



CHRISTMAS  
EVE  
EXPECTATIONS



Christmas Eve is approaching....

For Telemachos it was always the most beautiful day of the year and he was anxiously looking forward to it. This year he feels he is no longer a child. In two months, he will be ten years old and he has a premonition that something different will happen to him this year...

*“It's Thursday. But it's not just any Thursday in December,” Telemachos thinks. “It's one day before Christmas Eve. I have done everything I could with Christmas decoration, my most beloved season in the year. Now I am lying in my bed, in silence. I almost feel like I am paralyzed by fatigue and I'm looking at a card I found in my dad's office...”*

*“...He had brought it from a trip he made to Paris before I was born. I liked it from the first moment I saw it because everything was covered in snow. I had kept it with my stuff. I can't imagine Christmas without snow and here in Munich it hasn't snowed yet...”*



WAITING FOR  
SANTA CLAUS...



*“... While I am there and I’m thinking, I hear light tip-toes on the wooden floor. I turn to see. It is Iphigenia, my little sister.”*

*“Hello”, she whispered to me softly.*

*“Hello”, I replied. “You can't sleep either?”*

*“No, I'm thinking about Christmas.”*

*“Ah!” I said. “I’m also thinking about Christmas.”*

*“Can I sleep with you?” she asks me.*

*“Yes, of course”, I reply.*

*Iphigenia is buried under the covers. She squeezes beside me. She smells of milk and her hands are full of colors. Her short hair tickles my nose. I hear her breath become more and more quiet and finally rhythmic. She has fallen asleep. There, with my little sister in my arms, with her hair tickling my nose, I fell asleep too.*



*Iphigenia was sleeping deeply as I woke up in the middle of the night. It's one day before Christmas Eve, and I think that anything can happen... I look out the window and saw something. A man was standing at the garden door and looking inside the garden. He is old, fat with long hair and a white beard. He reminded me of my grandfather. The old man pins his gaze on the house. He looks tired but joyful. I hide behind the heavy curtains and see him grasping the garden door with his hand ...*

*"Iphigenia, wake up!" I shouted to my sister. "I think he came a day earlier... I saw him... Wake up, I say to her ..."* It is in vain though, because she didn't hear me. I looked out of the window again and along the path leading to the garden door. There was no sign of him. The man seemed to have disappeared.



*At that moment, Iphigenia wakes up, turns towards me and says “What's going on, why are you shouting.... let me sleep...”*

*“No, wake up” I say to her. “Santa Claus has come, I'm telling you. I think I saw him outside a moment ago. He looked just like grandpa.”*

*“Telemachos, that's out of the question” she replies as she looked outside the window. “I don't see anyone. Now let me sleep. Christmas Eve is tomorrow! You are in a hurry and you are imagining what you want to see. Santa Claus makes no mistakes”.*

Telemachos sighs and looks out the window. *“Maybe it was grandpa's brother after all” he thought to himself.* Perhaps the man was only in his imagination. Disappointed that he did not see Santa Claus, Telemachos goes to the Christmas tree in the living room. As he gazes at the colorful ornaments and garlands he had made with his sisters days before, his eyes gradually shut as he falls asleep beside the tree...

D R E A M I N G



*“... I went out. It's late afternoon. The shops are decorated, but closed. Dense snow begins to fall. The snow flakes were neither cold or heavy as they fell on the rooftops and trees. They seemed to weave and wrap everything in a velvety, silky, white blanket. They covered away everything black and gray. It's not cold at all. I walk slowly. I'm not in a hurry. No one is waiting for me. I feel good. And when someone feels good, wants that experience to last as long as possible.*

*Few people come and go by. I pass next to two tall men. They are accompanied by a woman. They are well-dressed. They look like they are in a hurry to go somewhere. Their hats are impressive and large. Their black clothes shine. The striking faint orange dress of the woman which emerges under her black coat, looks like a huge petal of a rare flower.*





*The snow stops. It starts to get cold. I try to stay warm, rubbing my hands. I turn to the next corner. In a quiet, dark, very small alley. One of the lamps is broken and flashes. I pass by a few small shops and some houses. A picture of a house in the alley catches my attention. From its large window I see inside an old man looking at a child that appears to be his grandson, decorating their Christmas tree. A young woman, dressed in a coat and wearing a hat is in the center of the picture. Her warm gaze is directed towards the youngest child, who plays with his doll. She has stretched out her hand forming a wing of protection around him. I am surprised everyone is wearing their coats.*



