

December 2025

2

# OOORISTE PEDIA!!

A zine  
about  
and for  
Eleonas'  
bazaar

STORIES, GOSSIP  
A LITTLE BIT OF  
THIS AND A LITTLE  
BIT OF THAT

In this issue:

Meet Rashid, Susana, Muhammed  
Eleni, Junaid, Manos, Arzou

Don't  
miss  
out  
The  
Objects  
of the  
Month!

Images  
and  
Thoughts  
from  
Yesterday  
and  
Today

Poster  
Inside!!

*A vibrant playlist to accompany your day!*

## Welcome to Ooriste Pediá 2!!

Thanks for finding us again, or letting us find you, as encounters in Eleonas occur always unexpectedly, between things and people waiting for a mysterious click to happen without previously imagining it. Are we finding objects? Or are the objects finding us, looking at us and seducing us until we bring them home? Even if we didn't plan to get anything this time (I swear!) or if we believed that there was no more space in our houses for another inhabitant...But they know there is always more room between our walls and in our hearts for another cherished item loaded with stories and questions.

Likewise, this fanzine comes back now, gathering more thoughts, experiences and images about and from our favorite bazaar. Through Ooriste Pediá 2 we meet more of its vendors, and observe more special details of its daily life.

But this time the fanzine comes with a poster in the central pages and we inaugurate a new section, the Month's Playlist. So, you can all bring some Eleonas' vibes to your everyday routines, until Sunday comes again!

Thanks once more to everyone who shared their words and time, making Ooriste Pediá 2 possible.

Read it, share it...

And if you don't like it and you throw it, you know where it'll end ;)

This zine was made by Eliana Otta in the frame of her project *Tracing Traces of Traces*. The research for the project was supported by Onassis AiR. Many thanks to: Onassis AiR Team, Zalia Dimitropoulou, Spyros Staveris, Pasqua Vorgia, Alexia Papakosta, Nuno Cassola.



**For Susana, the bazaar has always been a special place!**

“I have worked at this bazaar for at least six years, ever since it opened. Before that, it was somewhere else, a bit further inside the neighbourhood. Before that, we were in Monastiraki, at Thissio. The municipality kicked us out of the square, so we came here. But the Turks have been here for 20 years.

I am Romani from Albania. I learnt a bit of English to communicate with clients. I speak Greek and Romani. But Romani people sell, they don't buy. Only those who come from Albania buy in large quantities to resell.

I have four positions and I pay 80 euros; that's OK. Each person has one, two or three positions, which is enough to buy food. Having bread is what matters. People don't want to buy much; everybody wants cheap things.

We sell second-hand goods. Some people clean houses and others search through rubbish. But some people sell new things here. I find the furniture I sell in the streets. I take it home, fix it, clean it and sew it when needed. I enjoy bringing my merchandise; it's a real pleasure. I feel like I'm going to a wedding. I wake up early and get ready to come.

I like this environment because, as 'gypsies', we are always connected to business. My father used to sell horses in Albania. My mother sold new clothes. They weren't second-hand because people didn't throw away clothes like they do now. We bought the clothes in the city and she sold them on in the towns at a slightly higher price. We grew up surrounded by businesses and we like that.





That's how we live. I've never had a job that offered a pension. When you grow up, you need money, so you always have to work. The children always help, but the girls leave home as soon as they get married. It's not like here in Greece where the daughter stays close to her parents. We leave our parents and go to live with our husbands. So, it's the sons who take care of their parents. Any properties you might have, such as a house, are left to the brothers. The girls get nothing. That's how it is until now. I have four children: Three girls and a boy. The girls have left, but the boy stays near me. But the girls still come to visit me. I also have ten grandchildren.

Things are more difficult now. Over the last five years, there has been more poverty and people don't throw things away as much anymore. They don't buy new things just to throw out the old ones. Things were better before the pandemic. Since the start of the pandemic it's been worse, but thank God it's OK. I have many friends here because I am always in a good mood, I smile and talk to people. I like making jokes and meeting people. Many people love me here and I have my clientele. When they come, they say, 'We're going to see Mum', and they bring their friends with them. They always recommend me.

