

Liminality, metaphor and place in the farming landscape of Tinos:

the village of Kampos



Maria Vidali, PhD Candidate

University of Thessaly, School of Architecture, October 2017

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Maria Vidali
School of Architecture
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Abstract

This thesis explores the farming landscape and village life in Kampos, a village on the Greek island of Tinos. Tinos is an Aegean island with a long history of agriculture. In Kampos, one of the oldest farming villages of Tinos, boundaries created by low stone walls and alleyways primarily define the farming landscape that permeates village life and its structure. The landscape appears semi-artificial, given the construction of countless rows of cultivation ridges and terraces. This thesis is about boundaries revealed through texts, space, movement and habit. Boundaries create a series of liminal spaces. They represent areas -or rather situations- allowing for different co-existing levels of interaction, which are both ambiguous and can be transformed through negotiation. Negotiation wouldn't be possible without language and narrative. Language consists in communal metaphors, stories and fictional beliefs that bind and connect a small community together in a farming landscape, which still retains a quality of life closely connected with nature, architecture, the private and public realm, all by exhibiting features that can be found in a contemporary way of living.

Objectified and non-objectifiable boundaries -in relation to the villagers' land, water, private and public spaces-, their absence, their negotiation, the life that flourishes in-between them and their relationship to men and women, ownership, and bonding are important aspects examined in this thesis. The presence, the lack of, and the negotiation of these boundaries unfold through eight scholarly narratives/fictional stories that are based on narratives and interviews of villagers from Kampos. Through these narratives, it is argued that when boundaries are obscure or create an in-between space of negotiation and communication, when they become a liminal space, then a different situation of ownership and bonding arises, the villagers claim their properties' boundaries, they are negotiating about them and sometimes they fall into serious conflicts. The method used involves the interpretation of village life and landscape through the use of eight fictional stories that were based on real and imaginary stories as narrated by the people of the village during interviews. Each fictional narrative primarily consists in a story followed by a scholarly analysis of the story. The purpose of this method is to discover different village realities, understanding and interpretation through narrative and imagination.

To the villagers of Kampos,
because “*the beauty of the world is the world*”¹

¹ Fiction 8, Interview 3, *The good housewife*, trans. for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: I was impressed by the enthusiasm and pride when describing the making of the property, the meaning of making and buying land as also the pride and awe of dancing well, showing respect to the woman. Kampos, 10th of January 2013, Appendix, pp. 90-91.

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Table of Contents

Table of figures.....	3
Glossary.....	5
Acknowledgements.....	13
Reading instructions.....	16
Introduction.....	22
Kampos' historical background.....	22
Kampos today.....	29
New elements in the traditional village structure and life.....	33
Narratives of possession/ownership and the nature of boundaries.....	36
Research and methodology.....	40
Research development.....	40
Scholarship on Tinos, the island's village structure and research development.....	42
Scholarship on research methodology, on Paul Ricoeur and Fiction.....	46
Structure of the work.....	52
Brief of the eight fictional stories	54
Genealogical Tree.....	58
Part I: Summer Stories.....	59
Fictional Narrative 1: My water.....	59
Interpretation.....	79
Fictional Narrative 2: Three Foreigners and an Opening Day.....	99
Interpretation.....	116
Fictional Narrative 3: The Local Festival.....	135
Interpretation.....	154
Fictional Narrative 4: The smell of honey was in the air.....	169
Interpretation.....	189
Part II - Winter Stories.....	207
Fictional Narrative 5: The White Cow.....	207
Interpretation.....	226
Fictional Narrative 6: Our Land.....	243
Interpretation.....	263

Fictional Narrative 7: The Animal that I Lost.....	281
Interpretation.....	299
Fictional Narrative 8: The Day that I Lost You.....	319
Interpretation.....	336
Epilogue	351
a. Summary of the findings on a topography's metamorphosis.....	353
b. Summary of the findings - liminality and the village's metamorphosis.....	354
c. Summary of the findings - Kampos through habit and metaphor.....	357
Methodology.....	358
a. The role of Metaphor.....	358
b. The role of Imagination.....	359
c. The role of fiction.....	360
Implications of the Study.....	361
Suggestions for Future Research.....	363
Concluding thoughts.....	364
Bibliography.....	369
Periodicals/Journals.....	377
PhDs and MPhils.....	379
Greek and Translated Bibliography.....	380
Greek periodicals and newspapers.....	393

The appendix is attached hereto as a separate volume (The originals are submitted electronically in a USB stick).

Table of figures

Fictional Narrative 1: My Water

Figure 1: Map/ figure ground of the village (scale a)95

Figure 2: Map/ figure ground of the village and the surrounding landscape (scale b)97

Fictional Narrative 2: Three Foreigners and an Opening Day

Figure 3: Map/ figure ground of the village (scale a)131

Figure 4: Map/ figure ground of the village and the surrounding landscape (scale b)133

Fictional Narrative 3: The Local Festival

Figure 5: Map/ figure ground of the village (scale a)167

Fictional Narrative 4: The smell of honey was in the air

Figure 6: Map/ figure ground of the village (scale a)203

Figure 7: Map/ figure ground of the village and its broader area (scale c)204

Fictional Narrative 5: The White Cow

Figure 8: Map/ figure ground of the village (scale a)239

Figure 9: Map/ figure ground of the village and the broader area (scale c)241

Fictional Narrative 6: Our Land

Figure 10: Map/ figure ground of the village (scale a)277

Figure 11: Map/ figure ground of the village and extended territories (scale d).....279

Fictional Narrative 7: The Animal that I Lost

Figure 12: Map/ figure ground of the village and the broader area (scale a)313

Figure 13: Map/ figure ground of the village and extended territories (scale c)315

Figure 14: Map/ figure ground of the village and extended territories (scale d).....317

Fictional Narrative 8: The Day that I Lost You

Figure 15: Map/ figure ground of the village (scale a)349

Glossary

Term [transliteration]	Original term [in Greek]	Meaning
aderficata	αδερφικάτα (τα)	plots of land belonging to siblings
agathon	αγαθόν (το)	good, commodity
Agios	Άγιος	Saint
angaria	αγγαριά (η)	an angaria is when one's time and effort is donated to built or refurbish something for the community. The word derives from the Greek word chore [αγγαρεία]
ageloudes	αγελούδες (οι)	fairies, female figures that appear at the crossroads on the boundaries of the village that either beat or dance with passersby
aletheia	αλήθεια (η)	the truth
amaxotos	αμαξωτός (ο)	the asphalt road that leads to <i>chora</i>
Amia	θεία (η)	local word for aunt
Barba	Μπάρμπα	informal title literally meaning uncle used for older men in the village
bouro	μπουρό (το)	a large buffet commonly found in the large and formal living rooms of the village houses
caffenio	καφενείο (το)	coffee shop
camara	καμάρα (η)	vault (in fiction 1, it is the vault formed under the floor of a house that usually covers part of the street)

Charos	Χάρος (ο)	personification of Death (Charon)
chora	χώρα (η)	word used locally to describe the area of the port of the island
chirofagia	χοιροσφάγια	pig slaughtering
choreftra	χορευτρα (η)	a wider opening of the street in Kampos, where people used to gather or have festivities
chorofilakas	χωροφύλακας (ο)	gendarme
Chronia polla	Χρόνια πολλά	Many happy returns, Happy Birthday
cicera	σίσερα	pieces of meat stored in fat
dhiki mas/ dhikos mas	δικοί μας (οι)/ δική μας (η) / δικός μας (ο)	our own
Easter kouloures	πασχαλινές κουλούρες (οι)	pastries made and offered only during Easter
eggoni	εγγονή (η)	granddaughter
ekklesia	εκκλησία (η)	church or congregation
ESPA	ΕΣΠΑ	The National Strategic Reference Framework (NSRF) of the European Union Treasuries
ex apo do	εξ από δω	out of here, meaning the devil and the elves
ela	έλα	word commanding animals to come near
iconostasi	εικονοστάσι (το)	iconostasis, the place for the religious icons
Garbis	Γαρμπής (ο)	a northwesterly wind
giagia	γιαγιά (η)	grandmother

glossofagane	γλωσσοφάγανε	they were badmouthed
kaimaki	καϊμάκι (το)	an ice cream flavour, kaymak
kai tou chronou	και του χρόνου	wishes well for next year
kalispera	καλησπέρα	good afternoon
Kali Vradya	Καλή βραδυά	literally, the Good Night; meaning Christmas Eve, when all the family gathers to have traditional dinner with fish
kaloriziko	καλορίζικο	may it bring good fortune, a wish for something new
Kampiani	Καμπιανοί	villagers from Kampos
kampiasane	καμπιάσανε	they caught grabs
Kantos	Κάντος	meeting of the farmers to bid for the lease of land owned by the church
kathki	καθκί	small stone-built farming settlements in the fields for sheltering animals or storing barn
katoi	κατώι (το)	storage space of the village house at the street level
Kato Meri	Κάτω Μέρη (τα)	Lower Lands, an area of Tinos
kiela	κιέλα (η)	the front space/room of the katoi
koinon	κοινόν	communal
koliva	κόλλυβα (τα)	boiled wheat typically served in funerary rituals in the Orthodox Churches
kopeles	κοπέλες (οι)	young girls

kori mou	κόρη μου	my daughter
koroneta	κορονέτα (η)	coronet
koureloudes	κουρελούδες (οι)	patchwork carpet
ktimatologio	κτηματολόγιο (το)	cadastre
Kyra	Κυρά	informal title such as madam used for older ladies in the village
Kyrmark	Κυρ' Μαρκ	the location of Kampos' water tank
legato	λεγάτο (το)	a type of covenant, which connected land and ownership with the church; it was the first attempt to create some kind of a land registry on the island, at the request of ruler bishop Giustiniani
leschi	λέσχη (η)	club, communal room for celebrations and communal events of the village located at the edge of the village, by the roadway
levantes	λεβάντες (ο)	a cold, strong easterly wind
lithiasis	λιθίαση (η)	kidney stones
loukoumades	λουκουμάδες (οι)	doughnuts
louza	λούζα (η)	a local handmade salami made of pork
marenges	μαρένγκες (οι)	meringues made with fresh egg whites and sugar served at weddings or festivals
mati	μάτι (το)	the evil eye
metakomisi	μετακόμιση (η)	moving the animals in the beginning of the summer and again in the beginning of the winter, as dictated by the requirements of the seasons
mpaktonete	μπακτώνεται (αυτό)	(it is) leased for two years

mpourekakia	μπουρεκάκια (τα)	small local fried cheese pies
melokarido	μελοκάρυδο (το)	thin pastry that contains nuts, cereals and honey
melomakarona	μελομακάρονα (τα)	a sweet with a honey syrup made for Christmas
Messa Meri	Μέσα Μέρη	an area consisting of mostly Catholic villages with rural economies
mezes	μεζές (ο)	small bite meals
nikokyra [pl. nikokyres]	νοικοκυρά (η)	housewife
nikokyrio	νοικοκυριό (το)	household
obati	ομπατή (η)	an opening, allowing animals to go into a field
oikos	σπίτι (το)	house
oikonomia	οικονομία (η) [οίκος + νόμος]	Economy [house + law]
orap, orap	οράπ, οράπ	a local command for the cows
Panagia mou!	Παναγία μου!	My Holy Mother!
panigyri	πανηγύρι (το)	festival/ festivity
pasteli	παστέλι (το)	sesame seeds on lemon leaves served at weddings or festivals
Patir	Πατήρ (ο)	Father, priest
Pano Meri	Πάνω Μέρη	Upper Lands, a central southeast area of the island
pedi mou	παιδί μου (το)	my child
peras	πέρας (το)	end, limit

pinakio	πινάκιο (το)	unit of measurement of the flow of water
plateia	πλατεία (η)	square
plystres	πλύστρες (οι)	washing rooms
Polemou o Kampos	Πολέμου ο Κάμπος	The War Plain (location on Tinos)
po po po	πω πω πω	exclamatory phrase, like oh my!
potistika nera	ποτιστικά νερά (τα)	water only for watering the gardens
prokopies	προκοπιές (οι)	an area on the island
protogeri	πρωτόγεροι (οι)	wise elderly men
psarakia	ψαράκια (τα)	little fish, fried local sweet containing walnuts and cinnamon served on Christmas or festivals
raki	ρακί (το)	local spirit made by distilling grapes
ravani	ραβανί (το)	a cake with a honey syrup
Rosario	Ροζάριο (το)	the coronet that Catholic woman recite once a day in May, a month dedicated to Virgin Mary for the communities that follow the Catholic tradition
Agia Triada	Αγία Τριάδα (η)	Holy Trinity
sala	σάλα (η)	living room, the room that opens to guests in village houses
schene	σχοινί (το)	rope
scholio	σχολείο (το)	school
skepasti	σκεπαστή (η)	local Easter sweet made of cheese
skordato	σκορδάτο (το)	a local handmade salami made of pork and garlic

Mera ton Psychon	Μέρα των ψυχών (η)	Soul Day or All Saints Day, a feast dedicated to the souls of those that have passed away
sparta	σπάρτα	bush, Spanish broom
(tin) eklepse	(την) έκλεψε	when a man elopes with a woman without her family's permission; literally, "he stole her"
Sto sychorio tou	στο συγχώριο του	to his or her forgiveness
syblios, siblioi	σύμπλιος (ο), σύμπλιοι (οι)	neighbor, neighbors
sylogos	σύλλογος (ο)	local council
syrtos	συρτός (ο)	Cycladic dance in a circle
taverna	ταβέρνα (η)	tavern
tavli	τάβλι (το)	backgammon
Theos na fulaei	Θεός να φυλάει	God protect (us)
trimponi	τριμπόνι (το)	a rifle that is used especially for its croton on wedding days
tyropites	τυρόπιτες (οι)	a local Easter sweet, made of local cheese, eggs, sugar and pastry.
vassilikos	βασιλικός (ο)	basil
veggeres	βεγγέρες (οι)	house meetings for narrating stories and tales
vorias	βοριάς (ο)	north wind (in fiction 1, Vorias is used as a nickname)
xapolto	ξαπολτό (το)	an area, which belongs to the municipality, used to graze the animals
xeni/xenos	ξένη (η)/ξένος (ο)	foreigner, stranger

xerotigana	ξεροτήγανα (τα)	local sweet dredged with walnuts and honey, served at weddings or festivals
xotiko [pl. xotika]	ξωτικό (το)	elf
zeimbekiko	ζειμπέκικο (το)	Male Greek dance
zevgaries, ekane zevgari	ζευγαριές, έκανε ζευγάρι	to plow a field traditionally with a pair of cows; used also nowadays for plowing with machinery

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Reading instructions

I experienced this PhD research as an architect, researcher and author of eight fictional narratives followed by scholarly interpretations guided by phenomenological and hermeneutical methods, anthropological principles and ethnographical observations. The goal was to reveal a deeper understanding of the role of the architect, as other researchers and authors have already done through their own researches, away from drawings and modeling tables into the world of text, considering that narrative and imagination have been tools on the hands of both architects and authors.

As a student in architecture myself, I soon realized during my undergraduate studies in Great Britain, as is also the case elsewhere, that studio work is based on assignments about creating narratives as tools to imagine spaces and eventually create meaningful living spaces. Later on, working as an architect, I realized the same about the importance of narrative into my work, when presenting my work to clients and sharing common metaphors of their own life integrated into an architectural narrative, which was deeply related with the place and landscape of the given site and environment. As argued by Paul Emmons, Marcia Fenerstein, Carolina Dayer and Luc Phinney² “drawing, like storytelling, exists across the ambiguous dimension of reality and fiction.” “Architects actively construe stories while drawing; and the ways these stories are constructed are inseparable from the way a project is designed.”³

The book *Confabulations: storytelling in architecture* reveals Frascari’s exploration of architecture as an art that seeks an “expansion of architectural potential, integrating poetry and technique so as to engender, it may be hoped, fabulous buildings.”⁴ This volume reveals the role of narrative as an essential tool of design. They wish this to reach a more substantive understanding of what storytelling

²Paul Emmons, Marcia Fenerstein, Carolina Dayer (eds) and Luc Phinney (assist. ed.), *Confabulations: Storytelling in Architecture*, (London and New York: Routledge, Taylor Francis Group, 2017), p.1.

³ Ibid., p.9.

⁴ Marco Frascari, *Eleven Exercises in the Art of Architectural Drawing*, (New York: Routledge 2011), p.68. Marco Frascari is an architect, professor of architecture and theorist and his approach of architecture and narrative was his focus throughout his career.

may offer to architecture.⁵ “Architects build stories while buildings edify inhabitants. Storytelling and architecture are fundamental forms of what philosopher Nelson Goodman calls ‘world making’.”⁶

The book refers to many architects who are also poets, novelists, and playwrights, such as Gian Lorenzo Bernini and Sir John Vanbrugh, who were both architects and dramatists. Reference is also made to John Hejduk, who “illustrated an edition of Aesop in 1991,” but also linked fables with his masques (*The Mask of Medusa* with the fable of the Fox and the Goat).⁷ The book further includes certain treatises that “clothe their meaning in stories,” such as the 1499 *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, which takes place in a dream and is “depicted as a fiction within a fiction, followed by a fiction prior to that fiction.”⁸ Moreover, it presents Louis Sullivan’s⁹ dialogue between an experienced architect and a student in *Kindergarten Chats*, Adolf Loos¹⁰ “tragic fable of the *Poor Little Rich Man*” and Le Corbusier’s experiments with “movies, cartoons, games, and poems to tell the stories of his buildings.”¹¹ In the introduction, editors claim that “architecture can be poetic, but it cannot be poetry.” This phrase invokes a different understanding of the relation of poetry and architecture that will be further explored in this thesis through the relation of narrative and architecture. In making a place for narrative in architectural theory, they are attempting to create also a space for “the various metrical structures of time.” They understand that “narrative has its own theory, deeply concerned with temporality, and as longstanding

⁵ Paul Emmons, Marcia Fenerstein, Carolina Dayer (eds) and Luc Phinney (assist. ed.), *Confabulations: Storytelling in Architecture*, p.1.

⁶ *Ibid.*, quoting Nelson Goodman, *Ways of World-Making*, (Indianapolis: Hackett, 1978).

⁷ *Ibid.*, p.6.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p.8.

⁹ Louis Henry Sullivan (born September 3, 1856 – died April 14, 1924), American architect, regarded as the spiritual father of modern American architecture and identified with the aesthetics of early skyscraper design, <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Louis-Sullivan>

¹⁰ Adolf Franz Karl Viktor Maria Loos (born 10 December 1870 – died 23 August 1933), Austrian architect whose planning of private residences strongly influenced European Modernist architects after World War, <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Adolf-Loos>

¹¹ Paul Emmons, Marcia Fenerstein, Carolina Dayer (eds) and Luc Phinney (assist. ed.), *Confabulations: Storytelling in Architecture*, (London and New York: Routledge, Taylor Francis Group, 2017), p.8.

as the history of thought.”¹² For the editors of this book, Pérez-Gómez “touching upon a broad swath of the history of architecture to argue for the significance of the literary imagination, noting that the literary image is not so much a still image as a reenactment of the scene it depicts. Mimesis, in this context, is the imitation of the mime rather than the mirror: it takes place, in architecture, as embodiment.”¹³

Conducting this research, I soon realized that the eight stories created out of the villager’s life, space and landscape consist of a series of metaphors about what dwelling is in this part of the world, in this specific landscape, with a contemporary way of living, but still connected with tradition and the past as a mimetic action to the present time. Mimetically acting myself, I created the eight fictional narratives based on a metaphor of the villagers’ own metaphors of their reality, joined together by my personal experience in the village as a variation of truth. I bear in mind the relevance and discovery of truth through fiction/story/myth as argued by French philosopher Paul Ricoeur.¹⁴ As he mentions, “what has to be questioned is the overly simple equation made between life and experience. A life is no more than a biological phenomenon as long as it has not been interpreted.” This made me realize, as he further explains, the “mediating role” of fiction as a weaving procedure of different things that make up life. This complexity of life is what narrative is trying to imitate.¹⁵

Gadamer reinforces the above, according to which “in language and only in it, can we meet what we never “encounter” in the world, because we are ourselves and merely what we mean and what we know from ourselves.”¹⁶ Additionally, Pérez-Gómez¹⁷ claims that “metaphor is more than the “master” figure of

¹² Ibid.

¹³ Ibid.

¹⁴Paul Ricoeur’s specific works: *Time and Narrative*, Vol. 1, 1984, *Time and Narrative*, Vol. 2, 1985, *Life: A Story in Search of a Narrator*, 1986, *Time and Narrative, Volume 3*, 1988, “Architecture and Narrative.” 1996, *The Rule of Metaphor, The creation of meaning in language*, 2003.

¹⁵ Paul Ricoeur, “Life in Quest of Narrative”, in David Wood, (ed.), *On Paul Ricoeur, Narrative and Interpretation*, (London, New York: Routledge 1991, Taylor & Francis e-Library, 2003), p. 27-28.

¹⁶ Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Philosophical Hermeneutics*, trans. and ed. Linge E. David, (Berkley, Los Angeles, London: University of California Press, 1976), p.20.

speech; it is the central form of linguistic expression for enactive consciousness once it finds itself facing external reality. It is an articulation of truth in the manner of the Greek *aletheia*, Heidegger's "revealing - concealing" that must take the place of "truth as correspondence" as normative for human understanding."¹⁸

By adopting fiction through the use of phenomenology and hermeneutics, my intention is to reveal the true meaning of an authentic dialogue which seeks a "fusion of horizons" in the architectural dialogue as this is explained by Pérez-Gómez. "Today we understand better that instrumentality and prescription are only partial aspects of architectural discourse, which cannot account for the potential meaningfulness of the operation they address or help to realize. We can recognize that the word, through its original capacity for story-telling, articulates the possibility of meaning, it names an intention in view of a "space of experience" (a cosmic or historical world, whichever may be the cultural inheritance of the architect) and a "horizon of expectations" (a project that is construed by means of the architect's imagination as a better future for the common good)."¹⁹

In each fictional narrative, there is an interpretation based on spatial organization as this is followed through in the fiction with a hermeneutical intention again and a view to reveal another reality of the village life. The poetic metaphor reveals different versions of reality. According to Pérez-Gómez, the poetic metaphor -as explained in the work of Ricoeur and used in this research work- "acts on the body

¹⁷ Alberto Pérez-Gómez "obtained his undergraduate degree in architecture and engineering in Mexico City, did postgraduate work at Cornell University, and was awarded a Master of Arts and a Ph.D. by the University of Essex in England. He has taught at universities in Mexico City, Houston, Syracuse, and Toronto, at the Architectural Association in London, and was Director of the Carleton University School of Architecture from 1983 to 1986." "In January 1987 Pérez-Gómez was appointed Saidye Rosner Bronfman Professor of the History of Architecture at McGill University, where he directs the History and Theory option. From March 1990 to June 1993, he was also the Founding Director of the Institut de recherche en histoire de l'architecture, a research institute which he instigated, co-sponsored by the Canadian Centre for Architecture, the Université de Montréal and McGill University." <http://www.mcgill.ca/architecture/faculty/perez>

¹⁸ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Attunement, Architectural Meaning after the Crisis of Modern Science* (Cambridge, MA: The MIT Press, 2016), pp.182-183.

¹⁹ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, 'Hermeneutics as Architectural Discourse', History and Theory Graduate Studio 1996-98. Montreal: McGill University, 1997, par. 5.

in the form of *feeling*, a dimension that for him is both cognitive and affective.”²⁰ “Feeling is cognitive because it is referential, and it is referential because it fosters a *mood* capable of attuning the inhabitant (or reader) to the world of the work,”²¹ as Pérez-Gómez states. Additionally, as Ricoeur also writes “it is the *act of reading* which completes the work, transforming it into a *guide* for reading, with its zones of indeterminacy, its latent wealth of interpretation, its power of being reinterpreted in new ways in new historical contexts.”²²

Before the act of reading, mention should be made to the act of translation from Greek into English of all the interviews and stories of this research, which have become part of the plot and narration of each fictional story. This added another metaphor in this work and a new way of interpretation, since language itself according to Crossley “affords us a grasp upon the world by condensing and mapping it (the world).”²³ Maurice Merleau-Ponty writes that “the language of a society or social group is an expression of the various emotional attitudes that its members have collectively adopted towards the world, the manner of living it that they have developed. And to learn their language is therefore to enter the collective symbolic milieu of the group.”²⁴ Therefore translation acted as an additional metaphor and layer of interpretation in this work. Note here that all translations of Greek excerpts from books, interviews, newspaper articles and journals in this thesis are my own.

After the fictional narrative, the use of hermeneutics, anthropology and philosophy approaches the village in a different way and gives another version of its reality through the story’s interpretation. Furthermore, the introduction of this research will thoroughly refer to the methodology and the way that Ricoeur’s principles on architecture, narrative and fiction have been applied in this research, including

²⁰ Spitzer in *Metaphor and Musical Thought*, p. 99 quoting Ricoeur, quoted in Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Attunement*, p.186.

²¹ Ibid.

²² Paul Ricoeur, “Life in Quest of Narrative”, in David Wood, (ed.), *On Paul Ricoeur, Narrative and Interpretation*, (London, New York: Routledge, 1991, Taylor & Francis e-Library, 2003), p. 27.

²³ Nick Crossley, *The Social Body. Habit, Identity and Desire*, (London: Sage Publications, 2001), p.81.

²⁴Ibid., quoting Merleau-Ponty (1962:177).

how this work has benefited from that. Moreover, scholarship on this methodology and the principles of Ricoeur's argument about the role and meaning of fiction in architecture and life will be presented in this thesis.

Using traces and memories of the stories lived by the villagers of Kampos in conjunction with the environs, we start to realize what Ricoeur describes as "a spatio-temporal world of the relationship between universal time and historical time and thus mediated by the places of memory in the same way as relationship between geometric space and inhabited space is mediated by the stories inscribed in these place of memory."²⁵ In this way, I introduced the Ricoeurian beliefs in my research and started building up the "spatiality of the stories"²⁶ being inspired by "the constructed space" consisting of a "system of rituals for the major interactions of life", as he described about the exchange between the spatiality of the story and the temporality of architecture.²⁷ Through this research, I intend to reveal another tool/methodology for the architects, delivered to the reader by the text through his or her own experience and ways of interpretation. Through the text, the village is exposed as a space of multiple experiences, "a space as a gap to be crossed,"²⁸ to be negotiated. The existing space of the village is revealed through a "system of rituals" and metaphors for the "major interaction of life."²⁹ These rituals are part of the daily life of the villagers related to the nurturing of animals and plants, also related to rites of passage, the religion and the church. Language and communal metaphors are part of and are developed through these interactions of life.

²⁵ Paul Ricoeur, "Architecture and Narrative," in Pietro Derossi, (ed.), *Identity and Difference: Integration and Plurality in today's forms, Cultures between the Ephemeral and the Lasting. The Triennale in the city, the imageries of difference*. Translated by Huw Evans, 67- 75. Milano: Electa, 1996, p. 72.

²⁶ Ibid., p.65.

²⁷ Ibid.

²⁸ Ibid.

²⁹ Ibid.

Introduction

My first connection with the village of Kampos started when I was four years old. I remember how much I longed for the Easter *kouloures* -traditional local bread in the abstract shape of a girl- that my grandmother baked in the communal oven of the village and called them *kopeles*. My cousins and I would eat these *kouloures* a few days before Easter. This personal connection to Kampos that I experienced year after year for many years allowed me to build intimacy with the villagers, while at the same time keeping a distance so that I could record and understand the village life as a very special situation in the relationship between cultural environment (the village structure and its architecture) and the landscape.

Kampos' historical background

Tinos is an island on the Aegean Sea, with a long history based on its land and agriculture. It is the only island of the Cyclades, which fell under Venetian rulers for five centuries, thus becoming a significant immigration center for the rest of the Cycladic islands and Crete. Water and land boundaries have become critical factors for the villagers because the farmers had no choice but to enhance the land to make it productive. Kampos, one of the oldest farming villages of Tinos, is located in the central west part of the island, at the area of *Kato Meri*. Situated far from the sea, it is surrounded by mountains and hills. Only recently has Kampos started to benefit from tourism.

In studying the history of the island of Tinos and its villages, it is evident that the relationship of the villagers to the land and the landscape is vital to understand their everyday life. Hierarchy and the allocation of land play an important role. The way that the authorities on the island addressed land allocation in the past has had a direct impact on the villagers' way of life.

Primarily it was said that the natural springs found on the island gave it the name Ydrousa, but later on it was called the island of the snakes. According to a story by Hesychios from Militos, Poseidon used

storks to destroy the snakes and allegedly snakes became extinct on the island.³⁰ Until 1200, references to the state rulership indicate that the ruler of Tinos did not enforce any laws and left the inhabitants in total freedom. Subsequently, the island's governing rules were established by the Gizi family until 1390.³¹ In 1390, other members of the Venetian ruling class landed on the island, bringing Gizi's family total control over the island to an end.

Tinos holds a key position in the Cyclades archipelago. It was directly on the trading route between Venice and Constantinople when these two cities were significant powers and trading partners. At that time, Tinos was located at a strategic position for the ships travelling to and from Istanbul to the west. In addition, it was a military succorer of the Kingdom of Crete (1205 - 1669).³²

It was in 1390, when the island became part of the Venetian feudal system. This system was different than the byzantine or western feudal system as applied in other Frankish regions in Greece, or comparative to any western or eastern feudal system. As explained by historian Marcos Foskolos, feudal tenements on Tinos were either small or medium-size farmlands, which would not be any different from any other private piece of land or pasture, neither in size, soil quality, nor in production. These farmlands belonged to the state and were assigned for cultivation or any other kind of land use in return for military service on behalf of the Venetians. The feudal lords came from all the social strata of society, without exception, as they were appointed solely on their ability to fulfil duties of military defense of the land belonging to the state and which had been accorded to them by the Venetian ruler.³³

³⁰ Ibid., p.92, quoting J. Pitton de Tournefort, *Relation d'un voyage du Levant*, Paris, 1717.

³¹ Ibid., pp.82-84, quoting Francesco Piacenza, *l' Egeo redivino o' sia chorografia dell' Archipelago*, Modena, 1688.

³² Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, (Αθήνα: Εκδόσεις Καστανιώτη - Διάπων, 2008), p.81, translated from Greek for this PhD, Maria Vidali. For the date, see <https://www.britannica.com/place/Crete>.

³³ Marcos Foskolos, *Τηνιακά Ανάλεκτα*, Τόμος 3, Ανάτυπο, *Το κτηματολόγιο των εκκλησιών της Τήνου και η καταγραφή των λεγάτων τους*. AKT, Κώδικας 4, (Αθήνα: Εκδόσεις Φιλιππούτη, 1998), pp. 247 - 249, translated from Greek for this PhD, Maria Vidali, The Venetian ruled the island from 1390 till 1715.

At the same time, the ongoing production of silk resulted in the deforestation of the island, as twig frames were required for the silkworms.³⁴ The lucrative silk industry influenced the interior design of the houses, which were made up of dark bedrooms and luminous living rooms with high ceilings with an intermediate ceiling made of bamboo. In the living rooms, decorative lintels were hanging over the door and windows, which allowed air and light to penetrate this level of the ceiling. In the dark bedrooms, the silkworms reproduced on a bamboo surface, while in the luminous and airy living rooms they could escape from their cocoons. This design had a significant historical impact on the construction of the island's houses, which can be observed in the old houses of the villages even today.

The island of Tinos was conducive to the cultivation of the land because of its smooth climate, gently flowing rivers and rich and fertile soil, although dry and rocky in some areas. These explain why the population was greater here than in the other islands of the Cyclades, which were under Ottoman instead of Venetian rule. The Venetian rulers were vigilant and wisely attentive to protect “the rose among the thorns” and to keep it dedicated to the Serene Republic of Venice and safe under its protection.³⁵ The island was precious because of its abundance of figs, grapes, sweet onions, and hay. According to Spon, a traveller, Lyonese doctor and scholar of Greek,³⁶ it was the warmth of the sun that made all the fruits, vegetables and legumes taste and look so much better than those in Europe. At the north side of the island, F. Piazienna describes the fruitful valley of “Collobitra” (Kolybithra), as beautiful, with cultivated gardens and watered by a river at the east which reached the south part of the island too.³⁷

³⁴ Georgios Dorizas, *Η Μεσαιωνική Τήνος*, Μέρος δεύτερον, (Αθήναι: 1976), p.270. Sericulture was introduced on the island in the 6th century.

³⁵ Ibid., pp.66-67.

³⁶ <http://eng.travelogues.gr/travelogue.php?view=294&creator=978920&tag=8852>

³⁷ Ibid., pp.67-69.

On the island, there were 16 windmills, with only 100 hand mills at the port of the island to grind the wheat. The Advocate Paskoualino did not neglect to assign guards, secretaries and caretakers to ensure the preservation of the wheat.³⁸

In 1537, even though until then the island was able to firmly resist any siege, according to Sagredo,³⁹ it surrendered to the power of Barbarosa, who successfully saw through the great ambitions of Souleiman to rule the Aegean. Ottoman rule differed significantly from Venetian rule. It made the inhabitants of Tinos rebel quickly against them, according to F. Piacenza, and return to the relatively mild governing of the Serenissima.⁴⁰

In 1602, it was reported that the inhabitants of Tinos numbered 18,000,⁴¹ of whom three quarters were Catholic, with the remaining being Orthodox. Of the members of the Orthodox religion, most of them were not permanent residents, but rather temporary residents from the surrounding islands. In religious processions and masses, the Latin clergy always had the leading role. When the Greek/Orthodox priests entered a Latin (Catholic) church, they were required to remove their religious vestments. Nevertheless, there were masses at which both Catholic and Greek Orthodox priests assisted, in which case, the Greek priest would chant after the Latin priest.⁴²

The islanders were divided between those who had feudal holdings - 69 feudal lords - and those who did not. In addition, there were 163 privileged islanders, who were excluded from being required to perform certain chores and were not required to guard the coasts. Some of these privileged islanders

³⁸ Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, p.216, Francesco Basilicata, reference 1630.

³⁹ Ibid., p.68. Nicolò Sagredo (December 8, 1606 – August 14, 1676) was the 105th Doge of Venice, reigning from February 6, 1675 until his death less than two years later. Little of note occurred during his reign as Venice was still recovering from the Cretan War (1645–1669), which had ended in the reign of his predecessor. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nicolò_Sagredo

⁴⁰ Ibid.

⁴¹ Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, p.221. Different sources also report the number of population being 28,000.

⁴² Ibid. p. 224. Text from; the Letters of John B. S. Morrit of Rokeby, Descriptive of Journeys in Europe and Asia minor in the year 1794- 1796, London 1914. Trans. from Greek by Maria Vidali.

were appointed by the Serene Republic of Venice and others by the older rulers of the island.⁴³ The 24 villages, one of these being the village of Kampos, were ruled by 24 *protogeri*.⁴⁴ These men reported to Mr. Retouris about the state of the buildings, the timber supply in the castle⁴⁵ and the maintenance of the army. Members of the army came from the villages; 1,377 soldiers ready to protect the Serene Republic of Venice. These army guards also guarded their own villages and the area surrounding their villages. Some guards were also obliged to protect the ports located along the coastline of the island, either by transmitting information or by standing guard during the night. Villagers also performed guard duty near the beaches and close to the forelands of the island, where 35 of them were required to live, to be able to transmit all the news coming from the sea.⁴⁶ In the 17th century, the island's economy relied on farming and raising livestock.⁴⁷

Great travelers of that time (between 1688 and 1853) such as Francesco Piacenza,⁴⁸ J. Pitton de Tournefort,⁴⁹ Francesco Basilicata⁵⁰ and others refer to the land of Tinos as dry and rocky. Nevertheless, they also characterized Tinos as one of the most cultivated and productive islands of the Cyclades. Tinos was also described as having a rich and prosperous silk production industry. In addition

⁴³ Ibid., p.215, Francesco Basilicata, reference 1630.

⁴⁴ Leading elderly men. For all words in italics, see Glossary.

⁴⁵ This is the Venetian castle located at the base of Exombourgon rock.

⁴⁶ Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, p. 215, Text from; the Letters of John B. S. Morrit of Rokeby, Descriptive of Journeys in Europe and Asia minor in the year 1794- 1796, London 1914, trans. from Greek by Maria Vidali.

⁴⁷ Marcos Foskolos, *Παρθένιος Μενάρδος, ο Ξανεμίτης και ο Άγιος Ιωάννης στο Ξάνεμο*, (Τήνος: Έκδ. Δήμου Τήνου, 2010), pp. 16-19, trans. from Greek by Maria Vidali.

⁴⁸ Ioli Vingopoulou, editor, Travelogues: "Francesco Piacenza, (1637-1687) was an Italian jurist, diplomat and chess player. He was professor of civil and canon law and secretary to the Catholic Embassy in Germany; as a chess player, he was able to travel widely in Italy and other European countries. After his exploration of the Aegean islands, he wrote a thorough and systematic description of the Aegean Sea, with maps of all the islands, and a short exposition on Central Greece and the Peloponnese." <http://eng.travelogues.gr/travelogue.php?view=330&creator=957537&tag=10789>,

⁴⁹ J. Pitton de Tournefort (born June 5, 1656—died Dec. 28, 1708), French botanist and physician, a pioneer in systematic botany, whose system of plant classification represented a major advance in his day and remains, in some respects, valid to the present time. <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Joseph-Pitton-de-Tournefort>

⁵⁰ Ioli Vingopoulou, editor, in Travelogues [in Greek]: The Italian cartographer and army engineer lived for many years in Crete integrated in the service of the Venetian Democracy. Possibly he arrived in the great island in 1609 and he enriched his drawings until the end of his life (approximately 1638, date of his last manuscript). Translated from Greek for this PhD, Maria Vidali, <http://el.travelogues.gr/travelogue.php?view=232&creator=1070839&tag=373>,

to silk, the island also produced silk products, such as stockings that could be exported. Unlike other industries, the silk industry mainly employed women.

As further narrated and reported by great travelers, while rocky, Tinos nevertheless had a significant amount of fresh water. The abundance of water allowed the growing of crops such as barley and other grain legumes, which were collected in great abundance.⁵¹

Specifically in 1717, Pitton de Tournefort noted that, apart from the castle of St Nikolaos,⁵² one of the main villages of the island was Kampos. All of the inhabitants of Tinos provided the Governor with one out of ten loads of produce such as oats. Kampos, as a main village, was a significant contributor to the Governor.⁵³

As reported in 1801 by M. Le Baron De Riedesel, properties were identified in two records. One record was kept by the Latin tally clerk and the other was kept by the Greek tally clerk. The total annual tax was high for the size of the island on the one hand, but low if we considered the population and the artisanship of the locals on the other. The locals as also reported were excellent in persistent work and in artisanship. Here the rich were not more leisured than the poor. One could be negotiator, trader or farmer or artisan, sailor or worker. ⁵⁴

In 1802, the villagers were reported as having a natural kindness and were very fit.⁵⁵ In addition, their serenity, their intense activity, their cunning mind and the fact that they spoke many different languages was remarkable. These villagers also had a heightened sense of language use, especially women, who often talked about the most pleasant things in an exquisite tone of voice, as described by M. Le Baron

⁵¹ Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, p.221, trans. for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali, The text derived from a short description of the archipelago and especially the 18 islands, which surrendered in 1771 to the Russian sovereignty of earl Pasch Di Krienen.

⁵² The castle of St. Nikolo was at the area of the south port of Tinos, where the main port of Tinos is located today.

⁵³ Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, p. 93, Text from; J. Pitton de Tournefort, *Relation d'un voyage du Levant*, Paris, 1717. Trans. by Maria Vidali.

⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, p.228, quoting *Voyages in Sicily, in Grand Greece and the East* by M. Le Baron De Riedesel, Paris 1802.

⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 223-229, quoting M. Le Baron de Riedesel.

de Riedesel. This is also observed in this present research, revealing how language can affect the situation of a place, as it will be developed further on. They were also extremely hospitable, since all the villagers, particularly the farmers, would insist that visitors accept whatever they could offer from their homes, such as cheese and bread and marvelous wine.⁵⁶

In 1851, another characteristic of Tinos life, pilgrimage and religious ceremony is revealed by a London newspaper that described the marble church of the Virgin Mary, located in the main port at the end of a wide street made out of granite stones, as the church that Greeks respected the most after the Holy tomb and Mount Athos.⁵⁷ Tinos has been an important pilgrimage destination since ancient times.⁵⁸

In conclusion, the inhabitants of the island were reported to be one of the most diligent communities in Greece. They transformed most of the mountainsides and rocky and hostile terrain into terraced levels that they could cultivate. The consistency of slate stones used in the construction of these levels also helped, given that these stones held the rain water in the layers and allowed small springs to erupt on the surface of the slopes. The houses in the villages were built very close to each other and were often built on arches above the narrow and twisting dirt roads. The houses had flat roofs and they were surrounded by cypresses, elms and mulberry trees, while vines grew on the walls. In the doorways, women and children worked on silk or cotton or other household activities, while the narrow streets were crowded with pigs, fowl and other animals.⁵⁹

Narratives and historical information as those described above provide a background for the interpretation of and the understanding of how cultivation, land and water boundaries have become

⁵⁶Ibid., pp. 223-229, quoting M. Le Baron de Riedesel.

⁵⁷ Ibid., pp. 224 – 238. The church was erected after the narration of the vision of a nun that was born in the village of Kampos.

⁵⁸ As referred to by Georgios Dorizas in *Αρχαία Τήνος, Μέρος πρώτον*, (Αθήναι: 1974), the island was a great pilgrimage of the Poseidon and Amfitrites in the current area of Kionia where there are still ruins dating to ancient times.

⁵⁹Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, p.242 (from S.t.M.: G. J. Gr. II, n.2336, 23370).

essential for villagers, within a landscape that seems semi-artificial. Travellers' narratives reinforce the nature of history's subjective account.⁶⁰

Kamos today

Kamos is a village located approximately 8 km from the port of Tinos in an area 320m. above sea level. The sea is not visible from the village and no high hills protect it against the cold north wind. This is possibly the reason why the village is built with introversion towards its center/ "interior" space and possibly this is why there are a few rare front elevations on its boundaries with its peripheral road. It is still not clear which roads or alleyways form the entrance to the village because there are quite a few. However, the one at the west side of the village next to the old olive press is used as the official entrance. At the north, the village borders on the village of Tarampados, at the southeast on the village of Smardakito and further down to the south on the village of Loutra. In-between, we come across the area of Messaria, where most Kamos villagers own land, gardens and orchards. Being one of the oldest villages of the island, Kamos is part of *Mesa Meri*, for others *Kato Meri*, depending on where the locals that describe this area are. This area mostly consists of Catholic villages with rural economies at a time when farming no longer holds the same key role in the island's commercial and cultural life as in the past. Kamos still has professional breeders of sheep, and cows. All of its inhabitants farm their land, not only to economically sustain their households, but also to maintain the traditional nutritional habits that have lasted for many years.

There are currently sixty-five people living in Kamos. Most of them are farmers or livestock farmers. Among the latter, only three of them are professionals, while the others raise livestock to cover their family's needs in food. There is also a carpenter, a baker and a car mechanic. Among the sixty-five people of Kamos, there are four young couples with five children under the age of seven. These young

⁶⁰ Paul Ricoeur, *Time and Narrative (Temps et Récit, 1985)*, Vol.3, trans. K. Blamey and D. Pellauer (Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1988), p. 207.

couples do not farm land. They work elsewhere in public or private services and enterprises; however all of them own a piece of land, where they cultivate a few vegetables. Most of their fruit and vegetables are provided to them by their families' bigger gardens. To support their families, one of them is an engineer with a garage in Kampos and his wife stays at home looking after their two children. The second young couple consists of the husband, who works as a carpenter in a different village and his wife, who works at a bank; the third young couple includes the husband, who works on house construction and his wife, who works at a public service; as concerns the fourth couple, the husband is a waiter and the wife stays at home looking after the household and the children. Year-by-year, an ever-increasing number of retired people return to the village, after having spent the most active and working years of their lives in Athens, where they fulfill their professional and family obligations. In summer time, sixty-five additional villagers join the village community, after having spent the winter in Athens. Some of them spend six months in Athens and six months at the village. Nowadays, during the summer, approximately three thousand tourists visit the recently-built/refurbished museum of the village, while forty more people rent houses to spend their holidays in the village. The oldest person of the village is now ninety-two years old. Many people in Kampos have in the past reached the age of one hundred. There is no information about an annual rate of births and deaths in the village, however last year there were four deaths of villagers that were actually living in Athens.

A series of boundaries and liminal spaces have formed and still form the village structure of Kampos. Spatial boundaries such as thresholds, elevated and submerged spaces, steps and flower pots, pebble and concrete courtyards, all create a series of public, semi-public, semi-private, communal (not public) and private spaces. Communal spaces are those shared by the villagers, as created by their everyday communal life together or events; such spaces may look public, but have a specific use and a particular connotation for the inhabitants of the village. In the village, the houses create a complex core of attached two-storey houses with flat roofs, dark and narrow bedrooms and kitchens and luminous wide open *sala* (formal and informal living spaces). The houses also have double-spaced cellars that are always located at the ground level or submerged under the street level. Part of the village structure also

includes a bakery, two carpentry shops, one garage and a confectionery workshop in the broader area. There were no public spaces in the village of Kampos - as perhaps in few other villages -, such as an open square for public life. Public places, such as community laundry basins and communal ovens (in the past), characterized the activities of everyday life, while the courtyard of the church served as a public space at a particular given time. Public space even today is the road, which was widened at a turn and was called "*choreffra*.' This was where village dances were held in the past. Nowadays, the space is filled with tables and chairs of the local café.

In the private realm, both men and women are traditionally responsible for contributing to the income of the household and for the family. In addition to cleaning the house and its courtyard, the women also take care of the public road that passes in front of the family's house as an extension of the house. The woman in the village is given a dominant role in the space of the house, being the one that decides on the process of food maintenance (based on the produce that the husband brings), while also tending to the social life and ensuring that the house is in order during village social events.

Even today, village life starts at 6 o' clock in the morning. Livestock farmers go directly to their farmlands to transport their cows to the stables for milking and then back to the field. Later, the older farmers will go to their gardens and farmlands to work. In the surrounding area of Kampos and even further away, there is a continuous movement of the livestock farmers and farmers from their home to the fields, to their land for the care of animals, to their gardens and crops and back to village.⁶¹ This

⁶¹ Both the book, *Genesis and ecological status of soils on the island*, by Dr. Sachampi, in 1974 and the *Economic Geology and Geological structure of the island of Tinos*, by Melidoni show that the soil composition of the island consists of groups of sediments, rocks (schist, granite and limestone) deposits, and nutrients. Generally, the diversity of the island, the steep slopes and the erosion of the surface of the island have an adverse impact on the ecological status and the organization of the rural economy of the island.

According to an oral presentation made by agronomist John Aspromoungou (in Tinos, in Komi village, September 2011), rural organization was influenced by the climate and the soil, the flora and fauna of the place, fungi, sheep and humans, and even more today by the national policy followed by the European Union standards. The presentation also included a summary of livestock situation of the island in 1945, where he first mentions the sharp decline in agricultural production during the postwar period, affecting cereals (the biggest amount in the area), legumes, USG, vines, trees and fruit, as well as in poultry, livestock and beekeeping. These era agronomist's suggests improvements in farming methods, but also places importance on irrigation projects and the exploitation of groundwater. Certainly, the landscape of the island has since then

daily journey represents the collective image of all the villagers through their daily routes to the nearby gardens and fields, including more distant fields where they breed their livestock. Most of the villages of Tinos with farmers and breeders have a daily routine. However, particularly in Kampos, there are still professional breeders, but not many professional farmers. Many of its inhabitants breed and take care of animals in a way that is still today steeped in tradition. In addition to the way they tend to the animals, the benefits that the animals provide, such as milk, eggs, leather, etc. are also processed in a traditional manner.

Religious life continues to provide the village with a chronological framework, considering that village life is organized around liturgies and festivities. Kampos is one of the Catholic villages of the island. The main festival of the village has some particular features that are different from those of other villages (especially in comparison to Orthodox villages). Villagers do not attend a festival meal at a home unless they are invited and unless they attend the festive liturgy at the church first. On the one hand, Kampos is one of the very few villages in which, when someone of the community passes away, the community still shares the night of the lamentation with their family. On the other hand, when there is a wedding, all of the villagers are invited. Like all small communities, Kampos is close-knit and exhibits the characteristics of communities with family structures and daily lives heavily inter-dependent. This community structure appears sometimes introverted, even today.

changed a lot, considering that in 1961, only 41 acres of the 195 acres of the island's surface were intensively farmed with cereals, citrus fruits, potatoes and olives, while the number of sheep has increased from 10,000 to 32,000. Very important throughout the centuries has been the fragmentation of the rural clergy. Thus, there were no major crops and not even a farmer could cultivate efficiently a given output since 1945. Every farmer had plots from 4-12, which means 15 minutes-2 hours to move from one to another. Based on the soil, the agronomic study and specific studies on profiles that was made on discovering bedrock, the water penetration and components of the soil, the scientists' proposals that emerged to plant nutrient -thrifty crops, were already implemented in each region by the farmers. The farmer, through the intensive cultivation of land was able to discover and utilize the nutrients of the soil.

New elements in the traditional village structure and life

In 1996, the topography of the village changed. A piece of land, together with the ruins of an old house, was donated by a villager for a symbolic amount to the village's community association. The land and the house were transformed by local volunteers and professionals into the village square. Also, in 2012, as part of the new topography of the village, the old school was extended and refurbished to become a museum of contemporary art, thus significantly changing the daily public use of this space during the summer.

In 2009, the island's municipal council proposed Kampos to act as host to an annual honey festival. Subsequently, the first considerable group of tourists started visiting the village for this festival. This was possibly the first day in the history of the village, when a tourist event became the center of the village life. The honey festival is unique to Kampos village. Other villages have festivals of other products, such as artichokes and capers. With respect to the honey festival, the municipality provides the women of Kampos with thousands of kilos of honey for them to prepare a wide variety of sweets. The visitors that come to the festival enjoy these sweets, as they attend music and dancing events. This festival has been taking place annually since 2009.

Also, in 2012, as part of the new topography of the village, the old school was extended and refurbished to become a museum of contemporary art, thus significantly changing the daily public use of this space during the summer.

The new semi-private museum of contemporary art has been built within the boundaries of the village. This is something new as compared to other villages of island and rather contradictory to the introverted village space and villagers' attitude. This museum has provided the villagers with a good reason for sharing new stories. Stories, as Michel de Certeau explains, "constantly transform places into spaces or spaces into places. They also organize the play of changing relationships between places and

spaces,”⁶² and this is something that we see in Kampos as well, especially with the creation of new spaces such as the museum and the new *plateia*. In addition, as David Abram indicates, there is “the poise that comes from living in storied relation and reciprocity which the myriad things, the myriad beings, that perceptually surrounds us,”⁶³ a situation which often unveils village life of Kampos as a small introvert community.

Within all the above new elements in the traditional village structure and life, the Internet has emerged in different aspects of villagers’ life, too. It has become an indispensable element, enabling the farmers to be well informed about the weather forecast, as well as a tool to confirm the weather predictions usually made by the older ones. Also, it has become an important tool of information about subsidies, law on farmers and their products, buying animals from other areas of Greece or even from other areas in Europe, including for advice about illnesses and medical care of their animals. Certainly, Internet and social media are used daily by the young people of the village and some of the younger housewives that use them to report about and promote the village life and festivities. This way, they expand and diffuse village life much further from the spatial boundaries of their village. Kampos’ younger villagers seem to have adopted Internet into their lives using it as a tool for their daily needs but also as a medium of entertainment to watch movies at night, when silence dominates the village streets. On the other hand, television appears to be rather a means of national and international information, while at the same time it offers a feeling of reassurance of the safety and abundance that their village life offers against the suffering in other parts of the world. The island’s local channel also offers a connection with the village life and festivities for the women and men of the village who live “expatriated” to other villages and areas of the island.

Both within the village core and within the boundaries of different layers of privacy, as well as outside the village core, among gardens and land properties and in relation to their animals and products of their

⁶² Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, trans. by Steven Rendall, (Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: University of California Press, 1984), p.118.

⁶³ David Abram, *The Spell of the Sensuous*, (Vintage books, 1996), p.268.

land, the movement of the villagers defines a space of action. This is the movement within a specific space made out of their every day activities, this is how villagers interact and communicate with each other. In addition, the way that the villagers treat their boundaries may also be similar to what happens in other villages of Tinos. Certainly, the reasons why Kampos remains a small, “introverted” village give rise to many conflicts and disputes. There is a sense of bonding that, according to Vernant and Detienne, emanates from the word of boundary expressed as “end” and “limit”, represented by the Greek word *πείραρ*. According to them, some Hellenists thought that in the specific, technical meaning of the word *πέρας* [*peras*] - *σχοινί* [*schene*] there is the proof that the abstract meaning of the word “όριο” comes from a manifested use of *πείραρ* with the meaning of bond or knot.⁶⁴ To explain the complexity of stories with ancient Greek gods, where boundaries and bonds were involved, Vernant and Detienne refer to *Metis*⁶⁵ and the disorders brought about by its power, explaining that when it operates in an ambiguous and unforeseen sphere, situations are evoked.⁶⁶ Could *Metis* be one of the components of the conflicts caused by boundaries of water and land that are not objectifiable or not yet fixed, or do not look objectifiable or fixed? Is there a situation of ownership and bonding that arises through unobjectified boundaries among land, water, air, people and animals? It appears that ownership in the sense of place is deeply rooted in and connected with very essential, cultural elements in the village’s daily life. Furthermore, Fustel de Coulanges claims that, “there are three things which from the most ancient times, we find founded and solidly established in these Greeks and Italian societies: the

⁶⁴Marcel Detienne and Jean-Pierre Vernant, *Μήτις, Η πολύτροπη νόηση στην αρχαία Ελλάδα*, μετάφραση Παπαδοπούλου Ιωάννα, (Αθήνα: Εκδόσεις Δαίδαλος, Ζαχαρόπουλος, 1993), pp. 332-333. As referred to in the book, in the semantic meaning of *πείραρ*, a particular type of a street can take the form of a bond, which enchains the opposite, which means that the action of tying sometimes takes the form of crossing or passage. Trans. from Greek for the needs this PhD by Maria Vidali.

⁶⁵ Ibid., pp. 12-14, As referred to in the book, *Metis* is actually a form of intelligence and thought, a way of knowledge, in ancient Greece, which presupposes a complicated but very coherent total of mental attitudes and behaviours which combine the perspicacity, foresight, pretence and astuteness, different capacities and the long term experience. It is applied in fleeting, unstable, confused and evasive situations that cannot be offered for a specific, accurate calculation or measurement, or strict meditation. What is typical with respect to *Metis* is that it vacillates in between opposite poles. Trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali.

⁶⁶Marcel Detienne and Jean-Pierre Vernant, *Cunning Intelligence in Greek Culture and Society*, translated from the French by Janet Lloyd, (Sussex: The Harvester Press, 1978), pp.305-307.

domestic religion; the family and the right of property - three things which had in the beginning a manifest relation, and which appear to have been inseparable.”⁶⁷ What creates the village life out of its built form may also help us understand why the newly created villages imitating all the traditional features and architecture cannot imitate village life, too?

The village of Kampos, like other villages on the island of Tinos, offers us the opportunity of seeing different ways of life and spatial understanding. There is a variety of different traditional and contemporary situations where spatial and ethical boundaries are involved. All these new situations have provided the villagers with new spaces of action within the village core and within the boundaries of different layers of privacy, as well as outside the village core. We live in an era when architects, planners, and design professionals are focusing on ecological and cultural/architectural sustainability and struggle to find novel and ever more efficient solutions. Despite changes that devolve from external imperatives, these ways of life and spatial understanding in the village, dating to a time long past, today continue to contribute to a healthy and fulfilling lifestyle, both in terms of physiology and psyche, ranging from the private sphere to the public realm. By studying the attributes of life in Kampos, this thesis aims to bring to light some of the prejudices and difficulties that affect many other cultures in our globalized world. The exploration of this life starts through the study of very formal types of narratives, such as contracts and testamentary wills, which initially reflect the relation of the villagers in sharing water and land.

Narratives of possession/ownership and the nature of boundaries

Contracts, *legata* and testaments were the first written forms of describing farmlands and water and their value. What is more, these documents also provide an indication of the villagers' perception of the

⁶⁷ Fustel de Coulanges, *The Ancient City: A Study on the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome*, Third Edition, translated from the latest French edition by Small Willard, (New York, Boston: Lee and Shepard, Charles T. Dillingham, 1877), p.80.

value of land and water at that time. Elements from each text offer an understanding of the current situation and why boundaries remain non-objectifiable, including how the perception of the value of the land and water has changed in some cases, while in some others still remains the same, reflecting the same habits and tasks of the villagers during their everyday life.

One of the oldest official forms of land description and ownership was the *legato*, the first attempt by the bishop Giustiniani to create a cadastre [in Greek *ktimatologio*] on the island in 1700, as a response to the control that he wanted to have.⁶⁸ The historical reference by *Epameinonda Georgantopoulo* presents water in Tinos as a common good too, but through its therapeutic characteristics. For example, as he reports, the water at *Kaki Skala* prevents the formation of kidney stones [in Greek *lithiasis*]. Water also has other unexplained characteristics of in some other areas of the island, such as water, which does not mix with wine,⁶⁹ an unnatural situation which however reinforces a mythical meaning of water for the locals.

Until 1960, both water and land were calculated in terms of time and thus were recorded in all the official contracts and testaments as such. Water is still measured in the same way even today. The land was counted in the number of days that it took two oxen to plough the arable parts of a field. Usually, it was described by the crops and trees that were produced.⁷⁰ This type of measurement stopped being used some years before Greece joined European Union. However, water is still measured in the same way even today, that is through the time of its flow into the villagers' cisterns or cultivations. In 1979, official farmers and land owners had to measure their land in meters.⁷¹ The water, which came from the

⁶⁸ Marcos Foskolos, *Τηνιακά Ανάλεκτα*, Τόμος 3, *Το κτηματολόγιο των εκκλησιών της Τήνου και η καταγραφή των λεγάτων τους*, pp. 15-16, Translated from Greek for the needs of this PhD, Maria Vidali.

⁶⁹ Epam. Georgantopoulos (1885), Εισαγωγικό σημείωμα - ευρετήριο, εκδοτική επιμέλεια Δημήτριος Ζ. Σοφριανός, *Τηνιακά, Ήτοι αρχαία και νεωτέρα γεωγραφία και ιστορία της νήσου Τήνου*, (Αθήνα, 2005), p. 109, Trans. for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali.

⁷⁰ Interview in Greek with Rafael Moraitis, September 2014. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick. Thus, when they referred to one day *zevgari*, which this could be equal to two acres, this can be actually four acres of land property, since only the arable parts were measured. Trans. for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali.

⁷¹ Ibid.

community's springs, was considered a common good. What they could own and can still own is its flow. In addition, there are owners of private wells and specific springs. Surface springs, which existed at the outskirts of the village, provided water for the nearby gardens, while water was also collected in water tanks or reservoirs that were built at the gully by a running spring or stream.

Water, even today, is presented as property only through its flow, except in the cases of private wells and taps. In both cases, boundaries in ownership are permeable and porous and allow arguments and conflicts to arise. In land, stone walls and partitions accurately define the boundaries of each property; however issues of misunderstandings could be caused, as reported by one of the notaries⁷² of the island, by the division of a big field by its owner, who had two, three or more children.

Stanley Fish as quoted in Carol M. Rose, reports, "the clearest text may have ambiguous subtexts."⁷³ What if additionally there is a complexity of the interpretation of boundaries and language? The fact that the partition of each property may be based on a fixed boundary in most cases, but accompanied by stories of infraction and transgression, allows for the creation of a contact zone, an intermediate space of communication and a space of conflict and agreement. The owners need to conclude an agreement.

The non-objectifiable and flexible/porous in some cases boundaries create a threshold of communication and a need for claim of ownership, which extends to the villagers' everyday life. It also creates a situation of coexistence and cohabitation. Stories of Kampos, as recounted by the villagers themselves, talk about how conflicts and agreements on disputed and indefinable boundaries of village common water and land create a different type of bonding/ownership for the villagers, not only with their land, but also with their community and the region of their village. In-between and among boundaries, there is a liminal space which allows interaction and negotiation. The water flow of the community's spring that did not last for the next owner; the stone wall that supported the top terrace and fell onto the

⁷²Interview in Greek with Rafael Moraitis, September 2014. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick. Trans. by Maria Vidali.

⁷³Carol M. Rose, 'Possession as the Origin of Property', *The University of Chicago Law Review*, v52 n1 (19850101): pp.73-88, quoting Fish, Stanley, *Is there a Text in This Class?* 29 (1980), p.83.

lower terrace, which has not yet been fixed by the owner of the top terrace; against the oral law of the island, the goats that crossed over the boundaries of the neighbor's property and ate all the seeds; the gates for the animals in the fields, which were built over and created an uncertainty about the property's boundaries; all of these are reasons for conflict. As Steinberg mentions about property "the law of property penetrates everywhere in the realm of daily affairs. It is, for example, deeply implicated in our sense of place,"⁷⁴ when at the same time "nature's complexity can at times make ownership a precarious even unreal affair."⁷⁵ On the other hand, as C.B. Macpherson states, "it was well understood that property was a right to something. This something need not necessarily be a material object; it could be a piece of land and could also be related to its life and liberties."⁷⁶

The villagers of Kampos are constantly negotiating spatial boundaries, while at the same time reinforcing the negotiation of social, ethical and emotional boundaries. What lies between and among boundaries, as well as in the space that the boundary occupies itself, is what makes life in the village daily stories of conflicts, contradiction, disputes, love, collaboration and friendship. This contributes an additional dimension to "place", something that gives meaning to and shapes the history of experience.

⁷⁴ Theodore Steinberg, *Slide Mountain or the Folly of Owning Nature*, (Berkeley: University California Press, 1995), p.9.

⁷⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 5.

⁷⁶ *Ibid.*, p.11, quoting C.B. Macpherson referring to property at least in the 17th century.

Research and methodology

Research development

Tinos has been the focus of my research for many years, including my earlier graduate studies. First, I started exploring the role of the private outlying chapels of the island and the festivals that connected them with the village core, the family, the house and the surrounding landscape. Initially, the reason that compelled me to continue in the same area of research was to seek an understanding of the unique artificial landscape of the island and to clarify the meaning of property through the private chapels, including the boundaries that are created (in relation to the chapel and the land) and the stories that are narrated, either religious, historical or experiential ones, which had a very important role in the villager's everyday life.

Field research for this thesis has spread over five years since 2012. It has included local archival research, extended interviews with scholars and historians resident on the island, plus recorded interviews with villagers some of which lasted for three hours and extended over several visits. This was augmented with a brief residence in one of the village houses, at different times of the year. The interviews are fifty two and last approximately thirty hours.

Initially, the research was based on archival work that gave me the opportunity to review contracts dating from 1912 and much earlier. The contracts, testaments and *legata* that were available were based on the island's land and water ownership and revealed how, through a set of norms, rules, principles, and values, they were parts of a distinctive manner of imagining the reality.⁷⁷ Additionally, the proceedings of the community government representatives demonstrated how the concept of the community developed within political and social issues, within issues of communal and the municipality's ownership, as well as within private issues of land and water that needed to be addressed. This revealed other aspects of the village community.

⁷⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 17.

Later on, staying in one of the village's houses that was kindly lent to me, I had the opportunity to better understand the daily flow of village life and realize that boundaries have different layers and meanings for the villagers. This can be observed in the communal space where the villagers had developed a communal memory and experience of their everyday life, which had nothing to do with what public space meant in a broader sense. This house was located close to the coffeehouse of the village, opposite to St Catherine's Church, a Russian Orthodox Church. The elevated courtyard overlooked the fields at the northwest side of the village. Different sort of stories were discussed daily at the coffeehouse, most of them related to the men's daily work, the gardening and the care of the animals, as well as a few memories of the past. A considerable amount of discussions were about the villagers' conflicts. Significant stories were told and retold over time and heard in a different way. Independently from my stay, which was not long, I started to feel a connection to the villagers through the interviews that I recorded from both men and women of different ages and background. Villagers' stories, as they were told, had to do mostly with memories of their past; story-telling however also often included recent stories fluently told in beautiful words. Men often became heroes in their stories, while women were more descriptive. Both men and women often used references from the priest's sermon or the Bible that they had recently heard during Saturday's liturgy.

Oral history is a primary way of bringing the past into the present time.⁷⁸ It allows a different evaluation of the past since it is made through the participation of people from different social status and situations.⁷⁹ Most of the interviews were carried out through sound recording or video since this form of communication could never be repeated the same way. On the other hand, narrating would be another way of perceiving the village world. Through this experience, I realized that the fluency that men and women have in Kampos when narrating, with beautiful descriptions and use of words, may have been achieved after many repetitions and mimesis of the story that had been initially narrated and then

⁷⁸ Paul Thompson, *Φωνές από το παρελθόν, Προφορική Ιστορία*, επιμέλεια Κ. Μπάδα, Ρ.Β. Μπούσχοτεν, μετάφραση Ρ.Β. Μπούσχοτεν, Ν. Ποταμιάνος, (Εκδόσεις Πλέθρον, 2002, 2008), pp.23-27.

⁷⁹ Ibid., p.35.

changed, enriched and elaborated many times. As explained by Michel de Certeau, orality insinuates itself, like one of the threads of which it is composed, into the network -an endless tapestry- of a scriptural economy.⁸⁰ My guiding principle during the interview was to be discreet, after I realized that having a set of questions did not always contribute to a productive set of answers. Therefore, I preferred to refrain from stopping the flow of a narration unless the topic became totally irrelevant to the description of the village life. This led to a compilation of stories and information about the village and its landscape narrated by different men and women of the village, who were either interviewed together as couples or families or separately. Sometimes, an incident described as a story would be repeated by a different villager, providing diverse information, emotions and even diverging ethical conclusions. In this research, interviews and oral history helped me further explore the reality of the village and the way that people used and were connected to the surrounding landscape.

Scholarship on Tinos, the island's village structure and research development

Tinos, its history, tradition and religious culture have been explored and developed in the work of many researchers, many of them also having an experiential base of their subject of research. Important archival work, especially on historical issues related to the church and the land such as *legato*, has been done by researcher Father Marco Foskolos, who has also contributed, as have other local historians such as Kostas Danousis, to researching and reporting the history of different areas and villages of the island. Anthropological studies such as those by Maria Gianissopoulou have illuminated the characteristics of the villages and their topography connected to the distinction between Catholic and Orthodox villages, including the occupations of the villagers and the role of women. An anthropological study by Jill Dubisch, *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, further explored, with an analysis of the role of women in the public space of the village of Falatados, the disruption of roles

⁸⁰ Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, translated by Steven Rendall, (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1984), p. 132.

between men and women and the shift in their perceptions of the public space in the house. The article by Dubisch, "Culture Enters through the Kitchen: Women, Food, and Social Boundaries in Rural Greece"⁸¹ shows the relationship between the body (particularly the women's body), home and social order, an issue again elicited by my research after establishing the importance of everyday activities inside the walls of the house. Also included in the same survey, the village of Falatados was marked by the limits of "foreign" in the village. In this article, there is a view of the village, but not as much information on the rural life and the people involved with it. Furthermore, a significant collection of maps and great traveler's reports, narratives and descriptions in the book of Ekaterini Sarafi, Tinos, *Maps - Costumes/ Χάρτες – Ενδυμασίες*,⁸² aided in the presentation of historical Tinos through basically confirmed information from the narratives of the travelers who visited the island.

The book by Machi Karali, *The Farming Houses at the Exomeria of Tinos Island*, is a thorough study, rich in information that offers a mapping of elements of the farming houses in the region of Exomeria, although it does not fully develop the relationship of the villager or the community with the farming landscape.⁸³ Research has also been conducted by the School of Architecture of the National Technical University of Athens and the Michelis Foundation on the villages of Tinos, however these studies were specifically made within the framework of mapping and recording traditional elements of each village architecture, making a collection of structural and architectural elements of the village houses in relation to its historical roots, structure and materials and its topographical location. They refrain from further analyzing the cultural and social aspects of these communities. Many of the villages of Tinos have attracted the interest of researchers related with the island. Historical and traditional anthropological topics have been developed, however there is not a specific study on Kampos nor on cultural elements such as stories developed in relationship to the community structure, the farming landscape and village

⁸¹ Jill Dubisch, "Culture Enters through the Kitchen: Women, Food, and Social Boundaries in Rural Greece", in Jill Dubisch (ed.), *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1986).

⁸² Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, (Εκδόσεις Καστανιώτη - Διάπων, Αθήνα, 2008).

⁸³ Machi Karali, *Οι Αγροτικές Κατοικίες στην Εξωμεριά της Τήνου*, (Αθήνα: Πολιτιστικό και Τεχνολογικό Ίδρυμα ETBA, 2002).

life. *Greek Island Cosmos, Kinship and Community in Meganisi* by the anthropologist Roger Just is an ethnographic study using the anthropologist's personal experience, which includes abstracts of narrative text as part of the description of the situations evolved and relative to the specific topic in this isolated Greek island.⁸⁴ An invaluable book in terms of research, including as a sample of scientific (anthropological) literature, is the work by Margaret E. Kenna, *Greek Island Life: Fieldwork on Anafi*.⁸⁵ In this book, Margaret E. Kenna develops her research through her personal experience, observations and way of writing which sometimes approaches a narrative form but with great conscientiousness towards the anthropological issue that is revealed. In addition, she places her research in time through the issues that she develops. She revisits the island, the people and the research as well after many years and thus creates a very interesting chronological line that connects the past with a more contemporary version of this society. Lastly, in many areas of the development of the village culture I used quotations and concluding thoughts from my book *Γη και Χωριό. Τα εξωκκλήσια της Τήνου/ Land and Village. The outlying chapels of Tinos*, a research that was initiated and completed during the Mphil course that I followed in History and Philosophy of architecture at the University of Cambridge.

While I was going through scholarship on the island, I started off with the work of Lewis Thomas, *The lives of a cell*, which initially helped me understand how life and the evolution of an organism or more generally an organized animal system is not predominantly based on the core/center but on its edges, at points where through different procedures this organism will make new connections with the surroundings and other organisms and probably lead to a new form, as part of the development of, or coexistence with other agencies.⁸⁶ Then, I directed my study to the man and animal relationship and the work of Donna J. Haraway, *When Species Meet*.⁸⁷ However, soon I realized that Haraway's work was based on the understanding of the brain of the domesticated animals and their equality with man's

⁸⁴ Just Roger, *A Greek Island Cosmos, Kinship and Community on Meganisi*, (Santa Fe: School of American Research Press, 2000).