MUNICH CENTRAL  
RAILWAY STATION



*“The further I went, the more deserted the road became. I began to get scared and cold. I turned on the next corner and stopped. In front of me I see Munich’s Central Railway Station. I head towards its huge door way and pause. I have to go in... yes, to warm up or perhaps not? Should I pretend to be lost and ask for help? Should I come up with another plan? I’m thinking... I take a few deep breaths and decide to enter. As I walk my gaze falls on a refugee girl sleeping on the steps of the entrance, with her head resting on the base of a column. Seated, as she is, she has on her lap a basket with pink and purple flowers. How long has she been sitting there, I wonder? She looks beautiful and serene. The frost has not touched her. I really want to talk to her, but I hear a noise...”*

*... It's a rhythmic sound coming from a machine. I see several people loaded with suitcases moving towards where the noise is coming from. I decide to follow them. Coming out onto the platform, the first thing I notice is the sound becoming louder and louder, followed by piercing beats and clicks. The second is a strange smell tickling my nose. It seems familiar to me. Ah!, it is the smell of smoke from the train's engines. It becomes more intense as the train approaches, shaking on its rails. It looks bigger and bigger... and then it slows to a pace... Suddenly, a squeaky sound is heard, and it finally stops right in front of me...*











*I see the Virgin Mary wrapped in a blue cloak. The Divine infant sleeps in her arms as she tilting her head sweetly on his forehead. She's giving him her love, security and serenity. Joseph is standing behind her. Next to him, a donkey and a cow are lowing, keeping them warm with their breaths. One of the shepherds is shown holding a clay bowl filled with milk, while a shepherdess holds on her head a village basket with a rooster. Another, young shepherd, sheds light with his candle over the Virgin Mary and her Holy infant. I would have liked to be next to the child under the lit candle...*

# THE AWAKENING

Telemachos' desire to be among the shepherds himself makes him stretch out his hand to touch the work of art. Then, suddenly, a cloud appears in front of him that embraces him and lifts him up.

Telemachos jerks and opens his eyes. He finds a comfortable position on the cloud, but before he can relax, a force swirls him from the cloud carrying him away... Telemachos begins to fall, to fall, to fall... keeping his eyes tightly closed... Soon branches that smell of fir scratch him and he continues to fall, until he feels the ground beneath him.

*“Telemachos,” says one voice, “Telemachos, what are you doing under the tree? We were looking for you everywhere!”* Telemachos opens his eyes. He finds himself lying on the floor, next to the Christmas tree in the living room and near the table with festive cake and sweets...





*“Niko, I found him,” his mom shouted...*

*“What are you doing here Telemachos? I went to your room to wake you up, but instead of finding you I found Iphigenia. I was worried that you had disappeared... Did you have a dream?”*

*“Mommy, I feel tired and hungry”*

Telemachos responded. *“Come with me to the kitchen. We are all gathered there, eating breakfast”* his mother replied. *“Hot milk and freshly baked ‘Kourabiedes’ are waiting for you.”* *“I can't wait to tell you all about the adventure I lived in my dream”*

Telemachos replied.



And while they had all gathered around the breakfast table and Telemachos was about to start narrating his dream, happy voices of children were heard from the street singing Christmas carols. The children rushed outside to join and sing with them...

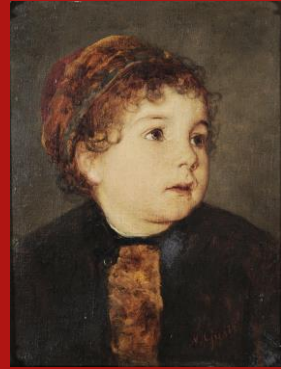
To their surprise, everything was covered in snow!



