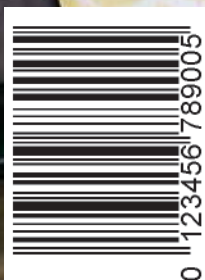


SKILLZ

THE DIY MAGAZINE

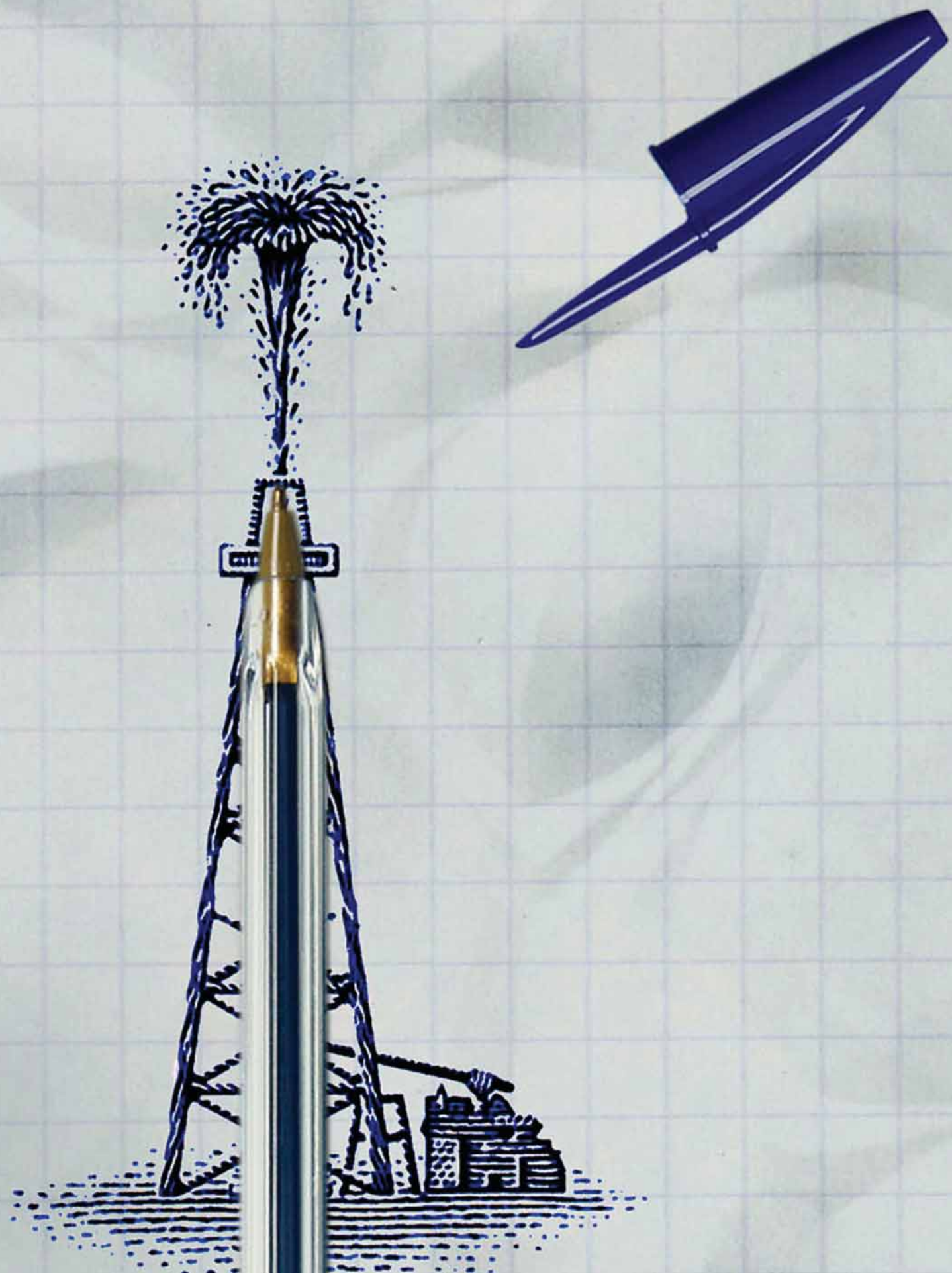


FREE | ISSUE 06 | FEBRUARY 2009



ORIGINALS
NEVER FIT





DISCOVER THE INK 



RULES*

I rule you rule he rules she rules it rules we rule you rule they rule I rule you rule he rules she rules it rules we rule you rule they rule I rule you rule he rules she

8



*You can read this magazine from the beginning to the end, from the middle to the beginning sometimes even upside down, whatever works for you. *But you don't only read this magazine, you change it as well. *The whole magazine is an open platform for you to alter it in any way you want. *It is not supposed to be neat and clean, unless you like it that way. *Write on, play with, scratch, comment on and interfere with its form and content. *Take a picture of your favorite body part and put it on the cover. *Be a reader, a writer, a photographer, a designer. *Be a vandal and design chaos. *No copy is identical to another. *And it's censorship-free. *If we ask you something and you don't answer, either you are just rude or we ask the wrong questions. *Don't take it more seriously than you would take yourself. *Don't put it on your coffee table, it's not that precious. *Whatever you have to share will make sense. *Or not. *Nothing is written in stone. Get on the website, create your own version print the page and glue it on a copy. *Don't throw it in the trash-can when you are done, not even in the recycling bin, leave it for someone else to read or pass it on. *Don't erase your traces, the next person will want to know what this copy has been through. ****Let it circulate!! ***Oh! And it's only going to be here for 6 months. By the time you're bored we'll already be gone.

COVER PHOTO
Photography: Fotis Milionis Concept: Danai Dragonea

POSTER MASKED FACES
Photography: Fotis Milionis

06 – FEBRUARY 2009
THE DIY MAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Danai Dragonea
CREATIVE DIRECTORS Danai Dragonea, Natasha Pappa
ART DIRECTOR Natasha Pappa
ASSOCIATE EDITOR Dafni Anesti
PHOTOGRAPHY Fotis Milionis, Nikolas Ventourakis
CONTRIBUTORS Words: Andreas Dimopoulos, Splros Fwtiou, Konstantinos Pouliasis, Vasilis Tsaoasis Photography: Panos Davios, Nikos Katsaros, Demi Papaioannou
Illustrations: Contelea Collages: Demi Papaioannou

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*I have to be creative



SKILI KE PSILI - EDITORIAL

words: Danai Dragonea, photography: Nikolas Ventourakis

Hello my dear Skili ke Psili — my dear dogs and fleas.
Do you feel troublesome enough today?
Have you been naughty or nice?

All of us can ~~be dogs or fleas~~ from time to time.
We tend to follow without questioning,
to believe what we're told, to ~~bark~~ but never ~~bite~~ and even
to wag our tales with joy. But
then, when it is needed, we can act quickly,
bare our little teeth and bite them in the ass.
Then they call us trouble and I guess we are.

In Athens a month ago a 15-year-old kid was murdered
by a cop. The kid threw the
cop a plastic bottle; the cop threw the kid
a metallic bullet. The cop won.

After that incident a generation of "retarded",
unemployed youths went out into the streets,
burning everything that reminded them of the
pathetic life that was planned for them.
Their response to their looming future was fire — anger
and rage over a society that killed them every
day by being obsessed with words such as
"structure" and "usability". These people proved
to the Western culture that although
it is fixated on youth, it still gets them wrong.
We ~~they~~ can't find comfort any more and we ~~they~~ just decided
~~that~~ that we don't need it. It's up to you really,
but I'll never forget being dead.

Skili ke Spili is a magazine that changes
depending on what's going on in your
lives and it is so because you are the ones
responsible for it, because you can make
it whatever you want it to be. Just as our
city is changing, I hope the magazine will
change as well, reflecting our new reality.
The places that are pictured in "City erotica" no longer
exist as they are shown here — so create new
posters, paste them on the walls of our
burned city and shoot them with your cameras — leaving all guns at home.

We may be the toys and maybe in some parallel universe the toas —
ter would actually burn down our house
and we may not even have a clue about what we
will be doing in 5 years time, but we
can always take out our pens and draw a
moustache on all the pretty faces inside.

