CAMERA KALAUREIA
AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL PHOTO-ETHNOGRAPHY
ΜΙΑ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΛΟΓΙΚΗ ΦΩΤΟ-ΕΘΝΟΓΡΑΦΙΑ

YANNIS HAMILAKIS & FOTIS IFANTIDIS | ΓΙΑΝΝΗΣ ΧΑΜΗΛΑΚΗΣ & ΦΩΤΗΣ ΥΦΑΝΤΙΔΗΣ
This book is accompanied by an interactive photo blog, containing more photographic material not included here. Please visit and leave your comments.

www.kalaureiainthepresent.org
What is a photograph? What are photographs for? What does it mean to photograph a person, a thing, a landscape, an event? Theoreticians and philosophers have grappled with these questions since the very beginning of the invention of the medium, if not before. All answers are situated and contextual, and our own answers to these questions are not exceptions. Rather than providing a lengthy and elaborate response in the shape of an academic essay, we would prefer to answer these questions through our work, through this photo-essay.

Elsewhere, we suggested that photographs are not representations, nor indexical entities that reference past events and realities, but rather “material and mnemonic traces of the things, events, instances, and sensorial occasions experienced. They are traces, not in the sense of an imprint but in the sense of a material cement, of a zeller. It is as if the technological apparatus of photography had managed to extract a material fragment from the ‘flash’ of a world, and preserve it for posterity.” Archaeologists are familiar with traces of different kind, and can thus easily accept photographs as material things, rather than as representations. Moreover, given that many of us now in archaeology define our craft as cultural production in the present and as mnemonic re-collection involving materiality and temporality, it is perhaps inevitable that we consider the production of photographic things as another outcome of our own cultural production, especially when such photographic things involve material traces from various times.

1 Carabott, Haralambis & Papargyriou 2015, 10.
This book is one of the several concrete outcomes of the project "Kalavryta in the Present", which was initiated in 2007. It is directed by one of us (Y.H.), and is linked to the Kalavryta Research Programme, carried out by the Swedish Institute at Athens. The broader programme revolves around the excavation of the Sanctuary of Poseidon in Kalaureia, in the Saronic Gulf in Greece. Kalavryta is the largest of the two islands that we collectively call "Poros" today. Within this programme, "Kalavryta in the Present" is a long-term, archaeological ethnography project, investigating perceptions, ideas, and practices around the remnants of the Sanctuary, antiquities, and material culture more broadly, by the people who live today in Poros and in the surrounding communities, by tourists, and by other groups and people who have taken an active interest on the site and its environs. It is also an opportunity for archaeologists, anthropologists, and others to reflect on alternative conceptions of material heritage by various groups and people, and to produce shared spaces of interaction and dialogue.

One of the practices we employed in this endeavour was photo-ethnography: we decided to engage seriously with photography, not as a documentary process but as another cultural field, another ground of contact, communication, and production. Photo-ethnography is a photographic field that we had actively presented in our dialogues over the years. We have presented the rationale of this photo-ethnographic active interest on the site and its environs. It is also an opportunity for archaeologists, anthropologists, and others to reflect on alternative conceptions of material heritage by various groups and people, and to produce shared spaces of interaction and dialogue.

It is customary to focus attention on the final outcome of the photographic act, the photograph itself; yet it is easy to forget that it is the whole photographic field, initiated with the intention of the photograph and the presence of the photographic apparatus, which is of importance. It is the affective photographic afterimage, which may or may not be produced at the end. In that vein, and as part of our photo-ethnographic study, we staged a series of performative acts: we introduced archival photography into our ethnographic encounters and elicited responses; we took some particularly provocative photographs on the interface between archaeology and its publics, and made then the subject of debate amongst the archaeological team; we organized two photographic exhibitions in the towns of Poros and Galatas (on the opposite coast), and recorded the ethnographic responses; we invited our excavation workers to be photographed in various poses of their choosing, and then we asked them to select the photographic shot they liked best; we also invited visitors to the excavations to be photographed in various poses of their choosing, and then we asked them to select the photographic shot they liked best; we also asked them to select the photographic shot they liked best; we also asked them to select the photographic shot they liked best.

Archaeological Ethnography on a Greek Island" (Hamilakis & Anagnostopoulos, in prep.). For other publications, see Hamilakis, Anagnostopoulos & Ifantidis 2009. The final one is provisionally entitled "Nothing but Stones: An Archaeological Ethnography on a Greek Island" (Hamilakis & Anagnostopoulos, in prep.).

The broader programme revolves around the excavation of the Sanctuary of Poseidon in Kalaureia, in the Saronic Gulf in Greece. Kalaureia was the ancient name of the largest of the two islands that we collectively call "Poros" today. Within this programme, "Kalavryta in the Present" is a long-term, archaeological ethnography project, investigating perceptions, ideas, and practices around the remnants of the Sanctuary, antiquities, and material culture more broadly, by the people who live today in Poros and in the surrounding communities, by tourists, and by other groups and people who have taken an active interest on the site and its environs. It is also an opportunity for archaeologists, anthropologists, and others to reflect on alternative conceptions of material heritage by various groups and people, and to produce shared spaces of interaction and dialogue.

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This book is a culmination of all these photographic interventions, and has incorporated the experience and insights gained in the process. While it is a comment on the on-going scholarly discussion on the links and parallels between the photographic and the archaeological as two collateral apparatuses of modernity, it is also an attempt at a material artefact which invites multi-sensorial attention and elicits bodily and affective responses by a wide readership: the people who were linked with the Kalaureia Project, the people from Poros and from the surrounding communities, the people who might recognize themselves in and connect with the tourists who have been on the island or are planning to visit it, the various publics who wish to discover the plethora of an archaeological locality. Moreover, as the readers will realize, the arrangement of the multiple lives of an archaeological locality. Moreover, as the readers will realize, the arrangement of this photo-book enacts a visit to the town of Poros and to the site of Kalaureia. As such, it can accompany real visits and inspire and elicit further, and perhaps very different reactions to the ones evoked here.