⁸⁵ Margaret E. Kenna, *Greek Island Life: Fieldwork on Anafi*, (Amsterdam: Harwood Academic, 2001).

⁸⁶ Thomas Lewis, *The Lives of a Cell, Notes of a biology Watcher*, (New York: The Viking Press, 1974).

⁸⁷ Donna J. Haraway, *When Species Meet, Post Humanities*, volume 3, (Mineapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2008).

life, something that was in contradiction with Kampos village culture. In Kampos, I realized that apart from the enormous respect to the animals life there is a clear hierarchy between the human being and the animal, a different one for the domesticated and non-domesticated animals. Furthermore, after collecting an archive of testaments and property contracts, the study of the historian Fustel de Coulanges, *The Origin of Property in Land*, was very important for me since he explains the meaning of the right for property and succession from the very old times, the Romans and the Greeks.⁸⁸ I further explored the meaning of property through law and the work of Theodore Steinberg, *Slide mountain or the Folly of Owning Nature* referring to property as “one of the most powerful cultural forms for shaping our sense of place.”⁸⁹ Also, the work of Carol M. Rose, *Possession as the Origin of Property* helped me understand the role of language as a mean of communication for deciding who owns something.⁹⁰

Next, the work of Vassilis Nitsiakos, *Peklari: Social Economy of a small scale*,⁹¹ transferred me into the meaning of sufficiency for the small Greek farming societies. In addition, reading interviews and narratives of the people that formed the society in his work, I realized that I should use the archive of my interviews and narratives with the role of an architect and understand well enough how people in Kampos are using narratives into their everyday life.

Furthermore, I explored the work of Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, where boundaries are referred to as transportable limits and transportations of limits, which are also *metaphorai*⁹² and the work of Mikhail Bakhtin, *Dialogic Imagination*, the meaning of chronotope,

⁸⁸ Fustel de Coulanges, *The Origin of Property in Land*, edited by Ashley W.J., M.A., translated by Ashley Margaret, (London: Messrs. George Allen & Company, Ltd., 1902).

⁸⁹ Theodore Steinberg, *Slide mountain or the folly of owning nature*, p. 176.

⁹⁰ Carol M. Rose, ‘Possession as the Origin of Property’, p.81.

⁹¹ Vassilis Nitsiakos, *Πεκλάρι, Κοινωνική οικονομία μικρής κλίμακας*, (Ιωάννινα: Εκδόσεις Ισνάφι, 2015).

⁹² Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, p. 129, “In the narrations that organize spaces, boundaries seem to play the role of the Greek *xoana*, statuettes whose inventions is attributed to the clever Daedalus, they are crafty like Daedalus and mark out limits only by moving themselves (and the limits).”

polysemy, time and space in literature as also the meaning of death, love and other life events in literature.⁹³

Scholarship on research methodology, on Paul Ricoeur and Fiction

A research study that greatly influenced my work in terms of methodology and structure is the PhD work and book by Dr. Panos Leventis, *Nicosia, Cyprus, 1192-1570: Architecture, Topography and Urban Experience in a Diversified Capital City*,⁹⁴ where the hermeneutical and phenomenological approach, as well as the use of scholarly narratives for the description and interpretation of historical situations, provided me with a model for my own study. In the same approach, the PhD work by Dr. Angeliki Sioli, *The Architecture of Walking. Embodied perception in novels of the European city in the 1920s*⁹⁵ had been extremely important for my understanding of the place revealed in literature and the connection of literature with philosophy.

With respect to the topic of narrative, I should mention the work of Evangelos Karamanes, *Space and Imaginary in the Legends of Aspropotamos Region, Prefecture of Trikala, Thessalia, Greece* as part of the conference *International Society for Folk Narrative Research*. This work mainly follows an anthropological, historical and folklore study approach analyzing the narrative as an object itself and not in an analytical discourse with the space and community.

Eventually, for the situation of Kampos, the archival and research work explored in order to be able to weave the different areas of study and the complexity of the village life, I have adopted a hermeneutic

⁹³ Mikhail M. Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination: Four Essays*, edited by Michael Holquist, translated by Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist, (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981).

⁹⁴ Panos Leventis, *Nicosia, Cyprus, 1192-1570: Architecture, Topography and Urban Experience in a Diversified Capital City*, Cyprus Research Centre, Text and Studies in the History of Cyprus XLIX, Nicosia, 2005.

⁹⁵ Angeliki Sioli, *The Architecture of Walking, embodied perception in novels of the European city in the 1920s*, School of Architecture, McGill University, Montreal, Canada March 2015, A thesis submitted to McGill University in partial fulfilment of the requirements of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. http://mcgill.worldcat.org/title/architecture-of-walking-embodied-perception-in-novels-of-the-european-city-in-the-1920s/oclc/948510277&referer=brief_results

methodology, emphasizing the importance of authentic dialogue seeking a “fusion of horizons” keeping my questions in sight while always giving my interlocutors respect and aiming to understand their world.⁹⁶ As Alberto Pérez-Gómez explains, “[...] instrumentality and prescription are merely partial aspects of architectural discourse, neither of which can account for the potential meaningfulness of the operation they address or help to realize. More fully, we recognize that the word, through its original capacity for story-telling, articulates the possibility of meaning, in that it names intentions in deference to a “space of experience,” either a cosmic (traditional) or historical (modern) world, and with respect to a “horizon of expectation”. Thus, the projections of the architect’s imagination construe a better future for the common good.”⁹⁷ The book *Attunement, Architectural Meaning after the Crisis of Modern Science* by Alberto Pérez-Gómez was very important for me in order to realize the role of fiction and narrative in the perception of space but also the meaning of the emotion, mood and atmosphere in our understanding and connection with the environment.

Furthermore, the work of Paul Ricoeur, *The Function of Fiction in Shaping Reality*, helped me realize that, “the more imagination deviates from that which is called reality in ordinary language and vision, the more it approaches the heart of the reality which is no longer the world of manipulable objects, but the world into which we have been thrown by birth and within which we try to orient ourselves by projecting our innermost possibilities upon it, in order that we dwell there, in the strongest sense of that word.”⁹⁸ In this way, all the narratives either formed by my personal experience in the village or narrated by the villagers as part of a nostalgic attitude linked with the memory of a specific event or derived from a recent incident, would be able to be mediated through fiction and not to be a mimesis simply as a reduplication but as a creative reconstruction.⁹⁹ I also realized that all the information on the landscape,

⁹⁶ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Hermeneutics as Architectural Discourse*, *History and Theory Graduate Studio 1996-98*, (Montreal: McGill University, 1997), p.9.

⁹⁷ *Ibid.*, p.2.

⁹⁸ Paul Ricoeur, ‘The Function of Fiction in Shaping Reality’, in *Man and World* 12, 1979, p. 139.

⁹⁹ *Ibid.*, pp. 139-140, “It is in this way that we retrieve one of Aristotle’s affirmations in the *Poetic*. Tragedy--which for him is poetry par excellence-- is a *mimesis* of reality, but under the condition that the poet creates a new mythos of this reality”.

space, and life in the village and the surrounding area of Kampos, texts, contracts, traces of histories, memories, and incidents of village life that I have been gathering all these years could be organized to create a synthesis of one single narrative consisting of eight different fictional stories, as an “intelligible whole.”¹⁰⁰

In this thesis, it is evident that Ricoeur’s philosophy has affected the structure as well as the methodology of the work. This is why I think that it is very important to refer to what other writers and researchers think about Ricoeur’s idea of fiction and how “the function of fiction is shaping reality.”¹⁰¹

I would like to introduce Paul Ricoeur’s narrative theory by quoting him in *Life in a quest for Narrative*, with a reference to Aristotle’s Poetics where he shares his connection with Aristotle’s idea on Greek mythos, “in the sense of an imaginary story” and plot “in the sense of a well constructed story” through which the “central concept of employment is formed.”¹⁰² “What Aristotle calls plot is not a static structure but an operation, and an integrating process,[...] is completed only in the reader or in the spectator. In other words, it is completed in the living receiver of the narrated story. By integrating process I mean the work of composition which gives a dynamic identity to the story recounted: what is recounted is a particular story, one and complete in itself.”¹⁰³ For Ricoeur, “a life is no more than a biological phenomenon as long as it has not been interpreted. And in interpretation, fiction plays a mediating role.”¹⁰⁴

¹⁰⁰Paul Ricoeur, ‘Life: A Story in Search of a Narrator’, translated by J.N. Kraay & A.J. Scholten, in M.C. Doezer I.N. Kraay (eds) *Facts and Values, Philosophical Reflections from Western and Non-Western Perspectives*, (Dordrecht, Boston, Lancaster: Martinus Nijhoff Publishers, 1986), p.122.

¹⁰¹ Paul Ricoeur, ‘The Function of Fiction in Shaping Reality’, in *Man and World* 12, 1979.

¹⁰² Paul Ricoeur, “Life in Quest of Narrative”, pp.20 - 21.

¹⁰³ Ibid.

¹⁰⁴ Ibid.

Ricoeur claims that the essence of imagination lies in the ability to transform reality through creative acts;¹⁰⁵ this is why according to Levy for Ricoeur “fiction does not simply mimic an already given reality; it produces new meaning that has the power to change reality altogether.” Moreover, fiction, which uses the narrative form, grounds human experience, makes it rooted in space, place and time, and interconnected with human relations and life since, Ricoeur claims: “the meaning of human existence is itself narrative.”¹⁰⁶

Saulius Geniusas focuses on Ricoeur’s critique of the reproductive model of imagination and on his own alternative - the hermeneutical account of productive imagination.¹⁰⁷ In the article “Between Phenomenology and Hermeneutics, Paul Ricoeur’s Philosophy of Imagination,” he argues that Ricoeur is the only thinker to have explicitly addressed the paradoxical structure of imagination. This is what “enables one to flee one’s socio-cultural reality and to constitute one’s sociocultural world.”¹⁰⁸ He also supports Ricoeur’s philosophy of imagination and fiction’s reference to reality in a productive, i.e., constitutive way, stating that this for Ricoeur, “‘the paradox of fiction’ (1979: 127): knowing how to abandon the real, fiction also ‘knows’ how to (re)constitute it.”¹⁰⁹ Geniusas, based on the idea of images as intuitive fulfillments that can accompany the metaphorical use of language, refers to Ricoeur’s work as “a hermeneutical theory of metaphor which can provide the fundamental clarification of the productive dimension of imagination (1977: 173 - 216).”¹¹⁰ And he responds to that by saying that one cannot recognize the full force of imagination if one does not show how imagination can perform such seemingly contradictory functions.

¹⁰⁵ Lior Levy, ‘Sartre and Ricoeur on productive imagination’, *The Southern Journal of Philosophy* Volume 52, Issue 1, (March 2014), p.43.

¹⁰⁶ *Ibid.*, p.44.

¹⁰⁷ Saulius Geniusas, *Between Phenomenology and Hermeneutics: Paul Ricoeur’s Philosophy of Imagination*, Theoretical/Philosophical Paper, (Dordrecht: Springer Science + Business Media 2014), p. 224.

¹⁰⁸ *Ibid.*, p.223.

¹⁰⁹ *Ibid.*, p.231.

¹¹⁰ *Ibid.*

Working in-between Sartre's and Ricoeur's notion of "productive imagination,"¹¹¹ Levy concludes that, despite their differences, Ricoeur too describes the imaginative process as a sort of hybrid consciousness, calling it "'both a thinking and a seeing' (1978b, 147). According to him, imagination enables us to re-describe reality, thus allowing the emergence of new meaning."¹¹² Also Levy claims that, "for Sartre, just as for Ricoeur, imagination allows consciousness to distance itself from reality, and in so doing to "suspend the actual". This suspension is followed by an imaginative creation, which does not merely replicate the world and its given order, but forms a new reality."¹¹³

As Lior quotes Ricoeur, "fiction, invents' and 'discovers' reality (1979, 127)", and by so doing it "contributes to making life, in the biological sense of the word, a human life (1991, 20)." In this way, fiction makes place an experience of life. And he continues quoting Ricoeur saying that, "texts are not only the locus point of narratives, they also allow humans to interpret their lives and introduce a form of self-understanding or reflexivity to life."¹¹⁴

Richard Kearney, in his article "Paul Ricoeur and the hermeneutic imagination" argues that "Ricoeur links the productive power of language and that of imagination, while he also states that "imagination can be recognized accordingly as the art of responding to a demand for new meaning, the demand for emerging realities be by being said in new ways."¹¹⁵ Imagination is giving a new interpretation and meaning to the reality, creating in this way a new reality. Also, again in reference to Ricoeur he talks about the imaginative power of linguistic imagination as not some "decorative excess or effusion of subjectivity, but the capacity of language to open up new worlds."¹¹⁶

¹¹¹ Lior Levy, 'Sartre and Ricoeur on productive imagination', p.45.

¹¹² Ibid., p.48.

¹¹³ Ibid., p.51.

¹¹⁴ Ibid., p.52.

¹¹⁵ Richard Kearney, "Paul Ricoeur and the hermeneutic imagination", in Peter Kemp and David Rasmussen (eds), *The Narrative Path. The Later Works of Paul Ricoeur*, (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1989), p.5.

¹¹⁶ Ibid., p.6.

Last but not least, another aspect on Ricoeur's work is raised by Serge Meitenger in his article "Between "plot" and "metaphor": Ricoeur's poetics applied on the specificity of the poem, where he states that "metaphorical mimesis describes anew the elements ultimately furnished by experience: it has always, as it were, purified them and "distanced" them from the real circumstances in order to combine them in an experiential fiction, in a virtual mode which allows the reader to "see as if" and "feel as if."¹¹⁷

Concluding from the above, Ricoeur's idea of a fiction seems to feed a lot of academic thinking and discourse. Certainly its connection with the Greek myth, plot and Aristotle's Poetics, reveals a different aspect of the mimetic action and interpretation and it expands into the areas of imagination, specifically the linguistic imagination. Alberto Pérez-Gómez refers to Ricoeur's preference for "a linguistic model of imagination," saying that "imagining is folded into the function of metaphor: the ability to say one thing in terms of another, or several things at the same time, creating something new. This creative copula is always complemented by "seeing-as," which "contains a ground, a foundation [...]resemblance."¹¹⁸ I would like to conclude by quoting Pérez-Gómez writing that "the linguistic (hermeneutic) imagination permits the search for an appropriate relationship between *tradition* and *innovation*, crucial for the proper social functioning of architecture."¹¹⁹ This can form the explanation of how Kampos spaces are experienced and perceived through their social impact and through the stories told by the villagers. Additionally, this can form the explanation of the methodology used in this dissertation referring to narrative, imagination and architecture.

¹¹⁷ Serge Meitinger, "Between "plot" and "metaphor": Ricoeur's poetics applied on the specificity of the poem", in Peter Kemp and David Rasmussen (eds), *The Narrative Path. The Later Works of Paul Ricoeur*, (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1989), p.53.

¹¹⁸ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Attunement*, p. 187, quoting Kearney, "Paul Ricoeur and the Hermeneutic Imagination," p.15.

¹¹⁹ *Ibid.*

Structure of the work

This thesis engages in spatial, social and ethical boundaries that are actually presented as negotiable and porous. The continuous movement of the villagers in the topography and space of the village and its surrounding landscape during the seasons of summer and winter includes a fixed schedule based on religious events, the cycle related to animals and their breeding and the requirements and needs related to the cultivation of the land. This research will be developed using eight fictional narratives as a main body of study, whose order will be based on the village's inner and external boundaries, daily and annual time schedules, revealing fixed daily tasks of the villagers, communal events, as well as spontaneous daily stories of ownership and bonding. How do villagers perceive place, time, space, water, air and land under the notion of ownership, the lack and existence of negotiable, objectifiable and non-objectifiable boundaries?

There will be four fictional stories that occur during the summer and four fictional stories that occur in the winter, thus demonstrating all the changes of the weather, the wind, the temperatures, the surroundings that change because of the climate and changes to the natural environment, the changes in the movement of the villagers, including the changes of their temperament. Religious and village traditions and habits in the villagers' daily life will also enrich and differentiate each story and its order in the body of the work. Each story will be located and elaborated in specific areas and spaces of the region of the village, starting from its "exterior" area and moving towards its "interior" space. This generates the discourse that relates to the plot through which the fiction evolves, as well as the boundaries and the topography, through which the space of the village appears to become and actually becomes "refigured."¹²⁰

As Ricoeur further explains, "in the interpretation, fiction plays a considerable, mediating role. To pave the way toward this new phase in the analysis we must attend to the mixture of doing and undergoing,

¹²⁰ Paul Ricoeur, 'The function of Fiction in Shaping Reality', p. 71, "Refiguration. With this third component of narrative, the relationship between storytelling and architecture grows closer, to the point where recounted time and constructed space exchange their meaning."

of action and suffering which makes up the very texture of life. It is this mixture that the story seeks to imitate in a creative way.”¹²¹ All the fictional stories will be accompanied by an analytical Appendix, where all the interviews of the inhabitants of Kampos will be collected and related to each fictional story. All the interviews will be compiled in their original language, which is Greek.

In addition, the location of every fictional story will be defined by a bird’s eye view photograph of the village, based on which a figure ground will be created for each story. The plot of the story through the movement of its protagonists will be located on a spatial figure ground representation of the fiction without reproducing the narrated fictional story.

¹²¹Paul Ricoeur, “Life: A Story in Search of a Narrator”, p.127-128, “Indeed, in my reference to Aristotle I left out the definition itself which he gives to “story;” it is, he says, the imitation of an action, *mimesis praxeos*. Hence we must first look for the points of support which the story can find in the living experience of acting and suffering; that which in this living experience requires insertion of the narrative and perhaps expresses a veritable need for it.”

Brief of the eight fictional stories

Part I

Summer stories

A series of acts/images

Fiction 1: My Water

- At the new well and washing rooms, women of the village wash their carpets and heavy fabrics.
- The discussions flare up when Katerina raises issues about Lenio's hanging carpets on her wall.
- Iosif, a newcomer with roots in the village, tries to adapt and find his identity in the village community.
- The system of sharing the flow of water creates conflicts and misunderstandings.
- *Angaries* create the opportunity for the community to come together for the refurbishments of Saint Georgios.
- At Maria's wedding, the entire community participates in this life event.
- Iosif in the night of the wedding tampers with the water flow and causes the water to run down into the gully at Messaria.

Fiction 2: Three Foreigners and an Opening Day

- The bell of Holy Trinity tolls tolls o' clock, this is the time for the *Rosario* and the women of the village are gathering in the church.
- Five o' clock, a second gathering starts in the church in relation to the villagers' decision on the concession of the land of Holy Trinity's church.
- Kyra Anna meets Xenoula, the instructor of the new museum, which is the renovated building of the old school of the village.
- The telephone rings and the announcement of the earlier opening of the museum and the visit of the Russians causes an upheaval.
- The whole village works to support this year's big opening of the museum.
- The afternoon of the big opening all the villagers are gathered at the courtyard of the museum after a long time of absence in this space.
- A mass takes place at the Russian church of Saint Ekaterini, where villagers, Russian guests and Christian Orthodox are gathered.

Fiction 3: The local festival

- This is the day of the local festival, when the village celebrates Holy Trinity at the same-named church.
- Every villager is involved, ensuring that the village is clean and decorated.
- Each family looks after the exterior of their home and the street connected to it.
- After the church service, a big group heads to Manthos' house, one of the houses which are open to host co-villagers, friends, and guests from other villages and Chora.
- The meal starts with the blessing of the priest, who sits at the head of the table.
- The meal becomes a communal social arena, where strangers and non-locals get closer to the locals.
- During the meal an argument arises between the male Russian guests.
- Manthos and Panagiotis, who are already in a situation of conflict, sit at the same table and share the same wine and food; the conflict is resolved.

Fiction 4: The Smell of Honey was in the Air

- Women arrange to meet for the preparations for the day of the Honey Festival after the mass at Saint Rokos church.
- Foteini meets with her daughters, Eirini and Eleni, in her kitchen in order to start preparing the sweets.
- Men are gathered outside the *caffenio* gossiping about the local businesswoman, who wanted to open a coffee shop and claim the "air", i.e. the right to use of the new square.
- Foteini visits her cousin Eleni but she leaves as soon as Antonia arrives complaining about the claim of the communality of the church by her co-villagers.
- At the meeting of the village with the mayor about the ownership of the new square, Antonia faints.
- The day of Honey Festival, the air smells of honey. This smell wafts from most of the windows of the village.
- The women of the village work together to ensure that all of the preparations for this festival are completed.
- The night of the festival two huge clangors of honey fall in the middle of the new square making guests and villagers stick to each other and to the ground of the new square.

Part II

Winter stories

A series of acts/images.

Fiction 5: The White Cow

- 6 o' clock in the morning, two breeders, a father and son, start their daily schedule by going to the fields to take care of their chores for the care of their animals.
- Petris, one of the villagers of Kampos, will slaughter a pig for his family.
- The dinner meal that follows is a communal event, which the family shares with their friends that have helped with the slaughter.
- Stories of the community are also shared at this dinner, especially those that involve unknown creatures that are said to live at the boundaries of the village and the crossroads.
- As the young breeder walks at midnight, a *xotiko* becomes the precursor of a death that will happen the next day.
- The grieving of the dead man, Petris, is an event attended by all the inhabitants of the village.
- The day of the funeral, the entire community accompanies the dead and his family to the cemetery.

Fiction 6: Our Land

- The meeting of *Kantos* takes place, a meeting at which villagers bid to lease the church's land.
- Marcos, one of the villagers, is trying to record the proper measurements of his property of land, revealing his controversy with his sister and their respective understanding of the property value of their lands.
- A significant upheaval arises when a stranger interferes with the communal life by blocking the natural network of pathways among the fields.
- The villagers take action and work together in solidarity against this stranger and his unwelcome actions at the farming lands.
- The night of the festival at Saint Ekaterini's church, Marcos approaches his sister in order to resolve the conflict.

Fiction 7: The Animal that I Lost

- Ioanna and her husband, livestock farmers of the village, have daily activities, chores, and routines that revolve around and are prioritized according to the needs of the animals and their schedule.

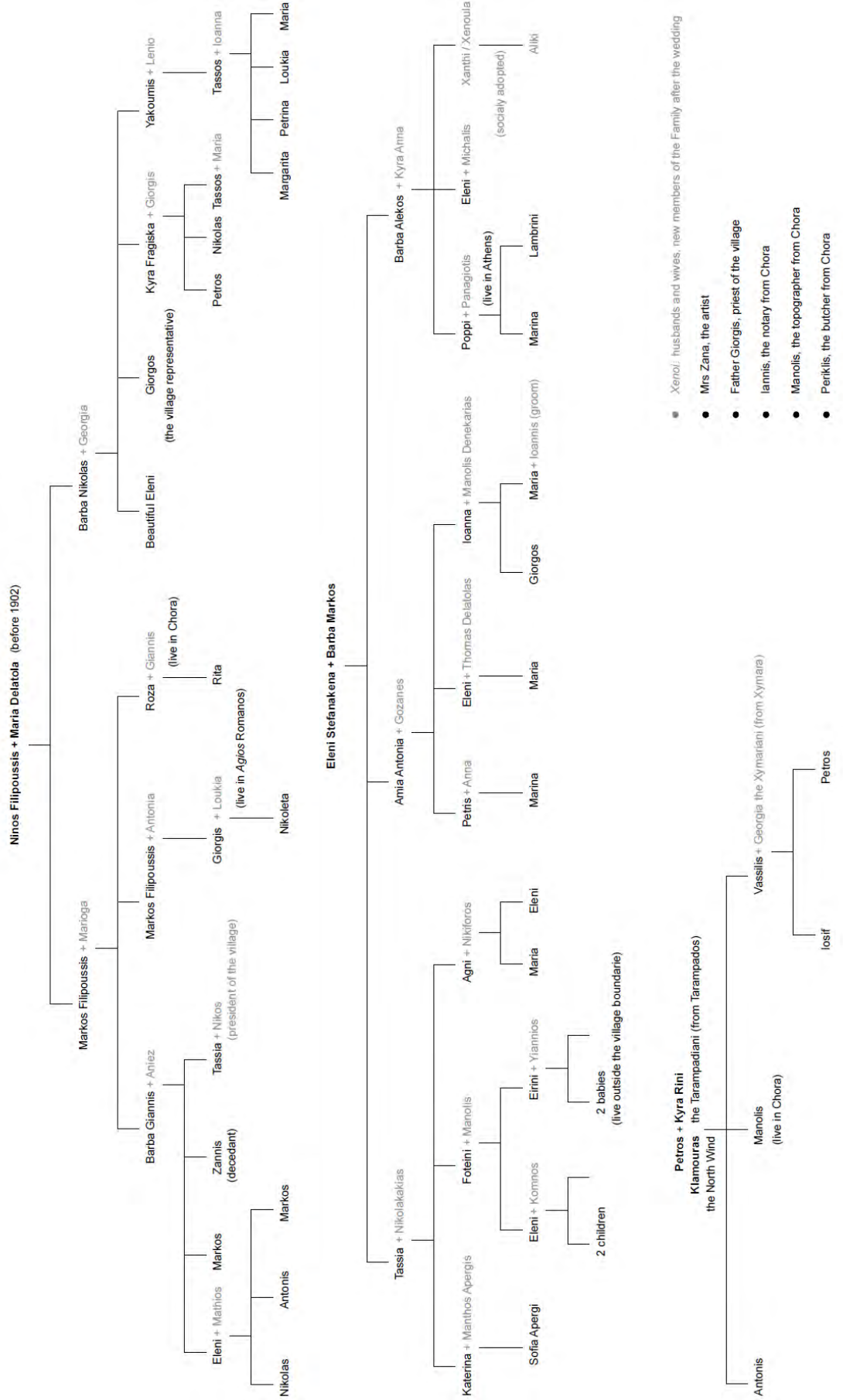
- There is collaboration of the other villagers for the delivery of a calf.
- There is movement of the villagers on *Mera ton Psychon*, termed the day of the souls in Tinos, to the cemetery, through the fields of the village and to the communal room on the boundary of the village.
- Tassos has one of his animals slaughtered.
- A new-born calf is lost and a new one is ordered from the nearby island.
- Tassos loses his beautiful calf.
- A vision of a strange figure responds to Tassos' quest for the lost animal.

Fiction 8: The Day That I Lost You

- Alekos recalls the love story of Eleni and Vassilis.
- After Vassilis started spending time with Eleni he asked permission for her brother's to go out with her and then to marry her.
- Vassilis by eloping with ("stealing") and marrying another woman causes much upheaval in the village.
- The loss of honor for the young Eleni and the loss of pride for the family lead not only to grieving by the brothers, but also incite them to seek revenge.
- The celebration of the festive night of the Carnival in the local *taverna* of the village becomes the place where the two families try to settle the shame that hovers over the village.
- An intense fight starts when a lamp within this space of festivity gets broken and darkness falls over the space.
- Blood and wine fill the floor of the local taverna the evening of the Carnival.
- Years go by and on the day that Eleni returns to the village, she drops by the *caffenio* and comes face to face with Vassilis' brother.

Genealogical Tree

Families in the village's fictional narrative from 1902 - 2017



- Xeroi: husbands and wives, new members of the Family after the wedding
- Mrs Zana, the artist
- Father Giorgis, priest of the village
- Iannis, the notary from Chora
- Manolis, the topographer from Chora
- Petkalis, the butcher from Chora

Part I: Summer Stories

Fictional Narrative 1: My water

This time of year, three weeks before Easter, at the edge of the village, at the boundaries of the garden areas and the village core, down the wide steps, which end up on the peripheral street, the “new well,” as they still call the place where the women of the village do their washing, is echoing sounds of splashing water, female voices, dragging and shoves of big heavy pieces of fabric. It is time to clean the carpets that kept the houses warm and dry. In the vaulted space of the new well, in the middle of the back wall of the room, the faucet is set against a layer of marble covered in places with mold. At the right and left, there are cisterns made of stone surfaces; layers of marble on each side form the space for hand washing pieces of burlap. White powdered soap is thrown on the stone slate floor. The smell of the soap blends with the green olive oil soap that older women still use. Clean fabrics, soaps, rings and watches are usually left on the marble surfaces next to each sink. Red female hands, rough and blistered by the heavy load and the cold water, work intensively on the heavy volumes of fabric. Water flows down the conduits into each basin. Fragiska and Zozefina are chatting on a friendly tone. The new stories of the village are always welcomed with eagerness and curiosity, despite any feeling of stress or discomfort.

Lenio stepped down the wide stone slate surfaces. She was carrying some *koureloudes*¹²² over her shoulder. Her husband had forgotten to carry all the carpets and duvets that were used during the winter when he drove to the washing basins earlier this morning. Right at the time when the first

¹²² See Glossary: carpet woven from rags, patchwork carpets.

rays of sun filled the space early that morning, Lenio stopped at the threshold of the washing room and called out, “Good morning.”

“Good morning, Lenio. What are you washing today, didn’t you finish yesterday?” Katerina asked her.

“Eh, do we ever finish? Today, I brought the small carpets that we have in our bedrooms. Yakoumis carried the bigger *koureloudes* for me. In the summer, we usually lay them over the concrete benches that we have in our courtyard.”

As Lenio was settling and putting her pile of patchwork throws/carpets and fabrics by her side, Fragiska and Zozefina continued their discussion about Antonis, Mathios’ son, and Petris’ niece, Petrina. Marcos, Katerina’s husband, had seen them in the fields together the other day and rumors had spread in the village that something was possibly going on between those two.

“Antonis is a good man and he comes from a good family. He is hard-working. He works with his father and takes care of the animals from early morning till the sun sets. They have their property and a lot of land at Rochi area,” said Zozefina with pride, since she was close to Antonis’ family.

“Yes, he is a good guy, but Petrina is educated. She has spent so many years in Athens studying. What would her father say?” replied Katerina.

“What should he say? This would be the only way to keep her in the village,” Lenio hastily added.

Fragiska interrupted them, plunging her hands in the water. “Ioanna’s daughter is getting married next week; they have already started big preparations at her mother’s house.”

“The priest announced the wedding last Sunday. The entire village is invited to the dinner after the wedding. Since they don’t live in the village anymore, why do they bother having the wedding here?” Zozefina mumbled.

“Eee, she owns her mother’s house, they have property here and the groom, being from Athens, must see the village.” Katerina stepped in the conversation.

“Aaa, the groom is a *xenos*?” Zozefina commented pensively.

“Eee, whom would her daughter marry from the village? There are not many young men her age. Plus, she lives in Athens!” Lenio said.

Heavy footsteps were heard approaching. A young man’s figure was outlined by the glare of the sun. He didn’t enter the room. He stood outside and shouted, “Katerina, do you know where your husband is?”

“Who are you? I cannot see you well with the sun behind you.”

“Iosif.”

Katerina went outside so that she could see clearly.

“Ah, is that you, Iosif? Eh, Manthos is with the animals. He had to move them from the area of Saint Rokos to Saint Romanos now that the weather is getting better. If you don’t find him today, you can catch him tomorrow. He will spend most of his Sunday tomorrow at Saint Georgios chapel. They have an *angaria* to restore part of the church roof and clean the pathway that connects the village to the outlying chapel.

Iosif muttered something under his breath and left abruptly. Katerina was puzzled; she did not understand what was going on. She went back to washing and chatting.

“He was one of Petros Vorias’¹²³ sons, wasn’t he?” Lenio asked with curiosity.

“Yes, it was Petros’ youngest son. But why was he looking for my husband?”

“His mother is from Xynara, isn’t she?” another question from Lenio.

¹²³ See Glossary: Nickname.

“Yes she is, but they raised their family in Athens. Iosif is one of Vassilis’s two sons and as far as I know he decided to return to the island and settle in the village, because he no longer had work in Athens with the crisis,” Zozefina reported.

“Aaaa, you know that they say that Iosif asked his unmarried uncle Manolis to give him the ground floor of his house, the *katoi*. He also wanted to renovate it and live there. His uncle agreed... However rumors say that Iosif aspires to his uncle’s property,” Lenio sounded very well informed about Iosif’s settling in the village.

“As far as I know, work on the island hasn’t been easy for him. For the past eight months, he has been moving from one job to another, because he thinks that no job is good enough for him. But probably he was not good enough for the job”, Zozefina started sharing her knowledge on the issue too.

“What I know is that nevertheless, there is one good thing in his life: Sofia, Apergis’ daughter”, Katerina exposed herself too.

“Aaa, young Sofia, she is a very fine lady in our village!” Lenio exclaimed.

“Sofia is a teacher in Athens but she has been visiting the island often to see her family and for the past couple of months to see Iosif, as well. I know that they are dating, ever since their relationship was at a very early stage. Sofia was a little hesitant to bring Iosif home and introduce him to her father,” Zozefina sounded seriously informed about the mating of the two young people.

“Iosif seems to be struggling with everyday life in the village. Even though his family was very well connected to the village, Iosif hasn’t become very much involved with life here yet. I see him every day passing by my house on his way to his father’s property in Messaria,” Katerina said.

“So every day he goes to work in his father’s gardens in Messaria!” Lenio exclaimed once more.

“Yes! He is starting around ten in the morning and always takes the long path going downhill, passing by Saint Sofia.¹²⁴ Sometimes he crosses and cuts through Delatolas’ fields and goes down by the gorge. The first thing he does when he reaches the family property is to check the water supply. This family property, which his grandfather had bequeathed to all his children, has been very fertile. There are big walnut trees on the property and a beautiful fresh water spring flowing from the high rocks.” Zozefina’s description and information left the others silent for some time. However, this didn’t prevent Lenio from adding:

“You know that my husband has land in Messaria. Eh, as you may also know, water from this spring, which falls down to the gully among huge rocks and walnut trees, fills their reservoirs adjacent to the gully, at the edge of the family property. They serve as the source of irrigation for several of the family’s pieces of land, not just the property of Iosif’s father. As far as my husband has told me, Iosif has been intensively engaged in taking care of his father’s melon field that is adjacent to his uncles’ fields. As he heard, he has recently started to complain that someone is taking his time of the water flow.”

Preparing to leave, Katerina shouted out loud:

“Is this why he is looking for my husband? We have land close to their land!”

Katerina left earlier and the two other women continued talking.

“Why are they doing the angaria in Saint Georgios? When I was young “we were the ones responsible for the angaria, we were forced to do so by the municipality. The municipality was fixing the streets, the public ones, so someone had to do the paydays,” said Zozefina, who was the oldest one in the *plystres*.

“Yes, you were obliged to do how many, six paydays?” Lenio added.

¹²⁴ A small outlying chapel.

“This happened in every field, they were doing public projects, public streets, they were cleaning paths”, Zozefina said nostalgically.

“It was at the time of the last president of Junta¹²⁵ wasn't it?” Lenio asked.

“Was it in 1965?”¹²⁶ Zozefina wondered.

Lenio, even though she had arrived later than the others, managed to finish all her work earlier than Zozefina. She started to place her clean carpets and patchwork over the stone walls that formed the boundaries of Katerina's house opposite the washing room across the peripheral street. Soon, there was a fabric surface colourfully covering most of the rough surface of the stone wall between Katerina's house and her garden. The sun was very hot and right overhead, so the carpets would take no more than one or two days to dry.

Lenio cleaned up the area where she was washing the carpets and got ready to leave. Zozefina was waiting for her husband to help her carry the carpets and lay them out over their terraces or in the sunny parts of their courtyard for them to dry.

While she was waiting, Katerina showed up, walking hastily towards them. “Good afternoon. Whose carpets are hanging all over my wall?” Katerina asked.

“Lenio's carpets, Katerina. She left a few minutes ago,” Zozefina replied, relieved that she hadn't chosen to dry her carpets on Katerina's wall. Katerina, without any further comment, walked back to the village core, passing by her house and her colorful garden walls.

Lenio had just reached her house, when somebody knocked on her kitchen door, at the side of the house that overlooked a narrow alleyway. Lenio had started to set the table for lunch waiting for her husband, Yakoumis. When she opened the door, she came to her surprise face to face with Katerina, “Good afternoon. Come upstairs.”

¹²⁵ The Greek Military Dictatorship of 1967 – 1974. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Greek_military_junta_of_1967%E2%80%931974

¹²⁶ Interview 2, Cleaning and the new square, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali, Kampos, August 18th, 2015, Appendix 2, pp. 27-28.

“No, *Kyra* Lenio, I will not come upstairs. I just wanted to ask you why you laid out your carpets on my walls. *Would you like me to come and hang my laundry into your house?*¹²⁷ There are so many walls that do not belong to anyone all around. Please come and move them somewhere else,” Katerina said and immediately went back down the concrete stairs that led to the street.

Lenio answered casually:

“*E you know us, the older women...*” putting her hand on her waist “*I will go now collect them.*¹²⁸

But why are they bothering you? These walls face the communal street, too.”

“They bother me because they are in front of my house,” Katerina was upset and walked nervously and pensively. On her way back home, where the main street of the village meets the alleyway, which leads down to her house and the washing rooms, she came across Iosif talking with Marcos, but she didn’t stop. She could see Marcos was upset because he was shouting at Iosif. “*Tell your father to go to hell and never bother me again.*”

“*And when do I have water?*”¹²⁹ Iosif complained.

“You do not have to tell me which day I am supposed to take water from the spring. I have my contracts. Do not tell me that Tuesday is my day,” Marcos was furious.

“I will do so, since you are taking my water!”

¹²⁷ Interview 9, Kampos washing rooms, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: This was such a lively and openly descriptive narrative about the women's labor when cleaning the carpets at the village. Especially when a conflict between the two women is described, there is a theatrical expression in the voice and gestures that are used that makes that narration feel like it talks about a current situation instead of the past, particularly considering that one of the ladies involved has passed away. Kampos, September 12th, 2016, Appendix, pp. 32-33.

¹²⁸Ibid.

¹²⁹ Interview 4, Conflict, trans. from Greek, Maria Vidali for the needs of this PhD. Comment: In this interview, talking about water in the village with a couple that was living in the village, I was really impressed how there was tension, how gestures became more vivid and how the man's voice heightened when he was narrating the conflict about the water, particularly the one he was involved in that had to do with his own water. Kampos, January 2nd, 2016, Appendix, pp. 29.

“You don’t know anything about the water or your own contract.” Marcos said and turned angrily his back at Iosif. The two of them separated, taking the way to their homes without saying goodbye.

Iosif seemed lost, but still ready to fight anyone and anything that would threaten his family’s property. One day, after having fenced the boundaries of his small melon garden and feeling proud about it, he had started measuring the running water for his garden and began to think that there is not enough water left in the reservoir for him to use after his uncles’ days and hours of water flow. He became upset and then went on to check and measure even the size of his field. Eventually, he came to the conclusion that, according to his father’s contract, his field should be bigger. Who was taking his water and who had encroached on his land? His mind began to imagine all sorts of strange scenarios and complicated stories. So, without losing any time, that afternoon, after he had checked the reservoir again, he went back to his melon field. He then again checked the boundaries with his uncles’ adjacent property. Then, he decided to find first the non-relatives, who also had hoses connected to the same spring, thus sharing the water. Manthos had the right to use the water after Iosif’s turn on Tuesdays and then Marcos on Fridays. Marcos had just denied his accusations.

The next morning was a Sunday and the bells of Holy Trinity’s Church started sounding from 9 o’clock for the mass that started at 10. This Sunday, the villagers had an *angaria* to do. *Angaries* are always done on Sundays, when most of the villagers are available. That Sunday morning, after the mass, most of the men and some women of the village took the path that leads to Saint Georgios chapel. All the exterior walls of the chapel had to be stripped and cleaned out. The courtyard of the chapel needed to become wider to host more people on the day of the chapel’s festival. There was also other construction work to be done. The professional builder of the village would give instructions to the other men, both young and old, who were there to help.

Manthos arrived at the site a little later, after he had finished caring for all of his animals. When he arrived, most of the work had already been allocated: heavier work to the younger men and

lighter work to the older ones. Manthos stayed with the group that was preparing the concrete for a new slab for the extended courtyard of the chapel. They had a small cement mixer. Someone was throwing in the cement. Someone else was shoveling in the gravel and someone else was pouring in the water while the machine was mixing the cement.

It was around 1 o'clock. The sun had started to warm up the stones around the chapel. Right at that point, the pre-arranged caretakers of the church¹³⁰ and their wives arrived at the site with big pans of bread, cheese, olives and tomatoes and a bigger one with honeyed *loukoumades*. It was time for lunch and the men started gathering at one side of the church under a small, narrow line of shade.

They had a view to Smardakito valley on one side of the chapel and the villages of Krokos and Koumaros far away on the opposite hill, as well as a good view of their village in the background on the other side. Suddenly, they noticed at some distance a figure approaching from the beginning of the pathway among the fields adjacent to the west side of the village. Everybody wondered who that might be since he didn't look familiar. After passing by Marcos' field and storage space with the fig tree on the side, which obscured their view of the stranger, Manthos suspected who this person might be, having heard his wife's comments the other day. Sure enough, it was Iosif, who arrived breathless and nervous. It was obvious that he was searching for someone among the men. Marcos, one of the caretakers of the church, welcomed him despite their controversy the previous day and offered him some bread and cheese. Iosif refused and walked towards Manthos.

"Hi Iosif. Will you join us today to fix the church and extend its courtyard?" Manthos asked him politely.

"Can we talk?" Iosif said abruptly.

¹³⁰ The people whose turn was to take care of the church.

The two men walked towards the side of the church, while their fellow villagers were looking at each other pensively with dry suspicious smiles on their faces.

“I came here to speak to you because you are taking my water,” Iosif added angrily.

“Iosif, be careful what you say. You are insulting me. I have not taken your water. I take as much time as my contract stipulates.” Manthos replied steadily.

“I am not lying. Each time I go to my field the next morning after each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, the days that you are allowed to direct the water of the spring towards your field, my reservoir is nearly empty. I am sure that you are going there earlier and take time of the flow that belongs to me,” said Iosif furiously, while his voice was resounding to the other side of the chapel where their fellow villagers had their lunch. One of them made a motion with his head to the others whether they should approach the two men just in case anger and misjudgment would come out of control.

“Iosif, that is ridiculous. My contracts say that I can take water from the same spring as you do every Tuesday and Saturday from 5 o’clock in the afternoon until 7 o’clock in the evening and this is what I have always done for many years. Even before you came to the village,” said Manthos very seriously. He looked at Iosif with a severe expression on his face, while his hands, nervously frozen, gave out signs that he was holding -or rather restricting- his temper.

Iosif left even more upset than he was when he had arrived. He left without greeting anyone; possibly he didn’t want anyone to see his red face, as he was holding back his anger, too. Apparently he had decided, although abruptly, to solve the mystery regarding who was taking his water. Even though it was lunch time, he didn’t hesitate to go visit one of his uncles. None of them lived in the village except for Antonis, who usually worked early afternoon in his field, which was adjacent to Iosif’s field. Before Iosif reached the end of the path that connected the fields with the village’s regional street, he saw his uncle Manolis' car. The beginning of the peripheral street of the village joined the island’s main street at the southwest of the village. He

had managed to catch a glimpse of his uncle's car behind the curves and small hills of the street. He started running despite the gravel and stones underfoot and the rocky areas of the path. He wanted to catch his uncle before he walked down the narrow path towards Messaria, where he usually would go to feed his cows.

His uncle stopped his car on the peripheral street, close to the first set of steps of stones and rocks that went down the slope that lead to the path to Messaria. There, the view of the Exombourgon rock was set against with the Exombourgo at the background and Xynara at the foreground, the village of Loutra, at a much lower level than Kampos and Messaria. Iosif started shouting at him and, even though his voice wouldn't come out strong as he was out of breath, silence and the lack of wind allowed his uncle to hear him. His uncle, calm and expressionless, turned slowly towards him. He waited for Iosif to reach him, watching him running against the background of the village and the east fields. Still running and breathless, Iosif started to shout,

“You are taking my water and my reservoir is nearly empty.”

His uncle, after waiting for him to come closer, looked at him straight in the eye and asked:

“How can I take your water since the time allocated for me to use the flow of water is before yours?”

“According to the contracts,” Iosif replied nervously, “I should be using the flow of water that was associated with the 60 sq. metre garden that my grandfather gave to my father.”

“Well, yes, this 60 sq. metre garden was inherited by your father later on. But there is another contract for the water. This contract connected the water source with my land and your uncle John's land,” Manolis replied controllably calmly despite his surprise to the words of his nephew.

“That is unfair. There is no such contract and I am certain that someone is taking my water.” Iosif was starting to sound in despair, as if he was trying to solve a mystery that perhaps did not even exist. He nervously walked in front of his uncle and jumped down the rocky steps of the path so that he would avoid walking next to his uncle all the way down to Messaria. He reached his

father's piece of land by the gully much sooner than his old uncle, who was walking down the slope carrying a poke with corn to feed his sheep. In their property, the water flow was heavy at that time of year after the winter rains. Big walnut trees and other plants hid the source of the spring of the water that flowed through an opening in the rock. The water flow followed a long stream down to the gully, finding the ditches at each villager's field, with the valves open or closed, according to the villagers' contracts and their rights with respect to the use of the flow of water.

While Iosif was gazing at the flowing water, his uncle, Manolis, arrived. He carefully and slowly stepped down to the edge of the terrace, holding an empty bamboo basket, looking at his garden's products with curiosity. Iosif ran towards him abruptly shouting, "You have to help me find out who is taking my water."

"Nobody takes your water, Iosif. The water falls down the gully. Water will fill your reservoir the days and hours you are entitled to use its flow. But if you are not there to change the valve to redirect the water from your neighbor's ditch to yours, his reservoir will overflow and your reservoir will get less water."

"And why is my reservoir, or actually my father's reservoir, empty?" Iosif asked furiously.

"Because you need to be here and change the water flow at the time that your contract stipulates, by opening the valve of your ditch, you silly man," Manolis exclaimed. But no sooner had Manolis been able to catch a breath after his last words, when he was completely taken aback: Iosif, red, furious, his eyes ready to pop out, lost control and gave Manolis a strong punch in the face.

Iosif had unleashed all the anger that he felt because of this mystery that had to do with water. Was it all? Iosif, more surprised than his uncle by his loss of temper, left feeling embarrassment, anger and shame as if somebody was chasing him, leaving old Manolis feeling queasy and quite helpless. When Manolis returned to the village thoughtful and sad because of his nephew's

behavior, the news spread rapidly throughout the village. He had passed in front of the café at the *choreftra* and all the villagers sitting there at that time realized, seeing his swollen eye, that something strange had happened.

The next day, Iosif disappeared from village life. He went to stay at his father's house by the seaside, on the west side of the island. In the following week, the gossips about his argument with his uncle started to settle down, as they were replaced by talks about the preparations for Maria's wedding that following Saturday.

On Monday, the women in Maria's family and their female friends started to prepare the sweets for the wedding day. Women got together in groups of three or four to prepare the sweets in their kitchens, to have them ready on time. In the kitchens, all the women gossiped about everything except their own family issues, so the story of Iosif was a major topic of conversation while they were preparing the sweets. The wedding sweets included *pasteli*, *xerotigana*, *marenges* and many other kinds of sweets.

Maria, the bride, was in charge of all decorations of the church and the village for the wedding day, while her younger brother arranged who would shoot the *triboni*, a big and noisy rifle fired on wedding days. Gunshots were a custom on festive occasions, but Maria was upset with her brother because she didn't want to give a scare to the groom and her new family members. On Tuesday, Maria's father confirmed the arrangements for the violinists, who would be accompanying his daughter from her family home, with the groom, to the church. Wednesday and Thursday, Katerina made sure that all the preparations went smoothly and that the guests for the wedding had settled comfortably in the village or in *Chora*. On Friday night, Maria's family gave a big party in Maria's new house in Chora to welcome the groom, his family and his friends that had all come from Athens for the wedding.

That party was a customary festive gathering, where the bed of the newlyweds is prepared, made and decorated by young, unmarried girls. On that day, the groom had traditionally the right to

enter the bedroom and unmake the bed. At the end, when the bed was perfectly made up, flower petals were thrown on it, together with money from the family and friends. Maria's family wanted to be hospitable and ensure that their guests felt welcomed and comfortable and the party lasted until early morning hours with traditional dancing and local music. Even so, the next morning all the family was up at around daybreak. Everything was cleaned and polished in Maria's family house in the village and its courtyard. The streets, which would lead the bride and groom to the church, were cleaned and painted with white lime on their edges. It was 3 o'clock when the preparations of the bride started. The beautician and the hairdresser were already at the house, when then friends of the family and the bride started to arrive. This marked the beginning of the official preparation and dressing of the bride. The bedrooms of this typical village house were so small and dark that all the preparation of the bride was being done in the big *sala*. Maria's brother, Giorgis, put the music on and her father started to offer *raki* and local sweets to all family and friends that were visiting the house. "*Today, we have a wedding, we have a wedding in a beautiful garden, in a beautiful garden, today, the daughter says goodbye to the mother.*"¹³¹ Young girls, family and friends filled the house, sitting in the courtyard, the dining room and the *sala* while delicacies and plenty of *raki* were served continuously.

Just before the last details were finished on the bride's hair and makeup, she put on her wedding dress, after being squeezed in the tiny, dark bedroom of her late grandmother by her unmarried girlfriends. After a few minutes, shouts, laughter and clapping were heard behind the door of the small bedroom and Maria came out, shining in her white fairy-like dress, as tears were running down the eyes of Ioanna and Manolis, her parents.

The entire village was invited to the wedding. Some of the villagers were waiting at the entrance of the village by the main street, ready to accompany the violinists, the groom, his family and other guests to Maria's house. Despite Maria's disagreement, her brother was helping his friend

¹³¹ Original song title: *Σήμερα γάμος γίνεται*. A traditional song of the Cyclades typically played during the bride's preparation in the village.

Nikos with the detonation of the *triboni* on the terrace of the adjacent house, so that they could enjoy this traditional custom at a distance from the groom, the bride and the guests.

Most of the villagers were gathered on the street below Maria's house waiting for the bride to come down with her family, while the groom would arrive accompanied by the violinists. They were all in front of the *choreftra* that in the past served as the main public area of the village, surrounded by Saint Catherine's Orthodox Church, the village's coffee house and other houses, including Katerina's. Maria, together with her family, came down the stairs of their house joined by the applause of her fellow villagers, family and friends. The groom had arrived accompanied by the local violinist, while his notes reached every single house in the village. The two families greeted each other and among laughter and wishes well, Manolis awkwardly delivered his daughter, Maria, to the groom, Iannis. Then, all together, accompanied by the violinists, their guests and fellow villagers, they made their way down the street to the church while some other villagers and guests were waiting in the pebbled courtyard of Holy Trinity church.

The ceremony in Holy Trinity's Church was a beautiful, bright moment for the couple and their families. The space of the church had been majestically decorated with flowers, candles and a chandelier. After the ceremony, all the villagers and guests gathered, as planned, to the new square, just a few meters away from the church, by the main village street, so as to be offered *raki* and all the local sweets so carefully made by the women in the past week. It was one of the very few times in the year when the new square was also beautifully decorated with flowers and candles to host the big event. Shortly before sunset, most of the guests made their way to *Chora*, the big hotel where the wedding reception would take place in a way and style that seemed more familiar to the younger people of the village and those who had grown up away from the village.

When the village emptied of its inhabitants, peace reigned in the streets. With nightfall, the public lights switched on. Three dark figures were moving silently. They passed by the *choreftra*, then the new square, moved towards Holy Trinity's Church and walked rapidly towards the south end

of the village. They didn't speak or use any lights. The group of three were headed toward Messaria and made their way towards Iosif's father's field and the spring. Iosif was among them. Keeping his voice low but speaking quickly, he started giving instructions to the other two. That night, with all the villagers attending the wedding celebration, Iosif had decided to block the water flow in the gully at different points with wood and stones as it descended towards Loutra. This way, it would flow unequally into the properties and cause discontent and arguments among the villagers. He thought that this would make everyone feel the way he felt about the loss of his water. The water was cold and the steep gully surrounded by big stones and rocks made their work even more difficult in the darkness. Despite the darkness of the night and the unfriendliness of the gully, where wild plants and cold water discouraged this act, Iosif managed using torches and heeding his anger to execute his plan. After an hour, the only thing that could be heard was the water of the spring falling in the gully and filling the small dams that Iosif and his accomplices had created. The water of the spring would have to travel much longer to reach the village of Loutra.

Sunday morning found the villagers of Kampos in a different mood than usual. Earlier that morning, Nikolas, who had property consisting of two terraces of land and a garden in Messaria, went to direct the flow of the water into his garden tank through his hoses, so that there would be plenty for his gardens for the rest of the days until Wednesday. He got quite a shock when he realized that the flow of the water was less than any other time. He also soon realized that his neighbor's reservoir, from which he had to divert the direction of the water flow, was empty.

Although the previous evening most of them had been dancing and enjoying their fellow villager's wedding, early in the morning villagers were already talking tensely about the fact that the flow of the water, which usually reached the reservoir of Nikolas every Sunday at 8 o' clock in the morning, had changed and the flow had weakened. The rumors reached Nikiforos' coffee shop earlier than Sunday mass.

Nikolas came in touch with Vassilis, his neighbor, who was using the water flow before him and whose reservoir was empty, too. Then Vassilis found Antonis, who had the right to the water flow the previous night, and whose reservoir was half empty. Then, they found Manthos, who had the right to the water flow before Antonis and whose reservoir was full. Then, they searched for Iosif whose father owned time of the flow of the water before them every Saturday and Tuesday, but Iosif was nowhere to be found. Manthos was the first person to suspect Iosif, followed by his uncles, Antonis and Manolis. But they kept their suspicions to themselves. This silent suspicion simmered underneath the surface among the village's groups of men and discussions at the *caffenio*, but nothing was said because of respect for the family. Besides, there was no proof to accuse anyone.

“We have to go and destroy the dams made of wood and stones in the gully, I remember our father made us clean it up every week when we were young,” mumbled Manolis drinking his coffee at the *caffenio* that day.

“Eeee, it is spring, you do not have to worry about heavy rains, we have time till October,” said his brother Antonis, rather bored.

“They said that there may be showers tonight.” Petris’ voice was heard from the back of the room.

“There is clear sky and visibility both from the east and west, who told you that?” Manolis sounded upset with this prospective scenario.

“My daughter told me so; she saw it on the Internet. I do not know how to use this thing but she does,” Petris replied slowly and pensively.

And then silence, none of the three men, including Nikofos, the *caffenio* owner, seemed willing to accept that information coming from the Internet; this would mean a lot of trouble and great upheaval for the entire village. Silence prevailed and the warm sun early in the afternoon melted any kind of worry in the minds of the three men. Later in the evening, most of the villagers stayed

home, tired from the previous night's celebration, watching the news on TV, waiting for the weather forecast. A big flash and then the sound of a thunder announced the weather at the village before the news on TV. Every farmer's chest started to pound hard; they knew that the gully had been blocked. The rain started to fall endlessly becoming heavier as the time passed and the thunderbolts didn't encourage anyone to leave home to go check. The memory of old *Barba* Iannis found burned on his mule by a thunderbolt many years ago held everyone at home.

The first light reached Kampos at 6.25 a.m. and found most of the farmers already at the fields in Messaria.

"Chaos, that's a disaster!" Manolis hardly managed to spell out.

"*Panagia mou,*" exclaimed Nikolas holding his head. Hiding his face, tears started to run from Manolis' eyes, when he saw his sheep drifted by the water. The water had destroyed the boundary walls of his field and had drowned them further down in the gully.

Overnight, the endless, heavy rain caused the overflow of the water of the spring, which travelled with force along the gully towards the village of Loutra. The dams that Iosif had created the previous night, not being able to predict the change of the weather, didn't allow the water to escape. The gully was blown by the rain water and the force of the water coming from the spring destroyed the boundary stonewalls that were supporting the fields against the gully. The water flooded the fields, destroyed the crops and drowned Manolis' sheep.

Monday morning found the village in lament. The whole week passed with the village mourning for the disaster, for the lost animals, the lost crops, the lost boundary walls. The government promised a financial support for all reported damage because of Sunday night's thunders, which had stricken all the Cyclades. Nevertheless, the overruling desolation brought to light the hidden rumors about who might have caused this damage apart from the bad weather. However, there was no clear evidence that Iosif had created the dams at the gully.

The week went by and the preparations for Easter made the villagers forget about their sadness by getting into different type of tasks. The men had to slaughter the lambs and the woman had to prepare the typical Easter sweets, such as *tyropites* and *skepasti*, both made of honey and spicy cheese. The older women would make the *kouloures*, a type of a bread in the abstract shape of a body with a red egg on one edge. On Good Friday, one of the women of the village would represent the suffering Mary and her heartbreak for her crucified son. The whole village community would attend mass. On Sunday, the president of the village society had made arrangements so that all the villagers could prepare, roast and eat the lamb all together in the *leschi*, the big room at the edge of the village by the main street that was owned by the church. Over the past years, more and more old people lived by themselves in the village, so a communal meal on this day was something that everyone enjoyed, either joining in with their families or by themselves. Nevertheless, that Easter was different as compared to other years for the villagers of Kampos. Despite all the preparations, all the farmers with fields in Messaria had to report the damage to their property and deliver this report to the municipality. In vain, some of the farmers tried to save their crops with the help of the agronomist. Only one man mysteriously didn't seem to care about his property and the condition of his field: Iosif.

Easter Monday, the day after Easter Sunday, that year¹³² was the celebration of St Georgios' Chapel. The celebration would be bigger that year, considering that it was both the name day of the chapel's patron saint and that the villagers wanted to enjoy the renewed chapel that they themselves had renovated by their voluntary work, the *angaria*, which they had done three weeks ago.

Around 5:30 in the afternoon, the village community took the path at the east side of the village among the fields, the storage rooms and the threshing rooms by the village wind mills to reach

¹³² St Georgios' celebration is a moving holiday that depends on Easter, which takes place on a different date each year according to the moon's cycle.

the outlying chapel. The yard of the chapel was large enough to welcome more people now. Inside, the small one-aisled basilica of St Georgios was decorated with spring flowers and lit up candles. Two side walls inclined inwards, reducing the width of the ceiling and thereby creating a bearing vault, which made the little chapel's atmosphere welcoming and warm.

Spring had added colors and scents to the surrounding landscape of the outlying chapel. Among the blooming fields, the chapel's courtyard was now full of visitors and guests, not only from Kampos, but also people who lived in Athens or other villages. Soon, Maria arrived, with her husband and family. Antonis, Manolis and Manthos, with their families were there, too. Suddenly, far away on the pathway, a figure of a man was seen walking hesitantly towards the chapel. Soon, Iosif was among the villagers, timid and with his head bowed. He walked slowly, avoiding meeting the eyes or shaking hands with the other villagers and wishing them well for the Holy Easter days and the Resurrection of Christ. Everybody knew what had happened, but all of them preferred at that moment to look as they are forgiving, but not forgetting. The mass was followed by a procession, which took the route of the pathways that surrounded mostly the northeast part of the village among the fields. Leading the procession, one of the villagers was holding the banner/flag of the Resurrection. He was followed by the priest, the villagers who chanted and the rest of the villagers. That year, Xanthi, the foreign lady who worked at the museum, was for the first time there among the villagers. She was joined by *Kyra* Anna, who looked very protective and caring about the young woman. After the procession returned to the chapel, *raki* was offered in the courtyard of the small chapel, together with the traditional Easter sweets. Iosif found comfort by sitting next to Sofia, whose cheeks had taken a permanent red color, the red of shyness of exposing love or rather shame about what her beloved had allegedly done? Iosif was offered sweets and *raki* and remained hidden at one of the corners of the new courtyard; he knew that may be one day his action would be forgiven by the villagers, maybe by God, but it would never be forgotten.

Interpretation

This narrative takes place in the present. It demonstrates how water is used and distributed in the village, the meaning of communal spaces and the sharing of life events. In Kampos, there is private, communal and public water; water as a boundary creates a different situation each time. Private water is reflected on the villagers' contracts as the ownership of the flow of water from the local spring of the village on specific days and for a specified period during the week. There is of course another form of private water, which concerns owners of private wells in their fields. Communal water is the water that the villagers share in communal spaces of the village, such as the laundry rooms and small water reservoirs, where they allow their animals to drink. Public water is the water that the villagers use in their houses, provided by the island's water supply network. Conflicts with respect to water and issues of ownership in general arise, presenting various areas of negotiation for the villagers of Kampos, while at the same time mating and wedding as a life event has a predominant place in the gossips and the discussions of the village.

The well

Water in this fictional story first appears as a communal good in the village at a place where nowadays women still wash their carpets or heavy fabrics: the laundry rooms or *plystres*. The laundry rooms or the so-called well of Kampos are located in the north, at the outskirts of the village, next to the gardens and fields. One hundred meters farther north taking the path behind the well, towards Tarampos, we come across the old well, the source of one of the village's springs. A few meters away from "the well" at the west, close to *amaxotos*, there are some other *plystres* called *Kyrmak* which were used in the past by the women at the west end of the village when this was far more populated. The *plystres* used nowadays are next to the peripheral street that surrounds the village and connects it with the main road street of the island. This new street has been a great help for the villagers, because this way they can connect with the core of the village

from any side. The peripheral and recently constructed street allows them to carry heavy loads closer to their houses without having to pass through the core of the village carrying them in their hands.

All around the village, there are water reservoirs along the pathways leading to the fields to quench the thirst of passing herds. Leaving the core of the village houses and the *plystres* behind us, we find hoses along the pathways connected with the gardens and the fields. These hoses are connected to the village's central water spring and establish a time relationship with water for as long as the connection remains. This expresses the private use of water in everyday life. The washing rooms are also referred to as 'the well' as compared to the old well/washing rooms located by the pathway at the northwest of the village. However, water of both wells comes from the same spring. Women gather at the well in the middle of spring to clean the carpets and heavy fabrics that were used during winter time. They will be cleaned and stored until next winter. Some of the women ask their husbands to carry them to the basins by car. Women, whose houses are in the core of the village, carry their heavy load on their backs and shoulders, stepping down the wide steps which connect this end of the village with its core. Just like rooms in the female domain connected with cleaning and reproduction, which are dark and humid in the house, such as the kitchen and the storage room,¹³³ the laundry rooms at the edge of the village let sunlight only from the open vault that forms a big opening and the main entrance. The laundry rooms are women's communal space mainly used in the mornings, where women develop and nurture a part of their social life connected with the *nikokyrio*, the cleaning, the purification of things and the good image of their house. It is the place where village life is discussed. It is also a place, where women will compete amongst themselves for their courage, effort and methods of cleanliness. However, the laundry rooms still remain a communal space for all the villagers connected to the communal use of the water.

From my personal experience, gossiping offers a type of connection in the village, sharing common "ground". This network of relationships creates stories, the village's stories, sometimes more or less fictional, which prolong and extend the social network of the village within everyday life. From a different

¹³³ Pierre Bourdieu, *Η αίσθηση της πρακτικής*, μετάφραση-επιστημονική θεώρηση Θεόδωρος Παραδέλλης, (Εκδόσεις Αλεξάνδρεια, 2006), pp. 415-420.

point of view, Dubisch explains that “the result of the continual battle between secrecy and curiosity that is waged between the various families, for where there is a high value on secrecy, any attempt to violate this secrecy is seen as a manifestation of hostility,”¹³⁴ “it is more or less impossible for any group of women who share a common background and a number of mutual acquaintances meet and talk for any length of time without falling into it.”¹³⁵ The ‘well’ becomes a space where the village’s stories are reproduced, without however referring to stories of the families present in the space of the well.

The communal wall

Leaving the carpets to dry on one of the walls that delineate the house property of Katerina becomes an element of conflict. Lenio views the wall as communal property, considering that it borders on the communal path. Katerina, in addition to the fact that these carpets hang on the wall that is a boundary of her own property, is also annoyed because these carpets affect the view of her house and the good image that is related to the social aspect of her property and household. Katerina moves to the core of the village and stands at the bottom threshold of Lenio’s house at the point, where the street of the village meets the first steps, which lead to Lenio’s threshold and kitchen - a boundary in-between the communal world of the village and the private area of the family world. However, Katerina stands closer to the communal realm. Evidently, there is a double perception of the wall as both private and communal, but the wall’s properties apparently also change, when covered by Lenio’s carpets and when empty, it becomes a boundary wall for Katerina’s property. So this is the time when their conflict and negotiation starts for both as *nikokyres*, women who are “concerned with maintaining boundaries and mediating between realms” as Dubisch explains, but also “transforming substances suitable for one realm into those proper for another” as they

¹³⁴Jill Dubisch, “Culture Enters through the Kitchen: Women, Food, and Social Boundaries in Rural Greece”, in Jill Dubisch (ed.), *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1986) p.202.

¹³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 205.

usually do into their kitchens.¹³⁶ According to Salamone and Stanton “the *nikokyrio* - its perpetuation and aggrandizement - is the organisational focus of the nuclear family,” however “women’s social prestige, like that of their husbands, rests on the public recognition of the household’s success.”¹³⁷ We can see clearly in this daily conflict what Salamone and Stanton again explain, that “the concept of public prestige, as realized through the ideal of *nikokyrio*, is no longer applied exclusively to males, thereby affirming the real influence of women in village life and the fact, especially recognized in the small community, that women too gain public prestige which is often equal too, and sometimes greater than, that of their husbands.”¹³⁸

On the village street

At the crossroad, where the main village street meets the street which leads to the new well and Katerina’s house, just below the *camara* that houses the top part of *Kyra Anna*’s dining room, Marcos meets Iosif. The approximately one meter-wide street joins the two villagers that cannot escape the meeting. The village’s main street, a communal space for random encounters among villagers, becomes also the place where boundaries are negotiated as those of water ownership between Marcos and Iosif. The boundaries of what is common and what is private between Marcos and Iosif also become negotiable, including what is common and what is private according to Lenio’s and Katerina’s different perception of things. There is a conflict between them. According to their narration, this conflict too was caused by the lack of Iosif’s understanding of water as property and the rivalry about his rights, for which he is all the more not very certain.

¹³⁶ Ibid., p.208.

¹³⁷ S.D. Salamone and J.B. Stanton, “Introducing the *Nikokyra*: Ideality and Reality in Social Process”, in Jill Dubisch (ed.), *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1986), p.98.

¹³⁸ Ibid., p.99.

Apart from the water, the contract regarding the ownership of water is also an issue in their conflict. Contracts, covenants and *legata*¹³⁹ have since long ago represented water as property only through time. Water is *to agathon*. Nobody can own it; what they can own is time to use the water. In handwritten contracts of 1820, as well as in present-time contracts, the use of water may be defined as “...water will come when the sun reaches the floor of the diocese, on the third Sunday; in the afternoon, when the sun casts its shadow on a pigeon house in Messaria to Sotira.” Or another contract: “the Diocese will have water in the morning of Monday until the second Wednesday morning (two days and two nights) and the second morning of the second Friday until Saturday morning (a day and a night).”¹⁴⁰ So the water can create significant disputes and arguments since the direction of its flow and count of time either contractual or not, create space for negotiation within the family and the community core. On the other hand, water is described and perceived in a certain way by a bearer and a heir, who both develop a communal perception and understanding of the value of water as flow and time.

The common understanding of water as property in the village, but also as “a common good,” not measured as matter but as time -in the contracts and covenants-, but also the creation of conflicts and agreements, lead to a long discourse regarding ownership. This discourse involves conflicts and agreements based on the prolonged use of the flow of water, beyond the time limits set by each owner’s contract. For example, in Messaria’s gully, there are a lot of pipes and ditches that connect the running water from the spring to the other villagers’ fields. These pipes and ditches divert the water for irrigation according to their owner’s contract. The time and days are recorded and specified in each owner’s contract. The repetitive, time scheduled tasks and events create a different kind of ownership for villagers, identifiable only through time and claimed through the weekly or daily visits to the water spring, to change the direction of the spring’s

¹³⁹ Marcos Foskolos, *Το κτηματολόγιο των εκκλησιών της Τήνου και η καταγραφή των λεγάτων τους*, p.16-17, Legate is: the first attempt to create *ktimatologio* on the island in 1700, in response to the control that bishop Giustiniani wanted to achieve. Also the same investigator, in a personal interview and based on his study in the archives of the Catholic Diocese says that legate of the institution involved in the inheritance law, the Church (Byzantine and Local Coupling Latin) law, and the guilt law. While on other islands, as Naxos, the local law in connection with the acquisition of land is far more clear, in Tinos this connection has not been clear. Trans. from Greek for this PhD by Maria Vidali.

¹⁴⁰Files/ Αρχείο AKT, φακ.19, εσ. 6 –Κτήματα.

water flow towards each villager's property. This discourse involves a conflict and agreement based on the prolonged use of the flow of water, beyond the time limits set by each owner's contract. The different perception of time in relation to the ownership of water creates conflicts and agreements, both in the private and communal use of water in the village.

As mentioned in the introduction, issues related to water unveils different situations in Kampos, considering that there is communal, private and public water; water as a boundary creates a different situation each time. Water first appears as a communal good in the village, a place where nowadays women wash their carpets or heavy fabrics at the *plystres* of the village, then as private within contracts and water flow agreements - this type of water is also called *potistika nera* because it is used mainly for watering their gardens-, there is also private water in the form of a well that a few of the villagers have into their properties; finally, water is also a "public good" through the municipal water supply at the village's houses. The common understanding of the three different aspects of water as property in the village, but also as "a common good", not measured in terms of quantity but in terms of time, create another discourse regarding ownership.

Going through documentation about water rights in Europe, including references to water rights in the U.S.A., as well as how people address water ownership as recorded by Schlager, "well specified and quantified rights in the water of western rivers and streams did not eliminate conflicts over water; in such a water scarce region, new and different types of conflicts emerged as new types of water were discovered, and water uses and water users changed. One of the most enduring and encompassing conflicts revolves around surface water and groundwater."¹⁴¹ Also, Ingrid Kissling-Näf and Stefan Kuks refer to water rights saying that "property, disposal and use rights can be understood as social relations that define the title holder with regard to something of value in relation to all others."¹⁴² Additionally, Bromley mentions that

¹⁴¹ Edella Schlager, "Property Rights, Water and Conflict in the Western U.S.", in Franz Benda-Beckmann, Keebet Benda-Beckmann, Mealie G. Wiber, (eds), *Changing Properties of Property*, (New York, Oxford: Berghahn Books, 2006), p.294.