All truth is subjective and relative.

Trust your guts.

And show us a glimpse of your personal craziness

No more rules!

It's not political.

But it sure is personal.

Take it.

P.S. The magazine was created
before what happened
in Athens on the 6th of Dec.
P.S.2. This letter is not supposed to
be informative ...

THE TOWNS ARE US

Hello, I have a Bachelor’s Degree in Com-
puter Systems and a Master’s Degree
in Computer Science in England. I have
some other studies in Sweden. My main
desire in life is to succeed with the
woman of my dreams. I am looking for
a white, slim, decent, sweet and caring

lady to get married. Orient.: Straight,
Age: 35, City: Mexico, MX
Lonely male seeking lonely female
Orient.: Straight, Age: 32, City: Wyoming
Seeking a woman between 19 and 29.
I’m a nice guy, who like pizza (dominoes)
man interest is the ocean. I like going

out to the movies and a nice dinner.
Also have to have my yearly holiday (its a
must) lots more to add you will just have
to ask??????????
I’m a laid back, confident type, working in
design and media in the West End... oh,
and I’m told that I can be quite funny.

Ideal match: Hmmm? ...don’t really like
to say, as it’s all down to personality and
having that ‘connection’... so if you’re
bright, intelligent and fun... that’s a great
place to start!
Looking For: A long-term relationship,
Have Children: No, Want Children: Maybe,

Daily Diet: Eat most things, Smoking: No
Love sex and a nympho u up for it.
Relationship status: Single, Age: 47, Ho-
metown: GREAT YARMOUTH
Seeking a woman between 40 and 50. I
want a good reliable shagger with love.
I have blue eyes, reddish brown hair
down to my waist, I have camped, hunt-
ed, rv’d, motorcycled including Harley’s,
quads, dirt bikes, I love to dress in jeans
and ts. If you want a loyal, loving, big-
hearted woman, I might be just what you
are looking for.
Hi my name is Fadi Tabib I am 27 years old
and I live in Illinois, I am a Christian who is
looking for a person who is also a Chris-
tian. I would like to meet someone nice
kind and keeps the Lord in their heart.
Orient.: Straight, Age: 27, City: Des Plai-
nes, IL
My name is Will and I am 27 years old
(though I look younger), blue eyes, blond
hair, about 6’0 and about 170 lbs. I am
an american looking for someone that
is nice to love and be with for an eter-
nal match. I enjoy camping, computers,
movies (especially sci-fi), traveling and
most of all karate. My friends say that I
am fun to be with and am serious when
I need to be. My plans for the future? I
plan to find a true lover that will be with
me through thick and thin...In good
times as well as bad... And then the sky
is the limit!
Orient.: Gay, Age: 27, City: Irving, T
Does True Love Exist?
Orient.: Straight, Age: 30, City: Ford Lau-
derdale, FL
Eyes Of Ice With A Burning Heart For You.
Orient.: Straight, Age: 25, City: Roche-
ster, NY
I don’t know what to say, but here is so-
meone who should not be missed. Edu-
cated, good looking, lovely personality,
I love traveling and enjoy healthy food.
Own a big house and work outside.
Orient.: Straight, Age: 40, City: Birming-
ham, GB
Hi! I’m hoping to meet some nice peo-
ple. I’m kinda shy till you get to know
me. I am honest, down to earth, mod-
est, girlye, sensitive, caring, affectionate,
considerate, punctual.
Orient.: Straight, Age: 29, City: Bad Axe,
I am safe for use with children under 7
if accompanied by an adult... Oh wait
that’s face paint.
Ideal match: Someone I can laugh with.
Someone who accepts that I can look
after myself but will want to look after
me from time to time. Someone who will
challenge me every day. Someone with
drive and ambition. I would be very inter-
ested in a guy who could make me laugh
until my sides hurt and tears were run-
ning down my face. I want to see, touch,
taste, listen and enjoy every experience
and would love to have someone to
share it all with.
Looking For: Let’s†see what happens,
Have Children: No, Want Children: Yes,
Daily Diet: Vegetarian, Smoking: Never
Sexy guy looking for sexy lady to love
and make love with.
Nationality:British, Relationship status:
single, He lives with his parents.

I’ m fit lallalalalalalalallalalalalalala
Relationship status: Single, Age: 68, Ho-
metown: STOURBRIDGE
Seeking a man between 59 and 69
Statement: la la la lalalalalalalallalalalaa
lalalalalallalalalala lala llll
Looking for a girl that likes horses and
horsepower. I love camping and anything
to do with the outdoors. If you would like

to know anything else about me just ask.
REAL MAN REQUIRED FOR REAL WO-
MAN! Hello. Are there any real men left?
Men that can make a decision, men that
know how to treat a woman, men that
dont know more about beauty products
and clothes than I do. I guess I am look-
ing for someone that falls between a
‘gentleman’ and a ‘bloke’. No wimpy and

indecisive types. Looks are not too im-
portant to me but my preference is for
well-built ‘manly’ looking men rather
than pretty boys. He should be fun,
strong, intelligent, honest, and able to be
silly once in a while.
Sex: Female, Age: 35, Star Sign: Cancer,
Height: 5’ 6” (168cm), Body Type: Curva-
ceous, Looks: Attractive

Looking for someone to spend my whole
life with. Orient.: Straight, Age: 39, City:
Chesapeake, OH
Tall intelligent guy seeks mature glamo-
rous lady for romance. Age: 46
I am 26 year old skinny smart good look-
ing, caring, understanding, loving cool
guy who is always there for his beauty.
Orient.: Straight, Age: 26

