

# **Crossing the Limits**

**Prespa/Grammos/Mytilene/  
Thermi/Sikinos/Marousi/Athens**

**The 138 kilometers of Limits**



**Prespa**

**Grammos**

**Marousi/Athens**

**Thermi, Mytilene**

**Sikinos**

**Five walking explorations  
of the Greek Landscape**

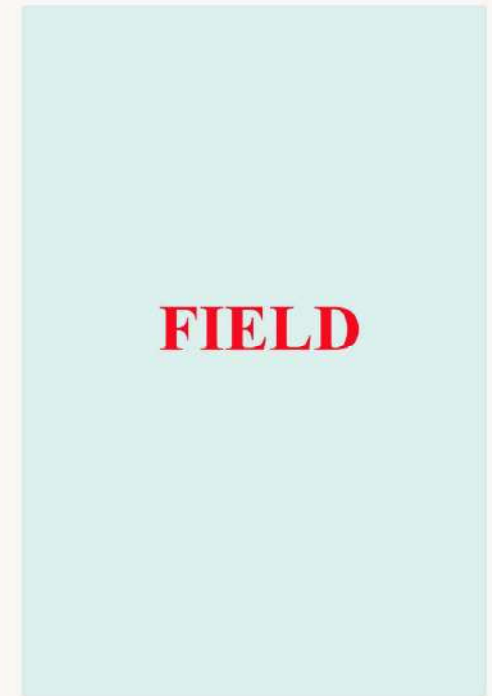
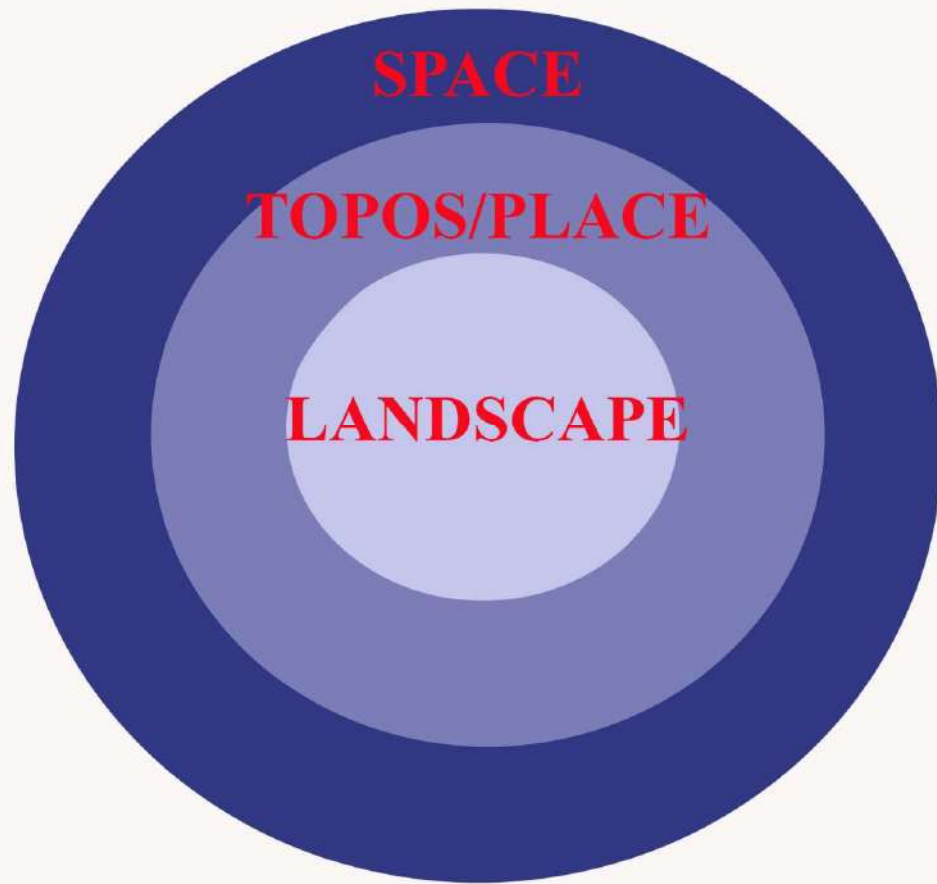
**Coordination of the walking exploration:  
Yannis Ziogas**

**July to October 2023**

The 138 kilometers that were crossed during the period from July to October 2023 formed a traversing of the Greek Landscape through the memories, presences, and possibilities it evoked. The Greek Landscape is perhaps one of the two most "depicted" landscape in European painting without being visited until the 19th century by any of the major artists from the Renaissance onwards. The other such place is Judaea. The scenes of mythology and antiquity are played out in the paintings in an existent and at the same time non-existent non-space.

The traversal of contemporary Greek Landscape in a contemporary walking context, is a process of self-exploration between the projections of the others and the identity of who I am. For over four months I walked 138 kilometers in five different sites in Greece in an effort to discover the Greek Landscape in its totality and redefine it. The process created new parameters, initiated innovative processes, captured sensory stimuli, formed concepts, and recalled histories, both individual and collective. It made the place where we live a place/topos again, far from the non-place projections of the European past.

It empowered, all of us who creatively experience the presence of this place in our being.



**Prespa, July 23**

**1<sup>st</sup> to 7<sup>th</sup> kilometer**

# Walking in the void, walking as a dadirri process

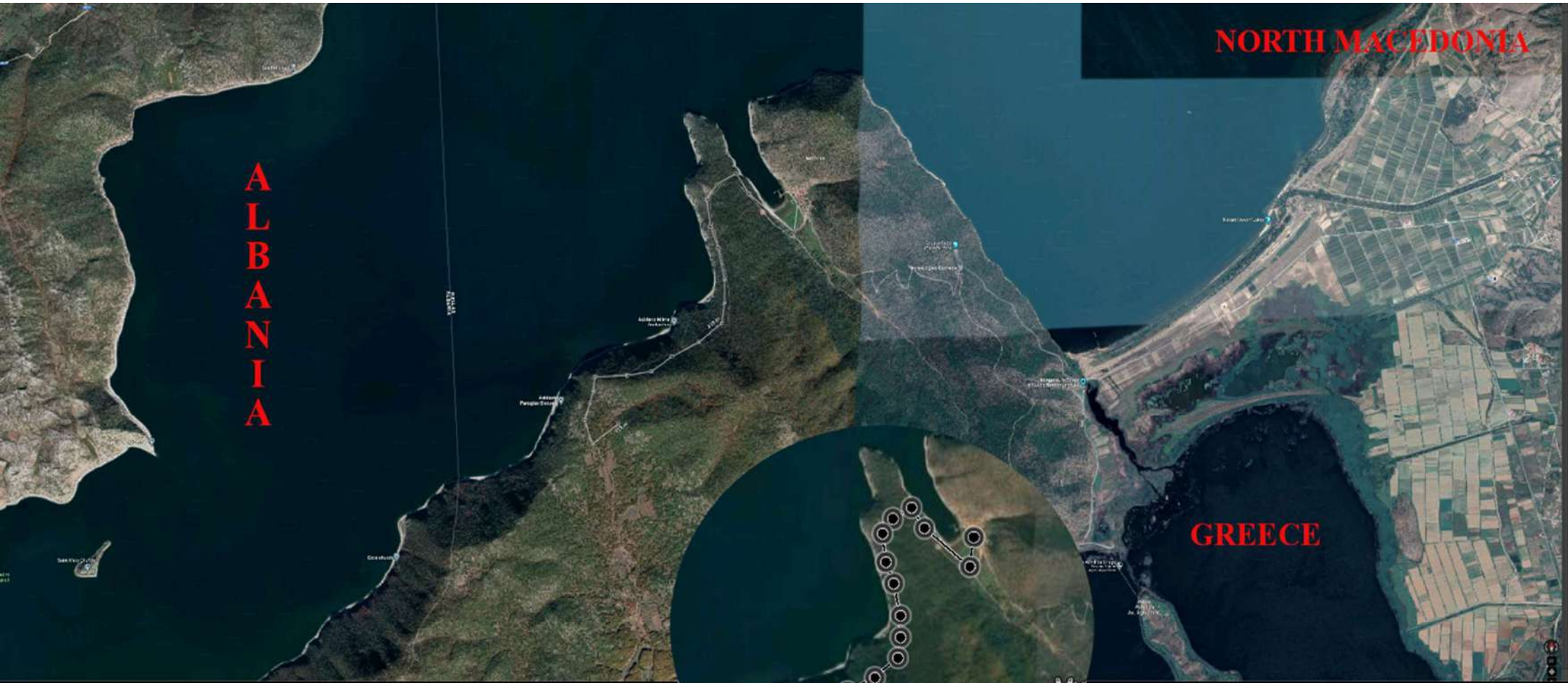
The walkshop *Walking in the void* developed as a 12-hour process from 7 pm to 7 am the next day. A nomadic body of 7 walkers will move silently along the Συμμαχική Οδός (The Road of the Allies). The destination is not where we headed to, but what we dealt with in the contemplative process of experiencing the place. The destination was not at the end but in every single step, we realized, in every second we experience. Arriving at a place its geographical position, its story, and its encrypted meaning remained unrevealed. The unknown character of the place remained unknown even after we arrived and camped overnight. Over this period the participants developed a personal tale of the place, they listened to what the place was telling them by experiencing the site from a sensorial and contemplative experience. By the morning of the next day, each one of the participants of the nomadic body narrated their tales and eventually the “actual” history of that place had also revealed.

Each of the participants in the nomadic body told the story that the meadow revealed to them. what happened there How many years ago? Who were the people who started it? Eventually, the "real" history of this place will also be revealed. For this, it took a letter complete with a few words of the story they believe he has for them. A letter was sent to each of the participants separately so that they would not be influenced by the responses of others.