Now, with the construction of the stadium, the bazaars will disappear and we'll have to leave, but we don't know exactly when. Maybe in five or six years. At least this bazaar is safe for now, though, because it's legal and it's a bit out of the stadium area. It might be the last one to leave.

But if we have to leave, we'll find somewhere else nearby. We'll announce it on Facebook and Tik Tok. The owner of this place uses those platforms, and he'll announce any changes. I don't know the names of those accounts, but they're easy to find."



(I bought these jackets from her some years ago!)



## Here, you know everyone, but no one knows you.

Said Manos

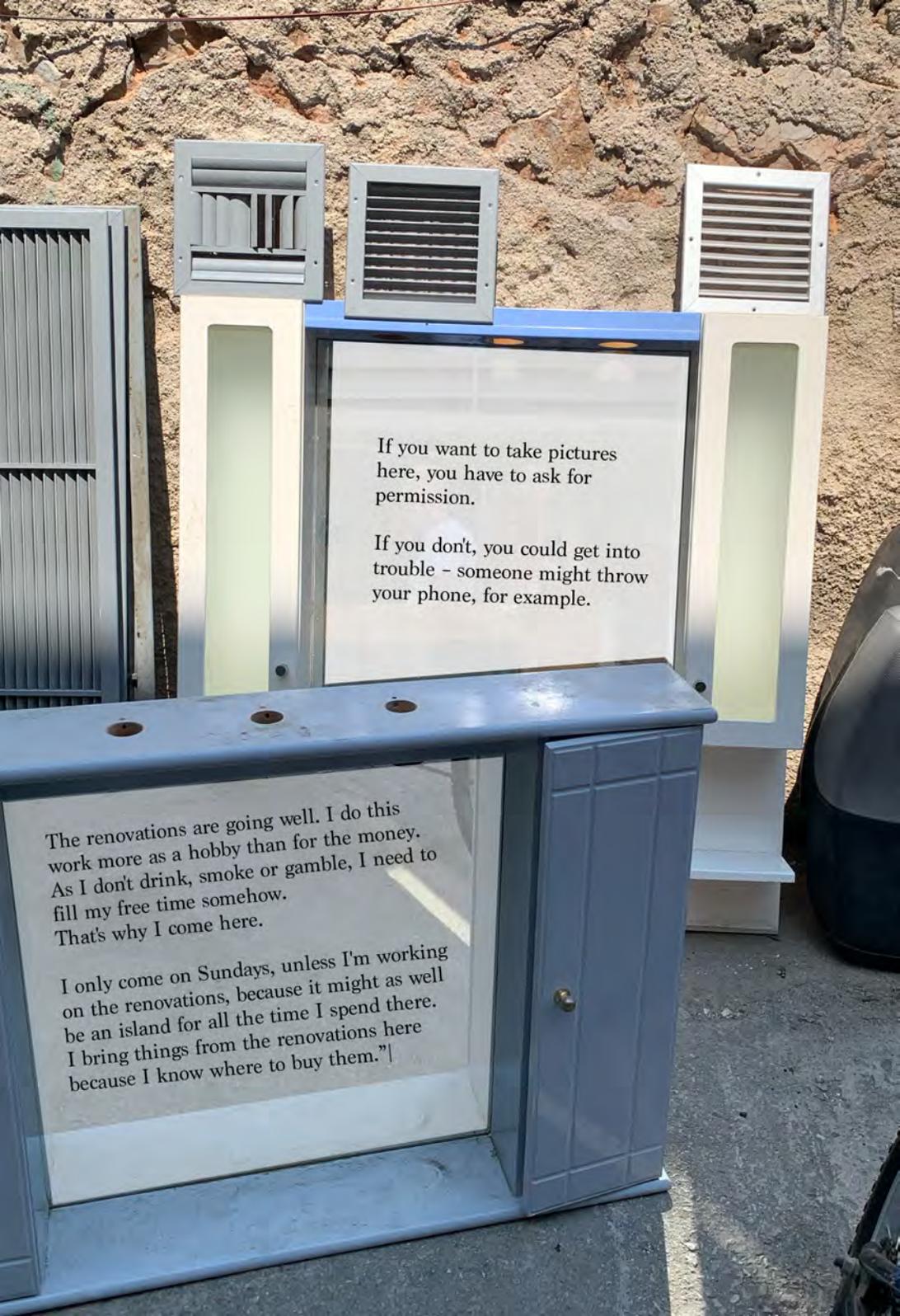
“I have worked at the bazaars for 40 years. The most important thing is to not bother anyone, and to not be bothered by anyone. Things have changed a lot. Products aren't as good as they used to be — cars, for example. Now, cars break down at the slightest thing. Business isn't going so well at the moment anyway — people don't have jobs. Most people wait until Sunday to buy food.

