

November 2025

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OOORISTE PEDIA!!

A zine
about
and for
Eleonas'
bazaar

In this
issue:
Meet
Nikos,
Eleni
Abdullah
Athiná
Yashar
Sofía

Images
and
Thoughts
from
Yesterday
and
Today

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



Welcome to Ooriste Pediá!

This is a fanzine dedicated to Eleonas' Bazaar, to its resilient spirit and the unexpected treasures it offers each weekend. In these pages, you'll find hints of its many worlds: images, conversations, and reflections about the way we relate to objects, people, and places in Athens and beyond.

Eleonas' Bazaar is a repository of collective memory that invites us to an archaeology of waste and to immerse ourselves in the traces of former local industries (record, textile, toy, and publishing), as well as in the evidence of passing trends or fleeting technological crazes. Through encountering the evocative, the bizarre, and, in general, the unexpected, it ensures us the possibility of living in places defying routine, where surprises can also be part of everyday life. Moreover, by bringing our attention to what has been dismissed, the market challenges conventional understandings of use, value and consumption, while providing income for people dealing with precariousness and rising costs of living.

If the mantra of capitalism is the constant search for novelty and the shopping mall is its main agent of transmission, Eleonas invites reuse and looking back. While on a collective level it provides materials for recycling and the reuse of discarded items, on an individual level it distances us from the latest fashion trends, calling on us to find, among its labyrinthine offerings, that which speaks to each of us in particular.



By fostering bargain and dialog among strangers from the most diverse backgrounds, Eleonas challenges parameterized relationships of exchange in public spaces. It stands against destructive consumerist dynamics whose power shape the notions of entertainment and what is expected of social interaction.

For those and many other reasons, long live Eleonas!

*Thank you to everyone
who contributed
their words and stories.*



*This publication is free, but it may be sold in Eleonas
if you throw it to the garbage!*

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.

My name is Abdullah

“I am from Egypt. I have been living in Greece for 30 years and working here for two years. I started working at the flea market because my hobby is books and old newspapers. I started spontaneously because I had a collection of newspapers, old political papers, and National Geographic magazines.... I gradually gathered these items and then started selling them. But it doesn't sell much; it's more of a way to pass the day...I only come on Sundays, and the rest of the days I have my regular job. I'm an ironworker, nothing to do with books..

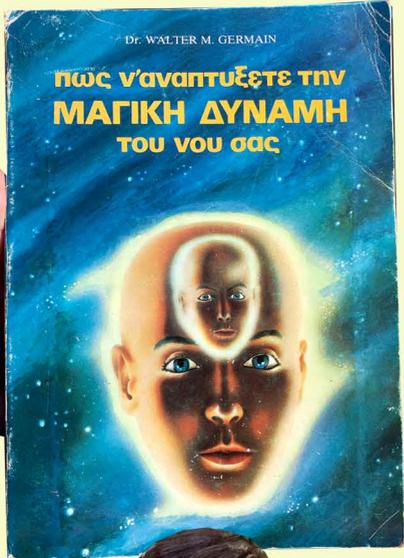
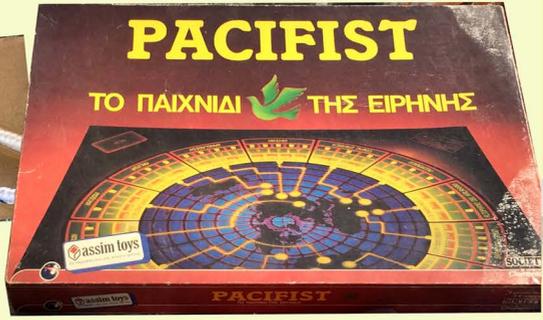
But I have a doctorat en sciences expérimentales from a university in France. I lived there for six years until I met my wife, who is Greek, and then we came here. She doesn't work here, she has another job, in a restaurant. But it closed because of the crisis.

Everyone comes at five in the morning, but I come at seven... I'm the last one. I don't care so much about the market... I make money or I don't. I have a steady job. Today I lost 100 euros. I spent 160 euros in the morning to buy things and now I've made 20 euros. But we'll see about the 140...

The recyclers who collect rubbish bring it here. They go around and bring it in the morning, they sell here and you take what you like. Today I took these boxes... You take one box, you may find something good or something bad... You can't choose, the other person wants to sell quickly and leave.

When I'm done here, I pay for my spot and whatever's left I give to recycling. I sell them by the kilo, but they don't pay much, 8 cents a kilo. I pick out the ones I need to read at home: experimental science, physics, and mathematics.





