

Daphne's Diary

Concept design and prototype for
historical interactive location-based audio narrative Geocaching tours

Developed during the COST Cyberparks Training School "Virtual Flâneur of Mediterranean Cities" at The Cyprus Institute, 30.10-3.11.2017
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Daphne's Diary was developed for and during the COST Cyberparks Training School titled "*Virtual Flâneur of Mediterranean Cities*" that was organized by and took place at the Cyprus Institute, Nicosia, during the week of 30.10-3.11.2017.

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The team would like to thank George Artopoulos of the Cyprus Institute, for organising the workshop and supporting the project, as well as Nikolas Bakirtzis of The Cyprus Institute and Elena Poyiadji of the Leventis Museum for their support with historical research and material.



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General concept and purpose

Nicosia is a city of a rich and heterogeneous history, replete with historical sites spanning millennia, that altogether, the tangible and immaterial, contribute to the constitution of the present form of the city. While excavations and other research initiatives continuously produce an ever-expanding volume of archaeological documentation, the dissemination of this material to a general public is limited by the exhibition capacities of the few museums, as well as the accessible archaeological sites and the small numbers of such published work. Eventually, one has to accept that the overwhelming majority of historical research produced, that comprises the history of the city, and of the island, will never be afforded to escape the archive and be presented to the public.

The concept and pilot project documented in this booklet, were developed during the course of a week, with the aim of creating a minimal-resource, low-maintenance platform for location-activated, spatially distributed, narrative tours based on historical facts. The proposed project, intends to provide a platform to activate and mobilize this latent historical material. Offering an access point to never before seen aspects of history, could additionally engage its potential, as an intention of grasping the complexity and richness of the palimpsest of the lived city.

Furthermore, and as presented in what follows, the proposal suggests the production of historically corroborated audio narratives, that reside on a layer, spatially overlaid on top of the city. As an infrastructure accessible by mobile devices and triggered by geo-location, the content of this layer, introduces an augmentation of spacetime, by introducing past timelines that overlap the space of the present. Placing these ambient narratives on top of the city, eventually creates portals for learning, thinking and imagining the ways and modalities in which certain locations of the city used to be in the past. Eventually, what we want to suggest with this project, is the potential that such exposition of history could bring about, not only for making use of archival material or educational applications, but also for challenging the conception of the city and its history as a simple linear sequence, through promoting the richness and multiplicity that constitute its past.

In practice, the project suggests the creation of a platform for depositing location-triggered audio narratives, using the Geo-cache infrastructure (see next section). This collection is ideally maintained by a museum which can (a) attest to and corroborate the historical validity of the contributed content (b) promote the content to museum visitors, as well as the maintenance of the material checkpoints, (c) serve as a hub where people could come to further study the historical elements of the audio tours (d) host and support the production and implementation of more such narratives by bringing together historians, researchers, creative writers and artists.

The platform content, consists of sequences of audio narratives, distributed in space, and activated by geo-location. Each narrative strand consists of several episodes that address their audience at a particular point in space. A crucial benefit of this medium-scheme is a twofold. Firstly, it motivates its users to walk in and through the city, also potentially following routes, visiting and discovering locations they wouldn't have otherwise. Secondly, depending on auditory instead of visual content, that is not over-stimulating, can trigger the user's capacities to imagine how that particular context was at another point in time, as suggested by the audio cues. In McLuhan's terms, we could say that audio narratives that compliment a certain spatial context, can be regarded as "colder" media, that require a greater degree of engagement and attentiveness, compared, for example, to a visual or audiovisual mediation of the same content.

Another important aspect that the project suggests, is the subjective contextualization of these narratives. Instead of narrating objective and historical facts from an impersonal standpoint, the proposed pilot narrative we wrote as an example, experimented with embedding such facts in a dramatized fictional story, narrated from a first person perspective. Such a mechanism doesn't only lend itself as an interesting writing exercise, by providing a creative freedom that could offer a large space of experimentation, but, through this personification, renders the narratives relatable. Additionally, since they are told from a person who belongs to the time of the events, it situates these events or facts, in their wider, consistent context, while also providing a first person account and it's own subjectivity. Therefore, with such mechanisms, we can, not only allow for the narrator to give their own perspective and standpoint, but also host in the narration their encounters with different views and perspectives of the time, and their context.