The ‘here and now’ of these photographs exists side by side with the countless “there and then”, existing as an ensemble of memoires and memoires de choses, preserving various sentient and non-sentient beings, from the camera and the photographer to the affective impulse to materialize and memorialize a moment, and to extract part of the flesh of the world, preserving it thus for posterity. This book is the cumulative outcome of countless sensorial assemblages that came into being on the myriad temporal moments, from the geological past of our archaeological site to the present. As with all photographic things, all material things in general, it enacts time as multi-temporality, as co-existence, a co-existence which becomes possible due to the dual, continuous and co-constitutive nature of ephemera, which the photographic moment can encapsulate.

This book employs the medium of contemporary life and remnants from undesired eras, beyond the “golden age” of archaeological photography was circulated, often monumentalizing a site or erasing photographically traces of the on-going scholarly discussion on the links and parallels between the photographic and the archaeological, the people who were linked with the Kalaureia Project, the people from Poros and from the surrounding communities, the people who might recognize themselves in and connect with the tourists who have been on the island or are planning to visit it, the various publics who wish to discover the plethora of an archaeological locality. Moreover, as the readers will realize, the arrangement of this photo-book enacts a visit to the town of Poros and to the site of Kalaureia. As such, it can accompany real visits and inspire and elicit further, and perhaps very different reactions to the ones evoked here. This photo-book is the cumulative outcome of countless sensorial assemblages that came into being on the myriad temporal moments, from the geological past of our archaeological site to the present. As with all photographic things, all material things in general, it enacts time as multi-temporality, as co-existence, a co-existence which becomes possible due to the dual, continuous and co-constitutive nature of ephemera, which the photographic moment can encapsulate.

Given the multiplicity and heterogeneity of the actors involved in the photographic field, and the dynamic between the photographic and the archaeological as two collateral apparatuses of modernity, it is also a comment on the on-going scholarly discussion on the links and parallels between the photographic and the archaeological as two collateral apparatuses of modernity. As all photographic things, all material things in general, it enacts time as multi-temporality, as co-existence, a co-existence which becomes possible due to the dual, continuous and co-constitutive nature of ephemera, which the photographic moment can encapsulate.
οποίο θα διατηρηθεί στο μέλλον. Αυτό το βιβλίο είναι το συσσωρευτικό αποτέλεσμα αμέτρητων αισθητικών συναθροισμάτων που έλαβαν χώρα στην αρχαιολογική θέση της Καλαυρείας και στην πόλη του Πόρου, από το 2007 μέχρι σήμερα. Υποστηρίζουμε πως τα αμέτρητα παρελθόντα «εκεί και τότε», από το γεωλογικό παρελθόν του αρχαιολογικού μας χώρου μέχρι σήμερα, θα συνεργαστούν με τον αρχαιολογικό παρελθόν και τον ιστορικό του μέλλον. Ωστόσο, αυτό δεν θα γίνει με την ύλη, αλλά με τη φωτογραφία, ενώ θα γίνει με τον χρόνο ως πολυ-χρονικότητα, ως συν-ύπαρξη, μια «συν-ύπαρξη» που καθίσταται δυνατή εξαιτίας των ικανοτήτων της ύλης να διαρκέσει. Αυτό το «εδώ και τώρα» των φωτογραφιών ενυπάρχει δίπλα στα άπειρα «εκεί και τότε», δηλαδή τις αμέτρητες χρονικές στιγμές, από το γεωλογικό παρελθόν του αρχαιολογικού μας χώρου μέχρι σήμερα. Σφιχτά, το να παρουσιάζεται μια σαφής, συν-ήπια, ενδοθεία, μια σαφής θεώρηση της ύπαρξης και της αποκατάστασης των μνημείων, είναι και μια σαφής θεώρηση της επίμονες μνήμης, της επίμονης μνήμης του μνημείου, της επίμονης μνήμης και της επίμονης μνήμης της μνήμης. Αυτή η επίμονη μνήμη είναι και μια σαφής θεώρηση της επίμονης μνήμης και της επίμονης μνήμης της μνήμης.
"And photographs are for me, as it were, one of the emanations of the dead..."
The short passage from Piraeus to the Island.
The catamaran, full of Athenian Islanders who ferry their lives back and forth, at least weekly, and the occasional tourist. The busy waterway, the polluted sea-lake that goes by the name Saronic Gulf, after the mythical King Saron who drowned in its waters.

Search carefully and you will find six entrances to the underwater, underworld caves perhaps, concealed sources known only to the initiated.

But for the moment, admire the liquid horizontality that envelops you.
Lick this glass canvas and it will leave a salty taste in your mouth.

Not long now.
The slow approach allows you to absorb the view, a view of the seafront that the local authorities and the municipality architects are so proud of, and so keen of preserving. The world as picture. The town facade as a stage for our daily theatre. The tourist postcard as civic aspiration.

Limewhite, windowblue, rooftilered.

Your first time on the Island, and yet you have been here before, you have travelled through retro tourist imagery, through all the Greek movies that were shot here in the 1960s and 1970s, through the poetic and fictional evocations which sang the Island’s charms, its perceived serenity, its Venetian character, thanks to the short watery lane that separates it from the Peloponnesian mainland.

There is no first time. Every perception is full of memories. Biographical, literary, cinematic, but always sensorial.

Bergson 1990.

A quick stroll around the town, before we start our ascent towards the Sanctuary.
Πλησιάζουμε αργά, μπορούμε να ρουφήξουμε τη θέα, το θαλάσσιο μέτωπο, το καύχημα των τοπικών αρχών και των αρχιτεκτόνων του δήμου, που έγνοια τους έχουν πως να το διατηρήσουν. Ο κόσμος ως εικόνα. Η πρόσοψη της πόλης ως σκηνή του καθημερινού μας θεάτρου. Η τουριστική καρτ ποστάλ ως πολιτειακό όραμα.

