Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping

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Dedicated to Ilia

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Abstract

Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping is an art project which explores the city of Nicosia as a fluid space that engenders individual narrative connections. These emerge through lived experiences and are then developed into narrativised artefacts through a process of engagement, dialogue and collaboration between invited contributors and the artist. The artist creates a situation whereby to invite someone to lead him on a walk anywhere in Nicosia that holds some personal resonance for them stimulates the relational potential between the contributor and the artist. In the process of walking-in-two, retracing a particular route in somebody else's footsteps, walking beside them and with them, talking and listening, the artist's body is capacitated; it has been relationally attuned to its environment through someone else's perceptual experience. Working from a perspective that attributes archival intelligence to the body and material and cognitive qualities to affect, the artist responds to each walking journey using a methodology that comprises of situatedness and embodiment, as well as relational, dialogic and collaborative practice to explore the city as a site where new narratives are crafted that redefine the language typically used to describe Nicosia. These narrative assemblages open up novel configurations that allow us to step away from readily available ways of thinking and writing the city, and together form radical archival propositions based on living experiences that contradict the vocabulary of unitary ideologies of territory. The city is rediscovered through the logic of kinesis and kinaesthesia, where walking opens the potential to ways of perceiving the self's presence within its own territoriality as it extends into city spaces to form a type of an affective map of Nicosia.

List of Figures

Table of Contents

Introduction

Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping is an art project which explores the city of Nicosia as a fluid space that engenders individual narrative connections. These emerge through lived experiences and are then developed into narrativised artefacts through a process of engagement, dialogue and collaboration between invited contributors and the artist. The project involves the artist creating a situation whereby the situation itself (i.e., to invite someone to lead me on a walk anywhere in Nicosia that holds some personal resonance for them) stimulates the relational potential between the contributor and the artist. In the process of retracing a particular route in somebody else's footsteps, walking beside them and with them, talking and listening to them, the artist's body is "capacitated…relationally activated,"[1] attuned to its environment through someone else's perceptual experience. This micro-perception by the artist, of his own variable and nuanced changeability, represents a phenomenological moment where what is called "affect" enters the frame as a distinguishable presence, not as a shape or form –it does not pre-exist in bodies– but as an awareness of something that was not there before and which has been generated by bodies coming together. Working from a perspective that attributes archival intelligence to the body and material and cognitive qualities to affect, the artist responds to each walking journey using a methodology that comprises of situatedness and embodiment, as well as relational, dialogic and collaborative practices.

It is worth stating from the outset that whilst this research takes a dialogic, collaborative and relational approach to art, it is not designed to be interactive in the way that art, which falls under the umbrella of Nicolas Bourriaud's notion of *Relational Aesthetics*,

1. Brian Massumi, *Semblance and Event: Activist Philosophy and the Occurrent Arts* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: MIT Press, 2011), 43.

is intended to generate relationships in and around the work as an encounter, where the encounter itself is the quintessence of artistic practice (Bourriaud, 2002). Nor is the work strictly about finding methods of "social exchanges, interactivity with the viewer within the aesthetic experience being offered to him/her, and the various communication processes, in their tangible dimension as tools serving to link individuals and human groups together."[2] In other words, it is not about the idea of the agency of art as a means of creating communities, but what is relational about this research is the way the operational process is orchestrated by the artist to bring to the fore inter-subjective tensions and sensations between bodies, which in turn form points of reference which may act as vectors for the construction of the narrative that has yet to form. A commitment to dialogue is a necessary and natural part of the process of walking-in-two and retracing a physical path that also exists in memory. There are different stages of dialogic engagement, where to begin with the invitation to someone to participate is followed with an explanation of the project and discussion of how the project may also connect with the invitee's interests. During the walk the contributor naturally tells her/his story and what connects them to the particular path, after which there are further conversational exchanges, whether face-to-face, over the phone, or via email. However, in the same way that this project does not approach walking as an aesthetic practice onto itself, it also does not promulgate discursive interaction as an aesthetic practice, as defined by Grant H. Kester (2004) who discusses the movement of a number of contemporary artists towards dialogue-based socially-engaged art. The artists to whom Kester refers to avoid the tradition of object-making, embracing instead a performative, process-based approach which "involves the creative orchestration of collaborative encounters and conversations well

2. Nicolas Bourriaud, *Relational Aesthetics*, trans. Simon Pleasance and Fronza Woods (Les presses du reel, 2002), 43.

beyond the institutional boundaries of the gallery or museum…"[3] However, whereas Kester emphasises the artist's "dynamic of reflexive distancing", *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* involves a dialogic process as part of a methodology, where the dialogue between the artist and the participant is then structured into a narrative text that informs the production of the visual, audio or textual material that is to come. Such an approach is not strictly antithetical to Kester, but instead uses dialogue to inform the construction of a narrative dynamic that emerges over time and through personal and generally undocumented conversations between the artist and other participants to the project. The desired effect is to compose a fragmentary narrative that is authored by more than a single ownership of voice. Where this project does share common ground with dialogical practices, is in that these walking collaborations produce narrative works that are the product of their own environment and open a space from which "that environment can be critically perceived and potentially transformed."[4] The process is not instant but spreads over time and is guided by those sense impressions which continue to resonate as aesthetic experiences long after the actual event of walking. Such resonances become amplified in thought as occurrences that bring about change and are themselves perceived as events as they had causal effect on the direction of the narrative that is to follow. What is significant is that these relational occurrences are allowed to have a transformative power in that in they are unambiguously associated with a particular physical location to which the artist returns time and again in the

3. Grant H. Kester, *Conversation Pieces: Community and Communication in Modern Art* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2004), 1.

4. Ibid: 110

construction of the narrative to come. Different media other than words are also used to tell a version of the story that has been passed from the invited contributor to the artist.

Approaching walking in the city the way this project does is less connected to ideas of the *flâneur* as a solitary figure who traverses her/his urban environment and is more akin to the Aboriginal idea of "songlines,"[5] where the potential of the event in its lived experience gains a relational currency of exchange between archival bodies. Applying such a methodology to practice, involves the sharing of "some part of oneself."[6] Sharing, as Marcel Mauss points out, amounts to engaging in a process where the "vision-effect" of what is approached takes the spirit of a "gift." The analogy can be taken further, in that to keep the gift, or narrative, would be "physically and spiritually…dangerous and mortal" because it will "exert a magical or religious hold"[7] over the recipient. The gift must be returned in some crafted form back to the giver and, from there, passed on and circulated in a more public way into our spatial concept of space and place, i.e. Nicosia. What is returned is not the gift /narrative in its original form but the spirit of the effect of the gift in its affect principle, as an energising and transformative manifestation of its original anecdotal and archival form that is affect inflected.

This research, therefore, foregrounds the relevance of an empirical art practice where walking-in-two informs the initial stage of investigation and defines a method of working that indicates the intimacy of lived experiences that connect the self –not as an enclosed body– to a particular site, a sense of place and territory. This is the logic of the structure of this art practice, where the intimacy of different narratives that speak of the intimate and unsettling

5. Bruce Chatwin, *The Songlines* (London: Vintage, 2005), 57-58.
6. Marcel Mauss, *The Gift* (Oxon: Routledge, 2002), 16.
7. Ibid. 16-17.

connection between the self and the city modulate the passing from the performative act of retracing a path that holds some personal resonance for the invitee-contributor, to the path's transformation into a site for exploration (over a longer period of time) by the artist. This approach underpins the creative method that is pursued by this research and further indicates that what is valued within each walk is not simply the real time/space occurrence of the walk itself or the narrative each narrator tells as archival material that needs to be preserved, but what is absorbed as a sense perception by the body and which continues to resonate and to feed into the potential of the narrative that has yet to take form. The passage from one stage to another modulates the construction of the narrative and its translation that results in a set of art outcomes in whatever form they may take (i.e., a written text, audio and video recordings, photographs or other forms of actions developed across different media).

The retracing of a path that exists simultaneously in different modes of time –both in memory and the present, both familiar yet new– signals ways of perceiving the city as an extended ephemeral landscape composed of objects, scenes and atmospheres that resonate with each walker, and is animated by the logic of kinesis and kinaesthesia.[8] Moving from memory to present, from the familiar to what has yet to take form, and from the path as a walkway to its transformation as a site for further visitations by the artist, immediately opens up different stages of transition in the crafting of the narrative. The transition from one stage to another introduces additional editorial and aesthetic concerns, the first of which is what is

8. Jonathan Barnes, *The Complete Works of Aristotle* (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University, 1991). In Aristotelian philosophy *Kinesis* (motion) is used to suggest the potential for change brought on through movement and its process. According to Aristotle, in nature all things have in themselves a principle of motion or change. Kinesthesia refers to an awareness of how one's body moves in space.

edited in and what is edited out of the final artwork. There are no standardised criteria, the process is intuitive; it allows space for serendipity and is open to what resonates with both the artist and contributor through sharing of thoughts. The second concern is how to translate the information that comes to surface and resonates with the artist, during and after the walk. The question of style immediately enters the frame, not in terms of a particular visual aesthetic, but as a way of demonstrating in practice an aesthetic response to phenomena encountered throughout this process, including repeated visitations to the site. Any form of representation of the actual walk or of the site itself is tricky, because it would misleadingly direct thinking towards reductive metaphors and turn the site into a conceptual space, or a location where the artist performs a particular action. The intention is not to record an activity or archive what is already present at the site, but to introduce into the structuring of the operational process new modalities of embodiment and expression which activate a way of working that stimulates the imagination at the juncture between narrative construction, empiricism and lived spaces.

This is what allows expansion of thinking beyond strict dichotomies of inside and outside, and of a bound self that stops at skin, from where the world begins; skin is approached as a porous topological surface that can be explored for its intelligence and sensing potential. Two of the main concerns this research addresses are: (1) how to translate, through an intersubjective way of working, the affect potential of experience into a crafted art-narrative form that in itself retains "the intensity in what comes next";[1] (2) how to conduct an art research practice through a phenomenon –such as affect– that has no stability or form,

but is nevertheless present in relations and may contribute to a paradigmatic structure for the development of an artistic research.

Conducting an art research from such a perspective, where affect is approached less as a theoretical proposition and more as a practice, requires, as Linda Caruso Haviland writes, "a radical openness to the possibility that knowledge can be both legible and embodied, that is not only accessed through texts, but also generated and understood through physical states and actions."[9] Affect, thought in these terms, means that it forms into a presence in relations between bodies, whether human to human, or human to non-human. Hence, strong sense impressions caused by being in relation to other bodies come about by exercising basic trust in the artist's own sensations and feelings and that implies a trust in the body's ability to know.