To what extent is a place containing its meaning, its tales, its legends, and to what degree is carrying the memory of what, once, took place there? The process is an archaeology of the registered layers of the events that once took place there, of the humans that were there. The walkshop is a dadirri. As the Australian artist Tracey Benson is writing “When I experience ‘dadirri’, I am made whole again. I can sit on the riverbank or walk through the trees; even if someone close to me has passed away, I can find my peace in this silent awareness. There is no need for words. A big part of ‘dadirri’ is listening”. [1]

Nomadic Body: Yannis Ziogas, Christos Ioannidis, Yorgos Lazoglou, Markos Ntemkas, Christina Barba, Sophie Cabot, Miguel Bandeira, Jez Hastings, Fionna Hesse, Anna Lyuten, Molly Wanger,  
The Process was realized during the International Encounters/*Conference WAC 23, Walking Visions/Visions for Walking.*

1. Benson, T. (2020). Borderlands: Disruptions between remote map-making and local reading of place. 402. In G. Vermeire, Y. Ziogas *WALKING PRACTICES/WALKING ART/WALKING BODIES*. Florina: Department of Fine and Applied Arts/UOWM.



**ALBANIA**

**NORTH MACEDONIA**

**GREECE**



3.69 mi

Μν  
'Οθωνος





Photo: Miguel Bandeira



Photo: Molly Wagner



Photo: Minguel Bandeira



Photo: Molly Wagner



Photo: Miguel Bandeira

**Grammos, July 23**

**8<sup>th</sup> to 69<sup>th</sup> kilometer**

# *FROZEN TIME, Grammos as the Great Maneuver V*

The process concerns a modern visual walking process that from Friday 14 to Thursday 20 July 2023 covered the area of Grammos highlighting the points of memory interest and experiential occasions. A group of artists (Landscape Investigation Group, perceivers) walked routes that will cover areas of the Village in a period of 7 days. It spent the night in the countryside transmitting data. The data was processed by researchers, male and female students of Fine Arts of the University of Western Macedonia (Art Processing Team, receivers) who would be in the Park of National Reconciliation creating visual works. The implementation of the action began with walking investigations on Friday 14 July of the Fousia area and on Saturday 15 July of the Plikati-Chuka Petsik-Gistova-Grammusta route. The nomadic body of three artist-researchers implemented the immaterial walking project of the crossing (perceivers) and met on Sunday 16 and Monday 17 July at the Park of National Reconciliation with the group of artists and TEET students and conveyed to them the experiential experience of the crossing to implement in turn (receivers). The process is innovative since it implements artistic works both with embodied primary experience and with transferred oral experience. The two working groups will continue to work in the following days in the area interacting with the landscape, its memories and its physical presence, completing the artistic living and remote realization of artistic realizations. At Mylos Serenis, Nestorio September 6 to 8, the Participatory Artistic Process was presented with the artistic interest of the participants. The process was thoughtfully edited by visitors and participating artists.

Nomadis body/Perceivers: Jez Hastings, Nikow Theodoropoulos, Yannis Ziogas, Christos Ioannidis.

Visual Interpretation/Receivers: Geert Vermeire, Michal Salwinski, Rena Gouberitsi, Efi Kotoula, Alexandra Boula,, Dora Siafla, Karolos Chilas.

The process was realized during the *Grammos Festival*.







GRAMMOS TRAILS  
ANADIGIT

Γράμμος  
Grammos

Γράμμος  
Grammos

Γράμμος  
Grammos

MON  
R.V.?

BALE  
Camp

Νεστόριο  
Nestorio

ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΔΗΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ  
ΥΠΟΥΡΓΕΙΟ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ, ΕΡΕΥΝΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΘΡΗΣΚΕΥΜΑΤΩΝ  
ΙΝΣΤΙΤΟΥΤΟ ΤΕΧΝΟΛΟΓΙΑΣ ΥΠΟΛΟΓΙΣΤΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΕΚΔΟΣΕΩΝ ΔΙΑΔΙΚΤΥΟΥ  
ΙΤΥΤΑ

ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ ΔΗΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ  
ΥΠΟΥΡΓΕΙΟ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ, ΕΡΕΥΝΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΘΡΗΣΚΕΥΜΑΤΩΝ  
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ΟΡΕΙΒΑΤΙΚΕΣ  
ΔΙΑΔΡΟΜΕΣ  
ΑΝΑΤΟΛΙΚΟΥ  
ΓΡΑΜΜΟΥ



ΚΑΡΤΗΣ  
1:50,000  
MAP

Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas

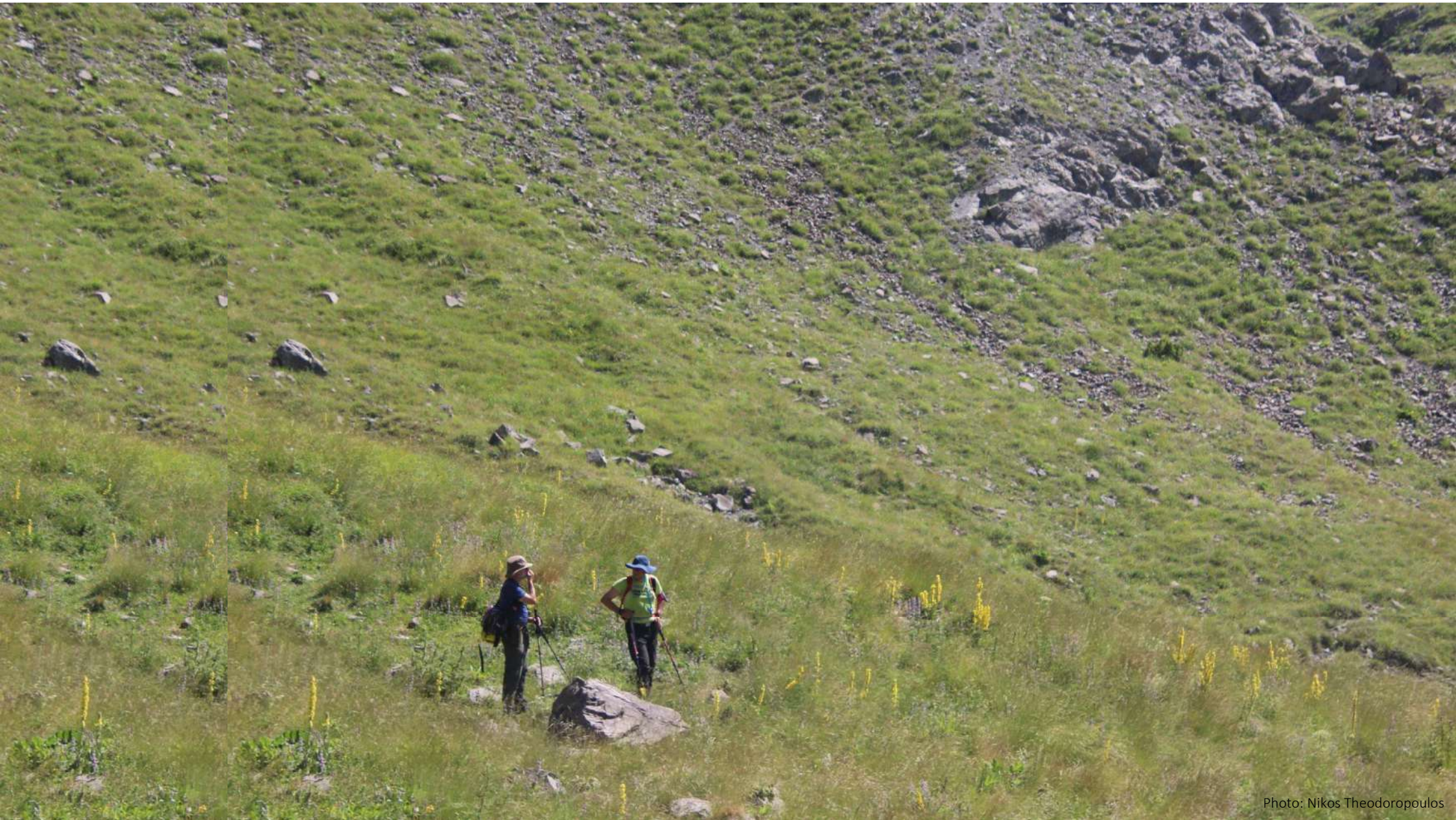


Photo: Nikos Theodoropoulos



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Jez Hastings



Photo: Yannis Ziogas





Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Action: Michal Salwinski  
Photo: Karolos Chilas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas

# ΠΑΓΩΜΕΝΟΣ ΧΡΟΝΟΣ, Ο ΓΡΑΜΜΟΣ ΩΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΣ ΕΛΙΓΜΟΣ V

συμμετοχική  
καλλιτεχνική διαδικασία  
μύλος σερένη, νεστόριο  
εγκαίνια 6 Σεπτεμβρη, 18:00  
διάρκεια 6-8 Σεπτεμβρη

γιάννης ζιώγας  
νίκος θεοδωρόπουλος  
jez hastings  
geert vermeire  
δώρα σιαφλά  
αλεξάνδρα μπουλά  
έφη κώτουλα  
michał salwiński  
karl grümpe & rene p.g



Τμήμα εικαστικών  
& εφαρμοσμένων τεχνών

Action:

Design: Karolos Chilas, Rena Gouberisti



**Mytilene/Therma, August 23**

**70<sup>th</sup> to 78<sup>th</sup> kilometer**

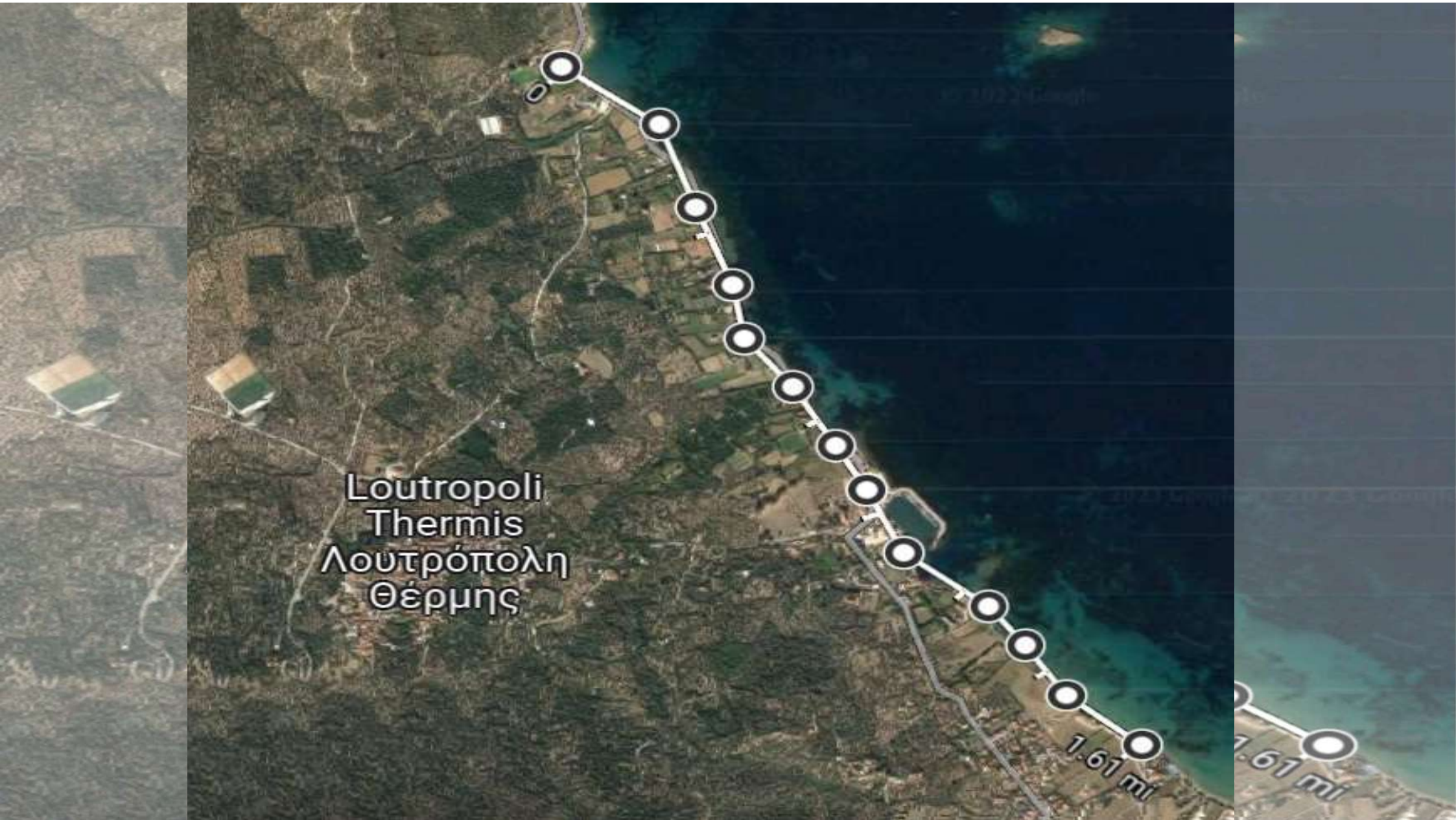
## *The Limits of Carefree Sand*

The walking process *The Limits of Carefree Sand* took place on Sunday, July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2023 at 8 am under a temperature of 33o C. The place was the coastline of Pyrgoni Thermi in Lesvos between the points with coordinates (39.19433452367337, 26.489938021486424 to 39.17487114208286 , 26.50695372043291). It was a route of about three to four kilometers. The nomadic body moved along the coastline walking silently at a distance of ten meters between participating participants without using the asphalt. Where it was not possible to continue the route on land, we moved in the water or swam. Each participant photographed only that they were on the ground creating an archive of footprints and the ground.

The walking process *The limits of Carefree Sand* explored two limits: the limits of the body when it is in a borderline condition as well as the limits of the point where human activity meets nature. The track line is the footprint of the record of these two boundaries.

Nomadic Body: Yannis Ziogas, Sofia Kyriakou, Despina Kostelidou, Anna Micheli, Miltiadis Chtouris, Sotiris Chtouris.

The process was realized as part of the environmental activity and exhibition of visual arts: *Experiencing the Carefree Sand*.



