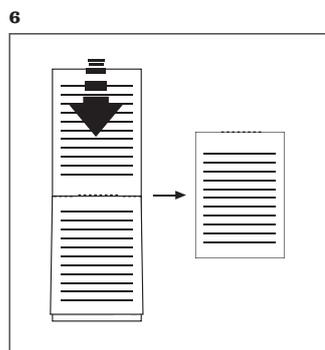
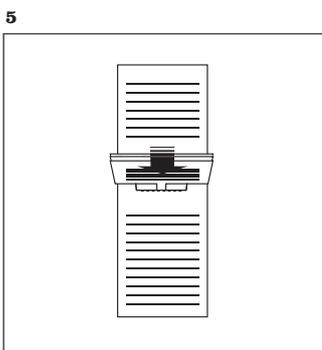
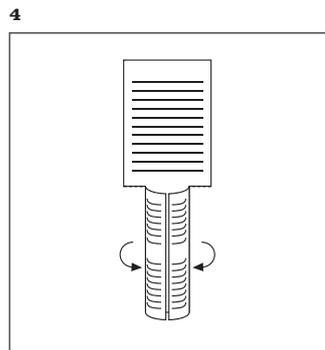
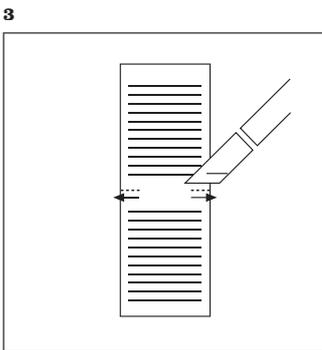
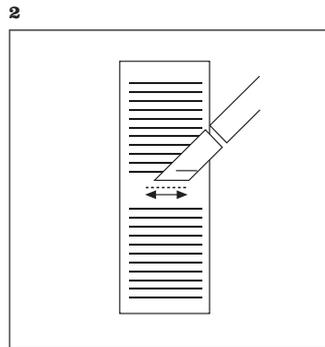
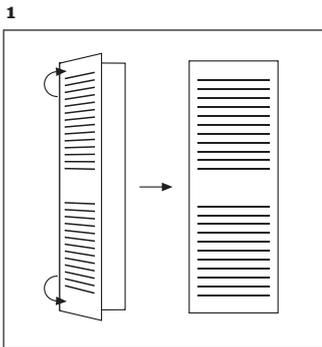


DIFFUSION



Construction

- 1** First, fold each A4 sheet in half along the vertical axis.
- 2** Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first A4 sheet. (pages 1/2/13/14)
- 3** Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.
- 4** Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second A4 page (pages 3/4/23/24).
- 5** Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first A4 page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/21/22), fourth (pages 7/8/19/20), fifth (pages 9/10/17/18), and sixth A4 sheet (pages 11/12/15/16) with the even pages in ascending order.
- 6** When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.

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Jim Harold

Caesura

Cyprus • Kibris • Kypros

Diary fragments from trips made within the UN-brokered demilitarised zone.



only sanctioned view across the Dead Zone: a curious structure with a guard post and a viewing platform that hovered between the theatrical and the threatening. Peering through the gun slot I became the witness of a dislocated and maudlin space. The last strip of the old main shopping street of Nicosia, truncated by the inter-communal troubles of 1964 and finally by the invasion of 1974, continued past the Cypriot National Guard barricades into a rusted barbed-wire littered world.

It took a while to come to some understanding of how much, or how little, space actually existed between the South and the North here. Less than fifty meters into the space, passed fading shop signs – one offering Harris Tweed jackets made to order – lay a cross-roads and then some fifty to a hundred meters further on stood the North's own rusting barricade.

Between Lefkosia/Lefkoshia, Ledra Palace crossing point

Newspapers, wrappers and drinks bottles had been stuffed into the straggle of bushes and barbed wire tangles that lined the Ledra Palace crossing between South and North. Cigarette butts littered the tarmac road. The Ledra Palace, home to British units of

SECTOR 2

Nicosia/Lefkoshia Dead Zone

Green Line, Buffer Zone, Attila Line, Dead Zone, Zone of Shame ... There are many names for the ragged line, which runs across Cyprus...

The cut of the Green Line, the name of the Nicosia section of the Buffer Zone (so named as it was originally marked on the map in green in 1964) was visible from the Holiday Inn.