As such, this platform does not privilege more or less prominent aspects of history. Instead it offers a stage for exploring not only the most crucial or "essential" aspects of history often found in textbooks, but also the less memorable however still factual aspects of the historical past; these could include both events catalytic to the progress of history -for example wars- but also accounts from an ethnographic point of view, that shed light upon how life was at a particular point in time -also from a particular subject. What we therefore suggest as the potential of this proposal, is through a democratically open structure for depositing dramatized documentaries based on verifiable historical facts, that could be populated to span throughout the historical past of the context in question, can accumulate perspectives and historical accounts of aspects, subjects, voices and events, that elude the main and conventional historical narrative, thus contributing to and creating a richness as the surplus of the narrative multiplicity of the city. By accumulating a volume of what Lyotard would call micro-narratives, this platform becomes critical to both the production and consumption of history, from the standpoint of today.

Eventually the whole city can lend itself as the playground for the articulation of versions of the past on the present, like a canvas on which to pile vertically -intersecting- narrative portal

chains that offer a heterochronic experience of the city. Reminiscent perhaps of the subjectivation potential of the situationist “*dérive*,” walking on top of this narrative strands, one can experience and live the city from another point in time, from another point of view, and as another subject.

“Daphne’s Diary,” the prototype narrative written as a pilot for the proposed concept, was developed in the course of the last 2 days of the Cyberparks workshop. It was intended to explore some of the potential of this framework, and prove that given the platform, a small team can produce content in a rather short period of time. One of the first and inevitable obstacles however we encountered, was the complexity of the history of Cyprus, that requires the author of such a historically situated narrative to necessarily assume a position. After consideration, we eventually chose to base our narrative around a fictional diary of Daphne, a teenage British girl in 1950, for a few reasons. Firstly, the time period in which we situate the narrative is April of 1950, that is not very distant in time and therefore easier to relate to, while it is a relatively peaceful time of the recent history. The main subject is fictional and was constructed as a 16 year old girl, who was born and grew up in Cyprus, daughter of a British archaeologist. While still a subject of the imperialist times, it allowed us, at least for the prototype, to avoid assuming either a Greek-Cypriot or Turkish-Cypriot subject. Furthermore, a teenage narrator could support a more playful approach in crafting the story fueled by curiosity. In terms of a plot catalyst, the story supposes that Daphne’s family is moving to the United Kingdom, and Daphne documents in her diary her last days in Cyprus, by visiting every part of the wall and describing her memories of each location in parallel to her present condition. Additionally, writing the story about the Venetian fortification walls before 1974, allowed us to treat the old city center as one whole instead of its present state in which it is found divided in 2 by the buffer zone, and calling this way the audience through the story to imagine the city united. Another advantage for situating a story in this time is the availability of relevant material in historical archives on the one hand, that renders research supporting the story easier to conduct, while on the other hand we can embed archival material -for example postcards- into the story, enhancing therefore the narration and adding more tangible factual elements to it that contribute to its legitimation, and also disseminating this material by extracting it from the context of the archive. Using a format of a diary, limits each episode to a single and dated entry of a length of a few pages, while it allows for a more intimate writing style, given that a diary is written by and for its author. Lastly, for the actual audio narration we implemented another layer to the storytelling mechanism, by having James, a fictional person of the present discovering the diary, and deciding to record it’s reciting and distribute it in Geocaches at the locations it was originally written, while also functioning as an unintentional commentator. In this way, we avoid having a conscious external narrator, rendering the story as a whole, and its placement in the Geocache platform potentially believable.

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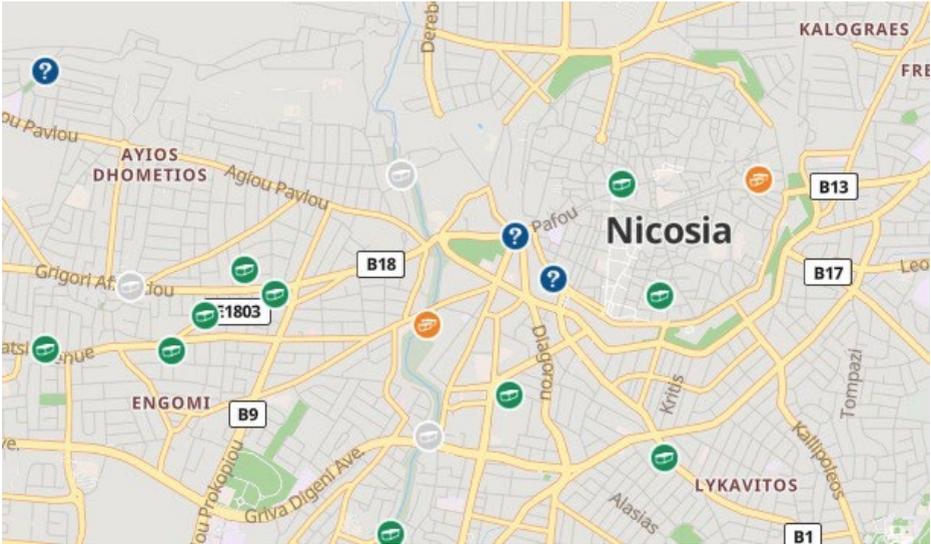
Geocaching platform & community



Geocaching is a well-established practice with more than 1 million active users in Europe and a well-connected community that furthermore supports the maintenance of existing caches (checkpoints) by obeying a strict catalogue of rules that to some extent guarantee and sustain the well-being of its content.

