COMMONING ETHNOGRAPHY

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# ‘We want bread, education and freedom’

## An ethno*graphic* snapshot of Athens on 17 November

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ABSTRACT |
‘We want bread, education and freedom’ is an ethno*graphic* experiment that traces and weaves together the unfolding of multiple crises in Greece in the mid-2010s. An ethnographically informed snapshot of a visit to the squatted hotel City Plaza in Athens, the piece unfolds by exploring the polysemy and versatility of the 1973 slogan ‘Bread, education, freedom’ and how it has been reappropriated and re-signified over time to make sense of the 2010 economic crisis and later, of the so-called refugee crisis. While the text pulls together historical events, political discourses and personal reflections, the graphics capture the Hotel City Plaza’s dense affects and lay bare those tensions, ambiguities and ambivalences that are often hard to verbalise and make sense of. Altogether this piece configures an unfished, raw and sensorial journey through the struggles of reconciling political belonging, positionality and intellectual commitment to anthropology.

***Keywords:*** Graphic ethnography; reflexivity; Greece; refugee crisis; politics; squats.


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## Introduction

When I first drafted the text and visuals of *We want bread, education and freedom,* I thought of it as just a critical, ethnographically informed snapshot of an Athenian effervescent micro-reality: that of the Hotel City Plaza, a self-organised refugee squat in the city centre of the Greek capital, which I first visited on 17 November 2016. Every year, on 17 November, people, mostly students, take to the streets of Athens to commemorate the students' occupation of the Polytechnic University of Athens (Polytechneio) and its violent repression. The Polytechneio occupation of 1973 is considered the critical event that accelerated the fall of the Colonels' dictatorship (1967-1974).

In November 2016, the residents of the Hotel City Plaza – refugees, migrants, and Greek and international activists – would join the students' demonstration in the afternoon. Clashes with the police were not only expected but feared to be particularly violent as the visit of US President Barack Obama to Athens was scheduled around those days. The city was heavily militarised, and a tense atmosphere pervaded it. The US president was not exactly welcomed by many. To say it with Michael Herzfeld (1987), the US has often been imagined as the *xeno daktylo* par excellence.[1] In some leftist and anarchist discourses, the US represents the foreign finger that poked and manoeuvred national Greek politics: the foreign power that, throughout the 1960s, baked up the Colonels' dictatorship as the ultimate strategy to contain the communist expansion in the grand geopolitical scheme of the cold war (Clogg 2013; Green 2014; Kornetis 2016). Furthermore, as of 2016, Greece had already endured six years of economic austerity, which not only strained the livelihoods of many Greeks but also severely impacted the already precarious lives of refugees and migrants (see Cabot 2019), who were increasingly targeted by both punitive migration laws and xenophobic attacks carried out in the streets by Golden Dawn militants (also Green 2014).[2]

In hindsight, I think I was struck by the contrasting affects and tensions pervading the hectic streets of Exarcheia[3] and the apparent tranquillity looming inside the Hotel City Plaza. I also found it ethnographically intriguing how multiple stories, politics and subjectivities intersected uncannily in such a peculiar spatial-temporal configuration. Even more striking to me was the polysemic potential and versatility of the slogan 'Bread, education, freedom' (*psomí, paideía, elefthería*). The slogan, which first appeared on a banner hanging from a window of Polytechneio on 17 November 1973, was somewhat reappropriated by the Hotel's residents. When I visited the squat, a group of Greek activists and refugees was preparing the banners to take to the demonstration, and the Polytechneio slogan appeared on one of them. It was indeed an intriguing ethnographic realisation to see how slogans and chants from another crisis were resumed and re-signified to make sense of the crises of the mid-2010s. Whereas 'Bread, education and freedom' epitomised the claims that the Polytechneio students put against the authoritarian state in 1973, in the supposedly different historical and socio-political context of 2016,[4] the same slogan became metonymical claims for dignified lives, the right to access public schools that was still denied to refugee children, and freedom of movement across borders. Coincidentally, the events that

put in motion the students' occupation of Polytechneio grew out of another economic crisis and the enforcement of austerity following the oil shock in 1973.[5]

The events which led to the students' occupation of Polytechneio in November 1973 and its violent repression are foundational of the collective memory and haunted generations on the left spectrum. The Polytechneio occupation represents the ultimate symbol of resistance, militant action, and self-sacrifice. Since 1973, every Greek student mobilisation, including the riots of December 2008 following the murder of the 15 years old anarchist Alexis Grigoropolous,[6] has explicitly or implicitly evoked the Polytechneio occupation. Crucially, the death of Alexis Grigoropolous initiated what have become known as *Dekemvriana* ('the events of December'), a series of protests and riots that, according to Yannis Kaplanis (2011), surfaced and released an already looming sense of frustration that society by and large held towards the state and its politics. The ratification of the first Memorandum in 2010 eventually brought more and more people to the streets and to the occupation of Syntagma Square.[7] In the summer of 2011, during several consecutive days of protests against the austerity measures taken by the government to deal with the economic crisis, the slogan 'Bread, education and freedom: the Junta did not end in 1973' appeared in Syntagma Square occupied by the Greek *Indignados* (Theodossopoulos 2013; Knight 2015; Kornetis 2016).

With all these considerations in mind, I initially imagined *Bread, education, freedom* as an experiment in multimodal ethnographic storytelling where the textual and the visual would complement, often contradict, rather than converse with each other. The textual was supposed to work as a background, a grand narrative line against which the visuals could be contextualised. While in the text I recount my wanderings through central Athens and weave in considerations about ethnographic positionality and political belonging, the graphics more explicitly focus on the life within the Hotel City Plaza: in the attempt to reproduce visually the dense affects, bewilderment and the uncertainties pervading it, I did not add any kind of text to the drawings. I wanted to recreate the sense of time suspension and the suspension of belief through the portraits of some people I met there as well as micro-snapshots of interactions. In the drawings, I wanted to capture actions, interactions and conversations while happening but without showing how these eventually unfolded or concluded.

