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THAT TRICKY SENSE OF SAFETY

TEXT BY: G. DR.

I've always thoroughly enjoyed giving directions to people about places. When someone asks for some guidance in a place that I know well, I take some pride in giving suggestions out of the mainstream and, instead of making a plain list of places to visit, I try to share my experience of each and every place so they'll know what to expect.

Well, since I was born and raised in Athens, it goes without saying that I feel more comfortable giving suggestion about this city to visitors. I've lived in several neighborhoods around this place and the first thing that I learned was that Athens is huge and has thousands of different faces. Each neighborhood and each street has its

own character and the most fascinating thing is that nobody will ever be able to see all of this city's faces; it has a unique way of hiding some aspects from some people and other aspects from other people. Athens is a completely different city for rich people and poor people, for migrants and (most) locals, for men and women or for lgbtq+ people.

I didn't find that out in the hard way. As a cis-heterosexual male of a large physical stature, I've grown up feeling safe in almost all situations. Almost never have I felt threatened or unsafe in my own city, which I used to attribute to my very good knowledge of the streets and places. "Whatever happens", I used to think as a





teenager, “I know my way out. I know how to flee, how to hide, how to disappear”. This hypothetical and vague threat that I used to think about, never really came. I learned that dangers are very rarely, if ever, spontaneous and random.

I’ve come to think that there’s a secret, ghostly “algorithm” that determines how exposed every person is to dangers of many kinds. It has to do with race, gender, sexuality, social class, religion, political beliefs, appearance, body ability etc. The “algorithm” has been very kind to me since I was a kid.

I might be coming from a rather poor family - so no class privilege for me -, I might be a target to fascists and cops due to my political views but I’m still finding it much easier than the majority of people of this city.

This brings me back to my passion of guiding people around in places, mainly my own city. When I realized all my obvious privileges, I started feeling very uncomfortable every time I had to say how safe some place is. I might have felt safe in that place for my whole life, but how do I know if a person of different characteristics will be too? How can I guess how a person of color, a woman, a transgender person or someone in traditional islamic clothes will be treated?

As a result, I’ve been shocked way too many times by hearing that terrible things have happened in places I walk by everyday feeling safe. For my whole life I’ve been thinking that there’s a protective bubble all around Athens, keeping all evil away, while the bubble is barely covering me.

This thought has given me a whole new perspective of Athens through the years. I try to collect as many different views as possible, asking my friends how they experience every part of the city, where they feel safe and where they don’t and why. I can now see how relative and tricky the sense of safety is, how little I might know a place I thought I’ve known so well.

I can’t help thinking that there’s a big social failure under this phenomenon. Instead of bringing all our experiences together and changing this city, this country, this world together until it’s safe for everyone, we’re leading solitary lives where, after all, each one is left alone facing their own fears, dangers and insecurities.

So, I might be very hesitant in giving any advice for any place anymore, but I will never stop dreaming of taking this city in our own hands; we the poor, we the feminists, we the antifascists, we the people of color, we the sex workers, we the migrants. We the people.

ΟΔΟΣ
ΑΧΑΡΝΩΝ
ACHARNON STR.

Text by: **Nina**

ACHARNON STREET, A MELTING POT OF CULTURES

*Behind the dirt, the traffic and the darkness,
poor people come together*

Back in 2000s when I was a teenager, Acharnon street was a dark street giving the sense that it was constantly closing down on me. Especially in winter's rainy days with the dirty pavements, the dirty public transportation stuck in traffic and even the ancient periptera (kiosks) with the black tents - black from the exhaust fumes not an aesthetic choice!

Faces I hadn't seen before, wearing strange clothes, talking in strange languages.

Acharnon street back then was a miserable place for a teenager like me who was struggling to fit in a new area she didn't know anything about, a new neighborhood that looked nothing like the old and a new reality that was so different that the sheltered reality she was used and comfortably living within.

As years went on and I grew up I saw Acharnon for what it really was. At first it was not a street, it was an avenue in a literal and metaphorical way. It was a crossroads where the former middle class of the 1950s and the (then) new migrants if the late 1980s were finally meeting. This meeting would unavoidably mean that a level of contrast, a collision between the cultures would happen. As years go by and as I look closure I see people who are connected on so many levels. You see, Athens is more than a city, it really is a state of mind. It is for the brave and the survivors. It shapes you and it gives you space to shape her too.