In practice, Geocache contributors hide a container called “cache” somewhere in the city. The cache is logged by GPS coordinates on the Geocaching mobile application, eventually functioning as a checkpoint. Because of the imprecision of GPS positioning that in some occasions could be off by 20m, details about the particular location where the cache is hidden are required and compliment the cache entry on the map. Caches are usually containers that, besides offering some material for viewing, can serve a number of functions: provide a log-book for users to sign and document their visit, as well as provide material for visitors to take, or call visitors to contribute material. Furthermore, each cache has its own discussion board on the Geocache website, where users who visited a cache can comment and share their impressions of it, as well as report its state.

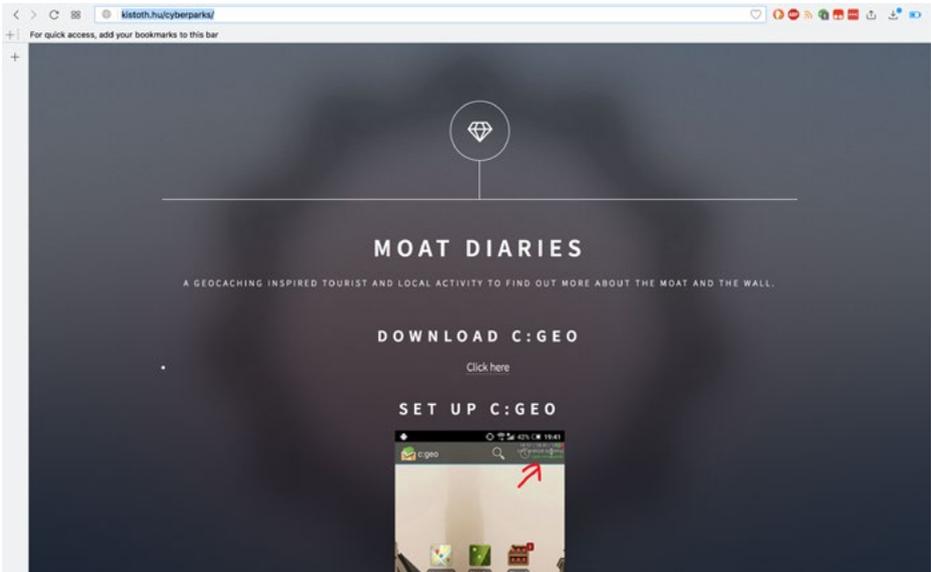
Borrowing the playfulness of treasure hunt type games, combined with information and communication technologies, the Geocaching platform and practice, is suggested as an ideal third party infrastructure on which to implement the proposed concept. It’s international community, as well as the few, however densely visited caches that already exist in Nicosia, can ensure a stable and sustainable functionality, as well as an existing and wide audience.



Existing Cahces in Nicosia



Project website & video walkthrough



Project Website: <http://kistoth.hu/cyberparks/>

In order to show the ease of implementation of such an idea, our team created a website as an accesspoint to the pilot story we wrote, that includes instructions of how to install the Geocache application, where and how to start, and also hosts the audio content accessible when unlocking the caches.

Additionally we have created two short videos demonstrating how this idea could be practically implemented. The first video shows the starting point that requires a poster providing access to initial information required to start a tour, while the second video describes the visit to any consecutive cache.