¹⁴² Ingrid Kissling-Näf, Swiss Academy of Sciences, Bern, Switzerland and Stefan Kuks, University of Twente, Enschede, The Netherlands, (eds), *The Evolution of National Water Regimes in Europe Transitions in Water Rights and Water Policies*, The EUWARENESS research project, "European Water Regimes and the Notion of a Sustainable Status", has been funded by:

“rights can only exist when there is a social mechanism that gives duties and binds individuals to those duties. [...] Notice that rights only have an effect when there is some authority system that agrees to defend a rights holder’s interest in a particular outcome.”¹⁴³ In Kampos we have both surface and groundwater. Bearing also in mind the fact of the scarcity of water, this situation certainly affects the social relationships, as we have already seen in the case of Iosif, but also in the communal language that is developed about water among all Kampos' villagers.

Angaria at Saint Georgios outlying chapel

Among the series of relationships that connect or separate the villagers of Kampos are the *angaria*, the volunteering work that the villagers offer for communal spaces in the village as a social habit and obligation that has existed since long ago.

As reported by Apostolos Moraitis, the offering of personal work for the community started as an institution in 1925 in the village of Steni. It emerged from the political situation of that time as an obligation of the villagers and it was sustained officially till 1975.¹⁴⁴ This is why *angaria* started as an unpleasant institution, as also this is denoted by the actual meaning of the word *αγγαρεία* [*angaria*]. However, it is a common acceptance that this personal work offered created many things for this village during difficult times; especially when the local authority managed to give this work a volunteering sense, instead of the sense of an obligation.¹⁴⁵ In the village of Kampos, *angaria*'s interpretation as volunteering work offered to the community is sustained until today. So, that Sunday the villagers where gathered to offer their volunteering work for the extension of the chapel of Saint Georgios. Social, ethical and emotional boundaries in the village society seem to dissolve under the local ordinance of *angaries* as a communal event that reinforces the social boundaries of the community under a communal effort. The villagers often meet all together,

EUROPEAN COMMISSION RESEARCH DIRECTORATE-GENERAL, Kluwer Academic Publishers, 2004, pp.6-7.

¹⁴³ Daniel W. Bromley, *Environment and Economy, Property Rights and Public Policy*, (Cambridge, MA: Blackwell, 1991), p.15.

¹⁴⁴ Apostolos G. Moraitis, *Δήμος Σωσθενίου Τήνου, Οδοιπορικό μέσα στον χρόνο*, (Αθήνα: 1994), p.89

¹⁴⁵ Ibid.

usually on Sundays, to rebuild and refurbish spaces required for the needs of the communal life. On the other hand, the quarrel that takes place between Iosif and Manthos during *angaria*, like gossip as du Boulay claims, is “built into the structure of social relations”¹⁴⁶ and it belongs to actions, which “are totally determined by unyielding social forces,”¹⁴⁷ as it will be explained further on.

Messaria, the garden area of the village

In Messaria, close to the location of the Orthodox cemetery in the area of Agia Paraskevi, there is another spring of the village, this which waters the gardens of Messaria. This is the area, where Iosif meets both of his uncles. The effort of both Iosif’s uncles to present the practical interpretation of the claim of the contract for water leads to the furious reaction of Iosif. There is a certain act which claims the water following the contract and delivers it from one property to the other. This engages a duty of transportation and connection of each owner’s hoses with the water resource.

As Ingrid Kissling-Näf and Stefan Kuks also explain “a property rights systems could be regarded as a system with communicational vessels of claims and duties, which means that allowing a specific behavior to one actor implies a restriction on the behavior of another actor. Ownership of a water resource is often related to the ownership of land. This can apply to both surface water and underground water.”¹⁴⁸ However, even if there are rivalries and owners that are appropriators at the same time, in the case of the ownership

¹⁴⁶ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of a Greek Mountain Village*, (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), p.226.

¹⁴⁷ Ibid.

¹⁴⁸ Ingrid, Kissling-Näf , Swiss Academy of Sciences, Bern, Switzerland and Stefan Kuks, University of Twente, Enschede, The Netherlands, (eds), ‘The Evolution of National Water Regimes in Europe Transitions in Water Rights and Water Policies,’ The EUWARENESS research project, “European Water Regimes and the Notion of a Sustainable Status”, has been funded by: EUROPEAN COMMISSION RESEARCH DIRECTORATE-GENERAL, (Kluwer Academic Publishers, 2004), p.8 “There are also cases where the owner and appropriator are the same actor, and where the owner and users of the resource directly interact with each other. There could be rivalry among the same or different appropriators/users claiming disposition/use of the same water resource. Rivalries are about different claims that are competing for the same water resource. There might be rivalry about externalities (external effects accompanying a use and affecting another use in an undesired way). Because of this competition, property, disposition and use rights do have a relation with each other as if they are communicational vessels: a restriction on one claim has the effect of protecting another claim. Rivalries could be solved by such a redistribution of property rights. This might be a redistribution of ownership titles (expropriation), disposition rights or use rights. The extent dimension identifies how many uses have been regulated by property, disposition and uses rights. The degree of coherence tells us how the rights of different users and owners have been coordinated.”

of a spring in Europe, this type of sharing communal water, through the flow of time has been recorded nowhere.

Regarding Iosif, there is an additional layer to this situation, which concerns issues of foreignness in his relationship with the village. On the one hand, he is part of the village because of his family and the kinship that dates back to his grandfather *Vorias* time. On the other hand, he has not been brought up in the village. Even if he is connected to the village through his family, he is not yet connected with the village life and the manners of communication among farmers.

In most cases of rural villages in Greece, as explained by du Boulay broadly speaking, "the villager's social world consists of two antithetical types- that of his house and family where he can rest in the security of mutual confidence and affection, and that of the outside world where he must be continually on his guard against the hostility of others, and where he must struggle constantly for pre-eminence and recognition."¹⁴⁹ However, in our case, Iosif turns against his broader family members. In his effort to better understand the water and land ownership, he creates competition and hostility while trying to protect his father's property. Even with family members of the first degree, it seems that he is not sheltered by pride. The same rivalry can be seen in relationships with other villagers, too. It is evident how the family remains a very strong institution in village society. The members of the family work in the family fields caring for the family wealth, economy and social status, while at the same time they constitute the village community, which acts also as a bigger family body. Iosif's expression of violence against his uncles takes place outside the core of the village. There are no witnesses in this family conflict. Villagers, in the case of Iosif, decide which rumors will be vigorously spread and repeated and which ones will not be shared. These decisions protect family issues and arguments that reflect on the communal village life. "The relation of the ideal role of the men to their actual behavior in their quarrels is immediately apparent, for the ideal concern of the man is the material defence of the house, and they quarrel over those things which are necessary for this. Women's quarrels, however, appear to bring about the opposite situation from what is ideally required of them, since

¹⁴⁹ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of a Greek Mountain Village*, p.143.

they are over 'words' and such words are recognized to be powerful agents for trouble and destruction."¹⁵⁰ Du Boulay discerns the situation of the quarrel between women and men and this can be identified in the specific case of Kampos as well, not only with women being "over 'words'" but with incidents, such as the carpets over the wall that certainly can develop a quarrel "over words" better than on the gravity of this incident.

The wedding house

Maria's wedding is a life event shared with the community of the village. The key issues that the family cares about regarding the social aspect of the wedding is the good image of the house and the good image of the village. The family and the villagers have the ethical obligation to welcome the *xenos*, the groom, and accompany him with music to the house of the bride and then to the church.

Up until forty years ago, three weeks before this life event and for every week until the wedding Sunday, the priest announced the wedding at the end of the Sunday mass and asked if someone had any objection to this marriage. Nowadays, the wedding is announced only at the church but one week before the ceremony and the whole village is in most cases invited to the wedding ceremony. Also, before the day of the wedding, the women of the village get together to help the family prepare the local sweets and delicacies. These are some of the cases where the village openly participates in this life event of the new couple and their family.¹⁵¹

The sound of the *triboni*, blown on the rooftop of the house, usually announced the preparation of the groom; in our case however it announced the preparation of the bride in the village territory. The bride is dressed in the small, dark bedroom of the local house and only by her unmarried girlfriends. The two bedrooms of the house are adjacent to the *sala* where family and close friends are gathered only on very

¹⁵⁰ Ibid., p.229

¹⁵¹ Usually a few days before the wedding, the "making of the bed" takes place, when friends and family are gathered to the couple's house in order to "make their bed" and then throw a child on and money on the bed, symbolising wishes for fertility and abundance for the new family.

special occasions. The *sala* shines, all clean and well lit by the sun that enters from the two big windows on each side of the formal entrance door in the middle of the house's elevation. There is a discreet smell of *raki* and a scent of sesame and lemon leaves, nuts and honey from the fresh local sweets. The house becomes an open space for the villagers to join in and wish well to the family and the bride.

At the same time, the sound of the violin in a traditional set of music and the continuous movement in the village streets, announce the wedding in the village core. Joined by the musicians, the villagers first will welcome the groom at the entrance of the village and will accompany him to the house of the bride. In front of the bride's family courtyard, the father will deliver the bride to the groom, who is traditionally accompanied by his mother, and then the bride with the groom accompanied by the musicians, their families and followed by the villagers and friends will take the route to the church.

After the wedding ceremony, the villagers will make use of the communal space of the new *plateia* of the village where they will wish well to the bride, groom and their families and they will share the local sweets, most of them made out of honey by the women of Kampos and friends of the family, sharing this way the wedding as a social event of the local community as well.

Certainly, marriage in the village covers many important areas of village life such as the idea of the family and the household *nikokyrio*. Based on ethnographers Loizos and Papataxiarchis, it seems that "the idea of the "household" (*nikokyrio*) is the single most significant element in the formal regulation of marriage. The focus of the house derives from it. *Nikokyriou* is an economically and politically autonomous, corporate, conjugal household: this is the ideal social environment to which men and women can bring their distinct identities and abilities to create a new family."¹⁵² The marriage in the village society reflects, on the one hand, a different aspect of boundaries in the roles of men and women since it makes clear that "the household requires both a husband and a wife found in relation ideal equality and complementarity, their participation organized in sex-specific spheres of activity [...] The successful running of the household

¹⁵² Peter Loizos and Euthymios Papataxiarchis, "Gender and Kinship in Marriage and Alternative Contexts", in Peter Loizos and Euthymios Papataxiarchis (eds), *Contested Identities: Gender and Kinship in Modern Greece*, (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1991), p.3.

brings prestige to both sexes and allows both connections between private interests and public life.”¹⁵³ Marriage is the starting point where “gender and kinship are mutually constructed. They are realized together in particular cultural, economic and political systems.”¹⁵⁴ On the other hand, in the case of Maria’s wedding, the groom is not from the village; what is more he is not from the island either. She is upset with her brother shooting in the air as a symbolical and traditional act, since the groom and his family are *xeni*, they are not related to the village’s community and customs. As explained by Dubisch, “the boundaries of the village are further blurred by marriage, as outsiders, bearing their own attachments to their natal villages and.., enter the community. [...] That is, because boundaries are not only shifting (for example, *dhiki mas* may mean fellow villagers, immediate family, relatives who have immigrated and so on) but are also constituted in social processes, they must constantly be recreated and reaffirmed.”¹⁵⁵ Eventually the wedding time is when community negotiates social boundaries for the traditional village community, especially nowadays when grooms and brides may come from different places.

Easter at the chapel of Saint Georgios

The community meal on Easter day is an event that has been organized only recently, because of the village president’s concern and care about the elderly people of the village, who live alone. It is a communal meal offered in the communal space by the church. All of the villagers are there with their families, sharing the traditional skewered lamb, dancing and drinking. This is another aspect of the communal life of the village, which is not rooted in tradition or a social habit from the past, but was created from the habit of living together and having a communal life and solidarity, regardless of the rivalries having to do with the family role in the village social structure.

¹⁵³ Ibid., p.6.

¹⁵⁴ Ibid., p.25, quoting Collier and Yanagisako, (1987:7).

¹⁵⁵ Jill Dubisch, “Foreign Chickens” and Other Outsiders: Gender and Community in Greece”, *American Ethnologist*, Vol. 20, No. 2, pp. 272-287, (Wiley on behalf of the American Anthropological Association, 1993) p.278.

Another communal sharing where social and landscape boundaries dissolve is a religious celebration that connects villagers and non-villagers together outside the village core in the fields in the chapel of Saint Georgios. Before the festival, the outlying chapel needs to be purified. In Saint Georgios, the *angaria* was necessary for its refurbishment and cleaning to meet the needs of the community. The day of the festival, everything has to be clean and repainted in white lime, while the holy table or altar is covered in white embroideries, and flowers decorate the chapel and the icons. Burkert talks about the demand for purity in Greek religion and although this thesis does not attempt a comparison between life in the village now and in the past, it is interesting that he draws attention to the boundary/region that separates the sacred from the profane, “the more scrupulously and intensively purification is pursued, the greater the difference in order appears.”¹⁵⁶ The order in the chapel reflects the arrival of a renewal, but also reflects a separation from the surrounding wilderness and the past.

On the day that the outlying chapel of Saint Georgios celebrates its patron saint, a procession connects the village with the fields and its surrounding areas. Among private properties of land, the outlying chapel of Saint Georgios, like other chapels that belong to the church or private owners, mark a different set of boundaries on Kampos’ landscape. The fact that the location of these chapels is always within nature, outside the limits of the village’s settlement, but still connected via pathways and routes with the core of the village, creates a bond and a sense of identifying with the unknown land of the village area and landscape. On the other hand, through the outlying chapels, the church as a village institution expresses its authority over the village’s outer limits, while the outlying chapels at the periphery of the village area echo the existence of an organized structure with religious significance also. The outlying chapel, even if it is private, still reflects the authority of the church and is a link between the countryside and the communal village life. S. G. Cole writes referring to the archaic world that “political identity required the participation of the gods, and political boundaries required the protection of local divinities.”¹⁵⁷ The liturgy is enacted at least twice a

¹⁵⁶ Walter Burkert, *Greek Religion, Archaic and Classical*, translated by John Raffan, (Blackwell, 1985, 2000), p.7.

¹⁵⁷ Susan Guettel Cole, *Landscapes, Gender and Ritual Space, The Ancient Greek Experience*, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2004), p.14. This also defines the centre of the village structure.

year in the outlying chapels: on the feast day of the saint and just after Easter, during the forty days between the Resurrection and the Ascension of Christ. "These days were marked by convincing proof of the Resurrection and commandments to the Apostles."¹⁵⁸ The festival procession to the outlying chapel is something of a 'sacred drama'. Through this "drama, the world explored contradiction and inevitable defeat for the sake of the self-knowledge," as Burkert states.¹⁵⁹ The participants in this procession witness a reality while they are enacting a historical event embodied in their village territory as part of a solemn public ceremony. This can be also a way to sanctify the solidarity of the community that participates and at the same time they obtain a political connotation with the establishment of a sanctuary in a territory.¹⁶⁰ Sanctuaries like that in the world of nature reveal more intensely characteristics of both human and the divine world and they define a political boundary at the edge of the village territory, according to de Polignac.¹⁶¹

No comparison between the present and ancient times is attempted at his point; however, it is interesting to see as Graf reports how festivals were periods of time cut off from daily life, during which a group performed activities that are most often thought of as communications with the divine world. Also, it is examined how common festivals established and expressed group identity, which derived initially from the village level, in our case, but also for smaller and larger groups, from the family and clan group.¹⁶² The difference in the

¹⁵⁸ Ronald Ralf Williams (Bishop of Leicester), *The Acts of the Apostles*, (SCM Press LTD), p.43. 'Luke devotes the first three verses of the chapter to a brief resume of the events of the forty days between the Resurrection and the Ascension. (See, Esp. 2.32-33).

¹⁵⁹ Walter Burkert, *Greek Religion, Archaic and Classical*, p. 214.

¹⁶⁰ Francois de Polignac, *Η Γέννηση της Αρχαίας Ελληνικής Πόλης, Λατρείες, χώρος και κοινωνία (8ος - 7ος αιώνας)*, μετάφραση, Νάσος Κυριαζόπουλος, (Αθήνα: Μορφωτικό Ίδρυμα Εθνικής Τραπέζης, 2007), p. 69.

¹⁶¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 65-66.

¹⁶² Fritz Graf, *Festivals in Ancient Greece and Rome, Subject: Ancient Religion, Rituals, Practices, and Symbolism*, (Online Publication Date: May 2016), pp. 1-2, <http://religion.oxfordre.com/view/10.1093/acrefore/9780199340378.001.0001/acrefore-9780199340378-e-58>

perception of time during Christian religious festivals, which are connected with nature and landscape is something also described by Leatherbarrow.¹⁶³ This will be developed further down in this thesis.

This religious communal event negotiates social and ethical boundaries for the villagers and participants in the festival, such as Iosif, who finds the opportunity to reconnect to the social network of the village and, under a religious motivation, for the sake of self-knowledge, to expand in every relationship in the village. Reinforcing this aspect of village life, a sharing of a local sweet and drink deepens the communal experience through scent and taste. These become also part of the social ritual that connects the villagers with their community as well as their place where products, taste and flavours are part of their land, culture and religious life.

Messaria's negotiable boundaries after the disaster and the church's liminal space

Messaria is an area outside the village core where boundaries made out of walls and fences form the properties of each villager. At the same time, contracts on water flow allow villagers to use the water on specific days and for an agreed duration of time. The thunderstorm and overflow of the water spring destroys the boundaries that made the structure of properties and all the order created by the villager's boundaries and agreements on water are now a chaos.

Something that confirms the need of an intermediate zone of communication regarding ownership is the continual re-negotiation and re-affirmation of rather vague laws that give such cohesive life to this village. Possession now begins to look even more like something that requires a kind of communication, and the original claim to the property looks like a kind of speech, with the audience composed of all others who might be interested in claiming the object in question.¹⁶⁴

¹⁶³ David Leatherbarrow, *Topographical Stories, Studies in Landscape and Architecture*, (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2004), pp.202-205.

¹⁶⁴ Carol M. Rose, 'Possession as the Origin of Property', p. 81.

The conflict and the disaster regarding water, the damage caused to property walls and crops, the loss of Manolis sheep because of the huge, unpredicted overflow of water, they all lead to an in-between space where things need to be reaffirmed, reordered and practically reconstructed. The cause of the destruction is the lack of negotiation among the villagers when they realized that the gully was blocked and the lack of negotiation among the villagers and Iosif, who cannot keep up with the communal language about the sharing of water.

Controversies over water, boundary walls and land in other cases develop this network of relations, however as Gadamer writes “all this is involved in the simple assertion that a man is a being who possesses language,”¹⁶⁵ a communal language of understanding property and possession. The mass in Saint Georgios “is nominally a matter in which the village as a whole is concerned, although this is not thought of in terms of every individual having a duty to the community to go to church, but in terms of every house to send one representative”¹⁶⁶ as Du Boulay explains. At the same time, the church offers a communal space that belongs to the community, where the villagers can share a communal religious experience, including a social one, with men offering the *raki* and women the local sweets. This religious and social shelter creates the place where Iosif dares to appear after the disaster that he has caused in the village and assert his will and need to be part of the community. The church becomes the liminal space where the ethical boundaries of the villagers can meet and coexist in a new space created by the village’s communal ethics.

¹⁶⁵ Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Philosophical Hermeneutics*, p.60.

¹⁶⁶ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of a Greek Mountain Village*, p.229.



Institutional Report: Fictional Narrative 1: My Water, Centre - University of Thessaly
16/05/2024, 11:03:38 EEST, 3,145, 11,98
Figure 1. Fictional Narrative 1: My Water.
Map/figure ground of the village (scale a)



Kyr Mark Area
Kamos tank

Spring / plystres

Manolis' well

Barba Giorgis' well

Village entrance
Groom's arrival

Mathios' well

Groom's route

Spring
(well)

Nikiforos' well

Tassos' well

Manthos' well

Ioanna's and
Manolis' house
/ Bride's house

Wedding's proccesion

Route for Saint Georgios festivity

Saint Georgios Church

Messaria spring

Iosif's route to the fields

Delatolas' field/garden

Saint Paraskevi Church

Antonis' field/garden

Manthos' field/garden

Iosif's field/garden

Nikolas' field/garden

Manolis' field/garden



Fictional Narrative 2: Three Foreigners and an Opening Day

Friday the fourth of May. In the afternoon, a light spring northeast wind blew through the small gates of the tight cluster of the village houses. The bell of Holy Trinity church rang four times 4 o' clock. This was also the first call after the midday break and the first reminder before the single ringing at 4:30 for the *Rosario*, the prayer the women of the village dedicate to Virgin Mary during the month of May.¹⁶⁷ The village was silent, while the natural landscape at the outskirts of the village overwhelmed with the scent of the pollen and the colors of spring. The fields were yellow, green and red, and the trees were covered with the early summer fruits that had yet to ripen, while close to the edge of the village, the gardens were iridescent with the new zucchinis, aubergines and early tomatoes.

Footsteps were heard on the main village street. *Kyra* Anna and Foteini were approaching. *Kyra* Anna was older than Foteini; this is why people called her *Kyra*. She had been taking care of her ill husband in the past couple of years. Foteini had just finished with her housework and because of that, they were both late and were now walking hastily towards the church. The church seemed dark and cold because of the big surfaces of marble floor, which changed a lot the temperature of the room in comparison to the light and warmth in the courtyard of the church this spring afternoon. That day, there were twelve women. They were all kneeling in front of the benches of the church with their *koroneta* in hand, each saying the prayer to the Virgin Mary, some with loud voices and some with lower voices, while their fingers rapidly moved to every bead of the *koroneta* following each prayer.

¹⁶⁷May is devoted to Virgin Mary according to the Catholic tradition.

When the prayer ended and the women went out of the church, they continued to socialize and chat in the courtyard of the church. The outside wall of the courtyard was rather high and did not allow anyone to sit and rest, so the discussions were cut rather short for the older ladies.

It was now 5 o' clock and the light was still bright and intense. *Kyra Anna* covered her head with a colorful scarf and said goodbye to the other ladies. She wanted to visit *Xenoula* at the museum and hear the news about this month's opening and celebrations. No sooner had she wrapped up her hair with her scarf than *Eleni* stopped her.

"Where are you going? Sooner or later the villagers will arrive to decide about the church's land."

"Holy Trinity's land?" answered *Kyra Anna* with an expression of surprise.

"Aaah! You weren't there last Saturday at the church, when the priest announced that *Mrs. Zana*, the artist of the museum, asked for private use of the adjacent land to the museum, which belongs to the church! So the priest informed the parish committee and the committee invited all the villagers to decide if we will give the land."

"Aaaa! This is why your husband told my husband that he will pass by the house and help him walk to the church today. I thought I didn't hear well. What do the villagers say about it so far?" asked *Kyra Anna* with a lot of curiosity.

"Hmmm. They say that they cannot actually approve it because the museum has not a legal "face" yet as an autonomous organization. It is *Mrs. Zana* as a private owner who is asking for that. But *Mrs. Zana* is not from the village or from *Tinos*, so the village cannot take a positive decision," answered *Eleni* while all the other women remained silent. Nobody had officially announced that yet.

"Yes, it should be someone from the village, someone who returns and has no land," said *Kyra Anna* pensively and then she added. "I will not stay. Since *Barba Alekos* is coming, he will decide for our family too. I want to see *Xenoula* today, before she starts working with the preparations for the opening of the museum in three weeks."

Kyra Anna left the church courtyard and immediately turned left, passing by the most remote part of the village where the doors of the houses were closed since last summer and the cellars looked forlorn and empty. She passed under the old vaulted archway and left the old stables on her left and the beautiful old and luxurious house of Filipoussis family, where the wild artichokes and fig trees had grown so big that they covered most of the garden. She then turned right towards the house that Mrs. Zana, the artist, had had refurbished a few years ago. She passed underneath the vaulted archway that supported Mrs. Zana's newly refurbished courtyard that also formed its entrance door. A few steps further, she opened the old gate at the end of the passage under the vaulted archway. She walked through Simos' courtyard and the small open space, which was formed by Stratis' and Antonis' thresholds, courtyards, and houses. There on, she followed the alleyway that connected this area to the big set of steps that ended in an equally small open space this time formed by the front side of Stratis' house, as well as Nikoforos' and Katerina's. She stepped down the last steps and she leaned against the wall of the house that now had become part of the new museum's courtyard. She had taken this circular route around the village so that she would avoid the long set of steps at this side of the village. Each time she took the many steps of this stairway, she was reminded of her painful arthritis. A few steps further down and she would reach her destination, the entrance of the new museum.

Kyra Anna called out.

“*Xenoula, Xenoula!*” The name of the young blond girl was Xanthi, however *Kyra Anna* called her *Xenoula*, little Stranger. She would call all newcomers in the village *xeni*, but for *Xenoula* the suffix expressed particular emotional care. Even though Xanthi had been coming to the island every year for the past five years in the summer to work at the new museum, *Kyra Anna* still sincerely believed that she was a stranger. She wasn't one of them. She was not one of the villagers of Kampos; however, she was “adopted” by her family and then the village community.

“*Kyra Anna, giagia!*” Xanthi shouted from inside the museum.

“Don’t hurry. I’ll wait for you,” said *Kyra Anna* as she could see *Xanthi* walking towards her. She went on, “This was our school just ten years ago. Both of my daughters, *Eleni* and *Popi*, attended elementary school here. Up until three years ago, my grandchildren still came to play in the courtyard even if the building had been abandoned.” *Kyra Anna* mused out loud.

“Let me open the door for you as the museum is not formally open yet for this coming summer period.” But *Kyra Anna* was hesitant and this made *Xanthi* go on. “Come on in. Don’t stand outside the museum’s courtyard as most of the villagers do. You must enter and see the new space and the exhibition today.”

The old lady knew *Xenoula* so well after so many years that she almost felt as if *Xanthi* was her “adopted” child in the village. She entered the museum’s courtyard reluctantly. Her eyes were wide open seeing the stone terraces and the high stone walls. Her eyes came to rest at the view of the *Exombourgon* rock that seemed familiar to her as she visited this strange new environment. She felt curiosity and awe as she stood in front of the museum’s door but didn’t continue to walk in.

“Come inside, *Kyra Anna*. I will show you everything in the new museum,” said *Xanthi*.

“Oh no, my daughter, I have to dress up to come in. I cannot enter like this.”

“*Kyra Anna*, you are fine. Please come in!” *Xanthi* insisted.

“Wait, I will take off my shoes and I will just come into the first room. I’ll come back another day, with my daughter, *Popi*. She said that she wanted us to come here together,” *Kyra Anna* said anxiously.

The old lady took off her shoes and silently placed them beside the doorstep of the museum entrance. Her movements were careful and slow, almost as though she were entering a church.

“I assume that both of your daughters and you must have a lot of memories of the place,” said *Xanthi*.

“*Kaloriziko*, it is a beautiful building,” said the old lady with awe. “I remember our old school. We also voted in at the school at every election until the school fell into total disrepair. And look, I can show you where my daughter’s desk I think was. It is now totally different, but I think that the entrance of the classroom was at the back end. Over there was the door to the big class and over there must have been Popi’s and Eleni’s desks. Later on, when they had a playground in the school’s courtyard, I used to bring my grandchildren to play. Before the building was completely shut down in 2000, Popi went in and picked up some old books. She found her husband’s, Antonis, grades. She collected as many of the old books that were left behind as she could. It was sad that the school was left in such bad condition for such a long time. And, you know, last summer my nephew’s, Fragisko’s youngest son, attended one of the summer programs that offered arts and crafts to the children here. He attended classes in the afternoon.”

“Oh! I know Fragiskos’ son. It is so nice to have children from the village joining our workshops. I don’t know the story of the place very well, but I cannot forget the difficulties that I had when I first arrived five years ago with my daughter, Aliko, so as to teach sculpture and crafts for the museum’s summer workshop. Thank God, Tassos, the breeder, suggested that one of his daughters, who was studying to become a teacher, could look after my daughter while I taught the workshops. Then I was also so lucky to meet you and your family *Kyra Anna*, that very first day when I went to church. Do you remember?”

Kyra Anna smiled and replied without a second thought.

“*Xenoula*, the school belonged to the municipality and the village. But now, who owns the museum?” asked *Kyra Anna* quietly.

“Who does it belong to?” repeated *Xanthi* with surprise.

“I was at the church before. The villagers would gather so as they decide about offering for use the church’s adjacent land and this is where I heard about it.”

“What do the villagers know about it?” Xanthi looked surprised.

“It was announced at the church last Saturday that Mrs. Zana would wish to use Holy Trinity’s field and always in such cases it is the villagers who decide. My children once said that it belonged to Mrs. Zana, to the artist. Later, they said that it belonged to the state and then that it belonged to the municipality. Then, I heard at the church today that it has not a legal face yet and this is the reason why they cannot offer the land to the museum,” *Kyra Anna* went on quickly and quietly like saying a secret.

“Ohh, I should let Mrs. Zana know about it! It is a municipal museum, *Kyra Anna*, and as far as I know, named after Mrs. Zana. Let me tell you something strange; you know that since the inaugural opening, none of the villagers have come to visit the museum again, not even the new exhibitions on display every year?”

The two women remained silent for a few minutes and then moved slowly outside. They stepped up into the terraced area of the exterior space of the museum made of beautiful slate stones. There were tables and chairs under the pergola that looked out at the view of the Exompbourgon rock with the village of Xynara lying at its foot. The big tree in the courtyard framed the view under its branches and leaves. A sculpture lay in the courtyard and acted as a guide and an introduction to the visitors in the art space. It seemed that the villagers were unclear about the ownership of museum and the museum’s boundaries. On the other hand, the way that the new owners perceived the idea of the museum in relation to the villagers was also unclear. After carrying over two small cups of coffee and some water, Xanthi sat down to continue the conversation with *Kyra Anna*.

“Surprisingly, last summer, Foteini, with her husband Manolis, came to our first opening. Aunt Antonia, the wife of Filipoussis, had also attended a presentation at the museum. Last year, in May, when we had this important Parisian guest, a few of the villagers came but they remained outside the courtyard walls. Can you believe that? They came in fact, but they did not even come

into the courtyard. After that, in collaboration with the council, we organized a film screening night that took place in the cultural building by the port. Only Foteini and her daughter, Eleni, attended. They are the ones who always prepare the biggest portion of *xerotigana* for the Honey Festival every year. Where were all the twenty-five and thirty-year-old young men and ladies? No one came to the events, for example, even when movies were screened in the courtyard of the museum after 11 o'clock at night. There was fantastic sound and lovely opera music and the atmosphere, on those warm summer evenings, was incredible. Even though the presentations were free, hardly anyone attended." Xanthi sounded upset and her speech ended.

"Xanthi, we all have our everyday work, such as looking after our animals and our land and caring for our families. All the villagers expressed their gratitude for the big opening of the museum five years ago, but this doesn't mean that the villagers have time to get more involved with the museum and everything happening around it. But where did you make the announcements for all these events? You have to know that Kampos' villagers are not going to festivities and events unless they are specifically invited."

Xanthi looked doubtful and then replied.

"Yes, I understand and this is why we usually put up a poster in the bakery's big window. This is something that Petrina, Tassos', the breeder's daughter, does since she has a good understanding of the communication codes in the village. She also puts up a notice in the coffeehouse by the *choreftra* and on the pole where the post office boxes are located in front of the roadway. But we also advertised the events on our Facebook page and the village's council's Facebook page. Everyone knew about these events, but nobody came. Only Thomas Delatolas, Gianni's and Zozefina's son, who lives in Athens, when he stays in the village during the summer, he attends most of the village events."

"Xanthi, *kori mou*, we are not familiar with these things and the other villagers and I, too, would feel like "strangers" if we participated in the events and met all these important guests at such

formal occasions. I am sure that most of the villagers are proud of the museum. This is why the villagers always show the museum to their relatives when they visit. They are proud of it.”

“*Kyra Anna*, do you think that the villagers are feeling as if they were *xeni* when they participate in events hosted by the museum? Some of them they had helped her with a performance that she wanted to create. They became actors in this play, but other than that I do not think that they feel connected to the place.”

“I think that the villagers do not like that Mrs. Zanna doesn’t walk through the centre of the village anymore,” said *Kyra Anna* hastily, took a deep breath and went on. “And I think also that the villagers got upset once, when you had organized an event and didn’t hire the local caterer from the port of Tinos to provide the food and drink.”

“Hmm, the truth is that when I met the local caterer one day at the bakery, he spoke to me and said that he was quite offended because we didn’t think of him when we made arrangements for a caterer. He reiterated that he often provided his delicious delights for free for the community’s events,” Xanthi looked skeptical and continued, “perhaps this also is the reason why the villagers reacted when we ordered a road sign to lead the visitors of the museum directly to the museum courtyard from the regional road and therefore the visitors would not pass through the village core. They got offended!”

The bell rang 6:30 in the afternoon. From far away, a small track approached the museum and stopped by Petris’ fields. There were a group of men waiting there.

“Oh, look Periklis is coming! They will take another group of sheep to the butcher today,” Xanthi said a bit sad, upset and annoyed.

“They have to take them to the scale and weight them first,” added *Kyra Anna*, being less emotional than Xanthi.

The telephone rang, so Xanthi stood up and run hastily to answer the phone. She returned within a few minutes shouting happily.

“I won a goat! I won a goat!”

Kyra Anna started to laugh.

“They called me from the lottery at the festival of Falatados where I was after Easter! They will bring it tomorrow. But where should I put it?” She stayed silent for a few seconds and then she asked *Kyra Anna*. “Can you look after it together with your sheep?”

“Xanthi, goats do not go well with sheep, they are different animals. You have to find someone from the village with goats. Bear in mind that they do not like goats very much in the village.”

“Oh!! Why?” Xanthi was so surprised.

“Goats are jumping over boundaries and eating vines causing lots of troubles to their owners,” said *Kyra Anna*. “But I will ask *Barba Aleko* when I get back home and we will find someone.”

“*Kyra Anna*, by the way, why festivals in other villages are so different from Kampos’ festivals? When I went to Falatados there was music and dancing in the town square. Then I realized that in Kampos, the patron saint is not celebrated the same way as in other villages. The inhabitants of Kampos open their homes and welcome and invite guests and even strangers into their homes without having music and dancing in the town square.” Xanthi had a sparkle in her eyes like someone who wants to discover something new.

“Eeeeeee, *pedi mou, Kampiani* are not that sociable. When you have animals you have to follow their schedule, you have to make a plan so as to go to another festival, or to go to a wedding, or even to visit your children if they do not live in the village or on the island any more. It is not easy.” Both women stayed silent for a few seconds and then *Kyra Anna* went on. “Xanthi, the only thing that the villagers want is for people to pass through the village, to see the village, and if these foreigners say a good thing about the village, then we are happy, especially the younger ones.” said *Kyra Anna*. “Our pleasure is to have people visiting the village, seeing it and getting to know it. *The museum brought life into the village. So far they always passed by it while now it exists into the guide books. Now because of the museum they have seen the other things that the village has such as, the alleys, the cleanliness. There were people who have been coming on Tinos for fifteen years, not related by family with the island, but they have never passed through*

*our village.*¹⁶⁸ Do you remember how all the villagers participated in the big opening of the museum? All the women made the sweets for the guests. The village was whitewashed, clean and decorated with flowers. Isn't it strange, not to want the museum?" *Kyra Anna* said.

"Yes, I remember, it was such a wonderful, communal preparation. And even Katerina who has the sheep at the field nearby came to cut their hair so that they look nice for the celebration," Xanthi said, following Katerina's car with her eyes. Katerina was coming to feed her sheep at the nearby field, about the same time every day. The sheep, recognizing the sound of her car, were gathering at the edge of the fields to get fed. Katerina's car stopped and she waved at them. After finishing with the feeding, she came closer to the museum's boundary wall. The bell rang 7 o'clock at that time.

"*Kalispera!*" She shouted.

"*Kalispera!*" Responded both women with one voice.

"Did you hear the news about Holy Trinity's land?"

"Oh, did they officially take a decision?" *Kyra Anna* asked.

"Yes, about the land, which is adjacent to the museum, whether it would be granted to Mrs. Zana to expand the museum or not. The bishop asked that the villagers should be consulted, this is always the way the local Catholic Church deals with such situations," said Katerina.

"Have you been to the church? What happened?" asked Xanthi.

"They were all positive in the beginning saying that they would disagree only if this piece of land was supposed to become a parking area, but then again they said that this is not allowed for someone non-local," Katerina explained and continued her way to the field nearby.

The telephone rang and Xanthi went to answer inside. A few seconds later, *Kyra Anna* could hear Xanthi's voice sound worried and stressed, even though she couldn't make out the words because

¹⁶⁸ Fiction 2, Interview 10, The new Museum, Kampos, August 18th, 2015, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD, Maria Vidali, Appendix pp. 48-49.

her hearing was not that sharp at eighty-five. She wondered what had happened that had upset Xanthi so much. About ten minutes later, Xanthi returned, looking worried.

“I am quite stressed,” Xanthi said. “Mrs. Zana was on the phone. She was upset because of the land that she cannot use. But apart from that, the Russians are coming!! She said that this year’s opening will happen earlier because the Russian dignitary who plans on visiting the village for the church of Saint Ekaterini will be invited, too. But the caterer that we had last year from the port of Tinos cannot cater for the event on this earlier date because they already have two weddings planned.”

“Xanthi, I knew about the Russians. They are coming next week,” *Kyra Anna* said innocently and with surprise. However, Xanthi was totally panic-stricken.

“How can we get ready for all this on time?” Xanthi asked worriedly. *Kyra Anna* remained silent, understanding the difficulty that Xanthi was facing. Then she took a deep breath and courageously proposed a solution.

“Xanthi, why don’t you ask for help from the village? You can speak to the president of the *sylogos* about it. When the museum first opened, everybody helped.”

Xanthi now appeared even more nervous.

“Thank you, *Kyra Anna*. But how can I suggest this either to Mrs. Zana or to the villagers after the discussions that we have had recently? Things are unsettled.”

“Nothing is unsettled, Xanthi. We are talking about things that are in the air and that are unclear. The decision about the land is a local law and this would be the same for any non-local. Speak to Mrs. Zana and then call the president of Kampos’ *sylogos*, Nikos.”

Xanthi looked confused, sad and hesitant and this made *Kyra Anna* go on saying:

“Tomorrow, God will ensure that a new day will dawn. The sun will rise and a new wind will bring new things. Do not get stressed. You will find a solution to all these things.”

Xanthi walked hesitantly towards the phone in the reception area of the museum. She was on the phone for at least half an hour. *Kyra Anna* couldn't wait for her. She had to think of her husband, who is deaf and has many problems of mobility. He would need her to come back home. So she waved to Xanthi and left, taking the long way back to her house. She wandered under the vaulted archways, went by the stables and the remote houses of the village, avoiding the long set of steps. Night had started to fall and the sounds of nature, birds, insects and barking dogs were heard louder than during the day. These sounds made *Kyra Anna* walk faster so that she would not reach home very late. Also, the route wasn't the same as earlier in the afternoon when everything looked and sounded different in the sunlight. By that time, darkness had fallen.

The next morning, people coming and going were seen in the village, especially around the area of the museum. The president of the *sylogos* had accepted to help and this meant that most of the village would participate in the preparation of this year's museum opening. The Russians would come to visit the church of Saint Ekaterini, in addition to the other guests. However, the previous afternoon the villagers hadn't approved of offering the land to Mrs. Zana to extend the museum space since she was not a local and the museum didn't have a legal face yet. But this was the law and everybody follows the law as concerns the church's land.

The entire week prior to the opening was spent by the male villagers whitewashing the walls and the streets. They also made the entrance to the village look beautiful. Before, it was ugly, with the old stables and the ruins of a building that used to house the oil press. Everyone who lived along the main street put their best flowerpots outside along the route. The village association also put nice flower pots in front of the churches. It was late May at the time and all the flowers were in bloom. *Kyra Anna* was glad that she could participate in the preparation of the sweets just like

when the museum first opened. Then too, the president of the *sylogos* had also contributed in the organization of the event.

Kyra Anna usually prepared all the sweets for joyous occasions such as weddings and christenings in the cellar of her home, in the *katoi*. She also prepared the sweets for the Honey Festival in her cellar. Everyone from the family was going there for such preparations. She had everything there. There was a big table and a propane stove for cooking in the front room of the *katoi*, as well as cauldrons, colanders and large cooking pans. She usually did all the baking there, but for this big opening of the museum again, some of the women of the village gathered in the kitchen of the *leschi*. There, they prepared the traditional sweets such as *psarakia*, *pasteli*, *xerotigana*, and *tyropites*. Each housewife prepared the sweet that she was known for. Each of them also had their own group that they got together with to prepare the sweets. There was laughter and gossip, but only gossip about issues and events, in which the village was not involved, since every house of the village had a family member in the group. So it was rumored that there wouldn't be people from Italy and Spain, nor museum directors from all around the world like in the very formal first opening. This time the guests would be less formal apart from the Russians, who were also going to attend the mass at the church of Saint Ekaterini.

During the week, *Kyra Anna* suggested to *Xanthi* to offer her goat to *Mathios*. He could look after it since he had another goat. *Xanthi* did so, but asked him to promise her that he would never give "Paraskevi" -that was the name that *Xanthi* gave to the goat- to *Periklis* to weight her and then send her to the butcher.

On Thursday, the day before this year's opening for the museum, Mrs. *Zanna* decided to apply again for the land adjacent to the museum but in a different way. This time she offered to buy the land, build the extension and grant the new building to the church for one hundred years. So, the priest had to go again to the Bishop of the island's Catholic Church and then the Bishop through the priest ask the villagers if they agree and what amount of money they would wish to take since

the land belonged to Holy Trinity, the village church. Only after the villagers' approval the bishop would announce this property deal of the local church to the Pope in Rome and the land would be sold.

The day of the big opening came and was a warm, sunny Friday morning when still everyone in the village was paying attention to every detail regarding cleanliness. Everything was ready but unfortunately, *Kyra Anna*, wasn't able to go to the opening since *Barba Alekos*, her husband, had a difficult day with pains on his knees. So this afternoon she sat at the bench of her courtyard with *Barba Alekos* and she could see everybody coming and passing under the vault of her courtyard, even the Russians. It was around 5:30 in the afternoon when sounds on the village alleys signaled that they had just started to arrive. Their ladies were dressed in beautiful shiny dresses and were wearing heavy perfumes and expensive jewelry and the handsome men were wearing ties and polished shoes. She could hear the sound of their heels on the street under her house's vaulted archway.

Xanthi was very excited and impressed with what was happening. She was watching all the villagers who had come to help to this big opening; it was like in the first big opening of the museum. The younger ladies had collected all the sweets and had placed them skillfully on large, white plates on a vast table by the entrance of the museum, next to big bottles of wine and *raki*. Some of the men of the village were offering the *raki* as they usually do after the major festivities at the church. They were all nicely dressed waiting for the ceremony to begin. They had lined up just at the outer edge of the courtyard of the new museum, standing a short distance from Mrs. Zana's important guests and behind the mayor, the island's council and the priests. That Friday afternoon, the Russian Consul and his delegation arrived, joined by a group of Orthodox priests who would offer a liturgy at the Russian church of Saint Ekaterini's by the *choreftra*, after the opening. Mrs. Zana enthusiastically and formally welcomed her Russian guests and all the villagers, too. Then the mayor prepared for his speech, he put on his glasses, took out the folded papers from his pocket, but then he saw Xanthi running towards him.

“Wait, it is 6 o’ clock and the bell is about to ring six times, no one will be able to hear you,” she whispered to him. The mayor looked at her with much surprise, however he followed her advise and soon: DING DANG DONG, DING DANG DONG, DING DANG DONG, DING DANG DONG, DING DANG DONG, the bells were heard.

After the ceremonial speech, the youngest women of the village started serving the sweets. The Russians and all the guests were served and they enjoyed all the sweets that the women of the village had prepared. Then they followed Mrs. Zana for a tour of the exhibition. After they visited the exhibition and before they left, they stayed for some time in the courtyard appreciating the view of the huge Exombourgon rock opening in front of their eyes at a distance, the fields lying below the museum stretching out towards the area of Messaria. They then strolled towards the church of Saint Ekaterini.

Kyra Anna and her daughters left *Barba* Alekos with his older grandson and, as most of the villagers attended the liturgy at Saint Ekaterini’s church that evening. Nikiforos who had the *caffenio* had prepared doughnuts with honey that would be offered to all the guests after the liturgy in the small space of *choreftra*.

“Kyra Anna, isn’t it strange that there is a Russian Orthodox Church in a Catholic village? Personally, I understand that you *call me xeni because I am Orthodox, but I am your ‘eggoni’ as well. The truth is that I have been to the church from the very first moment, and I have been actively involved in the festivals organized. I didn’t say I would not come because I am an Orthodox.*¹⁶⁹” said Xanthi, who was standing next to Kyra Anna as in all local gatherings.

“Everyone in the village does their part to take care of the church. When Ioanna, Eirini and Roza, Giannis’ wife, sweep the street in front of their houses and the coffee shop, they also sweep the

¹⁶⁹ Fiction 2, Interview 10, The bell, Kampos, September 17th, 2016, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD, Maria Vidali, Appendix, pp. 48-49.

entrance to the church. It may not be a Catholic church, but it is called St Ekaterini and this is the same for everybody.” Next to her was sitting Agni, Nikiforos’ wife, who added proudly.

“We will always clean and sweep in front of the church. Before Nikoforos, it was *Barba Giorgis* who took care of this church. He was a great man. He owned quite a bit of land and he was a good man who cared a lot for the village’s communal life. After he died, at the first commemorative mass for his death, all of the women in the village helped to prepare the delicacies offered to the people who came to commemorate him,” explained Agni.

“Yes Agni, but yesterday when I passed by the coffeehouse, it was after 5 o’clock in the afternoon when most of the men of the village gather there to chat or play backgammon. There was tension in the air. Marcos, Antonia’s husband, stopped me and asked me if I agreed that the *choreftra* space to be named Admiral Orlof Square. I didn’t understand at first and I stood there for a few seconds looking dumbfounded. Speaking slowly he said, “The Russians want to name the *choreftra* after their admiral since it is in front of the Russian church: Admiral Orlof Square.”

“That’s a different thing Xanthi, this has nothing to do with Saint Ekaterini,” replied Kyra Anna strictly. However, Xanthi went on:

“Obviously the Russians, after hearing about the story of the church and how it was financed thought of commemorating an historical event and linking it to the village space. They thought that this would be appropriate. But this seemed to cause even more discussions at the village *caffenio*.”

It was then that Katerina, the wife of Manthos, came to tell them that again this year they are invited to her house for the local festival on the sixteenth of June. Xanthi started talking with Katerina, ignoring the mass that was taking place at the interior of the church. The courtyard of Saint Ekaterini was full of people sitting on the concrete benches next to the street and beside the garden with the lemon trees close to the entrance of the church. Nikiforos had set up tables in the space of the *choreftra* for the treat after the mass as he usually does the day when Saint Ekaterini

is celebrated. Villagers and guests had started sitting on the doorsteps of the adjacent house, but also on the coffee house's chairs. People, especially men, were chatting, laughing and engaging in longer discussions. The small lamps that were lit around the church and the small square created an atmosphere of celebration. Mrs. Zana arrived among the last group of people coming from the direction of the museum. She was with her husband and son and seemed happy and relaxed, apparently deeply satisfied as the opening of the museum was a great success again this year thanks to the participation of the villagers. However, she was secretly worried, because there was another mystery that she expected the villagers to solve. Would they approve her new proposal for buying the land that belongs to the village's patron saint church? How much money would the villagers ask for? How long would that take then for the bishop to inform the Pope? She stayed there staring all of them with a wide dry smile on her face, thinking. She could never imagine that the extension of the new museum that she had so deeply wanted and dreamed of would depend so much on the villagers' decision and then on receiving approval by the Pope in Rome. It seemed as if a long story was about to begin. At that point, the president of *sylogos* approached her, as if he knew what made her face look so pensive and her smile dry. He gave a handshake, a pat on her shoulder, he bent and whispered to her, "Everything will be fine in the end".

Interpretation

The new museum of the village is located at the southeast boundary of the village, where the houses start to become less compact. The village's primary school was situated there until 1999. It is a space connected with memory and a different sort of mobility for the village's daily life. The boundaries of the village dissolve next to the gardens and the farmlands that surround the village area. The recent museum on the traces of the old primary school is the last building extending out from the village front line/boundary that connects to the core by a set of steps leading down to the main village street and ending on the old farm road among fields at the edge of the village centre. The courtyard of the museum inhabits the same space as the old primary school and has a generous view over the area of Messaria, daily visited by the villagers to tend to their gardens and fields. This view also overlooks the horizon towards the imposing Exombourgon rock and the village of Xynara nestled at its foot. Towards the north, one can see the villages of Koumaros and Skalados that impose their own boundaries on the landscape. Seen from that location, it becomes obvious that, in fact, "the village is a concept whose definition and boundaries fluctuate,"¹⁷⁰ as J. Dubisch writes with respect to her experience in a different village on Tinos.

The village church

In this narrative, women who pay their respects to the Panagia, the Virgin Mary, are the first characters of the village landscape. They come every day in the afternoon in the month of May, when the church's clock rings 5. May is the month of the Panagia, according to the Catholic tradition. The women of Kampos share this religious ritual by praying with the "koroneta" in honor of the *Panagia* in the church. With this

¹⁷⁰ Jill Dubisch, "Foreign Chickens" and Other Outsiders', p.277.

participation “not only do women represent their individual households in ritual activities, but they show their connection with *Panagia*, the most venerated holy figure in Greece.”¹⁷¹

At the same time, the church becomes the area of their social meeting outside their house activities and the everyday duties of the housework. It becomes the place, where women connect. “Small scale spatial metaphors”¹⁷² that Goffman suggests can address the village church this early afternoon when the space has a different social meaning for the women of the village, apart from the religious one, which is again connected with a woman, *Panagia*. Ardener claims that “space reflects social organisation, but of course, once space has been bounded and shaped it is no longer merely a neutral background: it exerts its own influence.”¹⁷³

The church appears to have a different role/“small scale social metaphor” in the village’s everyday life this early afternoon. It is presented as a local institution, which owns property too. The land of the church is on demand for sale. When the local property of the church is sought, the village priest mediates so as this request to be communicated to the island’s Catholic bishop. After the bishop is informed, the villagers are invited to decide if this piece of land that belongs to the local church will be granted or sold to the person concerned and what would be its value in terms of money.

The parish church reflects the identity of the village as a political body. This is particularly evidenced on the day of the annual local, religious festival and the celebration of the patron saint, Holy Trinity. The villagers represent the property of the church, they communally decide for the property of the parish church. This way, they reflect another aspect of the political body that the church represents for the villagers as well. The religious festivals of the parish church demarcate the village’s territory in space as well as in time, as a part of the tradition. Strengthened by the social bonds among inhabitants, this example shows how villagers

¹⁷¹ Ibid., p. 281.

¹⁷² Goffman, Erving, *Gender advertisements*, (Harper Torchbooks, Harper R. Row Publishers, 1979, 1987), p.1.

¹⁷³ Shirley Ardener, “Ground Rules and Social Maps for Women: an Introduction,” in Shirley Ardener, (ed.) *Woman and Space, Ground rules and Social Maps*, (Oxford/ Providence: Berg, 1993), p.3.

demarcate the body of the local church. The villagers of Kampos form a political body, which decides for the parish' church property as if it were their own.

The community of the village is mainly Catholic; however, it consists of some Orthodox villagers too. The local church supports the locals who return to the village after spending time in Athens or elsewhere, to whom life didn't offer the opportunity to have a piece of land in the village. The church offers a piece of land for farming. However, the response is not the same when land is sought by a *xenos*. This act of offering is destined only to locals that return to the village to settle down and live there. There is a social boundary that discerns the locals from the non-locals, which seems non-negotiable. This is the boundary that Mrs. Zana, the artist, is trying to negotiate with different logistical approaches.

***To palio scholio* [The old school]**

The route that *Kyra Anna* takes to reach the museum leaving from the church is longer, but is causing her less pain as she suffers from arthritis. Walking this route, she explores the village boundaries in contact with nature, with less inhabited areas, with less communal areas such as other houses' courtyards, or areas under vaulted archways that she walks through. Through her eyes, the village's network seems like a series of routes which open up to more or less communal spaces then to public and then shrink to more or less private areas, until she arrives at the new museum. The museum is a place of a communal past, a memory as a school but also as a foreign/new thing within the village boundaries. Is the museum something *xeno*? Does its memory makes it easier to be adopted by the locals or is it actually the status of ownership and the communal use that determines its "adoption" by the villagers?

The school of Kampos came into being in 1845 and the building that existed in this location where the museum has recently been built, was constructed in 1903.¹⁷⁴ Later on, when the village population counted a lot of children and there was need for extra space, some of the students were taught at the church of

¹⁷⁴ Georgios Dorizas, *Η Νέα Τήνος, Μέρος Τέταρτο*, (Αθήνα: Έκδοση του Ιδίου, 1981), pp. 270 - 271.

Saint John, at the west of the village. There are still records, some dating as far back as 1919, on all the children that studied at the school, underlining that during 1929 - 1930 the school had 94 students, a rather big number as compared to the years that followed.¹⁷⁵ The school was closed in 1999 because, at that time, there was only one class and nine children. The island's council decided that the schools of the villages of Kampos, Komi and Kalloni were to be relocated and combined in the pre-existing fairly large school in Loutra. The school in Loutra previously belonged to the Ursulines religious order. The school was integrated in their monastery complex. Considering that this space in the village of Kampos was used as a school, the older villagers had a connection with it.

The school building also served as an election centre for both the state's and the island's elections. After it was closed down, the school's courtyard continued to be used by the children of the village as a playground. Even if the building and its courtyard were remote in relation to the village core and used only as a playground, the space remained still connected to the village as part of the boundary of the perimeter of the village and was considered as part of the life of the village community. The municipality's decision to transform, refurbish and extend the old school into a space of contemporary art raised questions about the identity and ownership of the space, thus creating a different sort of boundary. This intermingled with the past and the present, the old and the new, the known/traditional world of the village and the unknown/the world of the contemporary art. At the same time, the main social dispute continues since the ownership of the new building is not clear either in social terms or legal terms due to bureaucratic procedures and political delays.

The owner of this new building that constitutes today the museum could either be the village association, the state or the artist. Possibly the fact that its ownership has not yet been clearly established has given rise the idea or the assumption that it is a private possession that belongs to the artist or the contrary, that it belongs totally to the municipality. This lack of clarity or this assumed ownership that has prevailed until

¹⁷⁵ Ibid., pp.300 - 301.

very recently in the village in turn can be part of the reasons that the new museum seems to be a *xeno* object for the villagers.

The villagers are reluctant to enter the courtyard of the museum and tend to remain outside the walls of the courtyard; the place is not familiar any more. When they finally reach the threshold of the museum, most of them prefer to be nicely dressed. This is the behavior that they exhibit when they attend the village church. *Kyra Anna* removes her shoes so that they do not leave dirt on the polished floor. They act as if there is a barrier of sacredness for the unknown world of art that they are invited to approach. The approach of seeing the new space as “sacred”, but not communal, is a way for them to inhabit the space. It is a way for them to absorb it through a ritual that connects them with an unknown public or private world.

For the villagers, the present state of the place, which they remember as communal, has been part of a new circulation in the village, has a new use and experience as a space, a new identity. The memory of the village school cannot find a familiar space for this experience. Apart from the communal memory that still remains alive in the everyday life of the villagers through narratives and stories that connects them with the past, there is communal pride for the new place, the museum. The village will now become known to the “external world.” It will become notable amongst the other villages that are already known for different activities and have specific identities. The communal pride in the village is definitely reinforced when comments about the cleanliness and beauty of the village are expressed and shared among the villagers. The pride does not only reveal a sense of antagonism, but a sense of pride based on something new as part of the local tradition of the village life, which has consisted mainly on farming and stock raising; a life that also needs to extend into a contemporary world that surrounds the village community and renew itself.

The “language” of contemporary art cannot be approachable for the villagers. It cannot become a “language”, through which the villagers would be able to communicate, or be able to create a space of communal understanding. The artist is trying to involve/encourage participation of the villagers into his art projects. However, in the village of Kampos, where tradition is entrenched and still initiates and gives meaning to basic principles in people’s everyday life, for both social and religious activities, it is difficult for

the villagers to embrace the museum, or to adopt and then “own” it, because the museum does not own them, either. The new museum appears as a public space situated at a location that the village considers as a communal space, in a village where most places are either private or communal. Furthermore, the situation, in which villagers remain at a distance from the new space, especially when highly important and prestigious foreigners are invited by its new addressees, reminds me of what Ardener has said, i.e. that “the presence of individuals in space in turn determines its nature. For example the entry of a stranger may change a private area into a public area.”¹⁷⁶

***Xenoula* at the museum’s threshold**

Xanthi, in the role of the sculptor employed by the museum to conduct the museum’s seminars and workshops, is a young woman not related to the island or the village. Her family is unable to join her while she is on her job assignment. Mrs. Anna calls her *Xenoula* (Little Foreigner). This is demonstrated when Xanthi visits the local church the first day that she arrives in the village. It is also evident in her curiosity to learn about village life, her involvement in the village community, and her connection with Mrs. Anna’s family. As such, she becomes “owned”, “adopted” by Mrs. Anna’s family and is identified as theirs. This gives Xanthi a closer sense of the village community’s ownership of her. Xanthi shares the communal “language” of the village. This language is not just a tool for communication, but a language that possesses her and results in her being “owned” by and “owning” herself the village community.

As Dubisch explains “the terms *xenos* (plural *xeni*), which can signify “foreign”, “foreigner”, “stranger”, “non-villager”, “non-relative,” or simply “not us”, and *dhikos mas* (plural *dhiki mas*), meaning “own” or “our own”, together denote a division between two important realms of Greek social life. These realms are not

¹⁷⁶ Shirley Ardener, “Ground Rules and Social Maps for Women: an Introduction,” p.3. See also S. Ardener 1978: 32; 1993 ed.: 18 and Rodgers.

demarcated by fixed boundaries but rather expand and contract depending upon context.”¹⁷⁷ In some other cases, the words express the “outsiderness” of a person in relation to their connection to the village and “the fact that they were not regular actors in the daily social world of the village.”¹⁷⁸

The case of Xanthi is special, considering that, although she is married, her husband doesn’t actually appear with her in the village. Being part of the village, adopting the village tradition and her being adopted by the village she also becomes part of its social boundaries, that is “she must guard the house and family against any intrusions from the outside, including dirt, illicit sexuality, and other “foreign” matter. Sexuality, women’s in particular, becomes a marker of the boundaries of social groups,”¹⁷⁹ Additionally, this extends further in Dubisch’s work when writing that “disapproved or disruptive behavior, then, makes one an outsider, simultaneously establishing the inside/outside boundary and reaffirming the “norm” to internal village solidarity. Disruptive individuals are, after all, not “one of us.”¹⁸⁰ In the case of Kampos too, we see both men and women in the social arena. Women in this case serve as mediator for the “foreign” to be adopted by the family. However, there are certain social, verbal rules that must be followed by anyone, who is part of a community.

This situation of *xenos* is represented both by the new space of the museum, the young woman who works in the museum, and the relationship of the artist with the villagers, including the old Orthodox Church in the core of the village. In terms of people, the “domestic power” as Friedl writes should not be overlooked.¹⁸¹ This social process which can reaffirm and recreate boundaries can also address the situation of new spaces and whether in these spaces locals or *xeni* are involved. This is possibly why the situation with the Russian Orthodox church appears to be “adopted” by the villagers, considering that the faith to communal

¹⁷⁷ Jill Dubisch, “Foreign Chickens” and Other Outsiders, p.273.

¹⁷⁸ Ibid.

¹⁷⁹ Ibid., p. 276.

¹⁸⁰ Ibid., p. 279.

¹⁸¹ Ibid., p.274, quoting Ernestine Friedl (1967; see also Collier 1974).

saints, the church as a communal institution and the social and religious activities, where the locals are involved, offer a different situation as part of the village core.

As an interviewer and a researcher, I felt as being in a place that inclined more towards being *diki tous* (one of them) instead of a *xeni*. This is because there was a family connection with the village on the one hand and because of my short personal trace from the place when I was a child, on the other. The connection of my father with the village, my random visits throughout the years and participation to communal events, such as the festival of the parish church, but also the time shared with them, especially with those that I interviewed more than three times. On the other hand, a new relationship was built with the villagers when I started this research, particularly considering the fact that there were not certain questions for them to answer - those may sound foreign or too academic sometimes -, but also that I was listening to their stories. I was informed about conflict, feuds, and scandals -I was an insider.

At the museum

When Xanthi asks the villagers for help to prepare the museum for the arrival of the Russians, the foreigners, the process of a communal ritual begins. The foreigner now gains a different interpretation in the social hierarchy of the village, since the village has to care for its image. Then, the villagers get together to help after being asked; the women get together to help for the preparation of the sweets and the men respond to the cleaning of the village streets. In this way, they have the opportunity to share the opening of the museum, a new, foreign space for them through a ritual of preparation that involves cleaning and sharing food. All this came after *Kyra Anna* suggested Xanthi to ask the help of the village, in a situation where the relation of the villagers and the museum seemed disconcerting and ambiguous. Her suggestion actually reflects a different type of thinking and intelligence, being well aware of the complexity of village life and mental attitudes. Her approach to the situation combines fairness and wisdom in order to create a mind

deception and reveal in that way a different type of bond and connection between the museum and the villagers. This is a type of experience *Kyra* Anna has acquired over the years.¹⁸²

The women of the village have the opportunity to participate by preparing and sharing the food as they do traditionally for all joyous events (weddings, christenings and the Honey Festival) or commemorative ceremonies. The men of the village participate through the cleaning and refurbishing of certain areas of the village. These events give them the opportunity to get together with respect to a communal happening. The village has been swept and cleaned and decorated with flower pots. The decoration is something that both men and women are involved with, depending on how much labor is required. The new building bears all the qualities and symbols that may establish a different identity for the village community, but without these types of rituals the new museum would be distant from and foreign to the villagers' life. The route to the museum through the centre of the village becomes a passage, which connects the foreigners or *xeni* with the village. Through this passage, they approach the new institution of the museum. This is why it was very important for the villagers the visitors of the museum and the artist to walk through the village. This is also the reason why the villagers reacted when a road sign would lead the visitors of the museum directly to the museum courtyard from the regional road, thus by-passing the village core.

The villagers connect with the museum only through a passage towards it that allows them to get involved with their presence and their products (sweets and *raki*) into the museum's festival time. They act in solidarity in order to support the good image of the village. The villagers did not visit the museum at its annual opening when it was opened with the pomp, ceremony, formality, and publicity that usually accompanies every big opening in the previous years. When the new museum is visited by *xeni*, who bear formality as museum visitors, this becomes an external element to the village, it adds an additional layer of foreignness to the villagers' communal life and it becomes a public space outside the village's communal boundaries.

¹⁸² Marcel Detienne and Jean-Pierre Vernant, *Cunning Intelligence in Greek Culture and Society*, translated from French by Janet Lloyd (Sussex: The Harvester Press, 1978), p.3.

The Russian church

The Russian church reveals a different situation within the village core. The existence of the Russian church appears foreign to the local culture given that Catholicism is the religion that most of the villagers adhere to. There are many factors that make this church important for the villagers: the importance and meaning of religion for them; the location of the church right in the centre and the core of the village; this church has been an integral part of the village core since 1774; and its location next to a significant communal space of the village, the *choreftra*. All these reasons create a compelling connection for the villagers.

In this location, there was a very small Orthodox church devoted to Saint Paraskevi. The priest of the church was Georgios Dorizas¹⁸³ and when, in the middle of the 18th century, the church needed to be refurbished, he decided, together with the Orthodox villagers of Kampos, that instead of securing funding for the old church, they would raise funds to build a bigger church. However, this was during the period of the occupation of the Turkish Empire and the situation was extremely difficult. As a result, even with the support and work of the villagers, only the foundations of the church were completed. G. Dorizas, after considerable deliberation, decided to travel to Paros to speak to the Russian admiral Orlof, who ruled the archipelago in that period, as reported in an old local newspaper.¹⁸⁴ Dorizas conveyed and described the longing of the Orthodox villagers of Kampos to build a church. The admiral reassured him that he would help them and ordered that funding should be provided for the new church and its construction was to start immediately. The church was grandiosely built and the priest suggested that the villagers could express their gratitude to Orlof by devoting the church to St. Ekaterini, in gratitude to the empress Ekaterini (Catherine the Great) of Russia. The church was maintained until the end of the 18th century. As G. Dorizas describes at the

¹⁸³ According to oral information passed on by the older inhabitants of the village, this church used to be looked after by an Orthodox priest whose name was Dorizas. This has been a special church in the village centre. The keys to the church were given to Nikiforos who owns the coffeehouse, after the priest died. Even if the church is Orthodox, most of the villagers attend the liturgy at this church on the day its patron saint, Agia Ekaterini [St. Catherine], is celebrated. This church was built around 1770 with the financial support of the Russian admiral in honor of the empress Ekaterini [Catherine of Russia].

¹⁸⁴ Georgios Dorizas, *Ιστορικό Ναού Αγ Αικατερίνης Κάμπου*, Κυκλαδικό Φως, Αρ. Φύλλου, 331, 1976.

beginning of the 19th century the priest, Dorizas, decided to go to Russia and request additional funding so that the church could be maintained adequately. Unfortunately, he died during this trip when he was in Istanbul. Later on, the local Orthodox priest asked for financial support from the Pilgrimage Church of the Annunciation. Meanwhile, there were fewer Orthodox villagers in Kampos. Up until a few years ago, Saint Ekaterini Church was maintained with the help of Dorizas family. When the members of the Dorizas family no longer took care of the church, the key to the church was given to a Catholic villager of Kampos to take care of it and the Foundation of the Pilgrimage Church of the Annunciation now owns the church.¹⁸⁵

The Church of Saint Ekaterini, located in the centre of the village, has a clear boundary of ownership. It shares a communal history and a religious language with the villagers of Kampos, while spatially it occupies a very central space in the villagers' everyday life. Opposite to Saint Ekaterini is the *caffenio* of the village located at the crossroads of the main street and the main communal space, the *choreftra*. The political space of the village is created in the *caffenio* and the open *arena*, the *choreftra*, which is delineated by the *caffenio*, Saint Ekaterini's church, the adjacent building, which belongs to Saint Ekaterini church and was used as a classroom when the school that was now transformed into a museum was under construction, and a house, which used to house another *caffenio* in its street level in the past. This is the space where village life is owned by the villagers through debates, conversations and discussions still nowadays. However, the fact that the Russians wanted to change the name of the communal space in front of the church raises discussions and gives room for new stories. Narrated stories, issues and controversies are analysed, recreated and solved in this space, while people who are part of the everyday life of the village will be asked and invited to join whatever is the current debate. This is the space where, through orality and narrative, what may seem foreign will become owned by the villagers through their communal language. This is the place where the foreign will approach the village's communal life more closely.

The life that extends from the *caffenio* till the *choreftra*, the public meeting, just like life in the fields, also remains a place for men. Women stay connected with this communal/public space only through its cleaning

¹⁸⁵ Ibid.

or sitting by the steps of the adjacent house and cleaning up peppers and other products from the dirt in the afternoon sun. The women remain more connected with the house, the garden and the preparation of the products that men bring from the fields into food.¹⁸⁶ Village labor is allocated socially between men and women.¹⁸⁷ According to that allocation, men are responsible for refurbishing the street and deteriorating walls for the opening of the museum and the women for preparing the sweets.

Holy Trinity's land

Communal participation in a various sort of ways seems required for integrating a space in the village core. The rumors and village stories revolve around the belief that "Mrs. Zana" obtains most of the sponsorships and makes all the decisions for the new space, the museum. On the other hand, some people say that it belongs to the municipality because the municipality donated the village school and the building was refurbished with funds provided from a European programme. Recently, a lawyer friend from the island said to one of the villagers that the Parliament has not yet voted to give to the museum the legal status as the Municipal Museum of "Mrs. Zana". On the other hand, "Mrs. Zana" is responsible for all of its maintenance and the expenses, since the municipality cannot respond in that way, because of the museum's current legal status. Because of this, most of the villagers feel that it belongs to "Mrs. Zana" and maybe this is the reason that they do not visit the place very often. As one of the villagers reports, since the inaugural opening, none of the villagers has visited the museum again, not even the new exhibitions on display every year. "The world is inseparable from the subject, but from a subject which is nothing but a project of the world, and the subject is inseparable from the world, but from a world which the subject itself projects,"¹⁸⁸ explains Varela, revealing the connection of the subject with the world and how the subject is part of this

¹⁸⁶ Pierre Bourdieu, *Η αίσθηση της πρακτικής*, p. 126.

¹⁸⁷ *Ibid.*, p.118.

¹⁸⁸ Francisco J. Varela, Eva Thompson, Eleanor Rosch, *The Embodied Mind*, (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1991), p.4.

world and gets projected through the subject. This means, in comparison to the villager's reaction to the Russian church and the new museum of the village that the church of the village is inseparable from the village culture because it is a subject of what is projected to this world. This is what actually happens through the communal language of religion and the meaning of the building in the core of the village as part of their daily mobility. How can this be the same with a museum of contemporary art, which just bears the memory of the location of a place that used to be the school of the village?

The buildings, as well as the people that create the surrounding landscape through their activities in the village, as Malpas refers to, are "embedded in the physical landscape is a landscape of personal and cultural history of social ordering and symbolism."¹⁸⁹ "The land carries on its face, in pathways, monuments and sites, a cultural memory and storehouse of ideas."¹⁹⁰ It is apparent that the clarity of boundaries in terms of ownership for a communal property, the location and the activities that incur the villagers' participation in the space of the new building help the villagers adopt the new idea that a new subject can be integrated in the village culture.

On the other hand, in terms of people, the procedure seems to be the same with the need of sharing a communal concern derived from the village world. Du Boulay, looking at the scale of a family group, mentions that "all relationships therefore between the family group and people who are outside it hold a measure of distrust and even within the family the love that is felt between the various members of it, is generated less through sheer relationship, insight and knowledge than through means and objects - the relationship that joins them is less a direct one of mutual understanding so much as an indirect one which formed as they look outwards in their common concern for those objects which are in their care."¹⁹¹ This can describe both the family and village group in the way that it reacts to the foreign whether it is a person, a building or an institution.

¹⁸⁹ Jeffrey Malpas, *Place and Experience: A Philosophical Topography* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), p.187.

¹⁹⁰ Ibid. p. 186.

¹⁹¹ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of a Greek Mountain Village*, pp. 85-86.