Twenty years later I am no longer a teenager and I no longer see Acharnon as a dark street. Mostly because I realised that the darkness was actually the shade





ruin them with hipsters and tourists. I am standing at the red lights outside miserable houses trying to detach myself from the moral judging and the shaming of the sex workers - we have been taught for so many years to look down on them. I stand in the bus stop outside one of these houses and I try to imagine self-organised sex workers with full rights, less stigma, more community safety.

In the nighttime, I keep my eyes wide open as I walk. Because the cops know no boundaries and the patriarchy knows no country. And I keep my eyes open in every place, in every country because state kills and patriarchy rapes, not migrants.

of the old trees with their tired, dusty and precious leaves as any form of greenery is so scarce in the urban scenery of Athens. I no longer see it as a dark place because I do not feel dark inside either. Leaving your sheltered privileged reality is actually a good thing and yes, while the transition could have been smoother, I think it gave me the chance to find my place in the world.

I keep my eyes open to take in the uniqueness of a place positioned at the centre of a city which becomes more privatised and inaccessible by the minute.

As I walk Acharnon now I try to take in all of its contrasting character. I enjoy how people are outside at all times during the day sitting in front of their buildings with a beer, I take a deep breath at the spicy smells of the middle eastern restaurants in the hope that the mainstream Free Press won't discover these hidden gems and

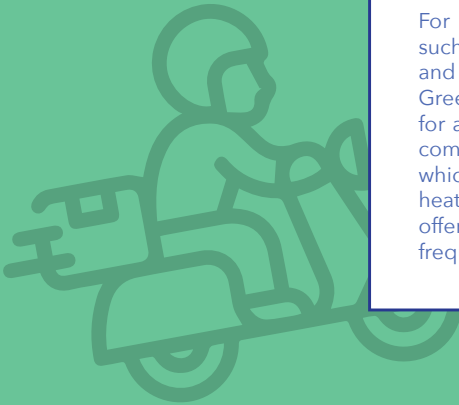
I am no longer a teenager obsessing with my microworld as most teenagers do and this means I can finally look around and appreciate the thousand words that co-exist in one of the most beautiful and filthy avenues I have ever seen - Acharnon street.

Today it is a sunny day and I felt like romanticizing reality a bit. But don't worry, it only lasts until the tourists arrive, or maybe it starts after they leave?



Text by: LUKSUS

TECH CITY



Humans, Technology and the City

Wherever you walk, they are part of the new face of the city: delivery companies, and other technology start-ups. Because they connect the digital with the physical space, their presence can not only be seen but also felt in other areas of our daily lives in the city.

For example, multinational technology enterprises such as Teleperformance are attracted by low wages and settle in popular holiday countries such as Greece. Attracting foreign laborforce, that can come for a 'workation' (working + holiday) to work at the company for some months. The french company, which is also Greece's largest employer, fuels the heated house market. Newly-built condo-buildings offering short-term rentals can be seen more frequently in the city center.

The question how we confront urban challenges?

Of course, the promise of a modern city where everything is always available on our fingertips is a global trend. It is clear, however, that the application-based infrastructure makes the lives easier and more convenient only for some. German-owned delivery company efood is famous not only for quick food deliveries, but also its exploitative labor conditions, while it gradually replaces an existing economy of self-managed delivery services.

While these companies make use of critical shared infrastructure, they generate value mostly for themselves while urgent urban issues such as affordable housing, waste and traffic management and pollution are largely ignored. Even worse, the presence of these companies adds to the overall congestion of the city.

Remembering the electric scooters that all of a sudden colonized the city center, shows how the metabolism of the city was never taken into account these companies were allowed to penetrate common spaces. As a result, that what should be shared and open to the people, such as space air and infrastructure is privatised and monetized. The state and the municipalities are complicit in this sellout of collective resources to companies that disguise themselves with the empty buzzwords around the sharing economy, such as sustainability and connectivity to give a false sense of sociality. Fundamentally, where humans used to negotiate the city among themselves, there is now the market with the help of technology mediating and monetizing relations.



So what can we do, other than not using their services?

Many cities have initiatives where technology is being used for the benefit of its citizens. To imagine what else is possible with using technology, here are some examples from other places you can look up:

- **Decidim Barcelona:** Digital platform to promote debate among citizens or between them and the municipal responsible persons (Barcelona, Spain)
- **Freifunk:** Freifunk is a non-commercial initiative dedicated to building and operating a free radio network consisting of self-managing local computer networks (Berlin, Germany)
- **Fab City Network:** A network that aims to relocalise production, transform how we produce and consume in cities. Many places have participating Fab Labs or Makerspaces.