The objects of the month

Where can you find them now?
Who bought them?
To whom did they belong?
Why does the doll cry
if her friends are happy?
To whom would you give
this boardgame?
What else would you ask?



Our friends said...

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



**Arjun
Appadurai**

"Commodities, as Igor Kopytoff points out, can usefully be regarded as having life histories. In this processual view, the commodity phase of the life history of an object does not exhaust its biography; it is culturally regulated; and its interpretation is open to individual manipulation to some degree."

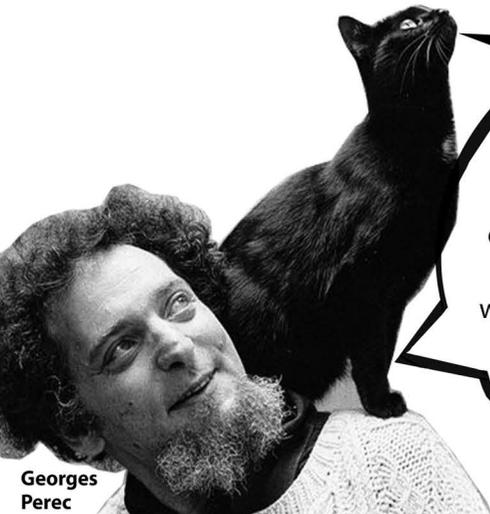
"Who owns the residual materiality?
Who claims it? Who names it?

And, in the face of disaster and accelerated demolition, how do we approach the open wound of the wasteland and the object that persists in its solitude, forcing us to question the chance nature of its current presence? No lot is completely empty, no rubbish dump reduces the history of a city to the anonymity of its demolitions."



Shaday Larios

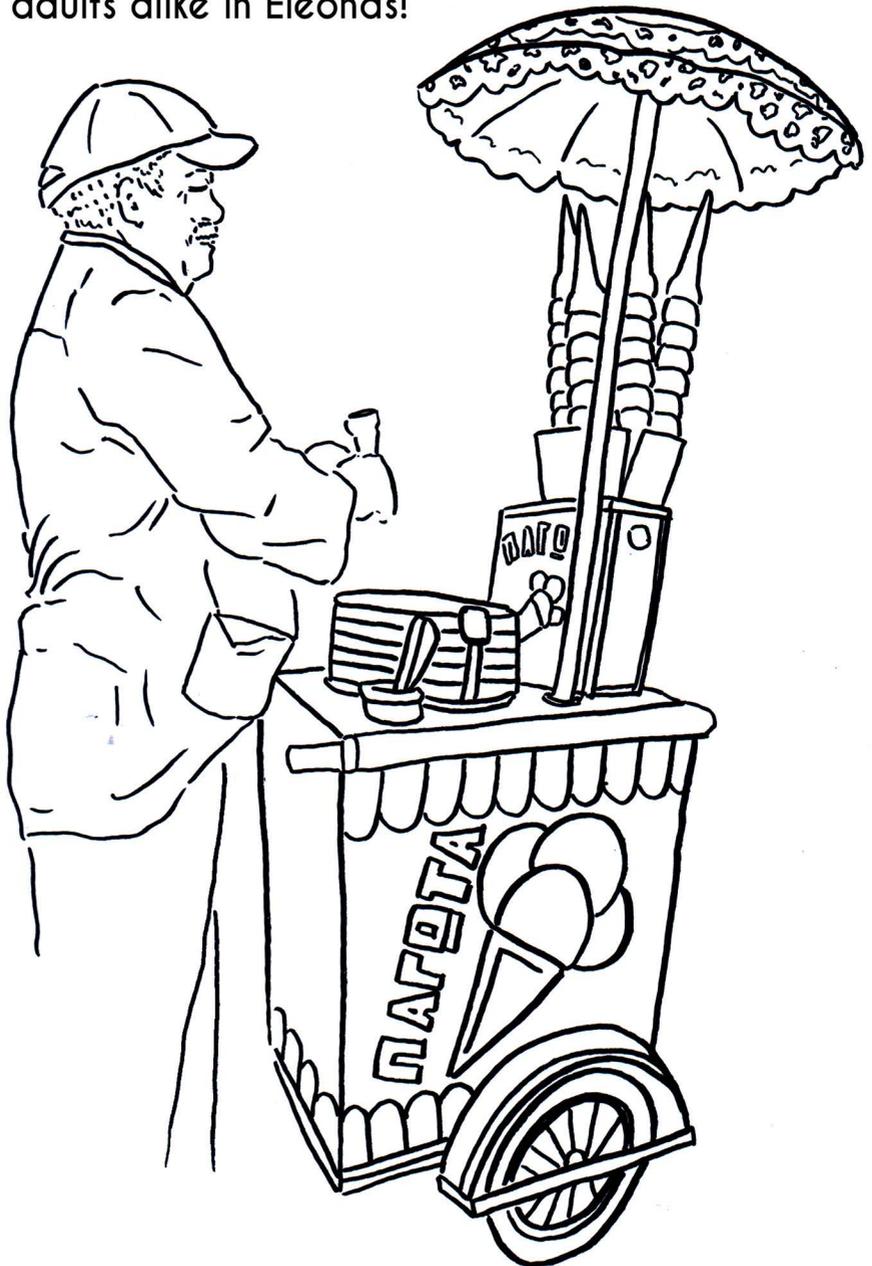
"What we need to question is bricks, concrete, glass, our table manners, our utensils, our tools, the way we spend our time, our rhythms and an emphasis on how. We live, true, we breathe, true; we walk, we go downstairs, we sit at a table in order to eat, we lie down on a bed on order to sleep. How? Where? When? Why?"