Loutropoli  
Thermis  
Λουτρόπολη  
Θέρμης

1.61 mi

1.61 mi



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris





Photo: Sotiris Chtouris



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris





Photo: Sotiris Chtouris



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris

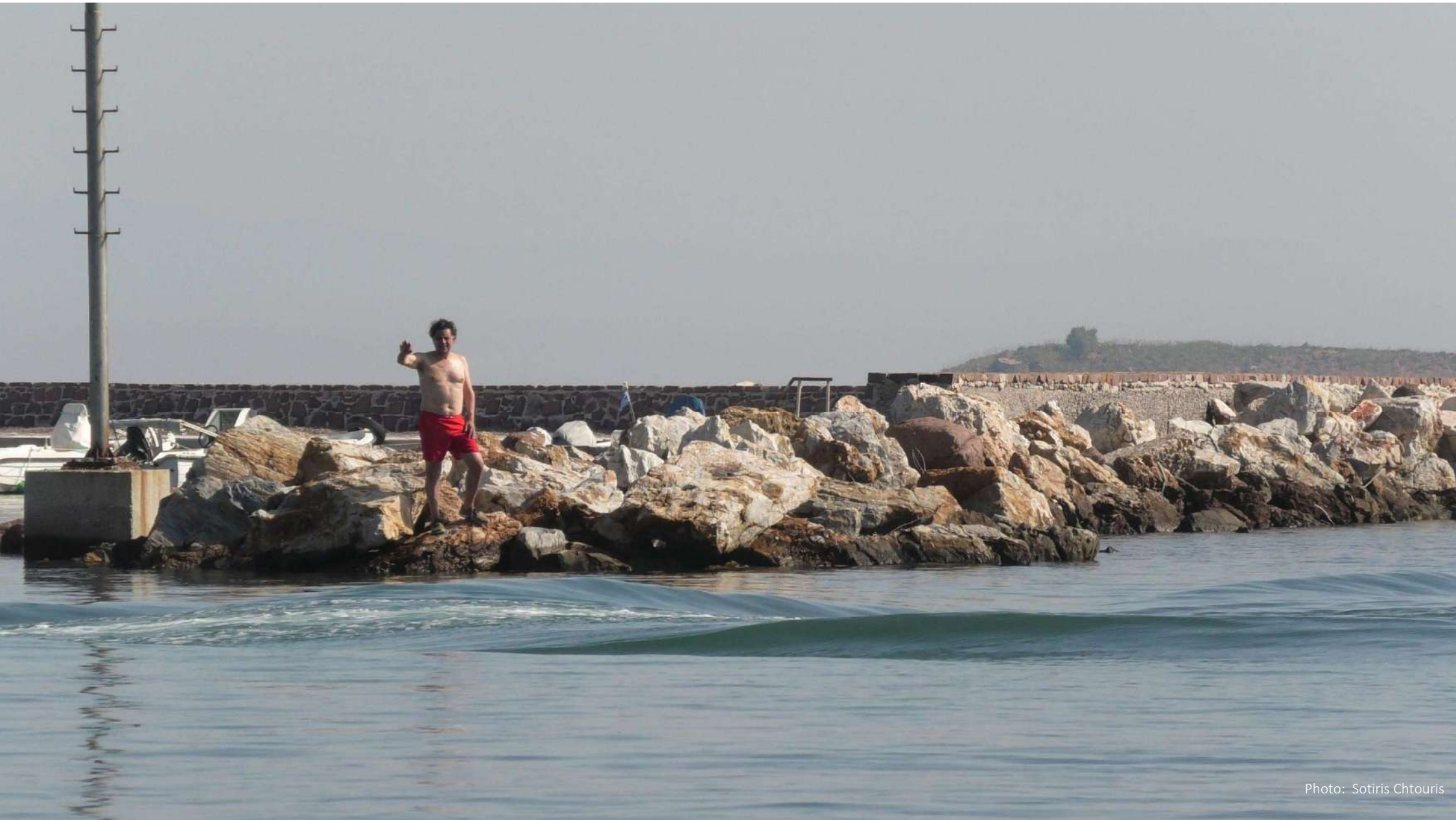


Photo: Sotiris Chtouris

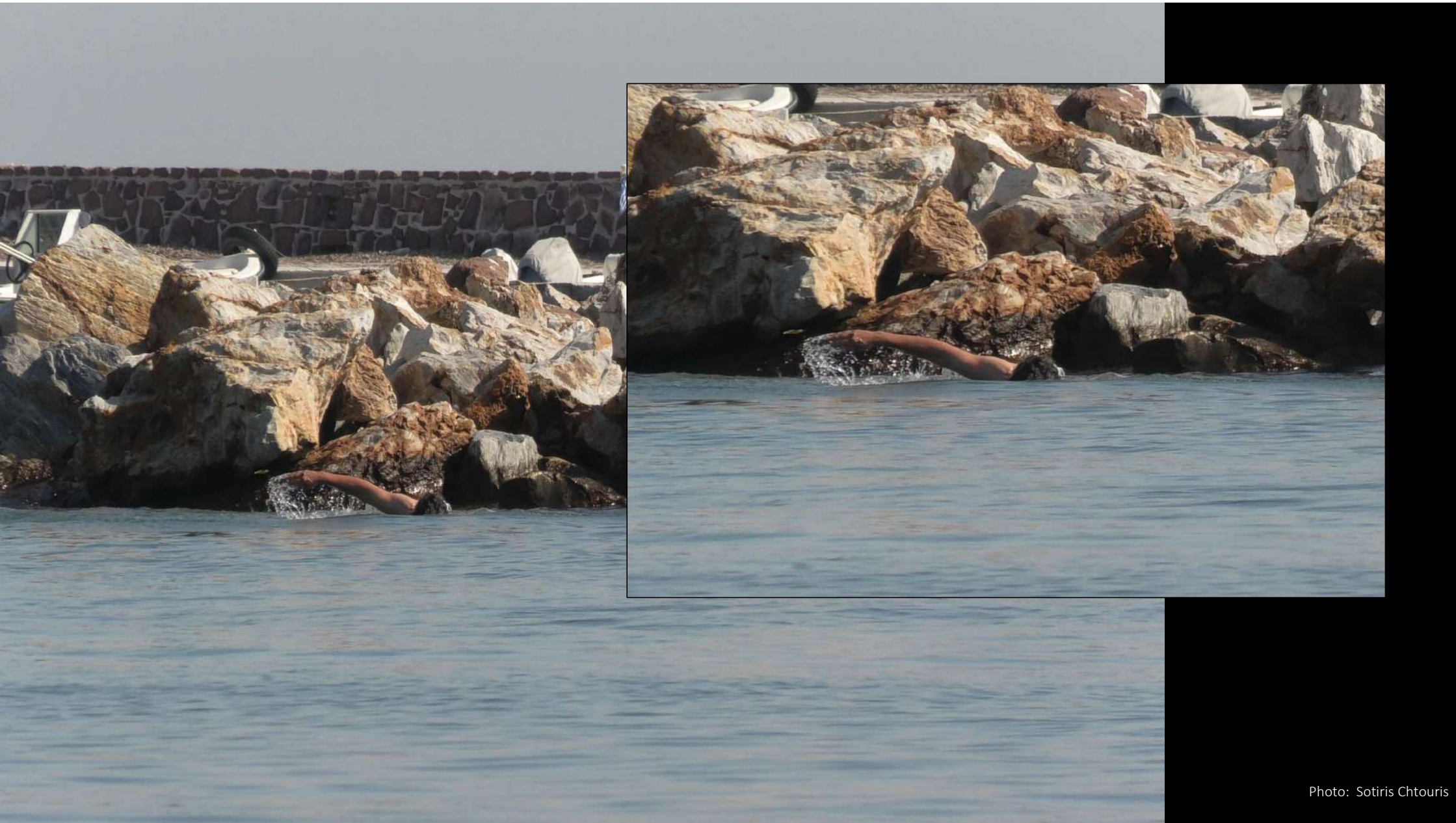


Photo: Sotiris Chtouris



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris





Photo: Sotiris Chtouris



Φωτο: Σωτήρης Χτούρης



Photo: Sotiris Chtouris





Photo: Sotiris Chtouris

**Σίκινος, Σεπτέμβριος 23**

**75° έως 122° χιλιόμετρο**

## *Searching for Neiko*

*[...] and on her breast, before they sealed up her well-hidden tomb, they left a mass of brimstone and another of mineral tar, objects which only accompanied the dead whom they feared or believed to be possessed by some kind of demon. What secret was Neiko hiding?*

Recently (2018) the tomb of an exiled Roman noble named Neiko was discovered during the restoration works of the Church of Episkopi in the island of Sikinos, Greece. A woman exiled and haunted in a sea of the Aegean.

The centerpiece of *Searching for Neiko* was a walk through that the place from where she (hypothetically) disembarked in exile when she arrived from her homeland to where she was buried in these paradoxical circumstances when she passed away. During three successive walks, a thoughtful reconstruction of the condition of Neiko was formed, as well as a timeless retrospection of the role of women.

Nomadic Body: Yannis Ziogas

The process was realized in the context of the 5<sup>th</sup> *Little Islands Festival*.

5:14 ▶ 🔔 ... 📶 100 🔋

Τρέξιμο σε εξωτερικό χώρο

7.71 χλμ

27 Αυγ 2023, 18:07

01:07:41	08'46"	00:00:01
Χρόνος προπόνησης	Μέσος όρος ρυθμού	Χρόνος παύσης
491	03'31"	0
Κάψατε	Καλύτερος ρυθμός	Μέσος ρυθμός

Αναλυτικά δεδομένα >

Ρυθμός (λεπ/χλμ)

08'46"	03'31"
Μέσος όρος	Βέλτιστος

Bottom navigation: ■ ● ◀



**29/08/23**

**With Neiko in Sikinos I**

Arriving in Sikinos, I decided to run the route from Limani to Episkopi (about 8 kilometers). The physical relationship with the landscape and the experience of the difficulty of traversing it is the only, perhaps, way to understand the distance, to have a record of the Landscape, to locate the Places, and to have an awareness of Space.

Why Sikinos?

There are three landscape realities in Greek art: the Aegean, Athens, and the one of Western Macedonia. The Aegean because it was the first "exit" of Greek artists beyond the self-satisfied introversion of the workshop and the often-revelatory reading of Space. Athens because it has recorded the transformation processes of a society, our society, into something else. Of Western Macedonia because all the wounds of the 20th century can be found there, the wounds of Utopias, denials, transitions, and finally hopes.

I run laboriously uphill from the Port to the Castle and reflect on all that formed me and connected me to this place: the Aegean of our youth and at the same time the Aegean of the great poets and places of exile. At that moment, I was struck by how the vastness of the blue was gradually emerging through the dry rocks.

I arrived at the Castle and continued towards Episkopi on a relatively straight route, without altitude differences. I faced the blue and felt after many years the vastness as I have heard the poets describe it: it was here for me again.

Episkopi but above all the female name: Niko was the reason I was here; before I met Sikinos I met Niko. Who was this woman? What was he asking for here? How was it found? How did he die; Why did they douse her with brimstone? Was she chained up? What did he bring?

Crossing the pass and speeding up the run, I saw the Episcopal Church in the distance: yes, it was there too.

The dusk was near.



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



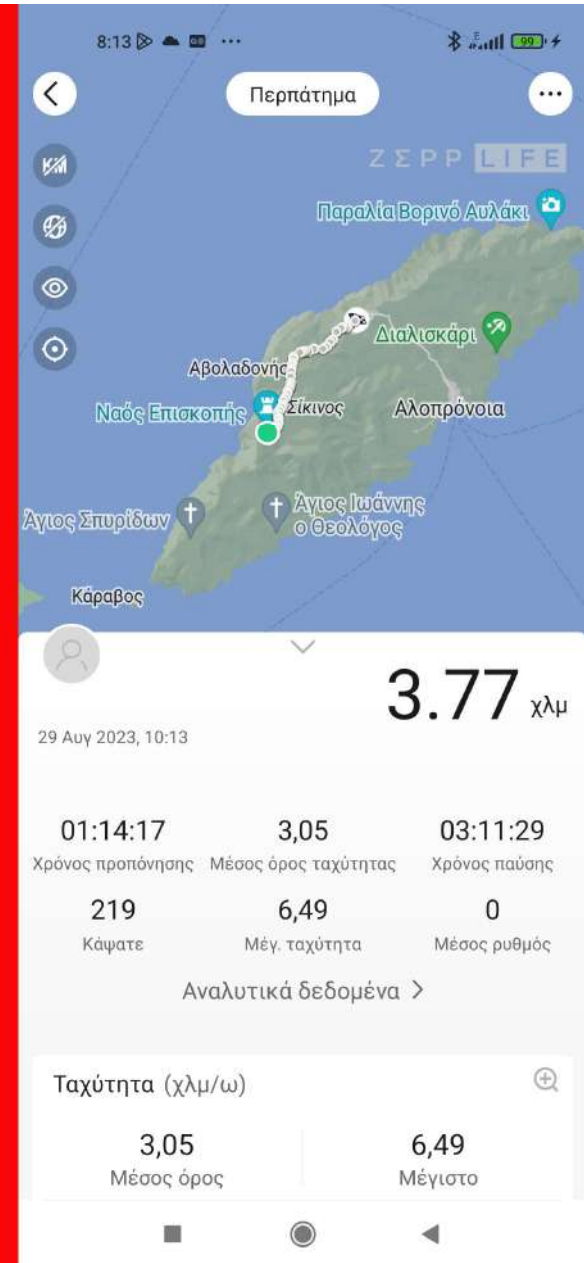
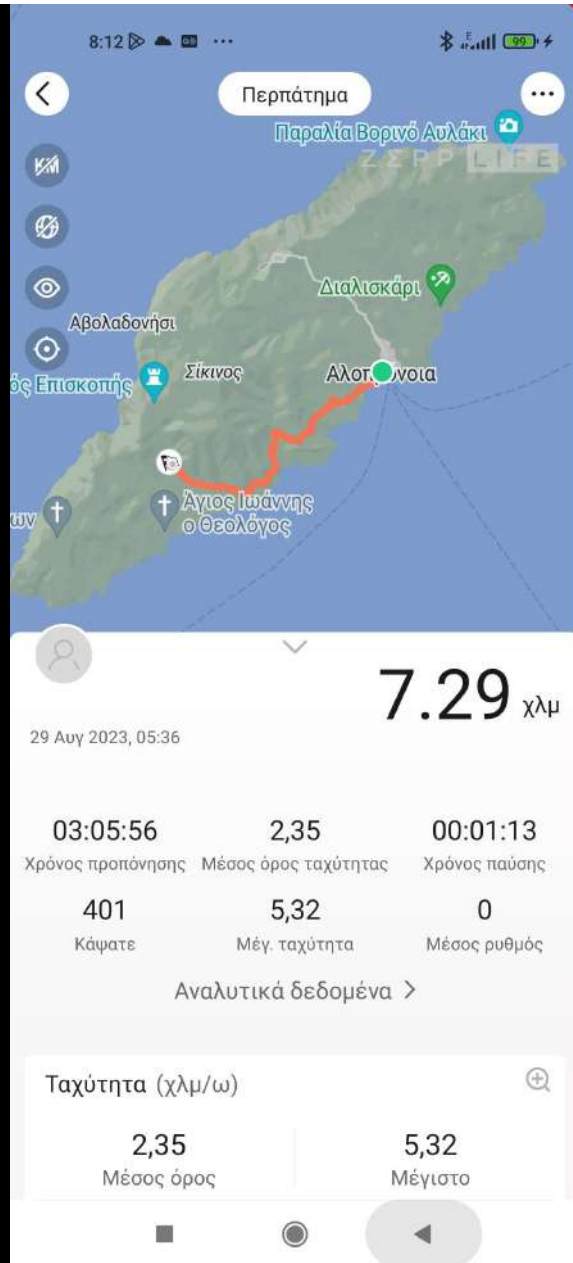
Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yorgos Drosos



**30/08/23**

## **A Neiko in Sikinos II**

In which part of Sikinos did Neiko arrive?

