a moon colony  
use up all the time [and use every thing  
let's be  
the body police  
but  
\*you will\* will you not be kind  
if I have to ask

I dream of the star boys swimming the astral bodies that used  
to play gods

I. WOULD . HAVE . BEEN . OBSERVANT .

-now you know

the monumets rise all at the verge of planets  
and now they fall off them on their own free will

OHP - star boys. - hydia.  
SPIT OHP - serra.

SACRED SUMMER

IMAGE OF PEOPLE BATHING - Serra.

We were in Athens during the Greek summertime, and by the time we left it was brain-meltingly hot. Panagis introduced us to the word 'kalokairaki', which directly translated means summertime, but for a Greek person is a word loaded with meaning. Panagis also told us a saying connected to 'kalokairaki' which is this:

SERRA PUT ON OHP: Τα μπάνια του λαού (Ta mpania tou laou) («i bagni del popolo»)

Can anyone help me say it?

Apparently it translates as the 'baths of the people'?

For this bit I'm gonna read Panagis' words directly, because he has a very special brain and I want to make sure I don't interpret him wrong:

This phrase is attributed to Andreas Papandreou (the most prominent political figure of the 80's in Greece and founder of the socialist party (PASOK), and was allegedly his final answer against the proposal of some of his political collaborators to conduct premature elections during the summer of 1987. He said NO, "We will not be ruining the baths of the people".

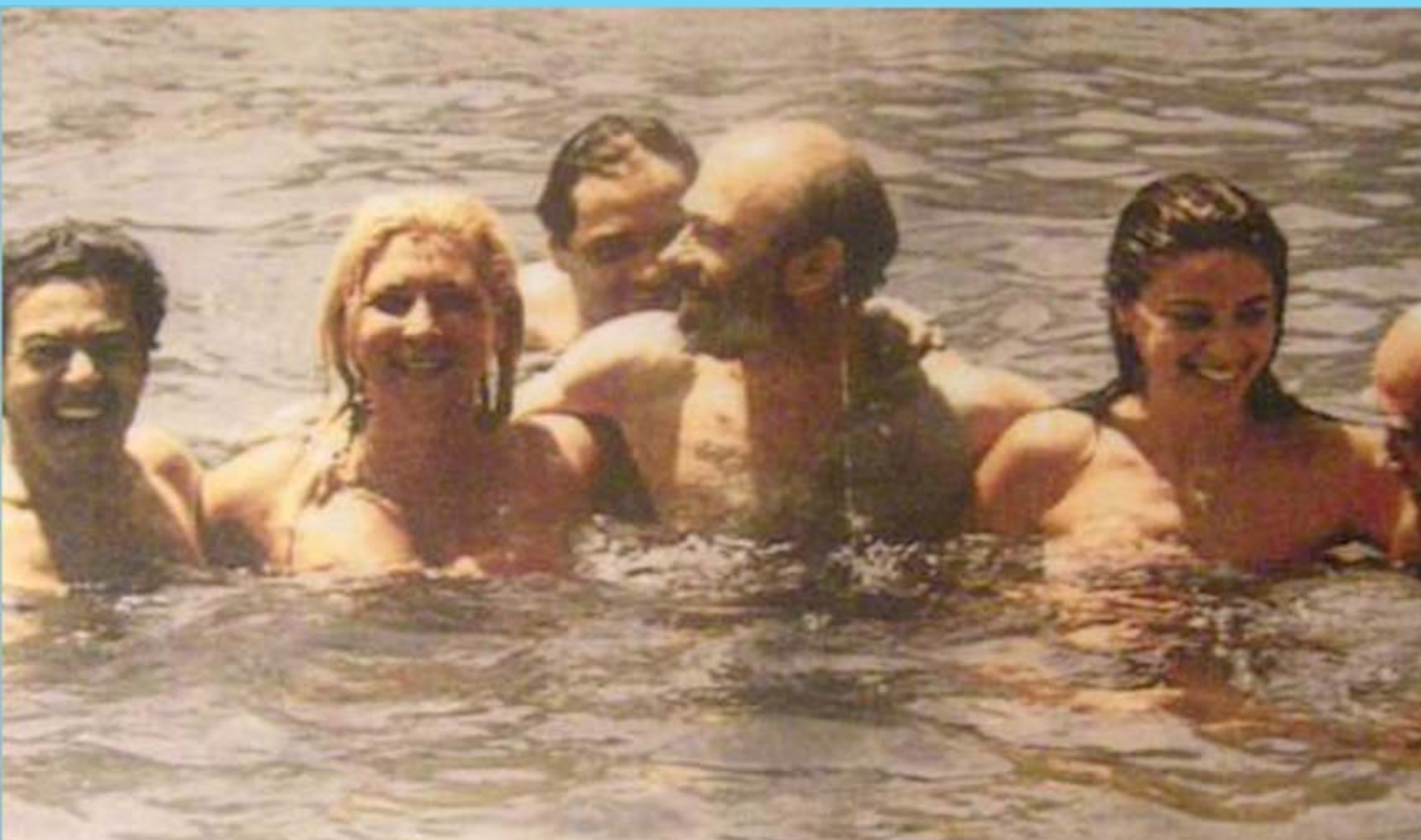
By baths of the people, of course, what is being referenced is by no means limited to the right of every greek citizen to attend any nearby beach during summer, without any sort of disruption of the hedonistic dimension that such an activity is culturally imbued with. The basic connotation refers to this condition as a **silent peace contract** between the people and any agents of state authority in this country, and is emphasized through the way the phrase is consumed and deployed in various contexts, especially the press: Usually, the "baths of the people" is accompanied by the word "holy".