**Georges
Perec**

Who wants ice cream?

Here, you can add some color to the beautiful ice cream trolley, which is popular with children and adults alike in Eleonas!



“How could I remember how I started working here?

It's been years, I don't remember...

All these things are brought from the garbage, from the bins.”

(Eleni said)



“The woman and I have been here for fifteen years.

Now, as the world goes on, people are dying, things are getting worse...

Because there is no money. Things are getting more expensive, prices are rising, how much does food cost now? We stayed here. What can we do?

We work for a daily wage so that our children can eat. This is the work we have.

We have many friends. Here, people are good. Anyone who stays here does so out of necessity, because they have nowhere else to go. They come here, all kinds of people, from everywhere.

Foreigners, Greeks...They are immigrants who come and buy cheap spoons, forks, plates. Two euros, one euro, fifty cents...”

(Sofia said)



And what will happen with the stadium?

The construction of the new Panathinaikós stadium goes on as a ghostly presence in the background of our bazaar. What do vendors think of it? Here some opinions...



"We have information that in a year or two, they would start closing it from above, from the first bazaar, second, third, and fourth, and from the opposite side. From this side, those of us who are inside pay the owner of the space.

So they will let us stay, those of us who don't leave things outside, who don't block the road. Here, the president has signed a five-year contract for the entire building, with three years left. We pay rent, the same as across the street, so they can't kick us out. Then we'll have a problem with the others, they'll be looking for places here.



The union will talk to the mayor of Athens and Aegaleo to find a place where everyone can settle down. And the municipality needs to be able to get some money for garbage collection and bins. We will have a problem if a place is not found. There must be a place somewhere, with transportation, close by. The most important thing is the metro, Eleonas is very convenient.

For now, they haven't said anything about us leaving, as I spoke with the neighbor across the street who owns the transport company. He hasn't been informed that they have to leave, but most of them have been informed and offered to buy their property. There will be many changes. If I remember correctly, Marinakis has bought the place next door. But I don't know when they will hand it over. This information may be wrong. He says he wants to turn it into a parking lot for buses. Now what will happen, I don't know..."

"A friend who works there told me that they haven't even built the stands yet. It's the same company that's building at Elliniko, so let's see if they finish that first!"



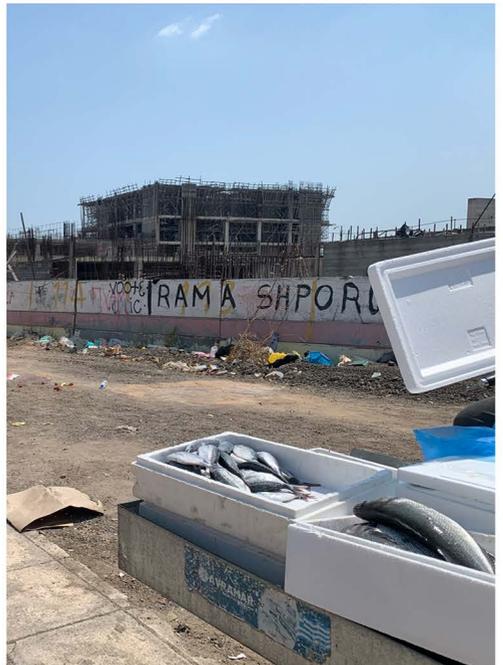
"Do you think they'll finish it? They've been building it for years! Don't pay attention to the gossip, they're only interested in money. Everything here is private, will they buy all the real estate? Besides, there's land everywhere we can move to..."

"They are right to do so because I also want to leave here. I want to rest because I am always complaining here.

