



Victor's Tale

Suffused beneath the narcotic smell of orange blossoms hanging heavy in the evening air, Mu Koch and Cara Mayer spent a handful of surreal days flitting in and out of sleep in Athens in the Spring of 2024. As part of an excursion with Studio for Immediate Spaces, they jostled between studio visits, lectures, walks, and museums. A desperate need for coffee one Wednesday afternoon led them to stumble out into the streets of Exarcheia, where they were stopped in their tracks by a most peculiar strange and haunting cry. Gripping each other by the arm, they walked towards the sound like sleepwalkers – a long cry reverberating through the concrete-marble concoction of Athenian streets, ricocheting between pillars and stumbling across rips in the sidewalk. The cry of an opera singer, full of unspoken things – melancholia, love, loss, desire, forgiveness, anger, fear, all of that which language can never quite approximate...

Eyes bulging, they came across a most mysterious creature. A beautiful dog, speckled brown with sorrowful eyes, chained outside of an apothecary, crying, beckoning, calling to them. Mu and Cara could not believe their ears. The door of the apothecary flew open.

An older man, salt-and-pepper whiskers, sharp and thick like those of a jungle-cat called out towards them grumbling “Don’t mind him, that’s just Victor!” The door swung shut again, the jingling apothecary bell cut off mid-flight. Mu and Cara looked at each other.

Victor.

The name of an angel. Triumph. Conqueror. Helen. Troy. They knew then that they would go to war for Victor.

That evening, invited to a designer's house to recreate Plato's Symposium – another day at art-school – their course was asked to divide themselves up into teams: cooking, setting, entertainment. Naturally, Mu and Cara, gifted by the pantheon with a glimpse of Essential Truth that afternoon, knew they must bear responsibility for the evening's entertainment. They must channel Victor, open their hearts and let their tongues be used as a vessel for his knowledge. Taste, smell, emotion -- all that is left unspoken, all that is marred and muddled by language, so crude, so devilish -- it would return, tonight, at Laure Jaffuel's dinner. They would lay two puddles of golden liquid -- ambrosia, tar, Athenian piss – spread them across marble slabs

marble slabs
like butter.