Kizoa Movie - Video - Slideshow Maker: cache 1

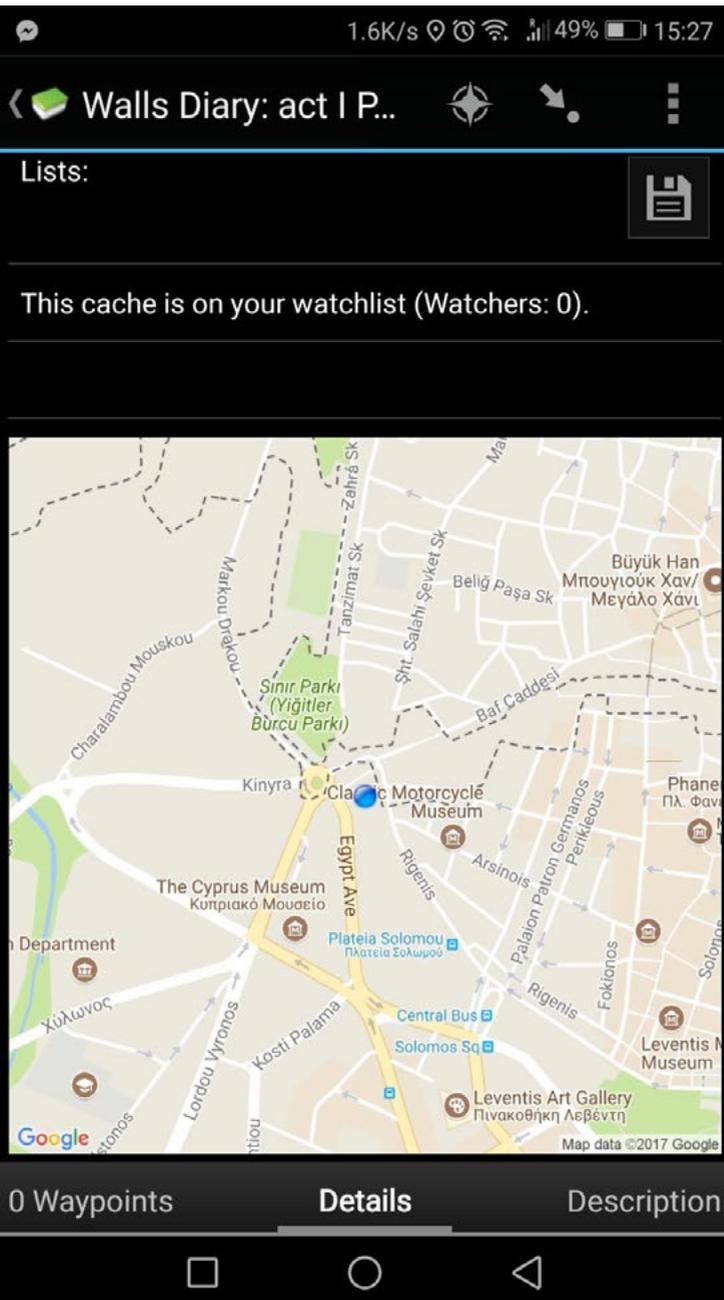
Video Link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8bV_f9SJZFs&feature=youtu.be



Kizoa Movie - Video - Slideshow Maker: cache 2

Video Link: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Yk_1TvNUzNQ&feature=youtu.be

Geocache app screenshots



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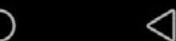
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list (Watchers: 0).



ails Description



This cache is first of several caches around the wall of Nicosia.

Paphos gate is located in the west of the Wall of Nicosia. Its at the edge of old city and also on the edge of buffer zone between two communities of Nicosia. It was built in the 16th century by Venetians and then altered later by the Ottomans and the British.

Click [here](#) to go to Moat diaries.

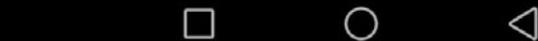
Hint

Bush on the wall.

Personal note

Edit

Details Description Logbook

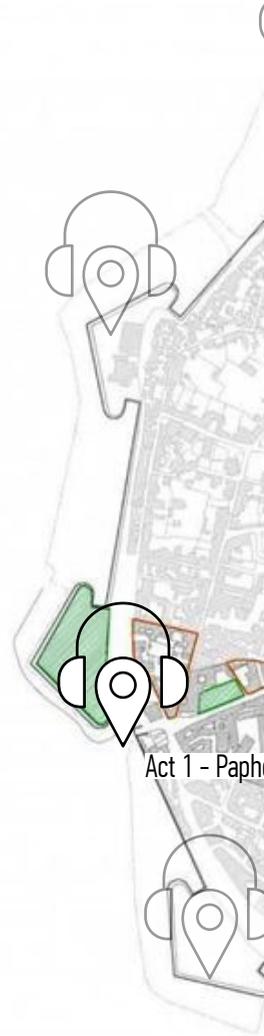


Story map

The prototype story concept regards 11 episodes, one for each of the sides of the wall. However only 3 of the 11 episodes were developed in the short timeframe of the Cyberparks workshop. These are the ones shown on the map with darker color pins. The lighter pins the approximate locations for the not yet written episodes. For the first episode, located at the Paphos Gate, we also created a pair audio recordings: the first is of James and serves as an introduction to the story and for locating the cache, and the second is James' reciting of the first diary entry. The recordings are accessible via link in the next section.

The post-1974 map on the right, shows the current state of the divided city center with the tour checkpoints. The narrative however, which refers to a fictional story taking place in 1950, allowed us to disregard the current division, calling for people to imagine and explore the city beyond borders.