Άσπρο-από-ασβέστη, μπλε-από-παράθυρα, κόκκινο-από-κεραμίδια.

Η πρώτη σου φορά στο νησί, και όμως έχεις ξανάρθει, έχεις ταξιδέψει μέσα απ’ τις ελληνικές ταινίες που γυρίστηκαν εδώ στις δεκαετίες του 1960 και του 1970, τις λογοτεχνικές αναφορές που έμφασε το κάλλος του Νησιού, την ψυχανθρώπινη γλώσσα, το Βενετσιάνικο χαρακτήρα που τον προσβάλει αυτό το σπέντ, υθέτοντα καιλό που το χωρίζει απ’ την Πελοποννησιακή ηπειρωτική γη.

Δεν υπάρχει πρώτη φορά. Κάθε πρόσληψη είναι γεμάτη μνήμες.

Βιογραφικές, λογοτεχνικές, κινηματογραφικές, μα πάντα αισθητικές.

Μια γρήγορη βόλτα στην πόλη, πριν ξεκινήσουμε την ανάβαση προς το Ιερό.
And amongst the roses, the souvlaki adverts and the real estate teases, a material memory made of marble.

Demosthenes the orator marks the spot, defines the imaginary territory of our destination, the Sanctuary of Kalaureia where, in 322 BC, he met his death, fleeing from his life-long nemesis, the Macedonians.

How does Plutarch's passage go? Did he really chew his pen filled with poison rather than be captured? And is it true that, a few years ago, some people from the town broke the head and took it with them to the taverna as a drinking companion?

They would not leave him in peace, even in his marble silence.

...Κι ανάμεσα στα ρόδα, τις διαφημίσεις για σουβλάκια, και τη μεσιτική σαγή, μια υλική μνήμη φτιαγμένη από μάρμαρο. Ο Δημοσθένης, ο ρήτορας των αντι-Φιλιππικών, στέκεται ορόσημο της φανταστικής επικράτειας του προσφύγου μας, του Ιερού της Καλαυρείας, όπου το 322 π.Χ. τον βρήκε ο θάνατος, κυνηγημένο απ' τη νέμεση της ζωής του, τους Μακεδόνες. Πως το λέει ο Πλούταρχος; Αληθεύει πως προτίμησε να μασήσει την πένα του γεμάτη δηλητήριο, παρά ν’ αφεθεί να τον συλλάβουν; Χωρίς, κρινώ χρόνια, κάτοικοι άνθρωποι απ' την πόλη έκαναν το περάλληλο και το πήραν μαζί τους, συμπότη στην παρέα; Μακεδόνες...

Ούτε στη μαρμάρινη σιωπή του δεν του αφήνουν σε ησυχία.

...καὶ ταῦτ’ εἰπὼν ἐντὸς ἀνεχώρησε τοῦ ναοῦ, καὶ λαβών βιβλίον, ὡς γράφειν μέλλων προσήνεγκε τῷ στόματι τὸν κάλαμον, καὶ δακών, ὥσπερ ἐν τῷ διανοεῖσθαι καὶ γράφειν εἰώθει, χρόνον τινὰ κατέσχεν, εἶτα συγκαλυψάμενος ἀπέκλινε τὴν κεφαλήν…

(Plutarch, Demosthenes, 29 | Πλουτάρχου, Δημοσθένης, 29).
In case you need any further reminder, you are walking the Kalaureian Way.

Σε περίπτωση που χρειάζεσαι κι άλλες υπομνήσεις, βαδίζεις στην Οδό της Καλαυρείας.
And yet, if you were to shift through the cement blocks and the balcony canopies, you
would excavate a more recent memory: rows of standardized stone houses, built in the 1920s.
Architectural memories of the Asia Minor War refugees who settled here. Hence the name
Synoikismos (Co-habitation). Rough histories, like the surface of this wall.

You read them with your hands, but do not expect to like the feeling.
We are getting close now. These roadside shrines, you tell me, mark accidents, some fatal. And judging by their number, this road must have seen a lot. In this pilgrimage route, every turn throws up another trace of commemoration.

Mr A., whom we just passed, attends religiously, on horseback, to his own daily pilgrimage. Is it true that he used to live up here, next to the Sanctuary? Now I recall. When I tried to talk to him in his home in the town, he was very reticent, almost suspicious. But his daily journey to the land of his youth must be soothing. The place that harbours his memories may have become an archaeological zone, but he has not given up yet.

Neither has his horse.
There is only one main road anyway, and the road signs are plenty, albeit with (corrected) spelling mistakes.

No need to worry, no chance of getting lost.
And as if you needed a reminder, you are going to the 'Temple', not the sanctuary, nor the ancient city of Kalureia. Have you forgotten that the place you are about to visit was also an asylum in antiquity? That people who were fleeing persecution found here a 'sanctuary' in the true sense, a safe haven? Does Bilal, the young man from Pakistan who wanted to sell contra-band CDs to you as soon as you got off the boat, know about this?

"We were attended by two or three men on foot", Chandler the antiquarian who was here in the late 18th century, says, "to chide our beasts in a language which they understood... We had no bridle or halter, but we were instructed to guide them: holding a stick, if we wanted them to turn, on the opposite side of the head; and between the ears, if to stand still".