Such a "contract" falls within a long tradition of greek populist political narrative, in accordance with which the people of this country have suffered perennially (from antiquity up to this present day!) and therefore are entitled to every indulgence necessary for forgetting this suffering. One's right of indulging in the greek summer unobstructed is certainly one of the elementary conditions.

This image includes prominent figures of the greek political scene of the 80s, participating in the same consumption of Kalokeraki as any other citizen or visitor of this country. The sole difference is the location of the foto maybe-it was shot at Asteras Vouliagmenis, an exclusive luxury hotel resort with a private beach, located in an affluent southern suburb of Athens."

Panagis came to be thinking about kalokeraki, and what it meant that a political event of the scale of the referendum had entered this sacred space of summer for the first time, after noticing that, on the Sunday of the latest election this month it was sunny and hot, while the Monday that followed was rainy and overcast. In Panagis' words again - "this certainly got the message across, in the most unnegotiable manner, that this greek summer is over".





[...] I have been making observations and attempting connections. This sort of connection between the individuality of the “greek” summer - kalokeraki -and the events of the referendum has certainly been in the back of my head during this whole period. However, I keep finding difficulties in accurately expressing my thoughts, not only due to the insufficiencies of the medium (language) -as you very interestingly indicated in you last email - but also due to my position within this cultural constellation that identifies with these nuances .What I am trying to say is that my experience of growing up in greece, although facilitating me in terms of access, restricts me in the ways that I may communicate my thoughts,since in many aspects, they are distorted by my strong criticism of some sort.

There is a certain phrase that most succintly expresses my starting point on this series of thoughts, one that is rather difficult to translate in english,since the cultural connotations it entails cannot be maintained through the translation of the words it consists of. In any case, I will do my best to communicate it .

(I am sorry for the descriptive nature of the following passage - its purpose is to convey my personal interpretations to you)

This particular phrase, which best translates in english as " the baths of the people", is attributed to Andreas Papandreou (the most prominent political figure of the 80's in greece, founder of the socialist party (PASOK) and many-more achievements to be checked in any wikipedia-style article), and was allegedly his final answer against the proposal of some of his political collaborators to conduct premature elections during the summer of 1987. He said NO, "We will not be ruining the baths of the people".

By baths of the people, of course, what is being referenced is by no means limited to the right of every greek citizen to attend any nearby beach during summer, without any sort of disruption of the hedonistic (primarily consumerism-oriented) dimension that such an activity is culturally imbued with. The basic connotation refers to this condition as a silent peace contract between the people and any agents of state authority in this country, and is emphasized through the way the phrase is consumed and deployed in various contexts, especially the press: Usually, the formulation "baths of the people" is accompanied by the word "holy".

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Τα μπάνια του λαού (Ta mpania tou laou) («i bagni del popolo»)



I remember the week before the referendum in July the weather was windy and stormy with heavy rain showers. Every sign and event and interaction felt especially portentous that week, *this is very unusual for the time of year* people kept telling me. *It never rains after the 15<sup>th</sup> June*, someone else told me.