Drawing represented a viable solution also to the ethnographic challenges of representing multiple temporalities, stories and subjectivities intersecting in unexpected yet complex, often uncanny and contradictory ways. In the mood for multimodal experiments, I accidentally embraced Aristotle's precepts in *Poetics* and imagined an ethnographic vignette according to the unity of time, space, and action.[8] However, revision after revision, the piece became a bit more anthropological as the juncture of the multiple temporalities, stories and subjectivities was ridden with ambivalences and ambiguities, contradictions and frictions. Those often lie dormant in our ethnographic experiences and pertain to perceived but often hard-to-verbalise idiosyncrasies between our intellectual commitment, political positioning, and the actual experiences we make in and of the fieldwork. To say it more explicitly, I refer to old yet timely questions about reflexivity,

comradeship with our interlocutors, visual representation, and the refugee crisis between 2015 and 2017. As mentioned, as of 2016, a series of austerity measures had already been enforced for the previous six years, following the 2010 financial crisis. As Sarah Green (2014) posed, the so-called refugee crisis was a crisis within a crisis.

**Temporal glitches and twitches**

Over the past decade, anthropological scholarship has dissected the so-called Greek crisis, focusing on its potential to reconfigure heterotopic spaces of solidarity and mutualism and to spur new political subjectivities. Other scholars have focused on the everyday experience and effects of the crisis on the people's livelihoods, its visuals and its temporalities. In particular, Greek visual anthropologist Kostis Kalantzis (2016) interrogates how the Greek crisis has been made visible and asks what the crisis may look like beyond repetitive images of dissent and destitution: functioning as metonyms, these two faces of the crisis ignited a process of not only aestheticization of the crisis itself but of anesthetisation of the viewers. Building on Kalantzis' proposition to take the visuals 'as a field of struggles and experience' (2016: 5), I exploited the potential of visuals to explore the ambivalences of my positionality and the ambiguities of fieldwork on the one hand. On the other, I relied on visuals to unravel overlapping and circular temporalities which, with their slogans and symbols charged with political meanings and affects, became visible, perceivable, and tangible through temporal glitches and twitches. I describe temporal glitches and twitches as standstill moments, where multiple temporalities, and the narratives they carry along, unexpectedly and accidentally intersect and give way to a sudden, temporary ethnographic impasse. To say it otherwise, a moment of crisis of *representation* occurring in the blink of an eye, quite literally. However, as the Greek etymology of the word crisis suggests, the crisis is also a moment of truth which questions old certainties and opens up new possibilities for ethno*graphic* representations.

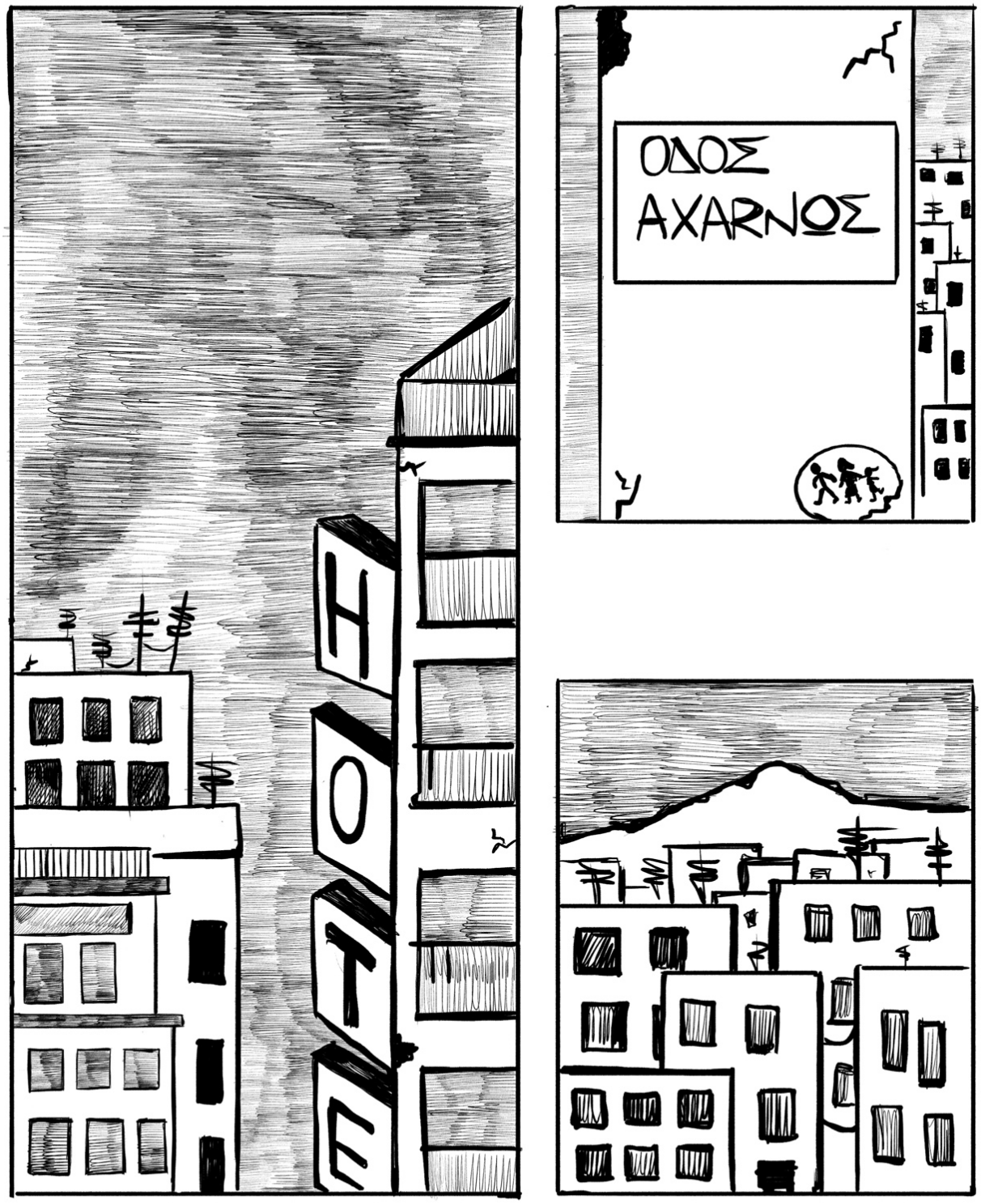
What follows is an experiment in ethnographic storytelling: the text is neither a fieldnote nor a finished academic article. Rather, it is a raw, multimodal re-elaboration of an ethnographic moment through a sensorial and affective engagement with the dense and tick reality of the Hotel City Plaza on 17 November 2016. At that time, I had already been in Athens for 18 months for my doctoral research fieldwork, which explored the emergence of the so-called social clinics of solidarity, grassroots medical facilities providing free primary healthcare services to Greek citizens and migrants as well. In this sense, my visit to the Hotel City Plaza was not strictly related to my fieldwork. Nevertheless, it unexpectedly represented a moment of ethnographic discomfort and bewilderment: a moment of crisis indeed where I questioned my positionality and political engagement, and confronted my incapacity to make sense of the moment. Elsewhere I wrote about how drawing helped me unravel and reason about my ethnographic encounters and experiences in Athens (Bonanno 2019a, b). While the graphics appearing in this article are not illustrated fieldnotes, I produced them in an effort to evade, or perhaps just to mitigate, the often-disciplinary power of words and the rigour of academic writing. Paraphrasing Taussig (2011), these