"Αν και δεν χρειάζεσαι υπενθύμιση, σου λένε πως πας στο «Ναό», όχι στο Ιερό, ούτε στην Πόλη της Καλαυρείας. Ξέχασες πως ο τόπος που ετοιμάζεσαι να επισκεφτείς ήταν τόσο ασύλον στην αρχαιότητα; Πως οι κυνηγήμενοι είχαν μετά ανακαλύψει έδεσαν και έφευγαν απ' αυτό το Βέδι; Ανέγερε γι' αυτό ο Βίδι, ο γέζο κάθετος α' τον Παλαιόν που ήταν να σου πουλήσει «πειρατικά» CDs, με το που βγήκε α' το πλοίο;

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Dodwell, on the other hand, a few years later, had decided to walk. Maybe he was still indignant from his encounters with Poriotes, and wanted nothing to do with them, nor with their animals. He had found them too proud and too independent for his liking: "The worst kind of Greeks are those of Poros, Hydra, and some of the commercial islands, where they think themselves independent, because not under the immediate bondage of Turkish despotism. They have all the disgusting impudence of emancipated slaves..."

He much preferred his janissary, Ibrahim, loyal and submissive to his colonial master.

And here we are.

“The Palaces”; this is the name of the locale, according to the various travellers. This is the name that several people on the Island still use, especially the older generation. But nothing “palatial” to be seen here. Are you underwhelmed? Did you expect impressive, classical columns to fill your sight? This is “nature” not “culture”. The strong smell of resin from pine trees, merged with the other scents from the various shrubs, are going to accompany you in this, rather different archaeological tour. Stop and admire the view for a moment, but be aware: you are experiencing a 21st century landscape, not an ancient, nor even a 19th century one.

Εδώ είμαστε λοιπόν,

«Στα Παλάτια». Έτσι αναφέρουν την τοποθεσία οι ταξιδιώτες, αυτό το τοπωνύμιο χρησιμοποιούν και οι ντόπιοι, ιδιαίτερα οι παλιότεροι. Όμως δεν θα δεις τίποτα ανακτορικό εδώ. Δεν φαίνεται και πως ενθουσιάζεσαι, διότι οι δυνατότητες τοπίου, αναμειγνυόμενες με τις κλασικές κοινωνίες, περιλαμβάνουν και τους θάμνους και τα βότανα. Θα σε συνοδεύει ο αρχαιολογικός ναός, ο οποίος αποτελεί μέρος των δυναμικών καθεστώτων εκκλησιών. Θα καταλάμβανε θέα, ομως να θυμάσαι πως αυτό που διαβάζεις είναι ένα τοπίο του 21ού αιώνα, όχι της αρχαιότητας, αλλά και του 19ου αιώνα.
Not so fast; Μη βιάζεσαι.

The metal wire encloses the land appropriated by the state in 1978. Το συρματόπλεγμα είναι η περίφραξη της γης που απαλλοτριώθηκε από το κράτος το 1978.

We had to put up the "Visitors Welcome" sign, to try and undo some of the work that this metal fence does. How come an apparatus that claims to retrieve archaeological lands from private ownership in order to offer them to the public, erects so many boundaries?

Still, today is a day for celebration; you happened to have visited us on the day of our annual tour to the local community; children’s voices and exuberant chatting all around; a fenced-off site of the past comes alive.

Τα σύρματα πρέπει να περάσεις μερικούς φράχτες, κάποιους ορατούς και επιβλητικούς και άλλους αόρατους και υπόρρητους.
I have to tell you a story. Last year, a local teacher came up here with her schoolchildren - an unannounced, impromptu visit. It took the excavation team by surprise; she wanted to get closer; she, and the children, wanted to see what we were finding in the trench; she crossed the rope, she really did; and so did several children. Panic. Directors and trench supervisors shouted loudly at her, children started crying; words were exchanged: "you come here to dig our antiquities, and you would not even let us see what you are finding?" or something to that effect. An event. A revelatory moment. Its ripples are still felt.

Even in the pages of this book.

Θα σου πω μια ιστορία. Πέρσι, μια καθηγήτρια από την πόλη, επισκέφθηκε το χώρο με τους μαθητές και τις μαθήτριές της, αυθόρμητα και απροειδοποιητά. Η ομάδα των ανασκαφέων ένιωσε απροετοίμαστη. Η καθηγήτρια ήθελε να πλησιάσει πιο κοντά. Και αυτή και τα παιδιά ήθελαν να μάθουν τι βρίσκαμε στην ανασκαφή. Πέρασε το κορδόνι της τομής. Ακόμα σου λέω. Ακόμα και τα παιδιά, τα πανικά. Οι διευθύνοντες της ανασκαφής και οι επόπτες της τομής, της έβαλαν τις ψυχές. Όσο για τα παιδιά, τα πήραν τα κλάματα. Λόγια ειπώθηκαν. "Είσαι εδώ να σκάψετε τ' ομάδα μας, και δεν μας αφήνετε τις ιστορίες της τομής μας να δούμε τι βρίσκετε;", ή κάτι ανάλογο. Ένα γεγονός. Ένα αποκαλυπτικό στιγμιότυπο. Τις ανατράπηκε της, τις αισθανόμαστε ακόμα.

Ακόμα και στις σελίδες αυτού του βιβλίου.
The desire for sensorial proximity, the imperative for sensorial distance and separation; herein lies the essence of material heritage in western modernity.
The little wooden hut for the guard at the entrance next to the wire fence, the padlock on the door, the red and white tape normally reserved for cordoning off areas after accidents, notebooks, the plastic bowls for the finds, amongst the various instruments for measuring and recording. An assemblage of officialdom; the insignia of an archaeological heterotopia.

Το μικρό ξύλινο σπιτάκι του φύλακα στην είσοδο δίπλα στο συρματόπλεγμα, το λουκέτο στην πόρτα, η ασπρο-κόκκινη ταινία που συνήθως βλέπουμε σε χώρους αποκλεισμένους μετά από ατύχημα, σημειωματάρια, οι πλαστικές λεκάνες για τα ευρήματα, ανάμεσα σε διάφορα όργανα μέτρησης και καταγραφής. Ένα συνάθροισμα επισημότητας. Τα διακριτικά μιας αρχαιολογικής ετεροτοπίας.
And still they come, in droves; especially the tourists; they push their way as far as they can go, as close to the rope as possible.