THE ARCHITECTURE OF REPRESSION

A hint of greenery or the 'perfect' trap for the protestors?

Text by: G. Dr.

In May 2020, while the Athenian society was experiencing the shock and awe of the lockdown following the Covid-19 pandemic, the mayor of Athens was announcing the beginning of a grandiose project to rebuild the city centre, with the heavy-handed name "The Grand Promenade of Athens". The plan involved cutting off large sections of the city's main road arteries/highways and converting them into pedestrian/cycle paths, demarcating bus lanes and installing a series of planted garlands. The philosophy of the plan was to take vital space

away from the highways and giving it back to pedestrians.

A year later, the main part of the project was completed, followed by additional works to extend it, two and a half years after the official opening of the project.

The "Grand Promenade" is considered a scandalous project mainly because of its huge cost, because of the aesthetic effect that does not improve the appearance of the "heart" of the city and mainly because of the immeasurable traffic

congestion it has caused on roads already suffering from excessive traffic.

In this text I will deal with a less obvious perspective: the way the Greek Police use the "Grand Promenade" to suppress any mobilization in a more effective, more sweeping, more violent way than any other part of the city.

But before we see what happens in practice, we have to say two things about the mayor and his political beliefs. Kostas Bakoyannis is a member of the great conservative Mitsotakis family and the son of Pavlos Bakoyannis, a minister of the New Democracy who was murdered by the armed group "17 November". Because of these origins, Kostas Bakoyannis hides under his refreshing, youthful facade a political core that is extremely conservative and reactionary, with a clear rage against radical movements that share ideological elements with "17 November" and other organisations.

In the summer of 2019, when the time was approaching for simultaneous parliamentary and municipal elections, Kostas Bakoyannis fully aligned his election campaign with that of his uncle and prime ministerial candidate Kyriakos Mitsotakis around the central doctrine of "Law and Order". Together, they promised citizens to put an end to the inconvenience caused by the demonstrations and the destruction of the property of those who run shops in the city centre, thus winking at the most conservative part of society and slandering any tendency of resistance that emerges from it.



Since the first demonstrations that took place on the new, now "reconstructed" Panepistimiou Street, the repressive police teams were lined up opposite the "Grand Promenade" lane, while the massive metal garters with the large trees that delimit the "Grand Promenade" served as a natural boundary on the other side. Thus, the protesters were limited to two lanes, between the police and the garters.

When, usually for an unspecified reason, the police decide to break up the demonstration in question, their tactics are specific: vertical assault on the public with violence and tear gas, squeeze the body of the march towards the natural boundary of the Grand Promenade and force it into disorderly dispersal. At this point, as the garters are very high and most of them are densely vegetated, dozens of people are injured in every demonstration, either by hitting their feet on the garters or by the police if they fail to escape in time. It is the "perfect" trap: no one can escape intact.

The geography of the most central artery in the centre of Athens, Panepistimiou Street, where demonstrations have been taking place for over 80 years, has now changed dangerously. The injuries are countless and serious, while the terror caused by these moments of entrapment between the repressive police and the green wall of the "Grand Promenade Walk" potentially discourages the injured from participating in any future protests.

Considering that the official goal of the project - the widening of the sidewalks on this particular street - was absurd from the beginning (since it was one of the few streets in the centre of Athens with adequate, wide sidewalks on both sides of the asphalt), it is not unreasonable to ask: was the "Grand Promenade" aimed from the beginning at facilitating repression and eliminating protests?



SH, 2016
Platia Dimarhiou,
near Omonoia



TEXT BY: SH.

THE WORLD THROUGH THE PRISM OF SOLIDARITY

During the days I lived in Athens and especially in Exarchia, at first I was searching for the meaning of solidarity, after a long time I learned to see all people regardless of their beliefs, culture, clothing and country. To begin with, I started with books about anarchists to know what their ideology is. Then I tried to communicate with people from different countries who agree with this theory. When I talked to them, I discovered many things that I was able to develop myself to be able to think better.