Where did they unload her riches? How did she spend her days?

As archaeologists tell us, she and her family were exiles of the Roman Empire (from a family of Roman citizens, not necessarily from Rome).

How many years has he been in this place? Why is her mausoleum so brilliant in a place where there is nothing like it?

The place that unloaded things would exist, somewhere she would live, in some ways, she would experience her exile.

We will form a walking process of storytelling starting from the Port, Alopronia. On Tuesday, August, we traced a process of investigation using the path from Alopronia to Episkopi and ending at Chora, about thirteen and a half kilometers, it took six hours.

We started at half past five in the morning, with a bang.

We penetrated deep into the primeval Aegean landscape, untouched by any intervention with continuous views of the horizon and the archipelago. No road, not even a dirt road anywhere, only the path that was sometimes dirt, somewhere elaborate cobblestones, somewhere lost in the rocks and cotton wool. Not even a distant reminder of the present, and few of the past: only land, horizon, and air. A capsule of the archetypal.

Along the route ruins from previous uses, chapels in the wilderness, mining of other times, and abandoned beehives. Nestled in the mountain I felt the primal Aegean experience. And I felt that all these moments of encounter were nothing but objects: the cistern, the horizon, the light on the white surface, the cobblestone, the hive[...]

I came close to the interwar painters and poets who discovered this Earth as a Land of occasions, narratives, and images. We missed those poets... and it would be good if those who talk about those poets were poets themselves. We missed not only the poets but above all the space beyond the lyrics, beyond the object, and finally beyond the meanings. They had the Aegean, we? Now; What;

In this Aegean Sea of Sikinos, we are walking again, almost a century after the poets and painters first encountered it and I too am looking for identities, mine and Neikis and everything else.

At the end of the route, reaching the country, the route had been set up. We will also cross it tomorrow on the 30th of the month and we will meet in Episkopi Neiko, the Full Moon, the sun setting in the Aegean, and, perhaps, ourselves.

I thank the creative co-walkers Sokratis Kalodimidis and Eleftheria Madentzidou

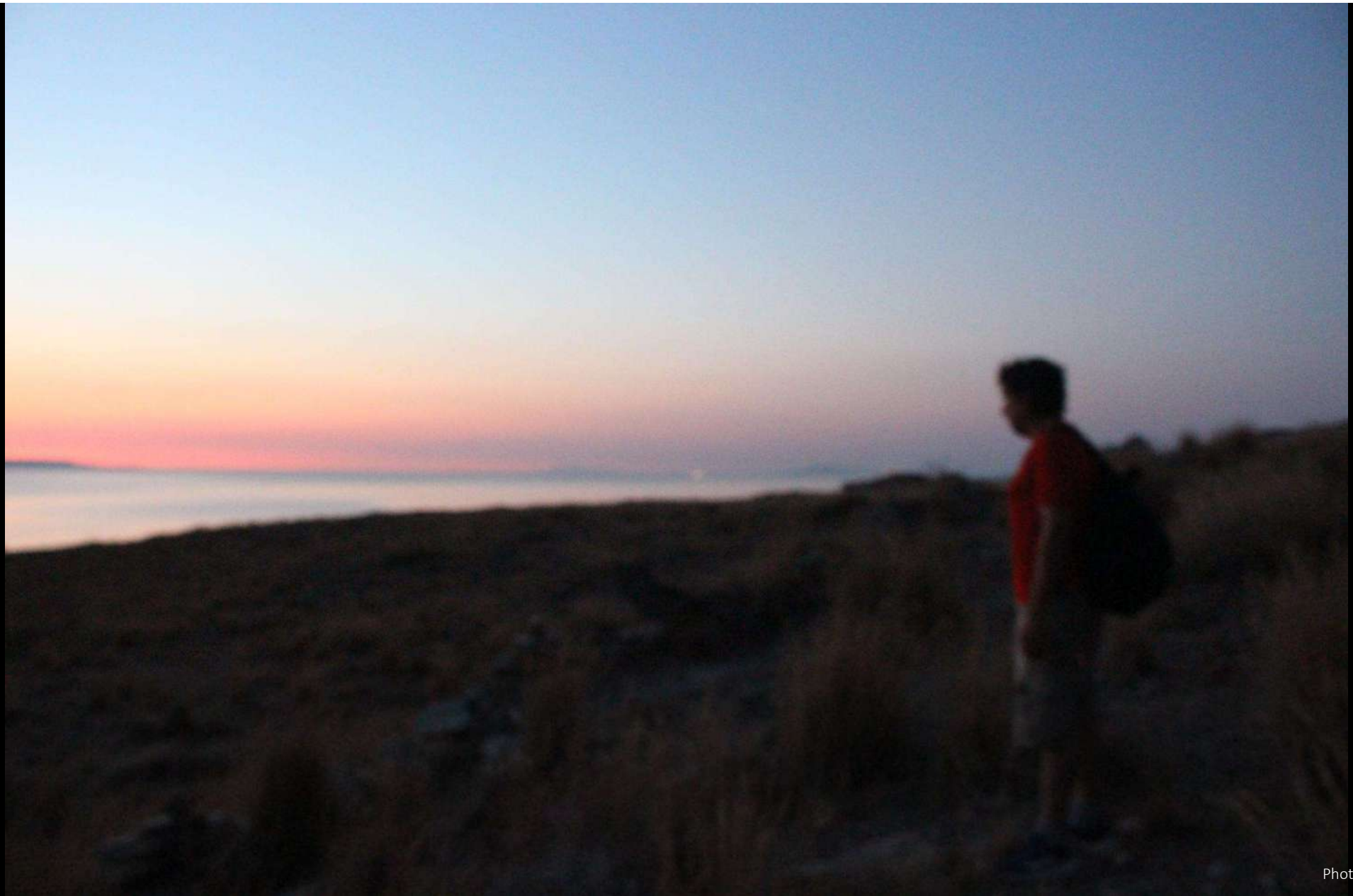


Photo: Yannis Ziogas





Photo: Yannis Ziogas



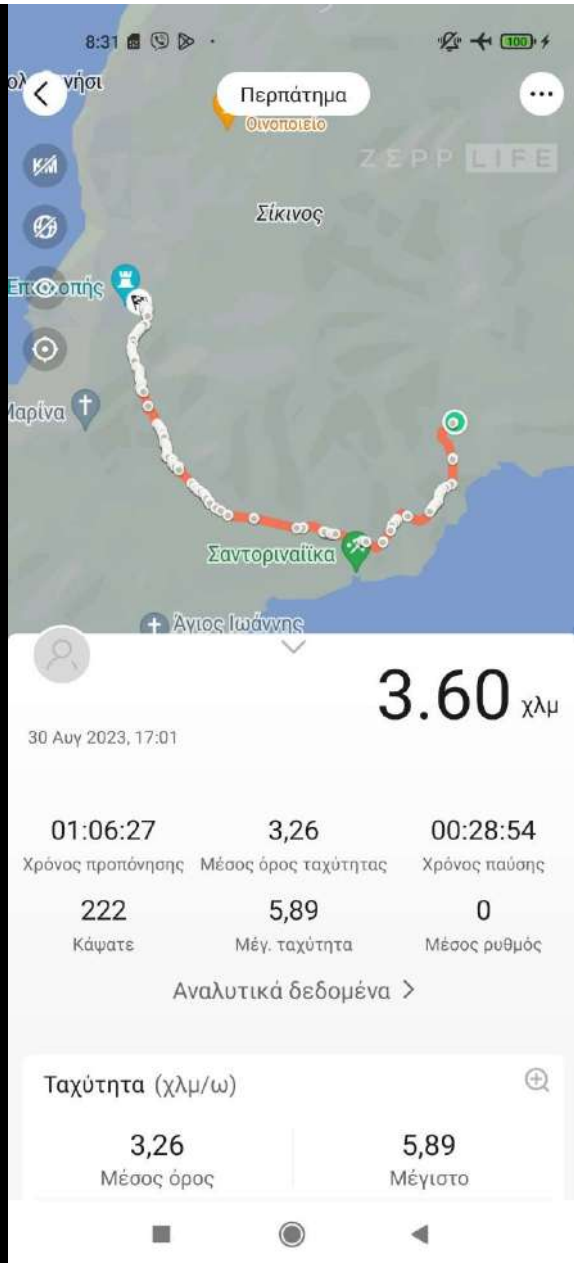
Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Φώτο: Γιάννης Ζιώγας



**31/08/23**

## **A Neiko at Sikinos III**

We moved again on the same route from Alopronia to Episkopi. This time I knew the route. The process of walking would be fast, without stops, without recording, silent, and alone. It is an imperative condition, but it allows the experience of the interweaving of the Landscape. One ceases to be a tracer of oneself outside, one becomes a thinker of himself, from within. I covered the same distance almost forty-five minutes faster and only took one photo: it was a tree trunk that served as a door to the drystone. It was a door for which property, which people, and for what reason? I arrived at Episkopi and there I met with those who had come from the Festival to share the experience of the meeting. Shortly after the second August moon had risen. I was thinking while walking through the dry rocks and the bare dry slopes (the sea was there but I couldn't see it, I only remember the yellow of the mountain):

What if Neiko arrived in Sikinos with her family, a little girl perhaps from Alexandria, her parents exiled Roman citizens?