The communal sound

This interpretation also includes Holy Trinity's church bell and clock, ringing once every half an hour, sounding the time every hour, pausing for the midday break of the village's life. The bell's sound sets an order for the village activity, despite the foreign elements and special occasions in the village life, such as the museum's opening. The sound of the bell is a reminder of time connected with spaces within the village boundaries and landscape, but also connected with village life and ceremonies and rituals such as the mass, festivals, death, weddings and many religious events connected with the annual cycle of life and time in the village. In Kampos, "time [...] is what is counted whenever we measure a movement between earlier and later moments of its unfolding. Time is thus inseparable from number and sequence; it appears in Aristotle's writings as a continuous linear series of points, each a punctiform "now" dividing the past from the future,"¹⁹² as Abram reports. Merleau-Ponty rises the importance of this issue writing about "this very time that is space, this very space that is time,"¹⁹³ a phrase that reveals the essence of time connected with specific spaces and life schedule in the village life. This reveals, as Abram states about this phrase, "the relation between the perceptual world and the world of our supposedly incorporeal ideals and thoughts."¹⁹⁴

The sound of the bell connects the daily labor, the church and other life events that concern both men and women with the space of the village. The three foreigners, the museum, the Russian church and Xanthi, who are outside the direct village world, create bridges of communication in a different set of time, through the establishment of a communal concern and language, which bears communal metaphors. This concern may be diverse seen through the lens of religion and the opening of the museum as part of the village life.

¹⁹² David Abram, *The Spell of the Sensuous: Perception and Language in a More-Than-Human World*, (Vintage books, 1996), p.198.

¹⁹³ Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The Invisible and the Visible: Followed by Working Notes*, edited by Claude Lefort, translated by Alfonso Lingis, (Northwestern University Press, 1968), p. 259.

¹⁹⁴ David Abram, *The Spell of the Sensuous*, p.208.



Institutional Figure 3: Fictional Narrative 2 of Three Foreigners and an Opening Day
 16/05/2024 11:03:38 EEST 3 145 16 98
 Map/figure ground of the village (scale a)



The route of the Russians
in the day of the Big Opening

Other guests' route for the big opening

Way to Chora

The New
Museum

Saint Ekaterini Church

The participation of
the villagers in the
big opening

Saint Trinity Church



Fictional Narrative 3: The Local Festival

It was only 8 o'clock on Sunday morning and already there was movement in the narrow village streets formed by the walls of the street level storages and the thresholds of the stairs, which lead to the front courtyards of the houses. On the main street, in front of Nikiforos' courtyard wall, at the area where the big walnut tree leaned against *Kyra Eleni's* wall, she was already busy with sweeping the leaves that had fallen on the street in front of her house. The concrete street was framed in a white painted line of lime, an indication that it was spruced up in preparation for the day of festivity. In front of a long empty wall that was part of *Kyra Eleni's* basement and the storage area of the house, her husband, Mathios, had fastened a rope on two metal rings which supported long bunches of *sparta*, bushes with little yellow flowers that border the edges of the roads all over Tinos. Further down the street, Nikiforos was also decorating his wall with *sparta* while he was talking to Simo. Most of the male villagers were doing the same job that morning.

At around 9 o'clock, the streets became busier as the priests and the parishioners walked towards the village church, where the patron saint of the village would be celebrated today. At the same time, the bells of Holy Trinity Church started ringing to remind the villagers that the mass would start in about an hour's time. The church was sparkling. Everything was clean and polished, including the chandeliers. Every piece of copper or silver and every surface of white marble or wood was clean and shiny. The big vases that were located at the bottom and at the top of the altar were filled with long-stemmed daffodils. It seemed as if they were an extension of the altar, reaching towards the ceiling of the church. The ceiling of the church was particularly fine, painted in a light blue color with delicate golden stars drawn on it.

Numerous steps could be heard echoing under the vaulted archways over the streets of the village. Murmurs and laughter crowded the space under the village's vaults and the streets.

Unusually punctual, everyone from the village, as well as guests and visitors, were at the church at 10 o'clock. One by one, they started to sit on the church benches, while sounds of chanting and the smell of incense were filling the space. The church was so crowded that the people poured out onto the pebbled courtyard of the church. Most of those who were outside chatted and gossiped, despite the admonishments by an old lady inside the church who hissed, "Shush!"

"Did you see how clean and shiny everything was in the church this morning, Mathios? It's worth the money that each family paid over the last four months for the cleaning ladies from Smardakito, since "our own" said that they wouldn't be able to clean the church." Eleni whispered in Mathios' ear.

"Today is the *panigyri* of Holy Trinity, Eleni. On this day, the church is always decorated with flowers and the chandelier is turned on. After such long discussions about the cleaning of the church, a solution had to be found".

"Last year, when the new commissioners were in charge of cleaning the church, nothing had been cleaned at all. The courtyard had not been weeded. Not even the street passing in front of the nearby houses was clean." Eleni seemed to complain about the commissioners and her co-villagers.

"Yes but *this is not public, let's say public is the street of the church.*" Manthos replied.

"*Just like at my grandmother's house that has two trees extending from Simo's courtyard: one day she is sweeping one tree, the other day is sweeping the other.*" Eleni couldn't keep herself from reacting to her husbands' words.

Sofia, standing next to them, interrupted their whispers: "*May your grace forgive me, but she is not sweeping there. She is sweeping in front of Simo's house. From that point on, there is a courtyard with a walnut tree. This walnut tree casts its leaves every September or October. Well, Aniez is sweeping only in front of her house. She doesn't sweep the leaves of the courtyard. My*

*mother-in-law does that. For the branches that extend to my mother's side, for example, Simos gives her a bowl of walnuts.*¹⁹⁵” Mathios and Eleni remained speechless.

“Anyway, did you hear the sound of the new bell?” Mathios whispered back to Sofia.

“On this festive day, I usually like to chant when I am in church,” said Sofia. “All the hubbub from the men talking outside prevents me from concentrating.” This made Eleni think that Sofia didn't want to continue the conversation after expressing her disappointment about the cleaning of the street, but this didn't prevent her from continuing her conversation with her husband, who would usually sit at the front benches, like most of men of the village do. But today, they had come relatively late to find a seat there.

“Did you notice the ringing of the new bell?” she asked him just as the bishop entered the church and the priest and followers began the festive mass.

Mathios, briefly and abruptly responded. “The new bell cost a fortune. They had the mechanism changed. But they also left the old one in the belfry”, and he poked her gently, a sign to make her stop talking.

The mass was glorious as expected for this festive day for the village. Before the mass ended, the priests lined up in the central aisle of the church. Then, their assistants picked up the chandeliers that they would carry on their procession through the village to Saint Ioannis church. They started moving slowly down the aisle and out towards the courtyard of the church. They were chanting loudly and into a hand-held microphone while the new bell was ringing. They made their way through the crowd of people, who were starting to jostle each other on both sides of the courtyard so that they could allow the group accompanying the priest to pass and then follow the procession.

¹⁹⁵ Interview 3, Cleaning, Kampos, December 2014, trans. for the needs of this PhD, Maria Vidali, Appendix, pp. 51-52.

At the head of the procession were the priests protected by a moving tent of a shiny golden weaved fabric, which four villagers held by wooden posts on four corners forming a square shade area underneath. Behind them, were village representatives, the mayor and his followers and then the villagers and their guests. The procession widened and narrowed, much as liquid would, following the boundaries formed by the narrow streets, walls, pots, plants and steps of each house.

The lanterns, as well as the golden tent, had to be lowered every time the procession passed under a vaulted archway. When the procession reached the other side of the village, it stopped. The doors of Saint Ioannis church were wide open to welcome the blessing of the priests on this festive day.

The crowd of people was squeezed close to the walls that formed the streets so as to allow the procession to pass through. Some of them stayed at the courtyard of Holy Trinity's church and waited for the procession to return. Others had started to disperse even before the crowd had returned to Holy Trinity's church. There were small groups of people chatting with each other. People were hugging and kissing and wishing each other well. When the procession finally reached Holy Trinity's church, within a few minutes, the mass officially finished. The crowd of people was standing in the courtyard of the church. They were making quite a commotion, but even so, the sound of murmurs and chatter were drowned out by the strong and loud ringing of the new bell. From this sacred and central place in the village, where all gathered in a spirit of solidarity, the villagers and other guests of Holy Trinity's festive day started to move in different directions through the small, narrow streets and the large alleyways of the village core. Where the street widened, opposite to the new village square, where the wall of the old ruined house by the corner casts shadow on the street and the square, Manolis and Mathios met each other and stood by the wall to exchange wishes.

Manolis greeted his neighbors, “Mathie,¹⁹⁶ *chronia polla, chronia polla Eleni*. Be proud of your family.”

“*Kai tou chronou*, Manolis. Are you going to Manthos’ house?” Mathios responded. “That’s where we meet nearly every year, don’t we? I think the only time that you weren’t there was last year.”

“Eh, last year we were in mourning because my wife’s father had passed away two months before Holy Trinity feast day,” replied Manolis. “Usually my wife’s sister welcomes visitors at her house on this festive day. Most times we go to Manthos’ house and Foteini’s sister’s place, but last year we didn’t go anywhere. I didn’t see you, Mathios, in church this morning. Where were you?”

“I stayed inside the church,” said Mathios.

“I was outside in the courtyard most of the time. I also rang the bell this year, since I wasn’t able last year because of my knee. Simos and Nikiforos rang the bell too. You should have seen how Simos kneeled down against the taut rope, holding on to it as tightly as he could, with both hands in front of his face.”

Mathios laughed and said with pride “I remember him last year as he pulled on the bell and the weight of the bell and the strength of the rope shook him up and pulled him up and down roughly. Aaah, I enjoyed it a lot that year.”

“I was tired and I stayed inside the church and chanted. I woke up at 5 in the morning so that I would have enough time to feed the sheep after milking the cows. Then I decorated the wall of our house facing the street with *sparta*. I also had to decorate our neighbor Nikoforos’ wall, as he is still in Athens spending time with his children.” Mathios explained. Suddenly, Manolis looked pensive and hesitant.

¹⁹⁶ In Greek, this is the vocative for the name Mathios. I chose to keep it this way in English, too.

“Mathios, what happened between you and Panagiotis? Somebody said in the *caffenio* the other day that you had a big argument about a piece of land,” asked Manolis, lowering his voice.

“Eh, this is another reason why I didn’t want to go outside into the courtyard during the mass today. Panagiotis was there.” There was silence for a couple of seconds and then Mathios went on. “My father had given his father a piece of land so that he could pass through our land with his cows and reach his property. They had no pathway to connect with his pieces of land. Last September, after my father died, I went to this field one day and found a fence in a corner of the property. This land actually belongs to me; my father had already bequeathed it to me a year ago. I knew about the agreement between my father and Panagiotis’ father, so I immediately realized why Panagiotis mistakenly fenced my land. When I called him, he said that his father bequeathed this piece of land to him.”

“Didn’t you go to the notary?” asked Manolis.

“I went to the notary as I was certain that there were contracts for this property that dated back to 1922. Even so, Panagiotis claimed that my father had offered this piece of land to his father and that there was a contract proving that. The contract that he referred to was a piece of paper that my father had given to his father saying that he allowed him to cross over my father’s property for the purpose of moving his animals to his land because there was no pathway to reach his land. I was ready to take him to court until his lawyer spoke to him and he withdrew his claim. But ever since we are not speaking to each other,” Mathios explained still sounding very upset.

“Didn’t *Barba* Marcos, your father, say anything to him?”

“He did indeed, but Panagiotis nevertheless insisted that he had a paper signed by him. No matter if this wasn’t an actual contract,” replied Mathios as they were walking towards Manthos’ house followed by their wives who were chatting about the glamour of the mass.

In the shade of the vaulted archways that covered and formed the village streets, and among the comings and goings of the villagers, the group of Manthos’ guests grew larger as they moved towards his house.

Antonis cried out, “*Chronia polla!* Are you both invited to Manthos’ house?”

“*Chronia polla Antoni!*” replied Manolis. “Eh, you know Antoni, on a day like this, we Catholics never go to a house uninvited.”

“This is true. We are probably too proud to go to a house for the festive meal without being invited,” Mathios responded ironically.

“Who whitewashed the village this year for the festivity?” exclaimed Manolis. “Did they send anyone from the municipality?” added Manolis while both men continued walking quicker than the rest of Mathios’ group. They kept going down the street that leads to the lower parts of the village.

“*Baaaaa* (No) Manolis, they stopped doing that two years ago. If it weren’t for the villagers, nothing would be done. We have to return to our good habits of cleaning, as we did before the municipality offered to do this instead. There is no use waiting for the municipality! Every villager whitewashed their own wall in front of their house,” was the response of Manolis.

As they were walking, Mathios went on, “I met Giorgis, the village representative, the other day and he was upset with those who have dogs in the village and do not pick up their dog’s excrements on the village streets.”

“Eh, the village must be clean. Cleaning up is a habit we have given up. Now, so many people pass through the village. Do you remember fifty to sixty years ago, when we had a *chorofilaka* in the village? Nobody dared leave their garbage in the middle of the village.” Manolis sounded kind of irritated.

“I saw Giorgis at the church courtyard and we walked together at the procession after the liturgy,” continued Manolis. “He talked to me about the time when the villagers cared about the cleanliness of the village. Now the villagers expect a lot from the local authority.” He stayed silent for a few seconds. “Afterwards, when the procession reached Saint Ioannis church, I met Manthos, who had already started to get his guests together for the festive meal. He was talking

to the group of Russians who were in the village last week for a mass at Saint Ekaterini, the Russian church.”

“Who are these Russians?” Mathios asked. “I saw them again three weeks ago at the opening of Mrs. Zanna’s museum. There were about eight of them and two of them must have been important persons. They were with Giorgis, the village representative. Eh, they attended again a liturgy in the church of Saint Ekaterini with one of the Orthodox priests of the island and then they shared some of the local delicacies.”

“I was there when Giorgis talked to them,” said Manolis. “One of them was the Russian ambassador to Greece and the other one was the ex-minister of Foreign Affairs of Russia. They requested that the island’s municipality make an inscription for Captain Orlof who initially financed the building of the church. They also asked that the square in front of the church be named after him. Then they asked for permission to come as a group every year to visit and to create a pilgrimage destination of the church. They would hold a liturgy in the church every year. This is why they stay on the island for so long.”

“Ah, and what did our village reply? I mean, the municipal representatives?” Mathios asked intensely.

“Eee, they said that they would be very welcome!” said Manolis moving his head, as no other reply could suit better Mathios’ question.

Manthos’ house was located next to the regional street of the village by the pathway, which led to the village well. The house was hidden behind a stone boundary wall and a garden blooming with roses that could be seen in all its beauty if somebody were approaching it from the higher-level street.

“Ioanna, be careful when you walk through Manthos’ garden,” Manolis warned his wife. “One step is shorter than the others.”

“But look at those beautiful roses and their vegetable field,” Ioanna answered. “Who looks after them? Katerina or Manthos?”

“Manthos spends his time in the orchard during the early evening, after taking care of the cows,” Manolis answered, “Katerina probably looks after this part of the garden. His father-in-law also often works in the garden in the week.”

All the guests walked two by two through a narrow corridor bordered by stone slate, which divided the garden with the roses in two parts. At the end of the corridor, there was a shadowed courtyard and Manthos waited at the doorstep. This house was newly built and designed to extend over the ground floor. As it wasn't part of the village core, the house had a garden.

Manthos greeted his guests, “*Chronia polla* and welcome.”

The door of the house was already wide open. The north wind passing through the house let out scents of cooking meat and local delicacies. The guests entered the house and, after wishing the hosts well, they filled the living room area next to the entrance where a huge table was set especially for the day, covering three walls of the living room. Apparently, other furniture had been removed and put elsewhere. The table was decorated with a white linen tablecloth, beautiful white plates with silver painted decorations and shiny cutlery. Small vases with flowers were placed every eight plates and colorful delicacies of slices of red meat, green salads, salads with a beautifully made yellow mayonnaise, dark pieces of sausage, plates of vegetables and so many other products and food made up a rich and tasty banquet.

“*Chronia polla Manthe kai tou chronou. Po po po*, what a wonderful table, what good householders you are.” Manolis exclaimed enthusiastically.

“Eh, you have to thank my wife and my mother in law for their cooking,” Manthos replied. “Ee I made the *louza* and *skordato* from the pig that we killed last October. The beef comes from my animals too. Eh, I also helped to set up the tables. We have forty five guests this year.”

“Forty people are coming this year?” Ioanna exclaimed.

“There are forty-five official guests for the meal,” explained Manthos. “Of course, there will be many more that will drop by to wish us well for this feast day since they know that every year we open our home.”

Mathios went on, “Manolis told me that you also invited the Russians.”

“Yes, I saw them in the courtyard of Saint Ioannis’ church. I thought I would be impolite not to invite them to any of the village homes on this festive occasion. It is the first time that they are actually in our village on Holy Trinity’s day. It is our honor to have the foreigners in our village and host them.” He stood back. “Please take your seat at the table. You are the first group to arrive. Would you like some *raki*?”

Katerina, Manthos’s wife came over to welcome them. “*Chronia polla*. Welcome!”

Mathios’ wife, Eleni, replied first, “*Kai tou chronou*, Katerina. All the best!”

Mathios then asked, “Ah, how are you Katerina? *Chronia polla*. The housewife of the house should be honored today.”

“Eh, Mathie, these are difficult days for the housewife when the house is open to guests,” answered Katerina. “But it is our pleasure to host friends and relatives.”

Mathios bent down to whisper softly into Katerina’s ear. “Katerina, maybe Manthos has already told you about my quarrel with your cousin, Panagiotis. Please don’t let us sit next to each other. Please forgive me for mentioning this, but we didn’t want to miss out on your invitation because of that.”

Katerina whispered back in a serious tone of voice, “Do not worry, Mathie. Apart from the big table in the living room, there is also a table in the kitchen and a very small one just here, as you can see, in front of the door. Things like this happen. There is plenty of space, so you and Panagiotis do not need to sit close to each other. Come over here. You can sit next to Nikiforos and Agni.”

“*Chronia polla*, Mathie. *Chronia polla*, Eleni.” Nikiforos greeted them.

Eleni, Mathios' wife greeted in response Nikiforos and his wife, "*Chronia polla*, Agni."

Agni made room for Mathios and Eleni to take their seats. "Come and sit down. We heard a lot of footsteps and we thought at first that it would be the group of Russians."

"Ohh. I think that they have been disrupting the whole village for the past few weeks." Eleni exclaimed.

"Why? What is going on with them, why are they coming so often in the village?" Nikiforos wondered with curiosity.

"Don't you remember Nikifore, that the museum never actually opens so early in the spring? The museum opened doors early this year because the Russian Consul and his delegation were coming and they would be joined by a group of Orthodox priests. The priests would perform a liturgy at St Ekaterini Russian church by the *choreftra*. The mayor and members of the island's Council would also join the Russians. They started with the exhibition, stayed for some time in the courtyard, appreciated the view and then they strolled towards the church of Saint Ekatherini," explained Eleni as Mathios was still trying to feel comfortable sitting next to her, thinking of the possible arrival of Panagiotis.

"Our daughters attended the liturgy at Saint Ekaterini's Church that afternoon," said Agni.

"There were quite a few villagers, too, at the liturgy that day. When I went by the church, I saw Nikoforos setting up a table in the *choreftra*. I guess his wife was preparing doughnuts with honey. I could smell the fried doughnuts from as far as my home, up at the end of the street. Then Popi and Sofia told me that after the liturgy, in the small space of the *choreftra*, they offered *loukoumades* with honey and *raki*." said Eleni.

The discussion was abruptly cut short when the village priest entered the room. He stood in front of the festive table. Priest Giorgis greeted everyone, "*Chronia polla* to all of you. May God grant you happiness and good health."

“Welcome and *chronia polla*, *Patir* Giorgi. Please take a seat at the head of the table,” Manthos welcomed the priest.

“Manthos, I came early,” Father Giorgis excused himself. “I guess that I should wait until most of the guests sit at the table and then bless the meal.”

“Considering that the table is almost full, I think you can start. People are still standing around in the narrow corridor of the house’s garden. They will come in and take their seats soon.”

“Ah, look Manolis,” Ioanna, Manolis’ wife exclaimed from the other end of the table. “Rita just arrived with her father, Gianni. Gianni, come and sit over here.”

“Why didn’t your wife and your youngest daughter come?” Manolis asked Gianni while Gianni was greeting other villagers and was trying to find two empty seats around the table without jostling his fellow villagers too much.

“You know, Manolis, when we are invited to different houses for dinner, it is not considered polite the whole family to attend just one. Fortunately, our family is big enough and we can be everywhere, if we split up! ”

From the other end of the huge table Mathios’ voice was heard, “Look. The group of Russians has arrived,” he said, as he was putting a piece of *skordato* in his mouth.

“Oh, there are quite a few of them. Will Katerina be able to fit them around the table?” Eleni wondered.

“Do not worry,” Mathios reassured his wife. “There are enough places for everyone. There are extra tables in the kitchen.”

A group of blond tall, handsome men and fine women, five in total, with glowing white skin with a rosy tint, entered the big *sala* of the house. They were polite and smiling. They seemed surprised to find themselves in the living room of the house and see the festive atmosphere created by the four big, nicely decorated tables.

“Look at the Russians and how they are looking at the plates on the table,” remarked Mathios. “I am certain that they have never seen such a meal before.”

“Actually, the meal of this feast day calls for a specific menu and particular food decorations,” explained Eleni, as a qualified housewife. “In the past, it was basically pilaf with liver, local cheese and sausage, beef, scalloped potatoes, fresh beans with tomato sauce, Russian salad, delicacies such as *louza* and *skordato*, *mpourekakia*, and sardines. However, nowadays young women have added new tastes to the menu and the table is laden with endless food of various choices.” Eleni sounded like she had to show that she had the experience and was knowledgeable about the hard work that such a menu demands.

The Russians had hardly settled around the main table, when suddenly loud and enthusiastic foreign voices and laughs were heard at the entrance. But the loudest one of all was the voice of Katerina, the housewife, welcoming this new group of strangers. They were Australians, two couples and a child, who despite the loudness of their arrival, were now timidly entering the big *sala*. They were Katerina’s friends from the Internet, who had found each other when they realized that they shared the same surname. They were visiting the island and the village for the first time in their lives, after Katerina’s invitation. Katerina escorted them kindly to the left side of the long festive table. Apparently, it was more formal for someone to have a seat at the big festive table in the *sala* than at the one opposite to the entrance or in the kitchen.

On the other hand, the table in the kitchen was already full of relatives and close friends of the family. Thoma’s daughter, who lives in Athens and came to the island for the local festival, along with two other architect friends, were seated at the table opposite to the entrance. After a few minutes, the Australians were also seated and were amazed by the decoration of the plates, the richness and variety of the colors and wonderful smell of the fine food. A few minutes later, two more villagers and other friends and guests of the family arrived.

“Mathie!” Eleni, Mathios’ wife whispered while pushing his hand gently. “Panagiotis just came in with Poppi, his wife.”

“I can see that. But I have already talked to Katerina and she told me that she has arranged to have them sit at the small table in front of the entrance door.” Mathios was nervous.

“Yes, but can’t you see that this table is now full with Thomas’ daughter and her friends and the table in the kitchen is full with relatives” Eleni pointed out. “This is because the Russians were not expected and they were invited this morning after the church.”

“Do not worry Eleni, Katerina knows about it.” Mathios tried to calm Eleni despite his nervousness. And then couldn’t hold himself from asking, “Who are those Greek-Australians sitting over there?”

“They became friends with Katerina on the Internet,” Eleni explained.

“Became friends on the Internet?” asked Mathios. “What do you mean?”

“Eh, this is what our daughters spend their time on,” Eleni said. “They get to know other people. They found each other on the Internet because they have the same surname. They thought that maybe they have the same family roots, so they became friends. These people were very interested in our village. Since they were planning to come to Greece, Katerina invited them to Tinos and to the village festival.”

“Hmm, I can see Katerina staring at us and coming towards us,” Mathios sounded worried.

“She seems frustrated, probably because the only remaining empty seats are those two next to us. Do you think that this might be the reason?” wondered Eleni.

Katerina, clearly embarrassed, looked fearfully at Mathios.

“Mathie, I am in trouble. There are no more chairs and space at the table left for Panagiotis and his wife. Two unexpected guests who came with the Russians and one extra Australian guest completely messed up the seating plan that I had in mind. I am terribly sorry, but would you mind if I put them here, next to you? These are the only two chairs left.”

“Ohhh!!” Mathios let out a cry of dismay.

Mathios was in despair. All the chairs, food and wine on the table started to look like enemies that had trapped him in this position. He expected his wife's support. He was speechless when his wife took a totally unexpected position.

"I am a housewife, too, Katerina and I know how things like this may happen at big festive meals. Do not worry. We won't kill each other in any event. Right, Mathie?" and turned towards her husband's red face.

"Eee, Yes," muttered Mathios. "It is okay, Katerina. Just bring an extra bottle of your father-in-law's fine red wine."

Panagiotis didn't look very happy either when he realized that he had to sit next to his "enemy." This situation wiped the smile off his face. But it was obvious that the table was so full that he didn't have any other choice but leave and leaving was not an option, because this would be very rude towards the hosts. So, followed by his wife, he squeezed himself in the gap, between the wall and the other guests at the table taking the only two places left. He allowed his wife to pass first. He didn't even turn his head to look at Mathios. He managed to avoid showing his embarrassment by greeting everybody. Both men seemed numb and it looked as if their wives had to play a more active social role at the table. The rest of the guests, even though they weren't all aware of their argument, they could notice a stream of "cold air" overhanging between the two men.

Just before starting with the plates of appetizers, which were already on the table and carefully placed to decorate the table, Father Giorgis stood up at the head of the table and blessed the food and the day. He blessed the feast in the name of the parish church and the community of the village and the festive meal made with all these products from the orchards and animals of the family. Everyone stood up and bowed their heads respectfully, even those who had been unable to resist the appetizers and were still chewing their last bites.

The priest gave the blessing and the meal officially started. Plates, appetizers, wine, glasses, spoons and forks were busily moving over the table from one side to the other. Bottles of white

and red wine were emptied, while filled glasses were clinking with wishes well for many good years ahead. There was a joyful commotion by glasses and cutlery clicking or knocking against the white porcelain plates.

Then Katerina, followed by her mother and her daughter, entered the *sala* coming from the kitchen with the sacredness of a ritual. Each of the three women was holding a huge plate of pilaf on one hand and tiny pieces of liver cooked in red sauce on the other. Katerina was also accompanied by her husband, Manthos, who hadn't stopped serving his guests wine and helping all of their guests feel comfortable and enjoy the meal. The three women were scattered to each table and started to fill each plate with the first food of the festive menu. After the ritualistic procedure of serving the food, Katerina wished that this could be a good chance for Mathios and Panagiotis to get over their disagreement.

Among the many glasses that clinked, Mathios and Panagiotis also clinked hesitantly their glasses together. Larger plates of rice and chopped liver pieces in tomato sauce were handed around the table. These plates had to be passed to and from Mathios' and Panagiotis' hands so as to reach the other end of the table. Then the plates of beef were handed around and the plates of cooked artichokes. The different tastes intermingled with wine. The guests exclaimed with pleasure and enthusiasm. As everyone was having such a good time, the two men started to thaw. After everyone's hunger had been satiated, the first discussions began around the busy table.

"Mathie, did you get your first cucumbers? Your plants looked so well the other day when I passed by your garden," asked Nikiforos.

"Aaaa, *kampiasane. Ta glossofagane,*" said Mathios moving his head with complaint.

"Mathie, what happened with your cow that had fever? You seemed frustrated the other day." Petros asked.

"Oh, I am still worried, Petri. I called the vet, but he was in Athens and he couldn't understand from my description what may have caused it."

Panagiotis seemed to withhold himself from the conversation. He had a bad argument with Mathios, but on the other hand he always liked to show how knowledgeable he was on such things. So finally he chipped in the conversation.

“My cow suffered from fever two weeks ago and it was because of “the fly.”¹⁹⁷ Did you check if there was a fly under the cow’s skin?”

“The fly? But isn’t it too early for “the fly”? Usually the flies appear in August!” The information had rolled over Mathios, making him disregard who was offering this information.

“There are flies now because of the strong sun and the high temperatures,” explained Panagiotis, “the climate has changed and the heat reached us earlier this summer.” Panagiotis sounded as if he had decided to offer his knowledge without necessarily addressing Mathios.

However, the two men started to connect. The health of the cow seemed to have erased the bad, old disagreement. It also piqued Petris’ and Nikolas’ interest, who were sitting nearby, as they were both serious cow breeders and the conversation spread around the table.

Suddenly, Russian started to sound louder than English exchanged by the Australians or Greek. Everyone could see that the group from Russia appreciated a lot the family’s red and white wine and their beautiful white skin had turned into a beautiful reddish color. Since none from the guests was familiar with the language, no one could say if they were communicating or fighting. Manthos looked uneasy but still was acting polite. Through gestures, he was trying to understand and make sure that there is nothing else he could do to please them. Meanwhile, most women on the table looked as they started feeling uncomfortable. Drunkenness was outside their conventional ethical limits and if their own husbands demonstrated drunken behavior publicly, this would be a reason for reprimanding them back home. Manthos was walking to the kitchen when his cousin Giannis grabbed him by the arm.

¹⁹⁷ This is a summer fly, which attacks to the animals and gives birth to its eggs under their skin.

“Manthos, I think these two Russians are going to start a fight soon.”

“Gianni, this is unprecedented on such a festive day, in a villager’s house. They are not in the open square.” Manthos tried to calm his cousin and himself as well.

“You should better be alarmed” said Giannis cautiously.

Within fifteen seconds that took to Manthos to move from the *sala* to the kitchen to get another bottle of wine, the atmosphere around the table had totally changed. The Russians sounded even louder. Twice, the taller man had knocked his hand on the table with anger, the Greek women were frozen and silent, avoiding even to look towards the two drunken men, the Russian ladies were trying to calm down the two men without actually doing much obviously because they knew that there wasn't much they could do. The villagers that were sitting next to them kindly gave them a pat on the back kindly showing them with a gesture to calm down, something that made the one of the two Russian men react even more fiercely against his Russian friend again. Some of the villagers from the other edge of the table stood up getting ready for the worst. However, Manthos had to give the solution as the host of the festive meal, who stood at the head of the table trying to communicate through peaceful gestures and his English “Ok.” Then he took one of the men politely by his hand and asked him through gestures to come to the garden, to separate the two men and let at least one of them have some fresh air. The Russian lady with the slightly hidden green diamond on her neck followed him and the other two Russians stayed inside to calm their other drunk and angry friend down. Some other villagers joined Manthos and the Russian couple in the garden. Within a few minutes, Katerina arrived with small cups of Greek coffee and glasses of water.

It was at this time, early in the afternoon, that other villagers, who weren’t able to join the meal from the start because they were invited elsewhere, started to come in the house and greet everyone. The new arrivals in the big *sala* helped so as the heavy atmosphere started to change. The Greek women sat more comfortably on their seats, the taller Russian with the wife with the green diamond joined the Australians and started chatting in English, Katerina changed the plates

of the guests who had left early so as to join another house with clean plates for the new guests who just arrived, Panagiotis and Mathios were still talking dispassionately about their cows and Manthos came in the *sala* to check again that everything was going all right and that food and wine were abundant on the table.

Time passed by and villagers that were not invited at the formal meal would go from house to house to wish well the families that opened up their homes for the festival. People were still coming and going as the number of rosy-cheeked men was growing and the first songs started to sound at one corner of the long table. The guests were having a good time. There was a lot of talking and mirth, amidst faces changing fast around the table.

The day went by and the early evening sunset light reached this part of the village. By this time, the guests and other friends and villagers in Manthos' house were getting drunker and singing louder than before. There were still a series of different sweets, cheeses, and other delicacies served in front of them. Panagiotis and Mathios had left Manthos' house with their wives at their sides, still talking about their own and possibly all the illnesses and misfortunes that torture them, but which apparently bring the villagers closer at times like this.

Interpretation

This fictional story begins primarily on the street of the village, thus demonstrating how important cleanliness is, particularly on the day the village's patron saint is celebrated. The village area on this feast day mainly consists in the movement of the families from their houses to the church, the procession from the patron saint's church to a smaller church of the village through the main village street and from the church and the movement of all the local villagers and friends back to specific houses of the village. Those houses are the ones that are "open" on this day, in other words, the houses that offer a festive traditional meal to their guests and visitors. The boundaries of the private and public life of the village merge and become flexible, considering that specific houses renounce their privacy on that particular day. They are given a public role within the context of the village and its spatial structure. Having the meaning of cleanliness as a vaulting horse, which reveals a different sense of ownership, and then through a series of spatial and social layers, reaching the meaning of the communal table where the food is shared, an important number of social and ethical boundaries are revealed, intermingled and crossed over. A series of negotiations create a different space, where the public, private and communal life of the village mingle together.

The street and the boundary of cleanliness

Apart from the houses that are "open" on this festive day, all of the houses care for the cleanliness of the street, which passes in front of their threshold. The street in front of the house is cleaned well, whitewashed either by villagers who undertake to whitewash certain areas in the village or by the family and are decorated by each family and their neighbors.¹⁹⁸ As Hirschon claims, "in the wider context of social life the fundamental dichotomy of the "house" and the road, the inner and outer realms, is the point of orientation

¹⁹⁸ Until a few years ago, cleanliness and whitewashing for this festive day had passed to the responsibility of the Municipality. Nowadays, this care and activity has been assigned back to the village.

for interaction between women in the neighborhood.”¹⁹⁹ However, this spatial division also creates a mediating boundary between the communal life of the village and the space of the family as kinship.

Cleanliness is an extended issue and there is significant preparation before the celebration of the festive day of the patron saint of the church. In addition to the houses of the village and all the alleyways and the streets, which must be cleaned and white-washed, the church must be also re-painted white. This actually represents the purification of the village space before the festival, a day of high religious importance for the villagers. On the day of the celebration, everything is in order and in a state of pristine cleanliness. According to Douglas, cleanliness is the appropriate state, finding someone or something its location, being on its proper location, the dirt is perceived as “matter out of place,” so the process of cleaning is actually a means of delimitation and the defence of boundaries.²⁰⁰ Water is cleaning the streets and the courtyards after sweeping and before the whitewashing. “Everything is dissolved in water, every form is broken through, everything that happened in the past stops to subsist”, nothing stays the same after diving under water according to Eliade,²⁰¹ but there is a boundary on many aspects of the village life.

Cleanliness’ boundary in the village also keeps flocks of animals outside the village. Whose dog left traces of dirt on the village street? That’s what upsets the village’s representative. Who is going to clean the fallen leaves on the main street of the village from the walnut tree, which stands in the courtyard of a house during the week? This tree also has branches that extend over the neighbor’s front wall. In that case, the neighbor with the walnut tree will offer a basket of walnuts to his neighbors every year, thus silently ensuring that the boundaries are perceived in a favorable light, as well as adhering to the requirement for cleanliness. In the late 1960s, the gendarme ensured the cleanliness of the streets and the village, setting strict boundaries

¹⁹⁹ Renée Hirschon, “Essential Objects and the sacred: Interior and exterior space in an urban Greek locality”, in Shirley Ardener (ed.), *Woman and Space, Ground rules and Social Maps*, (Oxford/ Providence: Berg, 1993), pp. 72-73.

²⁰⁰ Mary Douglas, *Καθαρότητα και κίνδυνος, Μια ανάλυση των εννοιών της Μιαρότητας και του Ταμπού*, trans. Αίγλη Χατζούλη, (Εκδόσεις, Πολύτροπον, 2007), p.13. Trans. into English for the needs of this PhD, Maria Vidali.

²⁰¹ Mircea Eliade, *Patterns in Comparative Religion*, trans. by R. Sheed (London: Sheed and Ward, 1958), p. 194.

and penalties for the disobedience of any villagers against the verbal law of cleanliness.²⁰² Nowadays, cleanliness establishes daily issues of negotiation. This is the case today, which also addresses issues of negotiation for the village's festive day. It is clear that both men and women work on the "good image" of the house taking charge of different labors of cleaning and decorating their house, maintaining as well the good image of the village. However, the cleanliness of the exterior space of the house defines the boundaries of the family property in relation to the other houses of the village community. Women are sweeping the streets, while men are whitewashing them. Sometimes women whitewash, too. Women are pouring water to clean, while men do construction work and decorate with *sparta*. In addition to being an act of order and purification, according to Douglas the ritual of cleaning unifies the experience of the villages; it creates social relations while it allows this community to develop a sense of knowledge for its own structure.²⁰³

The church and the village

The village consists of a spatial, social and religious structure. Its centre is the parish church, not in terms of topographical location, but rather as the place that offers for a communal activity. "Generally each village has a parish church, which is called *enoria*, *en-oria* (within a boundary), which also means a small territory where Christians live.²⁰⁴ It is a divine-human institution with Christ as the head of the church and its members.²⁰⁵ According to a theological interpretation, church, "*ekklesia*", is not the building itself but the assembly of people.²⁰⁶ The definition of the word had a political meaning in the classical Greek world, since the basic institution of the *polis* was the *ekklesia of demos*, a political body of the polis.

²⁰² There was a law about cleanliness, which was reinforced by the dictatorship, which really tried to apply far more strictly all the laws that already existed. Interview with Kostas Danousis, September 9th, 2016. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick. Trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidalí.

²⁰³ Mary Douglas, *Καθαρότητα και κίνδυνος*, p.14.

²⁰⁴ Giorgios Toufeklis, Orthodox priest and theologian, oral interview 14-07-05 [trans. Maria Vidalí].

²⁰⁵ Ibid. In a letter of St. Gregorius Nyssis, written during the 4th century, we can distinguish the difference between the church and the parish. Many *enories* (parishes) together look like 'human cells' - if the 'cells' are alive then the church is alive as well.

²⁰⁶ Marcos Foskolos, "Εισαγωγή στην ιστορία των Καθολικών Εκκλησιών της Τήνου", *Τηνιακά*, Τόμος 1, (Αθήνα: επιστημονική περιοδική έκδοση της Εταιρείας Τηνιακών Μελετών, 1996), p.18.

In the village of Kampos, the parish church, which is dedicated to Holy Trinity, is situated at the eastern edge of the village at the end of the main street and close to the fields. In the past, the church was probably located in the centre of the village. As the village grew bigger, the church was moved from its initial position. The local festival is celebrated around mid-June. The festival attracts both inhabitants of the surrounding villages, other than the villagers of Kampos. The church, as inscribed in a marble inscription over its right front door, was built in 1623. However, the parish church as the villagers experience it today was built in 1760. The church has had an intense religious life, preserved by Jesuit priests and the nuns of St Angela, who moved to Kampos and other villages of the island after the fall of the Venetian castle.²⁰⁷

Holy Trinity, a three aisled basilica, has three front doors opening in a pebbled courtyard with a big belfry on the left. The main village church in a village on Tinos usually is a three-aisled basilica, spacious enough, as M. Foskolos writes, to receive not only the peasants of the village but also the other faithful who come to the annual festivities.²⁰⁸ As most of the churches on the island, it has a marble floor and inscribed plaques on the marble attesting the presence of tombs.

The church is the place where the village community comes together for a common purpose, with a collective memory, which is further affirmed through the expression of religious practices. The courtyard of the church is a meeting place where political and social debates arise after the church service, and where announcements are made concerning the communal life of the villagers.²⁰⁹ This is a place for men, a public arena to gossip, to argue and to compete for the honor of and to demonstrate their ability to pull the rope and ring the church's old bell. The women speak more quietly than men at the courtyard of the church and their pace and greeting is expressed within a narrower frame of actions and movements than those of the men. At the left side of the church, under the belfry, the most confident men of the village, surrounded by their co-villagers, expose their strength and capacity to ring the old bell on the day of the patron saint's

²⁰⁷ Unknown writer, advisory triptych for the holy church of Holy Trinity in Kampos.

²⁰⁸ Marcos Foskolos, "Εισαγωγή στην ιστορία των Καθολικών Εκκλησιών της Τήνου," p.45.

²⁰⁹ Ibid., p.19.

festival. The church and the church's courtyard becomes the centre for village communal life, usually after the end of the Sunday mass, all the more so on the day of the local festival.

Especially this day, the church, reflects the village identity, power and authority. It represents the village as a political body as well, since it defines its identity through its patron saint, and the dates of local festivities and rituals. These religious festivals demarcate its territory in space as well as in time, as a part of the island state. Holy Trinity's church creates an identity for the village community, especially on the day of the patron saint's local festival; it represents the political body of the village society and also the Christian 'body', whose members could also be related to each other like brothers of the same family.²¹⁰ The patron saint of the church establishes a territory, which means the identity of the village not only as space and area of daily action but also in relation to time, since in the space of the church, the peasant identifies himself not only as a member of the Christian community, but especially as a member of the village community.

The local festivity and communal spaces

"The originally sacred character of all festivals obviously excludes the familiar distinction in time-experience between present, memory, and expectation. The time-experience of the festival is rather its celebration, a present time *sui generis*," a quote from Gadamer,²¹¹ which reveals how the celebration of the feasts of the local calendar can lift people out of chronological time. "Time is literally what we make of it. It is constructed out of human perception, individual and communal," as Indra Kagis Mc Ewan writes.²¹² It reflects how the sacred establishes its time, but also how time, either festival or liturgical time, is a chance for man to be homologised to unity and eternity,²¹³ to become part of a historical event out of the pragmatic time, especially of that "sanctified by the incarnation of the Son of God."²¹⁴ In Kampos, time has an important role

²¹⁰ Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), p.53.

²¹¹ Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Truth and Method*, 2nd revised edition, translation revised by Joel Weinsheimer and Donald G. Marshall, (New York, London: Continuum, 2003), p.123.

²¹² Indra Kagis McEwen, *Socrates' Ancestor: An Essay on Architectural Beginnings*, (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press 1997), p.38.

²¹³ Louis Boyer, *Rite and Man: The Sense of the Sacral and Christian Liturgy* (London: Burnes &Oates, 1963), p.11.

²¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p.39.

in villagers' daily life. There is a schedule related to the care of the animals, gardens and fields, there is a daily schedule related with family life. Time experience in relation to an annual, religious and historical event transcends them into a different connection with time and place, as this is experienced during this annual event.

The religious festivities²¹⁵ connected with the celebration of the patron saint stimulate the drive for a dialogue between the house and the church, and create a transition between what is individual and what is communal. The patron saint of the church is regarded as protector of the village and is recognized through feasts, which build upon the identity of the community, while also amplifying the faith of the community. There is a big preparation before the celebration of the patron saint of the church. The church must be repainted white and the houses of the village and all the alleyways, must be clean and white-washed. This represents the purification of the village space before the festival.

After the liturgy in the parish church, an informal traditional procession of the peasants and all the participants in the festival takes place, from the church to the houses of the families. The festival of the patron saint is an event experienced in every house of the village. It is all about exchanging hospitality and sharing the meal that people offer one another in their houses.

This is the time for celebrating an annual, religious event, which elevates villagers' experience to a different level. It also changes the perception of villagers regarding space. Public, communal, and private spaces reveal a lot more negotiable boundaries for the experience of the villagers and their guests. Boundaries intermingle because the houses are open and become communal, but also village visitors, guests and foreigners create a hierarchy in the hospitality of the house (guests, relatives, village friends, priests, foreigners and new friends). The acceptance of an invitation is always an honor for the host, the family, and the house; it is even more valuable when the guest is a foreigner and somebody new and important for the village life.

²¹⁵ Georgios Dorizas, *Η Μεσαιωνική Τήνος*, Μέρος δεύτερον, (Αθήναι, 1976). The main celebrations, which are referred to by Dorizas, are communal and also unite the villages. They are: Birth, Cross, Ascension, Resurrection, Assumption and Transfiguration.

The open house - the role of the woman and man

The village house is a place for the family, well connected with the village environment and social life. In the everyday village life as Dubisch describes very accurately based on her experience in a different village of Tinos, Falatados, "the house is the centre of the family life and its different rooms symbolize different aspects of that life."²¹⁶

I will also agree with her, when explaining that the centre of the family centre is the kitchen and specifically the centre of a woman's work world, the family's gathering place but also the place, where close friends can come for coffee or *raki*. After the kitchen, the *sala* is used for formal occasions or formal gatherings. The *sala* opens up especially on saint's name days *panigyri*, but also it is open for all the life events such as funerals, weddings or baptisms. "In the parlor the family is on exhibit, showing its hospitality and its possessions: the best furniture, framed family photographs and knick-knacks."²¹⁷

The woman is generally responsible for cleaning the interior and also the exterior of the house/ courtyard, as well as the public road that passes in front of her house. Initially, the woman in the village appears to "transform" into the space of the home, having a more dominant role and being the one that determines the procedure of maintaining food/seeds, fruit, vegetables and milk products that the man of the household brings home. The woman cleans and organizes the house and makes the house presentable, especially the day of the village festival, when the house will be open and will host villagers and visitors.

The man is presented in the society of the village as the representative of the family, as in the broader landscape of the village. This is demonstrated through his continuous presence and work in the fields. This is why this festive day he stands at the threshold of the house, on the passage from the community's world to his family's world.²¹⁸ He welcomes the guests and he makes himself available to respond to his wife's

²¹⁶ Jill Dubisch, "The ethnography of the islands: Tinos", in Dimen, Muriel and Friedl, Ernestine (eds) , *Regional Variation in Modern Greece and Cyprus: Toward a Perspective on the Ethnography of Greece*, Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences, Volume 268 (Published by the New York Academy of Sciences, February 1976), pp.321-322.

²¹⁷ Ibid., "The bedrooms are for the intimate life of the family, especially husband and wife. In their bedroom, the family icons are kept. It is the wife's duty to light the oil lamp beneath them every Saturday evening and on the eves of every holiday."

²¹⁸ Pierre Bourdieu, *Η αίσθηση της πρακτικής*, p.352.

needs so that both of them, as a family, are able to please their guests and emit a good image of their house. This is the time when the entrance of the house becomes a liminal space of a passage from a public space again into a communal space, the *sala*, which today is related with this annual event but also the image of the village. Moreover, this liminal space reflects the equality of the roles of man and woman at this specific moment. Generally, it shows how the boundaries between man and woman are mitigated through the need for a worthy management of the 'household', the organization of their house and their survival. This survival extends beyond the threshold and the courtyard of their home. It is based on collaboration. As Loizos and Papataxiarchis mention "in terms of roles, the household requires both a husband and a wife found in a relation of ideal equality and complementarity, their participation organized in sex-specific spheres of activity"²¹⁹ and this becomes obvious through their roles the day of the festival. Wanting to support this idea, I will also quote Salamone and Stanton, stating that "[...] a specific community ideal grounded traditionally in an understanding of male-female partnership and the functional equality of men and women in that partnership. It is the economic and social success of the partnership that guarantees the prestige of both men and women and their respective rights."²²⁰ The preparation and completion of the festival meal can be an ideal representation of the ideal *nikokyrio*, which as Salamone and Stanton again explain is a corporate, family-based enterprise, where the self-sufficiency of the family is expressed: both men and women reflect social prestige equality from the communal success on the *nikokyrio*. Moreover, the *nikokyrio* relies fundamentally on both "public" and "private" economic sectors; "as an ideal, it has historically taken precedence, whenever realizable, over other forms of rural Greek economic organization."²²¹

²¹⁹ Peter Loizos and Euthymios Papataxiarchis, "Gender and Kinship in Marriage and Alternative Contexts", in Peter Loizos and Euthymios Papataxiarchis (eds), *Contested Identities, Gender and Kinship in Modern Greece*, (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1991), p.8.

²²⁰ S.D. Salamone and J.B. Stanton, "Introducing the Nikokya: Ideality and Reality in Social Process", in Jill Dubisch (ed.), *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1986), p.100.

²²¹ *Ibid.*, p.98.

On the day of the local festival, the limits seem to come apart on the basis of the social role between the man and the woman. The woman plays the leading part with respect to the preparation of the meal and the organization of the house. The man welcomes their guests at the threshold of their house and is seated at the table only after he ensures that all of their guests have been welcomed and seated at the table. He takes care of the wine and he makes sure that all guests are pleased with the quantity and quality of the food.

In general, from the houses of the village to its centre, which is the church this festive day and from the centre of the village to the house of the family, which is the centre of the family life, there are a series of physical and symbolic reciprocities that reveal a sequence of different transitional spaces from public to private. These series of reciprocities and transitional spaces from the church to the house and the meal of the family also allow an array of constant negotiations, a series of boundaries that are getting transgressed from the communal space of the church. This day, the communal space of the church opens to public, reflecting the identity of the village. The same situation arises with all communal spaces of the village that now, cleaned and decorated by the villagers, reflect the good, public image of the village and not only the spaces of their communal life. In the house, boundaries are transgressed, the house's threshold is crossed; villagers, friends and guests are seated at the table for the festive meal, reflecting the public image of the house and the family.

The festive meal

The relationship of the church to every family unit of the village is connected through the meal that is offered for this festival day. The guests must be invited in order to attend the meal's course, this is why they respond consciously to the invitation with the consideration that they represent their family in the festive meal of this day. If there is an invitation from another house, the family will separate so as to be able to respond to both invitations.

“The hearth, the meal, and the food, also have the property of opening the domestic circle to those who are not members of the family, and of enrolling them in the family community,” as Vernant explains.²²² This also has a connotation that reflects L. Boyer’s thoughts about rediscovering the primitive supper in the Mass, “the Eucharist should take on as far as possible the appearance of a meal taken in common among friends.”²²³ If the priest is able to attend the festive meal, he will initiate the beginning of the meal with a prayer. In this way, the meal at the family house after the mass at the church gains a re-interpretation of the primitive supper. This also links the house and the church, not only topographically, but also as a mediator of the revival of a historical event revealing a hierarchy and order of the divine world of the church to the mundane/profane world of the house. *‘And all that believed were together and had all things in common.’ (Acts of the Apostles 2:44); ‘And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart.’ (Acts of the Apostles 2:46).*

The communal meal on the occasion of Holy Trinity’s local festival becomes an agent for the village identity and a place, where boundaries dissolve; not only boundaries of privacy, but also social, emotional, and ethical boundaries, which intermingle while the family’s identity emerges among the other village houses. As du Boulay writes, “it is because the meal in the Greek village house takes on its particular significance because of the relationship between the family and the land because of the way in which the house is thought of, even the simplest meal produced from family land by the work of the family becomes an act of communion. This communion is naturally between the members of the family who gather at the table and any guest who may be present. But it also extends far beyond these limits to include both the family and the sacred world.”²²⁴ This communal meal brings together many layers of the village life and its social structure.

During the preparation for the festive meal, we see man and woman in a different area of their roles, supporting their *nikokyrio* and identity as a family within the village core. On the festive day of Saint Tirinity,

²²² Jean-Pierre Vernant, *Myth and Thought among the Greeks*, (London: 1983), p.129.

²²³ Louis Boyer, *Rite and Man. The Sense of the Sacral and Christian Liturgy*. (Bures & Oates, 1963), p.8.

²²⁴ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of Greek Mountain Village*, pp.54-55.

boundaries among public, private and communal things, in-between the role of man and the woman, become porous. As Salamone and Stanton write “the concept of public prestige, as realized through the ideal of *nikokyrio*, is no longer applied exclusively to males”; this affirms and reveals the real influence of women in village life.²²⁵ That way, the small community recognizes that women too gain public prestige, which is often equal to and sometimes greater than that of their husbands.²²⁶ On this specific day when the house of the family, the *nikokyrio* and the meal become an agent of negotiation carrying the village culture in so many different levels, the role of woman as the *noikokyra* of the house exists between the public and private realm.²²⁷ Man keeps his social character during the meal, but primarily serves his guests. Thus, on this day the couple both support the family role in the village connected with the role of religion and property, while they reinforce the social role of their house and family, including their connection to the land and their animals.

Before the guests take their place at the table of the meal, a hierarchy is revealed: the most formal guests and foreigners to the family are placed at the main table of the house. The meal becomes the place where Russians and Australians are actually introduced this way to the village society. Furthermore, it is the place where the immaterial world of Internet -the way that Katerina got connected with the Greek-Australians- gets grounded into the village life with the introduction of the new friends of the family into their broader social circle that participates in this meal. Around the table, villagers and guests are sharing food exchanging plates with delicacies. They are sharing wine by clinking their glasses. They are all sharing and tasting food made from the local products and recipes based on habitual tastes. The meal involves a particular menu and particular food decorations such as pilaf with livers, local cheese and sausage, beef, scalloped potatoes and other delicacies, most of them in a combination of cereals with meat and vegetables as part of the man’s production and products from the pork as a sign for the family well-being that stores

²²⁵ S.D. Salmon and J.B. Stanton, “Introducing the Nikokyra: Ideality and Reality in Social Process”, in Jill Dubisch (ed.), *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey, 1986), p.98.

²²⁶ *Ibid.*, p.98.

²²⁷ Muriel Dumen, “Servant and Sentries: Women, Power and Social Reproduction in Kriovrisi”, in Jill Dubisch (ed.), *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1986), p.58.

products after the last *chirosfagia*. The decoration of the food is also important as part of the continuity of the decoration that women have had in the village for a very long time, which still connects tastefully and aesthetically the value of these meals with those in the past.

They all communally participate in food but also in discussions about local and broader issues. This event creates an opportunity for the emotional and social boundaries to dissolve. Conflicts such as the one between Panagiotis and Mathios now have an opportunity to be solved through the ritual of the meal. The actual procedure of sharing the food becomes an element of ethical and unspoken negotiation, dealing with a past argument connected to a negotiation of land and property. On the other hand, in a transient and shifting situation as this of the two men, we still can think that the type of intelligence used by Katerina may be similar to this of *Metis*. Resorting with subtlety to a mind deception, as well as using the meal and the lack of chairs as objects and a series of intelligent and cunning actions, Katerina reconnects the two men through the festive meal of this day.²²⁸

Conflict and the meal

The meal becomes a medium for the local village life and identity, opening up discussions and topics such as the mass at Saint Ekaterini, the Orthodox, Russian church in the village, which is now a topic of discussion because the Russians guests want to name the small square in front of the church in honor of the Russian admiral. Thus, the meal becomes an agent of local issues, which are brought to the surface into a communal discussion that differs from similar discussions held at the *caffenio*, since women are also involved, as well as other people who were invited to partake in this banquet. During the banquet, it becomes apparent that villagers are still concerned about the evil eye, even when it comes to the proper growth of their farming products, while people in conflict with each other also partake of this banquet by virtue of being invited.

²²⁸ Marcel Detienne and Jean-Pierre Vernant, *Cunning Intelligence in Greek Culture and Society*, pp. 2-3. "For the forms of wiley intelligence, of effective adaptable cunning which the Greeks brought into play in large sectors of their social and spiritual life."

On the other hand, this is not the case for the foreigners that join the table. This may not be based on a real life incident in the village, the reunion however that offers the local festival meal is addressed to the villagers of the same village and it is equally perceived by them. Regarding this situation, I would like to comment on another characteristic of the village life, which again is reported by Dubisch. It is about the distinction Greeks make between inside and outside regarding their space, including their life.²²⁹ As Dubisch writes, this distinction is connected with the “dhiki mas”, (our own) and “them” (xeni, “strangers”), groups that they are both represented on the festive meal as a place where social boundaries dissolve and where strangers are not to be trusted; with them, there is a social boundary and one owes to behave honorably.²³⁰

This conflict also brings to the surface the reaction of the village women to drinking which again, however not at the same extent, is well described by Dubisch who refers that “though women drink, drinking is really a male activity, sometimes carried out in the face of female disapproval. An alcoholic is disapproved by both sexes. Women may attempt to control men’s behavior in social situations, trying to limit their drinking and expressing disapproval of an inappropriate behavior and language.”²³¹ In general, the festive meal is the village’s arena, which brings local issues to the forefront, on the occasion of their negotiation through the ritual of food and the sacredness of the religious symbols of the day. I will agree with Dubisch again in saying that food is a medium where social relationships can be expressed. It carries bonds not only within the family and the private realm, but also between the family and the outside world as public realm of the local community.²³² It becomes a liminal space where the family, the community of Kampos and the outside world around the village coexist on a series of different boundaries: spatial, social, ethical and emotional ones.

²²⁹ Jill Dubisch, “Culture Enters through the Kitchen: Women, Food, and Social Boundaries in Rural Greece”, in Jill Dubisch, (ed.), *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1986), p.210.

²³⁰ Ibid.

²³¹ Jill Dubisch, “The ethnography of the islands: Tinos”, p.322.

²³² Jill Dubisch, “Culture Enters through the Kitchen,” p.217.



Institution: Department of Cultural Heritage Studies - University of Thessaly
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Figure 5. Fictional Narrative 3 in The Local Festival - Map/figure ground of the village (scale a)

Fictional Narrative 4: **The smell of honey was in the air**

The morning of August 16th found me sitting on the white concrete bench of my courtyard, drinking coffee and shelling some beans for the Sunday meal. My neighbor's walnut tree had grown so big that it covered the narrow road between us. A few branches extended over my courtyard and cast a light shadow against the morning sun. The location of my other neighbor's house at the northwest across my garden, but on a lower level, allowed a light breeze to reach me. I was enjoying the morning, but I had to leave home. That day, Saint Rokos, the patron saint of domesticated animals, would be celebrated at the western side of our village. Last year, when our animals suffered from the summer fly, we had vowed and offered the saint three bottles of olive oil.

I went down the steps from my courtyard to the village road. It was very hot, even though the sun hadn't yet reached the stone walls and gardens in this part of the village. I continued on foot, leaving the village core behind me and crossing the roadway. I climbed the paved street that ended at one of the paths that leads to the fields. I continued on, passing the stables that are closest to the village. The church is located among golden fields of crops. It is even further than the village's cemetery. It is a rather tall white building, standing grandiosely against the background of dry land and dry vegetation. Cars were parked tidily on both the left and the right side of the dirt path. This path is usually used by farmers, who either have land or animals to care for in this area, or have leased church land for farming purposes during the biennial *Kantos*.²³³ I looked out on the western horizon; the dry landscape looked cool, as it met the sea that today was calm and still as a lake.

²³³ During the *Kantos*, the farmers bid for the lease of land owned by the church. The farmers can use the plots of land according to their needs, such as grazing the animals, producing animal feed or farming.

In the courtyard of the church, there were just a few men sitting in the hot sun, on the white stone benches built around the perimeter of the courtyard and the church. Two of them were trying to find shade in the shadow cast by the steeple. The entrance to the church and the side door were decorated with arched palm branches. The temperature difference between the interior of the church and the heat outside was startling. The cold marble floor and the white limestone walls made the interior of the church a welcome relief from the stifling midday summer heat.

The entire village community was there, including those who lived in the outlying areas of the village and those who came from Athens to spend the summer in the village. There were also people from other villages or from *chora*.

After the liturgy, the chanting and preaching by the local priest, the church emptied immediately. Despite the hot sun, greetings, discussions, laughter and shouts created a new atmosphere in the courtyard of the church. No sooner had everyone found their spot in the courtyard than a large car arrived just outside the church. It was Fragiska. Her family had prepared delicacies to treat all those that had attended the liturgy.

“Thank God, they arrived early! I’m so thirsty that I can quench myself either with water or *raki*,” said Loukia, who was standing next to me and continued mumbling “Aaa, they also made *loukoumades*.”

I grabbed two of them, as the basket passed in front of me.

“*Kai tou chronou*,” I wished Fragiska.

“Foteini,” she said to me hastily, “we are meeting on Wednesday at 7 in the evening. Nikos will be there to place the order of all the ingredients that we will need.”

“The day of the honey festival has been scheduled for the first weekend of September this year, hasn’t it?” I confirmed, thinking that all the women of the village, myself included, needed to get organized for the preparations.

“Yes, could you ever imagine, this is the eighth year that the village association and the island’s council organize the honey festival,”²³⁴ she said out loud as she was walking away to let everybody hear about it.

This worked for Loukia, who was now sitting next to me:

“Is it already three weeks before the festival? The village association must meet and plan the whole organization of the event.”

I tried to reassure her, “Do not worry Loukia, every year the leading role belongs to the women of the village for making all the sweets offered.”

“Did you participate last year? I heard that some women did not”, she asked me without hesitating.

“We do participate every year, Loukia. Don’t you remember? My daughter, Eirini, and I used ten kilos of flour to make *xerotigana* last year. Perhaps this year my older daughter will help, too. Last year she had just given birth to her second child, while she also had to pass some exams for courses that she attends at the Open University online. I still do not understand how these things work nowadays, but I do know that she is almost finished.”

“How do you arrange the portions?” she kept on asking curiously, as she had never participated in the festival. She didn’t live in the village; she used to live for many years in Athens and after her retirement, she and her husband settled in a small house by the beach of *Agios Romanos*. I was feeling hot and tired, but I had to answer her question.

²³⁴ The island’s municipal council had first organized the festival of the artichoke in the village of Komi and then organized the honey festival in Kampos.

“We usually divide the *xerotigano* into four portions because the flour is too much to handle. My cousin, Eleni, prepares two kilos of *pasteli* on her own. It doesn’t matter how much you do, participation is what matters the most.”

“And who pays for that?” she asked. I knew this was what she actually wanted to know, so I immediately replied to her.

“The materials are donated by the island’s council, the municipality and the honey by the island’s honey partnership funded by the *ESPA*. At first, we used to make quite a variety of sweets, but the amounts were not enough for all the visitors and guests of the festival. The sweets did not have to be traditional, but they did have to be made out of honey. Loukia, you have never participated, have you?” I dared to ask her.

“Hmmm, I do not think that there is any gain for the village from all that,” she replied while she was chewing a *loukouma*. I knew that this would be her answer, because I also knew that this was actually her husband Giorgis’ attitude towards the honey festival. I didn’t stay any longer at Saint Rockos’ courtyard. I found Manolis, my husband, I told him that I would be going home to prepare our meal early enough so that I would then be able to go and help our daughter Eirini with the babies. I greeted most of my fellow villagers and took the way back home, thinking at the same time how we should get better organized with my daughters for this year’s honey festival.

Three days later, all the women got together on Wednesday at 7 o’clock at *leschi*, the room that the church allows the community to use, which is located opposite to the entrance of the village right across the main roadway. Everyone was on time, except for those who did not manage to come at all. Our president of the village’s official representatives was there, too, as he needed to note down all the ingredients for the recipes. However, nobody had the recipes, or the proportions of the recipes from last year’s festival. They were lost, so everyone had to determine again the proportions needed for each sweet.

Fragiska always managed to competently organize such issues. She took her notebook and looked at it, saying:

“Let me know if something does not sound right. Fragiska, in other words myself, and my mother will prepare ten kilos of *melomakarona*; Maria will do three kilos, Antonia and Roza will do five kilos; Georgia will do five kilos of *pasteli*; Maria and Ioanna will do six kilos of *halva* with semolina; Anna and Poppi, three kilos of *pasteli*; Margarita and Agni, *psarakia*; Rosalie and Rita, *ravani*, Katerina, two kilos of *pasteli*; Marina and Lambrini, *melokarido*; and the pastry chefs of the village will help as well, they always offered to help in the preparations for this special day. So, do you want me to add or change anything before I give the list and quantities of the ingredients to Nikos over the next few days?”

There was nothing to change or add at the moment. The island’s council/municipality buys the ingredients for the sweets, based on bids submitted by suppliers. Nikos would choose the best offers and the ingredients would be picked up and delivered to each woman’s house.

“What can we do to help, Fragiska”? I asked her.

“My next priority, among others, is to arrange for the live band for the festival. I also need to order the *raki*, organize the lottery draw, and choose the best offers from the T-shirt suppliers.” From the sound of her voice we could all realize how much stressed, but also organized, she was.

The next day, Thursday, more and more women from the village or related to the village were added to Fragiska’s list of sweets.

On Friday morning, there was a big bag of flour standing in my courtyard next to the pot of basil. There was no way that I could move it to the cellar by myself. I had to wait until Manolis came home from the fields. I called my daughters and started to prepare. The ingredients were all on hand: eggs, olive oil, lemon and water. The eggs that I had brought from the hennery that morning were enough for this batch.

In the afternoon, before the girls arrived, I found some time to sort out some of my tools in my old wooden cupboards next to the kitchen door. Then, I cleaned up the grey marble surface above it and next to the kitchen sink. I closed the wooden doors of the fireplace in the corner of the room, so that dust and ash would not get into the working space. I opened the small window over the sink which, together with the window in the door, was the only source of light and air in the room. I then laid all of the ingredients out on the old wooden table by the wall. I started mixing the ingredients together in a bowl, big enough for me to knead them together by hand. The pastry needed to become soft and dry. I love the scent when the flour is mixed in with the fresh eggs and the lemon. The ingredients blended together, moistened with fresh warm water. A bit later, when my hands started to feel tired and the pastry had taken on a light sandy color, I stopped kneading and allowed the pastry “to rest,” as my grandmother used to say.

In the meantime, Eirini and Eleni had arrived.

“I am very excited”, Eirini shouted as she entered the kitchen, “I love offering our time and effort for our village. I feel proud of the fact that people will come to our new *plateia*, for this big event.” Soon, I realized that the scent of the mix had already become strong in the confined space of the small kitchen.

“Let me start heating up the oil”, Eleni said.

“Let me make enough space on the marble counter,” said Eirini, “so that we can easily fold and shape the pastries.” Then slowly she put them in the pan to fry. Hot oil immediately sizzled as the pastries were dropped in the pan.

“Girls, two hundred pieces of *xerotigano* would be enough for today. We will prepare the next three batches on Sunday and Monday, giving us enough time, five to seven days, for the oil to drain from the fried pieces of *xerotigano* and then for the piece themselves to dry,” I tried to manage their good mood and prepare them for what was about to follow.

Ten big oven pans piled one on top of the other were spread out on our dining room's big table and on the adjacent furniture, right next to the kitchen that Saturday morning. The *sala* of my house faces northeast, and light is cast by the windows and the lintels above the door and the windows. My husband inherited this house from his father. His father in turn had inherited it from his father.

In every corner of the room, in every corner of the house, there was a fine oily scent. Before going to bed, I realized that bigger particles of oily dust had already popped up, too. The smell of the freshly fried *xerotigana* suffused every corner of the room. Chopped almonds and eight kilos of honey were waiting under the kitchen table in big metal pots to be blended together and cover the crispy surfaces of the *xerotigana* a week later.

The next morning, I woke up early to make coffee for Manolis, who had to go to work in the fields. The farmers had to prepare the land that day to be able to start planting cabbages over the next days, for harvesting in October. My daughters would come in the afternoon for the next batch of *xerotigana*. But first, I needed to go and feed the rabbits and collect a few eggs from the hennery. Time passed quickly. I swept the street in front of my doorstep as I usually do every three days. I hung up the laundry and then prepared our lunch. We were out of oil and vinegar in the kitchen, so I went down to the cellar to fill up my bottles again. I must remember to tell Manolis, so that we can arrange for more oil, I thought. Then, I climbed back up the stairs as my work with *xerotigana* was finished for the day. I unlocked the small wooden door next to our front steps and bent down to enter the dark interior of our cellar. The olive oil was kept in the back, in the second area, deep inside the cellar. I switched on the light and then I realized that there was hardly any olive oil left to last us until October.

After Manolis came for lunch and left again to go to work in the fields, I put some spare tomatoes and honey that Manolis had harvested in my bag to give my cousin that afternoon. It was around 5 o'clock, when I walked beneath the archway below *Kyra Anna's* house, at the end of the street

where the old *plateia* used to be. I could see men sitting at Nikiforos' coffeehouse, playing *tavli*. The building opposite the coffeehouse is set back from the narrow street's width and creates a widening. There, Nikiforos had fitted some extra tables. As I walked by, I could hear them talking, loud enough for me to make out what they were saying.

"I will not sign to give my consent to lease the new square to Marcos' granddaughter," said Mathios, my cousin's husband. Nikiforos looked concerned and mumbled:

"Me neither, I'm not going to sign anything."

"I will attend the meeting with the mayor tomorrow afternoon and then I will decide," added Giorgis who was sitting at the next table. Marcos continued on:

"Who owns the air of the new square? Do we have to sign to confirm who owns the air of the new square?" he was angry.

"*Kalispera*," I shouted and quickly walked past the *caffenio*. I had stopped commenting on villagers' conversations a long time ago, so I increased my pace to avoid them. I turned right, opposite to the alleyway, which leads to Saint Ekaterini's church. I could now see Eleni's white limestone steps that were leading to the doorway with the wooden door open. This doorway is located opposite the brown stone surface of our new square. The square radiated heat this time of the day. From about thirty meters away, I could hear her speaking on the phone.

I walked up to Eleni's doorstep. Dried tomatoes were still hanging from the pergola underneath the old arbor. I passed the ribbon that hung by the door to catch flies and left the tomatoes from Messaria gardens on the table.

"I brought you tomatoes, large enough, ideal for stuffing," I shouted as I was stepping into the kitchen.

"God bless you, Foteini. Have a seat, I will prepare coffee. You take it with one sugar, don't you?"

“Yes, I do but... you seem to be upset!” I said. Eleni let out a sigh, showing how tired she was. “So, tell me, what happened?” I asked.

Before she could speak, we heard someone calling her from the street. It was her friend, Antonia, who came in with a big bowl of honey. Antonia’s husband, Marcos, was the best beekeeper of the whole island and his fame had reached Athens and the Peloponnese. There were rumors, however, that many years ago he had encroached on a communal road of the village to build an extension to his house. It was the time when the new open *plateia* of the village had been built, but nobody in the village made a fuss since this didn’t really affect their everyday life. As they said, it didn’t really bother them. Only one of the villagers was affected by this encroachment, as the communal road was connected to his field. He took Marcos to court and won, but with time, he gave up claiming his land.

Antonia was upset and, as soon as she reached the kitchen’s open door, she started telling us her story.

“Ah *Panagia mou*, I am so sad today,” she exclaimed and breathlessly started talking. “My granddaughter, Nikoleta, returned to Tinos from Athens a few weeks ago. Nikoleta has decided to return to the island for work and wanted to open a small *caffenio* in the *katoi* of my house. It is a good place, because my house is located adjacent to the village’s new open square, as you know. Nikoleta knows that she would inherit the rest of the house; eventually this is the reason behind her decision. However, the door and window openings that Nikoleta planned to construct in the cellar walls faced the new open space. This meant that she was planning to make use of, at least, seventy square meters of the village’s new square, an ideal space for placing the tables and chairs of the new village coffeehouse. So she was planning to rent the “air” of this part of the new square from the island’s council, as is common practice. You won’t believe it, but when she approached the island’s council, even though the councilors had promised to support her in her endeavours, the law did not permit this. The new open space lacks an official name as a square.