The first aim, therefore, is to develop a methodology which informs an artistic research practice and is guided by the artist's own embodied responses to affective points of impact to other bodies, human or non-human. This immediately gestures towards a methodology that generates the prospect for thinking the tools of cognition, based on what is sensed through the body –it is argued in this research that sense impressions leave an imprint which may resonate with the artist long after the event. Such resonances are valued for the image they leave imprinted on the imagination. By retrieving such images, the artist takes on the role of an archivist who is sensitive not only to what is told and is physically there, but also to what is present in relationships but cannot be articulated through words or is evident to the human eye (see section on listening page 44). The body, therefore, is

9. Linda Caruso Haviland, "Considering the Body as Archive," in *The Sentient Archive: Bodies, Performance, and Memory*, ed. Bill Bissel and Linda Caruso Haviland (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 2018), 1-21.

transformed into an essential research tool in its capacity to be receptive to micro-changes; it gains the potentiality to capture what Teresa Brennan refers to as the "conceptual oddity,"[10] the variability and nuances of changeability of the transmission of affect that happens in relationships, i.e., where the term "relationship" extends beyond human to human and beyond the notion of the individual body as a self-contained unit. The affective human body is not simply seen as a vehicle for the phantom self, but as a "surface and a field of affective intensities in interaction with others."[11]

Theoretical background in brief

Gilles Deleuze's reading of Benedict de Spinoza and the Stoics, introduces to the contemporary understanding of affect the tensions created by the "mixtures of bodies" in space, where "all bodies are causes to each other."[12] The "*effects*" between bodies are "events" that result from actions and passions that themselves have no real "*quality*" or agency, but which result from bodies becoming connected to each other. Therefore, the becoming of self is filtered through what Maurice Merleau-Ponty describes as the condition of being situated within the world as "a thing among things."[13] The consciousness of the human body and the phenomenal world is not between subject and "an unchanging object",

10. Teresa Brennan, *The Transmission of Affect* (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 2004), 1-23.

11. Rosi Braidotti, "Interview with Rosi Braidotti," in *New Materialism: Interviews & Cartographies*, ed. Rick Dolphijn and Iris van der Tuin, (Open Humanities Press, University of Michigan Library, 2012), 34. Accessed May 24, 2016. http://openhumanitiespress.org/books/download/Dolphijn-van-der-Tuin_2013_New-Materialism.pdf

12. Gilles Deleuze, *The Logic of Sense*, trans. Lark Lester with Charles Stivale, ed. Constantin V. Boundas (London: Athlone Press, 1990), 4-11.

13. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, "Eye and Mind" in *The Primacy of Perception* (Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 1964), 159-190.

but is "instead endlessly relational."[14] Or, as political scientist Jane Bennett offers in her reading of Spinoza and Deleuze, "bodies are also associative…a body, [is] continuously affecting and being affected by other bodies."[15] Alfred North Whitehead's notion of event as an "actual occasion"[16] is useful in articulating the relational potential between bodies or objects. Stephen Pepper's explanation of the concept is helpful when he writes that for Whitehead actual occasion refers to "an instance of what we experience as going on now." What is going on now is experienced as an event in its actual presence, at the time of its experience and as part of an extensive interconnected network of actual entities that produce what Whitehead calls *feeling*. Feeling for Whitehead is equated with affect and the "full qualitive immediacy of the experience –just what we feel emotionally, sensationally or otherwise as it is going on."[17] Erin Manning further qualifies what feeling is in Whitehead's terminology by explaining that it "does not necessarily involve consciousness" but "effects the transition of a prehension into an event."[18] "Feeling," Manning is quick to point out, is to be understood in terms of what Whitehead calls "subjective form." Whitehead denies that we have any direct experiential knowledge of concrete events, but we do have access to sense-objects. As Manning reminds us, affect is not a form or a space to be placed "within a schema of linear phases and already-formed bodies",[19] in other words, affect/feeling is not

14. Robert Macfarlane, "Introduction" in *The Living Mountain*, Nan Shepherd (Edinburgh: Text Publishing Company, 2011), ix-xxxiv.

15. Jane Bennett, *Vibrant Matter: A Political Ecology of Things* (Durham and London: Duke University Press 2010), 21.

16. Alfred North Whitehead, *Process and Reality* (corrected edition). (New York: The Free Press, 1985), 73-80.

17. Stephen C. Pepper, "Whitehead's "Actual Occasion" in *Studies in Whitehead's Philosophy*, ed. Martinus Nighoff, Tulane Studies in Philosophy, Vol. 10. (Springer, Dordrecht, 1961), 71-88.

18. Erin Manning, *Relationscapes: Movement, Art, Philosophy* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 2012), 195.

19. Ibid.

something carried by the body as preexisting within the body. Feeling, as it is used by Whitehead, is not attached to a form already-taken, nor is it an afterthought to a preexisting process, but rather, as he writes, "feelings are 'vectors'; for they feel what is there and transform it into what is here."[20]

Initiating a practice from such a position, immediately introduces the question of transition from a theoretical understanding of affect to an actual method of working as a key element of this research. This is achieved by opening the body to knowing, in the way anthropologist Kathleen Stewart describes –following Deleuze and Félix Guattari– the unpredictable "thrown-togetherness"[21] of relational resonances with other bodies, spaces, scenes and atmospheres (for interpretation of affect as atmosphere see: Breanna, 2004; Navaro, 2012; McCormack, 2013; Philippopoulos-Michalopoulos, 2015) that have the capacity to form into new narrative forms that resist dominant norms and values of how the story should be told. What it means to be situated as an embodied presence, embedded within an extended network of connective elements, including what Steve Pile refers to as the city's own "state of mind" where the city, as a body or thing that has its own nature, is attributed with a "personality… a particular mood"[22] and an animistic presence. Perceiving Nicosia in this way constitutes a different type of connectivity with the city, other than the more conventional socio-political or historical perspective of the city as a space of interconnected institutional structures which are economically, socially and politically interdependent on each other. It requires a phenomenality of practice that is guided by somatic awareness that attributes intelligence to the body, and material and cognitive

20. Whitehead, *Process and Reality*, 87.
21. Kathleen Steward, *Ordinary Affects* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2007), 1-7.
22. Steve Pile, *Real Cities* (London: Sage Publications, 2005), 1-24.

qualities to affect. Social geographers Ash Amin and Nigel Thrift discuss the defining characteristics of a new urbanity as defined by an approach that is constituted by performative embodied knowledge, the contingency of human action and the harnessing of fluidity of human relationships.[23] Moreover, to borrow from Andriana Cavarero, the question is what kind of narrative is to be constructed by "the one who walks on the ground", where the act of walking may reveal something about the "unsettled" relationship between place and self "without committing the error of defining it."[24] It must be remembered that the intention of this research is not to provide meaning and closure to the constructed environment within which the walking takes place, or for that matter to report back on the experience of walking, but rather to demonstrate *how*, by rethinking the tools of investigation, we may stimulate new re-imagined relationships to the city that renounce the limits of the constructed narratives that already define a particular site, a place or even a territory. What is more, this research draws attention to the fact that by situating ourselves within a city, i.e. Nicosia, where the city becomes the object of our attention, the narratives of the city and our own narrative indivisibly merge. Whilst we may bring into focus the undeniable multicomplex actualities that define a city, as Lewis Mumford does when he writes, a city is "a geographic plexus, an economic organization, an institutional process, a theatre of social action, aesthetic symbol of collective unity[ties]"[25], at the same time, a city is also the space that provides us with the conditions of our own individuation, where the

23. Amin Ash and Nigel Thrift, *Cities: Reimagining the Urban*. Reprint. (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2007), 1-30.

24. Adriana Cavarero, *Relating Narratives: Storytelling and Selfhood* (London: Routledge, 2006), 3.

25. Lewis Mumford, "What is a City?" Architectural Record (1937)" in *The City Reader* (2nd edition) ed. Richard T. LeGates and Frederic Stout (London: Routledge, 2001), 92-96.

becoming of the place is symbiotic with our own sense of becoming. These elements, coming together during and after the retracing of a walk, are key to the process of bringing into the present, but also projecting into the future, personal narratives that are fixed in memory and which nevertheless gain new narrative potential of our understanding of Nicosia in the present.

What is claimed as unique in this research, is a process of transformation and translation that reveals a method of working based on a methodology that comprises of situatedness and embodiment on the one hand, as well as a relational practice that involves dialogue and collaboration. Central to that process is the performative use of affect as a method that can be situated within the wider debate of art-research, where the making of art involves a process of investigation in relationship to experiences of the socio-cultural and material environment with which the research is conducted (Eisner, 1998; Leavy, 2017; Sullivan, 2010), in addition to contemporary writings by artists and thinkers who are exploring walking –and mobility more generally– in relationship to cities (Keiller, 1994, 1997, 2010; Burckhardt, 2006; Hilman, 2005; Sinclair, 2003; Stavrides, 2002; Cardiff, 2005; Pile, 2005; Smith, 2014; Joseph-Lester, 2020).

The conscious decision to situate this research within a politically sensitive and militarised urban environment further raises questions as to whether such an approach matters socially and politically, but also as to whether its usefulness as a paradigm can be adopted and adapted in other cities or geographical locations. This research responds to these hypothetical questions by demonstrating through original research that at the very least the approach followed allows both the artist and each contributor to the project to step away from readily available ways of thinking, voicing and writing the city. The Nicosia that emerges is a fractured, poetic space of interconnected narratives, and yet, as pointed out by the artist,

the city is not destabilised; rather, *Walking Narratives and Affective Spaces* reveals an interdependence between subjective narratives of the city, and a city whose future is dependent on experimental polyphonies of new narrative constructions.

Chapter 1 situates this research within a real time-space environment, i.e. Nicosia today, describes in detail the methodological approach taken by this research, provides detailed information of the dialogic transition from one stage of narrative construction to another, the basis on which collaborators are selected, and includes accounts of where collaborations failed for different reasons.

Chapter 2 expands on the methodological approach and provides a selection of original "primary studies" in the form of texts written specifically for this research by the various contributors to the project. These examples further demonstrate the variability of a way of working that is processual and is open to affectivity and which results in the construction of narratives that go against the grain of dominant approaches that feed into representations of the city. The Chapter also expands on the process of transition from the performative act of walking to the exploration of the particular path as a site. It further addresses specific concerns relevant and answerable to the geographic, socio-temporal and political environment within which the project takes place. Some of the written contributions are included in their entirety, others are edited down. This is a literary decision based on the author's judgement of what may give the reader further insights to the process of working.

Chapter 3 locates the method used by this research within a wider network of artworks by artists working with narrative at the juncture between mobility, embodiment and location as a site for artistic exploration between place and self. I refer in particular to Roni Horn's set of publications entitled *To Place* and connect that work to earlier art books such as Ed Ruscha's *Twentysix Gasoline Stations* and Breton's *Nadja*.