What if Neiko arrived in Sikinos as a young woman exiled for resisting the authority and powers of the Autocracy?

What if Neiko was born in Sikinos, never knew another place, grew up, and died here in the riches of this place of exile?

What if Neiko, whom everyone respected, got sick, got some form of mental illness, and was buried with brimstone on her chest and her hands tied?

What if Neiko fell in love, and started a family, with whom was she married a native or a Roman exile, did she have children?

What if Neiko, what about Neiko, what if Neiko? what if Neiko, what about Neiko, what if Neiko? What if Neiko, what about Neiko, what if Neiko? what if Neiko, what about Neiko, what if Neiko? what if Neiko, what and Neiko, what if Neiko?

What is it like to live in a wilderness for years? How is it that he is condemned to never leave there? How did Sikinos become a prison? What was it like to be guarded for life while at the same time having all her riches and being buried with them? What was her daily life like? How did she learn the news from her distant homeland, from her family? What was her relationship with the jailers? Did you feel homesick or not? Had her folks from her home country ever come to visit her? Did he try to escape? Was the brimstone on the chest and the bound hands an exorcism, or was it a hideous safeguard of her body and soul? Why was she spared even at her burial? Maybe because she was an Other, a Woman and they even put her to death separately because they didn't want her with them? Maybe because someone or something loved her so much that he wanted to keep her untouched even in death? How did she behave and how did the locals treat her? What was the place where he lived like? Was it a mansion or one of the humble houses on the island? What was it like to stare at the same horizon for decades?



Photo: Yannis Ziogas



Photo: Yannis Ziogas





Photo: Yannis Ziogas

**Athens, October 2023**

**123<sup>rd</sup> to 138<sup>th</sup> kilometer**

## *Visual March to Prespes/Athens*

The Process *Visual March to Prespes* activated a two-person nomadic traveling body that moved from the coordinator's workshop in Marousi to the place where the Platforms Project 2023, Independent Art Fair is implemented. We are not, however, flâneurs.

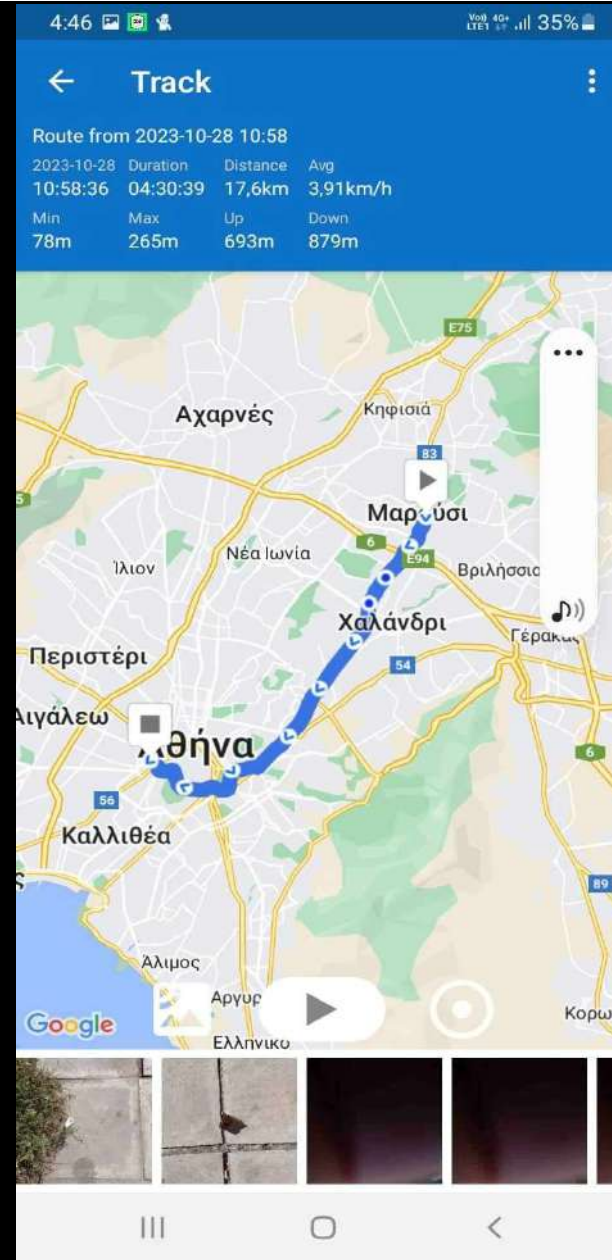
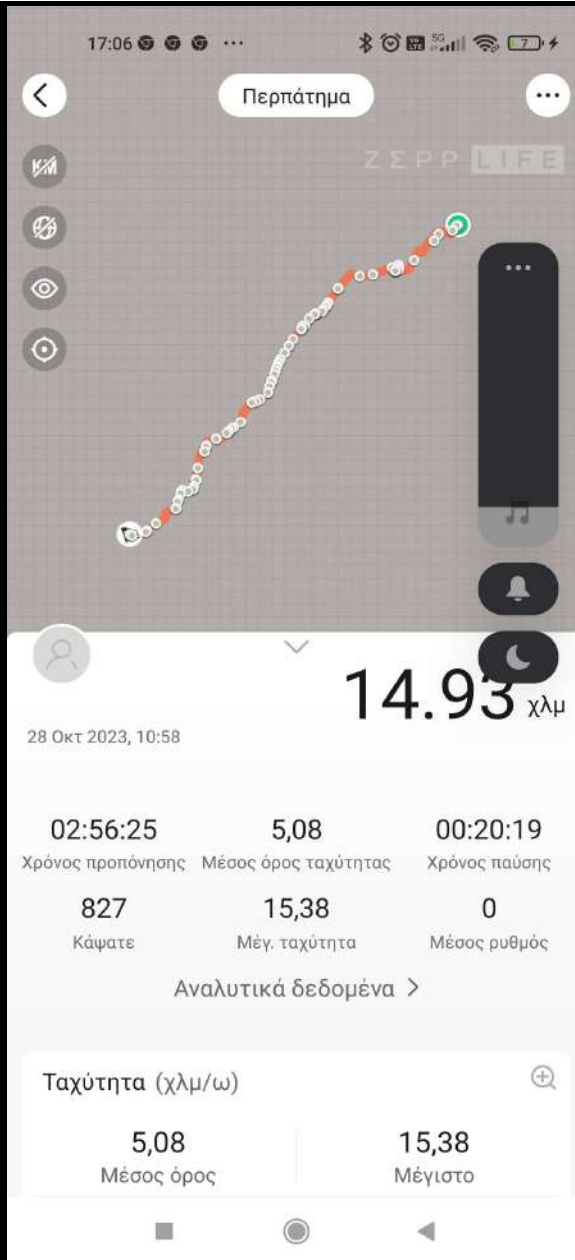
The nomadic body followed a double, parallel route that, in addition to the points of departure and destination, was drawn by chance and recorded meeting points and decisive events with the main motive being the discovery of art in the daily experienced space and often with huge contrasts. The espace quelconque of the urban areas we visited was transformed through the tour into a lived space of art stimuli. The nomadic artistic process activated the view that art is formed through reality and arrived at through a perpetual process of double return. Art contains and contains non-tangible forms that either have essential ontological meaning for some or others or have no meaning at all. What is called art lies beyond objects, performances, classifications, hierarchies, and stock market values; everything is a Museum.

The process probably recalled images, sounds, and words of art through a perception of deep listening and viewing (deep listening, deep viewing) of what the interest of artistic traces as they exist in the surrounding space means. The images were integrated with landscape and the landscape would diffuse into the images and this dual interaction was captured with an oral narration in the destination space, at the point of presentation.

And then nothing will ever be the same.

Nomadic Corps: Yiannis Ziogas, Markos Demkas.