Looking out into the hotel window, that first evening the city's immediate presence was overshadowed by a more dominant image. An uncannily white flag, set on top of a tall building immediately to the north, was held in the glare of floodlighting. I was to find that each night this flag stirred into life with the breeze and its sounds, the kicking and slapping of material against the pole, carried on the wind across the Old City.

With the rising morning light, however, white gave way to the characteristic powder-pale blue of the UN, so close in hue to that of the sky. With the increasing heat the flag stilled and rested against its pole, overcome by what seemed to be a deep torpor.

Larnaca Airport to Lefkoshia

A black Mercedes taxi sped the 45-kilometre distance through the pitch-black mid-summer-night landscape between Larnaca and Nicosia.

In the back seat I struggled to give form to the spaces through which we were speeding, recalling the many news reports, books, maps and photographs that I had studied but the Land itself was lost to me. It lay, silent in the darkness beyond the narrow beams of our headlights and was further obscured behind a skin of dim reflections from the taxi's interior, which played on the windows. The taxi driver – the back of his head and shoulders a silhouette between myself and any view of the road ahead – provided a voiceover whilst the invisible scenery passed by.

Nicosia/The Old City: Holiday Inn Hotel

If only as part of an elaborate fiction the Holiday Inn – located on the southern half of the bastion walls of the old City – provided me with the perfect pretence of a neutral space within a highly charged landscape.

The UNFICYP Spokespersons in Cyprus, Waldemar Rokoszewski (1998) and Brian Kelly (2005) and their staff
Malcolm Dickson of Street Level Gallery, Glasgow

Thanks to the following:
Susan Brind

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images of the fierce fighting of 1974 are picked out by the plays of light. The seeming peace (a tangible anger still just evident) echoed in the uneasy stillness of the building's scarred interior.

Liquid Geography

CAESTUA
CYPRUS • KIBRIS • KYPROS
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This publication is one of the third Liquid Geography series commissioned by Proboscis. This series was commissioned alongside the Topographies & Tales project in 2005 and 2006, which is about perceptions of place and geography, revealing small local stories against the larger picture of how our concept of space and environment is shaped by physical and aural experience. It involved a series of collaborations and includes a short film, an audio CD, a StoryBox of StoryCubes, two series of Diffusion eBooks and a Creative Lab. This series of books explores these issues with a particular emphasis on language, memory, and aural experience.

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What was odd about the scene was the view south; and the sudden contrast between the ritualised normality of the bathers and the dominant backdrop of derelict and abandoned hotels. Shell shocked and scarred – empty since 1974 – these tall ruins stood as reminders of the planned 70's holiday boom and Varosha's proposed entry into mass tourism.

Now a sad, frozen mockery of that 'dream', the high-rise hotel buildings lay within a Military exclusion zone; surrounded by corroding barbed wire fences, warning signs and patrolled by members of the plain-clothed secret service.

Nicosia International Airport

Returning once again to the Terminal Building, the old concourse, which once bustled with visitors is now the silent backdrop to animal manoeuvres and the regular UN patrol.

Cordoned off by razor wire inside this now impenetrable box – where Brits, Greeks and Turks used to flow inwards and outwards – it is as if the events that resulted in its closure are retraced continually around the walls of the building. Within the Concourse ghost

West of the city, some twenty minutes drive and accessed through the dreary modern suburban sprawl and industrial hinterland, stand the remains of Cyprus' original international airport.

Nicosia International Airport

Here any conceptions of Nicosia, as the capital of Venetian, followed by Ottoman and then British colonial Cyprus gave way to the two counter-linguistic constructs of Lefkosha (Turkish) and Lefkosia (Greek).

The well-tended houses and streets of the South gave way to the rupture of the line. Across the ragged tract of land and into the North traces of habitation were again apparent. The line was palpably visible because of the all too sudden signs of dilapidation. The houses that faced directly onto the line or those held within it have slowly wasted away, overcome by the weather, neglect and the rise of vegetation. Roof tiles had begun to slide off, paintwork had peeled away, and remaining timbers were clearly rotting. Windows and doorways had been crudely blocked with oil-drums and sandbags.