One evening I was out for a walk and came across a cluster of people around the entrance to a bank, and I thought I'd take this opportunity of getting cash as many of the ATM's in the area were empty. While we waited the heavens opened and we all shuffled into a line under the overhang of the building. A blonde woman with a young boy by her side said to me "people were withdrawing money at 2 or 3 this morning". "And all yesterday" contested a large man with a black beard. "People started panicking yesterday". A few days later the sun was out and the temperature was rising again. I saw bank employees handing out cartons of orange juice to those queuing for the ATM.

SERRA TELLS STELIOS DRACHMA JOKE: **SERRA UNWRAPS PACKAGE AND BEGINS TO PASS AROUND DRACHMA**

Our friend Stelios was joking that he was going to take his old drachma bills to the ATM and pretend they were coming out when he withdrew money to joke around with the people in the queue.

Jo puts on OHP: "We are sorry but you don't deserve to be preserved"

DRACHMA

**MAGE PANOS EMAIL**

While Panagis was thinking through these things, most Greek people really were on holiday, including Panos and Vasso who this summer found a 1,000 drachma bill in the sea.

What you are now passing amongst yourselves feels a bit to me like a mobile archive. Though Cristina will probably tell me I'm using the word archive wrong. An object that connects us to a past that some people want as a future – maybe that's too much for a small piece of paper to hold.

During my time in Athens I thought a lot about archives, and about the act of conservation. I thought about what we keep and why, and why we allow some things to break, or willingly

Stelios  
Standing

JO PANOS OHP

EXPOS











participate in their breaking. I wrote two short stories while I was there, and I've taken out short passages from the story *Honey Steps* to read to you now:

#### IMAGE: SPOON SWEETS

- OHP - hydia? - Sit down

I'm writing this because you are expecting a story from me, but I have to tell you it's stuck, I mean, I'm not stuck - my brain is ticking away nicely - but the story itself, well it's a sticky story and the stickiness has trapped the words in my throat so that I'm having trouble even speaking them let alone writing them down. To add to this, the protagonist of my story is proving to be rather elusive. However much I try to make contact, or to feel the world as she does, I can only get so close and no closer. I went to the church again last week hoping to catch her, and had been waiting on a bench in the courtyard for about an hour when she appeared, mopping the wide front steps that lead up to the entrance. Why does she mop those steps so often when the marble is already so creamy clean?

I've been thinking a lot about conservation recently. Conservation as the desire to mend and once mended to fix in time; conservation as protection, as protection from change, from age, from decay, from the elements; conservation as a response to the outbursts of violence or long periods of apathetic neglect that humans are prone to inflicting. When you think about mending something you might first think of glue, but people try to mend themselves with sugar all the time.

So I tried spoon sweets for the first time yesterday as part of my research. I had to get coffee from the coffee man anyways and there they were, dark red cherries suspended in their own juice in a round glass jar. I waited till I got home to lift one from the plastic container and taste it slowly. It was very sweet and syrupy but in a strangely flat way, as if all the fight had been sucked out of the cherry flesh. I tried one again just now to make sure but yes, still an underwhelming taste sensation.

Go and sit on steps.

Since I first saw Ana, I called my protagonist Ana, wielding her mop and bucket of water, I have wanted her to clean me, to wash me clean. So this morning I went and lay down on the second to last marble step. It was already getting hot, the kind of hot that slows your blood and melts your brain, and so the cool of the stone was quite a relief. So I was laying on the second to last step when I heard the mop swishing above me. I didn't look up but kept as still as possible, face down. The swishing got nearer until I felt the soapy strings lick across my back, nudging into my armpits and between the backs of my legs. Edging out every last piece of dirt. Lick lick her mop went until I was sparkling creamy clean again. Then she moved onto the next step and did the same there, and I stayed still for a long time as the water dried on my back and cooled it.





**\*V\***  
**WORSTLUCK!**

At home with you, vampire  
Nicht nur, sondern auch  
oft und oft, I go up in smoke  
I wear a condom to walk down the street with you

Vi.  
In this basin  
a boat might make it to the other side  
but no



...

when perched on rock, high up  
the scene is set

-  
A strait becomes you  
and thus you may pass  
Wattenmeer Hinterland

all the teutonic sounds of imminent disaster  
spell out the mud and sea(monolithic, brass and honey-mouthed sing to me  
the sounds of coalescing stars)

But who lives here?  
Gated pools contaminated  
/bluest eye of he

Stand  
up

There isn't time enough to read the whole story. Suffice it to say that after this passage, where the narrator is cleaned, the story gets sticky again and ends with our protagonist on the floor covered in spoon sweets on marble steps stained blood-red from the cherry syrup.