In that extent, we invite the reader to picture further narrative strands concerning various points of the historical past, running throughout the urban fabric, constructing this way, new means of thinking of a united Nicosia by tapping into its past.





os Gate, April 4 1950

Act 3 - Famagusta Gate, April 6 1950

Act 2 - Bayraktar Mosque, April 5 1950

Location scouting

Site 1 Cache: Paphos Gate





Site 2 Cache: D'Avila Bastion



Site 3 Cache: Famagusta Gate





Story elements

Storyteller

James, a librarian/archivist who found the diary in a box, among documents donated to the archive he is managing. James is clumsy, not very good with people, or the outdoors. He feels at home in the quietness of the basement of his archive, lost in books or at his office. He is a manic reader of history, very orderly, and probably has something like OCD. He doesn't like when people touch historic documents without gloves.

Though he is capable of corroborating the diary's accounts, there is something that strangely attracts him to the diary that is elusive from the archival aesthetics or scholarly writing styles he can easily talk about. James decides to distribute the pages on the spot that they were written inside Geocaches.

Story Subject

Daphne, teenage child, daughter of a British engineer working in the public works department responsible for archaeological works of the walls. She was born and grew up just southwest of the walls of Nicosia, the main area where the British community resided. Although British by ethnicity, language and upbringing, Daphne only knows Cyprus as her home country.

The story follows her diary accounts during the last days she spent on the island in April 1950.

Plot catalyst

Daphne is abruptly leaving Cyprus, and to escape her grief of leaving home, invents a game of visiting each side of the wall in her remaining 11 days in the island. Each diary entry therefore refers to one of the 11 sides of the wall, bastions or moat, her past memories of them as well as her current situation regarding preparing to leave, and discovering the actual reason for leaving.

Narration and writing styles

James' audio-log

James has not scripted his audio-logs. He improvises on the spot, in one-shot attempts. He does mistakes, he pauses awkwardly, accidentally brushes the microphone onto things, and may hold the microphone too close or far from his mouth. His own audio-logs are sloppy, not that he wouldn't know, but he is in a hurry to get back to work, since he didn't, and doesn't want to tell anybody of what he is doing and also doesn't want to have to come up with an excuse. He also doesn't feel comfortable coming across as weird while scouting for hiding spots or talking to a microphone, so he speaks rather quietly. Additionally, he doesn't want to stylize or color the diary content with a "performance" of his necessary part of describing the hiding spots of the caches. Though he deeply appreciates Daphne's text, he doesn't know how to address it, so he oscillates between sentences relevant to his historical knowledge in which he sounds confident, and others in which he speculates about Daphne or unsuccessfully tries to describe what he likes about it in which he sounds rather awkward and in a slower tempo, and ones that he comments what he just said slightly sarcastically that are more up tempo, in an overall clumsy and unorganized manner.

Daphne's writing style and James' narration

Daphne writes in a old fashioned way. While young, she writes well, and with a good vocabulary. She is well educated and well mannered. She is attentive of her environment, plants, and people. However, James narrates Daphne's parts. He was too shy to ask somebody else, preferably a female, to narrate the diary text, since he didn't tell anybody of his intention.