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SECTOR 2



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Originally the pigeons and other animals too would have been drawn to the building to scavenge for food. There are many stories of the remnants of food left since 1974 slowly rotting in the cafe and servery areas. None of this, however, remained, nor was there any evidence of it ever having been there. The scavengers had been very efficient. All of

Given the period of time that had elapsed since the building's abandonment it was not clear which of the broken windows were the result of battle and which were due to subsequent years of neglect. However, the posters lining the central concourse, frozen moments of 70's consumer style, very clearly bore the wounds they sustained during the fighting. All of those in a direct sight line with the windows were peppered with small holes and larger rips that marked the passage of bullets through their surface and into the wall behind.

The absence of people was both striking and unnerving, but the old international airport was very far from being a dead world. The smell of foxes pervaded the air in the terminal building; predatory creatures lured by the large numbers of pigeons inhabiting and animating the building's two-storey concourse. The pigeons moved freely, if warily, roosting high up in the main concourse area – safe from the foxes – coming and going through the many broken windows.

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Turning from what appeared to be an unnecessarily oversized roundabout and up a short incline, entry into what was Nicosia International Airport was blocked by a series of checkpoints set across the old, mid-summer-dusty access road. At the time of my visit the checkpoints were being manned by a contingent of Scottish soldiers all nearing the end of their tour of duty and longing to return to their homeland.

Once the checkpoints had been negotiated the road passed through a weary, ragged, if gently undulating, landscape dotted with yellow flowered acacia trees, and clusters of single storey barrack and administration buildings, before curving onto the large flat expanse of the old runway. Standing on the tarmac, the heights of the Tróðhos Mountains could be seen to the south and the ridge of the Kyrenia/Girne Range was clearly visible to the north. Between these two massives and directly above the abandoned two-storey glass and concrete terminal building – a curious dilapidated and faded modern relic – the sky seemed immense.

Standing before the silent remains of the Terminal Building with the buzz of cicadas filling the evening air, the weight of history arching over the Buffer Zone might almost have been forgotten were it not, that is, for the very tangible and uneasy sense of being deep within a landscape void of people.

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of Pyla / Pile village.

passed the illegal Turkish army lookout post that kept a wary eye on the comings and goings along the uneven mountain track. The driver, an Irish soldier, threw the vehicle from side to side, avoiding the deeper ruts and hollows, whilst following the tortuous course of the road as it wove upward into the hills. The road/track cut deep into the Buffer Zone and well beyond the Buffer Zone into the Buffer Zone and well beyond the Buffer Zone into the Buffer Zone.

SECTOR 4

Pyla / Pile Village

The village of Pyla/Pile, a short taxi ride to the east of Larnaca and into the Buffer Zone, was never fully abandoned by either community in 1974 and has maintained its communal mix since then. Over the years the village has settled into an uneasy normality. However, the signs that announced entry into the village were pre-empted by those for entry into the Buffer Zone. An illegal Turkish Army watch-post, set well within the demilitarised zone, could be seen on the hillside directly above the village. Next to it, and viewed against the sky, the oppressive presence of an oversized black silhouette of a Turkish soldier with rifle was impossible to ignore.

Our jeep moved with an erratic and buffeting motion, north and then west out of the village along the uneven mountain track. The driver, an Irish soldier, threw the vehicle from side to side, avoiding the deeper ruts and hollows, whilst following the tortuous course of the road as it wove upward into the hills. The road/track cut deep into the Buffer Zone and well beyond the Buffer Zone into the Buffer Zone and well beyond the Buffer Zone into the Buffer Zone.

It was extraordinary to come, at the top of our climb, upon a pristine rectangle of carefully manicured and brilliantly green grass. This was not some throw back to an Eden or Idyll but a football pitch created illegally and laboriously maintained by soldiers of the Turkish army.

Gazimagusa / Varosha

TURKISH MILITARY ZONE

The scene was so incredibly normal. Every feature of the view before us, from the beach recliners and sunshades to the bathers easy show of pleasure, spoke of holiday.

We were looking towards the east – the orient – across the bluest sea you can imagine, whilst sheltering from the sun in a cruddy burger shack. It hugged the beach line just in the lee of a group of large tourist hotels, which curved away north.



the counters were bare; covered only by a growing layer of dust and droppings that documented the slow dilapidation of the building.