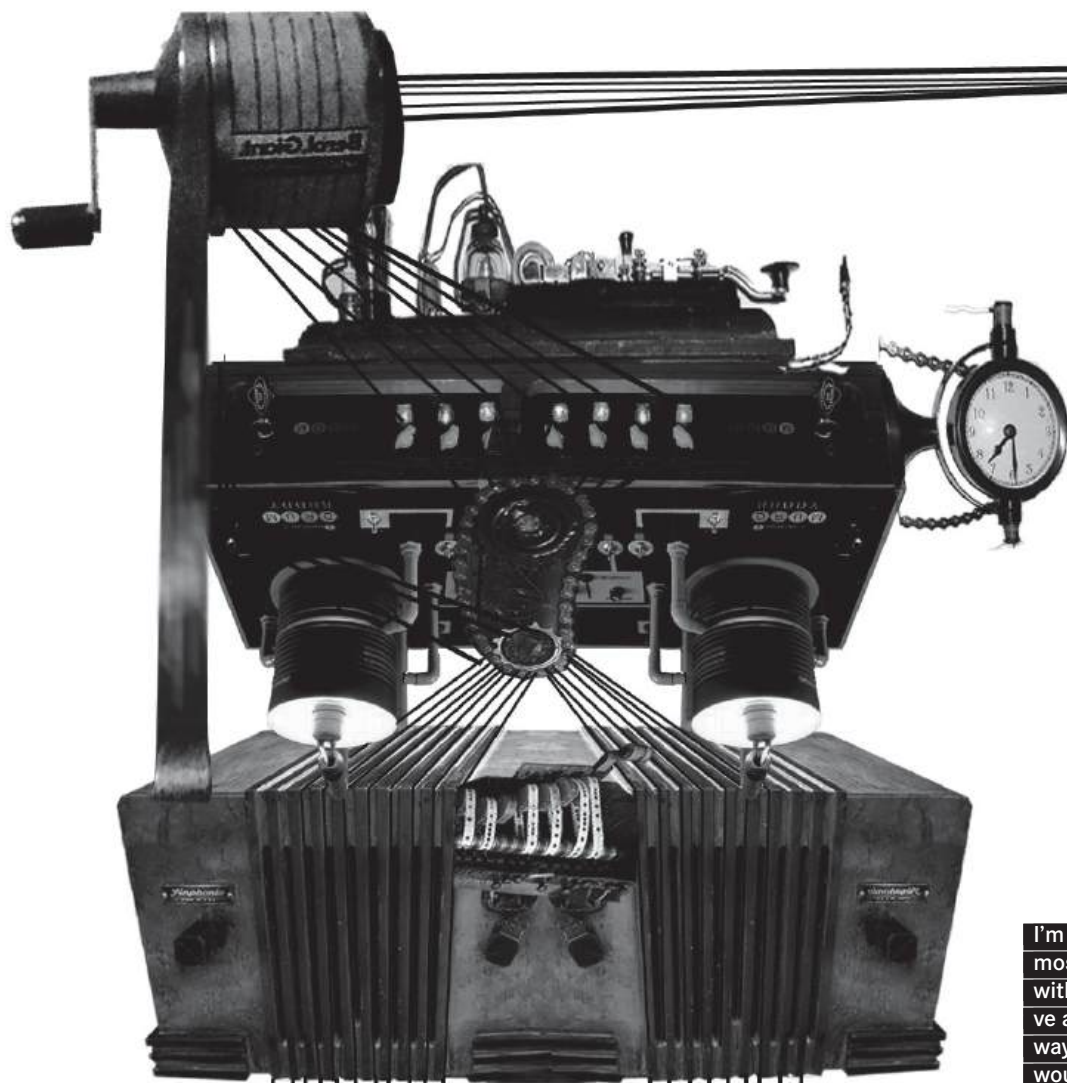
PLAY HERE

Use the empty space

to write your own ads

DECONSTRUCTING PERFECTION

14



I'm thinking DIY every time I try to transform my most scary thoughts into something I can live with I'm thinking DIY when I realize that I don't have all the ingredients and I have to find another way and mostly when I realize that the recipe wouldn't work in the first place I'm thinking DIY each time I say 'I'm fucked' and I know that I'm

not in a movie ...when I see a million ways to do every thing and instead of panicking I try one ...when I'm watching my friends dressing up ...when I realize that I cannot really draw ...each time nothing goes as planned ...when we can't find a table in the bar and sit in the opposite bench, drinking beers ...each time I try to say something that makes sense to everyone and the result is nonsense In a world of instructions I can't find the manual so I might as well improvise

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The idea of creativity drags along a complex set of connotations and echoes in my head – all those heavy words, such as art, professionalism, productivity, talent and all those basically worthy results. Art has certainly managed, to some extent, to free itself from perfection but it has, on the other hand, monopolized the notion of creativity. I am not arguing that there is a creative aspect to every single thing we do. Yet I am much concerned by the way in which the majority of human activities are strictly categorized and socially defined under the spectrum of professionalism, productivity and talent, or the lack of all the above. And when I talk about art, I am referring to institutionalized art, the one to hang on your wall, the “good” kind of art.

When trying to decode the social inscription of creativity the obvious question comes up: is something defined creative as opposed to destructive; is something defined creative as opposed to banal and unoriginal? The history of art has taught as better. Nevertheless, the restrictions around our understanding of creativity do not become less powerful. In a loose use of the term, Roland Barthes has talked about creative listening to music, Walter Benjamin about creative walking, Mikhail Bakunin about creative destruction. These commonplace examples only state the obvious: that creativity can be considered to exist both in action and in consumption. It is born somewhere between the meaning ascribed to the process by the individual and its actual effects. This fact indicates a much less judgmental as-

sessment of the outcome of any creative process. Even better, an assessment based on different qualitative criteria.

The burden and expectations placed upon an artistic activity is for non-professionals frequently rather discouraging.

Postmodernism has broadened the definition of art but the status of the artist remains to a great degree unchallenged. **So, for those of us who are not trained or talented artists the use of artistic means remains problematic. A liberating idea is that even if the result is not that perfect, this does not make the process less creative.** Even if your professional orientation praised only your organizing skills this does not mean that you should not want to play around with all the existing means of saying something.

If I told myself that creativity is a way of dealing with the reality, of experiencing, of saying something to myself and maybe to others in so many imperfect ways, would I feel less stressed about my amateurism? I think so.

LOV

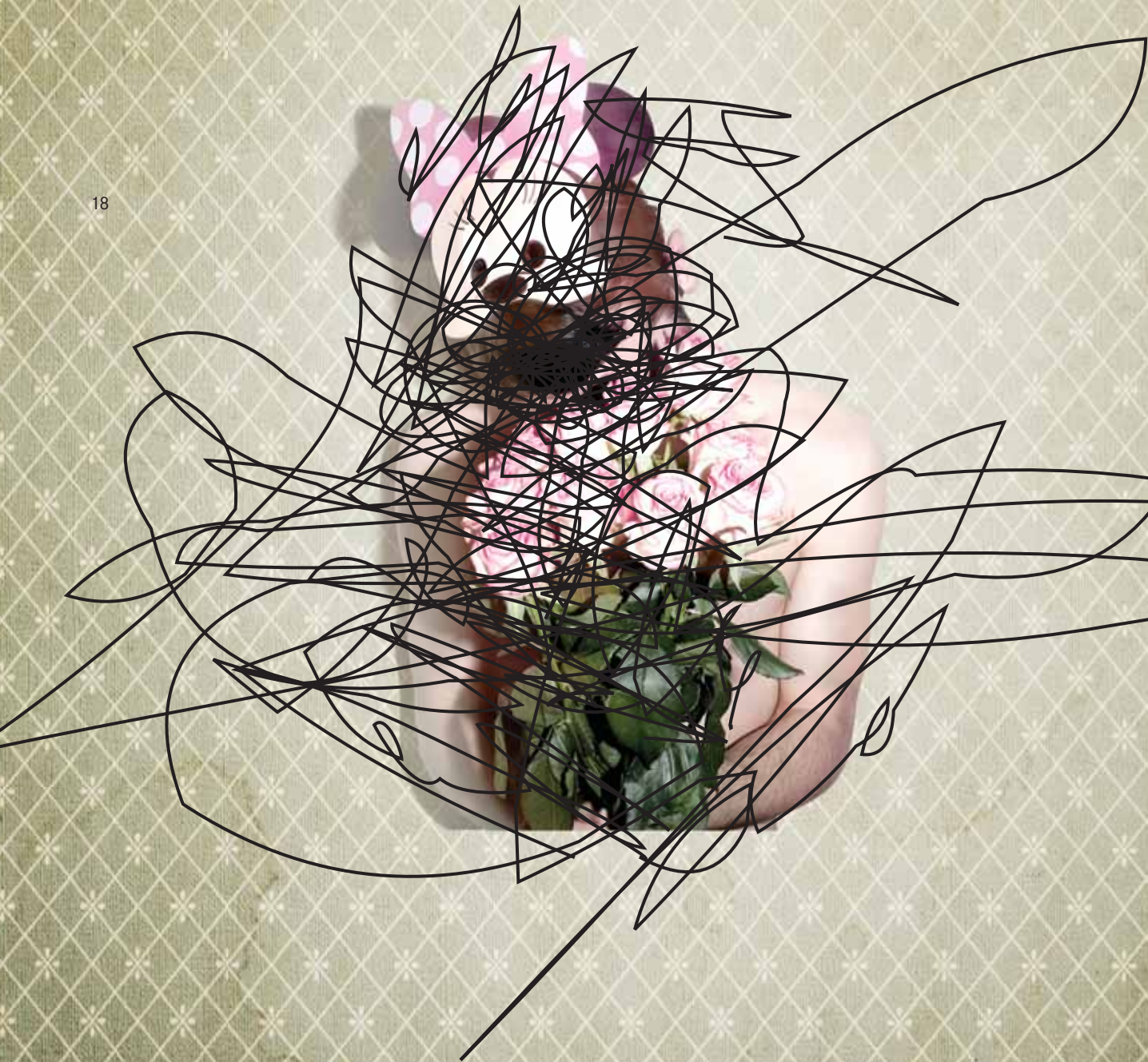
AND WHY DID THE LADY IN **CASABLANCA** GET ON THAT PLANE?–“HARDCORE PORN FILMS ONTO THE VIDEO SCREENS MIXED WITH LANDSCAPES AND ADVERTISEMENTS”–SLAVE/SLUT/SECRETARY –THE TV IS ON FIRE–BEAUTIFUL IMAGES ALWAYS MAKE ME CRY–I SEX TOO MUCH–AND I TALK TOO LITTLE–BEWARE DO NOT THINK BECAUSE YOUR HEAD WILL EXPLODE–BOOM–DO YOU HAVE A SET OF IMPORTANT VALUES?–DID YOU GROW UP IN A HEALTHY ENVIRONMENT?–**HERE’S LOOKING AT YOU KID**–HAIRY FAGS IN FUNNY TROUSERS WITH THEIR GUNS READY TO SHOOT–I MIRROR MYSELF ON YOUR SHINY SHOES–DO YOU LIKE CALLING STRANGE MEN DADDY?–IT’S THAT DAY OF THE MONTH–WEIRD POSITIONS ALWAYS MAKE ME DIZZY–NEW ARRIVALS IN THE BAR–ALREADY BROKEN AND OUT OF USE–I SPY–AND I KNOW–ONE EYE GREEN AND ONE BLUE–HYPE, LIES AND SUPERFICIAL LINES–SAY IT LIKE YOU MEAN IT AND THEY WILL GIVE YOU AN EXCUSE–PARIS WILL LOVE YOU WHEN NOBODY ELSE DOES–PARIS WILL LOVE YOU WHEN NOBODY ELSE DOES–PARIS WILL LOVE YOU WHEN NOBODY ELSE DOES. AFTER ALL **THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.**