Chapter 4 provides an overall discussion of the main findings and reinforces the premise for the construction of narrative artefacts that are assembled in ways that provide us with the opportunity to reimagine the whole (i.e. the city of Nicosia) as an organic body of interconnected and circulating narratives that is in a constant state of becoming.

Chapter 1

In their introduction to the book *Inventive Methods,* the editors Celia Lury and Nina Wakeford make the point that inventiveness of research methods is to be found "in the relation between two moments: the addressing of a method … to a specific problem, and the capacity of what emerges in the use of that method to change the problem."[26] In Chapter 1, I follow through with that challenge by demonstrating how *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* signals a poetic style of working over more scholarly forms of investigation. At the same time, as it is argued in this thesis, the research develops into an inventive and experimental art project that is specific and answerable to the geographic, socio-temporal and political environment within which it takes place. With that in mind, this Chapter aims to situate the research within a real locality, i.e. Nicosia; map out the origins and development of the research; indicate and expand in detail on the research strategies and tools employed; demonstrate the relevance of the research within the time-space environment it is performed.

The city of Nicosia

A bird's eye view of Nicosia would reveal a sprawl of modern buildings that extend far beyond the old city that was built by the then capital's Venetian masters. By 1570, in advance of the gathering Ottoman army that was to lay siege to the city, Nicosia was transformed into a walled enclosure that followed the highest standards of military

26. Celia Lury and Nina Wakeford, *Inventive Methods: The Happening of the Social* (London: Routledge 2014), 7.

architecture in the style of Marcus Vitruvius and Filarete[27] although this did not stop the capital from falling to its new rulers. Today, the patchwork of villages that once surrounded the fortified city have been swallowed up by modern development to form an urban mass that is connected by a network of roads designed for auto-mobility rather than pedestrian travel. Walking at the outskirts of the modern capital with the anthropologist Peter Loizos, I asked what he thought characterises Nicosia. He waved his hand at the surrounding area and exclaimed, "Nicosia is always in a state of *unfinishedness.*"[28] The British artist Richard Wentworth, who had spent some time working in the capital, described Nicosia as: "layers of garments that one shrugs off and discards on the floor only to wake up in the morning looking disconcertingly at the *inside-out* of something that is recognizable and yet unfamiliar, wondering what the hell it might be."[29] Like many contemporary urban environments, Nicosia is another example of where local utopian urbanism, mixed with "programmatic modernism and euphoric pragmatism are strung together"[30] to form a patchwork of a city that is in a state of becoming; not a young city, but a city that has yet to fully form its modern urban identity. Indeed, Nicosia is constantly being dug up either for archeological purposes to reveal remains from the island's medieval and Hellenic past, or to build modern habitats and commercial

27. Helen Rosenau, *The Ideal City: Its Architectural Evolution in Europe* (Methuen & Co., 1983). Under Venetian rule (1489-1571) the city of Nicosia was rebuilt based on trends in Europe that sought to create the ideal physical environment based on utopian ideals. The first fully planned ideal city of the Renaissance was described and illustrated by Filarete (original name Antonio di Pietro Averlino) about 1457-64, following the work of Roman architect Vitruvius. The fortified walls of Nicosia were built by the Italian military engineer Giulio Savorgnan, 1567-1570.

28. Haris Pellapaisiotis, "Where is Here? Cypriot Artists Performing Space Retelling Place" in *Re-Envisioning Cyprus*, eds. Peter Loizos, Nicos Phillipou, Theopisti Stylianou-Lambert (Nicosia: University of Nicosia Press, 2005), 111-123.

29. Ibid.

30. Willem Oorebeek, "Interventions" in *Iconocity*, Aglaia Konrad (Köln: Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther König, 2005), artist's book, back cover.

properties in and away from the capital's historic center. Customarily the study of Nicosia has come under the scholarly domain of history, as it is generally understood in terms of chronologically sequential events of special significance (Keshishian 1978, Marangou 2009, Michaelides 2012) and more recently analytical and theoretical writings of political events, concentrating primarily on the modern troubling politics of Cyprus (Papadakis 2006, Kyriakou and Kaya 2011, Navaro 2012, Bryant 2012, Demetriou 2019). Such studies tend to follow the ethnic conflict between Greek and Turkish Cypriots which started in the late 1950s, gave rise to intercommunal strife in the 1960s, escalated into the military division of Nicosia and Cyprus as a whole in 1974, and remains today the dominant unresolved political and territorial issue.[31] Other prominent areas of study have included archeology (Bakirtzis 2014, Given 2004) and to a lesser extent more technical disciplines such as urban development (Attalides 1981, Stratis 2016, Charalambous 2011)**.** This introduction draws attention to Nicosia as a city that is haunted by its colonial past and postcolonial history of ethnic division, but also to a city trapped in its own imagined futures of modernity. Together these elements have contributed towards insularly generated narrative-perceptions of the place based on identities driven by notions of being, rooted and genealogies of belonging. In contrast, *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping*, approaches the city of Nicosia as a fluid relational space, where individual narrative connections make up the stuff that the place itself is substantially shaped off. The premise is that by reimagining and rethinking the tools with which we may conceive our relationship to the city, a different Nicosia begins to emerge, as a space where life narratives are authored and structured to form narrative relations with one's own urban context and sense of place. This outlook extends to imagining Nicosia itself, not simply as a historical entity

31. This document does not focus on the political issues of Cyprus from a historical perspective, nevertheless, a summary of political events is given in the notes.

and a physical measurable space, but as a living body that is shaped by the chorus of narratives it generates and which give it its actual identity. Using walking as a catalyst, the artist activates a sequence of transitional stages where the event of walking leads to the exploration of the site of the walk from which new narrative possibilities emerge in the form of artworks that are then circulated back into the archival knowledge of the city.

Such knowledge is never absolute, as it does not attempt to give an overarching view of the place, nor offer solutions to social and political problems. It does however generate fresh thinking of the city by foregrounding an art-research that bases its practice on the body's ability to accumulate knowledge of its environment and for the self to translate such knowledge into narrative constructions that bring the city closer. That being the case, the first consideration is how to develop aesthetic strategies and tools of cognition for engaging with Nicosia as a living environment without falling back on the language of the authoritative voices that have already defined the ways the city should be read.

To reiterate, the first stage of the project involves the artist inviting someone to lead him on a walk anywhere in Nicosia that holds some personal resonance for them. It is important to note that the invitation comes with two basic preconditions; first, that the walk must be shared with the artist at least once, and secondly, that the contributor writes a piece of text of undetermined length and style that relates to the retracing of the particular walk. Where appropriate, extracts from these contributions are cited in this thesis in order give further insights to the methodology and working process. Additionally, such extracts introduce to this academic text the sound of different voices which in way emulates the empirical approach taken by this art-research.

On the origins of the project and some initial considerations

This research originates in a forty-minute walk that anthropologist Peter Loizos and I took in Nicosia in 2009, cutting across the flow of traffic, and working our way from the Syrian Arab Friendship Club restaurant to the British High Commission, inside the Buffer Zone. Loizos had suggested retracing an early morning path he took every day from the flat that he rented when he first moved to Nicosia in early 2000, following his retirement from the London School of Economics. Although Cyprus had been at the centre of Loizos' professional life's work, and despite his half Cypriot parentage –the other half on his mother's side was Irish– he was unreservedly British. Having lived the greater part of his life in London, more or less in the same neighbourhood, he felt rooted to that city. Thus, when he arrived in Nicosia, even though the place was by no means unfamiliar to him, he experienced what he perceived as "emotional and cognitive disorientation." Away from his family and in order to adjust to his new living and working environment, he felt the need to create for himself a neighbourhood and to draw comfort from a sense of belonging to a community of the everyday –something he describes as a desire for a "social relationship that was predictable."[32]

This early morning walk started as an exercise routine, but soon became his way of mapping himself into a materially tangible environment, a place where spatially and temporally he could feel part of a neighbourhood community. In Loizos' emotional and cognitive perspective, Nicosia was sometimes a succession of mundane and transitory scenes, objects and spaces transfigured into intimately personal thoughts, whilst at other times aspects of the city became subject to social, political or anthropological commentary. In itself, there was nothing particularly unusual about this, other than the sense that these material

32. Peter Loizos, audio recorded discussion with Haris Pellapaisiotis for the art project *Urban Walker*, Nicosia, 2009. For full transcription of Loizos' text, see appendix.

relationships were personalised into narratives where there was no hierarchy of themes, but rather a "democratisation"[33] of subject matter –so that where he would eat, have his hair cut and shop, or the simple act of naming the particular colour of a local flower, were equally noteworthy of his attention as his expert commentary on the politics of Cyprus. Thus, I came to understand that when walking was used as a device, by its very nature, it brought about this discursive and reflexive voice and allowed for the levelling of a subject. Moreover, by narrativising the city through walking, the city itself became a distributed and differentiated space that was being opened up to narrative relations, which extended beyond common representations of what social geographer Doreen Massey (2005) had called the 'we' sense of the practice of culture and that realization introduced the possibility of thinking the city as a network of discrete interconnected voices.

Space and Place

Massey, who writes on space from a perspective where, "the social and the spatial need to be conceptualised *together*"[34], points out that the construction of place into divided bordered localities necessarily involves the collective ritualizing, historicising and representation of place through the construction of familiar narratives of the everyday. Place read in such a way invariably becomes, Massey argues, a kind of matrix for "nationalisms and

33. William Eggleston, *The Democratic Forest* (New York: Doubleday, 1989), 171. Asked what he had been photographing, William Eggleston replied, "Well, I've been photographing democratically." Eggleston is widely acknowledged as the father of a style of colour photography that emerged in the mid-1960s. What is uniquely characteristic of his work is that he seeks out traces of human presence in the most common in-between spaces and photographs chance assemblages of unlikely objects.

34. Phil Hubbard, Rob Kitchin and Gill Valentine, eds. *Key Thinkers on Space and Place* (London: Sage 2004), 219-225. Massey was part of a cohort of social geographers that includes David Harvey, Derek Gregory, Nigel Thrift and Gillian Rose, who refused to imagine space and time as neutral.

parochialisms and localisms of all sorts."[35] She clarifies further that "this response is not 'backward-looking' (the charge most frequently levelled); it is looking backwards to a past that never was"[36] in order to construct the present.