Και όμως έρχονται, μπουλούκια, ιδιαίτερα οι τουρίστες. Πλησιάζουν όσο γίνεται πιο κοντά, συνωστίζονται δίπλα στα σχοινιά.
The tragedy of the commons? Or close-up archaeology not for cosmonauts?

Η τραγωδία των κοινών; Ή μήπως η αρχαιολογία εκ του σύνεγγυς δεν είναι για τους «κοινούς θνητούς»;
Enough of vistas and beautiful landscapes.
As you walk through the site, fix your feet firmly on the ground, you will see things. And do not go straight to the temple and the ancient buildings. Take the long way. The rubble and the mudbrick are not ancient, but they too have stories to tell, although not the ones you may want to hear.
Ανάψε περπάτησε ως έπαιχτε
πάντα το χώρο
να έχεις τα μάτια σου
προσηλωμένα στο έδαφος,
θα δεις πράγματα.
Μην πας κατευθείαν
στο ναό και στ' αρχαία κτίρια.
Περπάτησε καλύτερα από γύρω.
Τα βάζα και τα πηλινά τούβλα
δεν είναι αρχαία,
όμως και αυτά έχουν να πουν ιστορίες,
αλλά μάλλον όχι αυτές που θες ν'ακούσεις.
Το μέταλλο δεν έχει χάσει την τοξωτότητά του.
Τα φύλλα της βλάστησης
να είναι πάντα φωτεινά.
Αυτά τα δέντρα δεν έχουν θύμα.
More of a scar than a trace.

Περισσότερο πληγή, παρά ίχνος.
Πολλοί άνθρωποι εδώ κέρδιζαν τον επιούσι πληγώνοντας τα πεύκα. Μάζευαν τα δάκρυα τους, συγκεντρώνοντας το ευωδιαστό και συνάμα κολλώδες υγρό σε τενεκέδες, που μετά άδειαζαν στις πέτρινες στέρνες. Βιομηχανία των αισθητήριων ροών, πλέον σε αχρησία. Όμως οι πληγές μένουν. Και κάποιες απ’ αυτές αιμορραγούν ακόμα.
Αυτές οι πέτρινες στέρνες είναι παντού εδώ γύρω – μνημεία αόρατα στα μάτια της επίσημης αρχαιολογίας, κι όμως είναι ζωντανές οντότητες, φύση και πολιτισμός, οργανικές και ανόργανες ταυτόχρονα. Εγκαταλελειμμένες από τους χρήστες τους εδώ και δεκαετίες, και όμως ακόμα συνανθρώπικα συν-κινητικές. Σ’ αυτήν εδώ, οι δύο πλευρές της είναι ο ίδιος ο περίβολος του ναού. Αυτό είναι που λέμε time jamming?

These cisterns are everywhere – monuments invisible to the eyes of official archaeology; and yet, they are living entities, nature and culture, organic and inorganic all at once. Abandoned by their users several decades ago, and yet still sensorially affecting. This one has even used two sides of the ancient peribolos wall that surrounded the temple. Is this what we call time jamming?
The archaeologists are digging away the buildings that surrounded the temple, but notice how amongst your feet, ancient ceramics are mixed up with the modern sherds from dishes and pots.
Όχι, αυτό δεν ήταν απλά ένα αρχαιολογικό τοπίο στα νεώτερα χρόνια, οικογένειες ζούσαν εδώ πάνω, άλλες μόνιμα, άλλες εποχιακά. «Ακούγαμε τις φωνές πολλών παιδιών που έπαιζαν εδώ γύρω», μας έλεγαν οι συνομιλητές μας στην έρευνα. Αναμέσα στις αρχαίες ερείπιες, στα τέλη του 19ου αιώνα χτίστηκε μια αγροικία. Μια εκτεταμένη οικογένεια Αρβανιτών ήλθε από τον κοντινό Άγκιστρι για το πεύκο ρετσίνι. Το ιερό έγινε ο κόσμος τους. Τρυγούσαν τα πεύκα, φύτεψαν ελιές, συκιές, αμυγδαλιές. Τα παιδιά έπαιζαν ανάμεσα στις αρχαίες πέτρες, και ενίοτε, χάριζαν τα αρχικά τους στον μαλακό ασβεστόλιθο.

Αλλά, η τρίτη γενιά αναγκάστηκε να εγκαταλείψει τη γη και να μετακομίσει στην πόλη. Αναγκαστική απαλλοτρίωση, το ονομάζουν. Η ιστορία ανάποδη, πικρή, οδυνηρή, που ακόμη πληγώνει. Οι τοίχοι της αγροικίας έστεκαν ακόμη όταν έφτασαν οι ανασκαφείς. «Στο μέρος ήταν γεμάτο σκουπίδια και έπρεπε να το καθαρίσουμε», μου είπε ένας από αυτούς.
κι απομείναμε να ανα-καλούμε τα υλικά θραύσματα επώδυνων αναμνήσεων, αυτά που επέζησαν μετά από μιαν ακόμα διαδικασία αποκάθαρσης...

and we were left to re-collect the material fragments of painful memories, the survivors of yet another purification exercise...
και να φωτογραφίζουμε ένα σκουριασμένο κλειδί, καρφωμένο πάνω στο ρυτιδωμένο δέρμα μιας ελιάς...ένα καρφί που διασχίζει εγκάρσια την χρονο-στρωματογραφία των δέντρων...ένα κλειδί που δεν βρίσκει πόρτα ν’ανοίξει...

...and to photograph a rusty key nailed on the wrinkly skin of an olive tree...a nail that pierces through the chrono-stratigraphy of trees...and a key that cannot find a door to open...