drawings meant to question my *witnessing* rather than produce an accurate re-presentation of reality. Rather, the graphics comprising this piece want to conjure up ambivalence and ambiguities, and ultimately the contrasting affects looming over Athens, and the City Plaza in particular. In a deliberate move to explode these uncanny affects, the drawings ultimately convey a diffuse sense of alienation – as if everyone had been caught by surprise, stuck in time, eyes wide open and no mouths, questioning their presence and reality. This sense of alienation starkly contrasted with the work and rhetoric of solidarity that the collectives running the Hotel City Plaza were relentlessly pursuing.

In a 2013 interview,[9] comic journalist Joe Sacco claims that 'we are all prisoners of our own experiences. We cannot eliminate prejudices. We can only identify, recognise, acknowledge and work with them.' Sacco's approach to graphic journalism seemingly resonates with what Italian ethnologist Ernesto De Martino (1941) described as critical ethnocentrism:[10] a critical appraisal of one's socio-cultural background and an honest acknowledgement of the impossibility of being completely free of pre-conceived ideas, bias, and prejudices. Over time, anthropologists have thoroughly reflected on the subjective dimensions of doing and writing ethnography. The graphic medium allowed me to work through and with my subjectivity and, at the same time, with the politics of ethnographic representation. In this sense, the intent implicit in my very presence in the drawing is to signal the reader that ethnography is a process, a practical process fraught with im-predictabilities and ambiguities. Therefore, visuals and graphics can really play a critical role in the ethnographic pursuit: questioning our positionality and positioning while enticing a critical and creative engagement with complex realities.

The short text below draws on a fieldnote I wrote in the days that followed my visit to the Hotel and I partially polished for this article. In the endnotes, I provide links and references to various academic debates and articles upon which the article implicitly builds. In re-elaborating the fieldnote, I chose not to engage explicitly with such literature as I wanted to maintain the sensorial, more intimate and immediate dimension predominant when writing a fieldnote rather than the intellectually driven, analytical approach to anthropological writing.

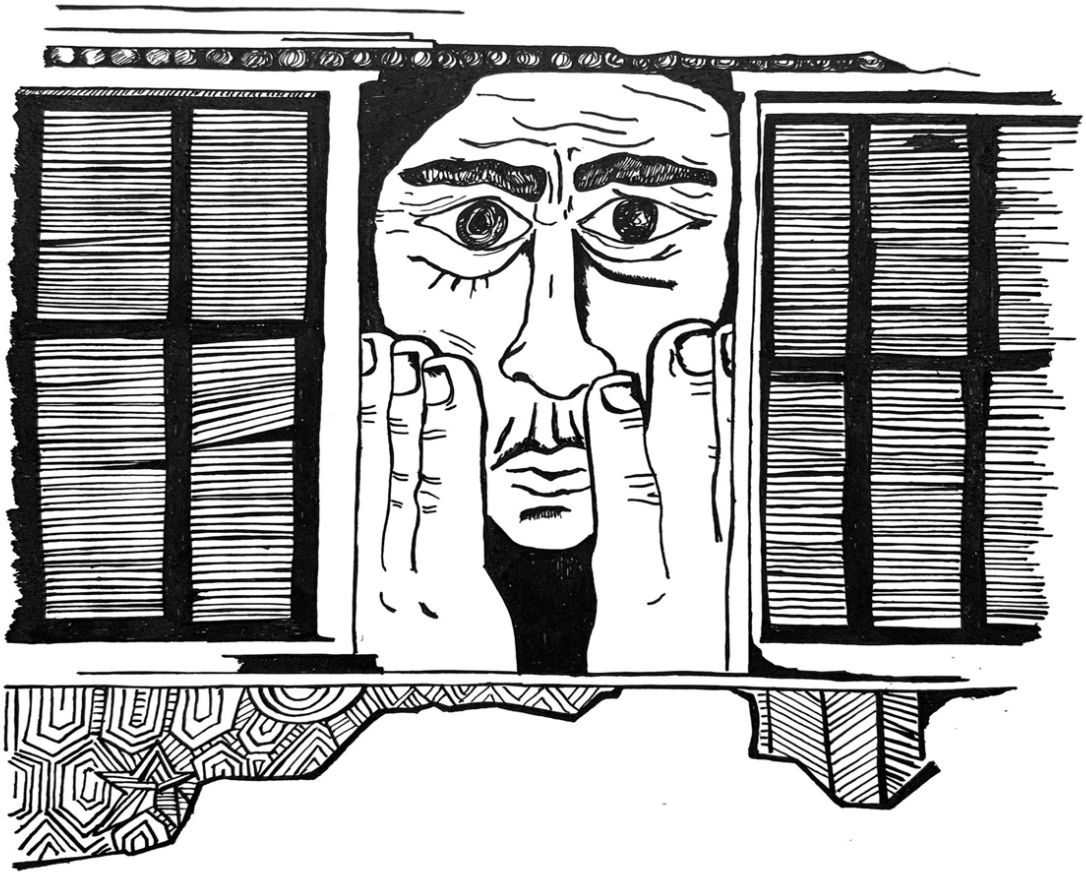
**17 November, Athens**




November is always a strange month. The days prior to the celebrations of the 17th are hectic. Somewhat gloomy. The atmosphere is tense; you can almost feel the tension in the air.

