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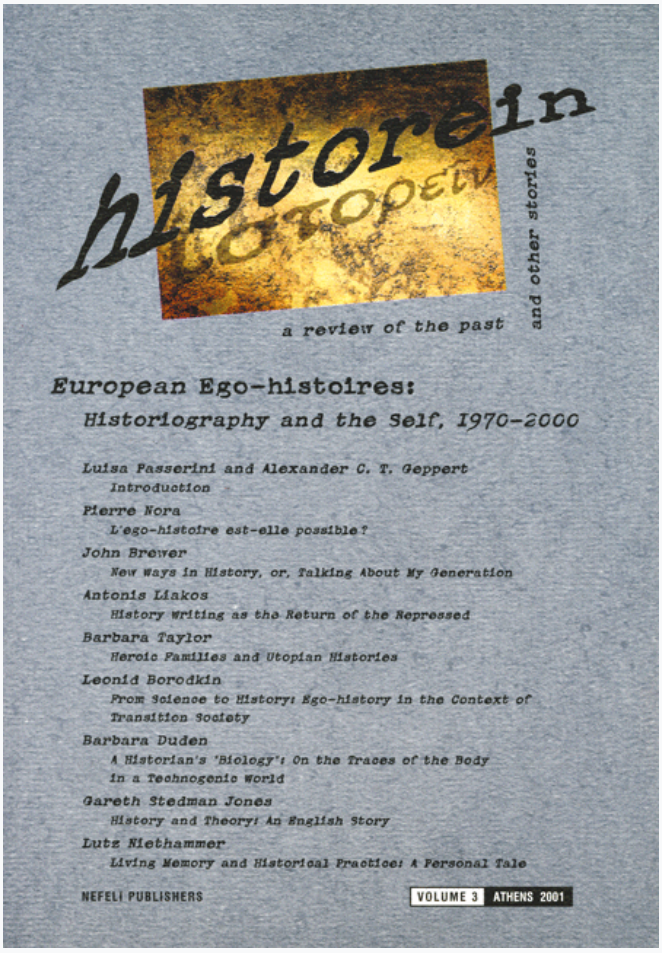


## History Writing as the Return of the Repressed

*Antonis Liakos*

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# *History Writing as the Return of the Repressed*

**Antonis Liakos**

When, in 1994, a very close friend, the German historian Gunnar Hering, died, I looked again through his writings in order to prepare an obituary. Between books with voluminous documentation and thorough analysis, I found a little essay on a topic rather uncommon for him: the history of the Estonian artist Count Otto Magnus von Stackelberg (1788-1837), who had left his northern country to come south to Italy and Greece and paint landscapes and portraits.[1] Between the lines of his text, the thing that jumped out was how my friend, in writing the history of the artist, had written his own history. He himself had been born in Dresden and gone to study the history, languages and cultures of Southeast Europe, soon becoming a specialist on the region and specifically on Greece. The similarity did not stop at external analogies, but was also there in the description of the experience and the interpretation of the behaviour, mentality and psychology of the artist. Knowing Gunnar well, I realized that in the plot, just as in the phrasal texture and as well as the style, there was something that connected him with the actions and events of this artist's life.

Hering had written a faithful history of the artist and did not use it as a pretext to write his own history. If I could read his own history between the lines of the artist's history, it was because I recognized the phrases in which he described it, the same phrases which he had used, during our discussions, to describe his own experience. Then, I wrote a text with the title "Gunnar Hering Writing His Own Autobiography," in which I tried to show how Gunnar had written his own intellectual biography while writing the history of the artist.[2] My conclusion was rendered through a metaphor, taken from painters' experience.

Writing history, I argued, is like whitewashing a wet wall. At the end of the effort, instead of pure whiteness, a map of rising damp has surfaced. Our own experience is like the dampness of the wall. It is coming through, even as we write the experience of historical otherness. I used this metaphor because writing our own history through the history of others is not a conscious process. The more we try to separate our sympathies and antipathies, the more we try to distance ourselves from our experience, the more this comes out from us in the writing of history. In Gunnar's obituary, I attributed this interweaving between history and autobiography specifically to the genre of biography. In writing a biography it is not easy to escape from the shape of our own imagined autobiography. I think now that this hidden connection more broadly effects all our historical writing, however subtly and indirectly.