I pay €12 for my position, and a permit is required. Clients come here from all over looking for cheap items, especially school supplies such as shoes, books and notebooks. I only sell plumbing supplies, though. But you saw that, didn't you? I offered this sink, complete with furniture and a mirror, for €40, but he didn't accept it. If I'd asked for €80, he'd have had a stroke. How much does he want to pay?

The situation is difficult. People spent money on holidays; now, how can families afford to buy what their children need for school? Then, in October, there are the house bills to pay — every month brings its own challenges. Everyone wants things for free.

I arrive at 10 pm to start setting up and cleaning, so that we can open early the next morning. People from many different places in the world work here. I speak Spanish, but I've forgotten some of it. I haven't spoken Spanish for ten years. Now I only speak Greek. If I make an effort, though, I can remember how. I was married to a woman from Latin America. I met her at a hospital where I was working; I work in renovation. We split up afterwards, but we had children together. I travelled with her to many places on holiday, including Santo Domingo and Spain. My children sometimes come here for a walk.



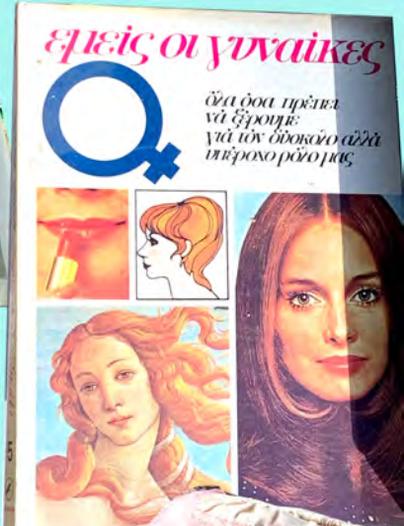


If you want to take pictures  
here, you have to ask for  
permission.

If you don't, you could get into  
trouble - someone might throw  
your phone, for example.

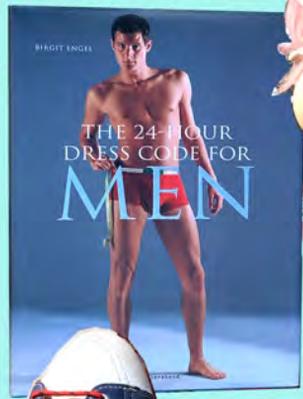
The renovations are going well. I do this  
work more as a hobby than for the money.  
As I don't drink, smoke or gamble, I need to  
fill my free time somehow.  
That's why I come here.

I only come on Sundays, unless I'm working  
on the renovations, because it might as well  
be an island for all the time I spend there.  
I bring things from the renovations here  
because I know where to buy them.”|



# The Objects of the Month

Where can you find them now? Who bought them? To whom did they belong? Which one of these books sold more copies? Would Marilyn have approved these boots? Was this painting made as an act of love? Who dared to throw out such beautiful rollerskates? What else would you ask?



# Muhammed: We are still here

"A year ago we were across the street. We are not fixed in one place, change places. And now they want to do the stadium. They will take us out, I don't know where we will go.