و ن ت آ رد ه ك ي ي اه زور
 يم ي گ دن ز اي خ راز گ ارد ه ژي و ه ب
 يان عم ل اب ند م ب اد ت ب ا ، مدر ك
 داي اه ت دم ز ا س پ ، م دو ب ي ك ت س ب مه
 ه ب ه ج و ت ن و د ب ار مدر م ه مه ه ك م ت ف ر ك
 ن اش ر و ش ك و س ا ب ل ، گ ن ه ر ف ، ت ا د ا ق ت ع ا
 ب ي ا ه ب ا ت ك اب ن م ، ع و ر ش ي ا ر ب . م ن ي ب ب
 ات مدر ك ع و ر ش اه ت س ي ش ر ان آ ه ر ا ب ر د
 س پ س . ت س ي چ اه ن آ ي ژ و ل و ئ د ي ا م ن ا د ب
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 ق ف ا و م ه ي ر ظ ن ن ي ا اب ه ك ف ل ت خ م
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 م د ه م ع س و ت ا ر م د و خ م ت س ن ا و ت
 ر ك ف ر ت ه ب م ن ا و ت ب ات
 م ن ك .

WHAT DOES SOLIDARITY MEAN TO YOU?

“I can give an example of correlation with the parts of a body, each part of our body is important according to the task it has, if we feel pain in a part of the body, our whole body understands the pain and the body's defense system helps to a certain point. **In my opinion, solidarity is defined as being able to understand the problem of another person without knowing him or even having a point in common with him and help to solve that problem.**”

I was able to help other people and inspire them with my behavior and way of thinking to have a connected society.

WHAT DOES A CONNECTED SOCIETY MEAN TO YOU?

Now I have many friends from many different countries and I try to communicate more with them, learn their language to some extent and ask about their food, it really makes me feel good, and I try to give them this feeling that borders are not important. Life in Greece was always enjoyable for me and I always keep Greece in my heart. In these days when my country Iran It is a war with an anti-people regime, I hope solidarity and unity includes my country.

Text by: Shir.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Revisiting parts of the city through the eyes of a local migrant

Victoria square

AKA as Victoria Park by the immigrants

In 2010 and after the regular attacks from the Golden Dawn on the Attiki square, the immigrant moved to Victoria square and made it their new open social gathering centre. The majority are Afghans but it attracts variety of other immigrants to it. Being in the heart of many migrants restaurant, shops is the physical aspect of the square. It has a bigger role in the refugees on the move. Have heard from many that they have heard about the square in Afghanistan and Iran, as a centre for the immigrants, the place that you have to reach once you are in Greece, even if you do not know anyone, there, you can find support a place to sleep the obtain information about Greece or the rest of the journey and ..., or just socialise with other people who are in the similar situation as you.

Before I could understand Greek, I was staying with other refugee and migrants, people who had spent some time in Greece already ahead of me, and they were showing me the city the way they knew it! They were calling the acropolis“ Qalaye Aflatoon“ which means the Plato's Castle!

Katechaki

AKA the Asylum Service by the immigrants

It became the centre of attraction for the immigrant at 2012-2013 after the establishment of the first asylum crevices office of Greece. It's funny though that many immigrant mistake the name Katechaki as the Asylum Service in Greek language, you can hear them referring to the asylum services's brunches in the city as Katechaki Piraias or Katechaki Neos Kosmos!

Pedion Areos

AKA Park Alexandra by the immigrants

It's the closest nature like place that they will go to refresh their lungs, easy to reach for all those reside in the Athens. Lots of young immigrant use it as a sport yard to play Volleyball, Cricket and football.

TEXT BY: MYR

ON BEING A WAITRESS



My experience in the hospitality business started in 2017, alongside my studies, in an Athenian bar in the neighborhood of Pagrati and continued after school in a well-known café-bar in Petralona.

In both cases I turned to the industry as job opportunities in my field, which is biology, are scarce in Greece. On the contrary, in Greece and much more so in Athens, the catering industry has always been an option for anyone looking for a job directly and especially in recent years with the growth of tourism, the availability of jobs is higher than in any other industry.

However, finding a job in a restaurant that does not even pay minimum wage is quite difficult and you usually need to have an acquaintance who will recommend you to the employer. This was the case for me in both of these cases and in the jobs that followed. However, just because someone doesn't pay you 3 euros an hour doesn't mean that they are providing proper working conditions that an employee would require or at least be legally entitled to. It means that in both cases my insurance was half, the bonuses less than half and the holidays did not exist, at least not in the conventional sense.

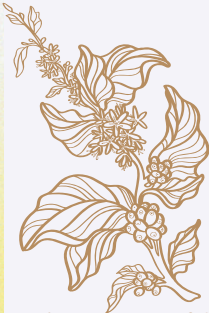
In the second place where there were over 30 employees and we made some attempts to talk to the managers and employers about wages but the response was always negative if not threatening. So the answer to our questions "if the shop is doing so well why don't you pay us more? And why do we get half of half in bonuses?", was "if you want to get it all you get as much money as the law states."