Obtaining an official name requires a process that would take more than twenty years, according to the law. It seems like Nikoleta needs the support and permission of the villagers for the use of the square, considering that the island's council will not be able to give her official permission. Tomorrow, the mayor is expected to visit the village to address this issue." I suspected that this was why my cousin looked upset this afternoon and why her friend Antonia had already visited her twice that day. I also realized after the discussions that I heard at the *caffenio* that the entire village would be involved.

Antonia looked tired and sad. As she was sipping her coffee, she mumbled.

"I was the benefactor of the village once, but now the whole village refuses to give my granddaughter the support she needs. Until 1996, when there was only the *choreftra* for our communal gatherings, nobody would care. Now we have this big, new square, but we are not helping each other."

"What do you mean Antonia?" I dared to ask her since I had heard only rumors about her story.

"Don't you know, Foteini? Many years ago, I donated to the community the only field that I had close to the borders of the village, to build septic tanks. Later, I felt betrayed by my nephew, who was the mayor of the village at that time. He did not explain to me the implications of this gesture. The project was completed for the benefit of the entire village. Although I was spending my winters in Athens, I knew what this contribution would mean for my fellow villagers. But I was not aware of the consequences that this would have on my property. My property has ever since been considered property of the village," Antonia said on one breath. "I had asked my nephew, the mayor, to go to a lawyer together before signing the contracts. When he brought me the contract to sign it, I didn't read it as I trusted him." She looked at me in despair. I felt uncomfortable because I realized that her ignorance and naivety at that time now caused her pain. Obviously, she was upset that the village would not support her granddaughter now in response to her generous action at that time. Antonia pulled a white paper out of a well-folded plastic bag.

“Will you sign, Eleni, for the support of Nikoleta?” I heard Antonia saying to my cousin.

I decided to leave before the white paper with the signatures was put on the table. I felt confused. I felt compassion for her, but I also I needed time to think. How was the village's communal space connected to Antonia's offer to help so many years ago? All this was not clear to me. I said that I had to go help Manolis carry some tomatoes from the fields and I left hastily.

Later that evening, I went to the Sunday liturgy, which usually takes place on Saturday evenings, since our priest has to be in other villages on Sunday mornings. I entered the pebbled and oddly shaped courtyard of the church. In the corner of the courtyard, there was a small group of men engaged in an animated conversation. Their vivid discussions continued during and after the liturgy.

On my way back home, I passed by Nikiforos' *caffenio*. Only a few people were inside. I could hardly see them, as the door was closed and the light was not very bright. When I arrived home, Manolis did not mention the conflict, or the question of ownership of the air of the new square, or the confusing question about whether the villagers should compensate for Antonia's previous generosity. So, I went to bed with many questions in my mind, as I decided not to ask Manolis yet.

The next morning, I had to make two more batches of *xerotigana*. Eirini would be busy with her work at the bank. Eleni would also be busy with her babies and online courses for her master's degree. Usually, I would go and give her a hand at least once a day. My daughters didn't know much about the controversy over the ownership of the “air” rights in the new village square as their houses are located far from the village centre. Eirini's house is on the main roadway and the Eleni's house is within the village boundaries, closer to the main entrance, the roadway and the periphery of the village.

However, when we managed to get together in the kitchen at around eleven, Eleni did mention:

“Nikoleta plans to open a new *caffenio*. It would be so nice to have a new *caffenio* in the village, especially for us, the younger ones, as there is nowhere to go.”

“Well, I am not sure, Eleni, about this *caffenio*.” Eirini said. “Nikoleta wants to lease part of the “air” of the new square. Who does the square belong to? Where shall we do the christening if part of the “air” belongs to her? The square was built with funding from the village *sylogos*. Also, the work itself was the result of the *angaries*, the volunteer work of the villagers, so doesn’t it belong to the municipal council of the island? The island’s municipal council cannot act on Nikoleta’s request because this square does not have an official name. Moreover, the law related to new shops does not apply to this coffeehouse, so the villagers should decide on this issue.” Eirini sounded rather pensive. Her questions remained unanswered. When we finished, it was already 4 o’ clock and more bowls and oven pans had invaded the *sala*.

Later in the early evening, the air was cool and pleasant, but the atmosphere in the space of the *leschi* felt hot and thick. *Leschi*, our communal room, was used for many of the village’s gatherings and celebrations. I went inside the large open space. The mayor, joined by his councilors, was sitting in front of the theatrical stage that is usually used for children’s festivities. From the kitchen, Ioanna was bringing coffees and some *raki*. All of the villagers were there, sitting around the small and bigger tables, to discuss the issue of ownership of the new *plateia*. First to speak was Nikiforos, who owns the local *caffenio*.

“Mayor, we as villagers want to claim the space of the square, which being a public space has been built by us and belongs to the village.”

“I know, Nikiforos”, he replied to him, “but now things seem to be different. The open space is for everybody and both the villagers and Nikoleta claim the “air” for its use.” After an uncomfortable silence in the room as there was something more expected from him, he added: “The square has not been officially named and thus we need the consent of all of the villagers to allow Nikoleta use the ‘air’.” At that moment, the voice of Nikoleta was heard low and weak

from the back:

“I have started gathering signatures for my support; I have thirty signatures, forty per cent of the villagers, including those who live in *chora* and Athens.”

“The square may be empty during the day, but on feast days everyone can be there”, said Nikiforos in a loud voice, while looking at Antonia. She was fanning her face nervously with a piece of paper.

“We want to keep our new communal space intact,” Mathios said in a loud tone. “We have nothing against Nicoleta and we support her decision to open a *caffenio*, but only if she places her chairs and tables on the street instead of the space that belongs to all the villagers, given that it was created as a result of communal work and effort.”

Then, the president of the *sylogos*, Nikos, decided to directly address the mayor. He said kindly, but firmly:

“With all due respect Mayor, *I consider the new plateia more mine than yours*. As we are all gathered here today, there is another thing that I would like to know regarding the honey festival. *What exactly is the villagers’ role? We are the ones in charge of making all the sweets, organizing things, decorating the space, treating the guests*. Last year, *I was there since early in the morning, other people came later, we prepared the decorations all together, we gathered the sweets from homes, we organized the event, we set up the main table, we did everything. I am not saying that the village council did nothing, but the municipality actually gained from the festival and our own work. Only on Facebook one can see all the work that we do. The poster featured only the municipality of Tinos and the bee association, including of course Rita’s photos.*”²³⁵ One

²³⁵ Interview 2, The local square, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: This narration, brought to light the first big conflict in the village and the associated tension revealed many aspects of the village life, including social, political and ethical ones. Revolving around the conflict about the square, other areas of tension appear during the narration, which connect many of the villagers with its boundaries, Kampos, August 8th, 2015, Appendix, pp. 57-60.

could feel the tension in the air. The village council's president was a dynamic young man of the village who was decisive and declared that, as he lived all year-round in this place, putting up with adverse conditions such as humidity and cold weather, it was hard for him to accept that someone would come for summer work and claim the communal space of the village, especially when the law does not permit this.

The mayor then announced:

“I hereby announce that a new *caffenio* cannot be opened on the new square.” At that moment, Nikoleta burst into tears. Her grandmother looked weak and pale at this announcement. Someone brought her a chair and another villager ran and brought a glass of water.

When Antonia started to regain her color, she murmured to Nicoletta:

“Tell the *sylogos'* president to come and collect all the *pasteli*, sesame and honey left that we have made for the festival. This year we will not participate.” Nicoletta looked even more shocked at this announcement and started to cry even harder. Giorgis, Manolis' Denekarias son, who sometimes helped his father working at the fields, offered a glass of water to Nicoletta and her grandmother. He looked very serious, but also very tender towards the young lady, even though his father was completely opposed to her petition. Even though there was a fine, cool breeze, the heavy atmosphere started to dissolve only when everyone silently made their way back to the village core. Nicoletta and her grandmother were the last to leave, as they were still being consoled by their friends, relatives and Giorgis.

The week passed by quickly, and the wind felt cooler and stronger every day. On Friday, most of the women worked to clean the village. They swept the narrow streets and every stone bench. They moved flower pots with beautiful geraniums by the sides of the streets so that posters could be put up in places that would guide guests to where the festival was taking place. The *plateia* was also cleaned and decorated with yellow ribbons that contrasted sharply with the grey color of the stone the entire *plateia* was made of. The *plateia* had a strange shape, as it was built on the

ruins of an old property in that area. It looked more like a stage, made up of green grayish stone against a long white wall, standing out among the white houses of the village. Chairs were placed in one area, creating a protected corner in front of a long house wall. The elderly would sit there. The stage for the band was erected with timber planks. Four big tables were placed under a sheltered area formed by a wooden canopy. These tables would host all the samples of the sweets that the women of the village had made.

The village office, where village meetings used to be held, is right next to the *plateia*. A record of the issues discussed and proceedings were always kept by the village representatives. Nowadays, the office on the day of the festival served as a place to lay and organize the sweets before offered to the people. In a six square meter room, every year enough “extra space” had to be created to accommodate dishes and bowls with more than eighteen thousand pieces of honey sweets. Men would carry benches and chairs to lay the honey sweets on different levels created by the various surfaces. Next to the village office, there was an empty space that had been destined to become a shop as well, but remained empty. This place accommodated all the appropriate equipment so that the night of the festival, hot, crisp, honeyed doughnuts would be made for the visitors and guests. It was around midnight when we finished all the preparations. By then, the wind had died down. The streets of the village were empty as they usually were at that time and only a cuckoo was heard from time to time. There must have been a full moon that night, because the trees cast their shadows on the surfaces of the street and the walls. A hot and difficult day would follow.

The next morning, I woke up early to do all the house work before I went to our garden that is located next to the district road of the village. I had to feed the rabbits and bring back some lemons and parsley. My daughters would arrive at around 11 o'clock to start pouring honey over the *xerotigana*. I was pensive and in a hurry, I had to go help with the final preparations of the *plateia* and decorate the tables to display all the sweets. As soon as I left my kitchen, I felt that the air was different. A nice, thick smell of honey greeted me, starting with my nose, passing

through my eyes and my ears and penetrating my whole brain and body. The air smelled of honey, a smell stronger than my *vassilikos* in the pot by my door. I stood looking at my neighbor's houses, but I couldn't see anyone's window from my courtyard. Who had started dipping her sweets already? It was only 7 o' clock in the morning. I hurried into the street to go take care of the animals, carrying all the vegetable scraps from the previous day's meal and some extra corn for the chickens. At that point, I noticed that Maria's kitchen window was open. Her house was right next door. I realized that she must have started dipping her *xerotigana* in the honey. The day progressed. The smell of honey was escaping out of most of the kitchen windows in the village. This smell tickled the roots of the tongue, up to the ears. The main street of the village core and the passageways under the arches created from the second floor of the houses, all exuded the scent of honey. The only thing that dispersed the scent of honey was the light breeze that was blowing through the narrowest alleyways in the village.

When my daughters arrived home, everything was ready for dipping our *xerotigana*: pure honey, cinnamon and minced nuts. Approximately one thousand pieces in oven pans and huge bowls were covered with honey. Honey dripped from our spoons and stuck to our fingers and hands, including all the marble and wooden surfaces in the kitchen. We opened the bag of cinnamon, and our sense of smell was newly overwhelmed. We tidied up in the kitchen and made sure that all our dishes and bowls were ready to be carried to the small office next to the new *plateia*. We then wiped the sticky honey, first in the kitchen and then our hands, clothes and also our faces.

It was 5:30 in the afternoon by the time we left home and walked through the alleyways and narrow streets. We realized that we were the last ones to arrive. The streets smelled of honey, and a hint of cinnamon floated in the air. When we arrived at the village's coffeehouse, the only place where the street widens up, leaving enough room to stand and look around, we met Popi with her daughters carrying *melomakarona*. The smell of nuts then overpowered the smell of the cinnamon that had started to dissipate in the breeze. By the time we arrived at the *plateia*, most of the women were already there, decorating the tables for displaying the various types of sweets. A

few of them were also on the tiny balcony of the small village office, trying to find a place to put down their dishes. They would start by offering *xerotigana*, followed by the *pasteli* and then the *melomakarono* and the *melokarido* and the *psarakia*, *baklava* and *halva*. They had to be careful with the portions to ensure that there would still be sweets left late in the evening, until past midnight. Nikos, the president, brought Antonia's *pasteli* and mumbled something that none of us understood. Certainly, when Antonia withdrew from the honey festival, this caused some commotion, but everyone was so busy that there was not much gossip about it.

It was around 6 o'clock when Fragiska and Eleni started heating up the oil to start frying the first *loukoumades*. The oldest couples of the village started arriving to make sure that they would find a seat and would be able to attend the festival for most of the evening. After a few minutes, the band arrived. They sat next to the chairs, leaving enough room for a dancing area, and they began tuning their instruments. Right next to them, five huge caldrons over fire were installed that would keep honey syrup warm so as to be poured over delicious *kaimaki* ice cream that would be offered on the side. People were already sitting on the chairs. Four women had started to prepare, fry and dip the first *loukoumades* in the honey syrup. A man took care of the fire under the five caldrons. Four more women were in the office organizing how and when the sweets would be offered. Two other women were in the little office organizing the order that the dishes would be taken out. The rest of us were there to offer the sweets to the visitors. The men of the village were there to offer *raki*, a product that was mostly bought and delivered by the producers of the village. The men also helped with the *loukoumades* and offered the sweets. The band began with the first notes of the traditional island violin. The first group of guests appeared. We knew that the long night had just started. More and more groups of people started to fill the *plateia*, while a few of them started to dance in a circle. As the evening went on, more and more dishes with honey sweets came out of the small village office. More *raki* was offered to the newcomers and the smell of the freshly fried and honeyed *loukoumades* emerged out of the unfinished shop nearby. Villagers who participated in the festival, dressed in yellow T-shirts, were moving

endlessly like bees in the space of the *plateia* and the surrounding streets offering honey sweets. Certainly, it was only the women of the village, who had prepared the sweets of this festivity, but now all the villagers were there, including the younger ones, to play their part in offering of sweets. Older villagers were enjoying this change from the village's everyday habits. They watched people dancing, listened to the music and tasted the honey sweets. People from everywhere in the island, travelers and guests, were spread throughout the surrounding streets of the *plateia* holding sticky honey sweets and a small plastic cup of *raki* in their hands. When the street around the *plateia* was full, people also entered into the area of the church, at the end of the main street. The music was loud and could be heard in every house of the village. The sound of the violin urged even the older ones to stand up and dance. Suddenly, the music stopped. This heralded the moment when the mayor welcomed the visitors, thanking the women of the village for their generous collaboration and hard work for this festival, as well as the other villagers.

It was around midnight and people were still arriving. The air vibrated with the music of folk dance. The air resounded with clapping and laughing and there was a light euphoria that was a result the chemical intermingling of *raki* and honey in the human body. Among the crowd, I discerned Petris standing near Mathios' courtyard. They greeted me lively. I was certain that those two would get prepared for slaughtering a pig in the coming months. I was feeling joy, but also I could no longer stand up straight, that's how tired my arms were from carrying endless dishes of sweets that night. I was also upset with a group of women, who were complaining the whole time that we did not bring the complete assortment of sweets to the northeast side of the *plateia*, where they had decided to sit. I thought that I would distribute the last dish that night and then ask another villager to replace me. So, I grabbed a big dish of *loukoumades* filled with warm honey syrup and I held it up above everybody's heads to prevent honey from dripping on anyone. People taller than me could grab their piece and leave, but there were some others who were trying to lower the dish from my hands, pulling in different directions. And then, among a big group of ladies just in front of me, I recognized Nicoleta. I felt such relief that they had come that

I felt like going over and hugging them, but no one was there to hold my dish. One of the other ladies approached me in a great rush and grabbed the dish that I was struggling to hold up with my tired arms and hands. I tried to maintain my balance and find somewhere to put the dish down. The entire dish tipped towards Nicoleta and, I was unable to prevent it: the syrup started to pour onto her hair, her face, her hands and clothes. Her fingers were so sticky that she could barely move them. She was totally covered in honey. She looked at me in despair. I looked at her with compassion and fear for her reaction. There was nothing that I could do at the moment.

“I am so sorry, Nikoleta, but also so happy to see you here with us tonight. You see how honey can bind everything together no matter the differences,” I said, looking straight at her. Giorgis, the son of Manolis Denekarias, rushed to help her, while the rest of the sweets were taken from my dish. I noticed the look in the eyes of these two young people meeting shyly in the middle of the main village street among the other people, the sweets and the smell of honey.

Suddenly, we heard a huge clangor, as if things were falling one upon the other and then a long crackling noise and people yelling. A thick scent of honey filled the air of the *plateia* and possibly the whole village. As soon as I managed to move away from the crowd, which had started to get thicker as most people were moving away from the *plateia* and squeezed on the street, I stepped on a bench to see over the crowd.

“Oh my God!!” I yelled. The five, huge caldrons had fallen and all the honey that they contained poured on the *plateia* and the people there. When I had first seen them earlier in the afternoon, I thought that it wasn't a good idea to put them next to the dancing floor. There were people covered with honey. I could see their hair still and shiny, their hands and clothes were covered with honey, including their shoes. Some were stuck on the dancing floor as honey was everywhere. Those who had managed to escape from the honeyed, sticky floor of the *plateia*, hadn't managed to escape from their honeyed shoes, clothes and hands, by which they transferred the honey everywhere around. The only place untouched from honey was the area of the band,

which was elevated as compared to the level of the *plateia*. The musicians continued playing music, while villagers tried to find water to melt the honeyed surface that had spread everywhere on the *plateia* and had to spill over the streets and alleyways of the village. Within an hour, there was honey everywhere, which would be dissolved with the first light of day, when bees and other insects would join this honey festivity. Suddenly, Antonia with her husband, possibly the only people untouched from honey, showed up at the top of the *plateia*. They were carrying two huge bottles of vinegar each and started pouring it from the top edge of the *plateia*. Within a few minutes, the thickness of the honeyed air started to mix with a strong scent of vinegar. And then, at the other side of the *plateia*, my cousin Eleni appeared with a hose of water. People started running first to Antonia's vinegar bottles and then to the water trying to clean their hands and sticky shoes. As the band continuing playing music, people started to free themselves of the honey stuck on their shoes and hands. They could all move again. It was around 4 o' clock in the morning when the last ten sticky visitors of the honey festival left carrying less honey with them into their cars, homes and lives. However, all of the villagers we were still there at our *plateia*, with honey in our clothes and every part of our body and trying to clean it with Antonia's, Nikiforos', Mathios', Eleni's, Katerina's huge stored bottles of vinegar and water, so that bees would not become the next owners of our *plateia* early that morning.

Interpretation

The fictional story above is based on the property of air as a right to use and as an element of negotiation and division. It also demonstrates how honey can be an element of negotiation and unity among the villagers. The preceding fictional story begins at the outer limits of the village, further away from the borders between the village outskirts and the farmlands, at the church of Saint Rokos. The inner village is visited through Foteini's house, the old square of *choreftra*, the *caffenio* and the new open space/square of the village and back to the closer boundaries, where the village outskirts meet the gardens of the village. There are orchards and vegetable gardens, hen and rabbit houses. This part of land then borders on the farmlands, consisting of larger plots of land cultivated with barley and oats, including grazing fields for the animals.

The church in the fields

The first event in this fictional narrative starts with a religious festival attended by all villagers of Kampos. It takes place at the farmlands of the village. In this communal event at the church of Saint Rokos, the villagers share an experience of an historical event that represented the life of the saint, while “the spatial experience escapes the boundaries of the present moment and transcends itself into the time of preceding events”²³⁶ in the words of David Leatherbarrow describing the nature of religious rituals. This Sunday, the pathway that leads to the animals' grazing lands is filled with cars belonging to men and women congregating to celebrate the Saint's day. It is another type of ritualistic journey for the villagers close to the village to honor the Saint and its connection with the animals. After the liturgy, the villagers reconnect with the present, offering sweets and *raki* to share with fellow villagers. The sweets are offered by the women and the *raki* is as a habit offered by the men. Religious festivities like this connect the village core and its periphery, the

²³⁶ David Leatherbarrow, *Topographical Stories, Studies in Landscape and Architecture*, (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2004), p.204.

surrounding landscape. Among the private properties of land, the space and property of the church serve as a communal space, where villagers experience a communal event in the broader farming area of their village as an extension of their daily habits and their transportation within the village boundaries. Another event cut out from daily life, during which the group of villagers perform activities that are most often thought of as communications among them but also with a sacred world.²³⁷

Foteini's kitchen

From the public realm of the village's religious, communal life, the fictional plot is staged in Foteini's kitchen, where she has to set order in her space and time, to be able to contribute, along with her daughters, to the communal event of the village, the honey festival.

The house of the family unit of the village is divided into two parts. The first level of the house, the basement, has to do with the storage of food, as well as with the process of making the earth's products into food. The basement is actually divided into two parts; the one facing the street is called *kiela*. Animals often occupy this part of the basement. The second part of the basement, divided by an arched wall, is called *katoi*. In this way, two spaces are created: one is used as a cellar and the other as storage space full of large jars filled with grain, wine and figs. There is a hierarchy in the house that connects the storage with nature and the preservation of food, while the living space is more connected with family and communal village life. The storage space follows the cycles of nature, while the living space follows the community's life. Both of them are set up in the law/economy of the house. Thus, we move from the dark basement where the grain, oil and wine are stored, deprived from the primary life that earth gave them, transformed into another form, to the less dark kitchen where earth products will become food. We then move to the dark bedrooms where the silk-worms used to undergo their metamorphosis. The room with the most light and height is the living room. In a traditional Tinian house, long ago, when silk production was blooming, air and

²³⁷ Fritz Graf, *Festivals in Ancient Greece and Rome, Ancient Religion, Rituals, Practices, and Symbolism*, May 2016, p.3.
<http://religion.oxfordre.com/view/10.1093/acrefore/9780199340378.001.0001/acrefore-9780199340378-e-58>

light were coming in through the openings of the marble transom window to help the reproduction of the silkworms. The *sala* is a room that is not used daily; this space is destined for the family's social life. This is why all the sweets for the festival are laid there, until glazed with honey.

On the other hand, the *oikos* has both a family and a territorial meaning; this space becomes an agency of movement implying the possibility of transition and passage from one point to another. The role of the man within the house is to bring the products of nature into the house. He is the one who links the fields with the basement (the level closer to earth), while the woman is the one who will take the product and, making it into food, take the dry seed and make it alive again as food for the family.

Based on the foregoing, it is evident that the woman arranges, puts in order, stores and distributes inside the house what man gathers through his labor during the day from the outside. The movement of man between the house and the fields reflects an extension of the house and the family territory, including a connection with the natural world that surrounds him. The house itself becomes a microcosm of man's relation with nature, since the dark places of the house remind man of the cycle of death and life through the cycles of food production and the cycles of nature.

That reciprocity helps us realize how the house and its economy, the house law (*oikos-nomos*) is affected by the law/cycles of nature. The house becomes a representation, an allegory of death and rebirth through the cycles of nature, through food preservation. Furthermore, it is actually the place, where human life and death takes place. The man creates a physical relationship between the *oikos* and nature through his movement, while the woman creates another link with nature and its cycles through the preservation of food and its production, including through childbirth.

The honey festival

The honey festival is organized with the participation of all the women of the village and the support of the municipality of the island. For the festival to take place, the municipality/ island council and the local women must work together. This festival was organized after the village representative made a relevant proposition to the municipality eight years ago when, at that time, the municipality was scheduling food-based festivals around the island. Honey production was rich in Kampos and there were a few farmers who were good beekeepers, so honey became the basic ingredient of a communal event that elevated the daily life of the villagers and the village's "image" into a series of actions that they had never imagined before, given that tourism and local visitors were unknown in this area. Before this festival, Kampos was strictly a farming village. Thus, within the structure of an introvert village, where villagers are typically withdrawn, a large festive event connects the villagers to each other. At the same time however, boundaries are crossed. A connection with the outside world is also experienced. In addition, questions of ownership arise when one contemplates to whom the festival belongs, given that the effort and collaboration between the women creates a network of actions that must be accomplished to carry out the event. Men appear again as providing women the passage into the public world,²³⁸ the municipality and the village's president provide the honey to women, however women appear as having a leading role in the honey festival, the boundaries of the village's social realm seem to fluctuate. On the other hand, this situation underlines the village's boundaries of "our own" thing vis-à-vis the "strangers" who will visit the village the day of the festival. There is again a relationship between inside and outside, which now involves the village and the outside world.²³⁹ The same perception emerges in the conflict that arises in the village about the ownership of the "air" of the new *plateia*.

This fictional story vividly demonstrates what Dubisch has said about the role of man and woman in small rural societies in Greece, i.e. that "both men and women bear burdens in the agonistic arena of Greek

²³⁸ Jill Dubisch, "Foreign Chickens" and Other Outsiders: Gender and Community in Greece', *American Ethnologist*, Vol. 20, No. 2, pp. 272-287, (Wiley on behalf of the American Anthropological Association, 1993), p.277.

²³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 281.

village life, they bear them differently. Men carry the brunt of public competition in the “outside” world, the world of the *caffenio* and the *agora*, while women maintain the solidarity of the “inside”, the world of the domestic life entered in the house, and experience the restrictions this task imposes.”²⁴⁰

In this fictional story, women take on an important role for the organization and implementation of the festival. This again reveals what Dubisch in 1983, Herzfeld in 1986 and Hirschon in 1983 claimed, i.e. that “both men and women have public as well as domestic roles.”²⁴¹ Women look as serving mostly the “inside”, the interior of the house and the family, while it is also evident that they mediate and also have their role in the “outside”, the social world of the village.²⁴²

The *choreftra*

When Foteini passes by the coffee house and *choreftra*, all the ‘political action’ of the village takes place there. Debates and discussions of the group of people who sit in the square are overheard by villagers passing by. The people sitting there call out to the passers-by to invite them in the communal discussion. This is triggered by Foteini’s and other villagers’ presence in the communal space of the village. As M. Johnson explains about the social body, “the human environment of which the body partakes is not just physical or biological. It is also composed of intersubjective relations and coordination of experience.” “We are what we are only in and through others and by virtue of our intersubjective capacity to communicate shared meanings (Trevarthen 1993, Stern 1985, Stawarska 2003).”²⁴³ This is also based on the ability to communicate with others and to establish a communal sense of a specific event, including a specific space.

²⁴⁰Ibid., p. 276.

²⁴¹ Ibid., p.276.

²⁴² Ibid., p. 277.

²⁴³Mark Johnson, *The Meaning of the Body, Aesthetics of Human Understanding*, (Chicago & London: The University of Chicago Press, 2007), p.277.

Until 1996, public spaces in the village mainly consisted of the streets of the village connected with the communal places, such as the village washing rooms/laundries and the old stone ovens, which are not in use anymore. At that time, a curve in one street was widened, creating a space that was called *choreftra*. This widened curve is located in front of the *caffenio*. This was where dances were often organized. This was the place where children gathered to play in the afternoons, and where the men gathered after 5 o' clock, sitting amphitheatrically on the steps of the adjacent house looking at the coffeehouse and narrating true and fictional stories. These stories were about their daily work in the gardens and fields, their attempts to find solutions to problems with their animals, the sharing of old and experienced knowledge about illnesses and accidents that might have occurred. Women, earlier in the afternoon, would sit by the wall of the steps to sort good capers from the rest or separate what can be dried from sage. This was also the space where people gathered during the evenings to tell stories, either full of memories and nostalgia about their past or unreal stories full of imagination with ghosts and *ageloudes*, who dwelled in the wells and springs on the outskirts of the village waiting for passers-by to come and either punish them or charm them with their songs. Of course, people still use the *choreftra*, not only as a place to exchange memories, but also as an extension of the *caffenio*, where a few of the women can still separate a good caper from the rest, when the afternoon sun hits the steps of the adjacent house. *Choreftra* was created at a time when public squares were rarely seen in the villages of Tinos. People's perception about space was based, according to the researcher and historian Kostas Danousis, on the idea "have a house as big as you can and a field as big as you can think."²⁴⁴ This was equally true for the built environment of their village. Villages were built in a compact way to allow for plenty of cultivated land and fields around the village.

²⁴⁴ Interview with Kostas Danousis, September 9th, 2016. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick. Trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali.

The new *plateia*

Foteini walks by the coffeehouse and reaches the new square, opposite to her cousin's house. The new *plateia* was built over the ruins of an old house mostly with funding raised by the village council, including the effort and volunteering work of the villagers. This new space created doubts about whether it belonged to the village community or whether it belonged to the village council that officially paid for building this new space. This new communal space of the village created new spatial boundaries in the village's everyday life. For a very long time, the *chorefta* was considered a communal open space. It was a public space and a passage at the centre of the village, next to the coffeehouse that hosted dances and village meetings since long ago.

The new square was built in 1996 in the village over the ruins of an old house. The site was offered to the community of the village for a symbolic amount intended to become the new open space of the village/*plateia*. The villagers perceived this new space as such, even before it was built. The ruins of the old house were as high as three meters, so there was an enormous amount of work to be done to clean the site. The villagers took charge of this project through the institution of *angaries*, meaning that they volunteered their time and effort to the village. They had already built many other things in the village, such as the small shed and the church courtyard. However, a big amount was paid for the lease of small loaders that moved all the debris, soil and ruins from the village centre to the outskirts. Approximately seven hundred and fifty cubic meters of soil and ruins had to be transferred from the site. The participation of the villagers provided them with an extra reason to feel very connected to this space. As they were saying, it belonged to them. Then the new open space was built by *Katzilieris*, one of the builders of the village, with stone slates and surfaces, benches and a sheltered space for the whole village to use. But to whom did the square belong? At first, there were some issues that were not clear to the community of the village. Initially, this project belonged in principle to the *sylogos*. However, the *sylogos* did not yet have an official tax number, so all the money that the village council managed to raise from funding provided by the Ministry had to be delivered first to the village community's formal repository. Since then, this new open space has

not been used in the villages' everyday life, except for weddings and christenings, at which times everybody would go to the new square for a treat of a sweet and *raki*. The whole village is still invited nowadays to such ceremonies, as it was in the old days. The new *plateia* had no name, considering that it was not the product of official physical planning. As the law prescribes, the municipality would need twenty years approximately to give to this new public space a formal name suitable for a square. The spatial boundaries of the new square were clear; however, the lack of boundaries of its "air" again created the need for claiming its ownership.

This is the reason why, when qualities of the air through wind and scent flow through the new space of the village, a claim of a local businesswoman to open a coffee shop in the new square and use the "air" as a right to use by putting tables and chairs in this space, raised not only questions about the ownership of the air of the new open space, but also created a significant conflict in the village. The space of the new square had no official name given by the state. So, this endeavor had to rely on the terms applicable to estates/open spaces, instead of the conditions that apply for a formal square of the village. In terms of law, it was not possible to name the square, unless there would be a broad-based consensus, as this is evidenced by the villagers' signatures that would allow the young businesswoman to lease the "air" of the square from the municipality.

From Eleni's kitchen to the communal *leschi*

Eleni's kitchen then becomes a different stage of political discourse, this time among the three women who were asked by Antonia to sign their support for the ownership of the air of the new *plateia* by her granddaughter in conjunction with Antonia's donation of her land to the community for the creation of a good sanitary system. The kitchen is the place where visitors are received in a greater intimacy than in *sala* that is usually the place for receiving the *xeni*.²⁴⁵ Even if the three women are in the friendly space of the

²⁴⁵ Jill Dubisch, "Foreign Chickens" and Other Outsiders', p.275.

kitchen, where women usually express openly their opinion about all the village incidents and events, for Foteini it is difficult to take a position against or for the situation of the new *plateia*. She prefers to be moderate. It is like her opinion carries the voice of her entire family in this communal debate. Even though the role of the woman in the village is to share the responsibility for the good image of the house equally with men, a good *nikokyrio* in some cases, as expressed in the way women speak, stays subjugated to the social role of man²⁴⁶ and basically the social identity of the family. Antonia's request causes dissension and perplexity amongst villagers. The village community is in an unequal division. From Eleni's kitchen, this division lessens to the communal space of *leschi*, where actions and words of ownership are also non-objectifiable boundaries of air and space. A debate arises between the villagers and the new businesswoman, who wants to own the air of the new open space. There is also a debate between the mayor and the president of the village council. The Municipality that had initially caused the issue refrained from interfering in the controversy and stalled its decisions to avoid political cost and fallout. A large number of the villagers claimed that the square, as a public space, had been created by them and that it belonged to the village. The village's new square, the honey festival and its air are defined through boundaries, which seem unclear, were non-objectifiable until a communal effort and participation brought the villagers together and instigated the questions of ownership.

In *leschi*, both women and men are present; however, with a majority of men being there, most of the times men voices sound louder than the women's. Even if the idea for the self-sufficient *nikokyrio* is a centre where both women and men derive social equality from its success,²⁴⁷ however there is the "myth" as S. Rogers explains, to which both men and women acquiesce in peasant societies, that men claim the public realm, leaving women in charge of the domestic realm, the centre of life in the peasant families.²⁴⁸

²⁴⁶ Pierre Bourdieu, *Η αίσθηση της πρακτικής*, p.128.

²⁴⁷ S. D. Salamone and J.B. Stanton, "Introducing the Nikokyra," p.98.

²⁴⁸ Susan Carol Rogers, 1975, 'Female Forms of Power and the Myth of Male Dominance: A Model of Female/ Male Interaction in Peasant Society', *American Ethnologist* 2, pp. 727 - 756.

In addition, Antonia's husband, Marcos, had encroached on the village boundaries for the benefit of his home in the past and this has caused a different ethical and social response to the entire situation. To all of the above, there is an inherited communal meaning, as Johnson explains, "the meaning of something is its relations, actual and potential, to the qualities, things, events and experiences. [...]The meaning of something is a matter of how it connects to what has gone before and what it entails for present or future experiences and actions."²⁴⁹

The ownership of air

Rose explains the term possession: "possession means acts that apprise the community, arrest attention, and put others claiming title upon inquiry."²⁵⁰ "Possession as the basis of property ownership, then, seems to amount to something like yelling loudly enough to all who may be interested."²⁵¹ This way of communication within the fine boundaries of the village sounds louder than in a settlement or community of a broader scale. However, this remains a way of communication in-between boundaries with those who claim ownership over the air, as a right to its use in a public space, whose formal boundaries according to law are not clear, since this public space had not been officially named by law as a public square. In this case, as Steinberg reports, ownership of property can be a powerful cultural form for shaping a sense of place.²⁵² Especially when boundaries appear non-objectified, then controversies of ownership arise.

On the other hand, as Abram says, "the air is the soul of the visible landscape, the secret realm from whence all beings draw their nourishment. As the very mystery of the living present, it is that intimate absence from whence the present presences and thus a key to the forgotten presence of the earth."²⁵³ The

²⁴⁹ Mark Johnson, *The Meaning of the Body*, p.265.

²⁵⁰ Carol M. Rose, *Possession as the Origin of Property*, p.80.

²⁵¹ Ibid. p.81.

²⁵² Theodore Steinberg, *Slide mountain or the folly of owning nature* (Berkeley, Los Angeles, London: University California Press, 1995), p.176.

²⁵³ David Abram, *The Spell of the Sensuous*, p. 226.

air as a right to its use created an important conflict in the villagers' everyday life, but at the same time the air, by carrying the scents of the village and the cool wind, united the villagers through their communal experience during a communal event that brought together almost the entire village. The air carrying the qualities of the honey, the honeyed air can certainly be a "pervasive presence," "enveloping, embracing and caressing me both inside and out, moving in ripples along my skin, flowing between my fingers, swirling around my arms and thighs, rolling in eddies along the roof of my mouth, sleeping ceaselessly through throat and trachea to fill the lungs, to feed my blood, my heart, my self"²⁵⁴ as Abram writes reflecting about air. He also reveals another dimension of the air, this connected with the speech "the sense that spoken words are structured breath [...] and indeed that spoken phrases take their communicative power from this invisible medium that moves between us."²⁵⁵ The air as right to its use, as honeyed air, as breath among the spoken words of the conflict reinforces with a different quality the relationships and the social network of the village.

The night of the honey festival

The night of the festival has a monumental meaning for the villagers of Kampos, since it can be described as the projection of the village into the social world of the island. The women of the village appear to extend their role from the house to a public space through a social event in which every individual woman is represented at the table where the honey sweets are displayed in the sheltered area of the new open square. In the new square of the village, in a communal effort to hold the honey festival, their roles intermingle with those of the men. On the other hand, the honey is an object of negotiation and mediation for the local festival and the identity of the village. Local conflicts are mitigated through honey. As Merleau-Ponty explains "indeed our experience contains numerous qualities that would be almost devoid of meaning

²⁵⁴ Ibid., p. 225.

²⁵⁵ Ibid., p.227.

if considered separately from the reactions they provoke in our bodies. This is the case with the quality of being honeyed.”²⁵⁶

The villagers and participants in the festival can seize honey and the honey can seize them. As Merleau-Ponty further describes “honey is a slow-moving liquid while it undoubtedly has a certain consistency and allows itself to be grasped, it soon creeps slyly from the fingers and returns to where it started from. [...] What is more, it reverses the roles by grasping the hands of whoever would take hold of it. The living, exploring, hand which thought it could master this thing instead discovers that it is embroiled in a sticky external object.”²⁵⁷ The same thing happened with the feet and every uncovered surface of the bodies of the festival's visitors on the *plateia*'s dancing floor that evening. There is a dialogue as Merleau-Ponty explains between the villagers, the honeyed dancers as embodied subjects and the external object, honey, which bears this quality and how this quality is related with other qualities associated with other senses.²⁵⁸

In addition, boundaries disappear through honey. The new village square and the festival find their owner in every villager of Kampos. They are manifesting their bond with the village community and the space of a communal life together by possessing and being possessed themselves by their communal space and the honey festival. According to Douglas, stickiness is an intermediate situation in a process of change. It is something unstable, soft and flexible but without any flow. It is used as a trap as long as it has crossed the boundary between its state/the honey and the other, it is in a process of reciprocal relations between its state and the other things. Honey is in this in-between situation of a non liquid and non-solid.²⁵⁹

On the other hand, Arendt claims that living together in the world means that our world of things lies in between those who have something in common, as a table between those who sit around it. This world that

²⁵⁶ Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *The World of Perception*, trans. by Oliver Davis (Routledge, Taylor and Francis e- Library, 2004), p.60.

²⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 60-61.

²⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, p.61.

²⁵⁹ Mary Douglas, *Μια ανάλυση των εννοιών της Μιαρότητας και του Ταμπού*, p. 90.

lies in between has the power to relate and separate men at the same time,²⁶⁰ the same as this fictional story describes the space of the new open square and its relationship to the festival of honey. The non-objectifiable boundaries of the unnamed square and its air, the honey festival have the power to gather a number of people together, but also the power to divide them apart.²⁶¹ What if through some magic trick the table, which was described previously, vanished and the villagers sitting opposite each other were no longer separated and realized that they are entirely unrelated to each other by anything tangible?²⁶² Hannah Arendt refers to the *koinon*, that which is common to all. Only the existence of a public realm and the world's subsequent transformation into a community of things, which gathers men together and relates them to each other, depends entirely on permanence.²⁶³ Permanence in turn can be established through possession and property.

The air, as a right to a certain use, and honey, the same as love, in a full sense of its qualities and characteristics, bring the villagers of Kampos to a full engagement with the world they live in. A liminal space is created when villagers trying to seize the ownership of the communality of a space that they have together are actually owned by that exact space.

²⁶⁰ Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, p.52.

²⁶¹ Ibid.

²⁶² Ibid.

²⁶³ Ibid., p.55.



Institutional Report: Fictional Narrative 4: The smell of honey was in the air of Thessaly
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Figure 6. Fictional Narrative 4: The smell of honey was in the air
Map/figure ground of the village (scale a)



Saint Rokos' church

Route to Saint Rokos' church

Honey festival's route
(smell of honey in the air)

Foteini's house

Choreftra /
Old square

New Square

Part II - Winter Stories

Fictional Narrative 5: **The White Cow**

That morning, I woke up at 6 o'clock. From the small window at the top left side of my room I could hardly see clouds in the dark sky that had just begun to lighten up. They were so low that they looked almost as though they touched the roofs of the houses in the village. I put on a warm jacket and I went to the kitchen, where I could still smell the coffee that my mother had made earlier. The kitchen door to the courtyard was open and I could feel the cold *levantes* wind, which had totally destroyed the old, dry vines on the pergola. All the leaves had fallen totally covering the floor.

I sipped the coffee that my mother had left for me on the kitchen table. She had also left some bread and butter. I gulped down my food while I checked my emails and what the weather would be like. That day I left home before my father. I had to go to our field in Tsekina, half an hour away from the village core, to check on a cow that was about to give birth. He would join the cutting and storing of the Petris' slaughtered pig after it would be delivered from the slaughterhouse later on that morning.

As we had not moved our cow in Tsekina to the main stable at the west edge of the village area on time, every morning and night, every five hours during the day, day after day, my father or I had to go all the way to the fields in Tsekina to check up on her. The wind that morning was so cold and strong that it almost ripped off my jacket as I was riding my motorbike. I left my bike at the side of the path and walked along close to the stone walls that bordered the path. This gave me some protection from the wind. My eyes were wet and I could hardly keep them open. When

I finally reached the field, the horizon was grey and hazy. There, I could usually see the view of the surrounding islands, but today I could see nothing.

The animal was sheltered in the small *kathki*. Its udder and belly had grown three times their normal size in the past month. The animal got scared by the sound of my heavy boots echoing in the tiny space. I checked the soft tissue around her tail head. It was not yet time. I was lucky because my father, Mathios, was one of the best breeders of the village and very skilled in the technique of delivering calves. I think I could predict an easy or difficult birth too, by reading their respective signs. I left the field in Tsekina at 8 o'clock in the morning, so I could catch up with my father's schedule. It seemed like a heavy storm would be coming soon from Syros, the neighboring island.

When I arrived at the stable, my father had already started to move the cattle from the fields in Saint Nikita back to our stable, only ten minutes walking distance. But before the animals reached the path from the main road leading to the stable, heavy rain started to fall. My grandfather, Manolis, was already cleaning out the stable to get it ready for the cattle. As soon as he saw me, he started shouting at me: "Nikola run, go help your father."

The animals were not bothered by the downpour, however I left my bike and ran towards them. As soon as the animals were in the stable, our daily job of milking the cows started. We both sat by each cow's side and started to milk them without saying a word. There was only the sound of the pouring milk, landing with pressure into our plastic buckets and the sound of the falling rain, which would soon turn the stable's courtyard into a huge arena of mud. My father left soon after he poured all his milk into the big buckets that we use to transport and sell the milk to the farmers' union. He said to me: "Nikola, after my chores, I will be joining the others at the slaughter of Petris' pig. You have to wait for the rain to stop and move the cows back to the field in Saint Nikita to let them graze and then go and sell the milk at the farmers' union. Your grandfather said that there would be no more rainstorms today."

“I know that too, from the Internet”, I replied to him. “I will join the dinner after the slaughtering, in the evening”.

“Yes, but you should do so after you finish feeding the sheep that are grazing at our field in Agios Romanos and after you move and milk the cows again in the early afternoon before darkness falls,” he instructed me. Each time a pig was slaughtered, everyone helping was invited to a big meal afterwards. This meal would be served, once all the meat was butchered and salted. I accepted my father’s instructions. It would be a long and hard day, as always, but at least I could look forward to the meal.

My working day finished after I had done all that my father asked me. I went home to put on clean clothes, but I didn’t eat as I knew that the meal at Petris’ home would be generous with many delicacies made of the meat, fat and blood of the pig. By the time that I arrived at Petris’ house, it was already dark, yet only 7 o’clock. However, most of the men sitting at the table already had rosy cheeks, their eyes were sparkling and their voices were vivid and loud. The *sala*, the biggest room in the house, with two big windows on each side of the entrance in the middle of the façade, smelled of cooked pork meat and fat. It also smelled of raw meat infused with vinegar or wine mixed with spices. This meat would then be stuffed into the intestines of the pig and become sausages.

The *sala* had an aura of celebration. There was a big rectangular table covered with a white tablecloth in the middle of the room. Old traditional furniture surrounded the table in the middle. On this table, there were wine glasses and carafes of wine. There were also *cicera*, fried pork’s liver and fried pig’s blood. Looking at the men in the room, it seemed that the air in the room was also filled with the smell of their tiredness and the effort of their bodies to transform this big animal into food.

“Good evening”, I said, “*Kai tou chronou*” I wished them.

“Welcome Nikolas, grab a chair and come drink some wine. Eleni, bring an extra plate. Nikolas, Mathios’ son has arrived,” Petris called out to his sister, who was approaching.

After greeting all of them, I went into the kitchen, where the female heroes of this event were still struggling with the uncooked fat, as well as cleaning, cooking and storing the huge portions of meat. Looking at the narrow space of the kitchen, with the tiny window at the one side wall over the sink and the fire place next to it, one would think that it would be impossible to fit such a huge production of meat, including about five women working in the space. They were also cutting and making the meat into sausages, *louza* and other delicacies that could be preserved without freezing them. Big pieces of meat were lying on the kitchen table and on the marble surface by the kitchen sink next to a big bunch of thyme, and oregano and other spices.

Behind this mass of meat and spices, I finally spotted Margarita’s white and pale face. Margarita was a girl with brown hair and black eyes, who hadn’t left home after she had returned to the island from Athens, where she had been studying. It was almost as if she were trying to hide behind the large pieces of meat and the herbs and spices. She was shy. I raised my hand in greeting. Her lively response contrasted her shy expression and encouraged me to say a few words to her.

“Hi, Margarita. How are you with your return to the village?”

“Hi, I am well, I guess I am trying to resettle back home.”

“Would you prefer living in Athens?”

“I will miss Athens, but when I was there, sometimes I missed the village too.”

Her gentle reaction to every word I said charmed me. Somebody in the *caffenio* said that she had been ill. Somebody else said that she suffered from fear of microbes or something and that she was afraid to go out of her house. The first time I saw her was when she had just arrived in the

village, a month ago, as I was sitting in the *caffenio* with my father having a midday break before we went to feed the sheep. She looked scared but beautiful.

“Margarita, fry up some more liver to offer the men at the table in the *sala*” Petris’ sister, Ioanna cut our conversation short. It was then that I remembered that my place was at the dining table with the other men, drinking and enjoying the fruits of their effort. Anyway, somebody said that Margarita wasn’t interested in the village’s life and traditions.

At the table, wine was abundant. The first song was sung by Margarita’s father, Tassos. He was a strapping, fine man and, even though he always spoke tersely, when he sang, his voice flowed like wine pouring into a glass. After a few songs he sung together with Petris and my father, my father, as always, started to get nostalgic.

“Do you remember the story with Nikolakakias, when he was beaten by *ageloudes* down at the crossroad before Xynara?” he started telling one of the old, known, communal and habitual stories. It was then that Ioanna, who had been helping out in the kitchen, joined the table and added to my father’s story, by saying, “Well, they were talking about facts, but they also said the truth back then. I didn’t understand it at that time because I was young, but they used to say that whoever returns from the countryside at 10 or 11 o’clock at night may encounter strange things on their way back to the village. If Tassia were here, she would tell you the story. It might be true. She said that *ageloudes* had caught her husband and had severely beaten him up. He was saved eventually by Stefanakena. She said that this is how he died.”

“I do not know if *ageloudes* existed or not, or what actually happened to him,” she continued in a strained voice. Then Petris, who was younger than my father said, “Nikolakakias had been beaten a lot,” meaning that he had been beaten by the *ageloudes*, “but in the end they said that Ninos beat him up.”

Then Tassos, Margarita's father, laying his back on his chair and extending his chest at the front, said at a high voice: "Listen, look... *There is a story that my mother used to tell me, as told by my grandmother and my great grandmother. Listen, and you will understand. My great grandmother used to do a bit the midwife, delivering babies. One night, as she used to say, a black man knocked on her door. "Come, he said, help my wife deliver our baby". Two days before birth, two or three before, the old Smartianes²⁶⁴ know better about these things, they used to spread baby clothes over fig leaves. But when they looked for the clothes, they had vanished, as if they stood up and left. My great grandmother was delivering the baby, when the black man said "if it is a boy, happiness to you if it is a girl then woe to you". Well, yes. She delivered eventually the agelouda as she said, holding a little candle, and it was a boy. She then called the priest. In the old days, the village priest was always standing by. As soon as the priest arrived and went inside the house, the black man started thundering and pounding at the door. He left, as she used to say, with the reading of the priest. Whether this is true or not, I do not know, but he was ex' apo do.*"²⁶⁵

No matter how many times they had heard the same stories before their eyes still sparkled with their usual surprise and an addictive fear and curiosity. Story-telling had just begun and continued with Marcos reciting his story:

"I remember, it was me, my brother Giorgis and my father. We were at Prokopies at the time and we were threshing. One day, my father was threshing together with my brother in the fields. Time went by, it was already 8 o' clock in the evening, and my old man told my brother to load up the donkey, go back to the village and come back again in the morning. As my brother was on his

²⁶⁴ Women from the village of Smardakito.

²⁶⁵ Interview 1, Ageloudes, Comment: During this interview, I was really amazed with the expressions on the villagers' faces and the tension in their voice, in describing their experience in every detail as being a real fact, instead of a product of their imagination. There was a dialogue that included a conflict about what is real and what is imagination, but this didn't prevent the flow of the narration and the continuation of imaginary stories, which were either proven unreal or would leave hints that they could also contain some piece of information that was true. Kamos, January 6th, 2013, trans.from Greek for the needs of this PhD, Maria Vidali, Appendix, pp. 66-68.

way to the village, he saw a woman with wheels, right where the houses begin. He turned his back and went back to our father at the fields. When our old man saw him and Giorgis told him what he had allegedly seen, my father says, now take this sack on your back and carry it together with you all the way to the village. What are you talking about, a woman with wheels?²⁶⁶ and my brother returned to the village.

When this story was finished and just before another story was about to start, Margarita entered the room. Her pale and translucent skin had smudges of black from the coal and cinders from the fireplace in the kitchen. The fireplace was a reminder of traditional cooking methods. Just when I was beginning to feel at ease with her presence at the dinner table, my father shouted to me, “Nikola! Do not waste time. You must go and check on the cow at Tsekina.”

It was already 11 o'clock, and even though it was a first cold October night, there was no wind. There was no moonlight that night either. I left the house calling out a general good bye to all those who were at the dinner, but also I singled out Margarita by calling her name. There wasn't much that I could do in front of her father and the others at the dinner. So moving sluggishly because of the food, the wine and all the funny, and sometimes scary stories that I had heard that night, I set off for Tsekina.

It was pitch dark when I left the village core. I climbed on my bike and checked that I had my mobile phone with me, as well as a rope, my knife and some lime that I would give the cow in the event of a reaction. I needed all these, in case the cow would give birth that night. I left my bike at the beginning of the path and waited for a few seconds for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. I then started off on the path. I was holding a torch to light my way. The pebbled road felt longer during night time and the long stone walls that framed the fields looked like a well-built stage along the road lit by the torch.

²⁶⁶ Ibid.

I reached the stable where the black pregnant cow was waiting to give birth. It was next to Roza's and Gozanes' stable. The cow was lying on the earthen floor of the stable looking as if she were ready to give birth. She had always delivered easily and without much trouble so I didn't call my father or anyone from the village for help. I stayed there alone to help her.

Soon after, the calf was born. As it was getting cleaned by its mother, it started to suckle from her breasts. I watched the calf standing next to its mother on its weak and unstable legs. Most of the times newborn calves need some guidance to find their mother's breasts, but this one didn't. It was already 1 o'clock in the morning and I was tired. The chilly night made me not want to stay much longer, however I decided to smoke a cigarette before leaving. This would give me some more time with the calf and the cow.

By now, it was 1:30 in the morning. I went out on the path so that I would cross in front of Roza's stable. Even though it was very dark, I could easily orientate myself and I could see the horizon fairly well. I could also see over the boundary stone walls. It was then that I spotted a white cow, about two meters high, and a man much taller than me. He must have been about two and a half meters tall and he was walking next to the cow. Honestly, I had never seen anyone like that before, or a cow of that size. But who were they? I started following them along the path. I was sure that the man could hear my footsteps but he didn't seem bothered enough to turn around and look at me. Being very curious and not feeling any fear, I shouted at him, "Who are you?" No answer. I could hear his footsteps on the dry rocks and stones of the path...*crack, crook, crack, crook*. He continued walking and totally ignored me. When we reached Klamoura's house, I couldn't restrain myself any longer and I yelled at him, "What the hell? Why don't you speak?"

Gggggggrrrrrrrrrrrr! There was such a loud noise that it sounded like it came from the deep recesses of hell and then *bammmmmmm*. At the same time a bright flash sparkled in the darkness of the night and suddenly, poof, he and the cow vanished. They completely disappeared!

“*Panagia mou!*” I felt every part of my skin crawl, even the top of my head, my feet and my fingers, and possibly my lips also. “What the hell was that?” I thought. There was no explanation. Only then did I start to think about the stories that I had heard a few hours ago about devils, elves and *ageloudes*. I could only think of an illogical explanation, but this was not satisfactory enough. I had seen them. When I reached my bike, I looked around again, just in case these figures were still somewhere around me, but I couldn’t see anything.

I soon arrived home after walking through the centre of the village, which now felt like a shelter. When I reached my house, I was quite exhausted from the thoughts whirling around in my head. Both my parents and my brother were asleep. I wanted to tell someone about my experience, but I was sure that this wasn’t one of the things that somebody easily shares online on Facebook. So after a hot shower, I stumbled into bed, relieved that I did not have to help my father milk the cows early the next morning. They knew that if I got up late, it would be because the cow had given birth and my older brother would replace me the next morning. He would do this in view of the circumstances, even though he did not want to be a farmer like our father and had chosen to be a builder.

When I woke up, it was late and I leapt out of bed. I put on some fresh clothes since my clothes smelled of the animals after my visit to the stable last night. I went straight to the kitchen as I was very hungry. My mother was there. She had already prepared coffee for me and had put out bread and fresh butter on the table. Without even looking at her, I started telling her about last night. I needed to tell the story of last night so urgently that I didn’t even wait to hear any sounds of confirmation that she was listening.

While I was talking, I gulped down big sips of coffee and greedily ate big chunks of bread and butter. I realized that she was continuing to wash the greens and other vegetables and she did not turn towards me, not even once. When I finished, she then turned around to face me. I noticed that her face and eyes were red and this puzzled me. Then she blurted out, “This morning, Petris

was found dead.” My face froze. I could no longer eat and it felt like I had stopped breathing, too. “You know what? He was killed just a few meters further down the street, close to the path where you met the man and the white cow. So now you know who those two could be. If your grandmother were alive, she would definitely insist that they had come to take his soul.” I again felt my skin crawl all over my body. How could this be true?

“Petris died instantly. It happened when he was going to work on his motorbike, very early in the morning. He was hit by a car driven by a drunken young man. He fell to the field below, three meters from street level and hit his head on a sharp rock,” she added.

The village was strangely quiet as the news of Petris’ death spread. From the very early hours in the morning, villagers gathered in Petris’ home to condole the grieving family. The only sounds that broke the silence were the cries of despair and loss coming from Petris’ wife and his three sisters. The sun was bright and warm that day, but it seemed like nothing could warm the shaded courtyard of Petris’ house. People dressed in mourning entered the courtyard. Margarita would be there too, as Petris was her uncle, her mother’s brother.

I started with my regular daily schedule, even though I knew quite well that when there is death or marriage in the village or a religious community event, we all participate, although we cannot change the schedule required for the care of our animals. We would just need to adapt and move back and forth to and from the fields to the village more frequently in a day than we usually did. Everybody in the village must share the evening and night shifts grieving with the family until the next morning to ensure that they would not be alone. I knew that my parents would attend the vigil and mourning of the death from nine o’clock in the evening until 11 o’clock at night. My brother and I would go from 1 o’clock in the morning until 3 o’clock in the morning. We would stay longer if there would be nobody else at that time to support the family.

The morning passed quickly, although I went about my daily activities and obligations lethargically. All I could think about was Petris’ abrupt death. I could not get out of my mind

what my mother said was the herald of his death. Who was the tall man and what about the white cow? At 1 o'clock, I started going down the path leading to our field in Messaria. There, I saw my father. We took a break to share the food that my mother had given me so that we could save time and be able to return home earlier to prepare for the vigil. I couldn't stop myself. Sitting under the walnut tree of our garden and field and having left our lunch at the edge of the water tank where we usually sat on its boundary wall, I started telling my father about last night. Twice he stopped eating and looked at me straight in the eyes. He then stayed silent for a couple of minutes and then he murmured, "We should tell the priest. In the old days, they used to sprinkle holy water at the boundaries of the village far more often than just on the feast day of Holy Trinity, after the Corpus Christi procession. Nowadays, they are even trying to avoid having the Corpus Christi procession in our village." So my father too, believed that this figure was something beyond our natural human world.

We went to milk the cows earlier today so that we would arrive home around 6 o'clock. We would have to rest and sleep a little to have enough strength for the vigil and mourning. The next day's schedule would also include the last visit to Petris' house to show support to his grieving family. We would accompany them to the cemetery. I waited for my parents to leave and as soon as they did, I joined my older brother, who was in the kitchen watching television. I started telling him my story about last night's events.

"You were drunk," he replied abruptly.

I retorted, "Look at me as I am doing my cross to Holy Trinity. I swear. I am telling you that I saw it. I wasn't drunk."

"How come it's only you that you see things like that, Nikola? Do you remember when you were younger and you came home screaming that there were strange animals running around in our field in Messaria? It was two goats that had their heads trapped in a plastic bag. They were

running up and down in the field trying to get rid of the plastic bag.” My brother was irritated by my story and, as always, didn’t believe that there was any truth at all in what I was saying.

When our parents came back home, we were still watching television. I thought of asking them if Margarita was there but I restrained myself given the late hour and the death of Petris. My brother, Antonis, and I left our home around 1 o’clock in the morning. It was possibly one of the few nights that someone could hear people crossing the narrow village streets. They were all either returning from or going to Petris’ house. From far away, one could see Petris’ house alight, as if it were a festive evening. We walked up the main stairs leading from the main street of the village to the courtyard. From the two big windows next to each side of the door I could see twelve to fifteen villagers who were still in the room at this time. I entered the big rectangular *sala*. In the middle of the room, along the wall, was a big redwood coffin. Inside, Petris was lying in a very different state than the night before, when with his friends, including me, he was sharing good times and celebrating the slaughter of his pig. The coffin was open and Petris was dressed in his dark blue suit. As is the custom, his face was covered with a white handkerchief.

Anna, Petris’ wife, was not the woman that I had seen yesterday. She was now totally drained of her vigor and strength, dried up and shriveled as a raisin. She could hardly stand up. She was so frail that she seemed to shrink inside her clothes. We offered her our condolences. Her daughter, Marina, was withdrawn and her face reflected her pain. There were dark circles under her eyes, contrasting sharply with her white skin. “Life to you. Live and remember him.” With these words we hoped to bring comfort. Then we offered our condolences to Petris’ sisters, Foteini, Ioanna and Eleni and their husbands. They all looked devastated. Even so, they still performed their duties by welcoming guests and offering coffee, traditional rusks, fruit and *raki*, accompanied by cheese and salami.

I settled down on one of the chairs that were arranged around the coffin, along the walls of the room. While I was sitting there among the other villagers, I started thinking of Margarita. Was

she here, too, staying out of sight in the kitchen? Then just two seats away from me I heard her name among the words exchanged by the two older women, *Kyra Rini* and *Amia Antonia*, “Margarita and her cousins will take care of the *meze* that will be served after the funeral tomorrow.”

“She is a sweet girl, but ever since she came back from Athens, it seems as if she doesn’t want to go out of the house. May God protect her,” *Amia Antonia* responded.

“Why is she so afraid?” *Kyra Rini* sounded more curious now.

“I heard that she is afraid of bacteria and this is why she stays in the house,” *Amia Antonia* continued, “Where would she go in the village?”

So, Margarita was afraid of bacteria. At least I was afraid and shocked by a tall man with a height of two and a half meters and an abnormally tall white cow, also two meters high. How could Margarita even see the bacteria? She had no proof that there were any bacteria. Then again, did I have any proof of the white cow in my case?

At around 3 o’ clock in the morning, *Barba Alekos* entered the room. I was certain that after mourning, he would go straight to his animals in Tsekina. His lively expression and nervous energy contrasted sharply with the serious expression that he normally had. He suddenly cried out in surprise when he saw the flue of the stove, “What is this, a gramophone?!” he nearly shouted. This made me burst out laughing. My brother didn’t hesitate to make fun of him, teasing him even more. I felt that the sadness of this horrible event needed to find a way to escape so that we could return back to our regular lives. It was around 4 o’ clock when we left Petris’ house. I had to wake up at 6 again to go and check on the cow and the newborn calf, and then help my father milk the rest of the cows. After my chores, I would join the funeral procession, as all the villagers would do.

The next morning, my eyes were half closed and heavy with tiredness. However, I rode my motorcycle and reached the path to Tsekina. It wished that the tall man and the white cow would never return to this area. The calf was healthy and suckling well. I milked the cow so that she would be freed from all the weight of the milk that she was carrying. Then I walked back the path and rode to the stables further south close to the village and helped my father milk the other cows.

We went back home about an hour before the funeral. We changed our clothes and went straight to Petris' house. We offered our condolences to all the family again, who were now not only weighed down with the sadness of their loss, but also the tiredness of a sleepless night. Among them was Margarita, looking paler than ever in her black and grey clothes. "Life to you, Margarita," I whispered to her.

"Thank you," she whispered back.

All the villagers were present to accompany their neighbor and friend to his "last home". There were other people, too, from Chora and other villages. Petris' family was well known and active in the community. Also, Petris was a good and decent man. He was a good paterfamilias. Four of his friends, with the help of three more men, placed the heavy coffin over their shoulders. One of them was my father. The procession went through the narrow streets of the village, in front of most of the courtyards, doorsteps and under the vaulted archways, directly to Holy Trinity's church. The chanting coming from the church made me even sadder. I decided to stand by the side door of the church so that I could easily escape to the courtyard if I wanted to. After the death ceremony the group of villagers would head to the cemetery of the village on the opposite side of the roadway. Just behind the coffin were the priest and the family of the deceased, the women of the family leaning on their husbands and their sons, followed by friends, villagers and others. The procession started leaving behind Holy Trinity church walking by the new square, crossing the centre of the village through the alleys, and then reaching the main road and crossing

over to the other side, where the path leads to the fields and Lambiridi, the village cemetery. The redwood coffin contrasted sharply with the dark landscape. It moved slowly as it was carried delicately by the villagers. As I stood beside the entrance to the cemetery, I felt vulnerable and very emotional as the family gave their last kiss to their beloved family member before he was removed from the coffin and his dressed body, covered in a white fabric was left in the already prepared case in the barren earth. Then louder cries were heard out in despair at their loss, apparently this was his last and fatal connection with the earth that he had been cultivating so many years. I remained at a distance. After earth, gravel and flowers were thrown on Petris covered dead body, we made our way to the parish communal hall, to the *leschi*.

There, people started sitting down around smaller and bigger tables and soon we were served coffee, rusks, sweets, *raki*, salami and cheese, as well as fried cod and meat balls.²⁶⁷ I liked a lot the traditional funereal savories, which were always the same. “May God forgive his sins” the mourners said each time they were offered a little something by the relatives of the deceased.

Margarita offered me coffee and rusks. “May God forgive him,” I said to her. My mind struggled to see what else I could say. I was certain that, for the next three days, she would join the other women of the village at her deceased uncle’s house as they prayed with their rosaries.

An hour later, when most of the people from other villages and Chora had left, I saw Margarita talking to my brother. I immediately approached them. Margarita was telling my brother that she hadn’t seen newborn kittens for such a long time and that, last Monday, she had seen a few who were hidden in a corner of their garden. Now it was my turn to say something. “Why don’t you come to our field and I will show you our newborn kittens and a newborn calf,” I said. My brother looked at me with astonishment. He seemed even more surprised than Margarita, who was probably still afraid of bacteria.

²⁶⁷ It is not the custom to serve *koliva* [symbolical delicacy for this life event] in a Catholic funeral.

There were a few seconds of silence that seemed to stretch on forever and then she said, “I haven’t seen newborn kittens for a very long time, my stay in Athens didn’t help, however we are very busy for the three days after the funeral. We also have to offer coffee to all the families of the village with my sisters for the forgiveness of my uncle.”

She was serious but I didn’t get discouraged and I said to her “Why not next week? Kittens grow slowly.” My brother looked at me with less surprise and smiled with approval. It seemed that Margarita could not escape from my invitation and I was at least confident that she would be kind to me.

“You know, I don’t go out of my house much, but if the weather is good and the stables are not too far away, maybe we could go next week. Are you on Facebook?” she asked.

“Yes of course I am. So I’ll find you on Facebook and we can plan something for next Tuesday.”

“Margarita, you should come and serve the cheese on the other side of the room,” her mother Ioanna came to ask for some extra help from her. After she left, my brother smiled, winked at me, and went to sit next to our father. After a few deep breaths, I went and sat next to him, sipping my *raki* and feeling deeply relieved that I had finally made some arrangements.

I spent the afternoon with my father. We milked the cows and went to the gardens at Messaria to get some fruit and vegetables for home. The next night, I felt exhausted. I lay down on the old, traditional sofa in front of the television and I balanced my laptop on my lap. Fortunately, there was no problem with the Internet connection and I easily added Margarita to my Facebook friends. I should have asked her for her mobile number, but to do so, would have taken a whole other kind of courage.

The week passed by slowly. We were all thinking of Petris’ death as we drank coffee to his forgiveness and memory. Six days later, it was Sunday. I hadn’t met Margarita at all during the week. Once I asked my mother if Margarita was among the women praying with their rosaries at

Anna's, the deceased's wife, house. My mother said that she was there, but that she didn't stay after the prayers to join the other women as they had coffee, pastries and juice. My mother also commented that, "She always wears gloves. Maybe this is because she is scared of bacteria. People say so." The truth was that Margarita often wore gloves, but considering it was a cold autumn, it didn't seem so strange to me.

So after the sun had set, I decided to send her a message. "Would you like to meet this Tuesday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so I can show you the newborn calf? The weather will be great."

After a few minutes that seemed to go on forever, she replied, "That would be nice."

So I immediately suggested, "I can come and pick you up with my bike at the top entrance of the village. Or, if you do not want to ride a bike, we can walk from there along the roadway to the fields. It will just take longer to reach Tsekina."

Ten minutes later that seemed to me to stretch on forever, she replied to me that she would prefer to meet me where the path to Tsekina begins. I was happy and full of enthusiasm. I started thinking about what I should talk to her about. Maybe we could talk about her studies in Athens. I had heard that she was studying to become a teacher.

Monday's rain made me feel anxious about the weather the next day, but when the sun came out from behind the mountain at Komi on Tuesday morning, I felt relieved. But I also felt a little anxious. I had already asked my brother to do my afternoon chores for me, such as milking the cows and to avoid saying anything to my father. Anyway, someone from the village could easily see me with Margarita and the news would spread.

That day, I had the difficult task of moving a few cows to a field that we had leased from the church during *Kantos* two years ago. I had to pass by the cemetery and lead the cows much further away, close to the area of Saint Anna. The animals didn't listen at all to my shouting

today, so I got to this field much later than I expected. Nevertheless, I was happy because there was plenty of food for the cows to graze on.

On my way back, I was stressed. I had to reach home and then go and meet Margarita. Walking pensively on the old path, I could hear a loud sound from far away, which became louder as I walked on the pathway closer to the cemetery. At first, I thought that I would meet someone looking after the candles, or cleaning the *iconostasi*, either putting flowers next to the graves, but as soon as I arrived at the cemetery, I saw that there was no one. The sound was clearly coming from the church of the cemetery. I went closer and shouted, “Who is there?” but there was no answer. Oh no! I was beginning to get really hesitant and scared to open the door, especially after all the stories about the tall man with the white cow and that they were the precursors of the death of Petris. On the other hand, I couldn’t go back home and tell them that there was someone knocking on the cemetery’s church door. Plus, Margarita would be waiting for me. I had so many confused thoughts and feelings at that moment.

I called my brother on his mobile even though I knew that I would have to bear the brunt of his teasing after.

“I am right outside the cemetery and someone is banging on the door from inside. What should I do?”

“Do not be silly. Go and open that door now! What are you afraid that could be behind the door? A dead person?” he yelled.

“I don’t know. Maybe a precursor for the next death,” I mumbled. He hung up the phone. Time went by and I was still stressed. I was scared, but I had to go and see who was behind that door. I walked slowly into the cemetery’s courtyard. I stood behind the old wooden door of the cemetery’s church. The sound was so much louder now. It was like someone was ready to knock down the door. “Who is there?” I shouted, but there was no reply again. After staying some

seconds paralyzed with fear, I looked at my watch again. “Oh my God, time has gone by so quickly.”

I was afraid that I was going to meet the devil again. Nevertheless, I touched the door handle and with one nervous and abrupt move, I opened the door. And then, “beeeeeebeyy,” a furious ram ran out of the door jumping over the graves and the wall of the cemetery’s courtyard and disappeared into the nearby field. I stared at it as it was moving away and then took my way back to the village.

I reached home before my brother. I was lucky that he hadn’t arrived yet. He would tease me about my unreasonable fear. I took a quick shower, I got dressed and then it was already time for me to leave. I jumped down the steps of the house and then got on my bike. In five minutes, I was at the point where the path that leads to Tsekina begins. Margarita wasn’t there yet but I was certain that she would come. In a few weeks, my family and her father we would all meet for *Kantos*; he was a breeder too.

The wind was fairly cold. Five minutes went by. The sun had already started to set an orange color on the surrounding land. Ten minutes went by. I wished the path would be already dry enough after the last rain. Fifteen minutes went by and I was still waiting. And then, far in the distance, I could see the sun shining on her reddish hair. She looked fragile, but her gait was lively and decisive. All the more, she was striding along calmly without any gloves on. Maybe she had forgotten about her fear of bacteria much in the same way as I no longer feared the “unknown” behind the angry ram.

“Good afternoon, Nikola,” she said.

I then smiled, “Hello, Margarita.”