It is easy to see the logic of Massey's argument in view of Cyprus' modern political history and military conflict, where notions of being rooted are inextricably connected to territorial rights, citizenship, and property, which in turn produce historicised claims of heritable belonging. This is to imagine a future based on a selective narrativised past, which, as Massey points out, "never was", or, at least, never was as it is imagined in the present. Such narratives could gain powerful plots and translate into dangerous policies that can become reified through persistent representations of what place is, as the place itself becomes articulated through fixed ideologies and rooted ideas of belonging and history. To use Judith Butler's analogy of gendering, place seen thus is the outcome of its social and cultural narrative constructions, where it is "a historical situation rather than natural fact."[37] Butler posits that it is in place that acts of gender are performed, where one is compelled to perform one's gender as if there is essentialism to gender identity. Although Butler refers primarily to a cultural form of becoming (woman), her argument could equally be applied to immutable ideas of belonging, based on essentialist interpretations of what place is. This thesis is in agreement with both Massey's and Butler's arguments that within place there is tension between hierarchised ideologies of territory, ethnicity, culture, belonging and identity. It further concurs with the proposition that these are culturally constructed values which are formulated, ritualised and legitimised into fixed representations and

35. Doreen Massey, *For Space* (London: Sage, 2005), 65.

36. Ibid.

37. Judith Butler, "Performative Acts and Gender Constitution: An Essay in Phenomenology and Feminist Theory," *Theatre Journal*, vol. 40, no.4 (Dec. 1988), 519-531.

institutionalised ideas of citizenship and place identity. Place itself becomes obscured by the credibility of its own narrativized representations to the extent that to stray from such representations may signal descent, as representations of place becomes "naturalized" through "repetition, reenactment and reexperiencing" of what is already socially established. Representations of place are "*stylized repletion of acts"* that are instituted into the construction of identity through performative practices of the everyday in ways that "the actors themselves come to believe and to perform in the mode of belief."[38]

And yet, at the same time, we must also acknowledge that it is by being situated within a locality that acts of contestation and resistance are performed. Locality represents a network of social and relational values that become manifest into definitions and representations of space/s, and that includes unregulated and uncensored contact between people and their environment that encompasses a complexity of relations that extend beyond human to human. Therefore, whilst we may acknowledge that space is the broad canvas on which things happen (and in this sense, it is a relative constant), "one has no choice but to deal with what is in *place*, or at *place:* that is, what is at *stake there*."[39] As the historical philosopher Edward S. Casey further points out, place is "…eventmental, something in process, something unconfinable to a thing. Or to a simple location."[40] Place is more than an ontological abstraction of bodies occupying space. At the same time, place is also more than its static representations; it is a space of human relationships and interactions, and the dynamic of the identity of place is dependent on eventmental and processual ways of knowing a locality, through the performative acts that create narratives of identities that circulate in

38. Ibid.

39. Edward S. Casey, *The Fate of Place: A Philosophical History* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1998), 338 (emphasis in original).

40. Ibid., 337.

and out of a particular space. Whilst the universality of space might be the ungraspable presence of what is in and around us as well as beyond us, a place is the tangible derivation of space as it is relationally performed. In *The Fate of Place*, Casey outlines the fluctuating importance of place as a philosophical concern. He writes that "whereas for Aristotle sensible things are located squarely in places, for Immanuel Kant places themselves are located in space as parts *of it*…with the result that places are lost, irretrievably, in space."[41] Nevertheless, it is also Kant who invariably makes the constituent connection between body and place. Bodies, as our own body perceives them, must inherently occupy a place; they cannot be placeless, but are "implaced emplaced" entities. Kant writes that "this body is *my* body; and the place of that body is at the same time *my* place."[42] Place then is rescued from philosophical extinction and obscurity by way of the body, thereby establishing a fundamental triad between body, place and philosophy. Accepting Massey's argument that place is indeed a meeting point of "daily negotiation and contestation,"[43] where the past is selectively recreated and re-narrativised both now and in anticipation of an imagined future, the urgent question is not whether space can be rescued from place, but whether place needs rescuing from those structures that speak the language of territorial belonging based on essentialist ideas of identity and being rooted.

Walking-in-two: towards a working methodology

Following my initial walk with Loizos in 2009, additional walks were undertaken as

41. Casey, *The Fate of Place: A Philosophical History*, 193.
42. Immanuel Kant cited in Casey, *The Fate of Place: A Philosophical History*, 202.
43. Massey, *For Space*, 154.

part of this research with a number of different contributors, which included bookstore owner and publisher Ruth Keshishian (2013), academic philosopher Frank Chouraqui (2013), writer Alexandra Manglis (2013), poet and academic Stephanos Stephanides (2015), anthropologist Yael Navaro (2015), philosopher and dancer Susan Kozel (2016), weaver and academic Diana Wood Conroy (2017), activist Murat Ilican (2017) and urban sociologist Pelin Tan (2018). Other walks than the ones mentioned above were also discussed and programmed, some were even attempted, but were ultimately abandoned for various reasons and at different stages of development. In some cases, potential participants found it difficult to speak subjectively and felt a need to articulate a point of view of Nicosia from a position of expert knowledge, whilst others, and in particular artists, saw this as a curatorial project to which they could contribute their own unique artwork based on their interpretations of the city. Such approaches were rejected because they proposed a different methodology. In the first instance, the primary intention of this project was/is to know the city through empirical ways of perception that allow a rethinking of bodies and their urban environment through new encounters and that means being open to "visceral perception and pre-conscious affect"[44] which in turn produces a more wandering, speculative and poetic style of thinking. I refer to Rebecca Solnit when she explains that to get lost in the city is no longer simply about geographic dislocation, but requires a kind of surrendering to a psychic state that is nevertheless connected to an experiential and material sense of being, located in a specific geography.[45] In the second instance, the intention of this research is not to speak in distinct terms of a translator and a location and of an observer and observed; instead, the two must

44. Patricia Ticineto Clough, "The New Empiricism: Affect and Sociological Method," *European Journal of Social Theory* 12(1):43-61, Sage: 2009.

45. Rebecca Solnit, *Wanderlust: A History of Walking* (New York: Penguin, 2000).

be seen as related in the same way that the capacity to affect always corresponds and is inseparable from being affected. Hence, to think in terms of the individual artists as creators would suggest the enclosure of the self within the individual body and that would signal the privileging of the self as an uncritical phenomenological subject over its constructed urban environment. In Luce Irigaray's criticism of Merleau-Ponty, she makes clear that 'demiurgic possession' cannot be attributed solely to the individual seer, because this 'reverses values somewhat.'[46]

At this stage, who would participate as a contributor to the project entered the frame as a concern and from the outset I had taken the decision *not* to follow a systematic strategy based on some quasi-epistemological approach of demographic sampling, but to leave the choice to chance; this was something that was allowed to happen serendipitously, where to encounter a potential contributor was acted out in the temporal and spatial present as an event. Such an approach is in antithesis to an epistemological method of gathering data that is intended to be fitted into a preexistent research structure with the view of proving or disproving a theory. Nevertheless, in concert with the methodology and ethos of my research, each stage was approached as a living event where different stages of development modulate the formative potential of the next stage; an encounter leads to an invitation to walk, walking naturally produces talking and listening, from which a dialogue ensues, the dialogue leads to more structured writing by the contributor, and further visitations to the particular site by the artist. The process generates ephemeral experiences, but also yields tangible outcomes in the

46. Luce Irigaray, "The Invisible of the Flesh: A Reading of Merleau-Ponty, 'The Intertwining – The Chiasm" in *The Continental Aesthetics Reader*, ed. Clive Cazeaux (New York: Routledge, 2000), 563-582.

form of texts, audio recordings, photographs, video, as well as the extraction of actual objects taken from the site.

From the start, the act of walking-in-two unavoidably indicates two interconnected narratives; the contributor's account of the relevance of the path to them and that of the artist's experience of retracing a particular path in somebody else's footsteps. Walking beside someone, talking and listening to them is part of the event and in that process of walking, the artist becomes relationally attuned to his surrounding environment through someone else's perceptual experience. That being so, the artist is also conscious of his own sense of cognition; these different perceptions of the same route or site are allowed to collapse into each other. Consequently, the narrative that unfolds is not simply constituted by the contributor's anecdotal recounting of what resonates for them, but rather the contributor's narrative is enfolded into the artist's own living archival experience. This means that the narrative that is finally constructed does not pre-exist prior to the walk, but that the walk itself functions as a catalyst that brings the potentiality of the narrative that has yet to be told into existence. To what extent the contributor became involved in the project beyond this stage was left totally open and in practice it varied. Sometimes at the request of the contributor a second walk was undertaken, and further dialogue exchange ensued. However, the important point is that the process of walking transformed from an ephemeral and performative activity to the exploration of a site to which the artist would return, over and over, in order to expand on the construction of the narrative that was to come.

The transition from walking as a quotidian act performed in tandem to the exploration of a particular site that emerged from the walk, introduced to the project new considerations that related to ideas of archiving, assembling and dissemination. With each visit by the artist, new experiences, data and artefacts accumulated and that meant thinking

how such material, whether ephemeral or concrete, was to be transformed into some other form; a video, photographs, audio recordings of spoken words or sounds, written texts etc. Further in this Chapter this process of working is discussed in relation to Bruno Latour's idea of "circulating reference" where in his book *Pandora's Hope*, 1999, he lucidly maps out a two-way trajectory between expansion of information and reduction of nature and argues that the process happens simultaneously as a necessary part of the relationship between nature and language. However, notwithstanding Latour's clarity of thought, this research aims at a more poetic relationship with language, one that is open to the multiplicity of voices that become entangled into the site of the walk, so that "the object of attention is not accounted from a distance but through responsive, relational, dialogic engagement."[47] From this perspective the artist is situated at the vanguard of the construction of the narrative that is to come by working up close.

Initiating a practice from such a position immediately brings into focus the question of participation. As already indicated, it was essential that likely contributors were prepared to give voice to their discrete observations, sensations and thoughts from a position that did not overlook the significance of everyday details in preference to speaking from a platform of knowledge that comes primarily from academic texts. Certainly, by retracing a path of no particular significance helped to transform our encounters with the familiar, whether it was objects, spaces, scenes or atmospheres, into points of curiosity and commentary and that act alone metamorphosed the path from a linear route into an *autotopographic* site. It should be noted that whilst the request to speak in a personal register may sound simple, it did prove to be a challenge for different contributors. It was unclear whether the sense of unease that

47. Nigel Thrift, *Non-Representational Theory: Space, Politics, Affect* (New York: Routledge, 2008), 147-8.

was felt by certain potential contributors resulted from being asked to deviate from their familiar way of writing, or whether the challenge was that they step outside familiar discourses of representations of Nicosia. Either way, for this initial prototype, I found myself working with contributors for whom Nicosia is –or had been– home, but who, like myself, had spent substantial time away from Cyprus, or others who were not natives to Cyprus but are connected to the country professionally and/or through kinship, and during their time in Cyprus made the place a part of their work. What I discovered was that the semi-outsider status of these contributors did not mean that their relationship to Nicosia was lacking in some way. In fact, I suggest the opposite: their connection to the place introduces to our reading of the city a specific tension of consciousness that is generated from a sense of nearness and distance, where there is a constant review of what it means to be local and located within an environment that is both familiar and yet, also, the cause of anxiety and unease. This condition (if it could be called that) amounts to what social geographer John Wylie refers to as a sense of *dislocation*, where to feel spatially dislocated opens the possibility for different modes of visibility of the city. Wylie suggests that a sense of dislocation is in fact a prerequisite to place. He writes that "there is place if there is *dislocation*, or sudden uncertainty regarding location in space and time, uncertainty regarding even the reliability of these measurements."[48] Wylie's comments are made in response of W.G. Sebald's writings and he uses Jacques Derrida's theory of the "spectral" to "animate" the way Sebald's geographies are "essentially spectral in that their concern is with the unsettling of places and selves as a primary process."[49] This is particularly the case with Sebald's modern classic book

48. John Wylie, 'The Spectral Geographies of W.G. Sebald' *Cultural Geographies*, 2007, 14: 171-188. (italics in original).

