

Souls-Lives

Veltsista

Land Art, Lake Amvrakia, April 20th, 2022

38°46'44.8"N21°11'25.6"E

"Dedicated.
-devoid of flags-
to the bodies that repose
on green earth
and the souls that become
forgotten from life
of one love
of one war
without even a kiss
Why?"



Presentation – screening
of an installation by Demetrie Veltsista

Souls - Lives

August - September 2022



ΕΛΛΗΝΙΣ
SUMMER 2022

Souls - Lives!

Land Art at Lake Amvrakia, April 20, 2022

Additional thoughts...

Demetrie Veltsista. Art creator, distinct, with a unique approach to life.

He is moved both by the present and all.

One recorded moment of war was sufficient for the land art which he created at Lake Amvrakia on the 20th of April, 2022, which he presents to us.

A photo of a moment in war.

"A Ukrainian man, dead, next to his bicycle, with his dog strapped to his hand, beside him.

It couldn't leave but perhaps it didn't want to leave."

If you also noticed it,

"Animals know how to love."

His eyes fixated on the photo, brought him pain, it haunted him.

He perceived the moment as a life moment.

The thought rooted in him and the black balloons took their place on green earth and bodies appeared, scattered, in spring - *the earth always takes and gives life* - and others on a porphyrene carpet deciding whether they will drop, - *the bombs, I mean*, - if they will not drop them, if they will make one move or another.

Life on a chess board.

Those in "authority" have always decided, the decisions that come from afar and determine our lives,

That is why the footage is from the point of view of the "Regulator".

"Demonstrably in love and in war for life", he claims.

Black corpses, there, devoid of flags.

No flags, but it is for - *flags* - that they kill.

Honour and pretence together.

His interest in this creation, the individual that is reposed at this moment and becomes a soul, but

YOU discard this and the moment comes in the cycle of life, when you will be in his shoes,

with a view to your turn.

Regardless of the power you gained and the bombs you dropped.

Behold what happened.

And this applies to all, those here and those on the other side.





In his creation, Veltsista maintains as a focal point, the individual, body and soul disregarded by the system and the central decision-making authority.

"I understand very well, even though I pretend not to understand what it is that you are doing, with such ease."

It is said that they locked up a group of people in a factory which they bombed until the people eventually came out, like mice.

Just as it occurs in our daily life.

They lock up people in banks, in organisations and they trample on them.

Just how far will this go, he wonders, with remorse towards the complicity of us all.

It is not only in war, but in our life, for our life.

But, where you are right, it is clear.

Where are you, as you look deeply into my eyes.

Looking at you all in the eye, at how you think.

Revealed, he stands before us.

-Now.

With shut eyes

through Europe you walk,

with cell phone in hand

it is the war that you watch

with an escalation clause.-

The completion of this creation, his votive offering, captures the truth, as painful as it is.

"Discarded are the souls.

but at the end of the road,

those living,

shall too dance

the same dance."

With Demetrie Veltsista in third person.

Nikos Karageoros
Artistic Director
Public Regional Theatre, Agrinio
August, 2022

“Souls - Lives” by Demetrie Veltsista

I lay down on the ground and looked at the black lives on it, that danced silently in the wind.
I brought to mind Guantanamo, Belsen, San Antonio, Kiev,

Evro, Smyrna.... one thousand and one, weeping.

Balloons in the wind, just as those that become like small spiders ready to travel
around the world. Most of the time, without a name, without a specific destination,
without a specific end.

And what a terrifying impact the unanswered silent queries regarding
death have, with the noise of the vehicles as they pass on Ionia Avenue! The lying corpses on
soil

or water and the strangers that pass them by, indifferent. Where was I? Was I looking or
were they looking at me?

Do you recall that poor, old camel at the Isthmus of Corinth? Everyone gandered at it, yet
no one asked for its papers. Just as no one asks for the flight path of
seagulls. Papers are only requested from refugees, drowned or nailed to a wired fence:
Who were you? Where did you want to go? Who loved you?

And the formal dinner table is forever empty. On ruby-red formal Byzantine velvet.

Yet, those who seal our fate never reveal themselves.

It is not my habit to analyse the poems of others, but this time,

I wrote two lines for Demetrie Veltsista’s “Souls – Lives”, while I could,
that is, before my eyes welled up with tears.

Aggelos Ivos
Author, Poet



Inspiration - Realization
Veltsista Demetrie

Direction - Montage - Drone shots:
Besinis Paris

Photos - Post Production:
Kontoulis Dimitris

Sound Recording
Avgeris Panagiotis



MUNICIPALITY
OF AGRINIO
ART SUPPORTER