First of all, I would like to present some biographical facts. I was born in 1947 in Athens, in a working-class family. I was mixed up in Left politics from an early age. When I was sixteen years old I participated in student protests and street demonstrations, and was arrested for the first time. At eighteen, I wrote articles in a journal of the Trotskyist Left. I enrolled in the School of Philosophy of the University of Thessaloniki. When the dictatorship came, we organized a resistance group along with fellow students and a few workers. In 1969, I was arrested – I was twenty-two – and sentenced to life imprisonment. I would stay in prison for four years, which I consider formative ones. Behind the walls I found a community of political prisoners who had an intense intellectual life. These were the years after the 1968 student revolt in Europe, after the split of the Communist Party of Greece and the Soviet invasion in Czechoslovakia. There were many discussions about these events, about the redefinition of the identity of the Left, and about fresh ideas and sensibilities coming out of the New Left and Eurocommunism. In prison there were also scholars and upper-class intellectuals who had no connections to the traditional culture of the Left, but possessed a wide knowledge of Western European progressive and liberal trends of the '60s. Consequently, these four years served as a school. We read a lot, I learned foreign languages and my readings mainly centred on philosophy and history. During those years I systematically read basic Left texts like Marx's *Capital*, and Gramsci's *Prison Notebooks*, but also Wittgenstein's *Tractatus logico-philosophicus*, Braudel's *Mediterranean* and Hobsbawm's *Primitive Rebels*. I was reading the new American Left like Baran and Sweezy and their journal *Monthly Review*, as well as Fanon, Freud, Markuse and others. I still have on my bookshelves Alexander Cockburn and Robin Blackburn's *Student Power* (Penguin 1969), with the permission number of the ministry of justice to receive it in jail, "34085/3-4-73."

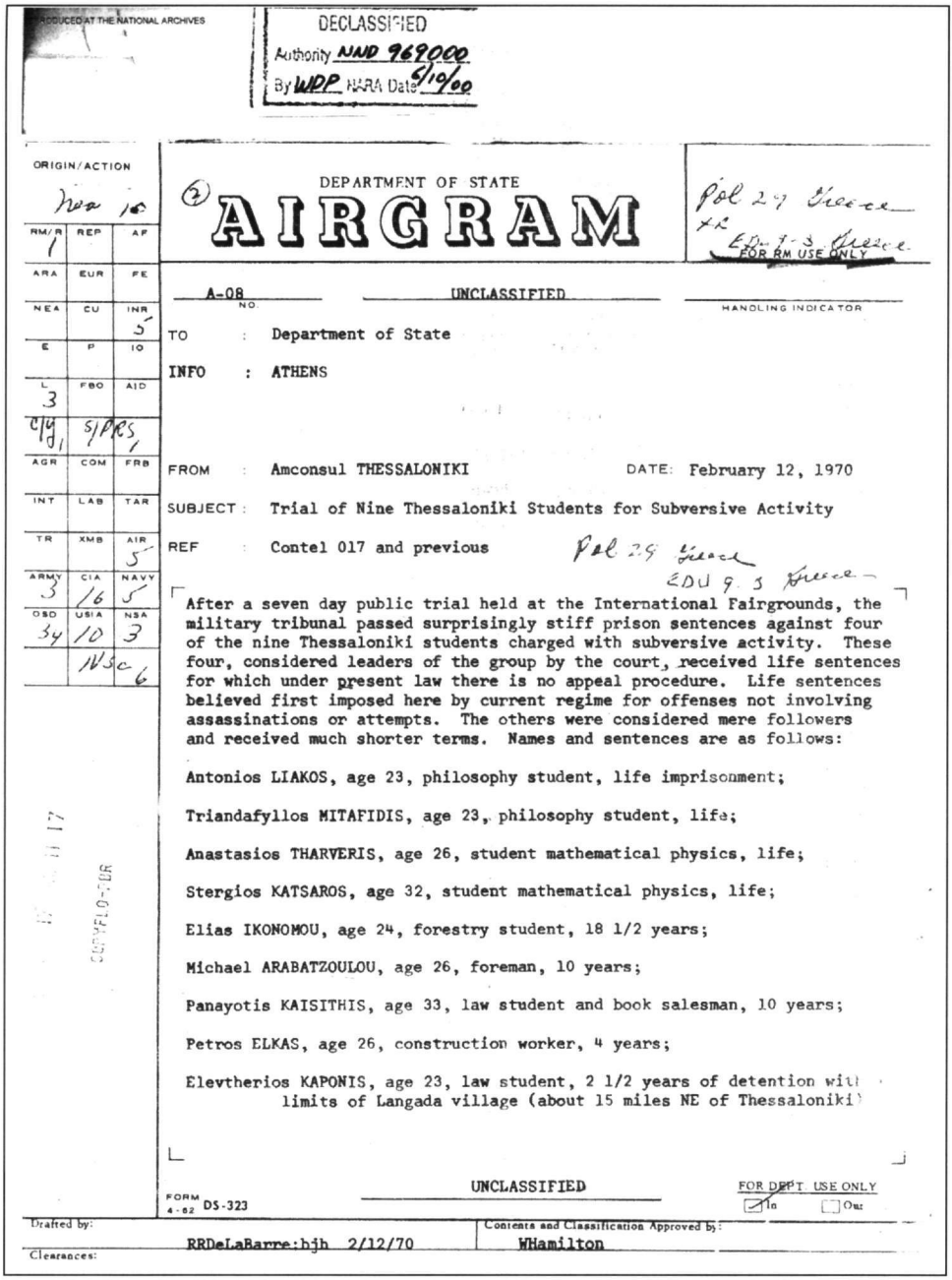
The experience of being in prison is formative for the personality. The prison as an institution is an arena of rivalry. On the one hand, the prison authorities try to decompose your identity through the control of your body, your movements, your communication with the outside world. They categorize you; they put you in special wards together with people marked like you. On the other hand, prisoners are not passive objects moulded by the technology of imprisonment. They react and have their own mechanisms by which they annihilate the prison's plans and try to impose