CATRIONA

SERRA PUT ON: Film

JO PUT ON OHP: When perched on a rock

Catriona made this film while in residence on the island of Siros, in the week leading up to the referendum. The film is set in a monastery that perches on top of a hill that Catriona described as an eerily quiet place, far away from daily life and only disturbed by the constant wind and the news from the radio. The film makes me think of something I read about the work of a South African collective – The Centre for Historical Re-enactments, a small sentence which went: *it manages to find a way to slow down time, so that we can pass through it more deliberately.*

*this sentence contains*  
In a sense ~~that was~~ one of my ambitions for this event. That by revisiting this time in recent history we could somehow collectively re-activate it, allowing a group of us to walk through it again more slowly, to feel it again deeply.

SERRA UNWRAP BECKY DRAWING AND PASS AROUND

IMAGE OF CLOUD

JO - OHP - Lydia?

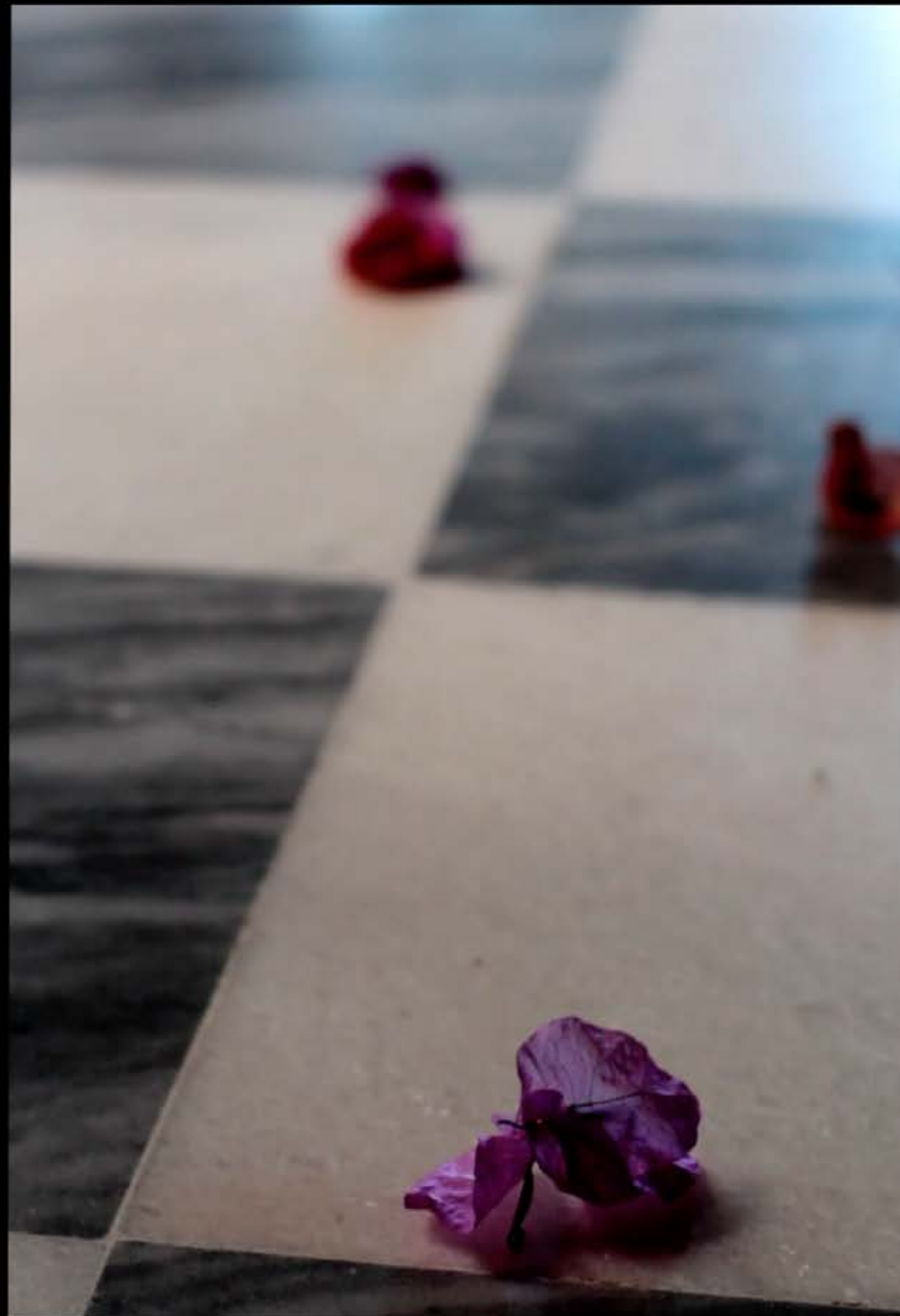
BECKY

This piece of paper we are passing round is originally from a sketchbook owned by Becky. When she described making this piece she spoke about a repetitive process of folding and puncturing the paper while listening to the news and to lectures through her laptop. She describes the holes she leaves in the paper allowing the wind to blow through them, for new knowledge to come in and leave if not required but not held tight. She describes it is a map that leads us nowhere.

As an artist in Athens Becky teaches English to get by, as many people do. She's noticed through doing this, and through learning Greek herself, that in the Greek language things are spelt out much more clearly and thoroughly. Whereas in English, it is the gaps between words that are often most important.

Writing leaves a stain, perforation leaves a space, she said.













To: Joanna Peace,  
2/2, 158 Woodlands Road,  
Glasgow,  
G3 6LF,  
Scotland, UK.





Sera

JO PUT ON OHP, SERRA SPEAK IT: "The fiction of history is to imagine the real. History makes reality desirable. It has the illusion of 'speaking itself' as if it simply happened. Stories condense time the way maps miniaturise space. But somehow condensing time seems to distance the past from us rather than bring it closer. What unfolds in a story, what really happens in a story, is language. Whenever something is said there is also silence. Language instructors often tell their students that the first step in learning a new language is to be able to hear the silences between the words. — Matthew Buckingham, "Muhheakantuck: Everything has a name"

## DREAMS

— take book