I am waiting for that day to come, to go away... I do not like this bazaar because they leave trash outside...I don't like the environment. I'm telling you the truth.



They say that one part is going to become a bus station, that's fine. What else could be done? Something good and special in relation to the beauty of Athens... It's a mess here... it's better to tear this down and make something beautiful.



I was waiting to close up so I can go rest and take a bath. I want to go take a bath somewhere, far away from Athens. Because I got sick of the old stuff. It gives me allergies."

"Let it be!
Let them kick us out! What can we do?
Are we going to stay by force? We can't.

Nothing, for the moment we don't know a thing. There's another empty space. If we do business somewhere else, we'll go somewhere else."



Athená, expert in treasures



"I started working by going to the flea market and buying one or two small items. I would go, browse, and gradually collect items to sell later. You cannot simply enter, you must request permission and pay rent. Fortunately, I'm doing well because I sell old things that are hard to find.

Those who are not doing well are those who bring anything. At first, I brought junk, and I ended up throwing things away. It's better to have just five good things, then another five, and then see. That's what you must do. The other time I bought some cheap drinks, and when I opened them at home, they had worms in them...

I used to be a singer, I had a strange voice, when I was 19... I have lots of photos from that time. I traveled, I was married, but I was always going to different places, I was never quiet. But I'm not going to sing here, if you want to hear me, come to my house. I didn't want to give you my address before so they wouldn't hear anything. I don't give anyone here any information about myself. I don't trust them that easily.

She collects dolls, but only those with handmade dresses. To that guy over there I ask ten euros, and he offers me six. I say to him, "What do you say, faggot? Get out of here! Leave them there." He takes them and pays me what I asked for. They know me; they know I yell at them. If I don't say that, they don't buy."



(When I bought this dog, Athená told me that it used to be hers when she was a baby. Now it has a new house and befriended a cat!)



The Neighborhood a While Ago

A selection of images taken by Spyros Staveris (2005-2006).





The Neighborhood a While Ago

A selection of images taken by Spyros Staveris (1992)



Our friends said...

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



Byung-Chul Han

"In the ritual framework, things are not consumed or worn out, but rather used. That is why they can become old. On the contrary, under the pressure to produce, we behave with things, and indeed with the world, consuming rather than using. In return, they wear us out."

"The collector dreams his way not only into a distant or bygone world but also into a better one, one in which, to be sure, human beings are no better provided with what they need than in the everyday world, but in which things are freed from the drudgery of being useful."



Walter Benjamin

"And for the true collector, every single thing in this system becomes an encyclopaedia of all knowledge of the epoch, the landscape, the industry, and the owner from which it comes. It is the deepest enchantment of the collector to enclose the particular item within a magic circle, where, as a last shudder runs through it (the shudder of being acquired), it turns to stone. (...) Collecting is a form of practical memory, and of all the profane manifestations of "nearness" it is the most binding. Thus, in a certain sense, the smallest act of political reflection makes for an epoch in the antiques business."

“Sometimes there is work, sometimes there is not” Says Nikos about Eleonas and its stories...

“I've been working here for three years. Winter is a bit difficult. It's fine here, but it's a pity for the others who are outside. They get three meters, 10 euros per spot, they pay, but one person can get one spot, another can get two... It's difficult, they may work and not have money to pay. They collect whatever they find in the bins to offer to people. There are no jobs anymore. And most of the people here is old. You can see 70-year-old grandmothers. Few are young...

Those who are on the street don't pay, they are illegal. Most of them don't do any other work, they are mostly street recyclers. I came because my job is recycling in buildings' demolitions. My wife rented this place as a warehouse. If it doesn't go well, I'll put in some machines for my work. My wife buys things and has built up a customer base and slowly keeps it going. I come every weekend to help her, but I have a permanent job, thank God.

Slowly, I began to specialize in old objects and antiques. Once we found an object that was later sold for 5,500 euros. It was a sculpture by Lalanne, a French sculptor. She had passed away, but her works were worth a lot. The statue was found in boxes. When we go to a house, let's say, someone dies... They ask us "How much will you give us for everything? Clean it up, say €100, €200," and we collect their things, all together, without paying attention, and then we found it.

And another time, two years ago, there was a woman, 45 to 50 years old. She had five children with her, and she had a scale with gold weights. No one recognized it, no one paid any attention. Someone came and asked her, "What do you want for the weights alone? I don't want the scale."



And she said ten euros. This man returned two hours later, on Saturday morning. He went up to her and gave her 5,000 euros. "This is yours," he said. She asked him, "Why are you giving me this money?". He replied "The things you gave me have some value." He didn't tell her they were gold, but the woman understood. And the weight must have weighed five kilos.