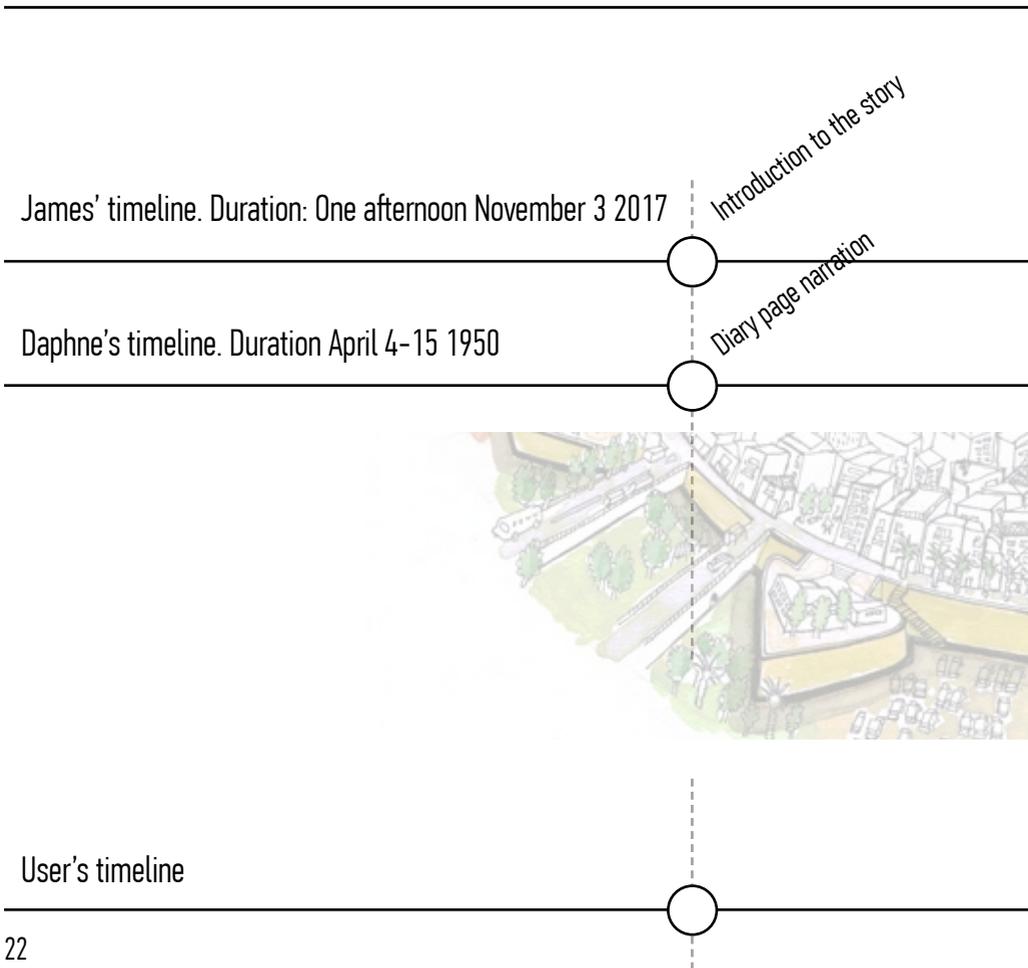
Though, as carelessly as James records his parts, as meticulously he tries and takes the time to dramatize and narrate the recordings of Daphne's text. These recordings were done indoors, all in the same space, with the same reverberations and qualities, in a silent environment, without external noises. The microphone is placed at a right distance from him, and may pickup the sound of his hands touching the pages.

Story structure

The story is structured on a two parallel fictional storylines, spatially congruent, but separated in the dimension of time.

The first is the one of James, who found the diary and decided to distribute its pages in geocaches at the actual locations it mentions, so that he makes Daphne's account accessible to today's people wandering around the area of the Nicosia walls. James hides the caches and provides audio-logs for people as hints for finding them. It takes place nowadays during one day that it took James to hide the caches.

The second is the timeline of Daphne's diary, in which every consecutive diary account refers to a



different side to the wall, her past memories from that place, but also her present concerns at the time of writing.

Yet a third timeline is the one of the user, discovering through the caches, the interwoven stories of James and Daphne, on the very same location they took place -the user finds the caches, where James hid them which is where he believes Daphne wrote them. Eventually the user reconstructs her own storyline which includes both Daphne and James' timelines, but also the one of herself discovering them, that all take place on these very same sites, resulting to a unique experience at every play of the narrative tour.



Act 1 - Paphos Gate, April 4 1950



kistoth.hu/cyberparks/wiki.mp3

Audio at: kistoth.hu/cyberparks/melinda.mp3

[James. Introduction to the story and instructions]

um.... Hello...? Is it working? erm....

[fiddles with recorder, taps microphone]

Ok. So.... Hello, this is James. ...oh nevermind its not about me.

Well, I found this diary from 1950, in my archive, among some junk...that belongs to an English girl named Daphne. Daphne was... well, I don't know if anything happened to her since... she may very well be alive and well still.

So Daphne, is the author of this diary I found. Its just 11 pages long. As many as the sides, and bastions of this wall. Daphne was 16 at the time, and just found out, as she writes, that she has to move with her family to England and she is either sad or nervous... in general quite emotional about leaving...

emm...so she is apparently stealing time on her way home after school, to secretly visit different areas of these Venetian walls, to contemplate by herself, that seem to bring back vivid memories of past events.

Daphne's story is ...very...intriguing...historically. She writes very...well... and...without any deliberate prose...

Well.. anyway... I thought that it might be interesting for other people to see this as well... So. I recorded the text of each page... ehm... and put them in these things called geo-caches that you can track geographically with your phone.... ehm... I will leave for you an audio description as I hide these things along the walls... to guide you find them easily when you are close... and when you do find them, you can scan the QR code with your phone.... and then you can listen to Daphne's text.

In the box you will also find the diary page, that I carefully photo-copied from the original...if you prefer to read it... and a white paper and a pencil, on which you can write....well if you want to of course... the date that you found itand perhaps your thoughts... I will try to come, every now and then... to check that everything is in order... and read the thoughts people have decided to write and share...

I hope you like it.. as much as I do...

So here is the first page... dated April 4 1950, that took place here at the Paphos Gate. I put it in a small tin box. Its black by the way.. and I will hide it... inside these bushes over here next to the wall... Go find it, to listen to the diary account, and then you will get directions for the next one... Good luck.