While I was in Athens I had really vivid dreams. I suppose it was my brain's way of processing all of the extra stimulus. The second short story I wrote while I was there is called *Broken Waters*, and contains a dream sequence I wrote before attending the massive NO rally in Syntagma square. Though I wrote this dream for my protagonist Zoi, looking back it is strangely confused in my mind - the dream I wrote and the so-called 'real' experience of being there.

As the title suggests this second story was about what it might mean to break something, rather than conserve it. A break that might force its way into a moment in time. A break as a release of energy, like a water balloon popping and letting its contents spurt out, or a dam breaking.

Dream sequence read from book

## ELISABETH FILM

— Sera play

"This is not a celebration, it's a protest."  
But it's so easy to confuse fireworks with gunshots.

## IMAGE CROWD

# BROKEN WATERS

Zoi was pushed up and out of sleep by tremors that shook her dreams, forcing them sideways and back down into the dark, so that she awoke to the sound of a soft thud from the next room. Not wanting to leave her bed she pushed open the door from where she lay to see in the early morning light a fist-sized lumpy object in the centre of the living room surrounded by a spray of broken glass. A patch of water was quickly spreading across the patterned rug, darkening it from mustard-yellow to brown-black.

Each time Zoi moved she took the snow globe with her, despite thinking it was

ugly and disposing of many more pleasing things along the way to lighten her load. If you asked her she would tell you it was for sentimental reasons, but really it was because if she looked long enough into its milky water it could show her the past. Picking it up off the floor where it had fallen she turned the lumpy base round in her hands, the souvenir-sized ancient monument cast in its centre. The swishing got nearer until I felt the soapy strings lick across my back, strangely vulnerable now, newly-exposed to air with only a jagged glass fence to protect it. Looking down at the growing damp circle Zoi was surprised by how much water such a small object could hold. She carefully replaced it where it had landed, and picking her way around what remained of its now shattered glass hood she made her breakfast and got ready for work.











## YES & NO

When the banks closed down, the newspapers were getting smaller and smaller each day. They didn't know if they would be able to buy paper for the next day so they had to shrink their content, condense their words.

And YES or NO? Two words singled out, isolated, fragmented. What's my YES and what's your YES? What's my NO and what's your NO? How can we condense anything into one word and then choose a word over another when they share so many common values? When we make a decision, we will all win and lose to a certain extent because of their commonalities.

Yes is not the opposite of No.  
No is not the opposite of Yes.