Interpretation

This fictional narrative explores the boundary between the real and the unknown; the unknown in terms of the imaginary world that coexists in the village tradition, but also the unknown as death and as fear towards anything that cannot be adequately explained in the natural landscape that surrounds the village. The boundaries between the real and the unknown always occur outside the family home and the village core either this is an elf, death or anything imaginary. However, this boundary between the real and the unknown develops in coexistence with the daily family and communal life in the village, which includes the slaughter of a pig and the subsequent feast, the lament and death. It is also demonstrated in the way the villagers negotiate death into life. The boundaries between all the above situations seem fragile and porous, while they allow different cases to coexist and intermingle with others within a complex network of interactions.

The old village house

The core of the village is made by old houses constructed according to the concept of space use and economy. A typical example is a house of the old days, which, whether bigger or smaller, depending on the wealth of its owner, remained sunless with a very small window at the area of its bedrooms. This was the way houses were constructed in the very old times, when nearly every house on the island pursued the cycle of silkworm production, as described in the introduction of this research.²⁶⁸ Furthermore, bedrooms remained small, since they served only as a sleeping area and they were not connected with the daily habits of work in the fields and social life.

²⁶⁸ Georgios Dorizas, *Η Μεσαιωνική Τήνος, Μέρος δεύτερον*, (Αθήναι, 1976), p.270. According to Dorizas, medieval Tinos extends from the beginning of the fourth till early eighteenth century. When sericulture was introduced in the sixth century and then flourished on the island, the houses of the village served as the space, where villagers transported the silkworms on bushes, after they would take a golden color, meaning that they were ready to weave their cocoons at the darkness of the bedrooms of the house. The bedroom was the space for sleeping, but also could be seen as the space that embraced procreation and sexuality.

From the dark bedroom the young breeder moves to the kitchen, the area where food is produced, the space where the outside world connects with the family, especially the woman. A guest, who is also a friend of the family and part of their communal life will sit with the family in the kitchen, a guest who will visit the family under a formal occasion will always sit in the big *sala*, which also is used for the big feasts of the family. This boundary of the kitchen with the courtyard of the house forms the family's threshold to the outside world. There, the young breeder will start his day "travelling" to and working in the fields. As du Boulay describes for the village of Ambeli, equally in the village of Kampos I realize that, "there is a very close interdependence between the house and the land which is the result of a way of life based on farming and a system of ownership based on inheritance. However, there is a further dimension according to which the house is linked with its environment, and is the result both of a mentality which has traditionally persuaded rather than coerced the natural world, and of a lack of mechanization which has made it impossible for the villagers to deny or defy nature in any significant way."²⁶⁹ This route, part of the everyday life of the young breeder, the "outside and inside as both intimate"²⁷⁰ are experienced spatially, in the sense of what enters the family space and what stays outside, including in the sense of what stays inside the village and what lies in its landscape and peripheral world. This boundary possibly defines also what stays inside the context of family ownership and what stays outside of it being communal or public. These represent two different situations.

The slaughter of the pig

Chirosfagia used to be a very important event in the village's family and communal life and a significant contribution to each family's home economy. Today, the structure of this event is different. This event is no longer open to a broader circle where all the family, friends, neighbors even the priest of the village would

²⁶⁹ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of a Greek Mountain Village*, p.32.

²⁷⁰ Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. by Maria Jolas (Boston: Beacon Press, 1994), p.218.

be invited for dinner. People would gather to help with the slaughter and the preparation of the food for the celebration of the event that lasted for two days. Thirty years ago, the slaughter of the pig would depend on the weather. The event would take place in October when the north wind blows. This wind is called “the drier.” This was critical, because the meat needs to be dried and stored, as Florakis reports.²⁷¹ The slaughter of the pig involves only the men. These men used to clean the street in front of the house before they would bring the pig there. One man was riding the pig. Some other men were holding its front legs and some others held its back legs. If the knife was not thrust deep enough into the pig’s neck at the time of the slaughter, the pig could escape and spread blood all over the village. After the slaughter, the pig both in the past and now needs to be cleaned. The skin must be scorched, and the body must be hung and disemboweled. Meat is taken from the different parts of its body and is cooked. The uncooked parts are prepared for storage. The feast starts with the midday meal, consisting of fried pig’s liver. In the afternoon meal, the family offers meat from the pig’s head. The next day, sausages are prepared. Cuts of meat are salted and stored in the *katoi* that both women and men visit often that day. The same evening, a big meal is offered, with dolma, minced meat and spaghetti, including abundant wine.²⁷²

Nowadays, the slaughtering of the pig takes place in the slaughterhouse. It is limited to family members and a few friends, who are willing to participate and help. Most of the villagers today remember *chirosfagia* in the past as a significant village event. Nevertheless, it remains an event that entails the participation and help of the family and close friends in slaughtering the animal and transforming animal pieces into food products for the family, by preparing the meat or salting and storing it. Friends are also invited to the communal meal, which involves a specific traditional menu for this day that starts with boiled meat - the best out of the pig - and potatoes, fried liver and pieces of meat cooked in red sauce with a lot of garlic, as Moraitis describes.²⁷³ The table is of course covered with a wide variety of delicacies. This is an opportunity for sharing food after a now symbolical communal “hunt” and after sharing tasks that result in the production of food and the good

²⁷¹ Alekos Florakis, *Τήνος, Λαϊκός Πολιτισμός*, (Αθήνα: Εκδόσεις Το Ελληνικό Βιβλίο, 1971), p.124.

²⁷² Ibid., p.125.

²⁷³ Apostolos G. Moraitis, *Δήμος Σωσθενίου Τήνου, Οδοιπορικό μέσα στον χρόνο*, (Αθήνα, 1994), p.373.

economy of the household. Today, this does not occur within the same social context and economical importance as it used to. However, it sustains a circle of tasks, solidarity and engagement with the others. Furthermore, food and its storage does not have the same meaning as it used to, considering that now food can be easily refrigerated. However, the ritual of the preparation of the specific menu and delicacies out of the pig's body, the roles of men and women during this ritual making food out of the dead animal remain the same. As men and guests enjoy the products of the "hunt," women maintain their role in the kitchen and transform the raw meat and blood into food. The pig's slaughtering remains a family event, which still connects family members and friends within the house boundaries and family property.

The big sala

Once the participants have finished their tasks, the dinner table is set up. Food and wine is offered and shared among the participants, who are actually men, while women stay in the kitchen to prepare food. Nikolas seems to be standing in-between the space of the men and this of the women. Although he is not flirting openly with Margarita, he is in the kitchen, the place where women dominate and work together. Right behind him is the space where the men eat and tell stories about how their day was with the slaughtering of the pig, their own area of domination. Nikolas becomes a mediator between the two worlds, who soon he returns where he belongs. Then a "risky and dangerous negotiation between a doing (telling and listening to stories) and a thing done (the story of experience)"²⁷⁴ begins. A typical expression that comes up in conversations with the villagers that initiates their connections with stories is, *let me tell you a story*. One of the farmers of the village will then usually start describing a real incident concerning the village or farming life. As K. Langellier and E. Peterson report "the simple act of saying let me tell you a story establishes a relationship of communication that constitutes the speaker as a storyteller and the listener as

²⁷⁴Kristin Langellier and Eric Peterson, *Storytelling In Daily Life: Performing Narrative*, (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 2004), p.3.

audience.”²⁷⁵ The stories narrated by the villagers may be real, they may be actual incidents of the life in the village, but they never stay the same; they change, they are getting enriched and possibly sometimes overexaggerated, considering that their main characters must always appear as real heroes. Ingold says that the world becomes known through the world we inhabit, the way people develop their skills through stories, as a continuous blending of human and non-human elements of their environment.²⁷⁶

At that particular dinner, the stories recited involved *ageloudes*; they were imaginary stories narrated partially as a nostalgic event, which forges connections within the community. Such stories once “animated” the daily lives of the villagers, when, after dusk, they all gathered at the *choreftra* of the village. There was no electricity or lights at the time. Fear and imagination was filling the youngest brains. Today’s story-tellers, just children at that time, were afraid to return home alone. Nowadays, children listen to these stories, but do not repeat them. As reported by Langellier and Peterson, storytelling is socially and culturally reflexive, “it is not a natural form of communication but a habitual and habituating practice.”²⁷⁷

In Kampos, the villagers perform narration, as “an integral and consequential part of daily life.” “As audiences gather around storytellers, narrative becomes a significant site of communication,” between “the speaker as a storyteller and the listeners as audience”, “an experiential moment in which one learns something about oneself and the world.”²⁷⁸ What is illustrated in the story that demonstrates the negotiation of the real world of the village and an imaginative world, which coexists in the village’s landscape, is the emphasis on the performance of storytelling, which actually conceptualizes narrative as act, event, and discourse.²⁷⁹

²⁷⁵ Ibid., p.2.

²⁷⁶ Tim Ingold, *The Perception of the Environment, Essays on livelihood, dwelling and skill* (London and New York: Routledge, 2000), p. 10.

²⁷⁷ Kristin Langellier and Eric Peterson, *Storytelling In Daily Life*, p.4.

²⁷⁸ Ibid., pp.1-2.

²⁷⁹ Ibid., p.3.

The narratives at the dinner involve spectral beings called *ageloudes*, seen at the boundaries of the village near the gorge. Many creatures, such as elves and demons, seem to live at the boundaries of the village, out in the countryside. They come out when night falls and it is almost midnight. In Tinos, the word *ageloudes* is used without any distinction to describe the devil and fairies, which are generally called *xotika*.²⁸⁰ *Ageloudes*, whose name harks back to the ancient female demon “Gello,” who attacks pregnant women and babies, usually appears at night, but once in a while they appear during the day, too, at crossroads, in the valleys, and at the *Gelidocamares* [Gelido-arches], according to Florakis.²⁸¹ They tease any passerby, and they are usually transformed into humans or animals. They appear as black men or they dance on their horse legs.²⁸²

Another aspect that is revealed from the storytelling is brought up by P. Ricoeur, who explains that “first, images derive in one way or the other from perceptions. This argument may already be found in Aristotle's *De Anima*. Whatever may be the specificity of the *phantasia* for Aristotle is, by comparison, a perception that *phantasia* is described. And it *resembles* it, because it proceeds from it.”²⁸³ Ricoeur also sets a second argument saying that, what can also be revealed through the fictional and imaginary stories that the villagers of Kampos develop is the fact that “fictions, in turn, proceed from simple images by the means of new combinations. Fictions are merely complex ideas whose components are derived from previous experience.”²⁸⁴ In view of Ricoeur's writings, we can assume that what the villagers are also sharing is a communal perception of the landscape and its characteristics, a way of thinking that derives from previous experiences that can be shared and thus become communal.

²⁸⁰Alekos Florakis, *Τήνος, Λαϊκός Πολιτισμός*, p.234.

²⁸¹ Ibid.

²⁸² Ibid, p.235.

²⁸³ Paul Ricoeur, ‘The Function of fiction in shaping reality’, *Man and World*, Vol 12, Issue 2 (1979), pp. 124-125.

²⁸⁴ Ibid.

On the boundaries of the village territory

The village territory formed by the village's built core, its orchards, gardens and extended fields, as these are defined by the properties of its inhabitants, reveal a different set of boundaries during nighttime, having to do with the emergence of fairy creatures. Nikolas leaves the house at midnight, the time when all the elves and imaginary stories become alive at the spatial boundaries of the village. The night that his cow is giving birth, physically strange creatures appear at the boundaries of the village, hinting that they may reveal bad omens, precursors to Petris' death that takes place the next day.

Nikolas' story and those told by the other guests at Petris' house are located at a specific time of the day, and in a particular space, outside the boundaries of the residential area of the village. As boundaries begin to dissipate within the silence of nature and the darkness, these stories connect the space of the village with an unknown boundary, which nobody owns but which reveals the village as a shelter for its community. After several stories like the one above, boundaries between the real and imaginary world are woven into each other at the borderline between the houses of the village and nature. The unknown creatures are figures, such as an overcalled cow and its companion, who Nikolas accepts as real presences and tries to develop a connection before they disappear with a huge bang in front of his eyes. On the one hand, the boundaries of the real and imaginary are interspersed at the border between the structured area and nature. On the other, as Ingold explains, using complementarily a citation by Merleau-Ponty, people do not introduce their ideas, plans or mental representations in the world, since this world, says Merleau-Ponty, is the birthplace of their thinking. "Only because they are already inhabiting this world, can they be thinking this way."²⁸⁵ The villagers of Kampos present another definition of the village, in darkness beyond its actual structure and physical dimensions.

What is exceptional in the case of fictional and imaginary stories narrated in the village is the fact that they are specifically located and hosted, in a pragmatic space and time or in a past time, at the boundaries of the

²⁸⁵Tim Ingold, *The Perception of the Environment*, p.186, quoting Merleau-Ponty, (1962:24).

village with the countryside and the world of nature or an unknown world, which is outside the village boundaries and in the darkness. As one of the villagers explains, these stories reveal truths that the ethical and social boundaries of the village may never accept. In the darkness of the night, outside the spatial village boundaries, ethical issues among the villagers are solved under the name of an elf and without a human witness. Despite the strong religious tradition in the village, it seems that smaller demons still survive and exist as part of the folklore, everyday life of the village. Fictional stories always contain grains of true stories, such as black market deals made at the edges of the village, stealth, secret love stories, and love affairs. These stories also served as a way of keeping children close to the village. Imaginative figures come to reinforce the idea of the boundary between the interior and exterior of the village. On the other hand, they reveal that what is unethical for the village order can be negotiable at the spatial boundaries of the village, staying however outside of its structure and social network, and in the darkness.

The village needs to remain a space, a social and ethical shelter for its inhabitants. Religion certainly responded and supported this situation using the ritual of watering with holy water the boundaries of the village so as to keep the evil away from the village. This is still performed nowadays during the village festival of Holy Trinity church and the Corpus Christi ritual in June.

The funeral ceremony in the village landscape

For the village community, death is a Christian passage. However, especially in the past, *Charon* was connected to precursors, symbols, and signs as those described by Nikola's mother. The announcement of death has a communal aspect considering that villagers, in all the villages, but particularly in the village of Kampos, have the obligation to stay up with the deceased's family during the whole night and lament with the family. The house of the deceased has all the lights on. Women have an important role in the passage of death, as they are present to lament the deceased, prepare the dead body of the beloved, and respond to the requirements of the communal share of the mourning. The woman, mediator of 'life' through food production and childbirth, now has a different role in the house. It is her who has to wash and dress the

dead before he or she is laid out in the house, so he or she can be viewed by the family, the clan and the village community.

The open coffin is placed in the middle of the *sala*. The *sala* is the space of the house, where the family hosts formal guests and life events such as wedding and christening, the feast after the pig's slaughtering but also death. This room represents the events of the family life, which are getting exposed to be shared in solidarity in the communal life of the village. In this instance, the family mourns the deceased, but this room is also where the family celebrates life as represented by familial and social events. Life and death are equally supported in the space of the *sala*, which is experienced through the circle of the family life, but also the communal life. *Sala* becomes the space, where life and death can be experienced in different life events shared with the community, either for example in the form of the feast of the slaughter of the pig or as a place for lament the following days. In this room, the time to lament will spontaneously create a communication space and the space where life and death are negotiated as separate passages through the discussions, jokes and gossiping of the villagers. The whole community of the village participates in the burial ritual and other rituals of passage such as of birth and wedding, by offering their services to the family. Eliade states that every passage rite, birth, marriage, death, involves an initiation and each of them implies a radical change in an ontological and social status.²⁸⁶

The day of the burial ceremony, the village will participate in the preparation of the deceased as well as in the procession that follows. The farmers and breeders will adjust their schedule according to village ceremonies. It is a duty of the village community to offer consolation and to accompany the family of the dead the day of the burial ceremony and during the three days that follow.²⁸⁷ The bells of the village chime slowly when somebody dies in the community. Before the time of the ritual, the village is gathered at the

²⁸⁶ Mircea Eliade, *The Sacred and the Profane, The Nature of Religion*, translated from the French by Trask R. Willard, (San Diego: Harvest Books, 1987), p.184.

²⁸⁷ Marcos Foskolos, Catholic priest and theologian, oral interview, June 18th, 2015, trans. for the needs of this PhD, Maria Vidali.

house of the dead so as to accompany him or her as far as possible on 'his or her last journey,' as the locals say.

The procession follows the route from the village core, through the main village street to its farming landscape where the cemetery is located.²⁸⁸ Sometimes, one member of the family, as is the local custom, carries a small vessel with water during the procession and the burial rite, so as to refresh the soul of the deceased. After the burial procedure, the community gathers in *leschi*.

Food still connects the community once the funeral processions passes through the village structure and ends at the cemetery and the countryside that surrounds it. Death in village life is negotiated through the participation of the community. There is sharing of food and drink after the funeral and exchange of condolences and wishes for the repose and forgiveness of the deceased's soul. The family of the dead offers bread, cheese, and wine, while wishing for the repose of the deceased's soul.²⁸⁹ Funeral savories date back to the time when people came to funerals after spending hours on their donkey's back or walking from other villages and they needed to eat well before they could start their journey back to their villages. "The family after the burial offers alms to the poor and to the priest of the parish church."²⁹⁰ For this reason, two different types of bread were made and offered to them in the past as a regenerative symbol of life and death and the metamorphosis of the seed into wheat and bread. The offering of the bread confirmed the unity of the village community under a communal memory based on present time, as well as the memory of the Body of Christ as a symbol of the body of the Christian community of the Church and as the reaffirmation of his death and Resurrection. Nowadays, coffee is offered to each village house after the day

²⁸⁸ Karsten Harries, *The Ethical Function of Architecture*, (Cambridge, MA: MIT press, 1998, 2000), p.296. As K. Harries writes, with the rise of Christian Europe burial increasingly took place in or near the church. Only in the wake of the Reformation did burial gradually return to cemeteries outside the city proper. The Enlightenment, mostly for reasons of health, put an end to burial in churches. In 1804 Napoleon thus required every city "to establish a cemetery at a distance of at least 35-40 metres from its boundaries" (See, Colvin, *architecture and the After-Life*, p.368). After the law, which forbade burials in the churches, the cemeteries created on the outskirts of the village symbolize again, up until today, the division of the dead from the living world. In Tinos villages, every village has its own cemetery, something which again is a reaffirmation of life and death of a community.

²⁸⁹ M. Foskolos, oral interview, June 18th, 1995, trans. for the needs of this PhD, Maria Vidali.

²⁹⁰Georgios Dorizas, *Medieval Tinos*, Part two, (Athina 1976), p.298.

of the funeral, while in the villages of Komi and Kaloni bread and money are offered for the repose and forgiveness of the deceased's soul. Women have a supporting role with gatherings in the deceased's house to pray and support the family and follow a series of memorial church services three days after the funeral. The whole community sustains a network of support for the widow and the family. Forty days after the funeral, a liturgy is chanted in memory of the deceased. After the liturgy, bread, wine and sweets are offered to the villagers, who participate in this ceremony. The family and the clan return to the deceased's home, and dine together, wishing again for the repose of his soul.

"There is continuity, still evident in the Mediterranean," as Mc Cormac says,"a continuity of ritual regarding the commemoration of the dead."²⁹¹ Having no intention to make a comparison with present time in this thesis, Burkert reports that each burial had a funerary banquet, where the family bonds were strengthened.²⁹² In the village of Kampos, the ritual of death is an event of private concern for the family; however, it involves the participation of the whole village community. It becomes a reaffirmation of the village order, regenerated through the community's involvement and solidarity. The burial of the dead overcomes a very strong barrier between the living world and the otherness of death. The villagers are facing another ontological situation, since their participation in the ritual, from the house to the church and cemetery confirms the event of death, but also the community bonds and the village order through the passage from life to death.

However, in spite of the familiarity with the otherness of death, especially in very old times, there was a marked fear about the proximity of the dead. Villagers honored their burial places, but there was always the fear of the return of the dead one's soul. Nikolas confuses reality and the world of the tradition, which makes his imagination flourish, resulting in him being afraid to see who is knocking the cemetery's church door.

²⁹¹ Sabine Mac Cormac, "Loca Sancta: the Organization of Sacred Topography in Late Antiquity," in Robert Ousterhout (ed.), *The Blessings of Pilgrimage* (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1990), p.16.

²⁹² Walter Burkert, *Greek Religion, Archaic and Classical*, p.193.

Digital Narratives and Language

Part of the life of the village is also the flirtation between Nikolas and Margarita. Village life also includes a contemporary way of communication and information through the Internet. The young farmer, in addition to relying on his father's and grandfather's knowledge about the weather, also confirms their traditional knowledge through the use of the Internet's information from a broader network of information. His grandfather's knowledge derives from experience and comparative information that has built up communal knowledge through the years, while the Internet comes as another source of information to enrich and facilitate the villagers' everyday life. Nikolas, as a contemporary farmer living in a traditional core, develops his perception and understanding from both of these axes. However, there is a question whether he will continue to observe and experience the environment thoroughly in order to develop his father's and grandfather's experience and knowledge about the weather.

Nikolas communicates with Margarita through digital texts and narratives, which, according to Coyne, suffer from an unreactive adoption of certain fundamental assumptions of romanticism. Coyne exposes a very different perception of language as correspondence through the digital world (word for thing) rather than language as an engagement into a social context,²⁹³ a very different situation that coexists in the present tie in Kampos.

As part of the natural world and the unknown, real and imaginary stories provide another definition for the village, beyond its actual structure and physical dimensions. Nikolas' story was set in time, in a particular place and space, and outside the confines of the residential area of the village. Symbolically, it was connected to a death. A network of places connected by paths of an ancestral journey, becomes at the same time a network of relationships between people based on a communal understanding and language of either real or imaginary situations.

²⁹³ Richard Coyne, *Technoromanticism, Digital Narrative, Holism, and the Romance of the Real* (Cambridge, MA: The MIT Press, 1999), pp. 280-290.

In this fictional narrative, there is a series of negotiations from the imaginary to the real world and Christianity and also from life to death, revealing a communal language of understanding connected with the village community, structure, and landscape. This also creates a communal property for the humans who participate in it. As David Abram reports within these “small-scale local cultures or communities where the traditional oral, indigenous modes of experience still prevail, cultures still dwell within a landscape that is alive, aware and expressive. To such people, the term “language” remains as much a property of the animate landscape as the humans who dwell and speak within that terrain.”²⁹⁴

²⁹⁴ David Abram, *The Spell of the Sensuous*, p. 139.



Leschi

Nikolas' route to Tsekina

Funeral's route

Petri's house

Nikola's house

Margarita's house

Saint Trinity Church

Nikolas' route to Messaria



Institution: Figure 09: Fictional Narrative 5: The White Cow - University of Thessaly
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 Map / figure ground of the village and the broader area (scale c)

Fictional Narrative 6: Our Land

It was 8 o'clock in the evening and already dark, as it was end of October. Usually, there wouldn't be anyone in the village streets at that time of the day. Often, one would be able to hear the sounds of the animals screams or the sound of the wind when it gets stronger, but that is about it. However, that day, there were people coming and going. Men from different parts of the village were gathering at Nikiforos' *caffenio*. Nikiforos already put an old wood burning stove in the middle of the room. That day, in the middle of the space of the *caffenio*, right next to the stove, there was an extra table. The priest, Father Giorgis, was sitting there, with his black leather folder right in front of him. He also had all his papers spread out on the table and he was taking notes with an old pencil, stopping only to cough. He wanted to be certain that he would not leave out any rent or comment that had to be included in the church's notebook. Most of the villagers were sitting by the timber surface, which dressed the wall at one meter height all around the walls of the *caffenio*. Although this would happen rarely, that evening all seats at the tables against the walls were taken, so villagers started to sit around the few tables between the wall and the centre of the room. Nikiforos was standing behind the wooden counter, next to the entrance and he seemed busy preparing small carafes with *raki* and small dishes of dry nuts. The space had a heavy smell of burnt wood, mixed with the strong spirit of *raki*. Everybody was speaking loudly as if what they were saying was very important and they were sipping their *raki* with slow and deliberate movements. Rita, accompanied with her mother Roza, was sitting at one corner of the space. Somebody had asked her to record this year's Kantos on video for the purpose of research conducted on land and property in the villages of the island.

"Is there anyone else interested in Levadakia?" Father Giorgis' voice was heard.

“Where would we find someone who would be interested in this area, Father Giorgis?” Manolis wondered.

“For Levadakia, write down the name of my father-in-law,” Manthos said.

“Livada? Was it four hundred euros?” Giannis’ voice piped up from the back of the room.

“For a year, yes,” Father Giorgis said.

“Eeee, I should take it,” Giannis went on.

“Does Iosif know about this?” Michalis intervened.

“Is the priest talking about a fee for two years or for one year?” I asked.

“For a two-year lease *mpaktonete*, but the fee is for one year,” Giannis answered.

“Lakka, didn’t Vidalis want it?” Father Giorgis went on.

“He is not here.” Manolis objected.

“He said that he wanted Katsarado. I don’t know. If it is cheap, I can take it, too.” Michalis went on. I nodded positively with my head, as I knew the same and continued staring on the floor.

“If no one wants Lakka, I’ll take it!” Antonis, Mathios' son, spoke up.

“Thomas knew about this. He should have been here,” Father Giorgis explained.

Giannis agreed nodding his head. As some tension started building up in the atmosphere of the *caffenio*, he added.

“Logically, everyone should have been here so that we can finish up. What is left for the church stays with the church.”

“For a moment I understood that he wanted to “play around” and not to pay the church. He said that he would take only for one hundred and fifty euros and then I said that I was willing to pay two hundred and fifty euros, so I took it.” Antonis said.

“Well, can I say something?” Giannis’ voice resounded in a heavy tone. “I’ll make a deal for two hundred euros for the field up there, in my area, because I want to plant crops there. Otherwise, it

is not worth anything, go ask Iosif. You know who I am talking about: the previous tenant. Let me know, because I will take it and I will make it *zevgari*. Otherwise, it has no value.”

“First of all, good arrangements means for me leaving this room without any hearts broken,” Michalis said conscientiously.

“No, we shouldn’t break our hearts, I am just letting you know my intentions,” Giannis explained.

“Can I ask you something, Giannis? If someone plows the field *zevgari* next year, do you intend to take it again?” Manthos asked.

“No Manthos, I don’t.”

At that point, Father Giorgis intervened.

“When I was a priest in Kampos in 1994, all the villagers agreed that if someone *ekane zevgari*, he could then have it for four years.” But Giannis interrupted him.

“Let me tell you something, Manthos. If your nephew wants to *kanei zevgari* he has to do it four times. That would cost one hundred and sixty euros and an equal amount for the seeds. The total cost would soon reach five hundred or six hundred euros.”

“Ok, I understand. Since we are all gathered today, do any of you know what is happening at the *Polemou o Kampos*?” Manthos confessed.

“What happened at the *Polemou o Kampos*,” Giannis asked. “My wife has a piece of land over there because her mother was from Kaloni.”

“I heard that a foreigner has been buying up all the land. He also bought land in Rochi, our area. He has been putting up fences of barbed wire closing the paths! In a few days I will go check!” I said.

“Since you’ll be going over there Marcos, can you check if my sheep have passed over to Michalis’ property again? I have to find out where they find easy access to my neighbor’s property.” Giannis sighed.

The conversation went on for at least an hour and a half. That year, *Kantos* was not as efficient and well organized as last time, two years ago, when all the farmers and breeders were there. They would probably have to meet again the following Sunday; same as the previous Sunday. Some of the farmers were not there, so the ones that were in fact there had to remember which ones from the previous tenants would be still interested in the tenancy of the church's fields. If they kept this in mind, they might be able to avoid conflicts and misunderstandings. I kept on staring on the floor thinking: If I could lease my plots of land for the next two years to plow them and sow seeds, I could provide food for my animals. Over the past two years, things have changed. Fodder price has been ever-increasing and I have to be far-sighted.

The nights had already started to be very cold in the village. Most of us already had our electric blankets on our frozen beds before going to bed. I left the coffeehouse after a few shots of *raki* and headed home. I passed by the *choreftra*, our old communal open space. The full moon cast shadows upon the belfry of the church of Saint Ekaterini. It was a humid, cold night and there was no wind at all. I passed underneath the vaulted arch below Marioga's house. The scent of night flowers in her courtyard tinkled my nose in the coolness of the night. I climbed up the steps and passed underneath the area, where we hang our laundry early in the morning. Next to the kitchen doorstep, I stood gazing far away at the silver reflection of Exombourgo Mountain in the moonlight. No matter how many years, how many nights I had been seeing them, I was still looking at Exombourgo with awe, in its ice silver color under the moonlight. I went into the kitchen. My sister had left an okra stew with tomato sauce for me for my evening meal and she had switched on the electric blanket. As I never got married, she liked to look after me this way, even though her family is already big enough. This is why I bequeathed a piece of land in Messaria to both her older sons Marcos and Antonis and one in Tsekina to the younger one Nikolas, even though I know that they would not carry on the family's name and only one was carrying my name.

I woke up at around 7 in the morning. The sun hadn't risen yet behind the hills of Komi. Our village is the last to be reached by the sun rays every morning. I took the path at the periphery of the village to reach the other side. I wanted to avoid meeting my older sister, Tassia, who was upset with me because of a conflict with a piece of land that was adjacent to hers, the one that had the olive trees. On this side of the village, the gardens were busy as usual at that hour, as some of the housewives were already there to feed their rabbits and pick the vegetables for that day's meals. I crossed the main roadway, where Manolis, the topographer, was waiting for me.

"Eeeeeee, Good morning," I shouted to him and as he turned surprised, he shouted back:

"Good morning. You have a lot of humidity up here." His car windows were starting to get wet in the morning mist.

I got into his car and started giving him directions so that we would reach the farm road and then drive along the path for as long as it was wide enough. We stopped over Flegomeni. There was no farmed land there. It was hard to discern the boundaries.

"Look at that," I said with despair, before getting off the car, "I think that soon you and the other topographers may not be able to tell where these fields end and where they begin." We got off the car: *"Tomorrow, they will not be able to tell the boundaries of the fields. They gradually disappear too."*[...] *They are falling, who will built them? Ee, this slope is finished; tomorrow they will not be able to tell their property apart, there are no people available to see to that. If I would leave now, to go to Kionia take care of my animals, nobody would be there, everybody else has retired.*²⁹⁵ I was so worried about this situation that I had asked Manolis to come with me today. I had also asked the rural constable to join us, but he was not able to come.

"We have to install a wire mesh, Marcos. The stone walls have crumbled. Who is going to rebuild them?" Manolis was pensive.

²⁹⁵ Interview 1, Boundaries, Kampos, January 6th, 2013, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali, Appendix, pp. 74-75.

We stood at the edge of my field and looked west toward the area of Ktikados. The morning sun hadn't reached this area yet and the land looked inhospitable and cold.

*“I have a field that was bequeathed to me by my late mother. When I measure it on paper, it was supposed to be three stremmas, when actually, it was thirty. In other words, it was part of a simblie, next to Tasos' land, next to Antonis, putting their names, they were saying it's theirs. Now, to write down land on paper, we have to pay money, if your wallet is full and you are willing to pay, everything can be settled.”*²⁹⁶

“Marcos, there are contracts,” Manolis tried to reassure him, “even if the measurements are not accurate and we have to guess the *zevgaries* for some of them, there are still reference points, such as the stone storage huts. Then, there are also the *siblios*.”

*“They do not know where the boundaries are; they may exist on paper, but let's say me, I know where everything is, where the water is, the pathway, you know I know so, because I've also told the priest. I told him, Father, I had twenty sheep, I gave back thirty, which was good. The following year, I didn't keep ten females, there were only five, ten died, others got mixed up, they were lost. That's what the village is like, there are no children left and villages vanish. That's life in the village, there used to be more of us, but not anymore. Everybody, who owns something, knows so from their father, their grandfather. There used to be no papers, or there would be papers, but they would refer to an entire piece of land as a whole”*²⁹⁷ “This coming Friday, let's go to Rochi together. I want to show you something else.”

Manolis remained silent gazing down the hill towards the sea. He had to take measurements on Marcos' fields to conduct a new topographical drawing for him.

“I understand what you mean.” he confessed. “When I was looking for a piece of land, sometimes the only way to find it was to go to the *caffenio* in the village and talk with the expert witness of

²⁹⁶ Ibid.

²⁹⁷ Ibid.

the village and find the *siblios*, who then came with me to witness all the points of the land, so that we were able to define its boundaries. I think that nowadays, with the aerial photographs, things like that are much easier than before. But where do the boundaries of Kampos end? How come you have land in *Rochi*? I thought that only people from Smardakito had their properties over there.”

Manolis, the topographer, seemed unsure about how things were on the island. Anyway, he wasn't *dhikos mas*, not even from the island.

“The villagers of Kampos have land at Saint Marina, Saint Romano and Avdo. I didn't have anything in *Rochi*. But when they were selling land there, I bought some, even though it was situated on foreign territory. Our village extends its boundaries as far as the village of Tarampos and further away to Avdos. There are village communities and boundaries that separate them from the zone, where our land is located. Look, as far away as the roadway and all the area below the street is a zone that belongs to Ktikados. These zones were defined using each community's name. This is where, thirty years ago, we used to take the old road that led to the port. Down here, is part of the community of Ktikados. Some time ago, the political system changed. The Island of Tinos has now become a municipality and now all the property is recorded as part of the municipality.”

Manolis looked puzzled as he tried to understand our local system of boundaries.

“But if you look at the maps of the villages that the municipality provides, you can see the boundaries that surround each village community! I think those boundaries may be different from the official ones!”

“Eeee, what is the most essential is to have good *siblio*. If you have a good neighbor, wherever your land may be, either within the boundaries of the village or on foreign territory, you are covered. I bought land at an area, where rich people buy land. When your wall crumbles, you have to know that you will rebuild it with your neighbor, who owns the field below yours, at a lower level terrace than yours. Things are changing now. If the *siblios* with land on a terrace

below mine does not have good faith, he will only let me know that it is my supporting wall that fell and I will have to rebuild it myself.” Despite my answer, Manolis still looked puzzled.

“Right, this is a verbal law isn’t it?” Manolis said.

“Yes. However, most troubles arise when they built the *obati*. Do you understand? When the *siblios* is not good or not well-disposed, things become complicated, even when he or she is your brother or sister. Last year, at my other field in Leivadakia, the wall fell into my neighbor Manthos’ field because of the heavy rains. His field is located on a terrace below mine. Manthos knew how to deal with these things so we managed to take all the soil that slid down and rebuilt and repair the fallen wall together, within four days. Do you understand now what it means to have a good *siblio*?” Manolis remained silent, so I continued: “My goats went into my cousin’s fields. They jumped over the walls and ate all the vines. Damn them!” I mumbled thinking all the trouble that they had caused me. “My cousin Katerina threatened to take me to court unless I paid for all the vines and put mesh all along her walls to prevent them from getting in again. Damn them!” I puffed and blowed and then I added. “I put a shackle on their right legs, nevertheless they caused quite a bit of trouble.”

Manolis had walked further away because of the measurements that he had to take, and he yelled to me while laughing: “Hahaha! What if she was not a cousin?” *Damn him! Does he understand any of this?* I wondered to myself.

As time was passing by and Manolis looked as if he had finished his work, I asked him:

“Shall we go together to Rochi on Friday around 11 in the morning? I want to show you the big field that, together with my brothers and sisters, I inherited from my father. We have serious issues with that field, too.”

Four days later, Manolis was waiting at the same place as usual. The sun had reached Exombourgo Rock, which now had taken a light brown earthy colour. At that time of day, it seemed that the land had lost all its humidity. There was lovely dew over the land and a smell of fresh earth. On our way back, driving on the path, we met Mathios, my sister’s husband, moving

his cows back to his fields to graze, after they had been milked. I called out to him. He was too far, but he waved back. On our way to Rochi, which is located after Livada and Kapsalos, we met Ioanna at the road-side. She was walking from the stables at Livada back to the village. We passed Saint Marina's small chapel on our right and entered the farm road that leads to Rochi. This road was a very steep, rough path. It was 11 o' clock when we reached our destination. There, most of the fields had a satisfying number of well-cared olive trees. My fields were in that direction, too. The road had become churned up after the last rains of late October and Manolis' car sounded as if it would fall apart. We stopped at the end of the road and we walked fifty meters down an old narrow path, where wild greens covered the rocks and stones of the road, making it slippery and difficult to walk on. We reached my land. A beautiful land holding, created by five different terraces of land, olive trees, three fig trees and a small cistern that overflowed surrounded by brambles and blackberry bushes.

"This is a beautiful piece of land." Manolis said. "What is the problem with your siblings? Why do you want me to measure it again, if the land is accurately described in your father's will?"

"Let me take out the contract. I want to read you some details." I took out the folded contract from my pocket and I was ready to repeat my story:

"My mother's will was to leave to her daughter, Tassia, one terrace with a vineyard in the area of Rochi and beyond that the area where the flume flows, with water rights every two hours every Sunday and Thursday. Look, look over here on the contract: *"The right to the remaining watering time will go to my son, Marcos. To my daughter, Tassia, I also leave a terrace with seventeen olive trees within the same field and I leave Marcos the terrace with olive trees, fig trees and vineyards, except for a terrace with fifteen olive trees at the bottom area, which borders the field of my deceased son, Zanni, which I will give to my daughter, Tassia."*²⁹⁸ The problem is that the terrace below my sister Tassia's terrace is mine and is supposed to have seventeen olive

²⁹⁸ Abstract from Testament: No 120, July 17th, 1958, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali, Appendix, p. 74.

trees but it has only has fifteen. North, it borders on Zanni's land and on my sister's land that also has fifteen olive trees. As it is written in the will, this piece of land is in fact next to Zanni's field. Zanni's field is also oblong. So I told Tassia and Eleni that this is possibly the field that my mother wanted me to have, since she had told me that she would consider all the work that I did for the family property and that she would give me the biggest terrace next to Manthos' field. So, next to Manthos' field, bordering on Zanni's land, is both mine and Tassia's terrace, both of them with fifteen olive trees. This is why I want you to measure it, so that I can prove that this is the bigger piece of land and the one that my mother wished to me to have." Manolis looked puzzled and confused.

"Yes, Marcos, but this was not written in the will. Also, as you said, Tassias's field is referred to as being at the lower side of the whole field, while it is not clear that your field reaches the lower side."

"Manolis, do your job. My sister wants to take the bigger piece of land and disregard all the work that I have done all these years for the entire property. Also, both pieces of land have fifteen olive trees; there are two trees that are missing. My sister is accusing me of trying to take her piece of land."

"Marcos, have you thought that maybe the two olive trees were young saplings then and might have dried up or been destroyed by lightening or due to other natural causes? I haven't been measuring yet, but I would guess that their difference is very small and if the will refers specifically to a lower, terrace, then this lower terrace belongs to your sister."

Manolis seemed like he wanted to introduce a new aspect to the conversation.

"Do your job now. This is a conflict between my sister and me. I have done so much work building all these terraced walls with my father when I was young. I cannot let my sister have something that may not be hers."

For a couple of minutes, we both remained silent. I could not accept the possibility that two trees could have dried up or been destroyed, I was angry and Manolis' suggestion left me confused and uncertain. Before we took our way back, I told him.

“Manolis, can you join me for a few minutes further down on a different path? I want to check on my sheep that are grazing and also check on rumors about peculiar things happening in that area.” He nodded yes with his head. After turning right on to a narrower path, which crossed just in front of us, we would be walking about 10 minutes along the slope towards Kalloni. Suddenly, we both stopped. In front of us a big area of fields had been filled with divisions that had been transformed into an endless grid with wires over stone walls that divided the properties. Who had established all these borders, which were blocking pathways and fields' *obati*? These boundaries were blocking our view of the natural landscape. The stone walls were part of our farming landscape. All farmers are free to walk over them and chase our animals over the walls. Manolis mumbled:

“What the hell? Who did all that?”

I had no answer. The area of Rochi belonged mostly to the communities of Tarampos and Smardakito. There were also some *xapolta*.

“A month ago, I heard that a man was buying up land; I thought that he may be a businessman who wants to sell this land to a corporation, passing himself off as an ‘ecologist’.” I said to him.

“An ecologist?!” Manolis cried.

“In the *caffenio*, a few weeks ago, Giannis, the breeder, said that there is a man who in fact was searching for very old contracts that dated back to a time when property measurements were unclear.

“That's a different thing, Marcos. Now here, we are standing in front of a large tract of land that has been bought and now has been fenced in and enclosed. The new owner has blocked access by the adjacent owners and has broken up the network, which is connecting village land with the

property of other villagers. This is something totally different as compared to how things were before.” Manolis sounded upset.

I was still trying to grapple with the fenced landscape in front of me, when I realized that a few meters away from the point that we were standing was a *xapolto*. This piece of land is communal, but seemed to have become part of the fenced-in field. This was an area where paths crossed. Now this meant that I would not be able to cross to the other side to check on my animals. I would have to take the longer route from the other side of the lowland.

Manolis started mumbling: “This is municipal public land, this hasn’t been registered to the cadastre yet, this is a mistake.”

I felt like going back to the village to speak with the other farmers. Only a few farmers from Kampos owned land in this area of the island, considering that most of the properties belong to villagers from Kalloni. I should go to the *caffenio*. I had enough stress about losing my mother’s piece of land because of the misunderstanding with my sister, let alone thinking that a “foreigner,” a *xenos* could act like that and create such havoc in our everyday lives.

Manolis drove me back to the village. I was so confused that I didn’t even talk to Foteini and her daughters who were doing the preparations and cleaning of the *choreftra* for Saint Ekaterini’s celebration.²⁹⁹ It was around noon, the time when a few of the farmers go for a quick coffee at the coffeehouse to take a small break from work on their farmlands. Manthos and Michalis were there. As soon as I entered, I yelled:

“Have you been to Rochi recently? Somebody has blocked your land over there. The pathway is fenced and the *xapolto* is surrounded by a boundary wall. Hasn’t anybody noticed anything?” I was really upset. It looked like nobody was aware of what had happened, but their faces darkened and their eyes sparkled. Manthos stood up and said:

²⁹⁹ Saint Ekaterini is celebrated on November 25th according to the Orthodox religious calendar.

“Marios, Mathios and Giorgis have pieces of land in that area. The biggest portion of the land belongs to villagers from the village of Smardakito. If any of us were selling their land, we would have known about this strange buyer.”

“Nobody can claim the *xapolto* as their property. This is communal land that belongs to the municipality.” Michalis responded thoughtfully.

“I will call my cousin in Smardakito,” suggested Manthos, “to see how the farmers reacted. You should also call Marios, Mathios and Giorgis.”

“We should go and tear down the wall that encloses the *xapolto*.” Nikiforos’ voice was heard from the back of the *caffenio*’s counter. This to my eyes sounded far-fetched but before I decided to ignore it, Manthos added:

“The blocked pathways will certainly cause serious problems of access. What is more, this man has put up fences around pathways, according to what Marcos is saying.” It sounded as if it was a common perception shared among all that this man had interfered in the communal life without respecting the “laws” that governed this life.

I went back home and started making phone calls informing my fellow villagers and the villagers of Smardakito about what I had seen.

“The landscape has been transformed into a fenced and bounded terrain.” I was very agitated.

“Marcos, I didn’t know anything about it, as I have already moved my animals to a more sheltered place for the winter. Let me know about any decision that will be made,” said Mathios.

“Giorgis, the landscape has been transformed; the pathways and the *xapolto* have been blocked.” That was my second call.

“Marcos, I have just heard about it, when both of my brothers went to visit their properties in this area the day before yesterday. We called the municipality, but it seemed that they were not willing to get involved. Probably, because the municipality has no gain from *xapolto* land.” As soon as I hang up the phone, Manthos called.

“Marcos, the villagers in Smardakito have been stirred and they have started to file lawsuits against this man. Who is he?” Manthos sounded more anxious and upset than before. The rumors were starting to spread all over the village that sunny, cool afternoon.

It was around 5 o’ clock in the afternoon, when men started to gather up at the *caffenio*. Most of them knew quite well what the topic of the discussion would be that afternoon. Calmly, they all ordered coffees, leaning to the front, eager to hear the news.

“Manolis the engineer told me who the buyer in *Polemou o Kampos* is. He is the same as in Rochi,” Nikiforos, the owner of the *caffenio*, said proudly. “He is a rich man. At first, he presented himself as an ecologist. It appears that he knows very well that in this area the land is described only in very old contracts without specific measurements.”

“Yes, right, an ecologist!” *Barba* Giannis’ old, heavy voice was heard from the back. Nobody said anything. Nikiforos continued on talking about the buyer.

“I think that his actions show that he has a plan about the area.”

“*Kalimera!* Are you talking about the foreigner at Rochi? I heard that possibly he is buying land to install wind turbines and sell the energy to the Electricity company, considering that the area is windy enough.” said Michalis, who had just arrived.

“These fields have been used for farming and grazing since the time of my great-grandfather. We usually sold and bought land among us. No one ever tried to claim the communal land as his property or block the paths.” I said furiously. I could not get the picture of the fenced land with high wire meshes and the blocked paths out of my mind.

“Since the municipality does not take any action, let’s go demolish the wall around the *xapolto* then!” This rebellious idea echoed in the space louder this time, but no one responded even if everybody’s eyes sparkled in temptation. I was about to leave soon as the discussion had started to turn to other topics, but the voice of Giorgis stopped me.

“Marcos, Thomas has been upset with you since last Sunday’s *Kantos*. He said that somebody told him that you said that he didn’t want the field in Lakka and Antonis took it.”

“I didn’t say anything like that, I just agreed with Michalis, who said that he knew that he was more interested in the field in Katsarados. Thomas wasn’t there twice. Kantos should take place once.” I apologised impulsively. Who could have said that? “You were there! Didn’t you tell him that I didn’t?”

“I did Marcos, but he didn’t believe me,” said Giorgis. When I reached home, it was already 7 o’ clock. As I was getting ready for dinner, the telephone rang.

“Marcos, *kalispera!* This coming Wednesday...eee, you know... at midnight Marios, Mathios, Giorgis and I will go and tear down the wall and the wire mesh... the fencing of *xapolto*. We will go check in the next few days and then take action. None of the other villagers are aware of our plans, not even our families or close friends. Will you join us?” This was a phone call from Manthos, clear and decisive.

“I will come,” I said.

“Wait at the village entrance by the roadway at midnight. Bring your pickaxe with you,” Manthos said.

On Wednesday, when the night fell in the village and the cold and darkness would deter anyone from leaving their home, the four of us, using the excuse of a sick animal, went out. The village’s streets were empty, lit with a yellowish dark light. There were only a few lights left on through the windows and doorways of each house. We walked slowly down the village streets, making sure that we would not arouse the attention of any living being that might make a sound at the sight of us. We reached the main road, where Giorgis had parked his big car in the afternoon. We put our tools in the back of Giorgis’ truck and the three of us jumped in. We left for Rochi. The roadway was empty, however we decided to lie down in the back of the truck because we didn’t want to cause any suspicions if a car approached ours from afar. As we got closer to the area and the car weaved in and out of the farmlands, we switched off our lights and used small torches to prevent somebody seeing us in the middle of the night.

It was a cold night with a clear sky and a light wind that gently nudged us forward to our destination. When we arrived, all four of us stood a few minutes to gaze at the imprisoned landscape that looked less terrifying in the dark than in the bright morning sun. However, the narrow light of our torches against the wire mesh made the walls look like prison walls. It was then that I felt gratitude that we had never faced such a situation before all these years.

The first pick struck the newly made stonewall, which framed the land that we considered all these years to be communal. There were four of us and the wall was only ten meters long in its perimeter. As we worked, we looked left and right from time to time, even though we knew that we were just taking back what belonged to us, to the village and to the other villages' farmers, too. It took us only one hour to tear down the whole wall. When we finished, we made sure that we did not leave any of our tools behind and, with the car lights still switched off, we drove along the path back to the main roadway. Giorgis, who had land in this area, could recognize every turn of the pathway even with a thin slice of moonlight. Arriving back to the village, Giorgis dropped us off at the regional road, where we could all reach our homes and still avoid the main village street. Before he dropped me off, Giorgis told me:

“Marcos, call Thomas, he talks to everyone in the village against you about last Sunday's Kantos,” I couldn't think of a way to prove to Thomas that I didn't say anything against his wish to rent the piece of land in Lakka. I was tired, when I arrived home, it was already 2 o' clock in the morning and the next morning I had to go to the notary to discuss with him the issues about my sister.

The next morning, before I left home, and even though it was quite early, Giorgis called me to tell me that the whole village of Kalloni was upset with the businessman who had fenced in the paths and the *xapolto*. They planned to file a lawsuit and take him to court.

It was 10 o' clock when I reached the old section of the port town. The notary's office was located on the ground floor of one of the oldest houses of the area, where Manto Mavrogenous³⁰⁰ used to live for a certain time when she visited the island. I arrived at the notary's office, with my contracts in my hands. The topographer was going to join us, too, and he would bring the new measurements that he took the previous day.

As soon as I entered the interior of the old and luxurious home and sat in the chair in the notary's office, I asked him, "Ianni, I want you to give me an official copy of my contract for the land at Rochari, the land that I have together with my brothers and sister." The notary was taking his time, looking in his drawers and examining the top of his desk as if he wanted to have some time to think before speaking. Then, looking at me straight in the eyes, he said patiently:

"Marcos, why are you causing trouble right now, instead of trying to find a solution for this issue with your sister? It is a pity. Every day, in my office, I see so many conflicts... but in this case, I think this is not a serious claim. Your pieces of land are more or less the same size, are equally fertile, and they have the same number of olive trees. I know that your mother had said that she wanted you to take the lower one, but the whole land holding is at the bottom of the hill, so possibly she may have wanted to say that you are going to have a piece of land in that area. The confusion arises with the two olive trees that may have dried up or somehow been destroyed. Please accept the will, unless your sister suggests an exchange on her own. Otherwise, it is really a pity to get yourselves into a conflict and to court over this."

I remained silent, thinking. Before I was able to speak my thoughts, the topographer arrived.

"Look," the notary said, "the new measurements showed that your sister's piece of land was one square meter larger than yours".

I didn't know what to say. I left the notary's office pensive and silent. I was sure that what had happened yesterday had certainly influenced my mood. I started to realize that what a xenos

³⁰⁰ A heroine of the Greek War of Independence, a fighter of the early nineteenth century.

would consider as boundaries has nothing to do with what we may think as a boundary and the property of others.

I lost the morning bus of 11:30, so when I got back to the village on bus, it was already 1 o'clock, there was silence in the village, the rumors about the knocking down of the fence in the area of Rochi hadn't reached the village yet.

About a week later, returning from my fields in Flegomeni, to my surprise, I saw two police cars parked at the entrance of the village. I walked till the *choreftra*. There I stopped, I heard voices inside the *caffenio* and I walked in.

Before I was even able to greet anyone and sit down, a policeman turned to me to ask.

"Somebody demolished a wall in the area of Rochi, do you know anything about it?"

"I know nothing about it, but I know that villagers from Smardakito have made complaints about the area that had been blocked." Ironic laughs were heard from the back of the room. It was Giorgis and Michalis.

"I do not know anything about it, I know that Mr. Nikolakopoulos has ordered us to find out what happened against his property," said the young policeman rather timidly.

"Part of his property is communal property," Manthos' voice sounded loud and strict from the back of the room. "I am ready to make a complaint against him too." Exchanging glances and nods, Manthos continued. "All of us here we will file complaints against him, you can say that to him." There was tension, the two policemen left without a second word. It was obvious that they hadn't been accurately informed about the topic. Before I left the *caffenio* in order to rest for Saint Ekaterinis' celebration, Thomas showed up at the end of the street under the *camara* shouting: "Eee, Marcos, you didn't support me at the Kantos the other day and I lost Lakka." I didn't bother to respond to him, I was tired and hungry and certainly this was a misunderstanding.

One week passed and rumors about the knocking down of the foreigner's wall had overrun every house in the surrounding villages, too. In the morning, on my way to my fields in Flegomeni, I passed by the *choreftra* where preparations for that night's celebration were already underway.

That night, there would be a mass for Saint Ekaterini and the whole village would celebrate the name day of the saint in the courtyard of the old Russian Orthodox church. At 4 o' clock, I went down the way to Messaria to gather some potatoes from my garden. It was around 5:30 in the afternoon when I headed back home. I could hear sounds from the loudspeakers outside the Orthodox church of Saint Ekaterini. It must have been the Orthodox priest, who arrives much earlier before the mass and he is testing the loudspeakers on each corner of the exterior walls of the church. When I arrived at the *choreftra*, a young man was decorating the space with tiny, colorful flags with symbols of orthodoxy. The communal room next to the *choreftra* was open, too, and women from *chora* started to arrive with bags full of boxes with sweets and drinks. Both the *choreftra* and the church were lit up. Sooner or later, the interior of the church and the courtyard would start to fill up with people from *Chora* and Kampos. Most of the villagers attended the mass in the Orthodox Church or stayed at the courtyard.

I went home to leave the two sacks with potatoes I was carrying and change my dirty cloths. I wore a warm brown jacket and set off to the church. There weren't many people at the *choreftra* yet, even though I thought that the mass would start at 6 o'clock. It was already fifteen minutes past. A few meters away, at the higher level of the *choreftra*, there were tables with sweets and drinks offered by the side of the small old library building. Nearby and much closer to the *caffenio* than the church, chats, rumors and gossip had already started. I saw Tassos coming towards me, speaking softly as always close to my ear:

"Marcos, my cow is about to give birth soon, I will let you know in case I need extra hands."

"Ok," I nodded to him.

My sister Tassia was standing with her husband among the throng close to the *caffenio*, too. I grabbed a small glass with *raki* and I walked towards her. I thought that it was a good opportunity to approach her after all that had happened between us, even though things were still unclear. She looked at me cautiously.

"*Kai tou chronou*," I said to her expecting any kind of reaction.

“*Kai tou chronou*, Marcos. Somebody told me that you are in trouble with Thomas regarding Kantos. Why don't you ask Rita, Rozas' daughter, to give you the video that she was recording that day?” she said, taking me totally by surprise with her response.

“I will, Tassia!”

“Marcos, were you among those who demolished the boundary wall at the *Polemou o Kampos*?”

“No, Tassia, it wasn't me.” I lied.

“They did a good thing, anyway.” Tassia said looking straight in my eyes. I felt proud for this little secret that soon the entire village would know, but nobody would admit.

Interpretation

In the village of Kampos and the surrounding villages, every two years, usually in the month of October or later, as in this fictional narrative, depending on the local priest's availability, the villagers take part in *Kantos*. The farmers bid for the best fields, according to their needs and the location of the land. This takes place at the *caffenio* of the village, making the space a contemporary arena of social interaction and competition.

Villagers' discussion about the fields and property as members of a social body against a foreign owner also takes place in the *caffenio* of the village. This will raise issues of property and body politic, as perfectly described by Arendt when reporting that "originally, property meant no more or less than to have one's location in a particular part of the world and therefore to belong to the body politic, that is, to be the head of one of the families which together constituted the public realm. This piece of privately owned world constituted the public realm."³⁰¹ They are participating as members of a social group representing their families and the village itself. This is why according to Arendt property is not connected necessarily in our case with wealth, but with a form of "citizenship" in the public realm of the village.³⁰²

Kantos at the caffenio of the village

The term *Kantos* derives from the Italian word *cantos*, which means open auction (usually by bidding). It has been taking place in all villages of Tinos, held both by official communities and sometimes by private citizens. The process was verbal. However, almost always there was a recorded declaration

³⁰¹ Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, p. 61.

³⁰² *Ibid.*

(announcement). When this was organized by the Community, proceedings were drawn up after the process, as researcher K. Danousis explains.³⁰³

Kantos takes place in the village every two years. The lease of the land can expand to areas around the village. The actual expression that was used by the villagers for this specific event was “call the *Kantos*.” This term originates many years ago, when someone in the role of a crier used to announce the *Kantos* in the village and the fields that would be either leased by the church or sold as private property. The crier also informed that *Kantos* would end in 15 days. At the end of these 15 days, fields that may have had started at the value of ten thousand drachmas, may have reached the value of thirty drachmas.³⁰⁴ Nowadays, things have been simplified, considering that *Kantos* takes place only for leasing the church’s property one specific day of the week, on Sunday, and there are less farmers. Thus, there may be five people who bid and express their antagonism for one field, while in past there might have been ten farmers to bid for one field. This gave this event more intensity and the outcome had a more serious and grave impact on the farmers. The farmers would assess the different locations, the value of the land depending on its characteristics, whether it could be used for grazing or cultivation, what kind of crops would be appropriate, as well as depending on its lifetime.

Language sounds, in this rich sense, as the basis of the villagers’ ability to communicate among themselves, to coordinate actions and to manage a fruitful inquiry through the employment of meaningful signs, M. Johnson claims.³⁰⁵ He also explains that “meaning is thus both (1) grounded in our bodily interactions - in the qualities and the structures of objective situations; and (2) always social because it would not exist in its fullness without communicative interactions and shared language, which give us the

³⁰³ Interview by Kostas Danousis, May 23rd, 2017, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick.

³⁰⁴ Abstract from Manthos Lagathas’ interview, Kampos, September 4th, 2014, trans. from Greek for the needs of the PhD by Maria Vidali, Appendix, Interview 4, pp. 76-77.

³⁰⁵ Mark Johnson, *The Meaning of the Body, Aesthetics of Human Understanding* (Chicago & London: The University of Chicago Press), p.266.

means of exploring the meaning of things.”³⁰⁶ *Kantos* has a special meaning in the farmers’ lives involving a bodily and social interaction through language.

The whole event of *Kantos* involves a form of competition among the farmers of Kampos. As Harold and Bouza write, when equal resources and equal strategies are used, this creates true competition among individuals; this is why logically competition and conflict occurs among individuals of an occupational group. Agonistic behavior has been often found in relations of pastoral households. On the other hand, real competition always appears in “ethnically defined regional pastoral groups” under conflict and competition for resources.³⁰⁷ In our case, this competition is initiated by the institution of the church, the villagers compete for the church’s land, which still remains the church’s property, considering that the land is leased, rather than being bought. Thus, the villagers participate in an auction where authority over the land belongs to the Catholic Church. That night, the space of the *caffenio* becomes a space of constant negotiations of land bidding and competing, with the priest sitting in the middle of the room representing this authority of the church over the land. This dates back to the medieval times – as already mentioned in the introduction - when bishop Giustiniani tried to create a cadastre that would give the church control over the land in the area. On the other hand, the villagers compete for a resource available to all of them.

The meaning and value of land in the village

Marcos often speaks about contracts related to his land, property and siblings. In the recent past, the value of land was not measured in terms of surface area, but in terms of how much of it could be farmed and the size of its yield; in the contracts, what counted were the days that took a pair of cows to plow the land. The acres did not matter as a measure of wealth.

³⁰⁶ Ibid.

³⁰⁷ Harold A. Koster and Joan Bouza Koster, “Competition or Symbiosis?: Pastoral adaptive strategies in the Southern Argolid”, in Dimen Muriel and Friedl Ernestine (eds), *Regional Variation in Modern Greece and Cyprus: Toward a Perspective on the Ethnography of Greece*, Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences, Volume 268, (February 1976), p.283.

The landscape is conceived and understood differently through farming. This is also because the property of each family is divided into small pieces spread at the surrounding area of the village. The farmer has to follow a specific route everyday to reach them. "Every farmer had plots from 4-12, that means 15 minutes-2 hours to move from one to another."³⁰⁸

Working with nature, which - for the island and village setting - means dry land and lack of rain, the farmer seems to nurture day by day a constant bonding with what actually he or she can never own, nature. Farmers work constantly on the earth: they follow an annual schedule of sowing for every plant, they wait for the rain, they plan a fallow for their land, they share machineries, they share their water, they share their land, they create agreements with those who have wells so as to give them water and they in return offer them farming products. All this activity is based on the need to cultivate. Boundaries become permeable for the farmers in order to own the products of nature; to have their wine, their olive oil, their vegetables and fruits. This is probably why there is an acceptance that everything must be created through a constant making - even if people are using machineries into their lands, although the surface area of the land is never big enough for a proper farming machine and small machines they use are never powerful enough to do all the work for them.

"From the earth and the sea comes everything. The bread, the vinegar, the olive oil, everything needs work so as to be made. Only God spoke and created, man needs to make,"³⁰⁹ as *Barba* Marcos says. Although they live in an era when everything is available at the supermarket, the work for their own vegetables, vinegar, wine and olive oil is well planned. In an effort to own the products of nature, village boundaries disappear from the peasants' everyday routine, their house and family name extend to the fields; the whole property boundaries of water and land merge, to allow for a good production.

³⁰⁸ Presentation of the agronomist Ioannis Aspromoungos, Tinos, September 2011, trans. from Greek for the needs of the PhD by Maria Vidali.

³⁰⁹ Interview by Marcos Filipoussis, Kampos, January 3rd, 2013. Trans. from Greek for the needs of the PhD by Maria Vidali. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick.

On the other hand, the walls separating properties are border agreements. In daily practice, one can cross them and even tear them down, as animals often do. But what is more defining is the trace of agreement displayed and hence the property. The same probably applies to the definition of the boundary of the village between other villages, too. While the official community map shows specific points/limits, which define the interior and exterior of the village, daily life extends to a map of activities far beyond them. There are areas remote to the village, where villagers of Kampos collectively have property. There are also areas, in which they own a piece of land that they have bought, but that piece of land may geographically belong to the region of another village. The low stone walls define the properties in the village landscape and affirm their limits, but at the same time define perhaps a competitive relationship and kind of communication as a result of either agreement or disagreement.

The fact that in some cases, as narrated in different areas of this thesis, the stone walls of a property do not necessarily point to a fixed boundary allows the creation of a contact zone, an intermediate space of communication, and a space of conflict and agreement. The owners need to conclude an agreement. The un-objectifiable and, in some cases, flexible boundaries create a threshold of communication, and a different need for claim of ownership, which extends to the villagers' everyday life. This also creates a situation of coexistence and cohabitation. However, conflicts and agreements on disputed and indefinable boundaries or village common land create a different type of bonding/ownership for the villagers, not only with their land, but also with the area of their village. There is a communal perception and language based on a communal awareness, too, which also affects the farming landscape and the way people in the village inhabit it.

Taking care of the family land

By donating one of his fields to his nephew, Marcos indicates another connection of the villagers to their land and their family. This action reveals "interconnections between the pattern of naming children, their

rights to family property, and their obligations.”³¹⁰ “Houses and fields are passed on from parents to children with particular items of property going to certain individuals because of the particular Christian names they were given,”³¹¹ as Margaret E. Kenna reports for a similar situation on Anafi, an island southwest from Tinos. Continuity is achieved for the family name in the land and landscape of the village, as well as a bond of the family members, with the family, the land and the village as well. “A consideration of this salient feature of the physical landscape leads to an examination of key principles and values of the social landscape,” as Kenna also explains. “These principles and values are used to interpret, justify and evaluate behaviour in different ways at various points in the domestic cycle.”³¹²

A different situation arose when a piece of land was inherited by the daughters of the family. Those would not actually bear the family name, considering that, once married, they would take their prospective husband’s name. This is why, specifically in the past, the daughters inherited the land by the sea which usually could not be farmed and thus there was no interest in preserving the family name in this area. “The meaning of something is its connection to past, present and future experiences, actual or possible,” as Jonson refers to in *The Meaning of the Body, Aesthetics of Human Understanding*,³¹³ this explains why the villagers were very much concerned with the idea of the land bearing the family name in the passage of time, from one generation to the other.

The villagers were aware that there is a connection among them through land. For example, the properties in Tinos were small and, as reported in 1829 by J. Fuller when narrating about certain places within the Ottoman Empire, he described a law decreeing that no property would be allowed to be sold unless a proposal was made to the adjacent land owner to buy it first. If the adjacent land owner were not rich

³¹⁰ Margaret E. Kenna, ‘Houses, fields, and graves: prosperity and ritual obligation on a Greek island’, *Ethnology* 15.1 (Jan 1, 1976): 21.

³¹¹ Ibid.

³¹² Ibid.

³¹³ Mark Johnson, *The Meaning of the Body*, p.273.

enough, he would borrow money to buy it, and then go straight back to work to be able to pay the debt.³¹⁴ Apart from the family, the meaning of *siblios*/neighbor has been very important for the villagers. This is still the case nowadays. In this fictional narrative, it is obvious that Marcos, a breeder and a farmer in the village, inherited a field of three stremmas from his mother as recorded in her will. In reality, it was thirty stremmas. As he says with relief, “fortunately we had the *siblios*.”³¹⁵ The boundaries of each property were and are still defined by the neighbors’ land. Even today, in the minds of the residents of Kampos, without absolute borders in earlier contracts, the existence and importance of a good *siblios* seems to be sometimes as important as water. A common anxiety for the residents of Kampos today, as expressed by Marcos, is the loss or destruction of the fields’ borders (stone walls/partitions). If the stone walls have fallen down or have been destroyed, this would leave the slopes of the hills without evidence of ownership. Even nowadays, given that there were no photographs or topographical plans, the men in the *caffenio* of the village would be those who would guide someone on how to find a specific piece of land, when they know the owner but don’t have any further information.³¹⁶

The dialogue of Marcos with Manolis reveals what de Coulanges also writes: “the family did not build for the life of a single man, but for generations that were to succeed each other in the same dwelling.”³¹⁷ The connection of the family to their land, and also the distinction and inheritance of the best parts of the land to the sons of the family, is a characteristic which exists in the village of Kampos and the Greek culture, in general thus confirming the need for the continuity of the family name in the island’s land. “*If you can, do not sell anything. Just pass it over to the next one.*”³¹⁸ This is also a different way to connect with nature and the

³¹⁴ Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, pp. 223-229.

³¹⁵ Interview by Iosef Kaloumenos, Kampos, January 6th, 2013, trans. from Greek for the needs of the PhD by Maria Vidali, Appendix, Interview 1, pp. 74-76.

³¹⁶ Interview by Rafael Moraetis, Tinos port, February 7th, 2014, trans. from Greek for the needs of the PhD by Maria Vidali. Also, each village had a local resident whom the villagers referred to as the “expert” and who knew to whom the fields of every village belong. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick.

³¹⁷ Fustel de Coulanges, *The Origin of Property in Land*, edited and translated by Margaret Ashley, (London: Messrs. George Allen & Company, Ltd., 1902), p.81.

³¹⁸ Interview by Antonis Pontis, Komi, September 14th, of, 2014, trans. from Greek for the needs of the PhD by Maria Vidali. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick.

passing of time, but at the same time the boundaries of the properties are confirmed similarly as the continuity of the family names in the landscape too. De Coulanges also claims that: “There are three things which from the most ancient times, we find founded and solidly established in these Greeks and Italian societies: the domestic religion; the family and the right of property - three things which had in the beginning a manifest relation, and which appear to have been inseparable.”³¹⁹

At the core of the village

At the core of the village, the discussions first at the *caffenio* and then at the courtyard of the church are increasing the anxiety about the foreign owner, who threatens the path's network and changes the role of boundaries. This situation is connected with the language that the farmer is using and the information that they pass to each other. “The words he employs and the meaning he gives them do mirror reality, and do not lie.” “The farmer cannot separate his land from his home, and so thinks making a living is the same as living. The farmer thinks locally when the word is now global, values quality when most others wish quantity, and most of all wishes to farm, when he should pack, truck and sell,” as described by Hanson.³²⁰ At the same time, villagers with dominant roles in village society do not escape from the frame of their family. There are situations, in which every villager is seen as the protagonist of his family and a defender of any kind of attack against it when he meets with other villagers.³²¹

In the space of the *caffenio*, there are no witnesses about who will commit to the action of demolishing the wall of the foreign owner, nothing is announced publicly. A communal identity is formed inside the *caffenio*, one that promotes social action and solidarity. As again du Boulay describes for the Greek village of Ambeli,

³¹⁹ Fustel de Coulanges, *The Ancient City: A Study on the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome*, Third Edition, translated from the latest French edition by Small Willard, (Boston, New York: Lee and Shepard, Charles T. Dillingham, 1877), p.80.

³²⁰ Victor Davis Hanson, *The Land was Everything: Letters from an American Farmer*, (New York, London, Sydney, Singapore: The Free Press), p. 240.

³²¹ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of a Greek Mountain Village*, p.75.

which is similar to the case of Kampos, “the community, therefore, is at one in its awareness of a common situation in the face of life, death and danger.”³²²

Opposite the *caffenio*, on the other side of the *choreftira*, the church of Saint Ekaterini at the centre of the village has been -despite the Catholic tradition- part of the village life, with the Saint’s name day celebrated in the village. The celebration is prepared by Orthodox priests and people from *Chora*; however, the local *caffenio* participates as well assisting this celebration with its own furniture and products.

Religion is a very strong element for the village life no matter the religious tradition followed in the village. It appears that religion is followed through an archetypal relation with the farming earth and the role of the family. As described by de Coulanges in a different chronological context, the family who is connected with the religion is equally connected with soil, the family is attached with the altar/ religion and the altar is attached to the soil, this relation equally exist between the family and the soil. For the villager or farmer the hearth is the property of the family, whose members will be born and die here.³²³ “Every family, having its gods and its worship, was required to have its particular place on the soil, its isolated domicile, its property.”³²⁴ By the stationary hearth and the permanent burial-place, the family took possession of the soil; the earth was in some sort imbued and penetrated by the religion of the hearth and ancestors.³²⁵

Boundaries and property at the area of Rochi

Both the family contract about the family land and the contracts of the fields that compose the Rochi area reveal issues about the contract texts and how these reflect boundaries that depend on agricultural production and different values of land from time to time. Certainly, nowadays contracts describe land and property with different characteristics as those in the past. However, in many areas there are still old

³²² Ibid., p.44.

³²³ Fustel de Coulanges, *The Ancient City*, pp.78-79.

³²⁴ Ibid., p.81.

³²⁵ Ibid., p.86.

contracts that give the definition of the values and size of the land but also the fracture and division of land to many plots so that there is a piece of the family land inherited by each member. Over generations, this fracture of any large plot into many small ones in most cases leads to hindering the efficiency of agriculture as a family business, considering that those were small parcels dispersed all over the territory. At the same time, there are big areas of land that maybe fractured into smaller pieces, which however still belong to members of the same family and still bear the name of the family for many continued generations.