We came from Turkey. We were refugees, but we wanted to sell antiques here, like we did there. We had the idea of continuing to work on this. It is in the blood, this thing.

The people who work here are from all over the world: Turkey, Syria, Iraq, Lebanon, Bulgaria, Romania, Albania, Mexicans, Ecuadorians... Most of them are immigrants. Besides, there are Greeks too. Half Greek, half Turkish, the guy next to me is Bulgarian.... Here I meet people from different cultures. I have learned Turkish, Arabic, Bulgarian and Greek.

It is very quiet here, but some people who have money and do business are afraid to come. They say, "I don't want to be robbed, I don't want to be killed." But it is not dangerous here. Some people say, "Gypsies are dangerous." Rich people sometimes don't think about what they say... Those who know about antiques come, buy and then sell for 1,000 or 2,000 euros.

We try to make sure that nobody bothers anyone, nobody steals from anyone. Here we beat up thieves. If someone tries to steal, we throw them out. We caught a few thieves and handed them over to the police, so that those who come feel as safe as possible.

For example, this is a historical painting, about the history of Saudi Arabia. How much could this sell for? It can't be sold for 100 euros... You pay for good things. It's worth it. This one could be sold for 500, 600 euros..."

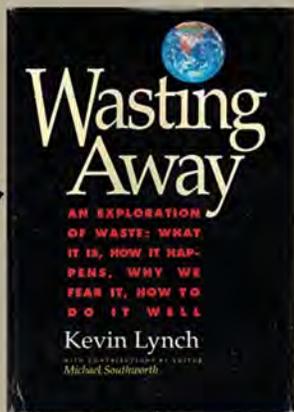


# *Our friends said...*

**Some quotes by people who love and loved to think about objects, daily life, memory and politics...**

"Shabby, ordinary places escape the weight of power, the intent to impress; they are liberated zones.

They relieve us from the necessity of calculated communication and behaviour. Not that they lack meaning —far from it—but they have the simplicity and ease of well-settled custom and familiar use. In many famous cities, the backsides are not only more revealing to the inquiring eye, but offer more enduring delights, once we are no longer tourists."



from his book  
Wasting Away  
(1990)

"The golden age of the junkman in the United States was from 1910 to 1930, in a society no longer poor but not yet affluent, when there were many manufactured products and many low-wage workers, and when repaired things had a value. Like construction, junk was an immigrant opportunity, a trade one could enter with little capital and on which one could build an empire. Fortunes could be made, but it required mobility, careful sorting, quick wit, and a good memory and ability to find hidden links between need and source."

Kevin Lynch, architect (1918-1984)





« Η ΣΟΤΗΡΙΑ ΗΤΑΝ  
ΤΗ ΦΑΓΑΝΕ ΚΑΙ ΕΙΧΑΝ ΟΛΟΥΣ





"The salvation was our own viscera, they ate it having us all in mind." Image from the Spyros Staveris photographic archive (courtesy of the artist and Onassis Stegi)

*Eleni:  
Only good  
quality,  
handmade  
findings!*

“I sell things that are made by hand. Everything by hand, unique pieces. I started selling them because I used to work cleaning houses and the owners of the houses always offered me the things that they didn't need anymore. Slowly, slowly I collected many things and brought them here. Now I always have different handcrafts, blankets, dresses, bags. Old and beautiful things, hard to find.”