The woman was happy and sad. From one point of view, he had given her very little, but from another point of view, it was a lot. It was good that he gave her something.



Another time, at five in the morning, a man had some boxes, and when he went to unload them, the boxes tore open and gold bars fell out. There was an uproar among the customers!



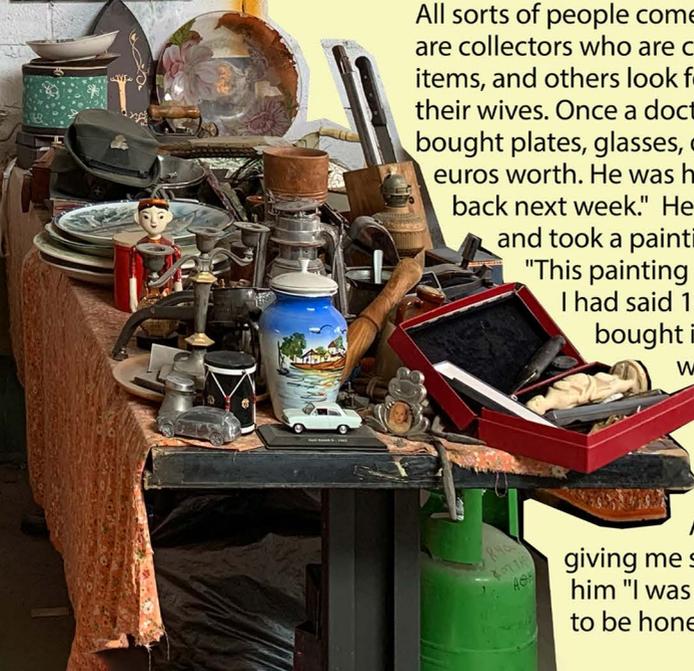
He got on his motorcycle and left, never to return. I heard that he is in Albania. We don't know what was inside. These are the lucky cases here, but there are also the bad ones.

Someone may not work for a week and then will have to pay out of his own pocket. Many times I had given loans for the positions. Someone can tell me, "I don't have any money, choose something to take." Usually I don't take anything. I say, "It's okay, if I need something, I'll let you know." And as we've calculated, there around 120 euros that I haven't gotten back yet.



All sorts of people come here, doctors, lawyers. They are collectors who are crazy about finding certain items, and others look for inexpensive things to take to their wives. Once a doctor came in, a little late, and bought plates, glasses, quite a few things, around 100 euros worth. He was happy and said to me: "I'll come back next week." He came back at the same time and took a painting with his name on it. He said: "This painting has my name on it, I'll take it."

I had said 100 euros as a joke. And he bought it. The painting wasn't even worth 10 euros. And I told him, "Choose something and I'll give it to you as a gift." He chose a set of dishes for his wife, which costs 50 euros. And he asked "Why are you giving me such an expensive gift?" I told him "I was just joking about the painting, to be honest."



He laughed a lot and told me "You're very honest," and shakes my hand. "I won't disappear, I'll be back." After two or three weeks, he came back. At that time, I ordered coffee, so we ordered coffee and water and sat down.



He says to me, "Thank God, I'm fine. I'm a doctor. I have no financial problems. Don't think that I'm coming here looking for something cheap. I'll pay for what I like, and that's why I'm coming on Sunday. I have a lot of work, but I'll come back soon. My wife complains that she wants certain things, but I don't have time. Some people sent me to you and said I would find glassware, but I don't go out to search in the streets."

These paintings were taken by a friend of mine from a museum. They were clearing out and we threw them away for recycling. It's a shame to melt them down; it's better for people to have them, to make use of them. Anyway, in Larissa, I also have a very old stone warehouse that belonged to my great-grandfather in the village, and I've turned it into a museum. I put expensive and strange things there, things that impress me. I have a friend who comes every Sunday from Karditsa, just for the flea market. People who collect all kinds of things come. Each has their own area of interest, such as old vinyl records or cassettes, while others focus on magazines or paintings. Some women come only for embroidery or glassware. They come from Glyfada and Kolonaki. They come for expensive items, pay for them, and put them in their collections or shops."





And Who Is She?



Can you guess?

*Strolling
through
Eleonas
you'll find her
each Sunday...if
you are ☺ lucky!*



Mr. Yashar poses next to his desk in the antique shop he runs with his wife, Arzu. He explains to me that in Turkish, their names mean "Life" and "Desire" or "Hope." I tell him they make a good combination, after I bought them a 1980s roller skate pin and another vintage Russian Communist Party pin for my younger sister.