But at the same time those same employers in everyday life considered us family, asked us how we were doing, tried to help us when it was busy, and understood that all the staff at least at that time was united and it was ultimately those relationships between us that kept the shop running. And they understood that. And I think they also understood the power that we had as employees but they were relying on the fact that for most people this was not their main job and at any time they were going to leave anyway. So they preferred to change staff too often rather than give the existing staff more and keep the team. And in the end, of the people we had in the shop then, only one is working today.

As I mentioned above, what kept us in the shop was the team and the relationships we built with each other, which we

maintain until today. Such is the nature of the job that it involves sociability, cooperation and understanding to get the volume of work out that it is almost inevitable to leave a shop and not have earned a friendship. I have to admit though that this was helped by the process of recruitment which in both cases was all through acquaintances because it also ensures a level of cohesion between people so you don't find yourself in a very unknown environment. This scheme is not the norm though and there are plenty of cases of people who don't like anyone in their workplace.

Finally, especially in the second shop where some people from Bangladesh and Pakistan were working, it gave me the opportunity to get in touch with people who live in Athens from other countries and are here to work and send money back to their families. These are the people who have problems with their papers and can be banned from their country even for 10 years and these are the people who are finding new families in their work environment, with each other much more closely and with others as



well. They are those people who although they work in a shop are to a certain extent in obscurity because they are not visible in the front of the shop but in the back and they will never be the ones serving either, they know it and they have accepted it but they are grateful to have a decent job. Communication between us may have been more difficult because of language and religion but we know that we are friends in a special way and appreciate each other.

There were cases of course where there was competition among the staff, for example about the bonuses or how the

tips would be divided. After all, hospitality is one of the predominant sectors where there is no collective agreement on salaries; everyone can work on different terms and everyone ends up claiming exclusively for themselves.

But apart from that, it is a profession that forces the worker to expose themselves, to talk, to serve people who are very different, which in many cases is challenging and there are days when you leave work and your mood is ruined.

In this industry there are also many cases when customers think that you serve them, that they are always right, and of course the cases when the male gaze - if not their gestures- are offensive, thinking that because you are the waitress and they are paying they have every right over you. But there are also those relationships with those customers that you get to know, you serve them every day and you build relationships and a good morning or a kind word from them can be rewarding.

This is one of the driving forces that often empowers you and keeps you in the job. However, it is the energy you spend combined with the job itself that at some point tires most people out and leads them to seek a new job. And it is probably this element combined with the physical strain and the random working conditions that make most people perceive the profession as something passing, something temporary until something better comes in the way.

In short, my experience of two shops in Athens where many people passed by every day, is that I tested my patience, tested my body, came into friction with the real face of the employer but all my experiences remain positive as I left having made new friends. But as long as it is treated as just a job to earn some allowance, it will remain a temporary and unstable one.



SPRAY IT, WIPE IT, DONE!

Tell us a few things about you.

I am 65 years old and I've been working as a cleaner for four years in the same company. Before that I had worked various jobs from family business, cosmetics warehouse, newsstand and ended up working as a cleaner.

What kind of company are you working for?

This company is a private cleaning company that takes some projects and staffs them. It employs at about 200-300 people maybe more. The people who work in cleaning rarely have 8-hour shift, they usually have 6-hour or 4-hour shifts.

They break them down because a project (e.g. a company) that works 24 hours a day, doesn't want one person working 8 hours in the morning only, but a few hours in the morning to cover a post and some more in the afternoon so that the post is not left completely uncovered.

Are you paid a monthly salary or hourly then?

The salary is an hourly wage that is the bad thing. So if we work 20 hours a day, i.e. I work 5 hours/day, I get 100 hours a month. That's what I get paid. It's not a monthly salary to guarantee a standard income. The money is not enough.

Do these money last the month?

If you take the example of me working 5 hours, if I work 20 days that's 100 hours per month. I make around 400 euros per month. I'm on my own and it's still not enough money. Imagine when there are women with kids, families, where the husband doesn't work or who are single parents... it's hard. Of course, because I've looked into it a bit, if I worked 8 hours I would get what the minimum wage is now (so it doesn't suit me to work 8h for that money either).

Do they put you on a payroll and pay social security contributions?