their own culture and norms of behaviour. They resist the prison's categorization simply by the fact that any categorization creates communities, and communities create a dynamic response by constructing their own intellectual and emotional space. Besides that, prisoners react by categorizing the overall prison experience not as an accident, but as a component in their collective life's imagined shape. In Greece, with a long history of political imprisonment after the interwar years, a prison culture flourished. But this culture was not a spontaneous reaction to the pain of punishment. It was formed by communist discourse on prison and by the party apparatus that fostered the identity of political prisoners. This protection was at the same time a mechanism of repression. There were topics not permitted for discussions, forms of culture prohibited, ideas vetoed, people outcast from the prisoners' community. What we could call the sphere of the "personal" was completely subordinated to the sphere of politics, to the promise of the great upheaval. Identity was created at odds with subjectivity. For dissidents, there was a second prison inside the prison. But in the 1970s, the older mechanism had almost disappeared because of the split of the Communist Party in 1968. There were two rival communist parties, and at the same time, other Left or centre-Left groups. All those, though distinct communities, were in open communication. This plurality left not negligible margins of freedom, but a new-born freedom inside the Left, which helped the self-orientation of the prisoners. Prisoner identity was nuanced by subjective differences. Nevertheless, there existed a common prison culture. It would be summarized in a small poem of simple directions: "Eat your food, love your cell and read a lot." With this in mind, time in prison was not simply a time lost from life, but a time for the practice of self-discipline and preparation for the militant future.[3]

This culture also cultivated a particular kind of "theory of knowledge." The Left had created a universe of knowledge, similar in form, if different in content, from what Frances Yates described in *The Art of Memory* (1966) about late medieval Western Europe. During the first half of the twentieth century, it had empowered people to overcome the deficiencies of their class educational background. In the '60s, it seemed to be a rather closed system, a residual of the past, and it had disappeared in the young generations of activists. But it was not a dead intellectual tradition, and it left a utilitarian orientation toward learning. That is, you ought to learn with a purpose: to overturn the world. It seems strange, of course, that you tried to read Wittgenstein or Braudel with this view, but that was the manner in which we approached knowledge. Later, of course, looking again at these same texts with another eye, we understood that the basic characteristic of this approach was not learning, but misunderstanding. Nevertheless, we tried hard, asking for books from friends and relatives outside prison and studying in the cell. The things we understood depended on the framework of our outlook. This framework was transformed by what we read, but not in a linear or cumulative way. As I see these inner processes now, I can understand our difficulty in reconciling our desires with existing realities. This un-bridged gap between desires and realities resulted in a pursuit of the uncommon, the alternative image of things, eventual hidden dynamics. As a consequence, with the passing of time and our disillusionment with reality, this search for an alternative way of knowing things was coupled with doubt and later transformed into skepticism about the possibility of understanding the reality.