## IMAGE OF WRITING GROUP

### JO PUT MARIA ON OHP

Maria sent us these questions on the matter of yes and no

Contemporary education  
Democratic decision procedures

## Lesson 3

### This lesson's vocabulary

**Referendum:** a general vote by the electorate on a single political question which has been referred to them for a direct decision

**Relevendum:** a relevendum in which the question referred to the electorate regards the relevance of political decisions

**Revelendum:** a revelendum that reveals the electorate's irrelevance to the decision

### This lesson's practice

Try to answer the following multiple choice quiz

Directions: Select the best answer from the given options

#### What is a bailout referendum?

- A. A relevendum
- B. A revelendum
- C. All those lies above
- D. None of the above

Congratulations. Whatever your answer, you are a winner.

Always choose to practice your rights.

Participation is the key to democratic decisions.

You may proceed to the next lesson.

Just like the Moon and the Sun aren't opposite to each other, they're just different. If we position Yes and No opposite each other and then choose one over the other, aren't we still on the same plane? Forces pulling at opposite directions but on the same plane. We need to skew it to screw it.

- Image writing group

We had long evenings in Greece. Time was free and we had too many thoughts, ideas, feelings we wanted to share. We met in English language. Sometimes we didn't have the word we needed so we had to explain it with 10 other words. Mostly we knew the word but we still explained it with 10 more words because we were free. We were free to speak our minds because we accepted each other and had a deep love established for each other.

## Contemporary education

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## STELIOS POEM

SERRA PUT POEM ON OHP

Stelios was one of our favourite storytellers, and this is his poem, titled 'Betrayal':

JO READ:

### Betrayal

Rage and fear tearing us apart  
while endless talks became an art

The great Scottish into our hearts  
playing with the cost benefit apps  
by mistake restoring the class  
such a proud poor Balcan ass

A burst from the earth  
"freedom and death"  
"Rebel at any cost"  
hollowed our ghosts

"Such a passion deserves to be heard"  
said the Trickster to its herd

He promised that there want be any blood  
comforting our fear to his next ad.

so we said no  
raiding the sky  
we had won  
for the very first time  
and like in love  
we heavily crashed  
as the wheelchair man left us to dry  
betrayed by our fear for tears and blood  
our remote control revolution was unmasked  
Can we truly rebel if we love our lives so much?

Shadows of fear are passing by  
a dark revolution settles nearby  
how to transcend?  
and where to fly?  
at Company's hills  
lies  
the only light

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JO AUGUSTUS

SERRA PUT AUGUSTUS ON OHP

— CHANGE IMAGE - BLUE

Augustus arrived in Athens on the 5<sup>th</sup> July, the day of the referendum vote. He had been on residence in The Netherlands, and has given us this text: a release of energy, a break forcing its way into time:

#### The breach of St. Antony's dike near Amsterdam

Population split in half. Unity is broken. Water un contained is flooding the harmonic artificial human environment. Insecurity lurks into people's hearts. Quiet is overtaken by noise. People shout from across the banks to each other. The sound of water gushing through the cracked rock, it is louder than their voices. The continuum of present to past is cut and people loose their footing to their collective and personal histories, momentarily only to begin weaving a new one along with the weaving of temporary dikes out of willow branches and rope. Water must be stopped. The grid is ready to be thrown down to the canals bed, kept under surface with the help of sandbags and rocks. Nature isn't vengeful it makes itself explicable as it presents itself to us, gradually. We are patching up the passing from one era to the other, we patch our way through as we grow older, as we become wiser, the patches will be there and the patches will be there after we are gone. Those patches, our saviours and the wounds of our kind.

SERRA - OHP - Dimitris text message

Before we finish I want to say a big thank you to our contributors who couldn't be here today. They all gave so much of their time and energy in creating and sending us these works.

The final contribution we will share is a video created especially for this event by Laura & Dimitris, who somehow found the time to write and record a new song despite being busy preparing and campaigning for the latest election.

Sit & audience.

#### The breach of St. Antony's dike near Amsterdam

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AUSTERTY  
THAT'S  
ENOUGH

History's calling. Where will you be?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OeYnlKjabrA&feature=youtu.be>







*With thanks to*

Catherine Hotchkiss, Remco de Blaaij, Ainslie Roddick, Chris MacInnes,  
Anastasia Anapolytanou, Becky Campbell, Augustus Veinoglu

and all the contributors who so generously gave their time, work and words

Greek left disappointed you and now you leave,  
you go back.. I am so sorry.

We keep this last promise that you and Joanna  
will be back soon. Filia.