The process was implemented within the Platforms Project 2023, Independent Art Fair



**Athens, October 23**

**Markos Ntemkas**

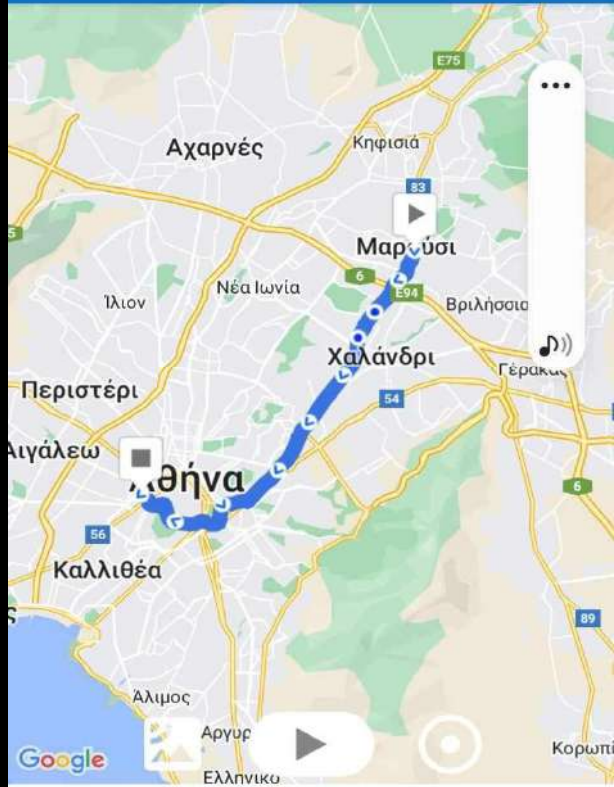
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# Track

Route from 2023-10-28 10:58

2023-10-28	Duration	Distance	Avg
10:58:36	04:30:39	17,6km	3,91km/h
Min	Max	Up	Down
78m	265m	693m	879m