Students in Court, Salonica, February 1970. First line, Katsaros, Darveris, Mitafidis, Liakos (standing) (photo: *Der Spiegel*, 20, 1970)

I came out of prison in 1973 and continued to be politically active until 1977. Nevertheless I had a feeling of frustration, of political stagnation, or better, of political suffocation. This might seem strange, because the years after the fall of the junta were years in which democracy was established in Greece, and certainly a democracy of better quality than had existed before the dictatorship. However, few of us in the resistance against the junta went on to pursue a political career. The new world which we faced coming out of the prison door seemed strange to us. Most returned to their jobs and were sunk in psychological crises of varying depth and intensity. There was a diffused feeling that the expected revolution had not come and its time had passed. The social hierarchies were restored. Our own efforts and plans had failed. A comrade and close friend, Tasos Darveris, who later committed suicide, wrote a book on the experience of the dictatorship years entitled *History of a Long Night 1967-1974*.[4] In the conclusion, he wrote that in the period of the dictatorship we felt freer because we could freely plan our hopes. This freedom to imagine the future has been restricted ever since. In what has been written in the form of memoirs of this period, there was a certain irony towards our experience itself. The basic idea was that those things for which we had sacrificed years of our life had happened without us, but also in ways different than we had expected. In the last paragraph of his book, Darveris wrote: "We are living with the past. The past is projected and depicted in the present and even in the future, it gives us a *raison d'être*. Is it inconsistency? Living without purpose, it is not what we are going to do in the future, but what we have done in the past, that burdens us. The past replaces the future. We had been *dramatis personae* in History's theatre company! Let's drink to the Past."[5] I did not completely share this attitude. Loving my past, I tried instead to get myself



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DEPARTMENT OF STATE

# AIRGRAM

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A-08 NO. UNCLASSIFIED HANDLING INDICATOR

TO : Department of State

INFO : ATHENS

FROM : Amconsul THESSALONIKI DATE: February 12, 1970

SUBJECT : Trial of Nine Thessaloniki Students for Subversive Activity

REF : Contel 017 and previous

Pol 29 Greece
EDU 9-3 Greece

After a seven day public trial held at the International Fairgrounds, the military tribunal passed surprisingly stiff prison sentences against four of the nine Thessaloniki students charged with subversive activity. These four, considered leaders of the group by the court, received life sentences for which under present law there is no appeal procedure. Life sentences believed first imposed here by current regime for offenses not involving assassinations or attempts. The others were considered mere followers and received much shorter terms. Names and sentences are as follows:

Antonios LIAKOS, age 23, philosophy student, life imprisonment;

Triandafyllos MITAFIDIS, age 23, philosophy student, life;

Anastasios THARVERIS, age 26, student mathematical physics, life;

Stergios KATSAROS, age 32, student mathematical physics, life;

Elias IKONOMOU, age 24, forestry student, 18 1/2 years;

Michael ARABATZOULOU, age 26, foreman, 10 years;

Panayotis KAISITHIS, age 33, law student and book salesman, 10 years;

Petros ELKAS, age 26, construction worker, 4 years;

Elevtherios KAPONIS, age 23, law student, 2 1/2 years of detention wit
limits of Langada village (about 15 miles NE of Thessaloniki

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Drafted by: RRDeLaBarre:hjh 2/12/70

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Crossing borders. Description of the trial from U.S. State Department's archives

free from it, tried to push it under my pillow. Ever since then, I do not talk publicly or write about my resistance and prison experience, and I do not take part in veterans' associations or activities. I resent feeling like someone belonging to the past. I think that this ambivalence towards the past defined my relation to history as an open question. I'll return later to this point.

When I closed the chapter on my political activity, I was feeling the need to see and think about things again from the beginning. I wanted to start a systematic study of philosophy or history, but I was wavering between the two. If finally I turned to history, it was not only because of the burden of the past. History seemed to offer a less unstable ground for understanding than philosophy did. Reading the writings of my friends who had turned to philosophy, in spite of a shift to a language of academic Marxism, I could distinguish, not without *ennui*, the same discussions that we had had in the language of political activism. In the Greek intellectual stardom of the '70s, the two shining names in philosophy were Nikos Poulantzas and Cornelius Castoriades. The best of Castoriades was what his teacher in politics, Agis Stinas, had elaborated after the end of World War II. I met Stinas several times in 1966-67 and was impressed by the figure of this isolated old militant, by his eloquence and distance from commonplace ideas about history and politics. In Poulantzas, a respectable personality, it was the lack of historicity and fluidity inherent to structuralism that turned me off. I understood why, later on, reading E. P. Thompson's polemic on Althusser. E. P. became my ideal historian.