On 17 November, demonstrations celebrating the fall of the Colonels' dictatorship invade the city. The *Polytechneio*, the university from which protests first erupted in 1973, seems to have become the political epicentre of the entire city. Walking through the streets and narrow alleys of Exarcheia, you can feel the acre smell of tear gas up in the nose and down in the mouth. The sky gets clouded with smoke; a spectral silence haunts the neighbourhood. My friend Annoula once told me that the manholes of Exarcheia are filled with Molotov bottles. In the heydays of the economic crisis, the neighbourhood has been on fire every night. The rituals of resistance.[11]

It is a late Sunday morning. I meet with Pietro at Panepistimio tube station. We grab a coffee and start walking: we pass by the Polytechneio, we go through Exarcheia and slowly we head towards Plateia Victoria, a lively square close to the squatted Hotel. Pietro is an Italian photographer based in Germany who spent several years learning Arabic in Syria. He tells me that Damascus used to be the most beautiful city in the world. At the time we met, Pietro has been travelling through Greece for a couple of months to prepare a photographic report on the social effects of the economic crisis. We met by chance in a social clinic of solidarity a couple of days before and got along quite quickly. The comfort of speaking the same language makes us bond immediately. With our senses alerted, we walk through the narrow, maze-like alleys around Plateia Victoria. We tell each other stories, anecdotes, and impressions about Athens. The facades of the buildings in Exarcheia are covered in graffiti. Some are beautiful and spread strong political, anti-austerity, and antifascist messages.[12]



We agree that the Greek antifascists are much more effective than the Italian ones. Perhaps because Nazis are already sitting in the Greek Parliament. However, such a hypermasculine performance of politics, political belonging, and action disturbs me and makes me somewhat uneasy.[13] It feels like the Greek political landscape is dominated by men, regardless of whether they identify as anarchists, leftists, conservatives, right wings and so on along the left-right spectrum: it is men who debate politics in the academic and intellectual circles, and it is men who *do* politics in the streets.

Now and then, we stop for a cigarette or to greet someone we think we know. I do not know how long we walked. We probably get lost a few times until we face the façade of the Hotel City Plaza. Once, it used to be a luxury, five-star hotel, which was recently squatted and now hosts about 400 refugees. The hotel has been occupied by both local and international activists together with refugees and migrants in the spring of 2016, after the sadly known 'summer of the refugee crisis.'[14] The squat also hosts some Greeks, those whom the economic crisis has made *astegoi* [homeless] and *anergoi* [unemployed]. In response to stricter immigration policies and sustained governmental attempts to deport refugees to detention camps, the Hotel City Plaza has become a safe place for them. Here, they can now find some protection from the xenophobic violence of the streets, shelter and some basic access to health care and food provision, as well as English and Greek language classes. Learning Greek can supposedly help them navigate the local bureaucracy and possibly find a temporary occupation; a basic English

competence could possibly help them in their crossing of Europe to reach Northern European countries. Refugees' fantasies about Germany – the promised land – uncannily overlap with the locals' anti-German discourses: Germany is the sole responsible for the Greek economic crisis. And, more recently, for the refugee crisis, too.[15]