Agios Nikolaos and Georgios, Skouriotissa area

SECTOR 1

After a fifty-minute taxi drive across the central plain west of Nicosia – through the uninspiring western suburbs, across open and relatively flat farmland – the road began to climb into the northern foothills of the Troódhos Mountains. The headquarters of the Argentinian troops that were patrolling Sector One lay north of the main road just inside the Buffer Zone in one of the most enduringly beautiful parts of the island.

That day the sky's margins shaped by the undulating mountain horizon, was the palest of blues but struggling upwards and overhead it became the deepest azure. A tired noonday heat covered the abandoned trees and pastures. Here, in this mountainous country, the watchful eye is no longer that of God, or the Gods; although the infinite was strangely present in the mountain setting; counter-pointed by the sad finitude of the derelict village of Agios Nikolaos and its broken openness to the distant horizon. The coastline where the



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1974 invasion had begun, too, was just discernible through a cleft in the hills at the limits of the view. The deserted buildings' slow decay, back into the earth, back into the surrounding rocks – the measures of time – was set against the faceless, watchful alertness and readiness evident in the military lookout posts that dotted the hills.

Apart from the UN patrols these lookouts provided the only signs of human life in or on the margins of the Zone.

A melancholia pervaded the land and the decaying villages had become painful pointers to the aestheticised 'romantic' ruin in Europe's romantic landscape art: that most moral reminder of human mortality. However, another more imminent and real caution was needed whilst moving amongst the derelict buildings. It was not just the danger of poisonous snakes – Poussin's peril at the heart of Idyll – but of booby-traps left as the occupying troops withdrew to their current positions. To date no complete check had been made of such sites; devices remained in fact and many of the buildings were ringed with barbed wire and warning notices.

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SECTOR 4

Mr. Agia Marina / Eastern Buffer Zone

In this open country region the sound of the cicada was insistent and everywhere. The wind picked-up, gusted, and drew forth a mournful rustling song from the leaves of a reed-bed beside the patrol road. It also teased with small red triangular mine field signs that lined this section of the track before lifting an eddy of dust that faintly sounded as it hit the metal of our white jeep's sides. This zone, de-peopled for some thirty years, appeared to be a world where nature had taken-over. Buildings lay decaying and the formerly tended fields ran wild. It had become a 'nature reserve' held dangerously, but with a seeming permanence, between two opposing forces.

This young wilderness, however, was neither infinite nor absolute. The UN line, here a thin jeep track, cuts from east to west across the Island. The view from the centre looking south was punctuated with the evidence of some recent agrarian activity, whilst the view north had an altogether bleaker look. Strange anomalies existed in this zone.

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the UN, was still imposing on the left of the road – the marks of bullets and shrapnel visible on its main walls. On the right, however, stood the shells of wasted, battle-torn and dilapidated buildings.

Agia Marina area

SECTOR 4

Like all journeys along the UN patrol road, the route from Dhekelia (one of the two British Sovereign bases on the Island) to the eastern-most observation post was a dusty and torturous affair.

The post, a small wooden building with an observation tower set to one side was, at the time, manned by Austrian soldiers. It commanded a low promontory jutting out into the Mediterranean. In the lee of the promontory, and to the north, lay a tiny but beautiful sandy bay, probably no more than two hundred meters across. It was rimmed by low earth and rock cliffs that were between ten and twenty meters high. At the other end of the bay there was a Turkish army lookout post, pinpointed by its characteristic radio mast and red flag. The UN and Turkish posts faced one another in a kind of stand off: high-powered binoculars to binoculars.



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Mountain road, Skouriotissa area

SECTOR 1

I scanned the distance, searching the infinity of the horizon line for orientation whilst travelling in a world that lay somewhere between the physicality of the small natural events close at hand – a bird's sudden flight, a lizard's dash – and the strange punctuation marks of the Cypriot National Guard and Turkish Army lookout posts. Their pennants and flags – blue and white, and red and white, respectively – acting as markers for two distant ideologies written into the land as different alphabets.

Throughout the day the wind had been still and all movement seemed to be suppressed by the heat. But with the evening's cooling the wind began to gust and billow, trees stirred, as did a red pennant.

A hoopoe flashed across the track just ahead of our vehicle – an unmistakable undulating flight – and disappeared into the heart of a group of fir trees to our left.

Lefkosia, Green Line viewing point

At the end of Lidhras Street, the main shopping street of Southern Lefkosia, stood the



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