I decided to return to university in order to work on a doctoral thesis, but first I had to choose a subject. As a leftist researcher, I could choose a subject related to the history of the Greek labour movement, about which very little had been written up to that time, or I could even study the resistance or the civil war, which for the Left was a celebrated period. But what I feared was that I would repeat myself, that I could not escape from my ideas, and even from the rhetoric that I was using in my political writings up to that time. It is not strange that, even now, sometimes I recognize in my texts, particularly in polemics, modalities of writing belonging to different phases of my intellectual life. So, I was thinking that I should choose a period and a subject that were far from my experience, which would not affect me, and in which I could craft the intellectual tools of the historian. In some way, I wanted to close the chapter on the political activism in which I had been occupied almost exclusively for twelve years since 1965.

I wrote a thesis which had as its subject the relation between the Greek and Italian national movements. In the '70s, nationalism was not yet the hot and politicized subject it became in the '90s. The research focused on the nineteenth century – far enough away from the political activities of my experience. The subject was the relation between *Risorgimento* and the Greek Great Idea, the connections of Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi and others to the Greek and Balkan politicians and intellectuals of those years. This subject seemed to me uninteresting enough that I could work on it while avoiding ideas emerging from political and social topics of the twentieth century, which were close to my experience. But reading the book I wrote afterwards, I understood that matters were not so simple. First of all, the choice of subject. In 1969, the security forces of the dictatorship had captured me in an apartment at 45 Garibaldi Street in Thessaloniki. I had no idea at the time exactly who Garibaldi was. But when I was in prison it happened that I read his biography in a pocket edition.[6] Reading this book I felt a connection between the personality of Garibaldi and the film *I Bravi di Brancaleone*, in which Vittorio Gasman starred. This film belonged

in some way to the micro-mythology of our resistance group. Those of us who founded this group had our first discussion after we had seen this film in a Thessaloniki cinema in the summer of 1967.[7] Often sarcastic towards ourselves and our activities, we likened ourselves to the comic heroes of Brancaleone. Great words – poor results. Disproportionality between means and outcomes. An ineffectiveness, somehow comic and ironic at the same time. Consequently, I saw Garibaldi as one of those gallant fellows. Reading my thesis later I understood that I had written a history of failed endeavours. Neither Greek nor Italian heirs of the 1848 radicals managed to provoke the generalized uprising in the Balkans which they sought. In Greece, the first monarchy had been overthrown not for a radical republic, but to set up a rather corrupt sovereign regime of political parties. In Italy, a unified nation-state was set up, but with little relation to the expectations and efforts of *Partito d' Azione*. The history of the last days of Mazzini struck me. The day of the declaration of the unification of Italy, with Rome as capital, was not the fulfillment of the prophecy he himself had alone preached long before. Just released from prison, he retired to a hotel room, closed the windows and, after a short while, he died alone.

Romantic interpretation of history? Yes. But unconsciously, writing about this story, I had returned to our own story. The attempts of small groups, the asymmetry between means and outcomes, the things that changed without them, the thwarting of their hopes. The history of failures. Ever since, I think so much of what I have written has been about the histories of failed efforts. In the conclusion of the book I had written the following: "The people of the drama do not exist outside of their roles; they look at the world through the myth they created. Their deeds must not be judged by their effectiveness. We must decipher them and read them as a text of mythological language of the national ideology."[8] In a history that is the history of human activity, the measure is not its effectiveness but its social imaginary. In this phase of my thinking, the theory that influenced me most was that of Roland Barthes. Semiotics interested me from the perspective not of reading, but of misreading. Not of the obvious meaning, but of the indirect, hidden one. The indirect meaning is considered more important than the direct one. Thus, the personal experience of the discrepancy between means and results, the recognition of misreading and misunderstanding not as accidental but as structural to communication, was transferred to the book. The repressed was returned as history writing, but neither in justification nor in contempt of the past, but as intellectual elaboration of the asymmetry between the aims and consequences of human actions, that is, as irony. Through the writing of this book I came to view irony as an essential way of re-enacting history.