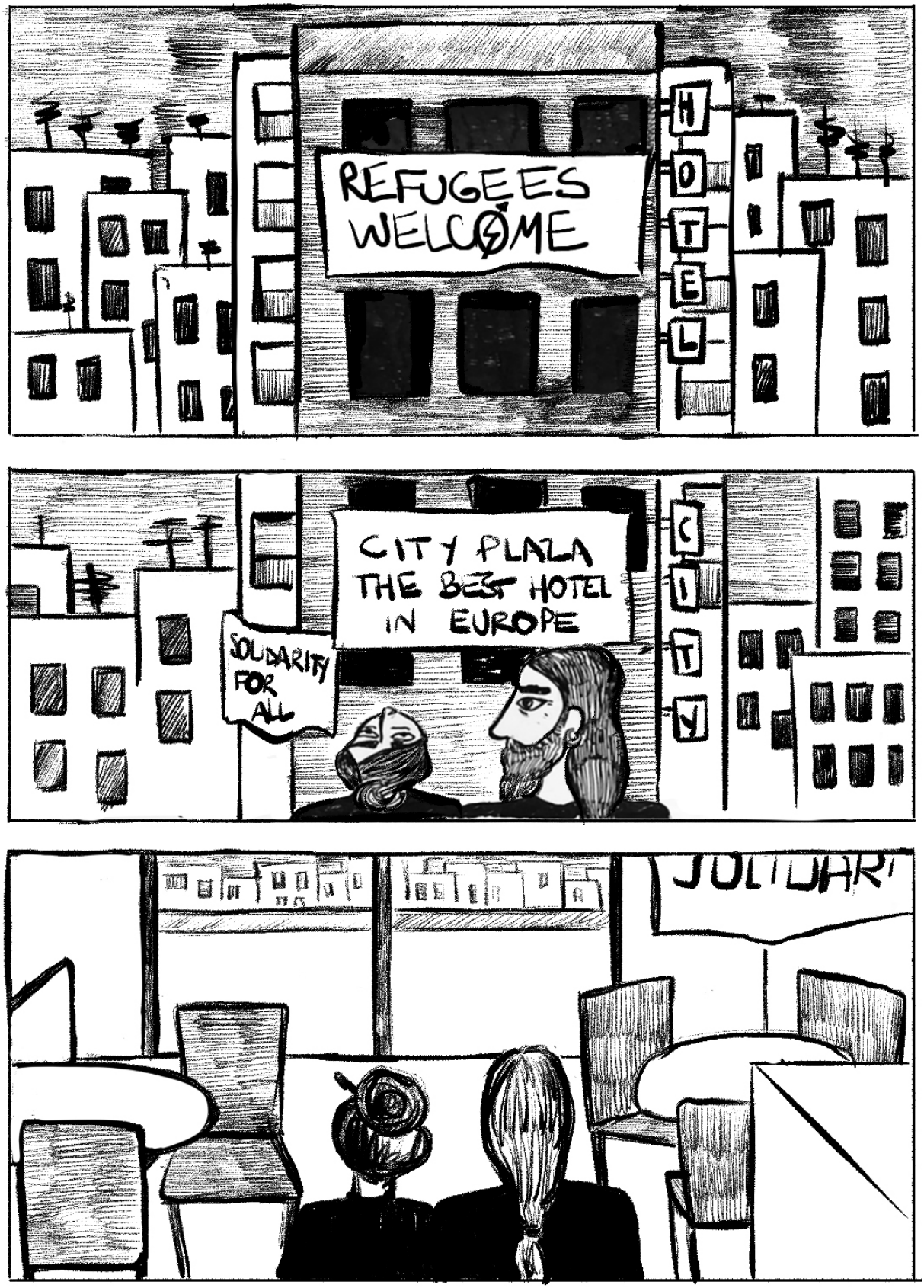
While the city outside is on fire, inside the Hotel, people can pretend to have an almost ordinary life whose rhythm is dictated by the collectivisation of everyday tasks and decision-making processes. In fact, the Hotel is self-organised according to anti-authoritarian and solidarity principles. Accordingly, everyone takes turns cooking and cleaning the common spaces, the café, the canteen, the kitchen, and the assembly rooms. Each in their capacity contributes to the functioning of the hotel. International activists keep arriving in Athens and many have gotten involved in grassroots initiatives to help migrants and refugees. Anarcho-tourism is how the massive inflow of activists in Greece has polemically been described during the economic crisis. Sometimes, I wonder whether I am seen as one of them while I am out and about my fieldwork in southern Athens.[16]

Some have questioned whether international activism is motivated by a genuine political desire or, perhaps, it is just the will *to be there* in Athens. Some say Greece is the place where Europe has experimented with its most violent neoliberal politics, yet amidst the violence of neoliberalism, outbursts of resistance and hope seem possible.[17] Some say that what matters for many international activists is just to *be there, be in* the political momentum the city is experiencing: the moment when social changes are no longer a matter of prefiguration but rather a mundane political reality in the making. I feel that time, though, has already disproved these hopes.

I am still trying to remember how long it took to get to City Plaza. I remember that we wandered through the centrifuge streets of Exarcheia. Pietro has to meet someone at the Hotel, and I tag along. The sky suddenly gets dark although it is still early in the afternoon, the sun fades behind the clouds. The air gets heavier. All seems to remind us of what is waiting ahead: more tear gas, more noise, more protests in the next few days. *Stin plateia, perimenei i astinomia,* in the square the cops wait.[18]

Some barricades have already been erected in the streets and, occasionally, the MAT[19] makes its silent appearance off the corners of decadent buildings.