ON

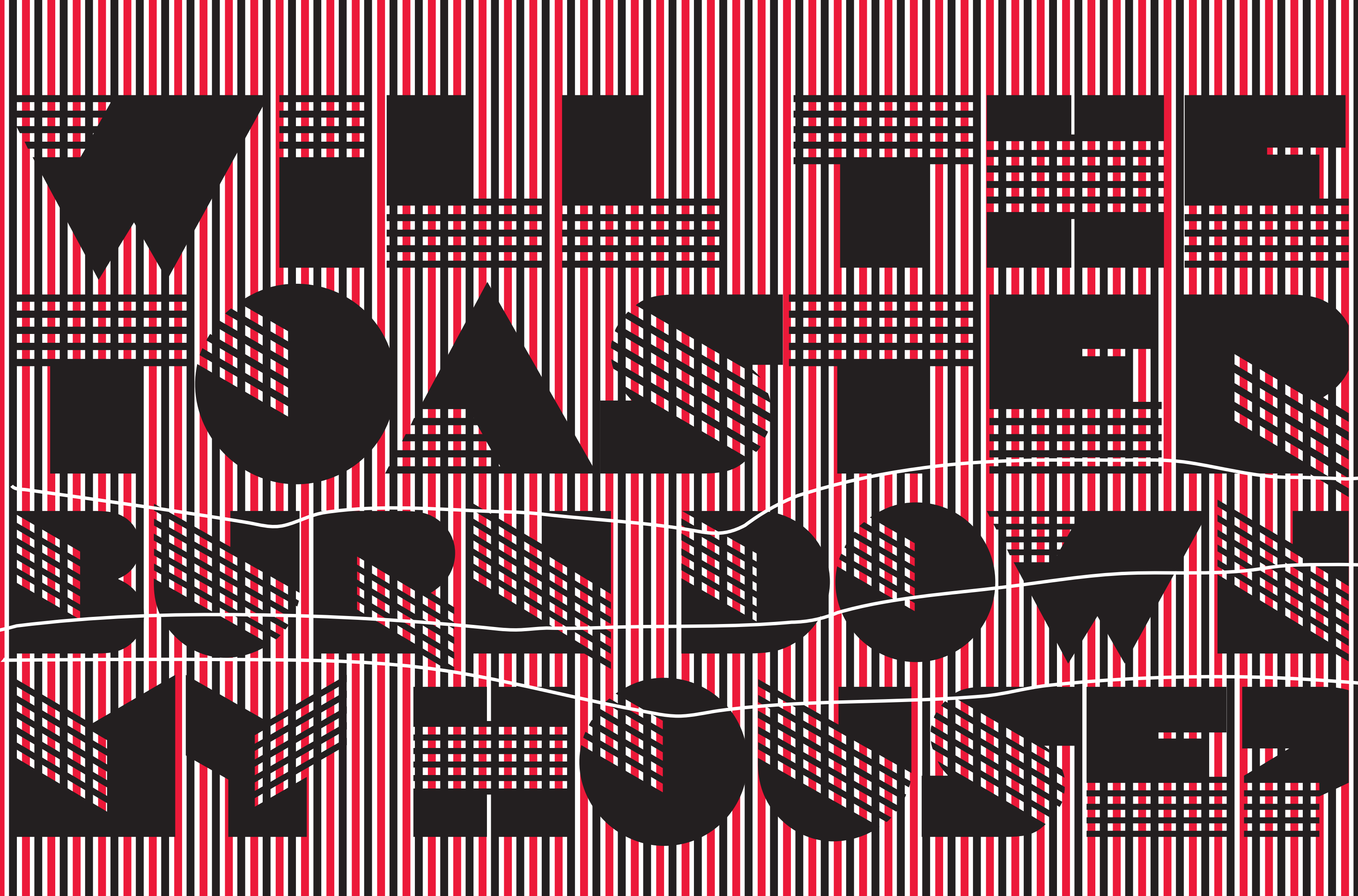
/ED

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ES



Thissio | 03:05 am | outside 9th Lyceum of Athens



ATHENS EROTICA

Metaxourgio | 11:30 pm | close to BIOS club





Zoohdohou Peghes | 10:07 pm | next to Babel comic shop



Exarcheia | 1:45 am | next to 5roads bar



ARMED WITH VANITY

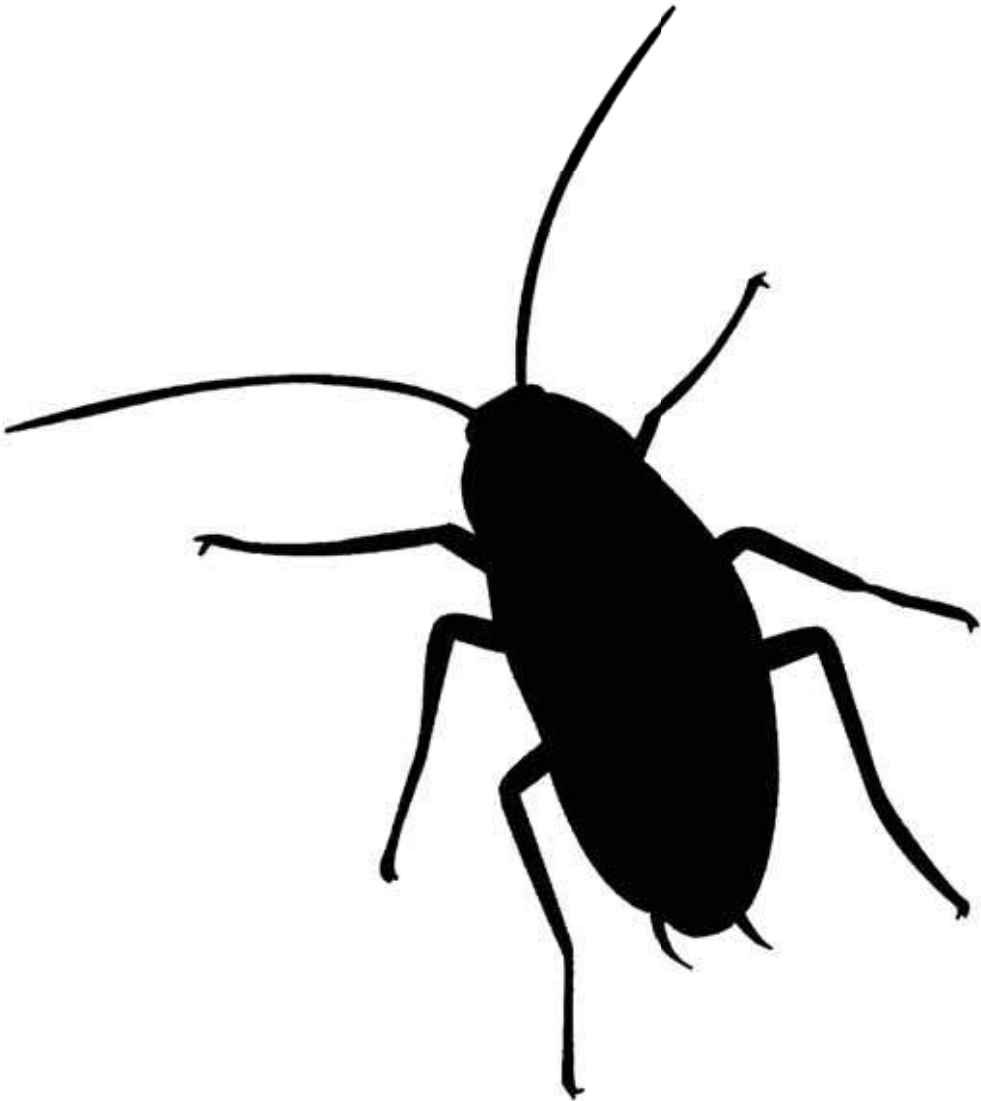
To the citizens of other Western countries the mandatory character of national service in Greece appears anachronistic and opposed to free will. For Greeks, however, it is so deeply embedded in their culture that abolishing it would mean a major shift in national politics and the collapse of the myth of the brave, patriotic Greek soldier. In today's Greek army soldiers face a constantly self-contradicting reality based on the giving of orders and humble obedience, so out-of-this-world while the army as a system claims the authority of a rationale. It is a system trapped in its vanity.