The story could end here. I have no intention of writing my intellectual biography, only of describing an aspect of the relationship between personal experience and history writing. Besides that, I am sceptical of the possibility of unity in the intellectual autobiography. To the degree that our personal history is crystallized in our writings, in the same way, our personality is forged through our history-writing activity. From this point of view, what we are living does not have priority over what we are studying. They are both experiences of no different nature, and sometimes the life of learning determines the practice of living.[9] History writing becomes a formative experience.

After I finished my first book, it seemed normal to continue studying the history of Italy and Greece. The field of their political, intellectual and economic relations was still unexplored. Indeed I had done some research on the fascist period, in the Italian archives, and I even discussed my project with Renzo de Felice, a very well known specialist on fascism. But what seemed more attractive and even compelling to me was to turn to social history. The study of social history and especially of the labour movement was like a promissory note that had to be settled. In the history of social movements, engagement with the history of the movement is, in a way, a substitute for engagement with the movement itself. The last time that I realized this was in 1998, in Milan, at the Annual Conference of the International Association of Labour History Institutions. There I met many old acquaintances from all over Europe. In the '70s, I knew them as militants. Now they had become gray-haired historians or archivists of the labour movement. At that time, they tried to realize their ideas, now they laboured to preserve them in the archives and to memorialize them.[10]

Political engagement in the '60s and '70s was determined by an idea that now even the more radical groups of the Left have abandoned: the idea of social revolution, of turning the world upside down. The "de-radicalization" of the Left during the last two decades and the silencing of this dimension of our experience represents a spectacular shift in mass mentalities and political culture, which had preserved a dimension of social overturning for several decades after 1917. In the last two decades of the twentieth century, we ended up having succumbed to various aspects of the till then discarded ideas of social reform. Social reform and not social revolution, "reformist" Left and not revolutionary Left, became the political project of most of my generation.

Turning to social history I took, as central to my work, the history of social reform and questioned its effectiveness and limits in Greece during the interwar years. I went to Geneva to investigate the archives of the International Labour Office, where I found an interesting story. The ILO, born after the First World War as an international bureaucracy, had used Greece and its difficulties with refugees after 1922 to perform an experiment in social engineering. Contrary to expectation, I argued, social welfare in Greece was not the product of the relationship between labour and capital, but the by-product of attempts to deal with the problems of refugees, public health and social security.

During the years I was preparing the book *Politics and Labour in the Interwar Years*, between 1987 and 1993,[11] the international situation changed dramatically, and the changes provoked great transformations in social history and social theory, some of which we still hesitate to recognize. I mean the collapse of the Soviet world, on the one hand, and on the other, the crisis of the welfare state and the appearance of neo-liberalism as a political model in Western societies. What were the consequences for the theoretical interpretation of the welfare state? Previously, mainly in the 1960s and '70s, the model of social theory was based on the prospect of a future convergence of bureaucratic capitalism and reformed socialism. This idea was based, on the one hand, on the adoption of Keynesian planning by Western countries, and, on the other,

on the economic reforms in the Soviet bloc, after Stalin's death. From the perspective of convergence, the welfare state was considered a transitional form towards a rationally planned society. However, the popularity of neo-liberalism in the 1980s and the collapse of the Soviet Union demonstrated that previous theoretical frameworks were no longer adequate to explain social reform and the welfare state, and new frameworks were needed.

The basic idea that pervades the book is that the emergence of working people, and more generally of the populations to which industrialization and urbanization gave rise, as well as of great waves of refugees in the early twentieth century, forced European societies to find space and institutions to fit these new elements into the social pyramid. Therefore, the need for social reform did not originate only from the labour movement, but from many forces, and was linked to the way that each society constructed the national state. Nevertheless, through these interconnected or oppositional tendencies, a general one emerged, and this was the expansion of the state into new areas, and chiefly into the regulation of social needs. This tendency for the state to expand, beyond the expectations of the social actors, met a more general tendency that originated from within society: namely, the shift of needs from the private to the public sphere. Needs, from birth to death, were politicized; they became an object of regulation by the state and were incorporated into different ideologies.