και να φωτογραφίζουμε ένα σκουριασμένο κλειδί, καρφωμένο πάνω στο ρυτιδωμένο δέρμα μιας ελιάς...ένα καρφί που διασχίζει εγκάρσια την χρονο-στρωματογραφία των δέντρων...ένα κλειδί που δεν βρίσκει πόρτα ν’ανοίξει...
But excavation must go on...There are many other stories to be told, many other memories to be retraced...
Εδώ είμαστε, λοιπόν: ο Ναός που τόσο λαχταρούσες να δεις.

And here it is: the Temple you were longing for.
Όχι μια πέτρα στη θέση της, μόνο το αποτύπωμα του ναού στο έδαφος. Μια απουσία, ίσως και μια οπτασία. Μια απουσία, περισσότερο υποβλητική και περισσότερο παρών απ’ότι πολλοί άλλοι. Αναψηλάφησε αυτό το ορθογώνιο χαντάκι με τα πόδια σου και θα νιώσεις την παρουσία του, αλλά θα αισθανθείς και το ξεθεμελίωμά του. “Οι Υδριώτες το κανάνε, πήραν τις πέτρες για το μοναστήρι τους, το λέει κι ο Τσάντλερ”, θα μας πουλάνε, και το φάσμα του νησιο-ανταγωνιστή ανέλαβε γύρω. “Οι Χριστιανοί το κάνανε, που δεν αντέχανε τους παγανιστικούς τόπους λατρείας”, λέγανε άλλοι. Κι όμως, αυτή η απουσία παρουσία συνεχίζει να ζει: στις οδοδείκτες, στις αμέτρητες κουβέντες και επιτελέσεις, στην τοπογραφική επιθυμία να πραγματωθεί, να πάρει σάρκα και οστά μια ένδοξη στιγμή.

“Many pieces lay ready, cut to the size which is a load for a mule, to be carried down to the shore and embarked for the island of Hydre, where a monastery was the building. Our guide was a mason, who had been long employed in destroying these remnants of antiquity”. Chandler Ⅲ: 212.
Παράξενες συναντήσεις μέσα απ’ τον φακό.

Οι τρυγητές του ρετσινίου, κ’ οι τρυγητές των αρχαιοτήτων απ’ τη Σουηδία (ή τουλάχιστον, η λευκή τους σκηνή). Όταν δείξαμε αυτή τη φωτογραφία του 1894 στον κ. Γ.Μ. που του έκανε έξωση η αρχαιολογική υπηρεσία απ’ τον χώρο, δε φάνηκε να συγκινείται. Μερικούς μήνες μετά, ο ίδιος αναγνώρισε στο πρόσωπο του παιδιού τον πατέρα του. Μας ζήτησε αντίγραφα. «Θα την κορνιζώσω για να τη δώσω στα παιδιά μου», μουρμούρισε. Οι φωτο-βιογραφίες της μνήμης.

Strange encounters through the lens.

The resin-harvesters and the Swedish antiquities-harvesters (or at least their white tent). When we showed this 1894 photograph to Mr G.M. who was evicted by the archaeological service from the site, he initially dismissed it. A few months later, he recognised in the figure of the child his father. He asked for copies. "I am going to frame them and give them to my own children", he muttered. The bio-photographies of memory.
Κι όμως, είμαστε ξανά εδώ, με μια πολυ-εθνική ομάδα αυτή τη φορά. Αλλά και μια ομάδα με παραπάνω από ένα ζωικά είδη.

Ο Lennart Kjellberg και ο Sam Wide έφτασαν στο χώρο γεμάτος προσδοκίες. Θα μπορούσε η Kalaureia να γίνει μια δεύτερη Ολυμπία, δεύτεροι Δελφοί; Δεν ήταν γραφτό. Έφυγαν μετά από μία μόλις ανασκαφική περίοδο, έχοντας να επιδείξουν μικρή συγκομιδή.

Lennart Kjellberg and Sam Wide arrived at this site full of expectations. Could Kalaureia turn out to be another Olympia or another Delphi? It was not meant to be. They left only after one season, with a meagre harvest to show for.
Η αρχαιολογία ως χειρωνακτική, ενσώματη εργασία, μια αισθητική συνάντηση με το χώμα και τα προϊόντα του.

Πρόκειται για αυτό το ελαιόδεντρο. Τα φύτεψαν οι αγρότες που έχτισαν και την αγροικία, κι όμως τώρα ανήκουν στο κράτος. Μερικές χρονιές το κατάφερνε, άλλες όχι. Κατά καιρούς, ο κ. Γ.Μ. έκανε αιτήση να μαζέψει τον καρπό, πληρώνοντας αποζημίωση. Μερικές χρονιές το κατάφερνε, άλλες όχι. Κι όμως, τα δέντρα αυτά ήταν το καμάρι του. Η κληρονομιά στα παιδιά του. Τώρα, οι εργάτες της ανασκαφής έχουν σταματήσει τον τρύγο των αρχαιοτήτων για να μαζέψουν τις ελιές.
A jack of many trades, not least a skilled archaeological technician, a resourceful farmer, an amateur actor and footballer, a dancer-performer for the tourists during the holiday season. He is not here simply to dismantle modern farmsteads in search of antiquities, not merely to unearth walls and discover inscriptions, but to build too, to recreate, to beautify. To acknowledge the presence of olive trees on site by drawing a stone circle around their trunk. To him, these olive trees are living and breathing monuments on their own, fellow beings in the never-ending dialogue with the soil.
«Η αρχαιολογία ανοίγει συχνά πληγές και τις αφήνει να αιμορραγούν», μου είπε μια μέρα, σχολιάζοντας τους πολλούς εγκαταλελειμμένους αρχαιολογικούς χώρους της περιοχής. Όμως αυτός νιώθει τον πόνο τους, ανταποκρίνεται στο κάλεσμα να φροντίσει τις πληγές τους. Πέτρα την πέτρα. Λαξεύοντας τη μια σειρά μετά την άλλη, κλαδεύοντας προσεκτικά κάθε κλάδι που επιζητά την προσοχή του.
He has many stories to tell and many interpretations to offer, but he is not an archaeologist.