The vanity of the army lies in the superficial value of the momentary. Actions are made, ordered or planned regardless of the specific period of time in which they have to take place. All that matters in the result is that the narcissism of power over others is satisfied and confirmed. To achieve this, everything has to function in a sphere where space and time exist without continuity. The army is its people, yet they are treated as units that occupy and require nothing more than their physical body space expected

Military service in Greece is mandatory.
It concerns male citizens between 18 and 45.
It lasts 12 months.
Alternative service is twice as long, minus one month.
Draft evaders living in Greece are not allowed to leave the country.
The military takes part in parades at Greek national celebrations.
Insubordination may lead to imprisonment.

to act in virtual time. This is beyond absurd as absurdity manifestly breaks down pragmatic laws and expectations whereas the army argues for a fundamental practicality within its absurdity. Refusing to change not due to megalomania or arrogance but because it is not 'in the book' to doubt oneself as a commander creates a dogmatic system provocatively ignorant of its own vanity. This generates a kind of 'logic' as a necessary tool to self-disguise one's vanity. However, this logic is spatial and temporary. Any attempt to rationalize and interpret it fails.

The popular saying, 'where logic ends the army begins', proves to be simplistic, naive and inaccurate. Common notions of logic differ from military ones in the sense that the latter deny and turn indifferent to common logic as they are only confirmed by them who establish them and serve nothing but their needs. Orders and commands given justify what they themselves perceive as the universal rightness of their decisions. However, this vicious circle would end there if the paradox were not that military people strongly believe themselves to be practical and useful to society at any given time. Their privileges and high salaries create a sense of responsibility towards society. As it all inevitably leads back to vanity it is sadly obvious that the army, however modernized it may be in equipment and human resources – which it is not – could never escape its narrow limits of a self-referential system, cut off of society.



LET’S PLAGUE!

*USE THAT PAGE AS A STENCIL

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PROTESTING AGAINST THE CHANGES YOUR CITY IS EXPERIENCING AND YOU DON’T LIKE. SPRAY THE COCKROACH ON THE SITE OF THE CITY YOU WANT TO ATTACK. ALL TOGETHER WILL PRODUCE A PLAGUE IN THE CITY!

words: Dafni Anesti, DIY Us:Raquel Frieria, Nuria Guell and Cristina Garrido

DIY US...

Since the end of the 1980s, and especially with the Olympic Games of 1992, the city of Barcelona has undergone great changes and has been transformed into a ‘model city’. The course of the regeneration and development through urban planning according to the standards of all other mega-cities is still taking place at the expense of the unique characteristics of the city, at the expense of the inhabitants’ right to public space and in complete disregard of Barcelona’s population as active agents in this process. The city’s increasingly touristic profile has played a large part in the transformation. The urban development is directly aimed at the touristic exploitation of the city to any cost, approaching it as a touristic attraction and reducing its complexity to a stereotype.

In their projects of social intervention, Raquel Frieria, Nuria Guell and Cristina Garrido address these issues of globalization and great scale change in cities with special focus on their home city, Barcelona. The artists – the term ‘artist’ is used for want of a better word, though they do not describe themselves as such – aim at challenging urban reality, criticizing the city’s transformation, and opening up a space for dialogue around the everyday practices and relationships that constitute the social fabric.

In their activist actions they use public space and creative means in order to interact with a wide audience and with the people who are most involved in the reality to which they refer, that is, the people who live in the city and the people who visit it.

In the group’s first project, ‘Barcelona Off Screen’, it dealt with the issue of this tourist-focused transformation of Barcelona by proposing an alternative route to touristic bus tours. Dressed up as hostesses from the company Bus Turistic, the group promoted their own route, directing tourists to places they would never otherwise see and hiding the standard tour. They handed out postcards in order to get feedback from tourists and information material concerning the radical changes from which the city is suffering. The group itself explains: “We try to transport the tourist from a planned city to a practical one.” They

did this by diverting tourists to places that they did not expect to see, where they had to explore actively and communicate with the inhabitants. This alternative route did not represent the ideal facade of the city but a diverse one that takes into account the human relationships, sites of conflict and the degradation resulting from the frantic urban development.

In its second main project, “The City of Spectacle”, drawing on Guy Debord’s work La Société du Spectacle, the group confronted the changes of Barcelona that alienate its residents from their city and the position of the passive viewer they are situated in. Without creating any hypothetical situations, the group simply installed theatre seats in front of the everyday ‘spectacles’ the population comes across in the city. The series of spectacles chosen, ‘Urban Thrombosis, Surgeries, Curfew, The Invasion and Barcelona L.T.D.’ address a wide range of realities. From people’s exclusion from public space in favour of ‘order’ to the closing of local shops because of international stores; from traffic congestion due to the excessive touristic flow to the modernizing urban planning; the issues reveal the distance between the state’s intentions and public interest. By putting these problematic situations under the spotlight and ‘on stage’, the group raised the question as to who exactly this violent ‘modernization’ of the city is for.

As quoted in the projects link: “The whole life of the cities with the modern conditions of production are announced as a huge collection of spectacles. Everything directly experimented turns into representation” (Debord, (1967) La Société du Spectacle). Under this spectrum the necessity and role of social intervention can be valued not only as a means to direct experience and participation but also as a vehicle for potential social change.

On the opposite page the Spanish team invites you to use the stencil of the cockroach on places in Athens that you feel have changed in a way that disregards the citizen’s needs. Let’s start a plague and see what happens...

www.laciudaddelespectaculo.blogspot.com

**THESE ARE
MY SECRETS:**

10 inch penis is now possible and it's guaranteed

I lie, lie, lie all the time

**Yes, I'd like a beer
thank you**

Elvis Lives
(I read this somewhere)

It's so cold in Alaska

**I become square and
conservative and I suck**





To use art in the service of revolution, or at least to achieve a fundamental change in society's structure, is not something new. It has happened before in many cases where people felt they had nothing left to lose. Yet, in the end, it's not about art per se; it's about finding a way to state the truth, about hoping the world will listen.

In Belarus, at present, people still live behind the "Iron Curtain". Secrecy and suppression shape the political reality of the country: politicians have mysteriously disappeared, censorship is in force, and in the last elections of 2006 there were accusations of vote-rigging when Alexander Lukashenko was elected for the third time with 82.6% (!) of the vote.

The «Free Theatre» Project is an organization that fights for a democratic cause. It started on 30 March 2005 and will end only "when the situation in Belarus is changed from a dictatorial regime to a democracy", as we read in their manifesto.