49. Ibid.

The Rings of Saturn, where the protagonist, rambling through the thinly populated Suffolk countryside spins a quasi-documentary chronical of his ambulatory journey of coastal East Anglia. His seemingly carefree meanderings begin to expose an unsettled type of *topos* that is not anchored in any one place or a single time frame. The narrative that unfolds does not adhere to a fixed and frozen image of the place, but rather to a chorography that is overshadowed by "traces of destruction, reaching far back into the past, that were evident even in that remote place."[50] Yet, as Wylie points out, Sebald's topographical writings are not simply made askew because of the remnants of memories from the past coming back to haunt the present, but because the present is itself rendered as the past, in that "the past itself, the ceaseless becoming-past of the present in all its inescapable revenance."[51] The paradox, or rather the ingenuity of Sebald's writings, is to strategically situate the reader within a space that is at once familiar yet alienating and thus undermine objective distancing to history by demonstrating how historical forgetting forms a type of consensual modality in the construction of narratives that imbue a place with its particular identity. Forgetting therefore, becomes the revenant present in the construction of the identity of a place.

The postmodernist archivist Terry Cook, influenced by the philosophical writings of Michel Foucault and Jacques Derrida, argues that archives go beyond evidence of facts and from preserving memory to creating memory. This paradigmatic shift in archival thinking owes much to the fact that what is preserved instigates the kind of memory that informs an imagined community, the issue being that a community or communities are formed by the type of narrative/s that are constructed and circulated back into that community. By implication, the process of creating archives is not free of prejudices and is open to

50. W.G. Sebald, *The Rings of Saturn* (London: Vintage, 2002), 3.
51. Wylie, 2007, 176.

interpretation based on ideologies. Such interpretations are formed into representations and gain a strong sense of legitimacy as they are circulated back into the "collective memory" of nations, peoples, institutions, movements and individuals. Archival artefacts are thereby used for constructing memories about the past, about history, heritage and culture through the narratives that are told. Immediately, we could see how the archive is open to a selection process of what is deemed worth preserving and memorialising and as Cook points out, "with memory comes forgetting." That is, with "memory comes the inevitable privileging of certain records and records creators, certain functions, activities, and groups in society, and the marginalizing, or silencing of others."[52] Archivist Luciana Duranti further explains that "archival documents are not a direct expression of social, political, economic, or philosophical currents, but they do express these currents indirectly by translating them in terms of activities aimed at administrative and juridical purposes."[53] Derrida goes as far as to state that, "there is no political power without control of the archive, if not memory." He further explains that "effective democratisation can only be measured by this essential criterion: the participation in and the access to the archive, its constitution, and its interpretation."[54] The factuality of the archive becomes a kind of tabula rasa upon which different ideologies are being written because, as Derrida further points out, the archive as a signifier has no stability

52. Terry Cook, "Evidence, memory, identity, and community: four shifting archival paradigms" *Arch Sci* (2013), 13:95–120.

53. Luciana Duranti, "The Archival Body of Knowledge: Archival Theory, Method, and Practice, and Graduate and Continuing Education." *Journal for Information for Library and Information Science*. Keynote, 1992.

54. Jacques Derrida, *Archive Fever: A Freudian Impression* (Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1998), 4.

and therefore "it will never be either memory or anamnesis as spontaneous, alive and internal experience."[55]

If we accept such arguments, the traditional notion of the impartiality of the archivist as neutral mediator between past, present and future and between creators, records, and researchers, is never passive; *to archive* must be seen as a verb that involves the act of constructing memory. New thinking within archival discipline elucidates on memory as something organic and live, something as much present as past, and as something to act upon in the present. Modern memory is seen as an organic dimension of living and, within that understanding, the archive does not simply present us with the question of preservation of the past, but also with how we memorise the present. Sebald demonstrates this condition in his novel as the body moves through the landscape, affected by this or that element. In that process, it is the landscape itself that begins to speak through the narrator, thereby revealing its own memories. In other words, it is the topography that undermines the logic of a place being defined in terms of a 'we' sense of the practice of culture.

How to talk about Nicosia when we want to talk about Nicosia

Nicosia, to borrow from Amin and Thrift, is not a fixed entity but is approached as "moments of encounters, not so much as 'presents', fixed in space and time, but as variable events; twists and fluxes of interrelation."[56] The narratives that then emerge are at once detailed of the locality and yet not readily familiar, as they do not attempt to adhere to the recognizable pre-conceptualized representations of the city. For example, the notion of starting with a description of Nicosia as a 'militarily divided city' is immediately suspended,

55. Derrida, *Archive Fever*, 11.
56. Amin and Thrift, *Cities: Reimagining the Urban*, 30.

and any reference to the division emerges only as part of a larger narrative, recounted by its respective author. Referring back to my initial walk with Loizos, it was only when we entered the last phase of our journey that he mentioned the political conflict between the two ethnic communities. His comments were triggered by the fact that we stopped to photograph what ironically presented itself to us as a countrified scene of untamed nature, which was in actuality the ceasefire zone of the Nicosia Green Line. This too is a military landscape, but not the familiar and much iconised and exoticised parts of the Buffer Zone. To cite an extract from an audio-visual recording made with Loizos as part of a collaborative artwork for the group art exhibition, *Selling Air*, Dusseldorf, 2009:

Fig. 1. Haris Pellapaisiotis, *Urban Walker*, 2009. Photograph from single screen audio-visual projection with Peter Loizos showing a view of the Buffer Zone, Nicosia.

> We are now entering the ceasefire zone, that's why there is no photography, there is military on both sides, in the middle is the UN, we will probably see a UN watchtower in a minute and all this extravagant untamed nature is because nobody has built here since 1974, or even earlier, perhaps 1964… I don't know the military history of this particular piece of ground; it might have been an earlier point of conflict rather than a later point. You've got to know exactly what you are looking at in Cyprus –because different things destroyed different communities at different times. You mustn't assume everything happened in one year– it didn't! It's [a] very important part of Greek [Cypriot] official propaganda to pretend that everything went wrong in 1974,

> whereas anyone who really knows the history knows that things started to go wrong in the middle 1950s…[57]

In this excerpt, Loizos does not state, but in a measured way draws attention to the signs embedded in the landscape; he warns against a readiness to arrive at conclusions based simply on what we see. What we see is already compromised by representations of what we think we ought to be seeing, whilst at the same time, may fail to see because we may readily jump to conclusions of what we think we experience as seeing. If indeed our purpose was to know something of this landscape's connection to the political history of Nicosia, then additional information, whose significance may escape our knowledge, becomes necessary before we are to make deductive readings of the landscape before us.

To set this last point within some critical context, it suffices to point out that since 1974, Nicosia, and in particular the Buffer Zone, has been the subject of continuous academic research and artistic practice. Artists and academics from different disciplines have chosen to situate themselves within what they consider to be a real political space, thereby compelling themselves to respond to the symbols, narratives, and meanings which reside within that space. The seduction of situating themselves within the Buffer Zone is that it becomes incumbent upon them to find meaningful ways by which their writing may offer a fresh perspective to a deadlocked situation, or in the case of artists, to find creative ways to interrupt, challenge or disturb existing narratives of division. However, by operating out of what is deemed to be a politically charged environment does not necessarily secure a more dynamically political outcome. Often the opposite happens, where the academic or artist may

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57. Haris Pellapaisiotis, "The Art of the Buffer Zone" eds. L. Wells, T. Stylianou-Lambert and N. Philippou, in *Photography and Cyprus: Time, Place and Identity* (London: I.B. Tauris, 2014), 218-239.

find themselves unintentionally contributing to the stabilisation of existing political and/or ideological viewpoints. It is not surprising then to find the artist and theorist Victor Burgin, after his involvement with the art project *Suspended Spaces*, 2011 –which used the ghost town of Famagusta in Cyprus as a site for thinking of "Europe based on its sidelines, its absences, its overlooked factors, and its forms of otherness"–[58] warning that the convergence of art, politics, and place may result in "a place of hesitation for those no longer sure of their direction, or a place of prevarication for those unclear in their intent, even the site of an evasiveness that preempts criticism…"[59] Although clearly a different location to Nicosia, Famagusta is part of the continuation of the Buffer Zone that cuts across the island. As Burgin indicates, the artist (international or local) cannot simply function as a global political commentator without some sense of reflexive recognition of her/his role as a new narrative agent of the place and locality out of which she/he operates. Certainly, the consistent images which have emerged from inside the UN-controlled area have been ones of vacant spaces, abandoned buildings and the stillness of dusty objects waiting for their past owners to repossess them, as if to bring them back to life. Such picturesque scenes hold a strong visual allure for those who do get to journey inside the UN militarised zone, but who also seem to sustain a territorial border mentality rather than challenge it. If one could read any value in such photographs, then for Greek Cypriots it is one of nostalgia and a desire to repossess something that was lost and could somehow emotionally be regained through the verisimilitude of the photograph.

To deliberate on the point a little further, I want to recount a simple anecdotal

58. "Introduction" (no author or editor specified) in *Suspended Spaces 1* (Lea Gauthier, Black Jack editions, 2011).