Contracts, covenants and *legata*³²⁶ redacted until 1981 presented the value of land as the time it took oxen to plow it (*zevgaries*), as already mentioned, or as the time it took men to work on or dig the land. Water, even today, is presented as property only through its flow, except in the cases of private wells and drillings. In both cases, boundaries in ownership are permeable and porous and allow arguments and conflicts to arise. On land, stone walls and partitions accurately define the boundaries of each property; however, issues of misunderstanding could be caused, as reported by one of the notaries of the island, by the division of a big field among an owner's two or three children. This is about a division of a field into terraces. The internal divisions of a field were not always as accurate as a peripheral boundary wall. Things became complicated for many families while, at the same time, they did not have numerous pieces of land and they could not give one piece of land entirely to one child. For example, the three top terraces of one piece of land would be given to one child, the middle terraces to another son, and so forth. Such cases were vague and caused ambiguity and conflicts as the one described above.³²⁷

For example:

³²⁶ Marcos Foskolos, Το κτηματολόγιο των εκκλησιών της Τήνου και η καταγραφή των λεγάτων τους. *Τηνιακά Ανάλεκτα*, Τόμος 3, ΑΚΤ, Κώδικας 4, (Εκδόσεις Φιλippότη, 1998). This publication by the researcher Marco Foscolo shows 7 different terms used corresponding to 7 different types of agricultural items: *chiusa* (estate), *terreno* (field), *vigna* (vineyard), *orto* (vegetable garden), *giardino* (garden) (has fruit), *parageria* or *terreno inculto* (*paragkairia*) (used for grazing), *pezzo di vuno* (mountain song). The rural property is obviously ensured by the survival of each family, and the survival of centuries of habits and customs, but also ordered the lives of farmers and delimited space and time. Also, the same investigator, in a personal interview and based on his study in the archives of the Catholic Diocese, says that *legata* of the institution involved in the inheritance law, the Church (Byzantine and Local Coupling Latin) law, and the tort law. While on other islands, as Naxos for example, the local law in connection with the acquisition of land is far more clear, in Tinos this connection has not been clear.

³²⁷ Interview by Rafael Moraetis, Tinos port, February 7th, 2014, trans. from Greek for the needs of the PhD by Maria Vidali. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick.

Testament: 120, 17th of July 1958

This session takes place in public with audience by the court and its presiding judge. Without objection, the following testamentary document was published:

I leave to my daughter, Margarita, wife of Michael Remoundos, one terrace with a vineyard at location "Plakiani" in the village in the area where the flume flows, a garden in the village Tarampados, with rights to water every two hours every Sunday and Thursday. The right for the remaining watering time will go to my son, Marcos. To my daughter, Andrianna, I leave a terrace with olive trees in Axahas and I leave to Zanne Delasouda, from the field in Axahas, the tree on the continual terraces with olive trees, fig and vineyards, except for a terrace in the lower area which is adjacent to the field of my deceased son, Zanni, and which I will give to my grandchildren, Marco and Heleni, children of my deceased son, Zanni. To my son, Petron, I leave two terraces from the field in Axaha, the one at the top which includes lemon trees, two quinces and a spring of water. The rest of the water of this spring, after the watering of this terrace and of this estate, which I bequeath, is to go in a water tank, located on two terraces of the same estate, and that I will testatrix to my grandson, Nikiforon Marcou Dellasouda.³²⁸

On the other hand, standing in front of Rochi area, seering communal land/ *xapolto*, a network of pathways has now been blocked by the new "foreign" owner. Manthos and Manolis and later the residents of Kampos do not discuss borders, but boundaries, which give the landscape an identity through the agreements made between their owners. The existence of a neighbor's field also defines the limits of another person's field. In addition, a boundary is created with the existence of a farming road. The boundary is an element that keeps the landscape alive. The land as property is described by stone partitions and walls, which, in most cases, have parts that are communal with those of the neighbor.³²⁹ As Arendt states, "predating the modern era, all

³²⁸Testament 120,17th of July 1958, Private files, trans. from Greek for the needs of the PhD by Maria Vidali, Appendix, p. 74.

³²⁹ The houses of the village for reasons of economy were once built with common walls and this is one of the reasons why stories in the village travel fast.

cultures stood on the sanctity of private property.” Originally fortune was meant to have a place in a specific part of the world and belong to a political body.³³⁰

Outside the village territory

Outside the village territory, at a distance, at the Rochi area, at midnight, when usually elves and the local *ageloudes* used to appear and punish humans for their actions, that night the villagers of Kampos take action to re-establish the land network and the landscape of the area. That night, the villagers of Kampos decide to demolish the wall of the new buyer, in the name of the village and communal farming life.

The foreigner, who blocks the network of pathways and crossed short wall boundaries and communal areas of grazing land, actually invades a whole physical and social environment, which is “constituted also by cultural artifacts, practices, institutions, rituals and modes of interaction that transcend and shape any particular body and any particular bodily action,”³³¹ as Johnson states. The “foreigner” -the *xenos*- seems to ignore that “any chain of ownership or title must have a first link. Someone had to do something to anchor this link,”³³² as Rose claims. “For the common law, possession or “occupancy” is the origin of property.”³³³ So, the wire mesh and the blocking of the streets creates an “occupancy” that cannot be accepted by the villagers, while at the same time this raises issues of distrust. As Dubisch explains, village life is defined by the distinction Greeks make between inside and outside, between “us” (*dhiki mas*, “our own”) and them (*xeni*, “strangers”). One’s own can be trusted, strangers cannot be trusted, they are not obliged to behave honorably.³³⁴ The ignorance, by the rich stranger, of a series of boundaries that actually work as agencies among the villagers’ property leads to an un-honorable behavior towards him, which later on also leads to

³³⁰ Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, p. 61.

³³¹ Mark Johnson, *The Meaning of the Body*, p.277.

³³² Carol M. Rose, *Possession as the Origin of Property*, p.73.

³³³ *Ibid.* p. 74.

³³⁴ Jill Dubisch, “Culture Enters through the Kitchen: Women, Food, and Social Boundaries in Rural Greece”, Jill Dubisch (ed.), *Gender & Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1986), p. 210.

the interference of the state through law and the use of contracts in favor of the villagers.

The land and landscape for the villagers of Kampos become a liminal space because of the boundaries and all the negotiations that it involves, also a “material (matter) and representation, construction and experience,” as Debarbieux suggests.³³⁵ Land becomes a landscape of personal and cultural history, of social ordering and symbolism, according to Casey.³³⁶ Concluding about villagers’ experience and connection with their land as property and farming land, I could not leave out Pérez-Gómez’s insight and description of the world of our experience that includes the artefacts that make up the artistic traditions of a culture, starting from the perceptions of meaning that the culture shares, embodied in historical traces, while projecting imaginative alternatives going beyond stifling and repressive inherited institutions.³³⁷

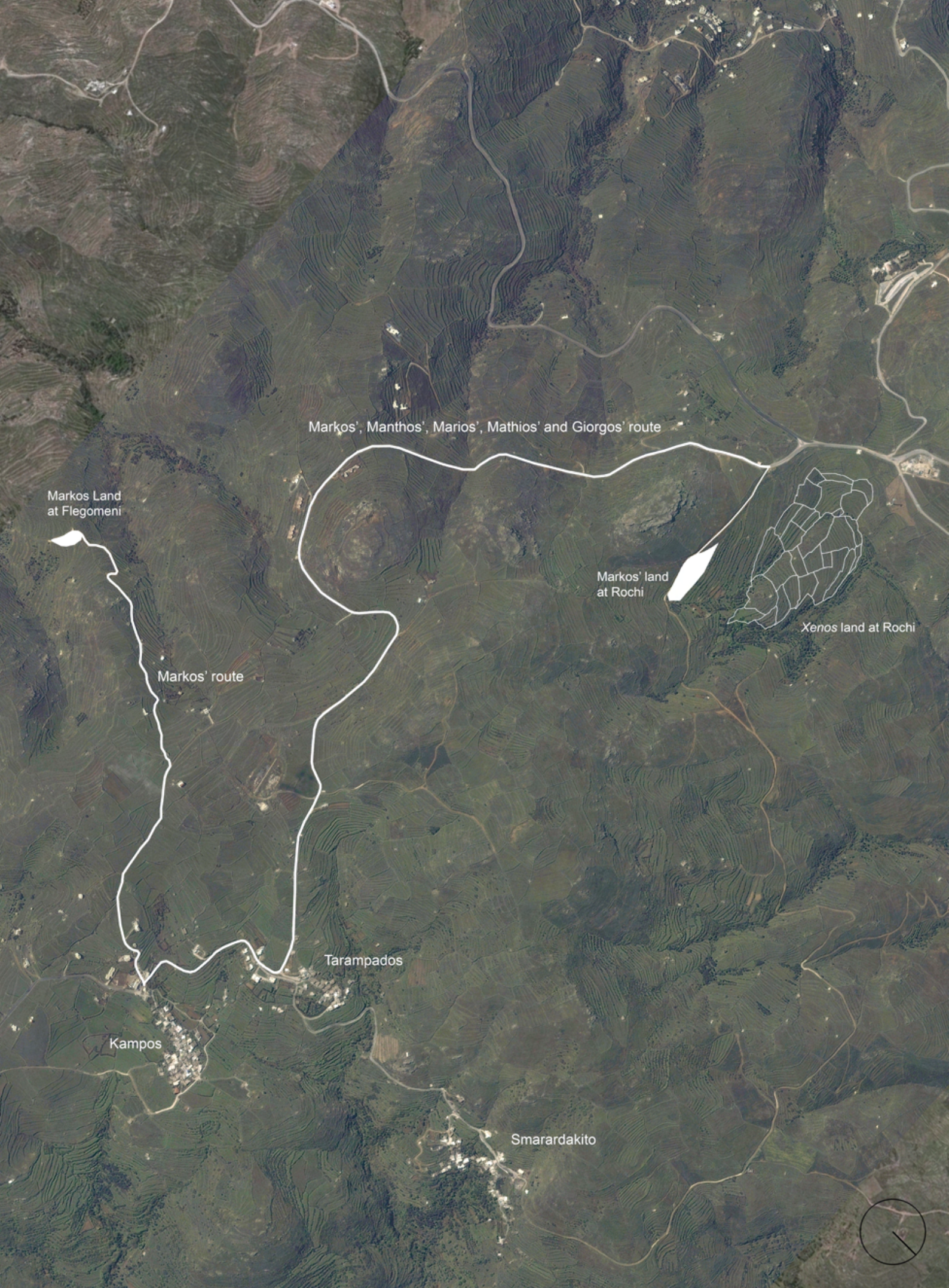
³³⁵ Bernard Debarbieux, “The Political Meaning of Landscape (Through the Lens of Hannah Arendt’s *The Human Condition*)”, trans. from Frency by Carlo Salzani in Jeff E. Malpas, (ed.), *The Place of landscape, Concepts, Contexts, Studies*, (The MIT Press, 2011), p.133.

³³⁶ Edward S. Casey, “J. E. Malpas’s *Place and Experience: A Philosophical Topography*, (Cambridge University Press, 1999), *Converging and diverging in/on place*”, *Philosophy and Geography*, Volume 4, No. 2, (Routledge, 2001), p. 225

³³⁷ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Hermeneutics as Architectural Discourse*, History and Theory Graduate Studio 1996-98. (Montreal: McGill University, 1997), par. 14.



Institutional Report of the Fictional Narrative 6: Our Land Centre - University of Thessaly
16/05/2024, 11:03:38 EEST, 3,115, 11,90
Map/figure ground of the village (scale a)



Institution: Figure 11: Fictional Narrative 6: Our Land Centre - University of Thessaly
16/05/2024 Map/figure ground of the village and extended territories (scale d)

Fictional Narrative 7: **The Animal that I Lost**

Even though it was the last days of November, it was already cold. This early Monday morning, Gioura Island could not be seen on the horizon over the low hills that surround the village. This, for the farmers of Kampos, was a sign that heavy rain would soon arrive. An hour later, it started to pour. It always rained like cats and dogs when the *levantes* arrived, a restless and cold strong westerly wind that scared the villagers and made them hurry to put their mules and donkeys to safety in their stables. Any day now, Tassos was expecting one of his cows to give birth. Despite the heavy rain, he went to check on the cow every five hours, even though he was tired from his heavy work in the fields. He knew that calving time was approaching. He could read the signs on the cow's body and her behavior. He wouldn't risk a minute from his animal's life, not to be there, ready, to help it give birth and stay alive.

Tassos would spend the night in Livada, at "the countryhouse," as they like to call it. This house is among farmlands, over the hill at the north of the village. It was built above the animal stables, close to the fields where their animals graze. This is where they spent every day and night in the summertime, when the sun sets very late, waiting for the sunset, as it is always better to milk the cows after sunset to prevent the milk from turning bad. Ioanna, his wife, helping him with the breeding and farming, had remained behind in the village, as her two younger daughters had arrived from Athens and she wanted to see them. This also gave her a chance to catch up on work that needed to be done at the other house in the village core. Tassos and Ioanna had four daughters; two of them, Loukia and Petrina, were studying in Athens, the oldest one Maria was working in a shop by the port and Margarita had just returned from her studies and was about to find a job as a teacher but still needed time to settle. The two older daughters would arrive soon at home that night since they had to plan all together what they would offer for the souls of their

deceased on the *Mera ton Psychon*. This year after Kantos the village's priest got seriously ill, none of the other five Catholic priests on the island was available to replace him since they had religious duties all over island, including other islands, such as Andros, Mykonos, Chios and Samos. The villagers had been expecting that day for a long time.

The day ended after Tassos milked the cows late in the afternoon. Afterwards, he went to check on the cow and returned at the countryhouse alone. It was nearly midnight and Tassos was still awake watching television. The telephone rang. He jumped up to pick it up and, without saying hello, he just asked:

“Giorgis, how is she, did she survive the surgery?” Tassos' voice was trembling. His sister had been seriously ill in an Athens hospital for the past few months.

After spending a few minutes just listening on the phone, he responded with a deep relief.

“Ahh! Well, thank God she survived that, let's hope for the best.”

Thirty minutes after midnight, it was time to check on his cow again. He put on his boots and, carrying his jacket and a big torch, he went down to the small stable to get his stick that he used to help him walk over the rocky terrain and that he used sometimes when he needed to prod the animals. The stick was more useful than the torch sometimes to help him walk at night. That night, the moon was a fine line in the sky and this made it hard to discern the dark outline of the terrain from the even darker skyline. The cow was in one of the bigger stables at the west side of the field. In a small enclosure made of stones and concrete, all the cats were lined up on the cement wall by the stable. There was an atmosphere of perseverance, supported instinctively by all the animals. Possibly, this would be the night. He went into the stable and switched on the light. He calmly approached the animal. The soft tissue around the tail head of the animal had sunk, allowing the pelvic bones to widen out. The time had come. Leaving his stick behind, he started running back to the house. He climbed up the steps and picked up the phone next to the kitchen door. He called Ioanna and shouted, “Call Manolis, Marcos and Giannis, tell them to

come. The cow is giving birth!!” Tassos’ extensive knowledge of what needed to be done made the vet’s assistance seem unnecessary most of the times. His fellow villagers were tenfold more important for him at moments like these.

Tassos brought lime and various medicines and injections that he knew he must have ready for any difficulty that could arise. He grabbed the big rope as it was the only tool that could help him detach the little calf from its mother’s womb. Then he ran back to the stable where he tried to move three more cows that had been left in the stable to a stall room nearby to make plenty of space for any kind of movement around the pregnant cow. Her “mooooo” now vouched pain and suffering. The other cows were milling around nervously and snorting on alert. However, none of them refused to obey their master’s voice, his usual call and request “*elaaaaaaaa, orap, orap...*”

Half an hour later, the light of five torches bobbing up and down and advancing slowly appeared at the edge of the field. Their lights broke the endless darkness between the sky and the earth that made it so difficult to distinguish anything. The *levantes* had stopped blowing that night. When the three men and Ioanna arrived at the stable, the cow was laying down on the ground on a thick layer of straw. The stable was humid and cold. Tassos felt somewhat relieved now and he looked over the cow carefully, checking her every reaction. The three men stood around, waiting attentively. Ideally, the cow should either have the strength to stand on her own feet or the four men should lie on the floor, too, to help her give birth.

Sooner than expected, Tassos realized that the time had come to pull out the newborn calf.

“Ioanna give me the rope.”

Kneeling on the floor, Tassos pushed his two hands deep into the cow's womb and tied the front legs of the yet unborn calf. This was something that only a few villagers and breeders could do. That knowledge was passed down by older breeders with many years of experience. Manolis took off his jacket; Marcos and Giannis rolled up their sleeves, and checked the space behind them.

Breathing fast and acting very quickly, they lay down and kneeled on the wet concrete floor behind Tassos. Even though the cow was unable to stand up, the calf was big enough to be able to escape on its own from its mother's body. So, the four men would attempt to take out the calf by pulling on the rope that was tied to its legs. All the living beings in the fields, including the dogs, chickens and cats, seemed to be waiting patiently for something. Four pairs of male hands pulled on the rope in the now warm air of the room with careful and precise movements, and a steady and persistent effort guided by Tassos' voice and instructions.

"Eeeeeooooop," a loud cry of coordinated effort was heard.

"Check its head", Marcos sounded worried.

After a deep, endless "moo" by the cow, the calf was lying on the floor wet, with its big dark eyes wide open and its legs still tied. After the calf was freed from the rope, its first attempt to stand up was accompanied by a big "moo" of the cow. The cow was now acknowledging the calf's presence, as her deeper instincts lead her to express her care through licking and cleaning her newborn calf.

"*Kaloriziko!*" Ioanna wished out loud.

"*Kaloriziko*, Marcos and Manolis replied with relief.

The cats were fed with the cow's first milk, and the dogs and hens went to rest. Tassos, Ioanna, Manolis, Marcos and Giannis would need to get up in two hours as they all had to return to their daily chores and the care of their animals, a daily schedule as consistent as the passage of the sun. By that time, it was already 4 o'clock in the morning and it had just begun to dawn on the horizon. There was a mild southerly wind. However, Tassos didn't move, but turned to his wife and said:

"I will stay and check if the newborn calf will be able to suckle its mother's milk and if it will be properly fed by its mother."

“I am not going back to the village Tassos, the cleaning of the stables must be done in three hours, how will you milk the cows later, without the stables being clean?” Ioanna was the only woman in the village, who worked so hard in raising the animals. She wasn’t only a helper, she was a true breeder. Ioanna was the only woman in the village who knew to milk so well, something that can be so difficult and so easy at the same time. She had been kicked and hurt by the cows countless times. However, her love and admiration for her father who was a farmer too, and who taught her how to milk the cows at the age of fourteen, motivated her to never give up.

Every day, in the morning, Ioanna wakes up with Tassos at 6 o’ clock. They have coffee together and then they go to clean out the stable, where they milk the cows. The cows are in the fields, further away from the stables this time of the year. This is why they wake up earlier than summer time; to give Tassos enough time to herd them from the field to the main roadway and then to the stables while Ioanna does the cleaning. Today, Tassos will move the sheep that are in the fields close to Agios Romanos, in a more sheltered landscape because of the surrounding hills and milder in winter time. The *metakomisi* will start at three from Livadakia. Strong winds blow at the fields in this area. Before he starts his long distance local journey, Tassos is feeding the goats and sheep while Ioanna cleans, gives water to the calves that will be sold, harvests the barley and oats that will be used as animal feed. “For them, Man is their God,” she often says about their animals.

Early that afternoon, after a long sleepless night and after checking on the newborn calf, Ioanna, ten years younger than Tassos, in her late 50’s, was walking stooped over with a heavy knapsack on her back, dragging her boots on the asphalt. There was nobody driving by that could give her a lift back to the village. So, when she finally approached the entrance to the village, she turned left on the ring road, where she met a few of the other villagers working in their gardens that early afternoon. This is the area where the village core cedes to the gardens and the orchards. She turned right on to the path at the south east edge of the village, which was closer to the church of

Holy Trinity and her house. She stood for a second and gazed far away to the hill where the chapel of Saint Georgios stands behind the old mill. She then continued her way home, leaving the fields, the bamboo trees in Vidalis' garden, and the village ring road behind her.

When she arrived at the steps going up to her home, the bell tower just beside the entranceway to her home rang 5 o'clock. Their little house in the village is located on the side of Holy Trinity's church, against the north wall, next to the big cypress trees and looking over the small square, where the girls usually sit around and chat. She took a deep breath and, after resting with the heavy load on her back, she started to climb up the fifteen steps to her courtyard. She left her knapsack on the doorstep and stood in the small corridor between the living room and the kitchen. Actually, there are two side staircases in their house, one leading to the courtyard and the kitchen doorstep and living room and the other to a balcony that is only connected to the living room. There are large windows in the living room that allow the light to enter. The bedrooms at the back, on the north side of the house, are small and dark. At home, Ioanna prepared the meals and watered the kitchen garden at the back of their house. She rested for an hour and around 7 o'clock one of her daughters, Petrina, drove her back to the countryside to milk the cows, again, with Tassos.

The newborn calf and the cow were moved separately from the other cows, were being checked often and were provided with extra care during the day.

"This calf is as beautiful as a young girl," Ioanna said to Tassos after they had milked the cows.

He didn't like to have visitors to his stables. He was always afraid that someone would lay the *mati* on his animals, so Ioanna's description was all that their fellow villagers could have. The day ended with Ioanna and Tassos remaining at their countryhouse as they were so tired from the previous day that they weren't able to return to the core of the village.

The next morning, the sun dawned on *Mera ton Psychon* for the villagers of Kampos. The day started again with the couple having morning coffee together in the kitchen of their house.

“Who has exhumed the body of their deceased recently, Ioanna?” Tassos asked.

“I think Manolis exhumed his father a few months ago. It has been five years since his father’s funeral and he had to put his bones in the ossuary. There was an empty place next to my parents, so he made a nice new marble case with all the family’s details inscribed on it.”

“What did you decide to treat the villagers in the memory of your father this year?”

“Nothing,” Ioanna said with a lazy voice, “we decided with the girls that since my father is not in a tomb any more, but in the ossuary, it is not necessary to offer something. There are so many treats offered every year... enough for me after five years.”

That day, Ioanna finished all her work with the cleaning of the animals earlier and left Tassos alone to do the milking and then join her with their younger daughters later at the cemetery. She wanted to arrive home on time to get prepared for the ceremony at the cemetery. It was around 5 o’ clock when Ioanna, with three of her daughters, left their home. Walking in the main alleyway of the village, they met Eleni and her cousin, Foteini. Foteini was holding a huge platter of *xerotigana*.

“Eeee, Eleni, did you hear anything about Father Giorgis? Ioanna shouted.

“Ioanna, he is in the hospital with pneumonia and Father Dimitris, who would perform the ceremony today, was also replaced by Father Fragiskos, as there was a funeral in Andros and he had to go,” Foteini responded in despair.

“*Theos na fulaei*, we will stay without a priest!” cried Ioanna and without any hesitance she asked: “To whose forgiveness will you offer the *xerotigana*, Foteini?”

“My father-in-law, he passed away a year ago!”

“EEee, you have been making the best *xerotigana* for the honey festival for the past eight years!”

Joanna shouted again and continued with a lower voice “Your husband, Manolis, was at our

stable because our cow was giving birth, he has so much experience on delivering animals. Did his father teach him that, eeeeh? He was renowned for his knowledge about animals and plants.” Foteini, holding a large platter, stood up and wished to Ioanna:

“*Kaloriziko*, for the new calf. Yes, his father taught him a lot!”

Ioanna smiled at her without saying too much about the beauty of the new calf, as she knew well that this would upset her husband. Together, they crossed the wide roadway that separated the village from its surrounding farmlands at its west side and took the pathway to the cemetery. They passed by Antonis’ garage and walked towards Giannis’ carpentry shop and house. Some of the villagers were driving to the cemetery, even though the path was not really wide enough. They continued on, till Roza’s house, the only building that the path led to. The pathway meandered on among fields and endless series of boundary stone walls to reach the area of Lambiridi, the cemetery and further down the church of Saint Rokos.

They arrived at the courtyard of the cemetery that was enclosed by a high white wall. In addition, the marble headstones created another layer against the white wall. That day, all the candles in the glass and marble framed boxes next to each headstone were lit. The cemetery chapel was full of villagers. The mass was attended also by villagers that did not live in the village any longer. After the mass, everyone from the village gathered at the courtyard of the cemetery standing at a distance from the lying tombs or waiting in front of the tomb of their deceased. They were waiting for the priest to pass and pray for their ancestors. The deep purple and pink horizon from the sunset offered a dramatic setting to the priest’s blessing. The priest visited each tomb, commemorated each ancestor by pronouncing his or her name and said a blessing and a prayer, asking forgiveness for the deceased and the repose of their soul.

Darkness had started to fall when the villagers started to walk back to the village. The commemoration would continue at the *leschi*, the communal room by the side of the road that separates the village from its farmlands. At the *leschi*, everyone sat down at the tables that were

set out in the empty room with the tall ceilings. The villagers whose ancestors they were commemorating began to offer sweets to everyone.

“*Sto sychorio tou, Foteini,*” Ioanna mumbled checking her small handbag to see if she had brought a small plastic bag with her, so that she could accept all the sweets. Manolis offered *raki* and Foteini offered *xerotigana* dipped generously in honey. Villagers exchanged sweets and wishes for forgiveness, and gossiped about both happy and sad things happening in the village. It was around 8 o’clock in the evening that Ioanna’s fourth daughter arrived, looking worried.

“Where is your father?” Ioanna asked anxiously.

“My father will not come. Another cow gave birth unexpectedly, he was on his own and the calf was lost,” said Loukia.

Ioanna stood up immediately and got ready to leave without saying anything. Her forehead got wrinkled.

“Girls, you should better stay, because I have to leave and go home,” she said as she was putting on her jacket.

At home, Tassos was inconsolable because he did not predict that this young cow would have a premature and difficult birth. As soon as he saw Ioanna and as sad as he was, he hang up the phone. “I bought another calf from North Greece; I hope the cow will accept it. This new calf will be delivered to the village on Monday.”

“What happened? Why such a hurry?” Ioanna sounded worried about Tassos.

“I do not know, the cow was growling, the calf was born dead, it was too soon, she was growling after I took it from her.” He sounded as he didn’t want to talk more about it.

Three days passed and a baby calf was delivered to Tassos’ stables from North Greece by a big truck. This was possibly the coldest day of autumn. The meeting of the two animals was

successful; the young cow seemed to accept the new calf in place of the one she had lost. For some reason, despite the loss of the first calf, Tassos felt relief and he went back to his daily schedule with the other animals and the care of his garden. He was happy that three of his daughters were on the island at this time of the year and he was picking the best products from his garden to bring back home.

After two days of endless cold and strong wind from the north, an early Sunday morning, Tassos found the new calf dead. Once more, Tassos carried the corpse of the animal in an old wheelbarrow and buried it at the back side of the stable. He looked exhausted; he had bad luck, a second lost animal and an upset cow. He mumbled things about the evil eye. A few hours later, he decided to buy another calf from Syros.

“Send me a healthy and strong calf. Not a weak one. The weather is tough over here,” he ordered on the phone. Just to make sure, he decided to sprinkle sanctified water in the stable before the new calf would arrive from Syros.

Days came and went, as the cycle of caring for animals and their needs carried on and the seasons’ changes at the cultivated farmlands. Harvesting lemons, heads of lettuce and potatoes were among Ioanna’s tasks, and Tassos carried the crops on the back of his donkey to the house in the village every day. The new calf that was delivered from Syros looked strong; the cold and humid climate of the village, or the evil eye, according to Tassos’ beliefs, shouldn’t have an effect on its well-being. Even so, ever since the day that Tassos had such bad luck, he didn’t allow anyone to approach his stable or his animals. He was certain that the evil eye would be around.

Two days later, it was the feast day of Taxiarchon, a cold Monday in early December. Tassos went to the big field close to Livada. This area was far away from the village, where Tassos’ countryhouse and stables were located. The field was separated on one side by a long stone boundary wall by the road, and all other sides bordered on neighboring fields. There, Tassos had

another young cow that he liked to say she looked like a beautiful young girl. This cow had never been pregnant. She was only nine months old. She and an older cow grazed together and the older cow was able to guide her back to the stable that was located in Livada. Both animals had a shackle tying their left legs together. That day, a little before the sun set, the older cow returned to the stable alone, without the younger one. Tassos was surprised and nervous. He decided to go look for his lost animal. When he reached the field, it was already dark but he could see that the vertical slate stone from the *obati* had been removed. He immediately became suspicious. He could not find peace when he reached back home. Even if there was only a very fine slice of the moon left and darkness had fallen over the landscape, he knew that he had to go to try to find her. He called Ioanna:

“Ioanna, I will not come to the village tonight, our youngest cow, the one as beautiful as a girl, is lost.

“Tassos, it is already too late and there is no moon tonight, you should better stay in Livada and go to the fields very early in the morning.”

“Tell dad to come home, I feel worried thinking of him in the fields at night,” echoed the voice of the youngest daughter at the background during their conversation.

“I have to go,” he said and he hung up the phone.

Five minutes later, he put a saddle on the donkey, grabbed his stick and a torch, and left the country house. Having walked so many years in the same area, both Tassos and his donkey did not need light to know where they were. Every step and stone and the gravel were familiar and they had no trouble knowing where to go. They knew the terrain and it was almost as if the landscape recognized them too, since none of the living beings seemed to be bothered by their presence.

Every few meters, Tassos would take a deep breath and shout “*Eeelaaaaaaa*.” This was the sound command for his animals to come to him. He was very optimistic that he could find his “beautiful girl.” Every morning, he secretly muttered an incantation for the animal, without even Ioanna knowing about it, so that no one could ever put an evil eye on it. Despite the darkness and the wind that he could tell would soon get stronger from the northwest, Tassos continued to ride the donkey around the area of Kapsalos and Rochi. Nothing could prevent him from searching, not even the bright eyes of the sheep that made them look like devils in the dark. He searched and shouted for at least three hours. He was exhausted, when he decided to travel back at the core of the village. When he returned home, weary and hungry, it was already 11 o’clock. He did not speak to anyone. He ate his meal that was left out for him on the kitchen table, he drank a glass of red wine placed beside his plate and went silently to bed.

The next morning, *Garbis* was blowing and made Tassos button his jacket all the way up. After completing his early morning chores of cleaning the stable and milking the animals, he left Ioanna to stay behind to complete the other chores, because he wanted to go and search for his cow again. He searched again and again, all over. He asked people from the village of Tarampos, including from Kalloni and Komi, but no one had seen her. He walked down among the fields in Messaria where there were walnut trees and he went over to the area of Loutra, where the waters of Kampos and Tarampos poured down and made their way to the valley of Komi. He searched all around the area of Rochi up till he reached the first properties and gardens of the area of Kalloni, so that he could look down the other side of the valley of Komi. Tassos continued searching for days and soon a week had already passed. He didn’t want to share his agony with the other villagers; it was a matter of pride or a suspicion that evil eyes were surrounding him. One day, as he was drinking his midday coffee at the *caffenio* of the village, Nikiforos approached him timidly.

“I heard a rumor from the *Pano Meri* that strangers were stealing pigs,” said Nikiforos looking at him straight in the eyes. His coffee felt bitter in his mouth and stuck to his tongue. Tassos stood up nervously.

“Who told you that?” he asked, as he was already leaving some coins on the table for his coffee.

“Thomas told me, he has a friend in Arnados.”

Tassos untied his donkey from the back wall of Saint Ekaterini church, and walked away. He walked all the afternoon in the *Pano Meri* and even if he wasn't familiar with the terrain, he didn't hesitate to walk through the fields trying to see if he could recognize his cow.

Many hours later, on his way back home, he stopped by the door of Nikiforos' *caffenio*.

“Nothing?” Nikiforos asked him with curiosity.

“If it is lying dead somewhere, its corpse will smell so I will find it,” Tassos responded irritated.

“Did you curve its ear?” Nikiforos insisted.

“I do that for my sheep. But I hadn't done it to this. It only had the plastic, yellow ring, clipped on its ear.” said Tassos moody.

“Did you lose your courage?” Nikiforos insisted on asking.

“I even wish that I could find it dead because this would ease my crazy mind and allow me some peace,” Tassos said as he was walking away.

He continued searching in the week, walking or riding his donkey. However, he started to accept the possibility that somebody might have stolen their young cow. The big field in Kapsalos can easily be reached by car. The animals had their legs shackled, to prevent them from escaping. The walls around their land were easy to go over and somebody could easily enter their lands. Three

thieves with a car could easily grab the cow and take her away. This loss was not only the loss of property, but also the loss of an animal that they had nurtured and loved.

That Monday morning, Tassos and Ioanna woke up at 6 o' clock again. They went straight to milking the cows as usual. Tassos, after milking, had to bring the milk and sell it to the creamery and then go get some barley and oats from their storage room. That day too, he also escorted a herd of cows mounted on his donkey to the field where the cows would spend their day grazing. His friend, Marcos, joined him on foot. Marcos seemed pensive.

“I am in a hurry, later in the afternoon Periklis will pass by the stable to take the oldest calf,” Tassos said without expecting a response.

“Do you know how to search on the Internet about the disease that makes cows have fever after birth? My cow has a fever of 39.5° C right now.”

“Hmmm, I do not know. I can ask my daughters, they probably know how to look for it on the Internet. I will ask them as soon as I reach home.”

“Tell them that I cannot find the word that describes this illness on the Internet.”

“Marcos, it is better to know than to have, as my mother used to say often. I never have the time in my daily life to include the electronic world, however there have been times that I have asked the girls to show me how to search things on the Internet, such as weather forecasts and possible symptoms of disease that the animals may have,” Tassos said with pride as they were escorting the animals to the field.

Later that afternoon, both Tassos and Ioanna were at the stables. The butcher was about to arrive soon. They were staying for a second away from their heavy works, looking at each other. Tassos started mumbling:

“In the past, a merchant would come knock on our door, but now the breeder must go and knock on the merchant's door.”

Ioanna looked at him with compassion.

“There have been better times. I remember you coming back home about midnight after having milked at least 150 kilos of milk. Nowadays, we must grow our animals’ food, barley, oats,” she added with a snort. Soon, they heard the truck of Periklis, the butcher, arriving.

“I will go prepare the animal. Don’t come with me. They understand that they will be about to ‘leave’ and they get wild.” As usual, he asked Ioanna to stay at a short distance from the stable in case the big calf would manage to escape, until it would be tied. Then, as calmly as he could, he opened the metal door and walked inside, where the animal was. He approached the calf and, with a steady and, at the same time, nervous move, he grabbed the calf’s’ horns so that the animal could not react. He then tied its horns and fettered both pairs of its legs. The animal was skittish and nervous when it was led out from the stable and pulled up the ramp that was placed on the trailer of the back of the butcher’s big truck. The animal was fierce. It flared its big nostrils and breathed out strongly, refusing to move towards the ramp and straining its legs to the ground. They had to use force to make it get into the truck.

Later that evening, when Ioanna and Tassos returned home, they were both quiet. They were always quiet and subdued when they had such days. They knew that when they have to give animals for slaughter, every time they would miss them the following night.

“It will be slaughtered. We fed and nourished it every day and now it will be slaughtered and what is more, by knife.” Ioanna mumbled. She was a woman and more emotional than Tassos. She sometimes felt that having animals is like having children.

“In the evening, we have regrets, saying ah the poor one, it will be slaughtered ... Because every day we are feeding them. They are just like children, like humans, we are feeding them. When the children are gone, it is the same, you miss them. They will either be sold, or... It is normal to

miss them, if your children emigrate for years, wouldn't you be asking for them? And if you think, by knife,"³³⁸ she continued saying, as she was setting up the table for dinner.

*"Eee, the animal understands. Eee, you have to look after the animals, if you don't look after them, they will not give you anything. You have feed the animals them, give them water, you can't do otherwise. E yes, if you abandon them, how will you live? You either have to search for a job or work or with the animals. It is work, feeding the animals, watering them, selling them, milking them, giving the milk in order to live."*³³⁹ This was the response that came out from Tassos' mouth. His mind was filled with the loss of all his animals, including the possibility of losing his sister too, who had been suffering in the hospital in Athens for a month.

All of a sudden, Tassos remembered another place, where he hadn't looked for his lost calf. He got up and dressed up hastily. The only explanation that he gave to his surprised wife was, "I didn't search close to the area of Saint Nikita." Tassos left home quickly and rode his donkey even though he could hear claps of thunder and he saw flashes of lightning lighting up the sky. He prodded his donkey with his stick so that it would move along quickly. He was aware that there would be thunder and lightning within half an hour. It started pouring much sooner than he expected. Saint Nikitas was a small chapel at the end of the long roadway, which led to the *Chora*, at a point where it crossed the roadway that led to Xynara and Komi. Next to the chapel, a narrow path continued through the fields. This was the area that Tassos wanted to search, even though it was located in a totally different direction than where his little cow usually grazed. Reaching the crossroads in the area of Saint Nikita, his superstitious mind could not resist

³³⁸ Interview 2, Breeding and slaughtering of the animals, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: During this interview I felt a very different side of the breeder's life, a more emotional one, with great humility and respect on what is to work and live with the animals, a breeder's life, but also what is the loss of the animal. There was steady pace in the interview; however, when talking about the loss of the animal the sound of the voice became lower and the words were coming out slower than before, Kampos, January 6th, 2013, Appendix pp. 81-82.

³³⁹ Interview 1, Weather changes and the births of the animals, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: In this interview despite the fact that practical, emotional and economical factors were discussed about the animals and farming life, the breeder, with a unique seriousness and a steady voice, responded to everything as having totally accepted and having compromised with all the difficulties, Kampos, January 6th, 2013, Appendix, pp. 66-68.

thinking about the old saying about the *ageloudes* who usually appear on the crossroads. As Ioanna was saying, he was moonstruck and he was the only one who could see such things.

Tassos continued searching for his lost calf despite the rain. Suddenly, after a big clap of thunder and a flash of lightning, a woman appeared just in front of him. She was as beautiful and as peaceful as the Virgin Mary. Tassos wasn't afraid, because it wasn't the first time that he saw presences like that. He knew that if it was an *agelouda*, it would either try to charm him with her songs and dance, or she would beat him. This strange presence in the rain, the flashing sky by the chapel's white wall just smiled to him and asked him: "Tassos, do you prefer to find your calf or that your sister stays alive?"

Tassos' eyes bulged as he stared at the apparition that shone in the night light. He exclaimed, "Holy mother! I want my sister to stay alive!" The heavy rain started to become lighter and the strong wind weaker. Ioanna was waiting impatiently. When she saw that his donkey returned back to the village without him, she panicked and called Marcos and Manolis. Tassos was found two hours later by Manolis and his wife. He was in an old stone storage house in the field next to Saint Nikita's small chapel. He looked half asleep and he was wet, tired and speechless.

"Did you see any elves at the crossroad tonight that left you speechless?" Ioanna dared to say after she made sure that her husband wasn't injured. There was no response on his part.

The next morning Tassos woke up late, his tired and cold body needed a lot of rest after last night's adventure. Ioanna and Manolis had taken care of all the chores that he had to do and the milking of the animals. Tassos joined them at the stable in Livada. He dropped all his precautions about keeping the other villagers away from his stables as a way to avoid the evil eye. He didn't seem to remember much from the previous night, apart from the moment that he got into Marcos' car to go back home. Ioanna went up to him to see if he was well.

“Tassos, they called from Athens this morning. Your sister got over the big danger,” she told him and let him in his silence, with a smile of relief on his face.

Interpretation

In the fictional narrative, *The animal that I lost*, the loss of the animal, the loss of property, the loss of life are issues that the villagers negotiate into their everyday life. Time and space, the preoccupations of bad and good fortune, issues of isolation in the natural landscape and solidarity in the communal life are revealed through the cycle of life and death in the village life. Birth and death signal the loss and gain of property. The role of life and death is constant in the animal world; it is also commemorated on *Mera ton Psychon* in the village's world.

The village topography

In the broader landscape of the village, immediately beyond the houses, further away from the centre, where the kitchen vegetable gardens stop and the larger fields begin, and even further beyond them, lay the small stables and stalls, particularly those used to shelter the herds of cattle. There is a constant movement of the villagers and their animals from the village to the layers of gardens and orchards and further away to the layer of the cultivated land and the fields.

There are three professional breeders who reside in the village of Kampos, in other words three villagers who professionally work with the animals, they sell their milk, their meat and they care for their reproduction. Their cattle herds consist of 15 to 17 cows, producing 100-150 kilos/liters of milk a day. They also have other livestock. The working day for the professional farmers starts at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, both during winter and summer time. By 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning, the stables must be cleaned and farmers must begin the 'transportation' as they say. This means that the animals must be transferred from the fields, situated in the surrounding area of the village, which is where the cattle graze, to the nearest village stables, so that the herds can eat and be milked. After this procedure ends, the herd will 'move out' back to its original location, on the site where they will graze. The farmer will also 'move in' another direction, to a different location, to feed the sheep and then return to his home and rest. Breeders in Kampos take care of

their animals themselves, they are milking with hands and they are cleaning up and guiding their animals themselves, as well. In the afternoon, at 4 o' clock, the professional breeders again herd the cattle in from the fields to the stables so that they can be fed and milked again. Most of the villagers are breeding a few animals; however, the professional ones are those who are selling the animal's products to the market.

Transportation starts with reading the weather and reading the weather begins with observing the horizon. Paying attention to the flow of the wind over the land, noticing the first change of the temperature of the wind, predicting which of the seven winds blowing on Tinos may affect their daily routine creates a particular awareness and encounter with the local landscape. This awareness relies on a very long tradition of breeding on the island, which goes back many years ago. Local animals, cows, calves and bulls have earned considerable honorary awards, as we read in the local newspaper of June 8th, 1953.³⁴⁰ The same newspaper reports about the excellent breed of the cow of Tinos, which we can rarely find nowadays; however, it is well known for an animal that can work hard at the fields, produce a lot of milk, give one calf per year, does not need a lot of food and is resistant to illnesses.³⁴¹

In addition to the daily transportation of the animals from the grazing fields to the stables in order to be milked, there is one more type of transportation that is called *metakomisi* that happens for more permanent reasons. One reason involves the *metakomisi* of the animals in the beginning of the summer and in the beginning of the winter, as dictated by the requirements of the seasons. During the winter, the animals must be protected against inclement weather, thus emphasizing the sphere in which the animals move. The other kind of *metakomisi* happens when the field cannot respond to the daily needs of food for the herd. This may occur approximately every two months, depending on the surface and production of the field but also of how big the herd is. This *metakomisi* requires two to three people: one to guide the herd either on foot or by car and one or two that follow at the end. This forces the breeders and farmers to experience the boundaries of their village as not objectifiable. They inhabit a world, in which they move daily or seasonally beyond the

³⁴⁰ Κυκλαδικόν Φώς, 26 Μαΐου Έτος Θ' 1958, Αριθ. Φύλλου 104.

³⁴¹ Κήρυξ της Τήνου, Πολιτική Εφημερίς των τοπικών ζητημάτων, 8 Ιουνίου 1953, Έτος Δ' - Αριθ. Φύλλου 46.

inner boundaries of the village core. “The capacity to move around in and utilize that space without having to think how to do so” creates, according to Merleau-Ponty, “a grasp on the environment, relative to my body.”³⁴² The breeders know that as long as the winter time moves on, you cannot drive the animals in a place exposed to the wind. It must be always sheltered; they are always going to a headland. When the summer comes, they guide their animals uphill. They are following the seasons. They are aware about the water, which they have to transport in many areas, about the small stone cots in the fields that those can be a shelter against the strong heat, but also protection of their animals against the summer fly, which penetrates their skin and makes them act crazily from pain, these are a few of the reasons that breeders are always considering. In the winter time, they get less tired, as the day is smaller, while in the summer they may reach home at midnight since they have to milk in the evening;³⁴³ on the other hand, there have been winters with snow, close to the time when the sheep are giving birth, which may involve a great loss of animals.

The movement of the livestock and small flocks seems to stay away from the residential village boundaries, since the cleaning of the village has been established as a social unwritten law: large animals and small flocks are not allowed to cross the village except for donkeys, or mules, since the village must be kept clean. The need for cleanliness creates an inner and outer boundary in the relationship between humans and animals, and between the residential and non-residential area of the village. Again the limits are proven to be inconclusive, since apart from the horse/donkey or mule, there is an area in the cellar of the house for newborn animals, while cats and dogs inhabit the courtyards and chickens and rabbits inhabit the kitchen gardens of the homes. Proceedings by the formal community’s decision from 1962 till 1994 and recent personal claims of the village representative to the municipality nowadays appear about the meaning of cleanliness and other local issues that the boundaries in-between the power of the municipality and the

³⁴² Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Phenomenology of Perception*, translated from French by Smith Colin, (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, New York: The Humanities Press, 1962), p.456.

³⁴³ Interview 5, Breeding, weather and locations, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: I was impressed during this interview by the involvement of the couple. Equally to man, the woman was very well informed about the hard times and illnesses of the animals, Kampos, September 13th, 2015, Appendix pp. 84-85.

independent management of the village are fragile. The village representative to the municipality describes how nowadays the community perceives that the municipality does not respond to the needs for cleanliness' and the good image of the village. This has caused the undefended response of the community to this need through the local village society and by the volunteering work of the local villagers.

All this movement and transportation of the animals in the landscape over time has shaped villagers' habits and has made this landscape inhabitable, bearing meaning and continuity. What Crossley explains about it, is that "habits root us in the world, providing the necessary background of meaning and preference which makes choice possible. Furthermore, it is our tendency towards habituation which make those choices meaningful by affording them durability."³⁴⁴ Certainly, "the sense of inhabiting an articulate landscape - of dwelling within a community of expressive presences that are also attentive, and listening, to the meanings that move between them - is common to indigenous, oral peoples on every continent,"³⁴⁵ as David Abram explains, even if nowadays a dense panoply of technologies do not allow us to become related with the enfolding earth.³⁴⁶

The stable

The stable is always separated from the family house, either in a distance from the village core, or occupying the ground floor of the country house in the case of Tassos. In the village core, only small animals and donkeys, horses or mules used to inhabit the outer zone of the space of the *katoi*, while in the inner zone, away from the street, food as grains and beans are stored into large jars or pokes. In the fields again, the stable has its own spatial area with primarily a courtyard with an entrance to form a fenced space in composition with the main building, where most of the cows are milked. There are additional spaces where animals are isolated from the others or where animals' food and breeder's tools are stored. In the

³⁴⁴ Nick Crossley, *The Social Body: Habit, Identity and Desire*, (London: Sage Publications, 2001), p.134.

³⁴⁵ David Abram, *Becoming an Animal: An Earthly Cosmology*, (New York: Pantheon Books, 2010), pp.167-183.

³⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p.263.

bigger space, the animals are facing always the back wall, with their food and water in front of them. A few windows close to the ceiling and opposite to the door, which never looks north, ventilate and let the concrete floor dry quickly after the cleaning procedure. In contrast with the small, old, stone cotes that are still spread in the fields of the islands landscape, the most recently-built stables look like concrete boxes against the fluidity of the village landscape.

In the space of Tassos' stable, spatial, ethical and social boundaries intermingle under the concept of loss. Apart from the physical walls that surround the stable in Livada, the superstition of the evil eye creates an extra wall surrounding Tassos' property. The night when the cow is about to give birth, social boundaries also dissolve as does the competition. There is a connection and communication between the breeders to ensure the survival of the animals. In this way, they are ensuring their fellow villager's property. There is loss due to natural causes, loss arising from a natural lifecycle of life and loss because of slaughtering and commerce as part of a supply chain. They all contribute in order to avoid the loss of a breeder's animal as part of his property. The infringement of the spatial boundaries of property, of the ethical and emotional boundaries which derive from the loss of possessions and property reveals how the loss of the calf in every situation, creates a particular sense of possession and bonding, which is based on the fact that the animal property cannot actually be objectifiable. However, by marking the animals' ears, they claim the animals' identity as a reflection of ownership and possessions in every village of the island. As Rose writes, any chain of ownership or title must have a first link and someone has to do something to anchor that link.³⁴⁷ Their sorrow is mixed with anger when someone has invaded the spatial boundaries of their land, what is more with the result of their animal's loss. However, both Ioanna and Tassos relied on the ethical boundaries that surround their private property and protect both their land and their animals. Certainly, the lack of ethical boundaries in the case of the lost, possibly stolen calf revealed emotional boundaries in the breeders' life that need to be overcome

³⁴⁷ Carol M. Rose, *Possession as the Origin of Property*, p.73.

There is a clear hierarchy among the animals and between their masters too, however there is also a very fine boundary of the ethical and emotional connection that they have. The daily pace is set by the animals' needs and lives. The constant connection with the animals, the physical contact with them, the sound commands by the breeder and the care of the animals through a daily routine process, at the same time affected by the changes in the weather and with the specificities of the surrounding landscapes, render the breeders attentive to their encounters with the elemental textures and contours of their territory.³⁴⁸

The daily routines and tasks of the farmers and breeders are “a lived experience,” as explained by Crossley, “which cannot be latent.”³⁴⁹ The fact that the production is small, as is the village and the island, means that the breeder becomes a participant in the daily routine of milk production, in the life of his animals and the maintenance of the livestock. There is a different hierarchy and relationship to the animal. Breeders know that “*for the animals, Man is their God*,”³⁵⁰ as Angela says. The animals expect to be fed by them, cared for, and cured of disease when required. They become part of the chain that ensures the survival of both, that is deeply connected with emotions, ethics and solidarity.

On the other hand, “for the island as a whole, one of the most important product is meat; lamps are sold and the beef of Tinos has long been famous and is as it have been told, as also the fact that “there is an increasing emphasis on raising of meat animals (and of fodder to feed them),”³⁵¹ as Dubisch reports.

As she also reports, which agrees with the case of Kampos, donkey or mule is always important for the transportation of the farmers at their fields, especially in areas where the narrow pathways do not allow a car to reach. Cows are very important animals, providing calves and milk. Sheep and goats are raised in the

³⁴⁸ David Abram, *Becoming an Animal*, p.4.

³⁴⁹Nick Crossley, *The Social Body*, p. 132.

³⁵⁰Interview 2, Breeding and slaughtering of the animals, trans. for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: During this interview I felt a very different side of the breeder's life, a more emotional one, with great humility and respect on what is to work and live with the animals, a breeder's life, but also what is the loss of the animal. There was steady pace in the interview; however, when talking about the loss of the animal the sound of the voice became lower and the words were coming out slower than before. Kampos, January 6th, 2013, Appendix, pp. 81-82.

³⁵¹ Jill Dubisch, “The ethnography of the islands: Tinos”, p. 317.

fields, while ducks, chickens and rabbits are raised in the gardens and orchards much closer to the village. Cats and dogs are kept at the courtyards of the houses so as to keep the property clean and safe from mice and snakes.³⁵²

There are issues in this part of the village life that can be antagonistic, participatory and collaborative. What is more, in this story, all the information about animals nourishes the daily lives of the villagers with a language of communication, “a power to convey information across thickness of space and time, a means whereby beings at some distance from one another manage to apprise each other of their current feelings and thoughts.”³⁵³ Their village life, both family-based and communal, depends on the sharing of this language, which all know that it is not a specifically human possession, but a property of the animate earth, in which humans participate.³⁵⁴

The countryhouse and the house in the village

The village house is always elevated from the ground and the street of the village and there are always two doors that from the courtyard direct family and guests to its interior. The one is the kitchen door and the door to *sala* which for the oldest/most traditional families will open only on the days of a festivity. According to Dubisch’s experience on the island, which agrees with the case of Kampos, “the focus of a family’s daily informal activity is the kitchen. It is the centre of a woman’s work world, the family gathering place, and the place to sit with close friends and enjoy coffee or raki.”³⁵⁵ Additionally, “the *oikos* (house), according to Vernant has both a family and territorial meaning- it represents a strong bond with the city since the right to own land belonging to ‘the city’ is the privilege and right of the ‘native’ citizens only³⁵⁶ - on the other hand it

³⁵² Ibid., p. 319.

³⁵³ David Abram, *Becoming an Animal*, p.167.

³⁵⁴ Ibid., pp.11-12.

³⁵⁵ Jill Dubisch, “The ethnography of the islands: Tinos”, p. 321.

³⁵⁶ Jean-Pierre Vernant, *Myth and Thought among the Greeks*, (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1983), p.139.

is part of the communal space and this space requires a centre, “a nodal point from which all directions may be channeled and defined.”³⁵⁷ This space becomes an agency of movement, a liminal space, implying the possibility of transition and passage from one point to another.

Most villages of Tinos conform to the description provided by Dubisch based on her research on the island: “village houses are clustered closely together but are raised above the street, shuttered, and angled in such a way that few houses face each other directly, thus guarding family privacy as much as is possible within the close confines of village life. This does not mean, however, that there is a simple isomorphism between the house and the concept of ‘inside’.” Village houses are divided into several different kinds of space, both physically and symbolically. In most houses, a porch or a veranda is the architectural element that connects the house to the public world of the street. Activities are exposed on the verandas become places of public view where people socialize informally with neighbors or passersby.³⁵⁸

The role of the man and the woman

Ioanna is a woman and a breeder, thus a dual personality, whose life is devoted to both the care of the animals and the care of her household and her four daughters. Ioanna is not a typical woman of the village, considering that her time and effort in the fields are far more extended than what a typical woman does in the village; in addition, however, she will also “care for the animals that are close to the village (such as chickens and pigs) and work on nearby gardens,”³⁵⁹ including take care of cleaning and cooking in the house. In some cases, the wives of the breeders of Kampos are involved in their husbands’ job, helping with the *metakomisi* of the animals and caring for the baby animals. In certain cases, the boundaries between the roles of Ioanna and her husband, Tassos, have been fused. This will be so as long as Ioanna can maintain the physical strength needed to complete the chores and tasks that are required to perform this

³⁵⁷ Ibid.

³⁵⁸ Jill Dubisch, “The ethnography of the islands: Tinos”, p. 275.

³⁵⁹ Ibid., p. 319.

work. The couple begins their day together, as they perform and share the chores. Tassos is the one who takes care of herding the animals when the distance is far, and who will go and search for a lost animal. Ioanna cleans the stables and does the housework.

The situation of Ioanna and Tassos is special in some cases, as compared to what Dubisch describes in her research in the village of Falatados. Many years ago “men’s and women’s activities tended to take place in different areas of the village. Women performed their tasks in or near the house, making occasional trips to the store to fields or stables, or to church), while men ranged farther, to distant nearby fields, to other villages, or to the island’s main town for business or to earn wages for their labor.”³⁶⁰ This situation can also be observed in Kampos as we see in this fictional account, but also in real life, since most of the women in the village are helping their husbands with the animals. We can see that the tasks, labor, eventually boundaries of Ioanna and Tassos’ social roles intermingle. The above do not mean that Ioanna does not participate in the social habits that the other women of the village do, such as “socializing together on their porches” or “performing some domestic task such as mending, knitting, cleaning vegetables” or going “to a local church for a saint’s day service.”³⁶¹ On the other hand, for the “men engaged in agriculture, daily work was generally not a social activity, since they labored alone in the fields, and hence they experienced a more definite break between work and leisure.”³⁶² The division between work and the house is also clearly defined. In this way, women were and still are associated with the house and with the ‘inside’.³⁶³ Ioanna, mediates between the inside and the outside³⁶⁴ to a larger extent than the other women of the village.

³⁶⁰ Jill Dubisch, “Foreign Chickens” and Other Outsiders’, p.274.

³⁶¹ Ibid., p. 275.

³⁶² Ibid. pp. 274 - 275. See also du Boulay 1974.

³⁶³ Ibid., p. 275.

³⁶⁴ Ibid., p. 277.

The cemetery and the *leschi*

The *Mera ton Psychon* usually takes place the 2nd of November in the Catholic tradition; however, in the village of Kampos,³⁶⁵ as in other Catholic villages of the island, religious ceremonies like that may not follow a strict schedule (not such as in this narrative's exaggeration) but sometimes dates are treated with flexibility in the village, having in mind to follow a series of religious traditions. This happens because there is a lack of Catholic priests on the island and the six Catholic priests who now live on the island have religious duties that extend beyond the island's boundaries to other islands with Catholic minorities as well.

Within the religious life of the village, there is a different type of transportation/ritual movement when the villagers proceed to the cemetery, where the entire community comes together to commemorate their deceased loved ones. In this case, the village boundaries are again extended. After the memorial mass, the community gathers in the communal room of the village and offer and share sweets, by which they ask for the forgiveness of the soul of their fellow villagers. Through this event, a different sphere between life and death embraces their world. In this communal village event, life and death are celebrated through forgiveness in a very particular way. This is a social and religious duty that also connects everyday life with death and the loss of family members.

Before the sun sets at the horizon of the village, the villagers are gathered at the cemetery. After the ceremonial mass in the memory of the soul of their decedents, they move at the courtyard. The cemetery is protected from the north wind by a wall formed by the chars/marble cases for placing the bones of the decedents. The priest prays over each tomb, leaving the group of the villagers gathered in a distance and awaiting the completion of the pray for each family's decedent. However, the community gathers again closer to the village, at the communal room, *leschi*, granted by the church, to participate in this religious event by the sharing of food/sweets, which each family separately distributes to the community members for the forgiveness of its decedent. As du Boulay reports after researching in Ambeli, a village in Euboea,

³⁶⁵ In Kampos, in the past when there were three Orthodox families in the village, there was also an Orthodox priest. In the village there is an orthodox cemetery next to the church of St Paraskevi. Nowadays, there three Orthodox people in the village because of mixed weddings with local Catholics.

similarly in the village of Kampos, the “remembrance of food” is a “distribution that no one, friend or enemy, is omitted, and only in the rarest circumstances would anyone refuse it or fail to say, as they take it, ‘May God forgive (Θεός σχωρέσει).”³⁶⁶ In both places, the food/sweet serves as the medium, through which the dead’s soul is commemorated, forgiven and thus feasting in heaven.³⁶⁷ There is a negotiable boundary between the sphere of reality and a metaphysical state and I will agree with du Boulay when writing that “this relationship with a world outside that of the tormented world of humanity is felt so deeply that the experience breaks out of the purely metaphysical sphere, and manifests itself in the social structure as a positive demonstration of social solidarity.”³⁶⁸

This boundary is manifested through religion as well as in the gathering of the community members and the duty/obligation of forgiveness. The cemetery, as well as the *leschi*, is creating a religious, social map,³⁶⁹ which extends the physical village boundaries. Also, this type of movement in the landscape of the village, a movement in ritual too, is an “enactment of this sort is always reenactment, a consequence of which is the annulment of temporal distance, as if experience now were the same as then”, as Leatherbarrow suggests.³⁷⁰

Through a spatial classification in relation to the distance of the village centre and territory, and through a classification of procession whether public or private, they establish a series of relationships between the centre of the village and its margins. There is a strong religious centre embodied in a political structure. This movement between the household and the cemetery reflects man’s hope for redemption and salvation but also man’s need to negotiate with the boundary of life and death in the landscape of his daily movement.

³⁶⁶ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of a Greek Mountain Village*, p.59.

³⁶⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 59.

³⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, p.60.

³⁶⁹ Shirley Ardener, “Ground Rules and Social Maps for Women: an Introduction,” in Shirley Ardener, (ed.) *Woman and Space, Ground Rules and Social Maps*, (Oxford/ Providence: Berg, 1993) p. 3. “Structural relationships, such as hierarchies or other ranking patterns, and systems of relationships like those of kinship, are treated in this volume as “social maps,” which are frequently, but not necessarily, realized on “the ground” by the placing of individuals in space. In many situations we find (real or metaphysical) ‘spaces in spaces,’ or “overlapping universes.””

³⁷⁰ David Leatherbarrow, *Topographical Stories, Studies in Landscape and Architecture*, p.203.

Also, as ritual generally speaking, festivals and movement establish an interaction between nature and the village, the villager through the ceremony and the communal dining, reaffirms his or her community's bonds and solidarity, and his participation in the continuity of tradition.

The ritual of death is an event of private concern for the family, equally the memory of death. In the village society though, it involves the participation of the whole village community. It becomes a reaffirmation of the village order, regenerated through the community's involvement and solidarity and this equally works for the ritual of the memory of death. The burial of the dead overcomes a very strong barrier between the living world and the otherness of death. On *Mera ton Psychon*, the villagers and the family of the decedent stand in a distance when the priest is praying over the tomb. The villagers are facing another ontological situation, since their participation in the ritual, from the house to the chapel and in our case specifically to the cemetery, confirms the event of death, but also the community bonds and the village order through the passage from life to death. That day, during the ritual for the forgiveness of the decedents and the memory of their death, the cemetery, but also the communal room where sweets are offered in the memory of each family's decedents, mark the village area, as a transitional space between the world of the dead and the living world, a reminder of this separation but also a reminder of the deceased's passage from life.

According to C. Sourvinou - Inwood "there is a relationship to the archaic *sema*.³⁷¹ *Mnema*/ tomb undoubtedly pertains to memory and to things that preserve memory, while *sema* concerns the physical creation of the tomb."³⁷² The chapel of the cemetery and its courtyard that day pertains to memory through symbols and the commemorative ritual, while at the same time it becomes part of the village order made up from the present, past and future movement of its inhabitants. There is a communal time created by the villager's movement in the village structure through the rituals. The manifestation of life through the festivals and the manifestation of death through the memory of the burial ceremony and the decedents of the village become a time for renewal for the village time and order.

³⁷¹ Christiane Sourvinou-Inwood, *'Reading' Greek Death, To the End of the Classical Period*, (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1995), p.112.

³⁷² *Ibid.*, p.140.

On the boundaries of the village with the countryside, apart from the cemetery, there is also the distant chapel and the crossroads attached with the tradition that non-earthly creatures appear at this boundary of the village with the countryside. A vision of a woman who asks Tassos what loss of life and death he would choose this time connotes that she may be the Virgin Mary that appears to him setting an informal presence of religion in the boundaries of the village with the countryside, but also with the unknown or the imaginary.

A series of negotiable boundaries and ownership

In this fiction, there is the negotiation of boundaries of what is inside/outside the property (preoccupations), outside/ inside the village (unearthly creatures), as well as the negotiation of boundaries of death and life that are manifested through specific ceremonies as well. However, it is also revealed how the lack of boundaries with a connotation to loss, brings to light another sense of bonding related with the property and the village.

On the other hand, this bond makes them extend their experience into the new technological world. Abram claims that “today the perceived world is everywhere filtered and transformed by technology.”³⁷³ The limitless world of the Internet serves as a point of communication with the outside world. Tassos uses technology, the boundless universe of the Internet, through his daughter to find beneficial solutions for dilemmas or challenges related to his property/animal's life, and to be able to know the weather sooner, rather than predicting the signs of nature. His daily engagement with certain paths, land and nature had certainly helped him to develop his perception widely in the world of nature. Before using the Internet, all his knowledge came from his father and ancestors. He had learned to predict and read the signs of the rain and the bad weather, the animal's illnesses and time for the animal to give birth. However, this hadn't been always successful and couldn't provide him any information from the unpredictable world of nature or any rapid unexpected changes of the weather. Even if the world of the Internet, as limitless as it can be, it is

³⁷³ David Abram, *Becoming an Animal*, p.264.

used in order to respond to his needs related with the farming life and its environment, however his perception related to his property, land, water and sky makes him fully engaged with his environment.

The above suggestion is necessarily connected with habit in the case as described by Crossley when referring that “habits root us in the world, providing the necessary background of meaning and preference which makes choice possible. Furthermore, it is our tendency towards habituation which makes those choices meaningful by affording them durability.”³⁷⁴ Following the above, what derives out of habits in a specific environment, connected with the care and life of the animals, is a communal language rich in metaphors and real incidents that only farmers and breeders of Kampos possess.

³⁷⁴ Nick Crossley, *The Social Body. Habit, Identity and Desire*, (Sage Publications, London, Thousand Oaks, New Dehli, 2001), p. 134.



Antonis' garage

Leschi

Ioanna's daily route

Manolis' and Foteini's house

Ioanna's and villagers route on Savvato ton Psychon

Nikiforos' caffenio

Markos' house

Ioanna's and Tassos' house in the village

Giannis' house

Tassos' ride to Saint Nikita





Lambiridi / Village cemetery

Ioanna's daily route

Giannis' carpentry

Antonis' garage

Leschi

Ioanna's daily route

Manolis' house

Ioanna's and villagers' route on *mera ton Psychon*

Nikiforos' *caffenio*

Markos' house

Ioanna's and Tassos' house in the village

Tassos' ride to Saint Nikita

Giannis' house



Institution: Figure 14. Fictional Narrative 7/ The Animal that I Lost / University of Thessaly
 16/05/2023 10:39:55 EST 301151118
 Map/ figure ground of the village and extended territories (scale d)

Fictional Narrative 8: The Day that I Lost You

On a cool but sunny February afternoon, *Kyra* Fragiska was sitting on a white painted concrete bench in front of a round metal table. She was sitting with her back against the wall, resting from the daily chores and endless housework. The air was not cool enough for her to seek the warmth inside her house, so she stayed outside for a couple of minutes to rest. Still, at the age of seventy, her day stretched before her as an endless series of chores without let-up. For days now, she had been expecting her older sister, Eleni, to come from England. Thanks to Eleni, she had inherited their father's house in the village, after Eleni decided to abandon the inheritance and their father's will and go to live in England. Nevertheless, in addition to the requirement of being a good housewife with all the qualities and physical capabilities that this role entails, she was bound to live up to that inheritance - to prove herself every day.

The courtyard of Fragiska's and Giorgis' house was just fifteen steps from the main road of the village. The courtyard faced a wall with a door in the middle and two big windows on each side. Behind this wall, there was the big *sala*. Off the *sala* and at the back, were two dark, narrow bedrooms. To the right, there was a smaller dining table and the kitchen area. The walls of the courtyard were painted white. The floor was made of old compressed soil where a layer of concrete had been set over it and from her terrace a set of steps ascended to its flat roof. Big and small flowerpots decorated the courtyard and the wall facing the street. Beautiful geraniums and a young bougainvillea with pink flowers hung over the wall that faced the main road.

In taking care of the household, Fragiska followed in the footsteps of her older sister, Eleni, as she did before she left to live in England. All the vegetables that Giorgis harvested from the fields had to be immediately taken care of. They were either prepared for drying and storing them or

cooked. Any fresh meat or milk that Giorgis brought home would also be immediately handled. The meat would either be stored in the kitchen's fridge or in salt in the *katoi*, or it would be cooked immediately. Similarly, milk was prepared to become either cheese or yogurt. Fragiska's cheese was quite a delicacy for the villagers. Everyone in the village knew that she made the best cheese by far. It was so special that one would distinguish it immediately because of its fine texture and nice, fresh smell. At the same time, she ensured the well-being of her husband and her three children that were now old enough to lead their own lives. Her husband, Giorgis, when he was younger, earned quite a bit by selling wild greens and fresh beans. Now, he also owned two cows and some sheep that provided milk for the household, and some extra that he could sell to the farmer's union.

"Eeee Alekos, where are you going?" Fragiska smiled and talked to the villagers who passed in front of her courtyard; her smile was bright and youthful, a contrast to her heavy and tired body.

"*Kalispera!* Where else to go at this time of day, Fragiska, I'm going at the *caffenio*." Often, when Alekos was with a few men in the *caffenio*, he would narrate the love story of Eleni, Fragiska's sister. Most of the villagers around the same age as Alekos remember this disturbing and sorrowful love story. As Alekos walked by Fragiska's courtyard that afternoon, he could not help but remember that night when the whole village was divided in two. He waved at Fragiska as he always did and continued on his way towards the *caffenio*.

Around 4:30 or 5 o'clock, the men of the village started to gather at the *caffenio*. Alekos went in. The stove was burning in the centre of the room. No one had arrived yet, except for Michalis, one of the oldest breeders in the village. Alekos ordered a coffee to Nikiforos' wife and sat down near Michalis. He leaned and he softly whispered in Michalis' ear, "Do you remember the carnage after the battle for Eleni's heart?" Michalis smiled under his long white moustache and shook his head while staring at the worn mosaic floor in front of him and muttered, "How could anyone ever forget? I still have a scar close to my ear from that long night." Alekos was about to call on

his memory and revive Eleni's saddest life-story in every detail. This was the story that had warmed up many cool nights in the village *choreftra* or the village *veggeres*. As Alekos started telling the story, Michalis was lulled by the words as if the sound of the words of the story intoxicated him. This story was familiar and addictive both to the narrator and to the listener.

"Eleni was in her early twenties then..."

"Was she? This was in the 1960's or later?" asked Michalis trying to recall dates that seemed pointless, considering the plot of the story.

"She was one of the most beautiful young women in the village," Manolis exclaimed "and she had a dowry, too".

"Aaa, yes, I remember her! She was a beautiful woman, but her brothers were strict, no man without serious intentions could approach." Michalis couldn't help smiling and nodding his head while recalling Eleni's image.

"Eee Michalis, this was the time when *we did everything with our hands and feet. It was not that we took a woman and would teach her to do things; she would do the same for her father, she already knew.*"³⁷⁵ Manolis never allowed Eleni to go to any of the village festivals without being accompanied by her three older brothers."

"Aaa, she was a good housekeeper and she always had their house bright and clean for Holy Trinity's festival," Michalis added before staying silent to enjoy the familiar story.

"At that time, there were three coffeehouses in the village, remember? When a big dance for Christmas was held in one of them, all the young women of the village were either accompanied by their fiancés or their older brothers and sisters."

³⁷⁵ Interview 1, The man and the woman, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: The narration during this interview, the tone of voice, the very few but slow movements of the hand created an atmosphere of respect towards the life that this old man was describing, Kampos, 8th of January, 2013, Appendix, pp. 80-81.

“Yes, I remember. I had been to that dance with my wife. We were engaged at the time,” Michalis added.

“It was there that Eleni noticed Vassilis. However, I remember once that she had told me that she had certainly seen him before, at a festivity in Tarampos.’

“*Maaa (But)*, Vassilis was a builder in the village of Tarampos, wasn’t he even though his family was from Kampos?” Michalis kept on recalling details.

“Yes,” Alekos nodded and continued. “There, for one of the European dances that followed, Vassilis asked Giorgis, Eleni’s brother, permission, to dance with her. After that night, things moved very quickly. Vassilis continued to ask permission to date Eleni and soon these requests were granted. Everybody in Eleni’s family expected a wedding, after some time. Soon enough, Vassilis and Eleni were engaged.”

“I remember seeing them together at a feast in Xynara,” Michalis added again. “I remember also that the young couple had started to go together to many local feasts of the villages. As they were officially engaged, the community as a whole approved of their relationship. Eleni already had the reputation of being an exceptional housekeeper. She was an excellent cook, too, even though her mother wasn’t there to teach her, as she had passed away when Eleni was still very young. Possibly this was the reason why Eleni insisted on learning from others what usually daughters are taught by their mothers. She was very capable of managing a household and performed all the necessary chores with great diligence.”

“This woman knew well that nothing is to be wasted in the house. When her father and brothers would bring vegetables and fruit from the fields, or even meat and birds from their hunting, she knew very well that she had to cook them the same day. This woman knew very well that nothing should go to waste,” Alekos said with admiration.

