

## THE ATHENIAN ZONE

DIMITRA IOANNOU

Kathy Acker comes from across an ocean, Pussy, King of the Pirates. The pirates drift around Piraeus harbour, dead hearts that start always from nowhere. They learn about the existence of a blood shining Zone, six miles distance via Piraeus street. If, at some point, it was prosperous, it is unknown. Buildings contain only public services and funeral homes. If, at some point, the Zone was prosperous, it is unknown.

Pussy had learned something in the dead cities where she'd been: With your innocence, you will kill or be killed. Pussy bets on her innocence. If she doesn't come back in 24 hours, the pirate ship will sail. If she comes back, she won't be poor anymore.

Many narrow entrances lead through a labyrinthine way to the same central spots of the Athenian Zone. There is no big distance between them. Getting lost is unnatural. You walk without caution. The Athenian Zone looks as if it was made out of the sun. And as it substitutes all of its shortages, the Zone turns into a breathing machine, a ramification, a shift, present tense. With the first morning light, it becomes deserted.

What exactly do they say? LUMINOSITY LEVELS ARE RAISING. THE DEGREE UPON WHICH PEOPLE SHOW SYMPTOMS IS OFTEN DEPENDED ON THE LEVEL OF THEIR VISUAL ABILITIES.

In the Athenian Zone there are no residencies, however there are residents. Where they come from is unimportant. Space-ratios are tight. People mark their space with small objects, fluids, voids, excrement, protrusions, coatings. They confirm. They remain.

If they talk to you by chance, it is not because they expect an answer. The residents of the Athenian Zone talk endlessly. In order to get warm, to get cool, to satisfy their hunger, to protect themselves, to be startled, to deplete. If you don't know what they are talking about, it is difficult to understand them. They are concerned with myths, traps, symptoms, deals, stockpile, demolitions, the brightness.

In the crack of dawn, people seek refuge in the buildings' arcades, in underground stations, in covered gyms; otherwise they close their eyes. Light conditions and sound sources hypnotize them. That's why, they never know where exactly they are. Forging and reproducing. Forging and reproducing.

Right then, the Athenian Zone turns into eucalyptus trees, olive grove, harmlessness, breathlessness; naturally, intact. A very generalising procedure. It leaves outside controlled demolitions, falling material, concentration of gases, percentages, management, availables. Or it transforms them. Into remains, parenthesis, numbness. If you live in the Athenian Zone, you learn it as you learn not to need anything. You subtract and restore. You subtract and restore.

What exactly do they say? GENERALISING PROCEDURE WILL NOT BE INTERRUPTED BUT IN THE CASE OF AN EMERGENCY.

TRANSLATION:

Vassilis

Oikonomopoulos,  
a glimpse of