59. Victor Burgin, "Facing History" in *Suspended Spaces 1* (Lea Gauthier, Black Jack editions, 2011), 148-156.

incident where even seasoned artists who purport political and aesthetic ideologies beyond the obvious and sensational, still find themselves succumbing to expectations of what they ought to be representing as a military topography. In advance of the academic workshop *Liminal Zones – Nicosia, Cyprus* 2008, I was contacted by an international photographer who was contributing to the workshop, to show him some less well-known areas of the Buffer Zone. The photographer's broader work claims an interest in depicting the way human intervention shapes the landscape beyond the obvious. I was disappointed but not surprised that in the end, he did not use the photographs he took during our walk on the outskirts of Nicosia; I suspect for the simple reason that this part of the Buffer Zone stretches into flat, visually unexceptional fields, probably mined by both sides, but not visible and therefore not iconic enough as a landscape of military conflict. Instead, on the web page of the conference there appeared the familiar irresistible photographic depictions of a miscellany of militaristic symbols and ghostly ruins from inside the Buffer Zone. This is a type of imagery that can be

accessed from image banks such as Google Images and has already been iconised by countless tourists for whom the Buffer Zone is an exotic site.

Fig. 2. Haris Pellapaisiotis, 2008. Photograph. The Nicosia Buffer Zone showing the photographer Armin Linke and architect Aristide Antonas surrounded by Greek Cypriot soldiers as he points his camera towards the Turkish occupied side.

Writing about military geographies, Rachel Woodward explains that military geography "at its most extreme is an ideology which subordinates civic or governmental ideals to the military, and promotes a policy of aggressive military preparedness, but militarism may not necessarily manifest in this way."[60] Thus militarism is to be understood as the effect of the military and as something that affectively spreads like an atmosphere beyond the obvious signs and sites of war. In recent times, social geographers have proclaimed that by describing the spaces within which we live, we instigate a powerful tool for their transformation.[61] That may indeed be the case, but I would add that description and critical analysis are not enough, and what is at stake is the reclaiming of the narrative of one's own immediate geographic locality and the right to open the narrative to a plurality of voices, to

60. Rachel Woodward, *Military Geographies* (Blackwell, 2004), 3.

61. Elena Dell' Agnese, Geo-graphing: Writing Worlds, in *Political Geography*, eds. Kevin R. Cox, Lurray Low, Jennifer Robinson (Los Angeles: Sage Publication, 2008), 439-453.

experimentation and speculation. To be motivated by one's own situated environment means to actively participate in its translation and transformation and that includes being involved in the construction of the type of narrative that is generated in place. The failure to see one's own subjective involvement in the construction of such a narrative runs the risk of the narrator becoming the unwitting agent of ideologies contrary to those he/she seeks to criticize and in fact, he/she may indeed fail to recognise the shapes and forms of "militarism" beyond the recognition of the military. As already demonstrated, the countrified feel of the view in Fig. 1 experienced with Loizos, is another reminder of how in Cyprus everything is somehow tainted by the uncertainty of its histories of intercommunal conflict. The factualness of dates to which Loizos refers, are not disputed by either side, but, as he indicates, they are contentious because they represent a different significance to different peoples from different communities at different times. This has resulted in ritual acts of remembrance around dates of factual events that nevertheless symbolize a territorial type of mentality, of which the so-called polar opposites of Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot narratives have dominated. This is not to deny the tension between the two communities that had arisen in the transition from a traditional to modern society, from colony to an independent state and subsequently the failure in the sharing of a centralized, bureaucratic, territorial, sovereign polity. Yet, what I extrapolate from my walk with Loizos is the way that sense of failure has translated into a dominant ethno-nationalist agenda of storytelling. The question then is *how* to retell the story and what story to tell, so that in as much as we may speak of the impact of a militarised city on its citizens, we may also consider how actants seek ways to author their own geographies by exploring methods of research appropriate to the space-time within which they live.

Methodology refined

Loizos' own style of contribution to the project was anchored in his particular professional training. We walked and talked, and he took photographs of what was relevant to him. Several days later, we met again and in a single recording he recounted his responses, thoughts, observations. Whilst this method came naturally to him and provided the rudimentary basis for taking the project further, adopting his style as a method would have amounted to a more systematic and less experiential and experimental process of engagement, both for me and for the other contributors. Such a method ran the risk of becoming formulaic and seemed to lack the aesthetic potential to drive the project beyond documentation. Having said that, it is worth pointing out that in the early stages of this research, I tried to emulate what I construed to be a "good research practice" by audio recording the conversations between myself and the other participants. The intention was to have on tape (so to speak) the authentic word-for-word voice of the contributor, but I found the presence of the recorder too obtrusive; not so much for the other person, as for me. It introduced to the relationship a kind of mechanical mediation that seemed to run contrary to the sentient, psychosomatic and kinesthetic movement of bodies walking and retracing a path that is both physical and exists as much in memory and the realms of observation and emotion. The realism of voice that a technical recording may produce seemed to lack the archival element of remembering and forgetting, *which is human*. Documenting the walk photographically, during or after the event, also became inapt. Photography is usually attributed with the idea of capturing memory, but I take the opposite view: that it also deadens that which it seeks to keep alive in memory. The photographic image is too boisterous and, as a result, it tends to dull other forms of remembering; the type of remembering that is experienced by seeing with the whole body, by listening intently, and by

allowing the body itself to reclassify in importance what should be remembered. On these walks, therefore, I took nothing with me but my body, and it was to my body's intelligence that I turned to for the retrieval of data that was stored away, after each walk. Using walking to release narrative fragments of relations that connect the self to its own territoriality, means that the actors involved, i.e. the artists and contributor/s take on the role of archivists, dipping into "the archive of memory and body to bring a live past forward to produce new possibilities of thought and action."[62] To retrace a particular route by walking-in-two means to enact a memory in the present anew and within a relationally shared dynamic. For the artist, it also means to return to the site time and again, where the site itself is transformed into a space of exploration. Such an exploration is guided by what has been absorbed by the body as a resonance that has cast its image impression during the walk and which over time has taken form in the imagination long after the actual event. The artist's commitment is to tell the story through a practice that engages the body's receptive abilities to slide into new narrative relations with other bodies. The narrative that unfolds does not come from a position of knowing, or a certainty of belonging, but instead from a space where knowing grows through affective points of impact that feed into the artist's narration. This moment of transition from activity to memory also means to pass from one stage to another –from the performative act of walking to the particularity of the site itself as a space of exploration.

In his essay, *An Archival Impulse,* Hal Foster considers the archive from the position of how certain artists have transformed "'excavation sites' into 'construction sites."[63] Referring in particular to Tacita Dean's work, he writes of how historically lost or displaced

62. Linda Caruso Haviland, "Considering the Body as Archive" in *The Sentient Archive: Bodies, Performance, and Memory*, eds. Bill Bissel and Linda Caruso Haviland (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 2018), 1-21.

63. Hal Foster. "An Archival Impulse," *October* 110, Fall 2004 (Cambridge, MA. MIT),

images, objects and texts deemed to have some idiosyncratic significance for the artist are excavated, re-narrativised and recirculated back into public consciousness. Indeed, much of Dean's work is preoccupied with rescuing and retrieving from the annals of forgotten histories, narratives of individual experiences, which bear witness to a sense of beingness and loss. Her appropriation of the vastness of the world is likened to a depository of lost and forgotten events, of information retrieved by the artist as material to form new sublime narratives that connect individuals to place, but which also attest to and become entangled with her own poetic narratives of existence, which emerge out of her own wanderings, thereby locating past to present. What draws my interest to her work is not so much the final outcome, but a recognition of a methodology based on her own embodied situatedness, where what becomes her designated site for exploration is as much guided by the senses and serendipity, as it is by an initial idea. Naturally, this approach gives her work a nomadic feel where what is encountered and may have significance for the artist is then transformed into a textual, audio, photographic or film narrative. Regardless of whether Dean is categorised as a "walking-artist" or not, she is nevertheless a storyteller whose artworks make use of locality and physical mobility. As an artist she brings to her way of working a sensitivity of her own embodied presence through listening to the whisperings of lost voices. [64]

3-22.

64. Tacita Dean, "Selected Writings 1992 -2011" in *Seven Books Grey*, (Steidl, 2011). The methodology I have described is a common trope in Dean's work. My first encounter with her approach was her audio cd project *Trying to Find the Spiral Jetty*, 1997, that was exhibited at the Kunsthalle Dusseldorf as part of the *Sonic Youth etc.: Sensational: Fix* exhibition, 2009. See also exhibition catalogue, *JG: a film project by Tacita Dean*, (Arcadia University, 2013).

Walking = listening

The transition from walking to listening signals the passing from one stage to another; from performing an idea to capturing through the senses what is activated during the event of walking. This is the substance of the walk that is carried forward to the exploration of the walking-site itself. One of the sense triggers that is used to initiate this transition in listening, where to listen does not merely amount to hearing the other person, but is an intersubjective spatial condition that pulls both contributor and artist outside of themselves into an affective field of attunement with what resonates within and outside the body. As Roland Barthes explains, this is not simply a case of listening in terms of its association with religious confession or with psychological disclosure, where what is said is transmitted from an orator to a listener. Instead, to listen is a space where one ultimately enters into, with one's interlocutor. He refers us to how "the voice is located at the articulation of body and discourse, and it is in this interspace that listening's back-and-forth movement might be made."[65] He supports this point by quoting Denis Vase's corporality of speech:

> To listen to someone, to hear his voice, requires on the listener's part an attention open to the interspace of body and discourse and which contracts neither at the impression of the voice nor at the expression of the discourse. What such listening offers is precisely what the speaking subject does not say: the unconscious texture which associates his body-as-site with his discourse: an active texture which reactualizes, in the subject's speech, the totality of his history.[66]

Hence, to listen, as the philosopher Jean-Luc Nancy further writes, is to strain

65. Roland Barthes, *The Responsibility of Forms: Critical Essays on Music, Art, and Representation*, trans. Richard Howard (Berkeley: University of California Press 1991), 255.

66. Denis Vase, cited by Barthes in *The Responsibility of Forms*, 1991: 255-256.

"toward a possible meaning, and consequently one that is not immediately accessible…where sound and sense mix together and resonate in each other, or through each other." [67] And so to listen and to understand represent two kinds of hearing; a kind of truth that is particular to the orator and a straining by the listener "to capture or surprise the sonority rather that the message."[68] According to Nancy, to be immersed in listening requires to be always on the edge of meaning where sound resonates into a sense impression that is also visual –an observation that is, in a way, reminiscent of Benjamin's notion of a natural aura. Of course, as the psychoanalysis Theodor Reik had observed, in order for the listener to go beyond what is heard, recorded and decoded, to listen to what is "whispered between sentences and without sentences" is, "in reality, not teachable." He adds that "the psychoanalyst who must look at all things immediately, scrutinize them, and subject them to logical examination has often lost the psychological moment for seizing the fleeting, elusive material."[69] It is not the intention of this research to engage with psychoanalysis or psychology in any way other than to draw attention to this observation by Reik, for the simple reason that it captures well the way this research seeks to instrumentalize what is sensed, in order to seize the living quality of the event and to carry it forth into the construction of new narrative artworks that may reveal something significant about the site. The contention is that when listening is utilized in this way, then the artist's body is rendered into a nexus of a broader network of connections that includes those intervals of unspoken exchange with the other walker; such intervals reveal unarticulated moments of intimacy with what resonates for the artist during and after the walk. These moments of self-reflexivity provide the artist with a space for reflection where

67. Jean Luc Nancy, *Listening* (New York, Fordham University Press, 2007), 7.
68. Ibid.
69. Theodor Reik, *Listening with the Third Ear: Inner Experience of a Psychoanalyst* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Company, 1949), 145.