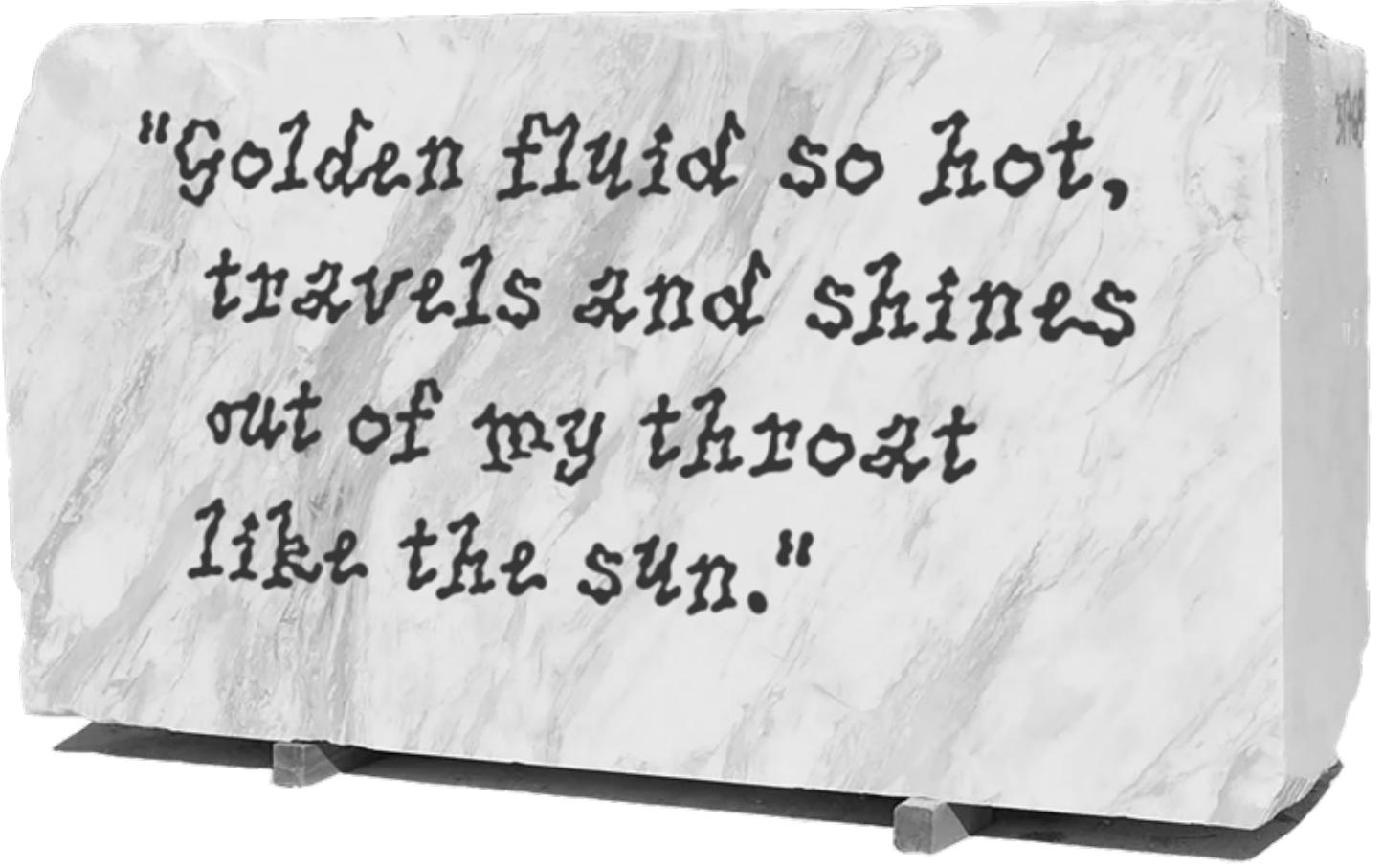
They would call upon the spirit of Victor.

Ask their guests to kneel down, get on their knees. Smell, sniff, lick the ambrosiac piss off the floor. Like dogs. Like angels. Like Victor.

This is a tribute to Victor
We kneel down before him
His line of vision our line of vision
Licking the marble floor
Like Honey on a block of yoghurt

Victor howling in the street
Our Maria Callas
Exarchia transformed into Teatro alla Scala
His meal, two honeys of birch and bitterness
His song, good morning, good night





"Golden fluid so hot,
travels and shines
out of my throat
like the sun."

Unravelling Our Shirt

Our shirt is a collage of meanings. Like magpies, we have collected shiny things, collated twigs of research to sew into our marble-slab design, rusted over, a bit leaky, a bit washed out, like our days in Athens.

There is a map of ancient Athens from the Rijksmuseum, our poem to Victor, sheet music of the Magic Flute from the Library of Congress, dated 1875. Then there are lyrics and glyphs from an album released on Mississippi Records, A. Kostis' "The Jail's A Fine School".

Aside from the ghost of our friend Victor, there was another specter haunting Athens. Buses of police, mountains of riot shields, the smug, close-shaven faces of police standing on each corner of Exarcheia, waiting to pounce, their eyes like vultures. Military parades from the ferry. Exarcheia's public square closed off to build a metro stop, a strategic plan to nip a community's assembly space in the bud. It reeked of Haussmann.

Neoliberal housing developments for expats with huge fences bearing sharpened metal teeth across from the site in Exarcheia where the death of Alexis Grigoropoulos is commemorated. The state towers over the neighborhood, its fangs are leeching blood where it can. As recently as December 2024, the Greek state deployed 5,000 police officers, drones, helicopters, water cannons for the annual commemoration of Alexis' death - December 6th 2008. They arrested 24 protestors. Exarcheia has a long and storied history of police violence, but also of resistance.