They give pension stamps and those who work 6 hours or more earn some additional (due to the heavy and unhealthy nature of the job). I, because I do 5 hour shifts for 5 days per week, I don't get the additional and that's the disadvantage. Everyone should get heavy pay regardless the hour shifts. Because our work is hard.

What's the hardest thing about this job?

The obvious. You have to clean up dirt. I'm in offices right now, it's cleaner, so to speak. The people who are cleaning the toilets though... it's a very dirty work. That's the hard part and at some point you get sick of it all.

In terms of physical effort, how would you describe it?

Imagine having to bend and mop and scrub to get the dirt off every single day. After a while - for those younger than me it might be a year, but due to my age, I get tired and in pain faster. My arms hurt, my back, my neck, my hand hurts, many body parts hurt. The back especially is the standard for all. Back and arms.

Are you entitled to sick leave?

Yes, I am. If I'm sick I have to go to the doctor and get a sick leave note. After I upload it to the system I'm entitled to sick leave. But it's not worthy because the national insurance money I will get these days is too little compared to what I earn. It's not even half for the days I'll miss. So it's more convenient for me to take 2-3 days off my vacation than to take sick leave.



Did you work during COVID?

Sure, we didn't stop at all. Cleaning services were at the forefront. It was relaxed in the sense that more people worked from home and therefore some of the spaces needed less work. **What was difficult at that time was the transport we were afraid to get in. During quarantine there were people who continued to work. Not everything was empty.**

Is there currently a union that defends the rights of cleaning workers?

In the private sector, I don't think so. I haven't looked into it, but I don't think there is. I know there exists in the public sector.

Would you like to be one in the private sector or do you think unions are pointless?

Because I'm close to retirement, I don't look into it. But I would like to be because there are a lot of young people working in this profession. Because they can't find anything else and they fall into this job. Not that it's bad to work as a cleaner, but some people can do more than that and yet they don't find anything. I wish there was a union to defend their rights. For example, at the moment our contract says that at any time the supervisor can transfer someone to another project, if there is a shortage. At any time, they can change your hours and your area. And then it has to do with whether or not you can meet the hours so you stay or you're fired.

Are your co-workers/workers solely from Greece?

No, we have people from Bulgaria, Syria, Albania and I don't remember if we have people from Romania. The treatment seems to be the same for everyone by the supervisors. We are not singled out.

What are your relationships with the people who work in the building? The management and staff.

Where I work, the management considers us their own. They talk to us nicely, we make jokes, we laugh. One time I addressed to a woman who worked there in an office in the second plural and she said 'please don't talk to me in plural again, we are the same. And I work here and you work here, it doesn't matter if I work in an office and you work in cleaning, I consider you the same as me. In general there are 2 categories: There are people who respect what you do and pay attention and others who don't pay any attention. They see you mopping in a particular area and they step in, step out as if nothing is going on. One time I remember having mopped a 20 meter corridor 5 times. They don't wait 2 minutes for it to dry. The same goes for hallways, toilets, all areas. I think they think we're the slaves. A lot of these people. And I can tell you that a lot of these people are Greek. Foreigners have a different culture, they have more respect for the work you do. They'll ask, "Should I pass? Should I get in/out? It's a matter of education.

Among the people you work with, do you have a sense of collegiality?

There is. If a colleague tells me that 'you know I don't have time or I don't feel well', I will definitely go and help. Not just me, most of us will step in! But there are also some others who won't do it. If they've finished their post, they're not gonna cover another post.

This little booklet you are reading is called a Zine.

Within its pages it captures a whole bunch of different stories from the city of Athens. A city as difficult as it is romantic, terribly miserable but at the same time so addictive.

These stories speak to our complex relationship with the city as it has evolved over the years and as we experience it as individuals with multiple identities. We are women, immigrants, working people, students, citizens, undocumented people, politically minded and acting subjects but also consumers.

These qualities often conflict with each other, sometimes complement each other and sometimes simply coexist at the same time. But we believe that we are all, all and all Locals. Moving away from the narrow meaning of the term that is painfully bound with the burden of a pure ethnic identity. On the contrary, we consider every person who moves around living (in) the city, listens to its rhythm and contributes to its imperfect character in any way they can and will.

We hope that these stories will bring us closer at a period when people have forgotten how to communicate. We hope that you will identify with some of the stories, and we would like to think that some of them will tell you things you may not have known or that you have studiously avoided confronting in your thoughts.

Finally, we hope our words will be a companion against the loneliness and daily stress of city life and provide the necessary inspiration to get closer to people experiencing similar realities.

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