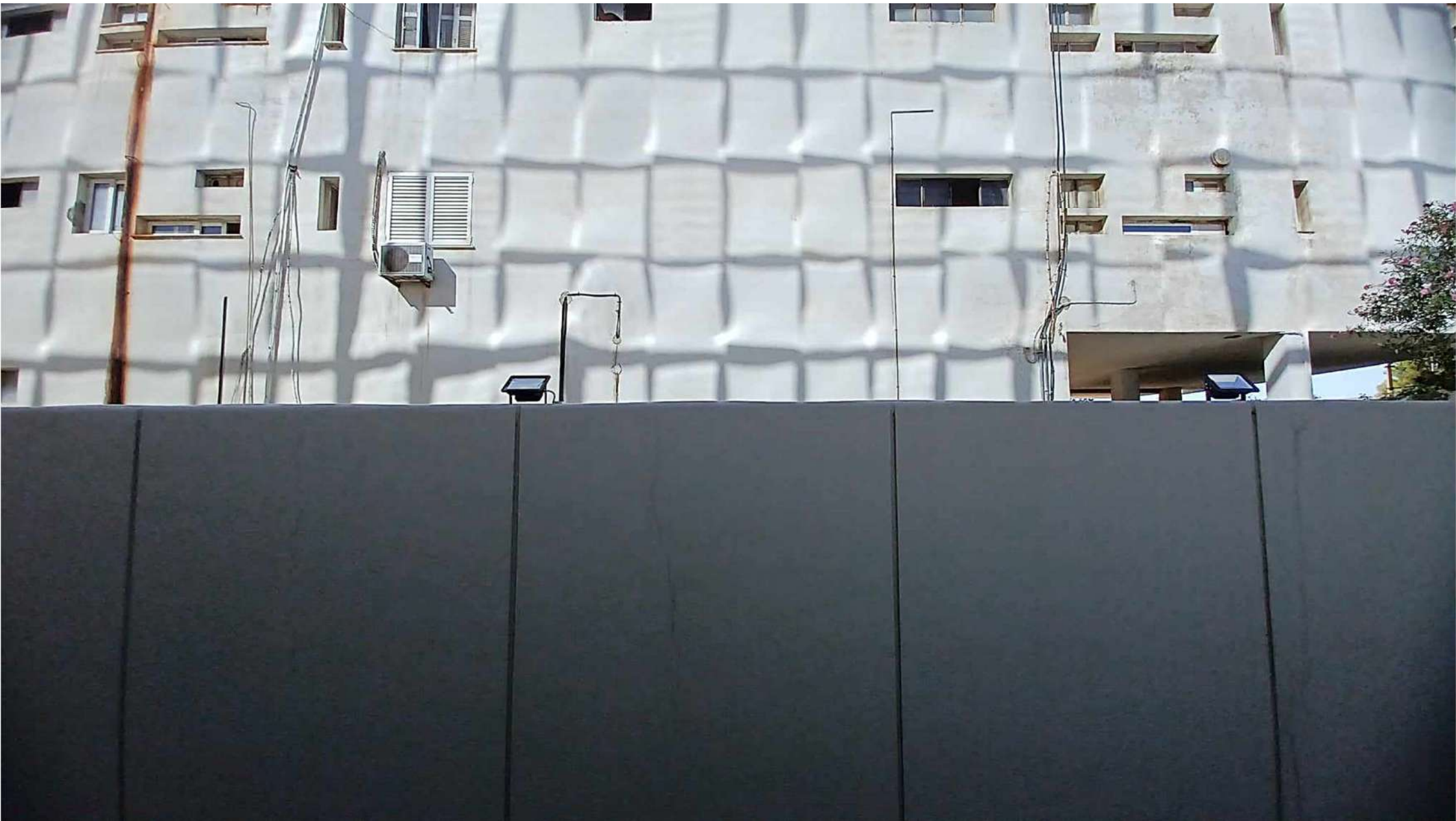






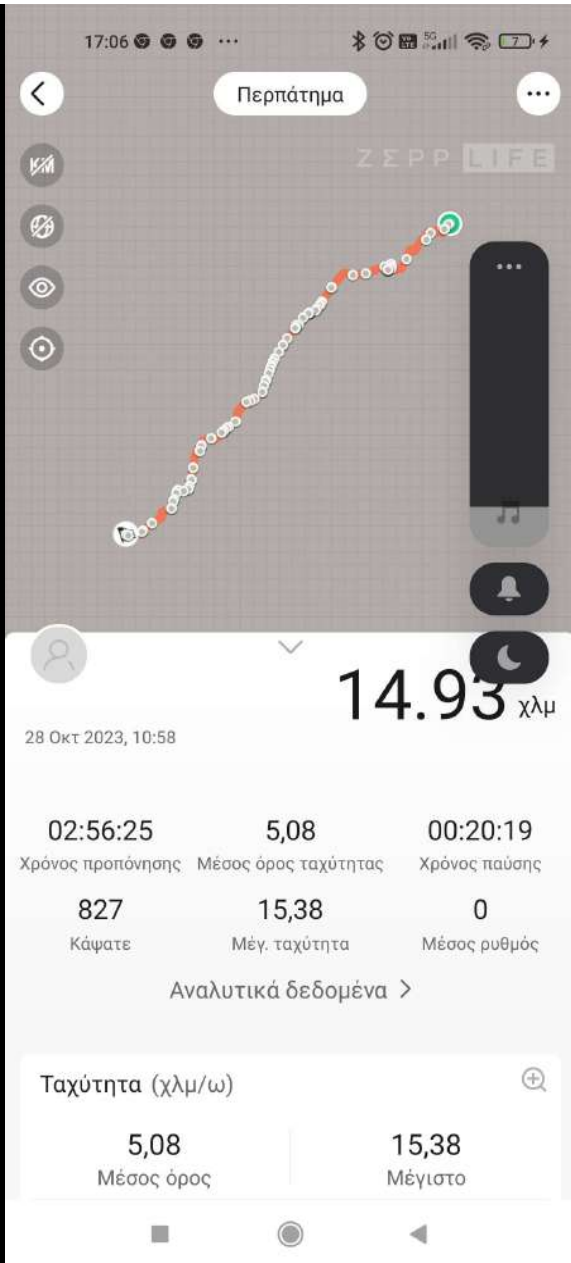






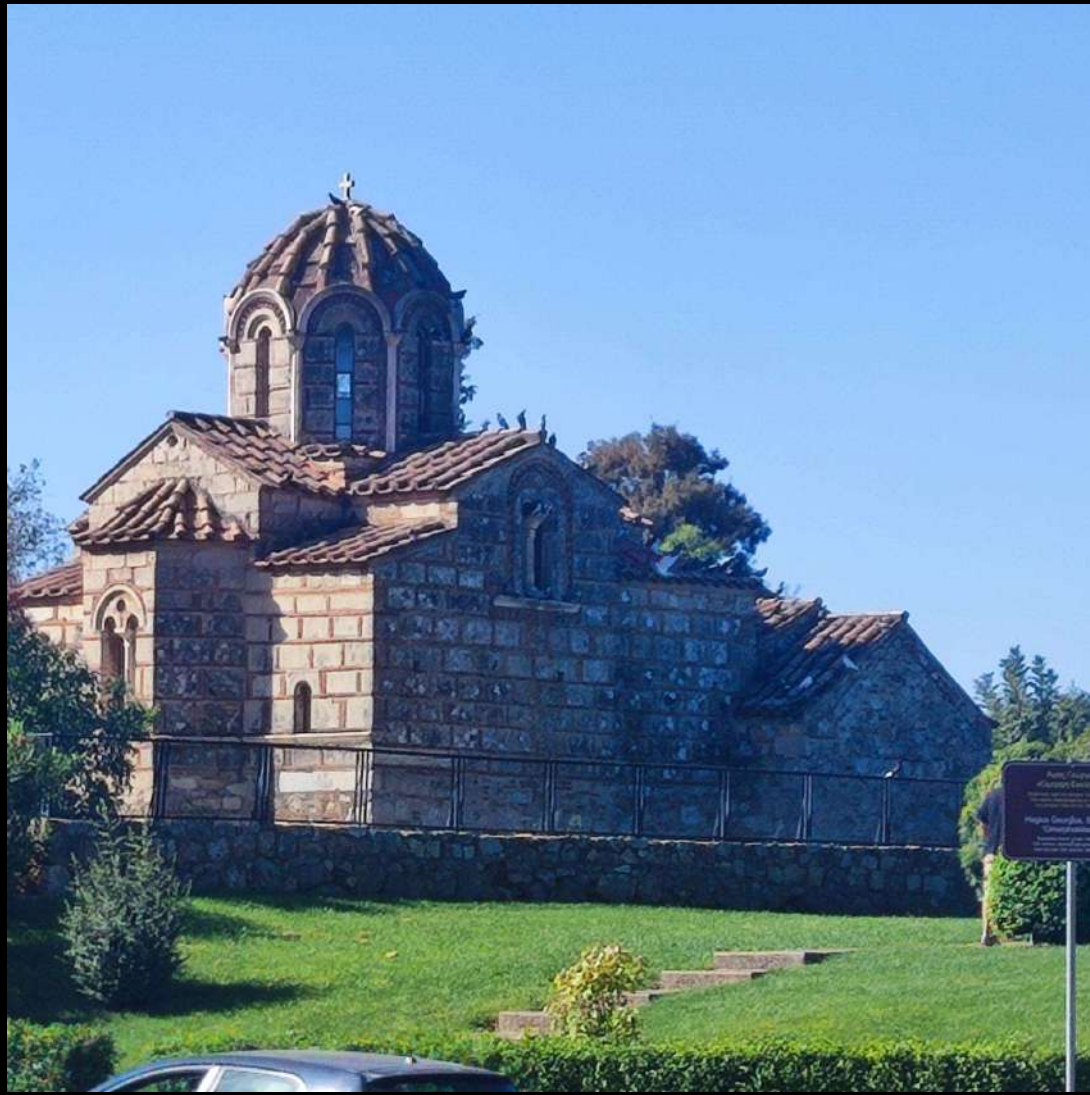
**Athens, October 23**

**Yannis Ziogas**





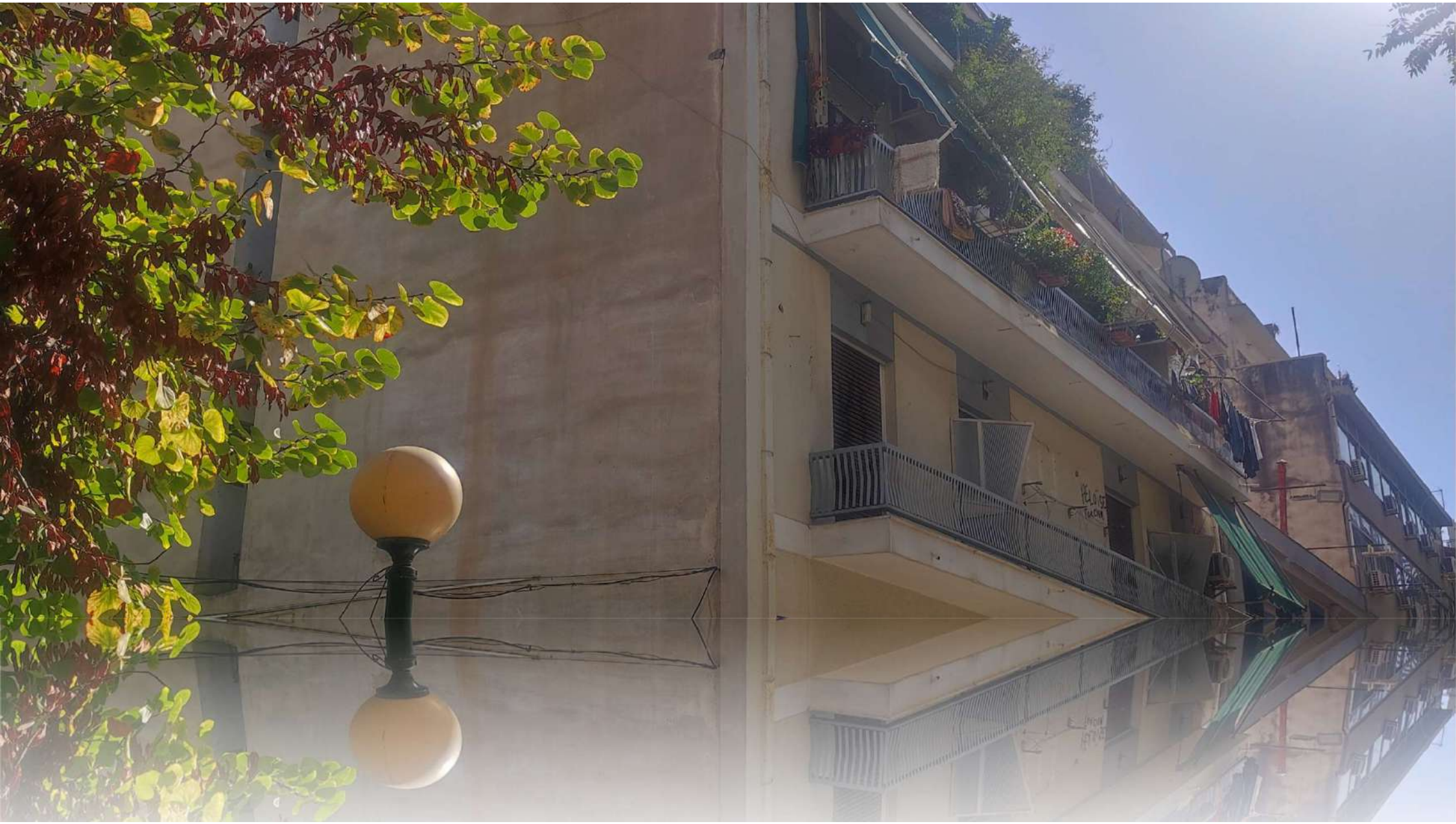


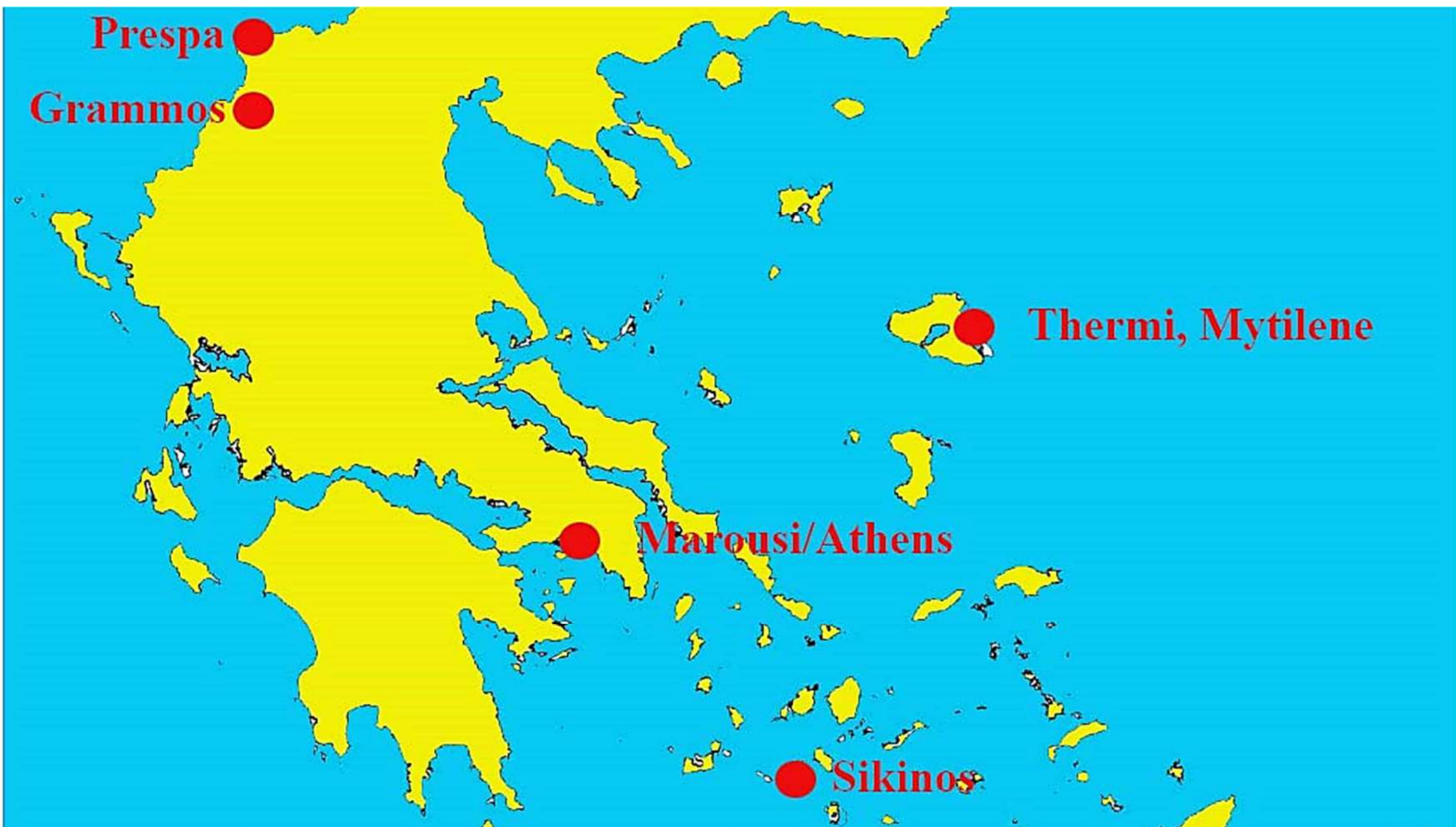












**Prespa**

**Grammos**

**Marousi/Athens**

**Thermi, Mytilene**

**Sikinos**

The walking piece *Crossing the Limits Prespa/Grammos/Mytilene/Thermi/Sikinos/Marousi/Athens*. The 138 kilometers of *Limits* was realized in five periods from July to October 2023 in five different trails/areas of Greece

- *Walking in the void, walking as a dadirri process*, Prespa Area, July 7<sup>th</sup> to July 8<sup>th</sup>, 12 kilometers.
- *FROZEN TIME, Grammos as the Great Maneuver V*, Grammos, July 14<sup>th</sup> to July 20<sup>th</sup>, 61 kilometers
- *The Limits of Carefree Sand*, Mytilene/Therme, July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 8 kilometers.
- *Searching for Neiko*, Sikinos, August 27<sup>th</sup> to August 30<sup>th</sup>, 57 kilometers.
- *Visual March to Prespes/Athens*, Marousi/Athens, October 28<sup>th</sup>, 15 kilometers.

The process was organized with various walking methodologies with the concept of the nomadic body being the central one.

# **Crossing the Limits**

**Prespa/Grammos/Mytilene/  
Thermi/Sikinos/Marousi/Athens**

**The 138 kilometers of Limits**