I Became Thin is a song by A. Kostis about mistreatment at the hands of Greek police, it paints a picture of life in prison. A. Kostis is the alias of Constantinos (Kostas) Bezos, one of the most fascinating and unique figures of Greek popular music of the 1930s. Journalist, musician, composer, singer, actor, and cartoonist, he was an early multimedia artist, who during the years 1930-1938 deposited a chameleon-like musical legacy which continues to fascinate to this day. The Kostis recordings reveal an underworld of the macabre and illicit. The use of guitar in these now-classic rebetika songs display a virtuosity of finger-picked unusual tunings at the dawn of rebetika, when the bouzouki was yet to reach its height of popularity.

No story could be told of a figure of Exarcheia's streets without discussing military and police violence in this part of Athens. Through the playfulness of Victor as our angel-saint-muse, we wanted to tell a story that subverted a visitor's position towards the city. By kneeling down to Victor's eyeline, sniffing, sensing, listening to the streets of Exarcheia, we hope to tell a story of what has been suppressed by the onslaught of Airbnb's, Biennales, and stainless steel natural wine bars. We want to attune our senses of perception to those who really live in Athens -- the students, the animals, the workers that call this city their home, who are kept out of sight by the hegemonic power of the myth of antiquity-era, of post-Documenta-era Athens.

ΑΔΥΝΑΤΙΣΑ Ο ΚΑΗΜΕΝΟΣ - I Became Thin

Adynatisa O Kaimenos (I Became Thin) (arr. Kostis)

Athens 22nd May 1931 | 2W 186-1 V. 58092 | K. Kostis syn. Kithara

Adynatisa o Kaimenos

Αδυνάτισα ο καημένος απ' το ξύλο το πολύ
που 'φαγα στο δέκα δύο βρε απ' την χωροφυλακή
που 'φαγα στο δέκα δύο βρε απ' την χωροφυλακή

Σαν η μάπα μου θα στρώσει και θα γίνω πάλε φίνος
θα μασάω απ' το τσαντάκι βρε διφραγκάκι διφραγκάκι
θα μασάω απ' το τσαντάκι βρε διφραγκάκι διφραγκάκι

Μια της βιόλας δυο της βιόλας
βρε μπαίνω στο τζαρδί της Λόλας
και της σκάω το παραμύθι βρε το κουκί και το ρεβίθι
και της σκάω το παραμύθι βρε το κουκί και το ρεβίθι

Της ζητάω για τσιγάρα και άλλα πεντακόσια χώρια
κι άλλες τετρακόσες βάλε βρε να μου φύγει η στενοχώρια
κι άλλες τετρακόσες βάλε βρε να μου φύγει η στενοχώρια

Αδυνάτισα ο καημένος απ' το ξύλο το πολύ
που 'φαγα στο δέκα δύο βρε απ' την χωροφυλακή
που 'φαγα στο δέκα δύο βρε απ' την χωροφυλακή

I Became Thin

I'm getting thin, poor me, from all the beatings
I got in arrest cell number 12,
I got in arrest cell number 12

When my face heals and I'm looking good again,
I'll spend from the purse, two cents, two cents
I'll spend from the purse, two cents, two cents

Once the viola, twice the viola,
I'll go to Lola's pad,
and cough up a story, eh, horse bean and chick pea,
and cough up a story, eh, horse bean and chick pea

I'll ask her for cigarettes and 500 drachmas,
then 400 more, eh, to ease my poor sorrows
then 400 more, eh, to ease my poor sorrows

I'm getting thin, poor me, from all the beatings
I got in arrest cell number 12,
I got in arrest cell number 12



ΟΛΗ ΤΗΝ ΜΟΥΣΙΚΗΝ ΠΟΥ ΘΕΛΕΤΕ

Δέκα νέοι έκλεκτοι 'Ορθοφωνικοί Δίσκοι

VICTOR RECORDS

"Οπού κάθε 'Ελληνικό Σπίτι πρέπει να τούς έχη-

ΤΩΝ 12 ΙΝΤΙΞΩΝ... ΤΙΜΗ ΔΟΛΛ. 1.25

V...58062 Μπεκροκανατάς, Κωνικὸν Σχίσσον, Πέτρος Κυριακός.
Επιστροφὴ Κυριακοῦ στὴν Αθῆνα, Κυριακός Δημητρίδης.