# Rashid

*The conversation started when he asked me if I was a journalist. He asked me what I did for a living and where I was from. We quickly switched from Greek to English so that we could communicate more easily. I told him that I am an artist from Peru and often have to travel to find work. He asked me about my qualifications, what I did for a living and whether I was facing any financial problems. When I said 'fine arts', he misunderstood and thought I said 'finance', which sometimes happens. He said that my Greek was very good, and then he told me a bit about himself:*

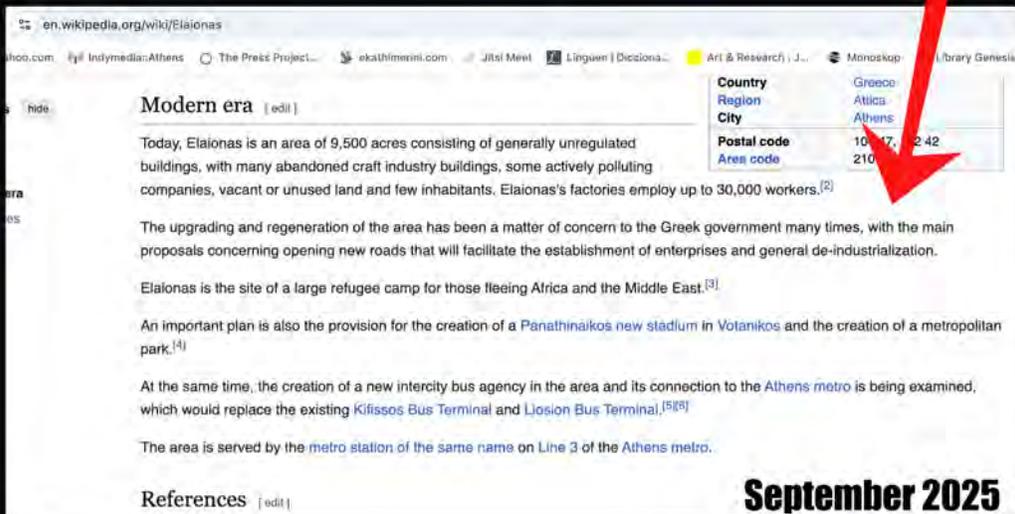
"I've lived here for twenty-six years, but I can't speak Greek at all. I can speak many languages: Persian, Arabic, Punjabi, Hindi and Urdu, but not a single word of Greek.' My mind works quickly, but it doesn't understand Greek. I don't know what the problem is. The words escape me.

I am from Pakistan and I taught English in the army. I have lived in many countries, yet I still can't learn Greek. I had a problem at the border while helping someone, which is why I ended up living here. I lived in Karachi and still visit every three or four months. I retired after twenty years of work, and now I am settled."



# Watch Wikipedia!

Until very recently, our dear market didn't appear in this collective encyclopaedia, which instead informs readers about the upcoming construction of the new Panathinaikos Stadium and the plans for the creation of a new intercity bus agency.



en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elaionas

Country: Greece  
Region: Attica  
City: Athens  
Postal code: 104 47, 122 42  
Area code: 210

## Modern era [ edit ]

Today, Elaionas is an area of 9,500 acres consisting of generally unregulated buildings, with many abandoned craft industry buildings, some actively polluting companies, vacant or unused land and few inhabitants. Elaionas's factories employ up to 30,000 workers.<sup>[2]</sup>

The upgrading and regeneration of the area has been a matter of concern to the Greek government many times, with the main proposals concerning opening new roads that will facilitate the establishment of enterprises and general de-industrialization.

Elaionas is the site of a large refugee camp for those fleeing Africa and the Middle East.<sup>[3]</sup>