In my approach, the expansion and the restriction of the state was sketched like a reverse U curve that lasted about a century from the last decades of the nineteenth century until the final decades of the twentieth. The apex of this curve took different colours, among which social democracy, communism, corporativism, even versions of fascism, and planned economy appeared, with corporativism as the common element. This scheme led to another idea that developed from my reading of Karl Polanyi's book, *The Great Transformation* (1944). In this book an economic anthropology is developed that places the mechanisms and mentalities of the market in juxtaposition to an organic perception of society that has much greater depth than the market. One of the chapters of this book, "The Speenhamland Low," describes the impasse of this juxtaposition. The market creates destructive forces in society to which not only the labour movement, but also conservative forces are opposed. In addition, labour demands are formed on the basis of a value system that originates from what E. P. Thompson called the "moral economy." On the other hand, however, exit from the market provokes a still greater catastrophe. I saw the welfare state through this interplay between forces incorporating and detaching from the market. This interpretative framework was delineated in two articles which I also wrote in this period.

The first one was "On Populism" and constituted a critique of the concept of populism in theories of modernism in Greek politics.[12] In this article I tried to see populism as an ideology derived from the handling of the popular "moral economy" by state elites in a period of market extension into society. The second one had the title, "Should we redefine the concept of the Left?"[13] The question was not why communism collapsed, but why the reform of the regime failed. Written immediately after the dissolution of the Soviet Union in 1991, this article described

the problem as the contradiction between the idea of the rational project which the Left(s) proposed (regardless of its rationality) and market self-regulation. From this perspective, I described the labour movement, socialism, the welfare state, and the expansion of the state itself in society as shades of an older reaction to social changes generated by the market. Nevertheless, this reaction, which lasted about a century (beginning in the last decades of the nineteenth century), proved a temporary retreat from the market. The end of the twentieth century saw the victorious return of the market in a worldwide climax.

Finishing my book on labor politics in 1993, I did not proceed with social history, despite my earlier intentions. Again I was feeling the need to elaborate my open questions with the past, as this past was being transformed from a living past into an archived one. Maybe the symbolic act of this ambivalence towards my past was the act of giving my personal archive from the period of my political engagement and imprisonment to the Archives of Contemporary Social History in Athens.

I was starting to explore, through the history of historiography, the problem of what we mean and what we do when we say that we are doing history. How could we explain the word "history"? What are the meanings, the intellectual pre-positions and the social preconditions of historicizing? The basic axis of my studies and seminars was the shift of attention from the object of history to the subject which makes history. That is to say, the reorientation of our view from the past as past, to the present (to every present) which historicizes its past. There were many causes for this turn. Scepticism about the possibility of history to understand realities was generated not only by the effects of the great changes after 1989 on ideas and convictions which seemed till then self-evident, but on changes in the intellectual environment too. In those years, cultural anthropology and literary criticism had introduced the role of the subject in the study of its object. Fellow historians were accustomed to the psychoanalyst's couch, and we approached the process of auto-historicization in the analysis of trauma. Many diverse currents contributed to the turn: from T. H. Kuhn to Foucault, from Derrida and Hayden White to the whole debate on "linguistic turn" and discussions on memory and subjectivity. All these reading experiences had as a common element the need to understand not the past as past, but our relationship to it, the multiple ways we produce the past and we transform it into history.

However, the transfer of our attention from the object of history to the subject which produces it, should not be limited to the study of individual historians. If it has meaning, the question is how historians place themselves in history as a specific form of knowledge, as a particular discourse, since history depicts a relation with the past, and this relation has a social character. The structure of the sense of historical time is the nucleus of this perception, and this sense of historical time is not only a product of historians. The historians swim, in a certain way, inside this sense of time. But how is this feeling of time created? A first step in thinking about this was taken in an extensive paper on the construction of national time in modern Greek history-making.[14]