Their activities, amongst other things, include underground performances of the Belarusian prohibited playwrights, translation of the plays of the young Belarusian dramatists into foreign languages, and participation in theatre festivals in Europe and the USA.

The government does whatever possible to break them down. Last year, Police Special Forces stormed the performance of a play by the group. Actors, performers and spectators were all arrested. Among the spectators was Mark Jansen (DasArts production manager¹). One month later, a group of participants of DasArts Foundation (Advanced Studies in the Performing Arts), who were preparing a workshop in collaboration with the «Free Theatre», were denied entry to the country.

Most recently, there was another incident. On 5 October 2008, the American actress Stephanie Pan and the Australian actress Esther Mugambie arrived

in Minsk at the group's invitation. They were both detained at Minsk airport. They were on the list of people banned from entering Belarus.

The actresses were informed that they had to spend two days at the airport. Then they could fly back at their own expense. Luckily, after 20 hours in detention (the «Free Theatre» members had to talk to them through a glass window), they managed to fly out of the country at the expense of the Czech airlines – the result of an agreement between the Czech Air Company and representatives of the Belarusian government.

We spoke with Stephanie Pan and she gave us her view on the situation: "We were very well aware of the situation in Belarus, and we were aware of the risk." Stephanie was one of the members of DasArts theatre programme who last year were denied entrance to Belarus. The reason, it goes without saying, was their collaboration with the «Free Theatre». "We were originally supposed to meet them in Belarus, but in the end we met then in Poland," Stephanie says.

Stephanie declared that "neither I nor Esther consider ourselves activists, and our detention highlights a kind of governmental paranoia which finds it necessary to crush and suppress any and all manner of critical voice." Stephanie is wrong: there is no paranoia. It is a rational strategy of Lukashenko's priorities and goals as is seen from declarations such as the following: "Am I a dictator? My position and the state will never allow me to become a dictator [...]. But an authoritarian ruling is characteristic of me, and I have always admitted it [...]"

"I believe art can be a powerful means of building momentum for revolutionary change, but the ideas and sentiments must already exist," Stephanie told us. In Belarus, the resistance of the «Free Theatre» reminds us that ideas should be an essential part of our "materialized", disoriented existence.

¹ DasArts is an international school laboratory, situated in Amsterdam. www.dasarts.nl





BOURGEOIS & MAURICE

Bourgeois and Maurice **LOVE YOU** *and they will hunt you down until you love them too.*

“Oh Bourgeois, come out darling,” says Maurice, and the show begins. Red lips, larger-than-life eyelashes, sequins filling the stage and a deep manly voice sing. It is Georgeois Bourgeois, a now-fallen national celebrity, who has an opinion on everything and is dying to get back on stage, where he thinks he belongs. Maurice Maurice is sitting next to him on her black piano. She stares into the void with a cynical expression. Maurice hates being in the limelight and admits to suffering from depression. In this interview, apart from George and Livvy, who have no make-up on and are friendly and sweet, I had the chance to meet with their two eccentric personas Bourgeois and Maurice, who lie all the time, bitch and backstab everybody, and love creating a mess.

From the very beginning Bourgeois & Maurice declare that they are not simply a band, but a self-help group. “We met in dark times, discovered the joy of self-help, helped ourselves and now we are here to help you,” they say, laughing.

The lights are out and the show begins. Bourgeois purses his lips and throws a kiss at the audience. Maurice plays the piano while Bourgeois sings, putting on melodramatic faces. With the end of the song Bourgeois jumps from table to table, posing indiscreet questions. I ask them what they expect from the audience. “To shut up! I am too famous for them!” replies Bourgeois in a crisis of vanity, but Maurice calms him down and they admit that they love it when people make as much noise as possible.

At some point Bourgeois's blue leather costume begins to annoy him and he starts taking it off. Maurice throws him an angry look. She is wearing a conservative dress with a high collar, and low-heeled shoes. One could take her for a schoolteacher were it not for the golden sequins and the huge wig. “It's

every girl's dream!” they say. “We get to wear these ridiculous costumes, which give us the right to be as outrageous as we wish.” And sometimes, believe me, they wish to be pretty bizarre. Maurice is screaming for no obvious reason and Bourgeois is rolling on the floor, hitting at the audience's feet. When her “emotions are too much for her to handle”, Maurice may become a little hysterical. Her darling, Bourgeois, may then slap her in the face but that doesn't happen that much. So you shouldn't worry. “I believe that the main reason the audience puts up with us is that we look so surreal so nothing we say or do can be taken too seriously,” adds Maurice.

They attack heavy notions such as art and sexuality, they laugh at celebrity culture, and they stick their tongues out at the everyday life in London – at gays, straights, scenesters and geeks. They mock their audience, but above all they mock themselves. “The point of what we do lies in the fact that we love laughing at ourselves,” they explain.

In the second part of their show, they appear on stage wearing red outfits with huge white collars. They remind me of clowns and they seem to like that: “Clowns try to be friendly, but it goes so far it's creepy,” says Maurice, “and we like their creepiness,” adds Bourgeois. But Bourgeois and Maurice are not creepy at all, they're just horrifyingly beautiful. Bourgeois makes Maurice less troubled, while she helps him get back on stage. Maurice can tidy up the mess in her mind just by looking at him, while Bourgeois can do what he loves more: show himself off and make the audience just a little bit nervous as he approaches them. Again, you shouldn't worry. Bourgeois and Maurice love you and they will hunt you down until you love them too.



What is your routine?

[illegible]

SKILI KE PSILI – SPEAK HERE

*try to say out loud:

[illegible]



SKILI DOGS PSILI FLEAS

The male flea sports an organ approximately 2.5 times the length of its own body – the largest, relative to its size, of any insect.

There is a flea in a Kiev museum that wears horseshoes made of real gold.

When summer arrives fleas become thirstier.

Dead fleas dressed as wedding couples were popular collectors' items in the 1920s.

The largest flea collection in the World is housed in London's Natural History Museum.

The female flea is always bigger than the male.

Fleas lay tiny white oval shaped eggs.

The adult flea's diet consists solely of blood.

Fleas are a nuisance to their hosts, causing an itching sensation which in turn may result in the host attempting to remove the pest by biting, pecking, scratching etc the vicinity of the parasite.

In the old days European men wrote love poems about fleas that lived on their girlfriends.

When jumping, a flea accelerates 50 times faster than the space shuttle.

A flea can jump 30,000 times without a break.

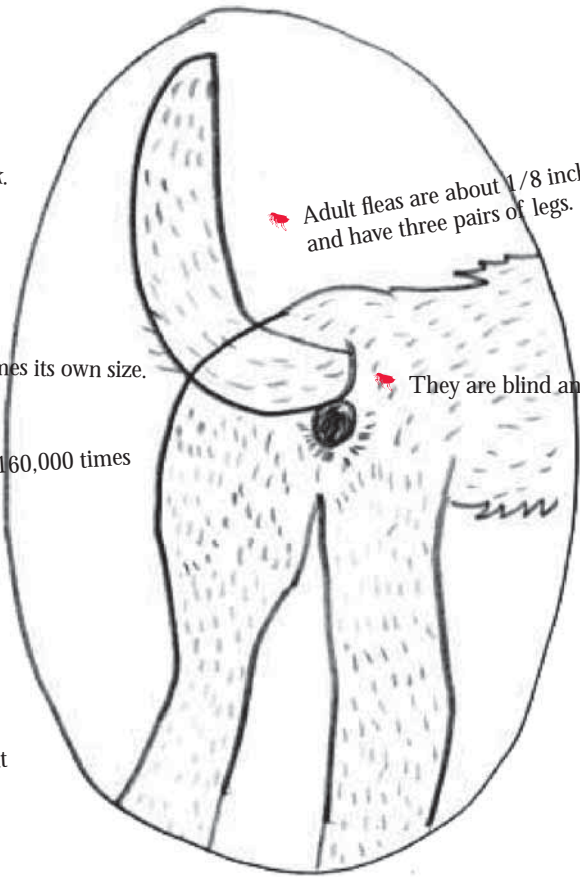
A flea can jump over 150 times its own size.