“True. In the village, leftover food would be fed to the chickens, rabbits, and the pigs. And the dog would be fed bones and fat.” He had a sip of *raki* and continued. “Once, at that time I had visited their house, most importantly, she ensured that the house was clean and tidy for the day of Holy Trinity when the house was open to welcome friends and family. Everything was polished and shiny in the house. All of the pots and pans and all the silverware would shine brightly and the house would smell the wonderful yeasty scent of bread freshly baked by Eleni,” Michalis bore great admiration as well.

It was then that *Barba* Giannis entered the *caffenio*. He was Elenis' cousin and very much involved in the story at the time.

“*Kalispera*” he said coming in. “Did you hear that it may snow during this weekend? I hope we do not have the issues that we had again two years ago. I lost ten animals then,” he said with anxiety in his voice.

“Hmmm, I am waiting for two ewes to give birth the next couple of days,” Alekos said pensively.

“Aleko, what did you do with your cow that was ill? Did it recovered after the medicine that Yiannios suggested to you? My cow does not look well after her last birth and I wonder whether I should call the vet,” Barba Giannis said.

“I tried some more medicine, but the animal still appears to be suffering and I will call the vet.”

“Aaa, maybe I should tell him to pass by my stable, too, but I will ask Yiannios first. I do not want to waste money with the vet as well.” *Barba* Giannis said thinking about it and added:

“Have you started the pruning?”

“I was about to start, but I heard about the snow and I will leave it for later,” Michalis said.

“I did start,” Alekos said. “Barba Gianni, you know we were just thinking about the story with your cousin, Eleni.”

“Aaa, Eleni...*she came out as housewife, awesome, she became a worthy woman, hardworking and she respected her father’s property. She did not waste it, even though she lived in England. There are people who worked hard to make their fortune and that’s all. If you destroy what I have sweated to make, I will not like it. Considering that I worked hard to make what’s mine, I want my child to respect that. I did not speak and create the world, as God did; a man has to work to create anything.*³⁷⁶ By the way, we are expecting her to come, actually she was supposed to arrive yesterday, but I think that she stayed longer in Athens to see her brother, Giorgis. So, you are recalling her story, eee? I still have a scar, here close to my eye from a broken glass that night.” *Barba* Giannis said that with pride and he continued without being asked.

“Vassilis wanted her a lot, but he also wanted to see the marriage contract beforehand. Therefore my brother Nikolas, Eleni’s father, spent over two weeks confirming how he wanted to divide his property among the other three sons, so that he could go to his notary and sign Eleni’s marriage contract officially. Did you know that, even though the sons received the best part of the property, such as the most valuable land and the houses, Eleni’s wedding contract included: a field of three days *zevgaries* in Vachari, a garden in Messaria, a *bouro*, silk fabrics, bath towels, white curtains embroidered by Eleni’s grandmother, and large brass pots and pans. In addition, the house that they were living in would be inherited by Eleni, but only upon her father’s death. So, Eleni was considered to be a fairly well-off bride. That was possibly why her brothers wondered whether Vassilis was good enough for her, if he would honor her, and whether he would be a good provider,” said *Barba* Giannis, leaving the two other villagers speechless.

³⁷⁶Interview 1, The man and the woman, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali, Appendix, pp. 89.

After a few seconds of silence that allowed everyone to get a sip of coffee or *raki*, Alekos said, stretching his hands underneath the marble surface of the table.

“I was there, the day of the local festival in the village of Ktikados to celebrate the church of Megalomata. After the mass, we were all invited at a local friend’s house for the festive meal and celebration of the day. We were a group of friends of Eleni’s and Vassilis. We were already there, waiting for the couple to join us, in the house of a common friend that was open that day for the local festival. They were all expecting the announcement of the couple’s wedding any day. All of their friends we were gathered in one corner on one side of the long table where there was a series of appetizers and local delicacies of pork and meat placed on the white tablecloth. Carafes with red and white wine were placed here and there on the table, too. People were clinking glasses, as they were refilled, accompanied by good wishes for the host. Hours went by and we were still waiting for them. The truth is that at that time rumors and gossip had started to spread among the villagers, not only in the surrounding areas, but in distant villages too, about Vassilis and another woman named Georgia. Suddenly, we caught wind of a strange and a very unwelcome rumor that spread around the table. Vassilis “*eklepse*” Georgia from Xynara, without her family’s permission. When we heard this, we were dumbfounded. Manolis, Mathios, Katerina, Maria, Yakoumis and myself we all choked on our wine and were stuck speechless with shock. At first, we couldn’t believe it and tried to find out if what we had just heard actually involved the Vassilis we knew. Unfortunately, it was confirmed. You know by whom? Petris from Ktikados, who got married with Loukia from Smardakito.”

“Well, the truth is that there were rumors...” exclaimed *Barba* Giannis, “people said they had seen *ageloudes* at the boundaries of Xynara and Kampos at that time. I always knew that they appeared when human souls grappled with their demons. But these rumors about *ageloudes* kept the crossroad free of other villagers at night and enabled Vassilis to pursue his love affair undisturbed by villagers’ eyes. The truth is that there were rumors that Vassilis was possibly

seeing someone else every night after leaving Eleni's house, but no one wanted to believe this. Only Eleni's brothers had started to pay attention to that rumor. She didn't want to believe it herself."

"I was the first to react and set off towards Eleni's house, that day, as soon as we heard about it." Alekos continued with a spark in his eyes, unable to hide his admiration for Eleni. They had been friends ever since they were very young and he cared for her.

"When I reached the village core, it was already afternoon. Usually, the village is silent at that time of day, apart from the men gathered at the *caffenio* to play *tavli*. That day, though, things were different. It was not at all like when other sorts of rumors spread. Most of the villagers on the main village street had their heads bowed. They were silent. They only exchanged glances with their eyes and the words "Have you heard?", followed by the reply "*Theos na fulaei*." When I reached Eleni's house, the door was locked and the shutters were closed. I did not knock on the door. I clearly knew that the family was grieving." said Alekos.

"Eleni was grieving" *Barba* Giannis said strictly. "Her three brothers and father were full of rage. This thing destroyed the honor of the beautiful Eleni and it injured the pride of the family name. These were things that her brothers could not accept. I remember too that nobody came in or out from Eleni's house that day. Days went by and Eleni stayed in the house, silent. The whole village continued to be strangely silent about this incident. Eleni's brothers' anger was obvious. Fortunately but strangely enough, they never came across members of Vassilis' family. I remember that Vassilis' family kept their heads bowed, when they were walking in the village. They never looked up. They only looked up when they would hear a donkey carrying baskets approaching and they had to make sure they would be able to pass through the narrow street. Vassilis had taken and destroyed Eleni's honor and this was something that the whole village found difficult to handle."

Then Michalis' voice was heard: "At that time, when Eleni did not appear at all in the village core, I remember I was passing by her house and I saw her face as she was looking outside the window. She was white, thin and pale. I waved at her, but her figure remained in the shadow and she only responded weakly by pressing her fingers against the window. Then, she slowly disappeared behind the flimsy white curtains." *Barba* Giannis hurried to add:

"Meanwhile, there was no sign of Vassilis at all. Nobody knew where he and his new wife were. Rumors had it that a priest in Kardiani had wed them the night he eloped with Georgia and that they had then moved to Athens, to his brothers. Eleni's brothers threatened to kill him. They would seek him in the houses of his relatives, knocking on their doors. Eleni's brothers, simmering with anger, finally saw a time to act, when the big dance for the Carnival celebration was announced. Were you there at the dance?" Alekos only nodded, pressing his lips together while looking at the floor. Michalis, who was much younger at the time, wondered:

"Was it the dance that took place at the big *taverna* of Markara, where all the important festivities and celebrations took place?"

"Yes, it was right here, in the same space that today has been transformed into our *caffenio*", *Barba* Giannis replied. "It was an annual dance. Usually, both Eleni's and Vassilis' families attended. Strangely, that year no one else from the village was there, except for the two families, their friends and some villagers brave enough or burning with curiosity. The *taverna* was reserved for the two families.

The space was filled with many more tables and chairs than today, but didn't have the mosaic floor and the wooden lining on the walls. One family, Klamouras, sat on the right and the other, Filippoussis, on the left. The villagers that were in fact there had to choose sides at this great "festivity." Eventually, most of the village sided with one or the other family. They all knew that on this night there would be a serious clean-up of honour and pride."

“I was there.” Alekos said. “Katerina and Maria, who were close friends of the couple, wouldn’t join the dance, but Mathios, Yiannios and I we were there.

It was a cold February night, there was no moon that night. It was pitch-dark. Everything in the *taverna* was ready. The entrance was nicely decorated and the two big oil lamps were covered with colorful ribbons, as it was actually a celebration for the last day of the Carnival. The tables were laid with white tablecloths and vases with red carnations. At the time, the wooden lining on the walls were up to the height of the tables.

I had arrived early enough and I remember the owner, Markaras, asking the waiters to take matches to light up the two big, main oil lamps that would brighten up the space. At the time, there was no electricity in the village. Only petrol and gas were used as fuel. Soon, the band arrived and took its place next to the dance floor, which was over there by the corner,” Alekos said turning his head towards the corner and continued:

“Someone helped the lute-player to find his seat at the music stage. He was blind. It was Rokos from Smardakito. Everything was ready for the big festivity like every year, but nothing felt the same and nobody dared to express the fear of the unexpected things that could happen that day. Later on, Vassilis’ father arrived, joined by Vassilis’ brothers and sisters. They were the first villagers to arrive. They did not look around. They silently greeted me by moving their heads. They immediately went and sat at the tables at their reserved side of the room. A few more villagers arrived, among whom *Barba* Simos and Apergis, and soon about half of the *taverna* was filled up, as villagers were arriving in big groups, instead of one by one. Hesitantly, the musicians started to play.”

Alekos stopped and took a sip of *raki* before continuing: “The music was the only way to warm up the atmosphere and bring some life to the unbearable cold and chill atmosphere in the room. Then, Eleni’s family arrived. They were quite a large group. No one looked at each other, even when they sat down right opposite each other at the *taverna*. A little later, a smaller group arrived

and joined them. Even though everyone had found their places to sit, the room was still full of unspoken words, gestures and acts. They were holding back.

Vassilis' family had taken their seats in the *taverna*. It seemed as though the music was playing louder than usual. I was there, by Eleni's side, but I was sitting almost in the middle of the room, close to the door. I didn't have a good feeling at all for that day, but I wanted to stay. You were there *Barba* Gianni, I remember you, sitting close to Eleni's father." *Barba* Giannis scratched his tough skin behind his moustache and looking absorbed by his nostalgic memories, he responded:

"Hmmm, I still remember the first appetizers were served, followed by meatballs and garlic sauce and the wine and the bread. But nothing could warm up the chill in the air, not even the tantalizing smell of the food, or the music, or the lute that could arouse both the weak and the dead with its divine harmony. After many dances of *syrtó* and *zeimbekiko*, which each family danced separately, in the first early morning hours, when dancing and feasting could no longer hold back what each family was suppressing, Vassilis' father stood up and with two quick movements, threw a small wine glass and broke the two big lanterns that lighted up the room. Suddenly, it was dark in the room and we heard the first glasses breaking on the floor. After that, I do not remember anything. I could just feel that there was a war going on, throwing wineglasses from the one side of the room to the other.

Without seeing each other, but only hearing sounds of movement towards the opposite side of the room, we embarked on a fight that took place entirely in darkness. At one point, I felt something hitting my face and then I felt blood coming out of my left cheek. The door remained shut and there were pottery jars on the window ledges, making it impossible to escape. We could only hear the sound of wooden legs of the chairs hitting each other and crashing against faces, heads and hands and the sound of glasses smashing on the floor and the walls." *Barba* Giannis stopped. He looked overtaken by his memory. They all stayed silent for a few minutes and then Alekos continued:

“I was among the ones hiding beneath the tables. Only the sound of groans and sounds of pain made me realize that the darkness could easily veil extreme anger and even murder, as no one could see what was happening. No one knew who was actually fighting. Maybe it was a friend, a father, or a brother. This huge arena shattered the silence and forced it to bleed and groan in pain.”

“I had heard at the time that Vassilis had hit his father by mistake!” said Michalis with a tone of wonder in his voice.

“Well, they said that it was Vassilis, who managed to find his way out of this maze and reach the door, when he realized that a hand was holding the door closed. Out of his fierce and immense fear of what was actually happening in this room of hell, he struck this hand with all the strength he had left. A cry was heard and somebody fell in front of the door. They say that possibly it was his father’s hand. Any way, it is better to be hit by your own son in the darkness rather than your enemy,” Alekos said. “I remember that when the door flew open and fresh air entered the room, the smell of sweat, wine and blood became even more intense”.

“Crawling, I escaped and cried for help. It was then that the entire village started to gather around. They brought lanterns. They were all afraid of the invisible and silent anger that simmered beneath the surface. But they could not have predicted what would follow. As the lanterns lighted up the area, Vassilis' father was found lying in front of the entrance of the *taverna*. His hand was broken. This was the hand that Vassilis broke, trying to escape from the inferno. He had broken his father’s hand, which could be anyone’s hand in the darkness of the hell that he was experiencing,” Alekos said taking a deep breath in the end.

“Things like this are expected to happen,” Michalis said. “I had asked my father to take me with him, when we heard your cry for help, Alekos. In the big room of the *taverna*, there were only a few tables still left standing. There was blood everywhere. Blood mixed with the crushed white and red carnations on the floor. About ten men were lying on the floor with their faces bruised and their shirts covered in blood. Their hands and fingers were bleeding, their mouths were half

open and they were muttering. Sighs and groans escaped from their bruised lips. I still remember Manolis and Giannios lying down in this condition. Slowly, some of the others who had been hiding under the tables that were still standing started to come out. But even they had bleeding faces from the sharp glass shards of wine glasses, like *Barba* Giannis and Michalis.”

“No one escaped from the *taverna*’s arena that night, from the anger resulting from Eleni’s lost honor and the family’s lost pride that needed to be regained,” mumbled *Barba* Giannis.

“I called out that someone had to go to Petris’ house to call the police and a taxi -well, one of the three taxis available on the island-, in order to take Yiannios to the doctor at the port of the island,” Alekos yelled.

The memories had made them lose touch with reality and the three were deep into the story. “Only Petris had a telephone in the village. “A taxi for whom? To go where?” His wife asked me. She was shocked. Yiannios was more seriously injured than the others. He did not respond much to the people talking to him. He seemed to be struggling to stay awake. He was taken to the doctor in the port and he was transferred to the hospital in Syros the next day. The village priest had accompanied him, as people thought that he may need his last rites. The police arrived many hours later. By that time, the injured men had either gone home or to the island’s doctor. The police soon realized that there were no witnesses and that everything had happened in absolute darkness.”

Alekos seemed tired and as if he had nothing else to add in his narration. The silence of the village prevailed. Some of this damage stayed back, hidden in the darkness of the *taverna* that night and no one could blame anyone. Still, the memory of the event was carrying an ethical, communal load. *Barba* Giannis was the one to finish the story:

“The rumors had spread to every corner of Kampos, Xynara, Tarampos, and the whole island. The only person who remained silent and absent was Eleni. Only when the May sun reached the door of her family house, could she be seen at the threshold of her courtyard.”

Barba Giannis was still carrying the scar on his wrinkled face that he got on the day of the fight in the *taverna*, when a broken wine glass was thrown at him in the dark room. No one was to blame. Darkness had protected the whole village. Even though *Barba* Giannis had listened to, narrated, and recalled this story so many times in the past, he remained tense regarding the lost pride and the broken heart of his cousin. *Barba* Giannis stayed silent. He and his broader family were consumed by the loss of Eleni's honour and their family's pride that had been regained.

Alekos stayed contemplative and silent. He never got married, but when he was young and still today, he could never hide his admiration for Eleni. Over the years, he had managed to buy up a lot of land and in areas that "well-heeled," as the saying goes, villagers had land. None of the women that he so carefully and masterfully danced with had stolen his heart.

Barba Giannis turned to him and said wittingly: "Aaaa, I still remember Aleko how you danced with the ladies. *I admit you are a true lad, because of the way you would dance with the ladies.*"³⁷⁷

"*Eee, I do not like to clamp women when I dance a European dance with them, I can't stand these things,*"³⁷⁸ Alekos said in a low voice.

Suddenly, the door of the *caffenio* opened, awakening the three men from their dive into Eleni's story. It was Nikolas, Mathios' son who had come to buy some cigarettes. He greeted everyone inside and as he was leaving, he politely greeted a woman, who was coyly standing outside and hesitantly looked inside, as if she was looking for someone. Suddenly, *Barba* Giannis' face brightened. He stood up. Behind the glass door of the coffee shop, he recognized his cousin, Eleni.

³⁷⁷Interview 3, The good housewife, trans. from Greek for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: I was impressed by the enthusiasm and pride when describing the making of the property, the meaning of making and buying land, including the pride and awe for dancing well, showing respect to the woman. Kampos, January 10th, 2013, Appendix, pp. 90-91.

³⁷⁸*ibid.*

Eleni, after her unfortunate love story with Vassilis, had decided to leave the village and go and find work in Athens. She started working as a nanny in big and rich houses in Athens. Women from Tinos had, since long, a very good reputation for such work, because of their ability to take care of houses and bring up children. Her boss was a ship-owner and he had asked Eleni to accompany him and his family to England. Eleni's life suddenly changed considerably. She was soon married with a proper Englishman and she was living permanently in England. She only came back thirty years later and ever since, she had been visiting the village often to see her brothers and sister. That day, after visiting the family house, which now belonged to her sister, she had showed up at the *caffenio*, looking for her brothers.

The chairs made a loud scraping noise on the mosaic floor as Alekos, Michalis and *Barba* Giannis suddenly stood up, calling out her name. They looked as if they had just returned back to reality from being consumed in Eleni's story. Eleni, even in her late sixties, remained a beautiful woman. Even though all those years of living in London had changed her appearance quite a bit, as well as her attitude, no one in the village could call her a stranger, as her family and personal story still connected the village together.

Barba Giannis walked towards Eleni and hugged her tightly, trying to make sure that her English style hadn't changed their relationship after so many years. After staring at each other for what seemed an endless minute and making sure that the only changes in their faces came from the passing of time, Alekos approached to greet Eleni, as well. She looked surprised and touched.

"How are you my cousin? It has been a long time since I last saw you. It's been already two or three years since I last came, right?" Eleni said, hugging her cousin tenderly.

"It has been a long time ago, but you haven't changed at all, you are always beautiful Eleni", her cousin said looking in her eyes.

“I am looking for my brothers. I didn’t tell them which day I would arrive. I wasn’t certain how long I would stay in Athens. Have you seen them?” she asked him. Behind his shoulder, she recognized Alekos, who was waiting for the right time to approach even closer and greet her.

“How are you Alekos? It is so nice to see you all here this afternoon.” Eleni exclaimed extending her hand towards Alekos. Alekos didn’t hesitate a further second and grabbed her hand to greet her warmly.

“Welcome, Eleni. I am so glad to see you!” he said.

“Eleni, let me accompany you home. It is a good opportunity to meet all your family”, *Barba* Giannis said.

As they were ready to leave, the door opened and Manolis, Vassilis’ brother, got in. At first, they did not recognize him, because his face was hidden by cast shadows and the glare of the sun behind him. He openly greeted everyone, but little by little he seemed to remember and connect faces with the story of the past. After that big fight many years ago, Vassilis did not stay on the island. He moved to Athens. He came back from time to time for holidays, but always stayed in an area of the island far from the village, on the coastline, where he had built a house on a piece of land that he had inherited from his mother. This way, he and his wife were able to escape the social stigma connected with what they had done, even though the story remained alive in the older villagers’ minds. Manolis immediately turned to Agni, the shop owner, Nikiforos’ wife, who was sitting still and silent all this time, and asked her for cigarettes. He knew quite well that the shame was no longer as strong as it was in the beginning, but it was something that could never end between the two families, and he looked as if he had accepted that.

For a few seconds, it seemed like a current of cold air had entered the room. Everyone froze. Again, Eleni was the protagonist, who would set the pace of their reactions according to her emotions, even though so many years had gone by. Eleni greeted him decisively and politely and looked at him steadily straight in the eyes. She left the *caffenio* together with her cousin, who

remained silent, and called out a general farewell to all. Even though many years had gone by - in fact, more than 40 years -, the pain for the lost honor of beautiful Eleni and the family's loss of pride was something that nobody had forgotten.

Interpretation

This fictional narrative explores specific types of boundaries, such as those between men and women, but also the social and ethical boundaries of a community. This is a historical account of the role each sex plays in village life, as well as how the ethical behavior of the villagers affects these roles and how this can lead to an emotional response, when this behavior is called into question. This story examines the woman's role in the family, the role of the woman within the couple, and the role of the woman in relationship to the village as an entity.

The historical role of the woman in the village

Since the 17th century, women in Tinos have historically been known to be very capable in the care of the house, the farm, and the production of silk. They knitted silk socks renowned worldwide, they were also known by Europeans and Greeks in Istanbul, Smirni and Thessaloniki as skillful maidservants.³⁷⁹ As reported in the 19th century, Tinian women were dressed in the Venetian style and they applied rouge or face powder to their faces. They had the reputation of being the most beautiful women of the islands, especially those from the villages. They shared this reputation with those from the island of Sifnos.³⁸⁰ After the 19th century, though, because of the significant migration flows, women had to take on the equally hard role, together with the men, to farm the barren earth. Women of Kampos specifically had migrated and work as maids in rich homes abroad (especially Istanbul), to contribute to the household's finance. This happened in other villages as well, depending on their location and the connection of the villagers to their

³⁷⁹ Ekaterini N. Sarafi, *Τήνος, Χάρτες - Ενδυμασίες*, p.228, quoting *Voyages in Sicely, in Grand Greece and the East* by M. Le Baron De Riedesel, Paris 1802.

³⁸⁰ *Ibid.*, p.224 - 232, *The Letters of John B.S. Morris of Brokery, London 1914, Voyages in Ottoman Empire, in Egypt and Persia* by G.A Olivier, Paris 1801, *Voyages in Sicely, in Grand Greece and the East* by M. Le Baron De Riedesel, (Paris 1802), Renata Lavagnini, *Villoison in Greece, travel notebook (1784-1786)*, Palermo 1974, *Journal, Tour in the Levant*, William Turner, Esq., London 1820.

land and cultivation. In such cases, the man had to stay and farm his land to be able to provide goods for his family. This was especially the case in villages at the centre and south part of the island. At the north part of the island, men were sailors or craftsmen working on marble and the women had to stay and organize the household. This is why women at the centre and south part of the island were regarded as more sophisticated than those at the north, considering that they bore all this cultural inheritance in household, cooking and dressing from the places where they had travelled and worked.³⁸¹

Woman and her courtyard - the role of the woman in the village

In the beginning of the story, Eleni as a woman appears totally protected by her family, abiding by the principles of the family, in relation to the social world. This situation changed when she got engaged and again was under the protection of a man. Of course, today, this is not the case with young women in the village. However, even today, one of the most important qualities for a woman in the village is to be a 'good' and 'hard-working' housewife;

The woman is the one that will take care of the house and clean all indoor and outdoor areas, including the public street passing in front of her gate. She will clean and organize the house, she will support the maintenance of the house and will present a spotless image of the house on the days of village festivals, when houses open up to host the village community.

Similar words are used for praising a man, too, who should be a 'provider' and a 'hard worker.' "Men, though attached to specific domestic units, always have some public role, and this grip on the public domain makes them socially dominant."³⁸² Moreover, the man is the representative of the family in village society

³⁸¹Interview by researcher Kostas Danousis, September 9th, 2016. The original interview is submitted electronically in a USB stick.

³⁸² Muriel Dimen, "Servant and Sentries: Women, Power and Social Reproduction in Kriovrisi", in Jill Dubisch (ed.), *Gender and Power in Rural Greece*, (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1986), p.58.

and this is why Eleni's brothers bear all the responsibility to compensate any way they can the ethical abuse against their sisters.

*"The man is not involved with the housework. This is not a question of sharing the work, but one complements the other in order to complete all the tasks," says Marcos. "In the morning, we wake up together to drink coffee with my husband and we were going in the field to milk the cows. Then, I return home to cook and do the housework, including feed my pigs, the rabbits and the chickens. At noon, we eat together and then I have my siesta. In the afternoon, we go together to milk the cows, the same routine every day, and then when we finish, I return home to wash," says Antonia, the wife of Marcos.*³⁸³

Both men and women are responsible for managing the economy of the household and the family and this is a situation, which lasts even today, although the contemporary way of living may require that the woman now has a job, instead of staying in the household. However, as Dubisch states "even women's domestic roles are in a sense "public" since upon their performance rests in part at least, the reputation of the family."³⁸⁴ Women mediate between the inside and outside as men do, but to a lesser extent than men. Most of the times men are expected to provide women passage into the public world, as she also claims.³⁸⁵

Through the story's descriptions, one can acknowledge what Salamone and Stanton write about women being indispensable to the economic organization of the *nikokyrio* and that women's social prestige, like that of their husband's, rests on the public recognition of the household's success.³⁸⁶ I believe that women, as Dimen claims, act "as the agents of the domestic domain", resting on the threshold of public and private.³⁸⁷ They have a contradictory position in the public world. In the public world, they are split internally, and they express an ambivalent attitude. Also, "although they are overtly resentful of their restriction to the domestic

³⁸³ Interview by Marcos and Antonia Filippoussis, Kampos, January 8th, 2013, trans. for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali, Appendix, pp. 89-90.

³⁸⁴ Jill Dubisch, "Foreign Chickens" and Other Outsiders', p.276.

³⁸⁵ Ibid., p. 277.

³⁸⁶ S. D. Salamone and J.B. Stanton, "Introducing the Nikokyra," p.98.

³⁸⁷ Muriel Dimen, "Servant and Sentries," p.57.

sphere, and of their limited access to the power and self-esteem available from the economic and political worlds, they are nevertheless proud of their ability to keep households orderly and to do so alone.”³⁸⁸

On the other hand, as Dimen states, “the role of the woman in the household though privatized may also bear on public life in the form of articulating the private and public spheres.”³⁸⁹ In a further extent “by working alone, and by feeling both proud of doing so and lonely while doing it, women symbolize, as social figures, communicate, as social participants and recreate, as social actors, the social and economic isolation of the household itself.”³⁹⁰

This is what extends beyond the doorsill and the yard of the home and seems to be based on the collaboration within the couple and the bond through their common ownership of the house. The boundaries between man and woman are actually intermingled through the need for the good management of the household. The good management is necessarily functional and based on their collaboration. In general, Greek culture sustains the roles of “husband and a wife found in a relation of ideal equality and complementarity, their participation organised in sex-specific spheres of activity.”³⁹¹

Man at the *caffenio* - the role of man in the village

However, the man’s role is mostly connected to the broader landscape of the village through his continuous presence and work in the fields. Any limit seems to be determined mainly on the basis of the social role and muscular strength, which their physicality defines, however for the image of the house in the public realm,

³⁸⁸ Ibid., p.57.

³⁸⁹ Ibid., p.53.

³⁹⁰ Ibid., p.61.

³⁹¹ Peter Loizos and Euthymios Papataxiarchis, “Gender and Kinship in Marriage and Alternative Contexts”, p.8.

they both have to work hard. This is true, even though as Dimen explains, the woman's job is also "to make every effort to ensure that within these boundaries, if nowhere else, the husband and father has control."³⁹²

The space of the *caffenio* becomes the arena, where man through "acting and speaking, show who they are, reveal actively their unique personal identities and thus make their appearance in the human world, while their physical identities appear without any activity of their own in the unique shape of the body and sound of the voice,"³⁹³ as Arendt writes about the disclosure of an agent in speech and action. "Without the disclosure of the agent in the act, action loses its specific character and becomes one form of achievement among others."³⁹⁴

Most actions and speech according to Arendt are connected with an "in-between" situation/ space, something that varies in different groups of people "so that most words and deeds are about some worldly objective reality in addition to being a disclosure of the acting and speaking agent."³⁹⁵ There is an in-between space, where words and deeds are revealed. This connects and binds people together. This is what the space of the *caffenio* allows for, when this speech and these deeds refer to the farming, political, social or religious life of the village. As Arendt also reports in reference to that is that "for all its intangibility, this in-between is no less real than the world of things we visibly have in common."³⁹⁶ This refers to a life together, a life where communal areas are allowing a communal way of living and language, through which this world is communally understood. "The realm of human affairs, strictly speaking, consists of the web of human relationships which exists wherever men live together,"³⁹⁷ as Arendt also states, something which is sustained in the village of Kampos deriving through a variety of human relationships. According to Arendt, "the stories, the results of actions and speech, reveal an agent, but this agent is not an author or producer.

³⁹² Muriel Dimen, "Servant and Sentries," p.63.

³⁹³ Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, p. 179.

³⁹⁴ *Ibid.*, p.180.

³⁹⁵ *Ibid.*, p.182.

³⁹⁶ *Ibid.*, p.183.

³⁹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 184.

Somebody began it and is its subject in the twofold sense of the world, namely, its actor and suffered, but nobody its author.”³⁹⁸

On the other hand, as Ricoeur explains, “now accounts of life only take on meaning through an exchange of memories, plans and experiences. The human being has been described as “tangled up in tales”. It is this entanglement that is called narrative”³⁹⁹ and this is a physical habitual act so commonly expressed in the village’s daily life that commonly takes place in the space of the *caffenio*. Additionally to the above, as Langellier and Peterson state, “the simple act of saying “let me tell you a story” establishes a communication relationship that constitutes the speaker as a storyteller and the listener as audience.”⁴⁰⁰ There is a “storytelling performance”, which “conceptualizes narrative as act, event, and discourse.”⁴⁰¹ The coffeehouse of the village becomes a place where the villagers perform narrative. I couldn’t agree more with Langellier and Peterson when saying that storytelling is an essential part of daily life. Audiences, storytellers and narrative create an import stage of communication and study.⁴⁰² Additionally, they explain that “the term performing narrative incorporates both performance and performativity.” This is a moment of experience, of negotiating the acting (telling and listening to stories) and the story of experience, of learning something about oneself and the world.⁴⁰³ The narrative of Vassilis and Eleni is so compelling that nowadays the villagers of Kampos still act and perform this story from time to time. The story of Eleni and Vassilis immediately establishes a connection between the men in the village’s *caffenio*.

³⁹⁸ Ibid., p. 184.

³⁹⁹ Paul Ricoeur, *Architecture and Narrative*, 19th Triennale di Milano, Identita - differenze, exh. cat. (1996), p. 65.

⁴⁰⁰ Kristin Langellier and Eric, Peterson, *Storytelling in Daily Life: Performing Narrative*, (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 2004), p.1.

⁴⁰¹ Ibid., p.3.

⁴⁰² Ibid., p.1.

⁴⁰³ Ibid., p.3.

The roles of men and women in the story

Wealth in the village of Kampos, rather than being regarded as a collusion of money at the bank, is mostly seen in terms of land ownership and production and the number of animals' ownership. However, even if the villagers -especially in the past- knew who is the wealthiest in the village, to know whom to ask for money in case of an emergency, they were all considered equal in terms of their social role in the village.

On the other hand, in terms of the women and men's roles, we see based on this fiction that a man would request a well-endowed dowry to marry the woman, particularly in the past: Vassilis asks for a dowry in order to marry Eleni. Eleni builds up her dowry and status at the same time both with her movable and immovable property. Of course we see from the fiction's text that apart from the property, which is important, there are several elements that compose the status of a woman in Kampos. The status of her family and her family's property as well, her character, particularly her capability with the housework and cooking, including the image and status of the village where she is coming from in case she is not from Kampos. The above do not reflect current circumstances in the village of Kampos with regard to a woman getting married, but they still remain important elements for her status in the village life.

The fact that Vassilis had given his "word" to Eleni (that he would marry her) and then he left her for another woman, breaks all the social and ethical rules of the village. The verbal rules are based on honor and family pride. This is not limited to the families of both Eleni and Vassilis. It includes the entire village. There are two issues that are faced by the village in respect to Eleni but also the village community itself. This is honour and shame as "social evaluations and this participate of the nature of social sanctions, the more monolithic the jury, the more trenchant the judgment. Honor and shame are two poles of an evaluation. They are the reflection of the social personality in the mirror of social ideals,"⁴⁰⁴ as Peristiany explains.

In order to face this difficult situation and Eleni's grief, the family finds security in their home. They have to respond not only to both an ethical and a social situation, but also to the emotional turmoil that Eleni is

⁴⁰⁴ J.G. Peristiany, Introduction, in J.G. Peristiany, (ed.), *Honour and Shame, The Values of Mediterranean Society*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1966), p.9.

experiencing. They knew quite well that, as Dimen explains, the domestic scene would be therefore the locus of a process from where they would reproduce the social relations. "As such, this re-creative process structures the relationship of people to each other, to material objects, and to values and ideas, and it informs the way people communicate to one another about the social structure itself."⁴⁰⁵

The boundary of darkness

Within the cyclical, farming life at the village of Kampos, Eleni's and Vassilis' love story unhides the boundary between reality and the local imaginative elves. Most of the time elves appeared in the village boundaries in the countryside, when affairs and other illegal actions were taking place. *Barba* Giannis' comment reveals that *ageloudes* and elves on the boundaries of the village, in the darkness of the night had an important social role: to cover and protect the social and ethical consistency of the village against affairs and illegal action, which took place at the boundaries of the village. *Ageloudes* and elves managed to keep the villagers away from the village boundaries in the darkness of the night. The imaginary demons were called on to hide the cunning and cheating behaviors that people often display.

On the other hand, the night of the Carnival festival, most of the villagers avoid joining the event at the *taverna*, except for those who want to support one of the two families and fight. Those who know that there will be a fight, prefer to stay absent from this "festivity." The villagers therefore demonstrate an absence of the collective. They are making a statement.

That night when the villagers are gathering at the *taverna* they appear without their masks. There is food, drink and the rumors of an unethical love story, a love affair, the shame of the family, a betrayed woman, the shame of another family from another village, all these are becoming a common affair for the village. In the space of the *taverna*, this is getting resolved initially into drunkenness, an issue not in accordance with the ethical rules of the village and the family life. Soon the drunkenness leads to darkness in the space

⁴⁰⁵ Muriel Dimen, "Servant and Sentries," p.59.

when someone breaks the lamps, something that will hide their faces, as a Carnival masque. The fight takes place after the lamp is broken and after the room plunges into darkness. Some villagers are hiding under the tables, some other are fighting the lack of ethos in the village in darkness; they do not know who they fight against. There are scenes where someone wouldn't know if he should weep or laugh.⁴⁰⁶ The scenes lead to a broken hand, this which holds the door closed, then to scenes of injured men laying on the floor of the space, one of them seriously injured with his senses lost. There must be the "death" in order for the village to live again.⁴⁰⁷

The village pride and community is protected by the darkness because no one knows who they are fighting against. In the darkness no one risked a lethal blow since such a blow could be directed to a family member, the father, the brother or a fellow villager. Without light, forms of reconciliation are allowed and a possible solution. The darkness is a safe place for the pride of both families as this pride is protected. The hand of Vassilis' father is injured by Vassilis. This becomes tolerable under the cloak of darkness. It wouldn't be tolerable if the hand of Vassilis' father were injured by another villager. The darkness rescues the dignity of each family while at the same time it imposes a loss of memory and an absence of witnesses. Even one of the men on stage, the musician, is blind. This social act cannot be reported and this is why it cannot be evaluated since there is a collective absence from the event.

As very accurately cited by Ricoeur, "what Hannah Arendt calls the "public space of appearance" is not just a metaphorical space of exchanged words but a material and terrestrial space. Conversely, whether it is space of fixation or circulation, the constructed space consists of a system of rituals for the major interactions of life"⁴⁰⁸ and in our case this becomes the local *taverna*, the street outside the *taverna*, and also all the surrounding spaces connected with this explosion of destroyed honor and shame for the woman and her family.

⁴⁰⁶ Mikhael M. Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination*, pp.197 - 198.

⁴⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, pp.197- 200.

⁴⁰⁸ Paul Ricoeur, *Architecture and Narrative*, p. 66.

In the ritual for the attendance at the Carnival's festivity in the taverna everything has a meaning, the dance of the participants, the drunkenness, the darkness, the locked door, the smell of the mixture of wine and blood in the air, the villager who seriously injured is getting closer to death. The village serves as "the locus of action,"⁴⁰⁹ as Bakhtin describes in similar cases, "places where crisis events occur, the falls, resurrections, renewals, epiphanies, decisions that determine the whole life of a man."⁴¹⁰

Boundaries among households - the possession of honor and pride

Apart from the boundaries in the fields, land, water air, boundaries in between the households also becomes apparent. According to Arendt, the boundaries of the private property set up limitations among each household, they are also territorial boundaries, which reflect a "political situation' made out of laws, which protect it and create stability in the everyday life's human affairs "because such limiting and protecting principles rise out of the activities going on in the realm of human affairs itself."⁴¹¹

Arendt, talking about the ancient city, mentions the importance of the boundaries between the one household and another. "The law originally was identified with the boundary line, which in ancient times was still actually a space, a kind of no man's land between the private and the public, sheltering and protecting both realms while, at the same time, separating them from each other,"⁴¹² relevant to what she refers to is the Greek word for law, *nomos*, which derives from *nemein*, which means to distribute, to possess (what has been distributed), and to dwell.⁴¹³

⁴⁰⁹ Mikhael M. Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination*, p.247.

⁴¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p.248.

⁴¹¹ Hannah Arendt, *The Human Condition*, p. 191.

⁴¹² *Ibid.*, p. 63.

⁴¹³ *Ibid.* (Footnote 62).

I believe that in the case of Kampos as in the village of Ambeli in Euboea according to du Boulay, among the different families there, the struggle for reputation and stability of the good family status largely exists, eventually “the evaluation of human nature and the perfect village society” as it is comprehended by them, results in the value system of honour and shame and the definition of its ideal roles.⁴¹⁴ This reputation is mostly built on property and possession, which comes out in a different way between the man and woman in marriage. So far, “the nature of ‘property’ seems to be a category “which is “essentially dynamic”, as Hirschon states. “Its form depends on a combination of interacting forces, political, legal as well as economic and cultural and these change through time.”⁴¹⁵ However, this particular fictional narrative includes the idea of dowry as property as well. As investigated by Hirschon, specifically till the recent past, dowry property in Greece was given to the wife in “the custodianship of her husband in accordance with her subordinate status in the family.” As she also explains, feminists in Greece have reacted to the situation as being demeaning to women, since women appear as having no right to control their property, reflecting at the same time the inequality of Greek gender relations.⁴¹⁶ In the case of Kampos, this reflects a situation in the past, which however still takes place in the experience of the old villagers of Kampos. At the same time, this Greek archetype in the village of Kampos and other villages at the central south part of the island is followed by a historical figure of the woman, who travels and brings money to the family from abroad, where she used to work as a housewife. So, still women in Kampos bear an historical archetype, which empowers them. This is also evident in the case of Eleni who changes her life responding to a job in Athens and then in London.

However, the idea of the property is revealed here through a social dimension. I will agree with Whitehead in seeing property only a relation between people and things, but also “a relation between people and

⁴¹⁴ Juliet du Boulay, *Portrait of a Greek Mountain Village*, p.169.

⁴¹⁵ Renée Hirschon (ed.), *Women and Property - Women as Property*, (London & Canberra: Croom Helm, New York: St. Martin's Press, 1984), p.6.

⁴¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p.12.

people - a social relation, or a set of social relations.”⁴¹⁷ Whitehead’s argument on “the concept of property in the sense of the relation of person to things itself takes historically specific forms.” I will also agree with her for the case in Kampos that “once the person-thing (subject-object) relation becomes embedded in concrete social relations”, “many ideological factors operate to give de facto inequality in the genders’ capacity to act in relation to material things.”⁴¹⁸

Through the narration of Eleni’s love story, storytelling appears as socially and culturally reflexive. Storytelling appears as not a natural form of communication but again as a habitual and habituating practice.⁴¹⁹ During the narration, there are a series of boundaries negotiated between the role of man and woman in the village.

For Eleni’s family, it was a badge of honor to prove that they put up a fight to regain Eleni’s lost honor and restore pride in the family name. Both families were well aware that pride represented the ethics of honor of the entire community. At this stage, they are enriched by the principles and the role of the family too. “The concept of public prestige, as realized through the idea of *nikokyrio*, is no longer applied exclusively to males, thereby affirming the real influence of women in village life and the fact that women too gain public prestige which is often equal too, and sometimes greater than, that of her husband’s,” as Salamone and Stanton claim.⁴²⁰ Important issues of shame and honor appear on the stage of the local *taverna*, so that these issues can be resolved, in a way, though, that again will protect the dignity of each family. The villagers, as members of a community, participate in an ethical and social restitution, as well as the emotional grief of one of its members.

⁴¹⁷ Anne Whitehead, “Men and Women; Kinship and property: Some general issues”, in Renée Hirschon (ed.), *Women and Property - Women as Property*, (London & Canberra: Croom Helm, New York: St. Martin’s Press, 1984), p. 176.

⁴¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 191.

⁴¹⁹ Kristin Langellier and Eric Peterson, *Storytelling in Daily Life: Performing Narrative*, (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 2004), p.4.

⁴²⁰ S. D. Salamone and J.B. Stanton, “Introducing the Nikokyra,” p.98.

The villagers of Kampos participate also in a type of a performance through storytelling. As cited by Kristin Langellier - in reference to Walter Benjamin's (1969) writings: another aspect of storytelling is as performance. A type of performance that "involves a two-step process of "taking" and then "making" experience for someone, first as an embodied listener at work in the world, the storyteller takes her or his consciousness for the audience."⁴²¹ Even though many years have gone by, both families and the village community as a whole possess and are possessed by the story.

⁴²¹Kristin Langellier and Eric Peterson, *Storytelling in Daily Life*, p.3



Mandolis' house

Barba Gianni's house

Nikiforos' *caffenio* / Markaras' *taverna*

Choretra

Michalis' house

Eleni's family house / Fragiska's house

Narrator's route to Nikiforos' *caffenio*

Alekos' house

Vassilis' family house

Epilogue

Land, water, air, the fire of conflict in the village community of Kampos, the love stories, the communal against the “foreign”, all become agencies of dwelling and ownership through spatial, bodily, ethical, social and emotional boundaries. Boundaries in the village are not always clear, even though they are described in contracts and written text. Boundaries in land, water and air appear flexible and porous. However, order is rooted deep in religion and the hierarchies, as taught by Catholicism, in the hierarchy of the life of the animals with the life of the villagers, but also in the human relationships that consist in a process of survival and achieving a self-sustained life. Why do boundaries of properties still remain unclear in most cases, despite the contract’s written text? Why do they create conflict and situations of hostility? Is the ambiguity of boundaries an issue when it comes to the sense of ownership? What does property means as a concept that binds and weaves this community together? These are the questions that initially I was trying to answer during this research.

In this research, liminality and liminal space is defined as the space of a boundary that exists between two different pieces of land, two periods for the use of water or air use, or between private, communal and public spaces. Generally, liminality and liminal space is commonly described based on the anthropological connotation “as the transitional threshold between two fixed states in cultural rites of passage,”⁴²² but also it can be defined “between two dissimilar spaces in architecture,”⁴²³ as Troy Zimmerman writes in his thesis, who also claims that “the characteristics that define liminal space include layering, dissolution, blurring, and ambiguity and have the ability to transform the occupant of that space as they move through it. Liminal space in this thesis can be also defined as a transitional threshold between dissimilar spaces or situations. The experience of liminal space poses a discontinuity and leads the occupant to question their

⁴²² Patrick Troy Zimmerman, "Liminal Space in Architecture: Threshold and Transition," Master's Thesis, University of Tennessee, 2008. http://trace.tennessee.edu/utk_gradthes/453

⁴²³ Ibid.

surroundings, thus leading to heightened awareness of the space as a transformative threshold between distinct spaces.”⁴²⁴

In this thesis, as already explained in the Reading Instructions, the term liminality and liminal space inherently has the characteristics and connotations attributed to liminal spaces in architecture, if we also add the feature of negotiation, which may imply communication, conflict or agreement, including a metaphor of what this space can signify in different situations of villagers’ or people’s everyday life.

The situation in the village of Kampos is of a great importance to me. This importance stems from the fact that nowadays architects, planners and designers are directed towards new contemporary sustainable ways of living, which are searching for things outside the human way of living, outside of the complexity of architecture, with things connected with social life, spatial qualities and the environment. Meanwhile, private and governmental establishment of ownership/property make boundaries appear stiff as elements of division and autonomy. Do we actually know how it is to be living together with a broader understanding of the role of architecture and the environment? Is there a “language” or a narrative to share?

The core of the village of Kampos surrounded by the gardens and fields, by the property of the farmers and breeders who inhabit it, is also surrounded by dry hills, springs and cultivations. Kampos’ landscape is a striking example of how human beings, architecture and environment negotiate their boundaries, daily creating liminal spaces based on villagers’ property in terms of land, water, private and communal goods, and thus reflecting their permanence in a place. In this way, they are engaged in a constant dialogue, a discourse through negotiation, but also a communal language among them that makes order and dwelling constant, rooted and alive through space and time. Despite our contemporary and highly technological way of living, this way of life and spatial understanding in the village, continuing the same habits and patterns of the past, still contributes to a balanced lifestyle in terms of physiology and psyche both in the private and

⁴²⁴ Ibid.

the public realm. The way of living in Kampos could be a response to some of the prejudices and difficulties that affect many other cultures in our globalized world.

a. Summary of the findings on a topography's metamorphosis

In Kampos, the topography of the village is shaped by place and time, through seasonal changes, family life, farming, communal and religious life. The village has a leaf/vein structure, with one main street and branching alleys that lead out to the fields. Movement to the fields, to the animals and gardens, movement to the church establish different hierarchies in village life. One can also imagine "hierarchy", emanating from the church and religion, from the animals, from farming, from the family. There is a constant metamorphosis of the village life through the aforementioned hierarchies. This happens in respect to places as established by boundaries of communal, private properties and time schedules. All this reveals how there is a kind of order in chaos, as it is outlined in the "summary of Kampos' topography in terms of place and time."

There is a structure of measures, relationships and distinctions, always in dialogue with the relentless continuity of earth, sky and seasons. Within the economy of possibilities, these possibilities are propitious for activities, largely understood through necessity, habit and custom. This structure of metamorphosis and concreteness in the village comes into words through narrative and metaphor.

Contracts, testaments and *legata*, connected to the island's land and water ownership and composed of a set of norms, rules, principles, and values, were part of a distinctive manner of imagining reality, of perceiving and interpreting the local topography, an initial formal form of a local narrative. Starting interviewing the locals with the intention to gather as much information about the village life, listening to their narratives, gossips and rumours in the village, I became aware that there was a different understanding and metaphor of what life is in this set of topography. I first realized what Pérez-Gómez states, i.e. that "the qualities of place were always enacted through myths: oral, ever transforming stories that were deeply shared by the people and intertwined with the landscape."⁴²⁵ Through the same process, as Pérez-Gómez

⁴²⁵ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Attunement*, p.115.

also mentions, I further realized that “we may easily grasp, however, that the “in between” ourselves and the world’s objects, coemerging in the action that is perception, i.e., consciousness, is itself not something object like (geometrical), but is also not nothing.”⁴²⁶

The interviews and stories constructed by the villagers were rich in metaphors. My personal experience of the village world eventually led to my own metaphor, too. Architecture helps us share a social communal context, this social context started to unfold through the villagers’ narratives. I imitated their story-telling, creating fictional narratives out of their stories, their spaces, their life with animals, the life they have together. However, I worked based on an imaginary plot. I therefore followed Ricoeur’s argument about how words in a sentence can reveal a discourse in the world, giving to the language the function of making images.⁴²⁷ “Unless we go back to the world, space cannot be conceived,” as Heidegger states.⁴²⁸ The space and topography of Kampos is conceived in this thesis through the stories of the everyday interactions of the villagers, their connection with religion, rites of passage and the imaginary, their conflicts and agreements.

b. Summary of the findings - liminality and the village’s metamorphosis

At the village well, the women chat while washing their carpets and heavy fabrics. The walls within the village structure are creating ambiguities about their communal or private use. Also, there is vagueness regarding the boundaries of the water use at the other edge of the village especially when a foreigner tries to interpret what the other villagers have as a communal language and understanding of how the water flow is shared and agreed through their contracts. In the darkness of the night after the wedding celebration, at the south boundaries of the village, Iosif causes water to flood the gardens and orchards and animals to

⁴²⁶ibid., p.108.

⁴²⁷ Paul Ricoeur, *The Rule of Metaphor, The creation of meaning in language*, translated by Robert Czerny, Kathleen McLaughlin and John Costello SJ, (London and New York: Routledge Classics, 2003), p. 213.

⁴²⁸ Martin Heidegger, *Sein und Zeit*, Section 24, quoted in Edward S. Casey, *The Fate of Place, a Philosophical History*, (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1997), p. 255.

drown with the accident that he purposefully provokes by tampering with the system of distributing the water of the spring.

The lack of a communal metaphor and interpretation for the new museum in the village structure creates another liminal space, which villagers and “foreigners” are trying to bridge through the ritual of preparing for the big opening of the new museum. The foreign space, *xenos*, the foreigner, “the stranger” as Ardener describes “is identified and closely controlled, thereby, indicating that this ‘public’ form is in some respects a ‘private’ zone,” a communal zone in the case of Kampos.⁴²⁹ This story sheds light to the hierarchies that the Catholic church establishes related to the sale of its land and the authority that it offers to the villagers even nowadays in continuity from its past.

Cleanliness helps to shape liminal spaces for the social and religious events in the village. In the local festival of Holy Trinity, the conflict of Mathios and Panagiotis because of their land’s misinterpreted boundaries cannot stop their coexistence and sharing of food at the festive table. That day, when the role of man and woman intermingle with regard of the good image of the house, the meal they offer as an open house in the village which hosts this celebration, also the house itself in-between the public and private realm, becomes a liminal space. For the Russians, it becomes the place where conflict will appear in order to give space to an unspoken argument; similarly for the locals it will become the liminal space where an old conflict will appear but in order to be reconciled. There is a different metaphor in villagers’ perception of what this meal stands for. It also reveals a liminal space between the role of the woman and man, considering that in this case the woman, as a good *nikokyra*, asserts the good social image of the house equally with the man. Internet becomes another tool for the presentation of the social festive life of the village and the good image of the family’s open house.

The same is true during the festival of honey, where no one can escape the honey’s stickiness. The use of the new *plateia*’s air bears a communal meaning and interpretation for the villagers’ lives, but not for the

⁴²⁹Shirley Ardener, “Ground Rules and Social Maps for Women,” p.13.

young entrepreneur and her family. The attributes of honey reveal the metaphor of what the *plateia* stands for the villagers' lives. It can connect and bind together the village community, though sometimes in a "sticky/ unpleasant" way, in the eyes of the young and contemporary ones.

Storytelling during the meal after *chirosfagia* creates metaphors and an interpretation of phenomena and locations around the village that is against the real world. Nikolas faces this conflict of reality with the imaginary world through the overscaled White Cow and Man that he meets at midnight at the boundaries of the village. A precursor of death is the communal metaphor of this incident that binds the village together on a liminal space in-between reality, tradition and imagination. Although technology and Internet are there to help the young farmers check the weather and animal's illnesses, however sometimes the past and the local tradition create through storytelling a different space, where these two different situations coexist.

Another conflict on land boundaries among brothers and sisters, among villagers in competition, create on the evening of *Kantos* and the following days a liminal space of negotiation where land ownership has different meanings and interpretation for each situation. A communal interpretation for their lands and property is created when a "foreigner" appears to threaten this land as liminal space. Land is being negotiated, working as a passage and a network within the farming landscape.

On the other hand, the lack of un-permeable boundaries is causing the loss of Tassos' young cow because of theft. The concept of loss can be interpreted in different ways, whether this is a loss because of theft or because of natural causes or slaughter as part of the breeding procedure and the family's survival. At the same time, on the day of *Mera ton Psychon*, the villagers are creating a liminal space between life and death, offering treats in the memory and to the forgiveness of their decedents.

Women and men have always had their respective roles in upholding the economy and the social image of their house as compared to other families. The day that beautiful Eleni loses the love of Vassilis, conflict, which ingrains the whole village, arises between their families. The *taverna* for the Carnival's festivity becomes another liminal space for the conflict to emerge, break loose and be negotiated. Violence, like everything unethical and disloyal, must have no witness, so darkness becomes an attribute of this space. It

has always been the case that village boundaries at night were a liminal space for concealing cases of conflict and illegitimate love affairs in the darkness. *Ageloudes* and elves serve as metaphors for unethical acts at the boundaries of the village.

c. Summary of the findings - Kampos through habit and metaphor

Life in Kampos is defined by a constant movement of the villagers according to daily, weekly and annual schedules. These are related to the social and religious life, the care and good economy of the house, farming life and the care of the life of the animals such as cows, pigs and sheep. Kampos is a village that still has professional livestock farmers and most of its inhabitants have animals, something that affects a lot the villagers' participation in social event outside the village core, considering that the daily schedule of the animals keep them anchored to their village. All these actions, which take place in the village core, the farmlands and surrounding landscape, are repetitive on a daily, weekly or annual basis. There is order and habits that sustain village life, which sharpens the villager's perception about their relationships and the environment.

As Pérez-Gómez suggests, inhabitation derives from our bodies' habitual interaction with the environment.

"The reflective subject emerges from the pre reflective realm; *it is a function of speech, of natural language.*"⁴³⁰

Furthermore, "actions become habits," "habits are not like mechanical reflexes; habits and agency imply plasticity for humans,"⁴³¹ action and habits become traces and traces preserve histories of previous lives which enhance design through their richness, they acts as testimonies in the present life which are also allowing and preparing the space for a "meaningful regionalism."⁴³²

⁴³⁰ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Attunement*, p.160.

⁴³¹ *Ibid.*, p.158.

⁴³² *Ibid.*, p.193.

The eight fictional narratives of this thesis, created based on real and unreal stories through an imaginary plot, initially revealed to me as an architect another tool to better understand and explore the idea of a “meaningful regionalism” as described above, including as another aspect of dwelling through the traces and habits created by language. Stories are connecting language with the mimetic action, the habit, which again connect our bodily and mental experience with the environment, but also place and space. As I have already mentioned in the beginning of this thesis, according to Crossley “language affords us a grasp upon the world by condensing and mapping it,”⁴³³ while the stories of the villagers and the fictional stories that follow allow us to grasp and understand the space of Kampos and perceive its realities. With reference to Merleau-Ponty, he also expresses how the language of a social group reflects communal adopted emotional attitudes towards the world and a way of living. Learning their language is therefore entering “the collective symbolic milieu of the group,”⁴³⁴ entering their perception of space and village life.

Methodology

a. The role of Metaphor

Primarily, contracts, testaments and verbal history based on the idea of boundary and property and the “liminality” helped me understand better the village community and the villager’s perception of ownership and dwelling through a different set of metaphors and interpretation that boundaries and liminal spaces reflected into their lives. Then, phenomenology and hermeneutics helped me understand and interpret these liminal spaces, which are created by boundaries and actually exists through the negotiation and narration of stories that take place in all liminal spaces of the village. As Gadamer claims “the principle of hermeneutics simply means that we should try to understand everything that can be understood.”⁴³⁵ I soon realized that the villager’s stories consisted of a series of metaphors about what dwelling is in this part of the world, in this specific landscape, in a contemporary way of living, but still connected with tradition and the

⁴³³ Nick Crossley, *The Social Body*, p.81.

⁴³⁴ Ibid.

⁴³⁵Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Philosophical Hermeneutics*, p.19.

past as a mimetic action to current time. As I have already mentioned in the reading instructions of this thesis, acting mimetically myself, through the eight fictional narratives I created a metaphor based on the villagers' own metaphor of their reality including my personal experience in the village as a variation of truth. I was reflecting on the relevance and discovery of truth through fiction/ story/ myth as argued by Ricoeur.⁴³⁶ In addition, Gadamer implies that "in language and only in it, can we meet what we never "encounter" in the world, because we are ourselves and merely what we mean and what we know from ourselves."⁴³⁷ This knowledge from ourselves also involves emotions and this is another way that through fiction we connect ourselves with space and environment.

b. The role of Imagination

The eight fictional narratives were based on collective narratives and narrations, but also on my personal experience in the village as I have already mentioned an invented imaginary plot. They were intended to function mediatory through fiction without being mimetic in the sense or reduplication but as a creative reconstruction. Through this reconstruction, I realized how Kearney, with reference to the work of Ricoeur, explores the ability of the language to open to new worlds, not as a collection of the subjectivity, but through the productive linguistic imagination,⁴³⁸ "the metaphorical imagination", as he states, that "not only combines the verbal and non-verbal, it also produces new meaning by confronting a literal with a figurative sense."⁴³⁹ Pérez-Gómez also reveals Ricoeur's preference for a "linguistic model of imagination," that is the replacement of a visual model with a linguistic model, writing that "imagining folded into the function of metaphor."⁴⁴⁰

⁴³⁶ Paul Ricoeur' specific works: *Time and Narrative*, Vol. 1, 1984, *Time and Narrative*, Vol. 2, 1985, *Life: A Story in Search of a Narrator*, 1986, *Time and Narrative*, Volume 3, 1988, "Architecture and Narrative." 1996, *The Rule of Metaphor, The creation of meaning in language*, 2003.

⁴³⁷ Hans-Georg Gadamer, *Philosophical Hermeneutics*, p.20.

⁴³⁸ Richard Kearney, "Paul Ricoeur and the hermeneutic imagination," in T. Peter Kemp and David Rasmussen (eds), *The Narrative Path. The Later Works of Paul Ricoeur* (Cambridge, Massachusetts, London: The MIT Press, 1989), pp. 3-6.

⁴³⁹ *Ibid.*, p.15.

⁴⁴⁰ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Attunement*, p. 187.

Making the structure of this thesis, I realized with the help of Kearney that moving from description to interpretation, the imagination was considered more in terms of “language” than “vision” and as he reports as assessed by Ricoeur, imagination is a “semantic innovation”, as an indispensable agent in the creation of meaning in and through language.⁴⁴¹ Then bringing together the meaning of narrative, imagination and interpretation as this was experienced in the village of Kampos through its public and private realm, but also its landscape, I experienced how “semantic innovation”, as also stated by Pérez-Gómez “the linguistic (hermeneutic) imagination” allow us to search for the relationship between “*tradition and innovation*”, an indispensable element for the “proper social functioning of architecture.”⁴⁴² Imagination appears common both for language as narrative/ fiction/ story and architecture.

c. The role of fiction

The village of Kampos, just like other villages on Tinos, allows us to observe different ways of living and spatial perception through architecture, but also through the use of narratives of its inhabitants.

By adopting fiction through the use of phenomenology and hermeneutics, my intention was to reveal another architectural dialogue based on language, words and narrative as a new “space of experience”, as described by Pérez-Gómez, “(a cosmic or historical world, whichever may be the cultural inheritance of the architect) and a “horizon of expectations” (a project that is construed by means of the architect’s imagination as a better future for the common good).”⁴⁴³ As he also argues as an opposite case, the mentality that rejected the meaning of myth for human beings as also did with poetry as a legal form of knowledge led to a contemporary architecture based on economical benefits, technological production, institutionalized frames and political authority.⁴⁴⁴

⁴⁴¹ Richard Kearney, “Paul Ricoeur and the hermeneutic imagination,” pp. 4-6.

⁴⁴² Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Attunement*, p.19.

⁴⁴³ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, ‘*Hermeneutics as Architectural Discourse*’, par. 5.

⁴⁴⁴ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, “The Architecture of Richard Henriquez: A Praxis of Personal Memory,” in Howard Shubert (ed.), *Richard Henriquez: Memory Theatre*, Catalog of the exhibition co-organized by the Vancouver Art Gallery and the Canadian Centre of Architecture, Montreal, 1993.

Additionally to the above, another aspect that Grassi illuminates about the role of fiction in general is how this “metaphorical imagistic form of language,” as he describes it, can offer another manner of philosophizing.⁴⁴⁵ For him “metaphors reduce themselves to a mysterious “game” that scientific thought never can grasp.”⁴⁴⁶

Each fictional narrative of the thesis reveals through metaphor and imagination a different version of reality. Each story however is also followed by an interpretation based on spatial organization, with a hermeneutical intention to reveal another reality of the village life. At the second part of each fictional narrative, in the interpretation, the thesis approaches the village in a different, a scientific interpretation in certain cases or philosophical in others of actual facts that have happened in the village (weaved in an imaginary plot for this thesis), an interpretation that gives another version of its reality.

Finally, the reader of the fictional work will enrich it with his or her own interpretation based on his or her past experiences and expectations, thus will add another layer, i.e. another version of reality, another version of truth that can add to the spatial understanding of a place and creation of design work through metaphor.

Implications of the Study

Through this research, I realized how the reality of the village could be understood a series of liminal spaces, but also how the role of architecture can be perceived behind the built work as a result of the complexity of life. *“You will not appreciate it the same way. Buying two fields or a house, loving them with*

⁴⁴⁵Ernesto Grassi, *Rhetoric as Philosophy. The Humanist Tradition*, (University Park and London: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1980), p.101.

⁴⁴⁶ Ibid., p.83.

your toil, making them yourself". "The beauty of the world, is the world", said one of interviewees,⁴⁴⁷ a villager of Kampos. "Everything comes from the earth and the sea: the bread, the vinegar, the olive-oil, everything needs work in order to be produced. Only God speaks and creates, man needs to make"⁴⁴⁸ said another villager. This was their perception on owning land, farming it and facing the beauty of the world through a life, in which order and conflict coexist as a reminder of a communal life in a psychosomatic equilibrium related with the environment and architecture.

This small community helped me develop a perception of what life is in the spatial and social complexity of their village architecture. I believe that this could not happen only by tracing huge architectural drawings or following studies and architectural descriptions on village's architecture, or by only adjusting and studying anthropological references. Through narratives connected either with the reality of the village or with the imaginary world of its inhabitants, I realized the value of metaphor as a natural language of sharing a communal way of living connected with the natural and built environment.

Metaphor, narrative and fiction are presented as tools for the architects for a broader understanding of what the world that we design for really is, escaping from the preoccupation of what this world should be according to contemporary social and political commandments. As Pérez-Gómez describes, it is "an ethical promise", emotionally and reasonably communicated.⁴⁴⁹ "Hermeneutic and poetic language", as he also suggests, can free architecture from the obsessions of fashion and form and urges architects imagination to understand, reconnect and reconcile with local cultures, over political and social preoccupations, such a critical dilemma facing in our modern condition.⁴⁵⁰

⁴⁴⁷ Fiction 8, Interview 3, *The good housewife*, trans. for the needs of this PhD by Maria Vidali. Comment: I was impressed by the enthusiasm and pride when describing the making of the property, the meaning of making and buying land as also the pride and awe of dancing well, showing respect to the woman. Kampos, 10th of January 2013, Appendix, pp. 90-91.

⁴⁴⁸ Ibid.

⁴⁴⁹ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, *Attunement*, p.191.

⁴⁵⁰ Ibid.

Metaphor, narrative and fiction allow different versions of reality to emerge. They equip architects with a way to interpret the local tradition into a contemporary way of living and innovation, revealing the social and ethical function of architecture related with humans and the environment.

The methodology that is developed in this thesis also wants to reveal this aspect of the crisis that architecture faces today: this has to do with the loss of novelty and the search for a highly technological, sustainable function of architecture however still disconnected with humanity and environmental reality. “Happy the architect who can give rise to itinerance among the vestiges that have been turned into testimonies to the stories of life inscribed in the places of life” as Ricoeur reflects in *Architecture and Narrative*.⁴⁵¹

Suggestions for Future Research

In this thesis, the eight fictional narratives deploy the context of a village, where life remains connected with architecture, environment and a communal way of living supported by conflict and negotiation. At the same time, the methodology developed raises further question about the way of researching and understanding architecture, but also researching and understanding the world, where we develop a process towards an architectural project and the process itself.

However, each of the eight fictional narratives with their interpretations could certainly become separately a topic for further investigation, fiction development and thorough interpretation. Areas such as the role of religion and the hierarchies established through the Catholic tradition, the role of man and woman and their connection with private and public space, the effect of time and order as set by raising livestock could certainly be further developed, too.

The use of language and metaphor in relation to the villagers’ connection with planting, cultivating and animals, including their contemporary life that embraces Internet and technology, could be an area of further

⁴⁵¹ Paul Ricoeur, *Architecture and Narrative*, p.72

investigation, introducing even more the participation of young people and families who live in the village. Also, a specific research on habits based the villagers' use of landscape and village's space, either connected with religious, social reasons, could certainly further reveal how "habit involves a modification and enlargement of the corporal schema, an incorporation of new principles of action and know-how, which permit new ways of activity which remains alive in the present in the form of the structures of the corporeal schema; shaping, perception, conception, deliberation, emotion and action,"⁴⁵²as Crossley states.

In terms of methodology, certainly the dramatic side of fiction could be further explored and interpreted. As Pérez-Gómez writes "drama is experienced as a tight weaving of temporality and spatiality. Its effect must be attributed to the narrative dictated by the poet as opposed to the plurality and diversity of traditional myths; it is in agreement with the philosophical understanding of the purposefulness of the movements of the cosmos."⁴⁵³ Certainly, extended anthropological, philosophical reflections and interpretation could also complement or arise out of this work.

Concluding thoughts

This thesis consists of a series of metaphors and interpretations, while producing in turn a series of realities, a series of truths. My archives were used with a mediating intention for the production of fiction as a way of interpreting and revealing the reality of the village. The fictional stories are an intellectual construct of the things that make up this reality.

The in-between, liminal spaces in the village and its landscape –where conflict and solidarity coexist– as places of negotiation revealed to me the importance of language for understanding the meaning of these spaces as private or communal, but also as a deeply rooted way of dwelling. Dwelling as fully engaged with

⁴⁵²Nick Crossley, *The Social Body*, p.125.

⁴⁵³ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, 'Chora: The space of Architectural Representation', *Chora: Intervals in the Philosophy of Architecture*, Volume 2, Edited by Pérez-Gómez, Alberto and Parcell, Stephen (McGill-Queen's University Press, 1994), p.15, "Catharsis, a recognition of the presence of Being in the events of everyday life, does not rely on ordinary language (prose). The language of drama is a poetic language, the language of metaphor and it maintains a high-tension gap between the two terms of metaphorical speech, exposing the audience to the nearness of distance."

the environment, which is still imposed by nature's forces, the religious and ethical order as part of a traditional community life, the private and public realm. An encounter of all this psychosomatic equilibrium related with the human relations, environment and architecture, all these, the village atmosphere, are communicated through language in the eight fictional narratives.

Inventing a fictional narrative, I described a truth (*aletheia*): a truth described through the poetic process of the metaphor. The contracts used primarily give a pre-poetical, pre-hermeneutical description, another anthropological description of the place, which is given so as to be reconstructed under different situations and conditions. From contracts and interviews to fiction and then the interpretation of the fictional narrative, there is a series of interpretations. This is the construction of a fictional narrative with perforative connotations, which actually built a new reality, a redescription of the reality which is interpretative.

There can be a series of interpretations; however, every interpretation is a new dimension of the truth (*aletheia*). Thus, in this thesis, there are three basic interpretations, apart from translation. Every interpretation gives a new version for the truth of the reality that involves experience and that we haven't yet seen. The third level of this interpretation is the invented one, the level of hermeneutical, anthropological and philosophical interpretation, where all individual truths as perceived construct a kind of transcendental truth. Thus, in the third level of this thesis, from the poetical metaphor has been invented a new description, a new interpretative scientific text. The truth that fiction negotiates acquires generalizations within the specific frame of the plot of the fiction where the writer owns the place of the arbitrary nomination, the subjective role.

Additionally, as Ricoeur states and as it has been already mentioned "it is also the act of reading that accompanies the play between innovation and sedimentation, the play with narrative constraints, with the possibilities of deviation," "which completes the work, transforming it into a *guide* for reading, with its zones

of indeterminacy, its latent wealth of interpretation, its power of being reinterpreted in new ways in new historical contexts.”⁴⁵⁴

In the case of Kampos, the negotiation through property, boundary, liminal space still keeps the relationship with the natural world and its complexity strong, while it also keeps away from the legal abstraction which again this is more connected with the family name and identity within this landscape.⁴⁵⁵ As stated by J. Malpas “narrative can be seen as structuring [...] both memory and self - identity, as well as the places, the landscapes in which self-identity is itself worked out and established.”⁴⁵⁶

Last but not least, I would like to mention the “origin” of the “invisible significance” of architecture as referred to by Pérez-Gómez, as a space of conscious participation and existence where space is revealed through a choreography of a “poetic motility, [...] woven by language in a narrative form.”⁴⁵⁷ In this work, we experience a constant village metamorphosis through its liminal spaces, negotiations, landscape and topography, but also “with metaphor we experience the metamorphosis of both language and reality.”⁴⁵⁸

Architecture, the spatial nature of boundaries in fiction and interpretation can be used for a deeper and better understanding of the different realities of the village structure and life. Also, for architects it is extremely important to develop an understanding based on the different experiences that take place in the village structure and which can lead to interpretations in architecture and design closer to a human way of living and closer to the actual complexity of life.

⁴⁵⁴ Paul Ricoeur, “Life in Quest of Narrative”, in David Wood, (ed.), *On Paul Ricoeur, Narrative and Interpretation*, (London, New York: Routledge, 1991, Taylor & Francis e-Library, 2003), p.27.

⁴⁵⁵ In Kampos, the transformation of nature into property does not limit villagers’ ability to adapt successfully to the physical environment and they are still living in an adequate and sustainable way in relation to the earth.

⁴⁵⁶ Jeffrey Malpas, *Place and Experience: A Philosophical Topography* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), p.230.

⁴⁵⁷ Alberto Pérez-Gómez, “Chora: The Space of Architectural Representation”, p.15.

⁴⁵⁸ Richard Kearney, “Paul Ricoeur and the hermeneutic imagination,” in T. Peter Kemp and David Rasmussen (eds), *The Narrative Path. The Later Works of Paul Ricoeur* (The MIT Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, London, England, 1989), p. 16.

Thinking of architecture today, still seeking to keep novelty in architectural projects alive in contemporary and traditional societies, language and narrative forms can become tools of understanding and revealing the truth of these societies in relation to architecture and the environment.

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Maria Vidali, PhD Candidate

University of Thessaly, School of Architecture, October 2017