I started to examine the meaning of the term history. In the prologue of historical works, from Herodotus to Braudel, from the pursuit of objectivity in Thucydides to the search of subjectivity in Passerini, things being sought from history are very different. The same if we examine the development of the term history: It ebbs and flows continuously from the subjective perception of narrative to the objective theory of the *res gestae*. For the "people without history," the divergences from what we usually call history are even greater. The name and form of history that developed in Western Europe after the nineteenth century were imposed outside Europe, first through colonization and, second, through the creation of nation-states. The colonialists wrote histories of other peoples in the Western manner, and on the other hand, the transformation of those peoples into nations led them to reproduce history not in their own indigenous manner, but in the Western one. This is not simply a matter of the adoption of the Western style of historiography. The crucial thing is that in Western historiography a formidable hierarchy of history developed. Western supremacy in the world was accompanied by a stigmatization of those peoples and cultures at the bottom of or outside this hierarchy. This stigma was experienced as trauma and was part of the construction of identity. Trauma was produced by Western historiography and expressed in a negative consciousness. That is, in a hetero-definition of the self. The paradox is that the trauma created by historiography was answered by history writing. National historiography is connected with the healing of trauma. Potentially, through the relation of trauma and history, we can answer the question why we do history. But this answer implies a new question. Do we write history to repress our traumas or to heal them? In any case, in attempting to repress them – and this is the central idea of this text – our traumas return as history.[15]

In Greek mythology there is a myth about history. The patroness of History is a muse, Clio. Clio is one of the nine daughters of Mnemosyne. The aim of the Muses is to make people forget their worries, to forget the traumas of which Mnemosyne reminds them. This could happen with the arts as well as with the narration of other histories. In mythology, history serves as medicine in relation to memory. If our memory carries traumatic experiences, one aim of history is to heal them.

[1] Gunnar Hering, "Ο Otto Magnus von Stackelberg στην Ελλάδα," in *Τόπος και Εικόνα*, vol. 7, Athens, 1985, pp. 75-106.

[2] Antonis Liakos, "Ο Gunnar Hering αυτοβιογραφούμενος," *Σύγχρονα Θέματα*, 56 (1995), pp. 56-60.

[3] Later on, when professor at university, I encouraged two of my students to study political prisoners, though of an earlier period: Dimitra Lambropoulou, *Γράμματα από τη φυλακή. Όψεις της υποκειμενικότητας των πολιτικών κρατουμένων, 1947-1960*. Athens: Nefeli, 1999; Polymeris Voglis, *Becoming a Subject. Political Prisoners in the Greek Civil War, 1945-1950*. New York/Oxford (forthcoming).

[4] Τάσος Δαρβέρης, *Μια Ιστορία της Νύχτας 1967-1974*. Thessaloniki: Trilofos, 1974.

[5] *Ibid*., p. 223.

[6] George Macauley Trevelyan, *Garibaldi and the Thousand*. London: Longmans, 1909 [Greek edition: *Ο Γαριβάλδης και η απελευθέρωση της Σικελίας*, translation by D. Malandrakis. Athens: Papyros Press, 1973].

[7] I saw this film again in Athens, on a hot evening in August 2000. In a semi-deserted cinema, I met a comrade from those days, now a well-known actor. We instantly recognized why we were there. Nostalgia for irony or ironic nostalgia?

[8] The first edition of my Ph.D. was in Greek: *Η ιταλική ενοποίηση και η Μεγάλη Ιδέα*. Athens: Themelio, 1985. A second edition, more elaborated, with a preface by Stuart Woolf, appeared in Italian, *L' Unificazione italiana e la Grande Idea. Ideologia e azione dei movimenti nazionali in Italia e in Grecia, 1859-1871*, translated by A. Giacumacatos. Firenze: Aletheia, 1995.

[9] Natalie Zemon Davis, *A Life of Learning. Charles Homer Haskins Lecture for 1997*. New York, NY: American Council of Learned Societies, 1997.

[10] I wrote a report of this conference in "Συμμαχία για τη διάσωση της Μνήμης. Η 29η σύνοδος της IALH," *Αρχειοτάξιο*, 1 (1999), pp. 87-90.

[11] *Εργασία και Πολιτική στην Ελλάδα του Μεσοπολέμου*. Athens: Εμπορική Τράπεζα, 1993.

[12] *Historika*, 10 (1988), pp. 13-28.

[13] *O Politis*, 115 (1991), pp. 36-45.

[14] "Προς επισκευήν ολομελείας και ενότητος, Η δόμηση του εθνικού χρόνου," *Επιστημονική συνάντηση στη Μνήμη του Κ. Θ. Δημαρά*. Athens: KNE/EIE, 1994, pp. 171-199, and in Italian, "La storia della Grecia come costruzione di un tempo nazionale," *Contemporanea*, 4:1 (2001), pp. 155-169.

[15] *Historika*, 31 (1999), pp. 259-290.