A flea can pull up to 160,000 times its own weight.

Adult fleas are about 1/8 inches long, wingless, and have three pairs of legs.

They are blind and avoid sunlight.

Fleas have been used as a notably unsuccessful method of blackmail. In 1996, a transexual named Lydia Banot was jailed for eight years at the Old Bailey after blackmailing Harrods. The sex-change extortionist had threatened to release a plague of fleas in the designer clothing department unless a demand for £5 million was met.



In Europe, women wore flea sticks; tubes with sticky stuff such as tree sap inside. They wore them around their necks or on fur pelts knowing that fleas love animal pelts. The fleas were supposed to nest in the pelts or get stuck in the tubes instead of the wearer's skin.



A FLEA POEM

BIG FLEAS HAVE LITTLE FLEAS,
UPON THEIR BACKS TO BITE 'EM,
AND LITTLE FLEAS HAVE LESSER FLEAS,
AND SO, AD INFINITUM.
(ANONYMOUS)









NEVER-ENDING STORY

And there she was, walking around the aisles of the supermarket. Every time she didn't know what to do she just went there. In some weird way all those shelves full with colourful products gave her a sense of security. After all, what can go wrong in a supermarket? And then she saw him. He was tall, around 30, dressed entirely in black. He had a basket with him which was empty. He was stuck at the canned food section. He was looking at some beans and he was mumbling a tune. There was something familiar about this guy. What was he doing there? He certainly didn't belong in a supermarket, and especially not in the canned section. If she had to guess she would probably put him at the wine section. But again, no, not really. She stood there, watching him for some time. He had started filling his basket with all sorts of different cans: beans, tuna, corn, soups – anything you can name. "He looks quite dazed," she thought. "Maybe he is one of those nutcases who always prepare for the end of the world." While she was trying to think if she had seen this guy before, he turned his head and she suddenly realized what seemed so wrong in the first place. It was that... **he was green... yes he was green. She had never seen a green man before, although she had heard some stories about these people. They were half-human half-ape, and they used to live in forests before they became extinct because of several diseases she couldn't even recall right now. "He isn't that creepy," she thought. Her parents used to scare her with green people stories when she was really young. She never thought she would meet one in the flesh. But there he was, standing in front of her, pretending nothing was happening. For a moment he stood and looked at her. He seemed somehow annoyed by her staring and wasn't scared to show it. She found that both irritating and scary at the same time. He turned his back and started to move away. She ran after him, trying to catch up with him, but he was too quick. She was afraid that he could disappear before she got a chance to talk to him. She didn't know herself why she wanted to talk, but she felt this urge inside of her that she must get hold of him. But he was running and running and that freaked her out as he was so much faster than she was. She didn't have a chance to catch up with him. But she needed to. Somehow. She needed him with her. Now. And at least she was a cop. There are always ways to catch the fugitive. So she took her gun in her hand. Still running. Pointing the gun at the green man. Both running. And she shot. He fell immediately. When she finally reached the body lying on the ground she turned him around to look at his face. And for the first time he didn't seem to be so green anymore. In fact all of a sudden he looked very human. Actually not green at all. **And then she woke up. Having that dream again, like every****

night the past few weeks. And never managing to actually catch a glimpse of his face. She felt like such a cliché, like the star of some third-rate, straight-to-DVD sci-fi horror flick. In a panic she grabs her runners, not even bothering to change her clothes, she runs into the street still in her 6-year-old shorts and ridiculously short T, craving the slap-slap-slap-beating-heart-rhythm of her feet on tarmac. She runs until everything is a blur around her, until all sounds are like a low hum of dead silence, until the cold stings until it burns, until she blacks out, and the face disappears. She always got these panic attacks on her birthday. Is it a manifestation of her inner anxiety about getting older? Yes, 29 is a big deal! Or was it especially this day because of the dark red wine, because of Lucas or because of the terrible newspaper headlines haunting her break-fast – headlines about the disastrous end of the world and the dim future of mankind? She couldn't really tell. She started heading back home and quietly smiled at the thought that she had never walked in the quiet city without her iPod.



“AS LONG AS
I HAVE THE
HUMOR AND
FORCE FOR
THINKING
EVERY TRUTH
SERVES ME
ONLY FOR ME
TO WORK IT UP
ACCORDING TO
MY POWERS.”

MAX STIRNER, 1846

MAX STIRNER, THE UNIQUE

Max Stirner, a “bum” among the Young Hegelians, wrote only one book in his entire philosophical career. The rest of his life was spent in excessive “self-enjoyment”, teaching in girls’ schools, failed business plans and imprisonment for debt. His magnum opus, *The Ego and Its Own*, published in 1843, had a significant impact on European thought: it was heavily criticized and almost vanished in the late 19th century to reappear in the 20th, causing vivid debates between his friends and enemies in all the ranges of the political compass. In this work he attacks “good” and “evil”, liberalism, anarchism and communism. He also tries to persuade us that in reality we are nothing more than vulgar egotists even when we are in love. Moreover, he suggests that we should love the other only as if he is our own property. And that there is nothing wrong with that.

Born Johann Kaspar Schmidt in 1806 in Bavaria, Stirner studied philosophy. One of his major influences was his teacher, Hegel. Hegelian dialectics as well as debates with other Young Hegelians in the bohemian group “Die Freien” (“The Free”) had a strong impact on his work. His intense way of living influenced Stirner’s philosophical ideas on human life. One of the basic aspects of the book is “self-enjoyment”. For Stirner, the Christian concept of life as a “sacred”, “divine gift” (also adopted by humanism) is repressive and alienating. Both humanism and Christianity share a passion for an “ideal”, “real” life that is far from reality. Stirner considers these ideals and the moral obligations that accompany them to be “spooks” and “wheels in the head” that turn being into an endless and alienating catch-up with the sublime. On the contrary, for Stirner, living means consuming life as one’s possession.

The Stirnerian “Unique One” is using up his life and his self for his own “self-enjoyment” without any goal external to his ego. What one gains in this kind of living is the self and what one avoids is sacrificing and losing the self for fixed ideas or sublime, out-there goals. There is no need for the “Unique One” to become something more than his own self. Life is not in the becoming but in the living of it.

A grandfather of postmodernism, Stirner attacks any grand narrative throughout *The Ego and Its Own*. Investigating the progressive transforming of spirit in human history, from each unique one’s possession to “a discredited existence free from the world”, Stirner finds in this precise transforming the cause of all the “wheels in the head”. From the crucial point when

the spirit becomes an external *essence*, intertwined with the divine *logos*, it opens an empty space for religion, ideology, government and law. Since the spirit is no longer my possession, my own self-knowledge and world-view, then I have to aim for it. In this way I am obliged to reach “the divine”, “the true”, “the sacred”. My goal is no longer my pleasure but “reaching God”, “living in a harmonious society” or “living a good, ethical life”. In this way, the spirit becomes an enemy for the egotist; it prevents our true egotistic nature. One can no longer care for one’s own interests but for *ideas*. I should respect even my enemies because there is a human essence in them that makes them “sacred”. I should no longer be a pure egotist because I must respect the idea of “society”. I should respect the law because of “the spirit of law” and the ideal of a “well-governed state”.

Stirner’s existentialism does not recognize anything *epekeina* (transcendental) and external to one’s unique ego. Thus, there is no need for state, law or religion since they are all based in the transforming of the spirit into a nonexistent sublime object. For Stirner, humans are spiritual beings only in the sense that they possess spirit. I love another human not because we share an external essence greater than ourselves, an “x-factor” that makes us human, but because it might happen that his pain pains me too or his happiness also makes me happy. As a result, Stirner posits, we should not talk about society as a presupposed, crystallized whole of “citizens” or “humans” or any other generic category. Society is just a *natural situation* into which I am born. The egotistic “Unique One”, my true self, prefers the *union*. In the union, there are no fixed relations and rules. One joins the union to satisfy one’s own interests, to compete with others and have access to their property. One can freely leave the union without any obligation. The Stirnerian union is contingent and always *about to dissolve*.