[fiddling with the recorder and switching off]

[Daphne]



kistoth.hu/cyberparks/melinda.mp3

Tuesday, April 4, 1950

Dear Diary,

Last Sunday mother broke the news to me. We are moving to England... Father was offered to be a professor at a London University, an honor he cannot deny; so he says. It would be for the best of us. I initially thought it was an April fools joke, though the date for that occasion has just passed. What about school? I asked her. What about my friends? What about Ms Pritchett? Ms Pritchett loves me, she wouldn't allow to leave school... Apparently though, she had it all figured out. Mother talked to my teachers and the headmaster and received their approval... She even showed me the signed letter of transfer. I asked father if we can change these plans, but he wasn't amused. I still can't understand how he is content on leaving these works ongoing. He can't spend a day without visiting the construction and restoration sites without supervision and now he wants to leave them for good. There is not much for me to do it seems to change this decision... For now I am trying to hold my tears back, during school at least, but I don't think I could do that for long. How will I tell Emily and Susan that we are leaving to another country? When will I see them again?

I need some time and space to think, so I came to see the Walls. One last time. I have 11 days remaining from today, so I have one day for each Wall; although farewell is not a word I am ready to pronounce yet.

You know, people often say "the wall," as if its one thing, "to cross the wall", "along the wall" and so on. It is not one Wall though, I came to find, its eleven of them. I think people don't understand. One cannot add them up, they are completely different one from another. Each bastion and moat bare a name, each segment sees the sun at different times -they even have their own small ecologies, plants, colors, cycles and smells- each Wall in its weight carries its own stories and its history along. Today, each Wall has its own purpose, and its own significance, quite distant from what they were originally intended for. Military works, you see, have lent themselves to be, between others, gardens, landfills, locations for seasonal festivities, public gatherings and weekly bazaars.

Today is the day of the Wall I first met. The one closest to home, the one I can recall in my faintest childhood memories. Today I am at the Paphos Gate. Porta San Domenico, father would insist -you cannot get your way with historical facts and archaeologists he always likes to say- though the

Wall from the time that it was named until today has been through a lot.

So you are you fixing the Walls? was one of the first questions I remember asking him. "Well, we don't really call it fixing" he said "I am trying to make it like it used to be" he added. It was difficult to comprehend that concept at the time, why would one pay that much attention and effort in restoring something that old and dated. It would take a lot of the years to come to understand his obsession...

Paphos Gate and its adjacent bastion I can remember probably from the time I was 4 or 5. They used to hold military parades every once in a while, although during the war they became more often. Crowds used to gather on top of the Wall to see the soldiers, dressed in khaki and white uniforms, marching along the bastion. I think I can recall marching bands as well. My family used to have its regular spot close to the platform elaborately decorated to house the official. I never got to know if it was our designated position, or if it because some kind of our family ritual to stand there. The parades used to take some time, although probably the waiting was longer than the actual spectacle, and I remember after complaining, father would often raise me above his shoulders so I would my own vantage point. I would gaze at the people up on the wall and in the bastion cheering the paraders. Later, when I grew a bit older I started wondering, if the people had in fact come to see the parade or to gaze each other's outfits. That question remains with me until today.

From a point on, when I was of manageable age, I can remember another ritual being introduced. After the parade was over, we started going to Tennis Club in the bastion close by, for the grown ups to drink a brandy sour, or more. There, usually the women had their own spot away from the men. The club was founded by Ms Jeffery, that my mother always mentions as aunt, so clearly women had a priority around the club. Of course they never managed to build an actual club house, but their plans for that was another recurrent topic on such occasions. "Aunt," Ms Jeffery, or the late Helen Jane Luxmore Jeffery, a person I never met, however heard a lot of stories about, was the wife of Mr Jeffery. And the late Mr Jeffery in turn, was the Curator of Ancient Monuments, the initiator of the Museum, and the person who found my young at the time father studying engineering and history in England and brought him to Cyprus in order to help with the works for the Walls. For my father of course he was always Mr Jeffery, no informalities were allowed in their mutually deeply respectful relationship. A decade later, Mr Jeffery would entrust father with the task of supervising the works for the Walls.

Its been getting late, I have to go home for lunch if I am to continue this journey. 10 more days, ten more Walls.

Daphne

Act 2 - Bayraktar Mosque, April 5 1950

[Sample for James' next parts]

[sound of James walking] So here we are at the West side of the D'Avila bastion. Diary page number [n] of 11. The diary log is dated [...] and I believe Daphne was sitting at a bench/rock over here. [stops walking] Well you cannot see... and anyway things have changed since then... Let me see, I think over here in the ... ah no, too easy to picked up by the garbage collectors. What about... [turns around] ... here, in the... [mention the place].