"thinking-space is *both* a processual movement of thought *and* a privileged site at which this movement is amplified and inflected by novel configurations of ideas, things and bodies."[70] Such an approach is not without precedent, but it is only partly connected to artistic practices of walking, and so walking, as it is used in this research, is not a statement but the means by which bodies and spaces, people and places are connected in anticipation of the crafting of the narrative to come.

The act of storytelling is, as Cavarero points out, a "delicate art" designed to have affect, rather than offer an explanation of a situation; the story casts its impression on the mind and the voice leaves its resonance on the listener. When the artist reconstructs the narrative in another form, he searches out for those sense impressions that linger in memory long after the event of walking and turns to what Nancy refers to as, the "sonority rather than the message"[71] of the storyteller. In Chapter 2, I elucidate further on my methodology and working process by offering primary examples from collaborations resulting from this project. This is in addition to referencing other artists' ways of working, whose approach has provided this research with food for thought.

Bearing that in mind, I turn to the British poet Alice Oswald's method of working, whose poems have cast an oblique influence upon this research. Discussing her approach to poetry, Oswald refers to how she embarks on the construction of her poem entitled *Dart,*[72] by interviewing and recording conversations with those who live and work on the river *Dart* in Devon. These audio-recorded anecdotal conversations are made as she follows the river's contours, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a car. These voices are linked together to form a

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70. Derek McCormack, "Thinking Spaces for Research Creation" *Inflections 1.1* "How to Research Creation?" May 2008.

71. Nancy, "Listening," 5.

72. Alice Oswald, *Dart* (London: Faber and Faber, 2002).

kind of 'sound-map" made from multiple chatterings of the languages of the people of the river. Oswald's recordings are not intended to function as informational data from which meaning of the river can be deciphered, but provide the anecdotal material from which the poet draws upon. These voices are integrated within the creative process of constructing the poem and in that process the poet allows herself to be "interrupted and distracted" by her own physical and mental wanderings of the river. Thus, the poem carries with it extracts of documented voices, but also those ineffaceable impressions and memories the river casts on the poet herself. These different human voices, including that of the poet, coalesce with the river's own voice as a living entity, to perform a chorus of mutterings that emulate the languages of the river into verse. The outcome is neither a document of the river nor the single subjective biographical voice of the poet, but a type of *autotopographic* map of a living environment that is constructed from a position of more than a single voice.[73]

Autotopographies

If there is a single defining term that would conceptually encapsulate the intimacy of interrelationships between place and self, it is the neologism *autotopographical*, which was coined by the art historian Jennifer González. She uses the term to refer to personal objects in space that extend beyond the physical and psychical perceptions of the self, to form an extended material memory landscape.[74] González argues that such objects, whether travel souvenirs or religious relics, function as "prostheses of the mind" that come to represent

73. Ian McMillan/Alice Oswald, *The Verb*, radio interview, BBC Radio 3, 08, May 2020. https://www.bbc.co.uk/sounds/play/m000hx7k

74. Jennifer A. González, "Autotopographies" in *Prosthetic Territories: Politics and Hypertechnologies* eds. Gabriel Brahm JR and Mark Driscoll (Boulder: Westview Press, 1995), 133-150.

"personal identity in relation to a large social network of meaning."[75] The art installations of Pepón Osorio are examples where everyday paraphernalia are used by the artist not only reference the Latino community in the United States, but to situate individual actant's aspirations, memories and emotions within such a community. What is understood as community is those personal narratives that extend into what González calls a material memory landscape of objects. Cultural theorist Mieke Bal, in her discussion of artist Louise Bourgeois' sculptural installation *Spider* (1996), borrows the term and gives it a new twist when she extricates "autotopography" from "autobiography." She points out that an autobiographical reading of works of art is predicated upon the assumption that the work narrates elements from the artist's life and that, at the same time, expresses her/his personality. A work of art that is autobiographical possesses these two elements, which are transmitted to the viewer. The concept of "autotopography" contains elements of the biographical, but it is also distinct, in the sense that "it refers to a spatial, local, and situational 'writing' of the self's life in visual art."[76] Bal further argues that an *autotopographical* work of art, such as Bourgeois' *Spider*, functions on another register, where the viewer is led outwards to the object of art and where the artist surrenders her/his "autobiographical voice in order to be effective as a character on the autotopographical stage."[77] This is not a passive act; on the contrary, it allows the artist to activate narrative relations, where the artist as narrator "is not the director of the play thus staged, but a character."[78] In a different essay but still referring to Bourgeois, Bal adopts Deleuze's idea of the "fold" to her own interpretation of

75. Ibid

76. Mieke Bal, "Autotopography: Louise Bourgeois as Builder" *Biography*, vol. 25, no. 1, (Winter 2002), 180-202.

77. Ibid.

78. Ibid.

Bourgeois' sculpture titled *Femme Maison* (1983). Bal points to that particular work and its use of the fold as literal, in the sense of its sculptural form; historical, in that it refers to Baroque uses of the fold in painting and sculpture; and conceptual, in that it holds dialogue with the past in the present, where the fold is adopted by the sculptor to probe questions about femininity today, thereby –Bal argues– transforming the potentiality of the Baroque fold into contemporary discourse. She writes that "objects, seen as enfolded within the subject in a shared entanglement, are considered events rather than things – events of becoming rather than being."[79] This observation by Bal further underpins Deleuze's conceptualisation of empiricism as a relational encounter of "a rethinking of bodies, matter and life through new encounters with visceral and pre-conscious affect."[80]

In line with earlier discussions of affect, *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* extends the notion of the *autotopographic*al to encompass those elements which emerge through the interconnective dynamic between bodies. It seeks out a methodological practice where walking the city in-two is used as a device which opens the potential to ways of perceiving the city as an extended network of connecting vectors that stimulate affective responses, which are animated by the logic of kinesis. Hence, in this research there is a fundamental shift in emphasis away from documentation of the event of walking and what is encountered during the walk as physical objects, spaces or scenes. Instead, situatedness is interpreted in terms of what is found in a space where memory and somatic awareness coalesce with the very materiality of the site itself to inform the direction of the narrative to come. The challenge is to seek out ways to translate the event potential of experience into

79. Mieke Bal, "Enfolding Feminism" in *A Mieke Bal Reader* (Chicago: The University of Chicago, 2006), 209-235.

80. Patricia Ticineto Clough, "The New Empiricism: Affect and Sociological Method," in *European Journal of Social Theory* 12 (1): 43-61.

crafted artistic forms that in themselves retain the intensity of the eventmental, something in process, something that is not confined to archival preservation but continues to be active in the present.

Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping does not attempt to emulate Oswald's style of working but to follow a similar logic where the intimacy of different voices that speak of their connecting self to the city contribute to the assembling of new narrativized artefacts. Intentionally, the artist allows himself to wander and to be destructed by his own voice experiences. As Sarah Jane Cervenak writes, "what is powerful about wandering… is its potential to resist…closures –to be not only a mutant form of enunciation, articulation, and textuality but also an enactment that signals the refusal of all these qualities."[81] What is then caught in the event of walking, talking and listening, is not some static personal anecdote fixed to particular memories and individual authorship, but the event itself. The event gains an agentic capacity in that it has a temporal spread that allows the project to advance to the next stage –from walking to an exploration of site. To be clear, what is carried forward is not the documented event of a walk as a unique activity, but the instrumentalization of that which attributes to the body the ability to know what is sensed as the living quality of the event.

In short, *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* does not simply involve the recording of personal states of consciousness, but the conscious capturing of bodies "slip-sliding" into each other to form new narrative relations. Therefore, what the artist brings to the site is a certain enhanced and intensified receptivity to a network of relations that open up connections between the artist's sentient body and a broad range of interrelationships, the accumulation of which can produce new narrative becomings. Spaces and objects are

81. Sarah Jane Cervenak, *Wandering: Philosophical Performances of Racial and Sexual Freedom* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2014), 3.

activated, or rather the body becomes sensitive to their active and productive presence, and hence the site as a space becomes something more than a fixed geographic location in space. In this process, even the Buffer Zone loses its absoluteness and opens up its potential as something other than an expression of militarism.

What I have sought to do in this Chapter is to situate the reader within the real time-space environment the research takes place, to identify the key theoretical concerns and most importantly to map out my methodological approach. In the Chapter that follows, I ground this discussion within actual examples of “primary studies” taken from this research.

Chapter 2

In this Chapter I offer primary examples taken from *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* which demonstrate the variability and nuance of working with affect, where what is sensed unfolds in unexpected directions and is not always immediately apparent. Affect may be revealed over time, or as in the case of my collaboration with Yael Navaro, through someone else, specifically Susan Kozel's participation and contribution to the project. Affect is a type of thinking (Thrift, 2007) that introduces to the construction of a narrative somatic awareness, where the narrative is developed through what is sensed by the body in a process of collaboration and interaction with others. With that in mind, this Chapter contains textual contributions from Yael Navaro and Susan Kozel. As each collaboration is different and requires a distinct approach towards the construction of each narrative, this Chapter further describes the working relationship with two other contributors, Frank Chouraqui and Stephanos Stephanides. Their written contributions are reproduced in full with the intention of providing the reader with further insights into the method of working, starting from the very beginning of the walk to its concluding phase as an artwork. Each primary example included in this Chapter is intended to demonstrate the subtle variations in approach taken by the artist in constructing each video as a discrete narrative.

Primary Example 1: Walking with Frank Chouraqui on the outskirts of Nicosia

The first primary example comes from a walk undertaken with the French academic philosopher Frank Chouraqui. Both in the Introduction and in Chapter 1, I have repeatedly referred to how an openness to affectivity extends beyond human-to-human relationships to include human-to-object connection. The collaborative example with

Chouraqui aptly demonstrates how the narrative that is being developed by the artist moves from retracing a path, to the path becoming a site for exploration, where the artist's own connection to the site is defined by the encounters, objects and atmospheres that inhabit the site and which give it its identity.