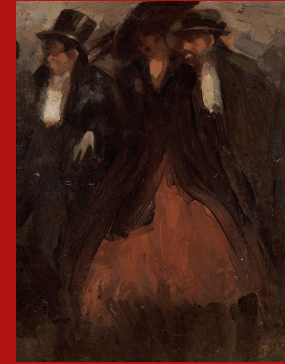
# CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF ART



**Nikolaos Gyzis**  
(1842 – 1901 )  
*Mother of God, study, 1989*  
Oil on paper  
38 X 38 cm  
inv. no: P 596



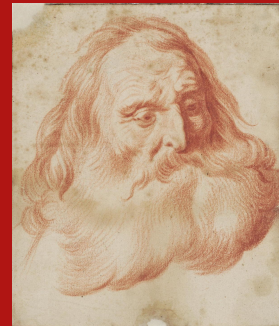
**Nikolaos Gyzis**  
(1842 – 1901 )  
*The Artist's Daughter, ca. 1880*  
Oil on canvas  
23 X 18 cm  
E. Koutlidis Foundation  
Collection  
inv. no: K. 53



**Periklis Vyzantios**  
(1893 - 1972)  
*Figures*  
Oil on cardboard  
33 X 24 cm  
inv. no.: P. 3331



**Nikolaos Gyzis**  
(1842 – 1901 )  
*Telemachos, ca. 1890*  
Oil on panel  
40 X 32 cm  
E. Koutlidis Foundation  
Collection  
inv. no: K. 4



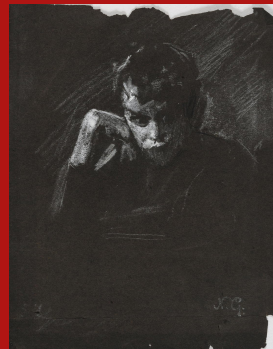
**Abraham Lambertsz Tempel**  
(1622 - 1672)  
*Study for bearded old man, 1618*  
15,5 X 13,1 cm  
Donated by Grigoris Maraslis  
inv. no: P. 424/2



**Spyros Vikatos**  
(1878 - 1960)  
*Christmas Tree*  
Oil on canvas  
77 X 150 cm  
inv. no: P. 484



**Pierre Louis Leger Vauthier**  
(1845 - 1916)  
*Snow Removal in the Streets of Paris*  
Oil on canvas  
38 X 46 cm  
E. Koutlidis Foundation Collection  
Inv. no: K. 1059



**Nikolaos Gyzis**  
(1842 – 1901 )  
*The Artist's son Telemachos , 1890 - 1895*  
Charcoal, chalk on dark paper  
14 X 10, 5 cm  
Inv. no: P. 631/1



**Georgios Iakovidis**  
(1855 - 1932)  
*The Refugee Girl/  
Sleeping Flower Girl (after 1900)*  
Oil on canvas  
100 X 79 cm  
E. Koutlidis Foundation  
Collection  
inv. no: K. 290



**Georgios Samarzis**  
(1868 – 1925)

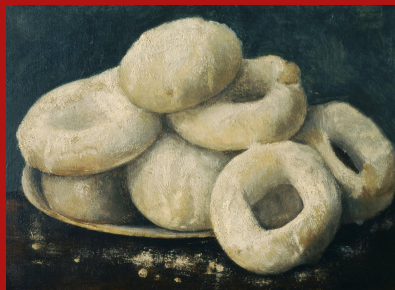
*Landscape with a Train*, 1899

Oil on canvas

33 x 65 cm

E. Koutlidis Foundation Collection

inv. no: K. 401



**Alexandros Kaloudis**  
(1853 – 1923)

*Kourambiedes (Christmas cookies)*

Oil on panel

16 X 24 cm

E. Koutlidis Foundation Collection

inv. no: K. 656



**Jacobs Jordaens**  
(1593 - 1678 )

*The Adoration of the Shepherds*

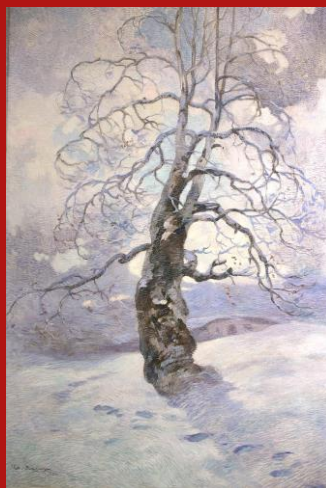
ca. 1615 – 1616

Oil on canvas

151 X 168 cm

Alexandros Soutsos Bequest

inv. no: P. 189



**Epameinondas Thomopoulos**  
(1878 - 1976)

*The Snow Tree*, 1932

Oil on canvas

94 X 62,5 cm

inv. no: Π. 479



**Nikolaos Gyzis**  
(1842 – 1901 )

*Still life with cake*

Oil on paper

28 X 20,5 cm

inv. no: P. 3704

## **CREDITS**

### **Concept, Texts, Editing**

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