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Palaia-Epidauros, July 4th (Unsent)

Dear Taru,

Last night we arrived at Palaia-Epidauros. We had driven all day, having left Diakopto at 9am, after a morning swim in the crystal-clear Mediterranean. On the road, we first stopped at the Aigeira theatre. We were alone on the archeological site which is grandiose. Have you been there? On a mountainside, the ruins of the ancient theatre mix with the rocks of the cliffs that throw themselves into the sea. From the bleachers, I filmed Simo performing the little hand-choreography by the stage. His fingers are augmented with fake chitin prostheses, made from molded prints of maps accounting for the evolution of coral bleaching in the Pacific Ocean. After that, we filmed the second sequence, that of pouring water on one of the eroded stones of the stage with the goatskin gourd containing a liter and a half of seawater drawn in the morning from the Mediterranean. We were alone. Horseflies attacked us. The cicadas got louder. We escaped and hit the road again.

Three hours later, in the middle of the afternoon, we filmed in the leftovers of the ancient theatre of Sikyon, under 38 blazing degrees. No other human body in the vanishing ruins. The heat wave, probably. The same double-scene again, like in Delphi and Aigeira, the hands-chitin, and then the seawater pouring, evaporating on contact with the hot stone. As backdrop, the sea - a bit further away than in Aigeira though.

We arrived just after sunset at Palaia-Epidauros, exhausted and mesmerized by the day. A shared grilled calamari and melting oven roasted aubergines comforted us, and a tsipouro shot stunned us and sent us directly into the arms of Morpheus.

This morning at dawn we got back in the car and drove to Epidauros, as soon as possible, well before the opening at 8 am, to be the first ones, before the tourist buses, in the hope of having the theatre just for us. And it worked! The sun was rising fast, and a mad wind was messing with the surrounding trees. Alone in Epidauros, we filmed. The hands dance, then the salty water drawn at dawn from the Mediterranean within the goatskin gourd. A guard blew their whistle and shouted something in English with a strong Greek accent. Filming with a tripod is forbidden: 'No tripod!' they screamed. We complied and folded the tripod.

The sun quickly entered the stage, from the left of the amphitheatre, a bit rosé in the beginning, then quickly blond, then blinding optical white. Before leaving I walked back to the center of the proscenium, and just before the first wave of tourists would hit the site, I said, outloud - I haven't been an actor for twenty years! - these remembered lines from the monologue of Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods, / Pale in her anger, washes all the air, / That rheumatic diseases do abound: / And through this distemperature we see / The seasons alter: the spring, the summer, / The childing autumn, angry winter, change / Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world, / By their increase, now knows not which is which.

My voice reverb shocked me in return, not only hyper-amplified but estranged. Like a Sci-Fi blockbuster's scary voice-over. The olive trees at the top of the amphitheatre were crazily convulsed by the forceful wind. I realized that I was crying. Eventually, we left. A couple of tourists entered the center of the stage we left vacant, and took a selfie, with a stick. No whistle this time from the guard, no yelling. Just more wind in the olive trees.

Looking forward to reading from you, Vincent