A radical thinker, Stirner was one of the first philosophers to question fixed ideas on human life, the state and theology. In the age of the blogosphere, dynamic social networks and biopolitics, his work is still current. By considering the event of self-knowledge as *monadic* for every subject and as the only true event, Stirner’s philosophy is a revolutionary individualism that attacks every naming attached to the subject (from “Christian” to “citizen”, from “good” to “evil”). *The Ego and Its Own* begins and ends with the phrase “I have set my affair on nothing”. And, consistent with that, on his death certificate were the words: “with no father, mother, wife, children”.

COOL IS:

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Cool is the new T-bone of advertising. We don't have to be skinny, beautiful and rich any more: real success lies in managing to look cool and alternative. We buy expensive boots to look more punkish and then we throw them at our walls to make them look used and dirty, when an actual punk would have thrown them at our heads.

For advertisers, being cool means being right – listening to the right music, wearing the right clothes, and hanging out in the right places, all of which should flirt just a little bit with the underground. Cool-hunters are out in the streets trying to find the new hype, because new things are always born out there, since they are mostly a matter of innovation and experimentation. Advertising made cool fashionable. And then of course cool died.

Advertisers are here to persuade us that cool is something you can buy. When things get too tough, the cool kid goes to the mall, home of narcissism and commercialized hedonism. Cool is a selling promise. The media persuaded us that being ordinary is not an option so everyone's trying to prove that his job is more exciting than an action film, his interests are more extreme than fucking in the street, and his sex life can compete with a good old hardcore porn film. We are constantly reminded that being normal is not acceptable. "Unique", "bizarre" and "extraordinary" seem to have become the advertisers' darling new words and people behave like walking advertisements of this new ethos. Advertisers have taken cool – "the refuge of the underdog" – and transformed it into a colourful little goldmine with neon lights blazing.

Reality check! Cool used to be an attitude that challenged conservatism. From the jazz players of the 40s, with Miles Davis's *Birth of the Cool*, to the punks of the late 70s, cool was a rude gesture at society's accepted codes of social behaviour. Being cool meant that you took a step back – that you separated yourself from the programmed ideals you were supposed to abide by.

Advertising tries to persuade us that our self-definition is based on our lifestyle. So what happens when we do things that contradict one another? When we don't have a specific lifestyle? When we just happen to be unpredictable? Or even when we don't try to give everything a deeper meaning and just do things for pleasure or from need or boredom. And what about when we really want to get involved in things that matter? Obviously, then, we are not to be trusted. Having realized that no matter how hard we may try we are never going to be enough – not weird enough, not serious enough, not sexy enough – it is high time to stand back and reject this mind-fucking game. And next time they spot us in the street and ask us to tell them what's cool, one reply comes into my head. What's cool? Nothing is cool.

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SKILI KE PSILI – LISTEN HERE
*Here are some questions for a band
that no magazine wants to interview

1. WHAT'S THE NAME OF YOUR BAND AND WHAT'S ITS ORIGIN?

2. WHEN DID YOU FORM YOUR BAND?

3. HOW DID YOU MEET?

4. WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO MAKE MUSIC TOGETHER?

5. WHAT ARE THE MAIN THEMES OR TOPICS FOR MOST OF YOUR SONGS
AND WHAT GENRE OF MUSIC DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR WORK TO BE?

6. WHAT HAS BEEN YOUR BIGGEST CHALLENGE AS A BAND?

7. WHERE HAVE YOU PERFORMED AND WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT FROM A LIVE GIG?

8. HOW CAN FANS-TO-BE GAIN ACCESS TO YOUR MUSIC?

9. IS THERE ANYONE YOU'D LIKE TO ACKNOWLEDGE
FOR OFFERING FINANCIAL OR EMOTIONAL SUPPORT?

10. ANY LAST WORDS?

photography: Nikos Katsaros

SKILI KE PSILI – PLAY HERE
*use the empty space to lie

TRUE

TRUE AND FALSE ARE PHONEY CATEGORIES CONSTRUCTED THROUGH SUBJECTIVE QUESTIONS

YES, I DO FEEL CREATIVE TODAY TRUE/FALSE

NO, I DON'T FEEL I CAN BEAR BOREDOM TRUE/FALSE

YES, I DO WONDER WHY YOU CHOSE THIS TITLE TRUE/FALSE

NO, I DON'T WONDER WHAT THE NEXT PERSON
WILL DO WITH THIS ISSUE TRUE/FALSE

YES, I DO THINK ABOUT THE QUESTION
YOU ASKED ME ON PAGE 37 TRUE/FALSE

NO, I DON'T THINK ABOUT TOILETS
WHEN I GO INTO A BAR TRUE/FALSE

YES, I DO REALIZE THIS SURVEY IS A JOKE TRUE/FALSE

NO, I DON'T REALIZE HOW SKILI KE PSILI
WILL CHANGE MY LIFE TRUE/FALSE

YES, I DO BELIEVE YOU SHOULD LAUNCH ISSUE NO. 5 TRUE/FALSE

NO, I DON'T BELIEVE
YOU SHOULD ASK ME AGAIN TRUE/FALSE

ERASE TRUE AND FALSE

FALSE

TOILET REVIEW

66

Going down the brick red stairs you find yourself in the spacious toilet. Not likely to get crowded, the place allows room for privacy and relaxation. The atmosphere brings to mind your grandma’s old toilet with its classic white tiles on the walls and big marble lavatories. The old school mosaic on the floor might feel dizzying if you have had one too many but it’s beautiful and you are still close enough to hear the upstairs music crystal clear.



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Most of the cubicles have a lock and since there’s no boys and girls signs whoever is first goes first. Minimal use of furniture, empty space and tall ceiling will make the wait less annoying. If you run into anything bizarre do not panic – it will probably be the ‘Heiner Miller’ theatrical performance of the group ASIPKA that takes place there. **Highlights:** The canted mirror on the ceiling that makes your head look huge and putting on your make-up impossible.



THIS MAGAZINE IS GOING TO TRAVEL ACROSS ATHENS. PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW WHERE IT WAS BEFORE THEY GOT IT. SO DRAW A LINE FROM THE PLACE YOU TOOK IT TILL THE PLACE YOU LEFT IT. IN THE MEANTIME USE THE ICONS (RIGHT) TO SHOW US HOW YOU FEEL AND WHERE YOU ARE. IF YOU CANT FIND AN ICON THAT DESCRIBES YOUR SITUATION, INVENT ONE.

WRITE ALSO THE PLACES YOU VE BEEN AND DONT MIND ABOUT ANALOGIES. IF YOU IMAGINE YOUR DISTANCE LONG AND INTERESTING TAKE A LOT OF SPACE AND DESCRIBE IT, JUST FEEL FREE TO EXPRESS YUR SELF.

YOU CAN ALSO USE SPACES TO EXPRESS YOUR FEELINGS AND THOUGHTS, THINGS YOU SAW, THINGS YOU LIKED OR NOT, WHATEVER YOU WANT TO SHARE.

AT WORK BORED	▼	AT HOME BORED	🏠	OUT FOR A WALK ALONE	○	COFFEE ALONE	■	TUBE	M
AT WORK SHARING	▼▼	AT HOME RELAXING	🏠	OUT WITH FRIENDS	○○	COFFEE WITH FRIENDS	□□	DISTRIBUTION POINT	●
_____		_____		_____		_____		_____	



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for always being there for us! –



PICK UP THE LAUNDRY.



DON'T FORGET.



It has carried all the world's ideals. The door must not have been shut right.

Imagine all the people holding hands, the liberation of our comrades, sexual liberation, the end of capitalism, of profit, of oppression, the ongoing struggle, a free Vietnam, free love, the smell of incense burning, the smell of bras

burning, the smell of goat cheese and patchouli, Cuba si, nuclear no thanks, nan trugarez, nein danke, gurus, shamans, chakras, little red books, the road to Katmandu, to Goa, the road again, Afghan jackets, Indian shirts, Swedish pretty

hitchhikers, bell-bottoms, sheepskin vests... When you realize everything the VW Van has lost on the way, you wonder how its reputation has made it intact.



The Van is 60.



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**Dr. AirWair
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