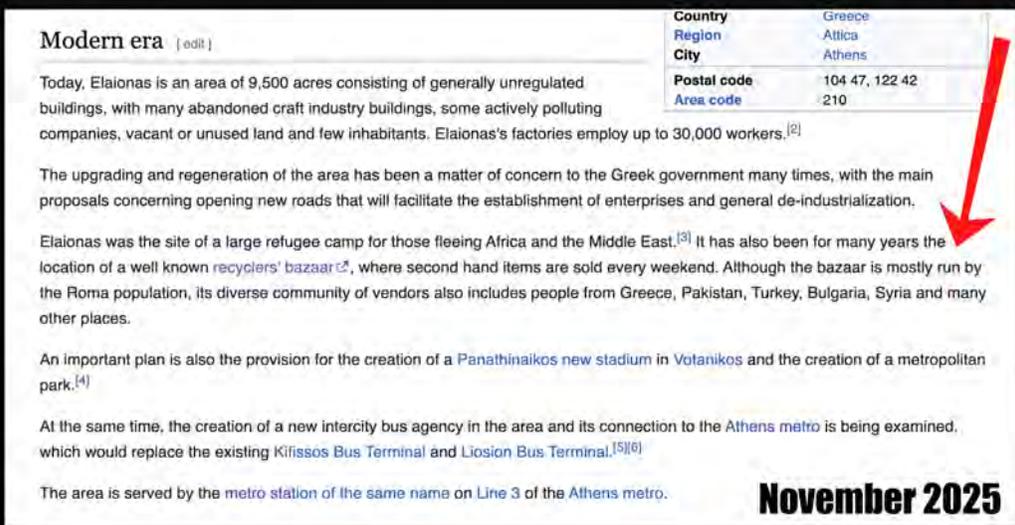
An important plan is also the provision for the creation of a **Panathinaikos new stadium** in **Votanikos** and the creation of a metropolitan park.<sup>[4]</sup>

At the same time, the creation of a new intercity bus agency in the area and its connection to the **Athens metro** is being examined, which would replace the existing **Kifissos Bus Terminal** and **Liosion Bus Terminal**.<sup>[5][6]</sup>

The area is served by the **metro station of the same name** on **Line 3** of the **Athens metro**.

### References [ edit ]

**September 2025**



## Modern era [ edit ]

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Elaionas was the site of a large refugee camp for those fleeing Africa and the Middle East.<sup>[3]</sup> It has also been for many years the location of a well known **recyclers' bazaar**, where second hand items are sold every weekend. Although the bazaar is mostly run by the Roma population, its diverse community of vendors also includes people from Greece, Pakistan, Turkey, Bulgaria, Syria and many other places.

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**November 2025**

Now that the omission has been corrected, let's keep an eye out for any attempts to erase the Eleonas Bazaar, either symbolically or physically!



## Spot the 7 differences!

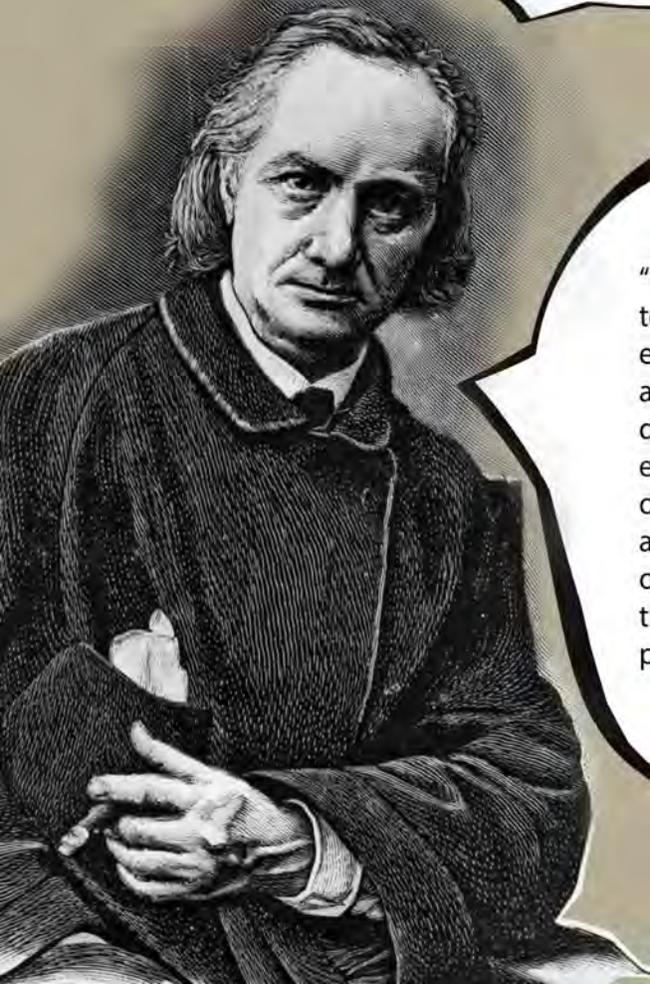
Things in Eleonas change constantly: every week, every day, every hour. You have to keep your senses alert and make decisions immediately. 'I'll come back later' can often mean too late! You may find that your desired object is literally buried under others, or more likely, has simply disappeared!