V...58059 'Ο Καραγκώνης στὴν Αμερική, Κωνικὸν Σχίσσον.
Ο Καραγκώνης στὸ Φοενοκαρέον, Κ. Θεοδοροδούλος.

V...58060 'Ιων, Πέτρος Δημητριάδης, Γριφίδια.
Καρδιές καὶ Καρδιές, Πέτρος Δημητριάδης, Διαρδία.

V...58061 Στίχιν 'Υπόγεια.
Ποιητικὴ Συλλογὴ, Ζευκτέλικο, Α. Κωστής.

V...58063 Μακούτη καὶ άλλοι είσαι.
Έγειροντας τ' 'Αστέρια, Κώστας Πετρόπουλος.

V...58013 Ανάγνωση Ηγιαία, Πέτρος Δημητριάδης.

V...58024 'Η Φτώχεια τοῦ Μποέι, Δημητριάδης Δουέτο.

V...58037 Φιλῶ τὸ Χέρι τῆς Μαυράς, Τέρος Δημητριάδης.
Έχεις πέσει τὴν Καρδιὰ μου, Πέτρος Δημητριάδης.

V...58038 'Ο Ταγματάρχης Βελοσαρίου, Τσικικο.

V...58039 'Ο Θαυμαστής, Συρτός, 'Ορχ. Σακελλαρίου, συνοδ. ψυχιτός.

V...58046 'Ο Υμνοψήνος, Κωνικὸν Σχίσσον, Πέτρος Κυριακός.
Η Καρδιὰ τοῦ Μάρκα, Πέτρος Κυριακός.

V...58046 'Εδν είχαν 'Εκτόνων.

Παῖδες Πόκα, Παῖδες Πινόκλι, Γεώργιος Κατσαρός.
κάθε παραγγελίαν 4 δισκων καὶ ἀνω λαμβάνεται ἕνα ώραιο Album
δωρεάν.

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(1500 Kilocycles, 200 Meters)

A. Kostis - The Fall's A Fine School (Mississippi Records, Orlando Record 1015)

Handwritten musical score for orchestra and choir. The score consists of ten staves. The top six staves are for the orchestra, featuring various instruments with dynamic markings like *p*, *f*, *r*, and *xor.* The bottom four staves are for the choir, with lyrics in German:

- Staff 7: *ist Christ in dir zu finn.*
- Staff 8: *ist Christ in dir zu finn.*
- Staff 9: *Wachet auf für ihn!*
- Staff 10: *Wachet auf für ihn!*

The lyrics in the bottom staves are underlined in blue ink.

Invisible Cities

Fragments from Invisible Cities, Cara's show at Mutant Radio about our time in Athens:

I arrive in Athens on Friday the 15th, March 2024. I'm sick as a dog, delirious. In a few days I'll come to find out that I have pneumonia, a lung infection. I stay in the attic of a 1 star hotel with a tiny window and a trail of somebody's snot smeared above my bed, but I have a perfect view of the acropolis from my pillow. It takes me a long time to climb the staircase to my room, I'm very sick, I can't even bring myself to complain about how dirty it is. My head spins but I am filled with a feeling of relief and grace.

At night I can't sleep and I spend hours watching the acropolis, that bastion, lit up in front of me. I'm fixated, trying to remember everything I know about Athens. The roaming cats and the sea, the house of wind and the cliffs with graffiti on them; the way that *vtákoç* sounds when you force your fork through the layers of tomato, feta, and bread crust.

I leave my room once a day, and follow my friend's trail of crumbs across the city. The first time I visit Exarcheia, it's evening. I walk around and in my fugue realize I've never seen more cops standing around like this in my life. It's so bizarre. They have nothing to do, but they are teeming, like rats. They stand outside the natural wine bars, they guard the metal fences that close

off the triangular square, they hold battons and glare next to the neighborhood cinema. I call a cab home and am stunned when we drive past markets teeming with people, everyone dressed up as angels and devils, masked and be-feathered. The cab driver tells me it is the last day of Apokries, Carnival. I fall asleep to the sound of frills of laughter, breaking bottles, and bass thumping in the distance.