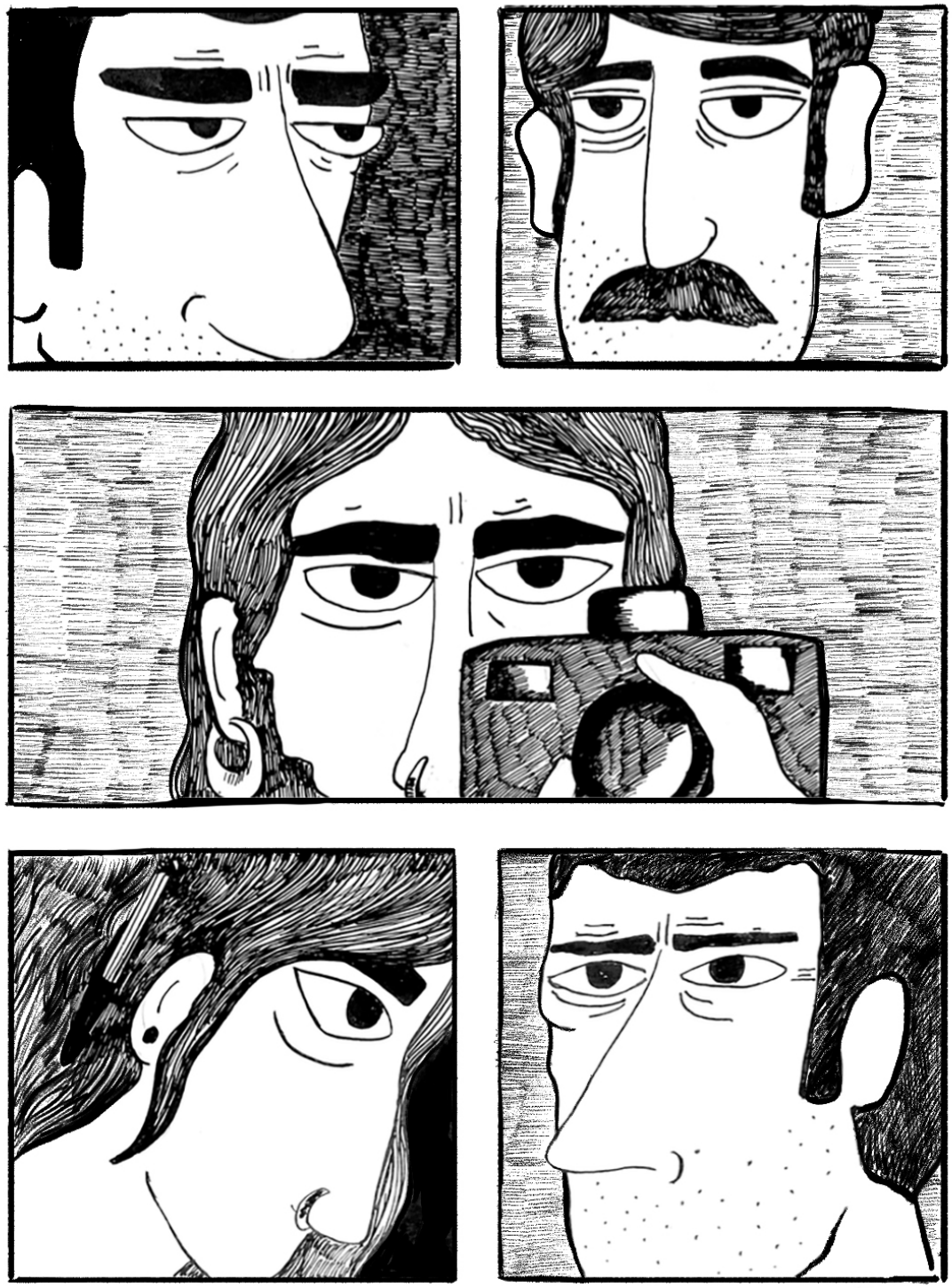

The street leading us to the Hotel City Plaza smells like bleach or perhaps like heroin. Or pee. We keep walking through the streets of Patissia, once a residential neighbourhood, and climb up the streets to Plateia Victoria. We are approaching the once magnificent luxury Hotel City Plaza, which used to host diplomats, entrepreneurs and well-off bourgeois travellers fascinated by the city's glorious classical past. I feel a shiver of excitement thinking that the Hotel City Plaza is now nothing more than an empty remainder of the years of powerful Greece.[20] In fact, it is a powerful reminder of how crises occur and unmake livelihoods and subvert meanings. The Hotel City Plaza welcomes those who are not welcome anywhere else. It houses those who would never have been able to afford to sleep in the Hotel's fine cotton beddings or to have breakfast in the porcelain cups decorated with five golden stars.


REFUGEES WELCOME
HOTEL
CITY PLAZA THE BEST HOTEL IN EUROPE
SOLIDARITY FOR ALL
CITY

Moving closer to the hotel, we see a big banner hanging from the windows of the upper floors, reading 'Refugees Welcome,' a programmatic and political declaration of intents. Another banner hangs from the second-floor windows: The Best Hotel in Europe. The best hotel within and against Fortress Europe. Europe has promised mobility for all and open borders. Europe has erected borders and limited the freedom of mobility of many.

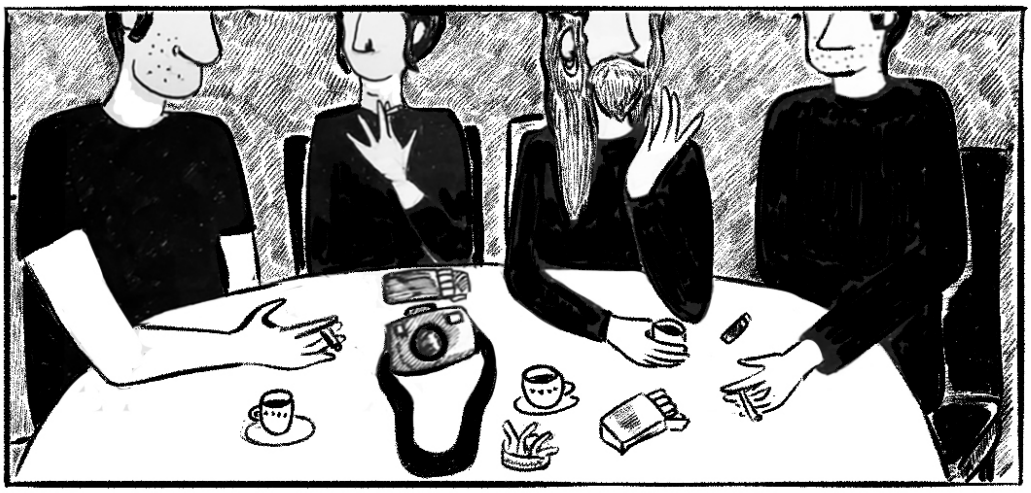
The Hotel's main door is closed; two young Greek men, bearded and black-dressed, and a young woman sit behind a precarious desk, intently looking at their phones. We greet them; they ask Pietro and me who we are. Pietro names a few people with whom he will meet and clarifies that he is a photographer and an activist. A comrade. One of the men silently nods and lets us pass. As we climb the stairs toward the first floor, a strong smell of smoke and spiced food envelops us. The more we move up the stairs, the louder the music gets. We would soon get to know that a party for children is about to start. In a room adjacent to the playground, a group of people is preparing banners for the 17 November demonstration. *Psomì, paideìa, eleftherìa,* bread, education and freedom still resonate from the Polytechneio to the City Plaza. After 43 years, demands for bread, education and freedom remain true. This is the claim we still put on and against the state; yesterday and today, always.