# *Our friends said...*

**More quotes by people who love and loved to think about objects, daily life, memory and politics...**

"This man is responsible for gathering up the daily debris of the capital. All that the city has rejected, all it has lost, shunned, disdained, broken, this man catalogues and stores. He sifts through the archives of debauch, the junkyards of scrap. He creates order, makes an intelligent choice; like a miser hoarding treasure, he gathers the refuse that has been spit out by the god of Industry, to make of it objects of delight or utility."



"It is not given to every man to take a bath of multitude; enjoying a crowd is an art; and only he can relish a debauch of vitality at the expense of the human species, on whom, in his cradle, a fairy has bestowed the love of masks and masquerading, the hate of home, and the passion for roaming."



# What could be heard in Eleonas this autumn?

Ooriste Pediá walked its streets with ears open wide, and now presents to you a selection of this season's hits — the kind of music usually heard amid toasts, fresh beer and the tempting smell of freshly made souvlaki. With this playlist, you can take a piece of Eleonas' spirit with you wherever you go, but attention! These are the songs that Shazam could identified. The ones that can't be found on Shazam are only available on site and demand your visit!





I met Junaif buying a box of

heart  
shaped  
pins  
and  
he



# My name is Junaif, but you can call me Joseph

“My family is from Syria, but I got married in Poland — my wife is from there. I have worked as a journalist, as an actor, I have traveled the world too many times... I only visit

Syria once every ten years. Why would I go there? To die? Do you know how many of my relatives died there for no reason? People are fighting all the time.

Erdogan, Turkey, Saudi Arabia, Qatar, America... I feel crazy when I hear about politics. I hate all the politicians in the world. They don't care about poor people. Just look at what's happening to the Palestinians right now – how many have died? One hundred people are killed every day, including innocent women and children, and the rest of the world just watches. It's better to forget about it and change the subject!

Some people are like animals; they never change their minds. It doesn't matter if you speak to them nicely, using polite words like 'thank you' and 'excuse me'. They drive me crazy. One of them came here and attacked my friend, who is a good person. I went to help him. I would go out and fight for my friends. I only have three good friends. I don't like having lots of friends. The more friends you have, the more trouble you'll get into, one good friend is better than a million. I have known Felipe, who is from Peru, for 35 years. He works at an organisation that provides free food to people living on the streets. He has been doing this for many years, and sometimes I help him. I also have on Greek friend and one Polish friend, but the Polish guy is always drunk.

Foreigners here have to take care of themselves. If something happens, we only have each other. Nobody cares about foreigners here or anywhere in the world. You have to be very careful and only worry about your own business. I have seen many things here, but I haven't seen anything. I have heard many things, but I haven't heard anything. What can you do? That's life. You must be observant so as not to create trouble for yourself or others.”

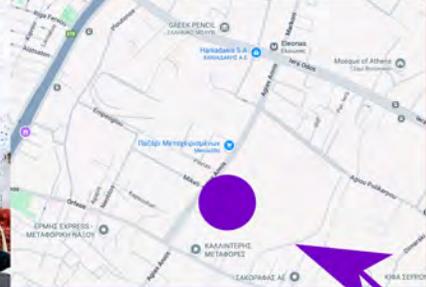




## Arzoú reads the first issue of Ooriste Pediá at her new sales point

She and Yashar had to move from their previous shop because the rent was too high and not enough people were visiting.

Here, they have created a beautiful space that is visible to many more customers. Luckily, the weather has been mild recently. Hopefully winter won't be too cold, since they now work outdoors.



*You can find them here!*