The days begin to unfold. Mu has a nose spray filled with a small amount of psychedelics. We microdose on a hike through an ancient marble quarry and step into a cave with earth so soft it feels wet to the touch. The cave absorbs all sound and I wonder whether I've ever been anywhere more quiet. We pass through villages carved into marble, mountains overflowing with it, flowing down like a glacier. There is marble everywhere. It's ridiculous. We grab a slice that looks like brie and share cured meat for lunch.

Back in Athens, everything smells like orange blossoms, Kypseli is lined with trees, their white blossoms falling like snow and the breeze tastes warm and sweet.

I spend a lot of time alone on Strefi hill, hugging boulders in the sky, watching boys play basketball below. They tell me Strefi hill is dying. It's being torn apart by private investors and politicians, looking to redevelop and privatize one of the last public spaces in Exarcheia.. I've seen graffiti like 'Keep Strefi Wild' 'Free Strefi' next to a trucks with 30 riot shields piled beside them, cops on a break from doing nothing but making the neighborhood feel unsafe. Who the fuck wants to

drink a beer next to a cop anyways. Prodea Investments, Unison Facilities Services, all these corporations circling around Strefi like vultures.

On my way back down the hill, I walk through a birthday party for a child, little colorful plastic banners hung between trees, a cheap wooden table with tupperware, and children running around and laughing everywhere.



*Mu Koch and *Cara Mayer carry Swiss and German citizenship. During their time in Greece, Cara thought back to the discourse about Greece that played on the radio, on national television networks, that hung in the air and structured public opinion in late 2000's, early 2010's Germany. It is shameful to recall the blame German media assigned onto an entire country of people, many of whom were suffering under the decisions of those with economic power, and who continue to be confronted most by the EU's violent xenophobic border policies. No story of those who are suppressed by neoliberalism, state-violence and white-washed classicism would be complete without an acknowledgment of those who are suppressed most by the EU's violent and xenophobic border policies: undocumented migrants.

Profits & Pricing

All of our profits are redistributed to two different foundations.

One half is going to 'Solidarity with Migrants,' a greek organization that tries to counter the violent measures of the EU-Hellenic Coast Guard-Frontex. They support comrades who are facing unjust persecution due to their active involvement in the fight against repressive state forces, they help distribute information about free food, labor rights, clothes, doctors, legal advice and psychologists. More information can be found here:

<https://www.instagram.com/solidaritywithmigrants/>
<https://solidaritywithmigrants.org/brochure-athens/>

The second half is going to 'Pray for Stray', a nonprofit organization dedicated to the care and protection of stray cats in Athens. Founded five years ago by Magdalena Zotou, Panagiotis Anastasopoulos, Stavroula Papadimitriou, and Fotini Zindrou, the organization feeds every day, over 145 cats across six colonies in the Gkyzi area. Their work focuses on daily feeding, medical care, and ensuring the well-being of these animals. Their long-term goal is to establish a shelter where sick or vulnerable cats can receive treatment and find loving homes through adoption.

The pricing is a sliding scale from 30€ to 250€.

You decide how much you want and can pay.

We do however provide a suggestive pricing scale based on access to financial means and earning power.

Through the questionnaire on the following page you can find our suggestions for how much to pay. Depending on how many questions are answered with yes, a specific price is proposed.

Pricing Scale

1. Do you have access to savings, investments, inherited money or similar?	7x yes:	250€
2. Do you own or will inherit property?	6x yes:	200€
3. Are you only supporting yourself? (no kids or other people who are dependent of your financial support)	5x yes:	150€
4. Did your family have the means (money, time, knowledge) to support your educational journey?	4x yes:	100€
5. Do you feel un-restricted from physical or mental disabilities/illnesses when considering your earning power?	3x yes:	75€
	2x yes:	60€
	1x yes:	45€
	0x yes:	30€
6. Do you feel un-restricted by your gender, race or nationality considering your earning power?		
7. Do you have an expendable income (meaning you don't have to stress about meeting basic needs)?		