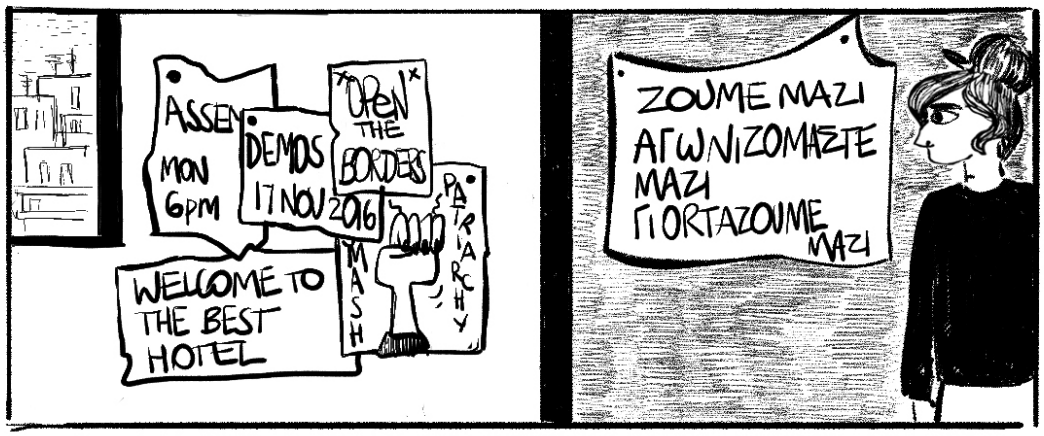
We walk through the hall and look around. Pietro hopes to recognise the people he has to meet with. Clouds of smoke hover above the tables that mainly men occupy, chatting, chain- smoking, and sipping coffee. I look around, trying to make sense of the place and the people. And of myself there. I do not know how to feel; I do not know what to think: on the one hand, a sense of familiarity, safety and collective euphoria overtakes me. On the other, I feel deeply sad and detached, and I wonder whether this is just another initiative that is doomed to fail; just another temporary fix to structural issues rooted in the very faulty formation of both the Greek state and the European Union.



Mazin sees us approaching, stands up, waves his hand and yells a loud ‘Comrade, here’ to Giovanni. We join him at the table; he makes space for us and brings forward two more chairs. Two other men are sitting with Mazin. They all fled Syria when the war burst out. Sileman asks where I am from, and whether I am Italian too, like Giovanni. I nod a yes to him. With his uncertain Italian, he utters: ‘Italians are good comrades. Many brothers are safe in Rome. Many Italians have come and fought with us.” Suliman, as the other men, is Kurdish. Indeed, many Italians have fled to Syria and joined the international brigades of YPG to fight against ISIS.[21] Upon their return to Italy, they got arrested. For terrorist and subversive activity, in fact they have fought against ISIS, the terrorist organisation par excellence.[22]

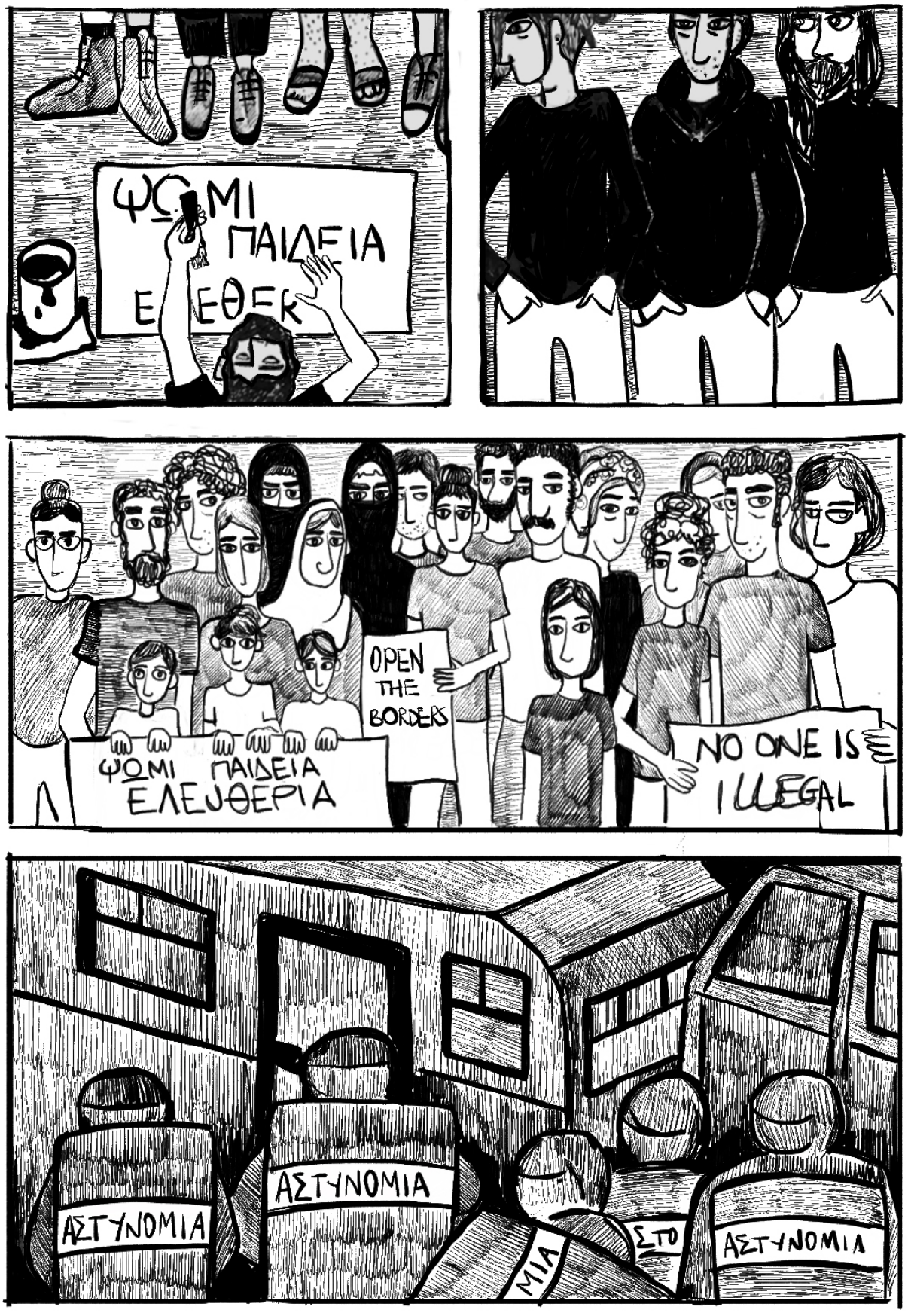
I am not sure how the rest of the afternoon unfolded or what we talked about, but a few things stick in my mind. We all put our cigarette packs in the middle of the table and promised not to thank each other; 'in our culture, who has more gives and who needs takes,' Mazin explains to me. We drink loads of cheap coffee and more people join us, dragging chairs closer and sharing their stories and hopes. Some European activists and local City Plaza residents join the conversation. No women did. I am the only woman sitting with a bunch of men. I do not feel threatened or uneasy; I do not even notice that no other women are sitting with us. The awareness of their absence would come to me later that day.