Well now that I am on-site...on the very same ...spot, I can imagine her sitting here. Probably wearing one of these checkered dresses of the time. [sounds like he is messing also with the box and the environment]. The weather should have been fairly warm at that time.. and in between committing her thoughts on paper, she could have been staring at the clouds moving in the sky... the passersby... the Wall extending in the distance...

[places the cache, sound of the immediate environment, and of the cache box coming in contact with things].

Well, I wouldn't know.. perhaps I'm wrong... but knowing that she was here... where I stand now... kind of makes me feel her aura...

Done. It shouldn't be that difficult if you know what you are looking for.

Ok. [starts to walk away, and switches off recorder]

[Daphne]

Wednesday, April 5 1950

Dear Diary,

today I am at the Constanza bastion. It took a few years for my parents to allow me to come unattended this far. The first time should have been when I was about 10 years old. It was then when I first saw and met the Imam of the Bayraktar Mosque. As a child, I used to wonder who that is who sings that many times per day and why, only later coming to admire the different time cycles that contribute to the richness of this city. That day, I got to see the Imam as he was coming down from his regular afternoon prayer. He probably saw me dazzled staring at him and approached. I never got to know if he has a name, however he told me where the name of the Mosque comes from and why its there. The kind Imam, sat and patiently described the story of Alemdar, an Ottoman soldier who died there planting the flag for his Sultan. The city was captured later, through Podocattaro Bastion, however the built the Mosque to commemorate the fallen soldier, and named it Bayraktar, meaning flag-bearer, as was the name of the bastion during Ottoman rule.

As I grew older, and was allowed more and more, to stroll freely in the vicinity of the walls, where father was working, I occasionally payed visit to the Imam, who always was an interesting story to share. Throughout these years, it always amazed me that the Walls could block armies and cannonballs, but the Imam's prayers would fly above them.

From here down the bastion, is where, as father at some point told me he met mother. It was about Christmas time when they used to install a carousel. Spirits were festive, and my parents used to come and meet on Friday evenings. They were both too shy to talk to each other in public, so they would conspire to take the carousel ride and sit next to each other, where they would exchange a few words, every time they were hidden from the sight of their friends. Mother will joke that it took a couple of Christmas for them to get eventually engaged.

Father would walk mother home along the river after their strolls in the city, and although I never got to corroborate his story, he says, that one evening, they lost their way and found themselves in front of a fountain, which was when they decided, if they have a daughter to name her Daphne.

I have to get going. Today we have stew, father's favorite dish, and I was specifically told to be on time. 9 more days, nine more Walls.

Daphne

Act 3 - Famagusta Gate, April 6 1950

[Daphne]

Thursday, April 6 1950

Dear Diary,

I told Susan and Emily today of my family's plans. We ended up breaking to tears all together during the break. They made me promise to send them my postal address as long as I arrived, so they can write to me and send me postcards from the city. I am slowing trying to come to terms with this inevitable event, however its difficult to imagine my life away from this place.

To make matters worse, I overheard my parents arguing yesterday after dinner. Something they said, hinted that the reason for leaving is not a career opportunity, but an already scheduled surgery operation that father has to undertake. We have here access to the best doctors of the country, many of which are my parents' friends. I want to only imagine that I misheard.

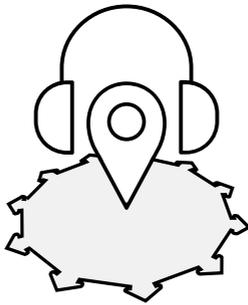
Today I am at the Famagusta Gate. I recall the times I spent with father strolling along the Walls. I was 6 when I could already recite the names of the bastions and the moats in order, both clockwise and anticlockwise. I would invent games, when father was busy, of inventing stories about the legendary families who gave their names to the bastions. I would later ask father for their real story and see which one was more interesting.

I came here to find Yiannis, father's assistant who was supervising the works for the Gate when he could not be present. The Gate was used as storage space and father was trying to restore it to its original condition, to be used also more appropriately. Yiannis, who was only a couple of years older than me was working on the works for the Walls for a few years already. I first met him when he first started, because father always kept an eye on him. Although Yiannis initially didn't see the value of restoring the Walls, because they were so prevalent in reminding a short lived past that didn't resonate with the people, he was now one of the strongest advocates of their preservation. We used to meet quite often. His patience in explaining the current state of the works, and the details of technical aspects of the restoration process was a great excuse for an educational afternoon. However today I didn't come for that. I knew that he wouldn't lie to me, if I asked if he knows about my father's apparent health condition. Though he was nowhere to be seen...

I better go home and try to talk to mother.

8 more days, eight more Walls.

Daphne



Daphne's Diary