Έχει πολλές ιστορίες να διηγηθεί, και πολλές ερμηνείες να προσφέρει, όμως δεν είναι αρχαιολόγος.

He is not wearing fluorescent clothing, for a start.

Κατ’ αρχήν, δε φορά φωσφορίζοντα ρούχα.
Unforgiving sun, sweaty bodies, clouds of dust. The salty taste of soil in your mouth.
Gathering the pieces; disassembling and reassembling again. This time with proper paper tags,
dates, and co-ordinates.

Ανελέητος ήλιος, ιδρωμένα σώματα, σύννεφα σκόνης, η τραχιά, χωμάτινη γεύση στο στόμα. Συλλέγοντας
τα κομμάτια, αποσυναρμολογώντας και επανασυνθέτοντας. Αυτή τη φορά με
κανονικές, χάρτινες ταμπέλες, ημερομηνίες και συντεταγμένες.
Επιστημονική ακρίβεια, τακτοποίηση και ταξινόμηση.

Scientific accuracy and precision, order and classification.

And the vestige of time, the deep well that can suck us in. Or so we are led to believe.

Και ο Ιστορικός του χρόνου, το βαθύ πηγάδι που μπορεί και να μας καταπιεί. Η έτος μας είναι πλησιμοποιημένη.
Μνήμη-ως-εργασία, η εργασία της μνήμης.

Πλάθοντας τη λάσπη, ξεσκονίζοντας τις πέτρες, φροντίζοντας τα μικρά πράγματα.

Kneading the mud, dusting the stones, caring for small things.
“Nothing but stones”: this is what many local people had told us. There is nothing here but some stones, no impressive standing buildings, no marble columns, no Parthenons. Perceptions shaped by the national memories of the classical. This site had been judged, and found short.
And yet, the diverse memories of this site are cast in mere stone too.
Time beyond the clock, time as duration, time as co-existence.

Ο χρόνος που δεν μετριέται με το ρολόι, ο χρόνος ως διάρκεια, ο χρόνος ως συν-ύπαρξη.
Trees, stones, people, all immersed in ambient light; a temporary sensorial assemblage, recalling multiple affective and mnemonic moments.

Why did I get so philosophical?

It must have something to do with this site.

Δένδρα, πέτρες, άνθρωποι, όλα κολυμπούν στο περιβάλλον φως. Ένα προσωρινό αισθητηριακό συνάθροισμα που ανακαλεί πολλές συν-κινητικές, μνημονικές στιγμές.

Άραγε γιατί το γύρισα στη φιλοσοφία; Μάλλον θα φταίει ο χώρος.

Time to move on.

Stories of the ancient past mingle and converse with stories from the recent past, even from the time of our own archaeological excavation. And then, music and song with the participation of people from the local communities. Is this the first time that this is happening since classical antiquity?
Is she reflecting on mortality and ruin?

Or is she wondering about life in the ancient past?

Of how did they carry all these huge blocks up here?

Only she will know.
The commensality of a dig:

A temporary sensorial assemblage made of workmen, workwomen, archaeologists, olive trees, multi-temporal stones, and the bread and cheese bought this morning from the town. Flows of substances, memories and affects through bodies or a short break during a strictly scientific procedure?

And the turkey from our elusive neighbours next door comes again for a visit.
Meanwhile, a few hundred meters away, a huge, empty and desolate swimming pool stares at us in envy.

"I was hoping that my children and grand children would come and visit me often", says its solitary builder, with decades at sea on his skin. He is very fond of horses these days.

Εν τω μεταξύ, μερικές εκατοντάδες μέτρα μακριά, μια τεράστια, άδεια και ερειπωμένη πισίνα, μας παρατηρεί με φθόνο.

«Ήλπιζα πως τα παιδιά μου και τα εγγόνια μου θα έρχονταν συχνά να με βλέπουν», λέει ο μοναχικός κατασκευαστής, με δεκαετίες της κατασκευάστριας, με δεκαετίες Θάλασσα στο δέρμα του.

Τώρα, έχει μια ιδιαίτερη αδυναμία στα άλογα.
Two scars on the marble skin, as deep as the scars on pine trees. But no tears, nor blood comes out.

Our paths will never cross.

Οι δρόμοι μας δεν θα διασταυρωθούν ποτέ.
Recent accretions on the stones of the peribolos wall, their blood-red presence refuses to fade.
Commemoration or assertion of ownership?
It is next to these letters and drawings that archaeologists used to find freshly cut flowers, when they first returned here.
Another time, I will tell you the story of a patricide that took place amongst these stones.
It involved an axe and a young woman.
Another stone that draws us around, another fault-line in linear time. Neither ownership nor commemoration. Just the desire to assert presence, to leave a mnemonic trace. J.T. SWAIN, a 19th century seaman? And V., our witty and unpredictable workman, decided to adopt this special, inscribed stone. He firmly believed that J.T.S. was a "looter". "One day, I will bring some white paint and paint over these letters", he would threaten, jokingly, as he was taking his regular cigarette breaks in its company, making sure at the same time that it was always clean and visible.
Horses as a measure of prosperity: whenever our interlocutors wanted to stress how populous and lively this locality was in the recent past, they would refer to the large number of horses that were kept here. Yes, I know, horse is Poseidon’s totemic animal.

Τα άλογα ως δείκτης αφθονίας. Όποτε οι συνομιλητές μας ήθελαν να τονίσουν πόσο ζωντανή και πυκνοκατοικημένη ήταν η περιοχή στο πρόσφατο παρελθόν, μας έλεγαν για το πόσα άλογα ζούσαν εδώ πάνω. Ναι, εξά, το άλογο ήταν το τοτεμικό ζώο του Ποσειδώνα.
But it is unlikely that it was a horse that stood on the top of the huge column, the drums of which we unearthed last week.