The conversation flows smoothly despite the multitude of languages that are being spoken. English is the *lingua franca*; some Greek words are said and mixed with Arabic, German, and Italian too. There is something about the way we all speak about our countries and our struggles, about solidarity and the initiatives it has spurred. We sound spontaneous in our critique; in fact, we are deeply entangled in a political rhetoric which is ultimately empty. It does not account for the ambiguities and tensions which transverse the City Plaza.

What happens if we scratch the surface of what life looks like at the City Plaza? What are we bound to find? And how can we make sense of the contradictions, ambivalences and ambiguities looming our table, over the hotel and over the entire Greek crisis discourses and practices? We are left with an entanglement of affects and struggles, emotions, and expectations along a spectrum of uncertainties and precarity, which, one way or another, we all share.


ΨΩΜΙ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑ
ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡ
OPEN THE BORDERS
ΨΩΜΙ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ
NO ONE IS ILLEGAL
ΑΣΤΥΝΟΜΙΑ
ΑΣΤΥΝΟΜΙΑ
ΜΙΑ
ΣΤΟ
ΑΣΤΥΝΟΜΙΑ

## Acknowledgements

This piece has been in the making for a long time. I started it sometime in winter 2016 and it went through several revisions, states, forms, formats, and shapes.

I thank Dimitrios Theodossopolous, who always encourages my graphic experiments and invited me to present 'We want bread, education and freedom' in the Postgraduate Research Seminar at the School of Anthropology and Conservation, University of Kent. I thank the PhD researchers who attended the seminar and enthusiastically commented on an early draft of this work.

Massive thanks go to my colleagues and good friends José Luis Fajardo, Elvira Wepfer, Rosa Sansone, and Yorgos Chatzinakos. Cosmin Popan patiently read through several drafts, and I thank him for his sociological sharpness and pragmatism.

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## Notes

1. See also Sutton 2003.

2. In the general election of January 2015, the ultra-nationalist, far-right, xenophobic party Golden Dawn won 17 out of 300 seats. For a thorough analysis of the Golden Dawn phenomenon, see: https://blogs.lse.ac.uk/europpblog/2015/05/12/golden-dawns-nationalist-solution-explaining-the-rise-of-the-far-right-in-greece/.

3. Exarcheia is a central neighbourhood of Athens, whose reputation as an anarchist and leftist headquarters goes back to the 1973 Polytechneio uprising. Being home to several political collectives, Exarcheia is extremely popular among students, artists, and intellectuals. In the heyday of the economic crisis, several solidarity initiatives proliferated in the area, often the theatre of riots during anti-austerity protests. During the so-called refugee crisis of the mid-2010s, several abandoned buildings were squatted to host migrants and refugees. (Among others: Brekke et al. 2014; Chatzidakis 2018; Panourgia 2019; Vradis 2020).

4. In a polemical and often provocative manner, many of my more politically active friends and some of my local interlocutors in Athens often repeated 'There is no democracy in Greece.' By this, they referred to the lack of accountability of the state institutions and a general, pervasive understanding of state and party politics as the realm of corruption and clientelistic interests. In the heydays of the economic crisis, the massive deployment of police forces to sedate riots and protests, as well as to manage the so-called refugee crisis, were perceived as symptomatic of the undemocratic state. So were the three economic austerity packages the Greek government passed since May 2010.

5. Greek historian Kostis Kornetis (2016) explains how, in October 1973, the Greek government announced new economic measures, which resulted in soaring costs of bread and agricultural products. Politics of austerity were therefore

announced to control inflation and prevent shortages. When the students' revolt exploded weeks later, "bread" became metonymic for the crisis Greece was experiencing: the students were claiming bread on behalf of an entire nation in crisis (Kornetis 2016: 251).

6. Alexis Grigoropolous was shot dead by a policeman in Exarcheia. Police reported that Grigoropolous had robbed a shop, and the policeman accidentally killed the boy in an attempt to stop him. See Vradis and Dalakoglou (2011).

7. Plateia Syntagma faces the Greek Parliament and, throughout the 2010s, it was the gathering point for local assemblies and anti-austerity protests.

8. Aristotle, *Poetics*, translated by Malcolm Heath (2003).

9. Available at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=awI0b6hZLDw

10. See also Saunders (1993).

11. See Vradis and Dalakoglou 2011.

12. See, for instance, Tsilimpounidi 2015; Alexandrakis 2016; Tulke 2021.

13. See Coleman and Bassi 2011.

14. For more details, see https://www.infomigrants.net/en/post/26973/six-pivotal-moments-of-the-2015-migrant-crisis and Lafanzani 2017 https://antipodeonline.org/2017/11/13/intervention-city-plaza/

15. See, for instance, Kalantzis 2015, 2016.

16. Chatzidakis and Maclaran (2023) describe anarcho-tourism as a form of tourism driven by oppositional atmospheres that can, however, be killed by tourism. The production and consumption of the unique atmosphere of Exarcheia depends on the anti-authoritarian mobilisations and grassroots initiatives, which indeed had a strong grip on Western imaginations of resistance, protest, riots, and civil disobedience. As of 2010, Tariq Ali describes Greece as the second country – after France – where protests and demonstrations still have political significance.

17. See Papailias 2011.

18. I cannot remember where I heard this chant, but I believe it is one of those sung during the protests.

19. Anti-riot police.

20. Between the end of 1990s and 2004, the country went through an impressive economic growth which culminated with Greece joining the European Union's Economic and Monetary Union (2001) and Athens' hosting of the 2004 Olympic Games.

21. See for instance the graphic novel *Kobane Calling* by Italian cartoonist Michele Zerocalcare Reich (2016).

22. https://anfenglishmobile.com/news/italian-woman-who-joined-the-ypj-put-under-special-surveillance-42372

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