Όμως, στην κορφή αυτής της τεράστιας κολώνας, τους σπονδύλους της οποίας ξεθάψαμε την περασμένη βδόματα, μάλλον δεν έστεκε έν' άλογο.
Αυτό το έχες ξαναδεί.

"Ναι, εμείς τα χαράξαμε αυτά τα γράμματα όταν είμασταν παιδιά", θα μας πεί ο κ. Γ. Μ. Τα αρχικά Ι. Γ. Μ. αναφέρονται σ’ αυτόν.

και αμέσως μετά, "Όπως τα βλέπεις, έτσι τα βρήκαμε", ξέροντας πως μιλά σε αρχαιολόγους, κι οι αναμνήσεις του απ’ τις πολλές και οδυνηρές μάχες που έδωσε μαζί τους εί’ ακόμα νωπές, όπως νωπή εί’ ακόμα και η εκδίωξή του απ’ το χώρο.

"Εγώ θα ‘πρέπει να είμαι ο Ποσειδώνας", μου είπε σε μια απ’ τις πρώτες μας συναντήσεις, "οι αρχαιολόγοι δεν ξέρουν τίποτα γιαυτό το μέρος, βρίσκουν τα πήλινα λαγήνια του παππού μου και τα λένε αρχαιότητες".
“Look how they vandalised this place”, local people and tourists would comment, whenever we showed then these stones with the graffiti as part of our guided tours, leaving us with the bitter taste of failure in our mouth.

The sea is everywhere here, Poseidon or not. In a few years, these inscriptions, unlike the professionally curated and conserved ancient ones, will be read only by the hands, through tactile vision.
Leaving your mark, inscribing your presence, must go on.

Even if it’s on the visitors’ book.

“I hope you find the tomb of Alexander the Great,” the wish from A. from Athens, whereas P. from Stockholm had other concerns:

“Greetings to the beautiful girl washing pottery.”

Ας συνεχίσουμε ν’ αφήνουμε τα ίχνη μας, να χαράσουμε την παρουσία μας.
An artwork by M., a primary school pupil, following a site visit of his class. Not a single standing column in sight, and yet this child sees a complete, standing, classical temple, immersed in the light of the sea. Nostalgia for the whole, national re-collection.
Κατά την επιστροφή μας, παίρνουμε τον άλλο δρόμο, απ’ το Μοναστήρι. Όμως ας επισκεφτούμε πρώτα το φίλο μας με την πισίνα.

On our return, we are taking the other way, through the Monastery. But let’s pay a visit to our friend with the swimming pool.
“I have hunged Che next to the heroes of the Greek Liberation”, he would comment, “after all, they are all revolutionaries”.

...And next to them, the Pompeian red "Minoan" columns, with their connotations of Europeanness and high civilisation. From Crete to Poros and back. After all, in his trans-oceanic trips, he has seen a lot.

...Καὶ δίπλα τοὺς, τὸ πομπηιανὸ κόκκινο τῶν "Μινωικῶν" κιόνων, μὲ τις συνδηλώσεις τῆς Ευρωπαϊκότητας καὶ τοῦ υψηλοῦ πολιτισμοῦ. Απ’ τὴν Κρήτη στὸν Πόρο καὶ πίσω ξανά. Εξάλλου, έχει δει πολλά στὶς υπερωκεάνιες περιπλανήσεις τοῦ.
Ο Ποσείδωνας είναι παντού σ' αυτό το νησί.

Poseidon is everywhere on this island.

From nightclubs...
...στις προτομές-αντίγραφα στο δημαρχείο. Ή μήπως είναι ο Δίας αυτός;

Όποιες κι αν είναι οι αρχαίες δόξες, τα σύγχρονα βάρη είναι βαριά για να τα σηκώνει κανείς, ολά στους οίμους του...

Whatever the ancient glories, the contemporary toil is sometimes hard to bear, all on one's shoulders...
Embracing ruins, showing affection towards stones.

Christos Fourniadis’ white suit has been memorable, and so has been his burning desire to re-collect the dispersed fragments. His "Poros Museum, Number 1", was to signal the foundation of the Museum of this island, in 1958. It was schoolchildren again who found this at the Sanctuary of Poseidon. A statue of the God or a Roman Emperor? And does it matter? "This foot has been placed by me in a glass case, for its preservation", he will report in his statement to the authorities.

* Konsolaki-Yannopoulou 2003, 413.
Elderly local people recall that as schoolchildren, they would reshape and burn black modern coins and present them to him as ancient. The same ones who would rehearse their deep affection for this teacher of French, who was once imprisoned by the Nazi occupiers. But how much of his affective energy, his infectious desire for antiquity, survives amidst the contemporary, dusty museum glass cases?
A garden by the sea, enclosed by cement columns, cheap columns but classicized nevertheless. Fences and obstacles in the shape of the ancient glory, simulacra that prevent our access to the sea, for centuries. Enough with the photographs. Time to take the catamaran for the return trip back to Piraeus.

Ένας κήπος δίπλα στη θάλασσα, περίκλειστος με κολώνες από τσιμέντο, κολώνες φτηνές, κλασικίζουσες παρ’ όλα αυτά. Φράχτες και εμπόδια στο σχήμα του αρχαίου κλέους, απεικόνιση που μας κλείνουν την πρόσβασή στη θάλασσα, αιώνες τώρα. Αρκετά με τις φωτογραφίες, ώρα να πάρουμε το καταμαράν για την επιστροφή στον Πειραιά.
"And the photographs can also do this -they act like bazzlers or weirs which stem the flow of time".

W.G. Sebald (2007: 42)
Dodwell, E. 1819. Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece, during the Years 1801, 1805, and 1806. In two volumes. London: Rodwell and Martin.