I first met Chouraqui when he and his Cypriot wife-to-be came to live in Nicosia. Finding work as an academic philosopher in Cyprus proved difficult and after a couple of years in Nicosia, he eventually gained a lecturing position at Koç University, Istanbul and later at Leiden University, Netherlands, where he is based today. Meeting him on a brief return visit to Nicosia, whilst he was lecturing in Turkey, our conversation turned to my research. It was Chouraqui who immediately offered to contribute with the retracing of a walk that became significant to him during his unsettling years spent in the capital. The site he chose for our walk is on the outskirts of Nicosia, tacked out of sight from the main road that leads from the capital to its neighbouring town of Geri. For Chouraqui, this site became his getaway from the stifling petty localisms of the city and provided him with a quiet and undisturbed tranquility; yet, ironically, because of its proximity to the Buffer Zone, it is literally saturated with expressions of nationalisms and disputed ownerships of territories. This is indeed a complex landscape that contains the quality to surprise; being here has the distinct transformative feeling of crossing a threshold in time; geographically it is located within the Messaorian plain; in the imagination it is located in another, older Cyprus.

Frank Chouraqui

> How I love this place! You know, when I first came to Cyprus, my first feeling was of abandonment, in many different ways. I arrived on the 31st of December at night, and I was moving there for good, even though I'd never seen it before. I thought it would be a Greek island. I think January 1st was a Sunday that year, I guess you can imagine what Nicosia looked like: empty, cold and dreary. I felt abandoned, let down for having been told of the wonders of Cyprus. I also felt like the place was abandoned, a god-forsaken place. And I was, of course, in the literal sense (and without dramatizing) an

alien. The feeling never really left me, and it's partly because strong first impressions always carry more weight than they deserve, but also because the impression had something truthful about it.

What I realized afterwards, was that this abandonment was a feature of life on the island. It's a disputed place. In a way, it's marked by a history of defeats and no victory. That's what divided means: everybody loses. Populations were swapped, and part of the identity is to have been uprooted. The culture has some resignation to it, and I think people who think of it as populations clinging to their roots or their land get it upside down. It's inertia mostly, and fatalism, and frustration of course. So, my sense of abandonment, paradox aside, was my first step towards fitting in. In this context this place has a role for me: it is literally abandoned, a dead zone, a no man's land. It is the place of the mutual defeat: the buffer zone. But, strangely, all of this also means that it's a place that dates back to when Cyprus could really function as an (imperfect) home for its people. A time before the mutual abandonments. And it has a wholesome timelessness to it. Interestingly, this timelessness seems to erect itself in defiance of the superficial work of the humans: no buildings, very discreet cultivation, it's pure land. I even wonder if it could count as a "place" at all.

This is what makes it a great place for me to run. It is unfrequented. I almost said abandoned, but in a way, it's much less abandoned than the city. It's not abandoned so much as ignored. I think the difference matters because abandonment is a relationship. An abandoned place has been given up. This is why abandonment makes so much of the national psyche on the island: being abandoned is an identity.

As for me, connecting with this place by running made me feel like I belonged here much more than the locals did. Between the social life, which is so saturated with symbols, and the soil of the island, there are a great many layers for the locals. For me, there is nothing. This is why it's just me running around here. Unmediated relation to the geology of the place. The privilege of the foreigner.

It's very barren, lots of crickets, some snakes and big hares --they're beautiful. Even when they run away, they're quite relaxed. Of course, it's full of signs of war. Mostly signs of possible war more than of the past war. A couple of trenches, buried army posts, silly flags painted on the rocks, on both sides. But the job of the army, mainly, is to be invisible. It must be able to act without being seen, pure latent power almost. If anything, it transforms the creek into a stage. Being surrounded by the army posts makes the path look like it's a latent place of action: it's a creek, a location maybe, but it can become a place anytime. Not a place yet, of course, it has no history, it is not a context for anything. But it has the material existence that makes it a possible battlefield. When or if it becomes one, the creek, of course, will disappear, and it won't be a good place to run anymore, if running means emptying your head, letting your body take charge of your own being, reducing yourself to it entirely. That is to say, if running means turning a person into a body. People are in places, and bodies are in locations. This place makes me want to run because being a person here is inappropriate; it helps you be a body to be in a location that's not yet a place. This is why I feel so much for the soldiers in the army posts. They are bodies if fighting, but

right now, they're literally wrapped in symbols, and their body cannot break free in a place that doesn't accommodate for it. I never felt so different from a soldier as then. It's like I was naked running and they were overdressed. All in the desert. [82]

Fig. 3. Haris Pellapaisiotis, *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* 2019. Split screen projection showing two views of the site I walked with Frank Chouraqui. The left view shows a bifurcated army trench. The right view from the same location shows the top of a mount where seashells are imbedded in the rock, see Fig. 4.

Haris Pellapaisiotis

After my walk with Frank, I revisit the site several times trying to find a way into this landscape. Soon it becomes clear that the senses have to function in another way, the body needs to give itself to the landscape and perhaps in return the site may reveal something of its own self. On my fourth visit, a rock, the size of a boulder, jumps out at me; it has broken off the main stack, which is slowly crumbling into dusty soil, revealing perfectly preserved fossils of marine life in the middle of this desert that was once covered by sea.

Scrutinizing the rock taken from the site, the geologist Costas Xenophontos refers to how tectonic plates shifted and pressed against each other to uplift out of the sea this island. Evaporating seawaters left behind sediments of marine life made of calcium carbonate, which over millennia had fused with siltstone, clay and lime to form a

82. Frank Chouraqui. (The author's original contribution to *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping,* unpublished manuscript, 2015).

crusted rocky terrain. Acidified rainwater bored into the most porous parts of the rock to produce ridges and cavities.

Captivated by the site, I google my way to this location, effortlessly traveling into the Buffer Zone and across to the trapezoid mount on the Turkish occupied north. Imbedded into the google digit-scape I come across various souvenir photos, flacking different points on the map, taken and posted by UN soldiers serving as peacekeepers between this side and the other.

An army jeep pulls up next to my parked car. The young soldier in uniform, shirt unbuttoned, and sleeves rolled us with tattoos running down his arms and up the side of his neck, smiles and informs me this is a sensitive area for photographing. I explain what I'm doing, he suggests ringing him next time in advance of my coming to photograph, so that he could inform the soldiers on guard. This is a different encounter with the army than the one imagined by Frank, and it stays with me.[83]

Fig.4. Shows fossilised seashells, photographed at the site.

83. Haris Pellapaisiotis, unpublished field notes / manuscript, 2014.

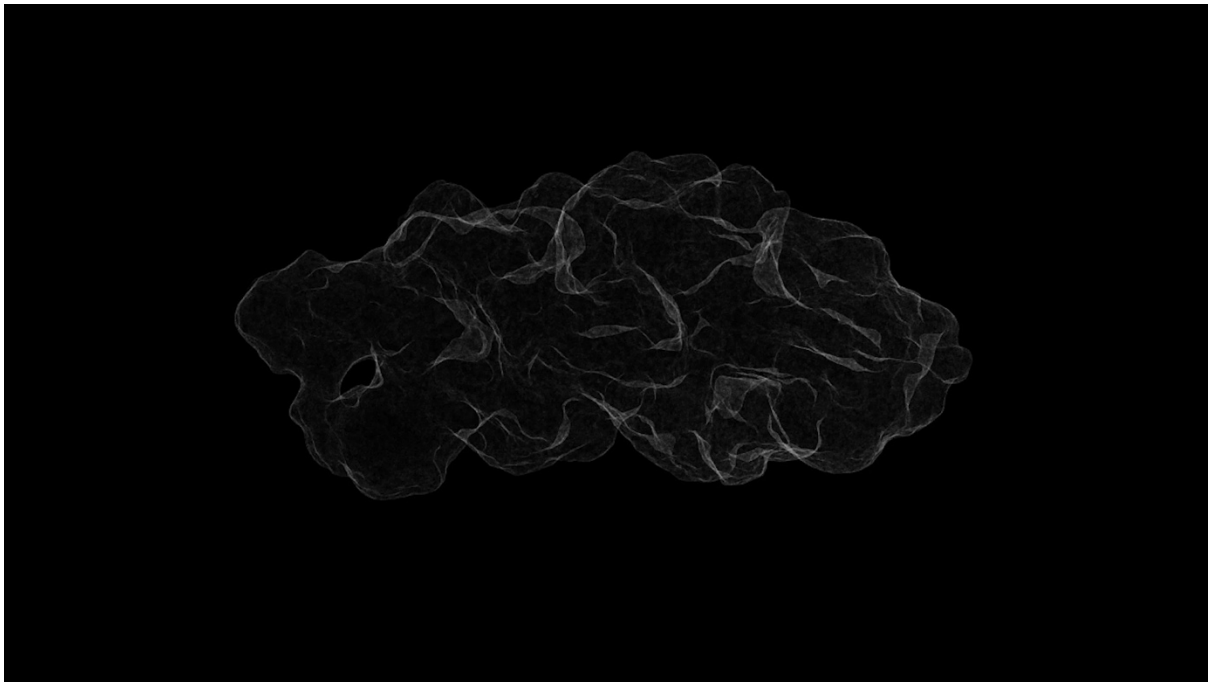

Fig. 5. Is a still from a 3D laser scan animation produced by the artist which shows a mesh outline of the rock taken from the site. Duration 3:40

In my mind, Frank's own writing, the geologist's explanation of the topography of this site and my own experience and observations which grow stronger with each visit, become interconnected and begin to merge into a single narrative of different voices. This transition signals the crossing of another threshold and the passing into another stage, where the artist entrusted with the sharing of information, emotions and experiences, takes on the responsibility of translating what is absorbed by the body and that which resides in memory without wanting to reduce everything to images of an idea or mimetic signs that speak in simple metaphors. The concern becomes one of transformation and translation, where the project passes from one stage to another; walking-in-two has led to the exploration of the site of the walk and from there to questions of *how* to transform a complex living environment into a newly configured form that takes the shape of a different spatiality; a photograph, or a video, recorded sound or text, that does not simply attempt to document and preserve the site, but to invent it.

In *Circulating Reference,* Bruno Latour collaborates with a scientific team of friends who were conducting research into soil degradation in the Brazilian Amazonian forest. Their research required turning a tiny fragment of this part of the world into a temporary laboratory, in order to understand whether the forest was receding or expanding. Latour's involvement was that of an observer-philosopher whose primary interest was in how a scientific method of gathering data can bridge the gap between two ontologically different domains; "language and nature." He describes the different stages of data gathering and comments on the transformation from forest to information, as the data is compressed in ways that it may reveal something hidden in matter itself. His own observations led him to conclude that matter collected from nature is not simply reduced into representational language, but is amplified at successive stages of transformation, so that at different stages of producing information there is a "trade-off between what is gained (amplification) and what is lost (reduction)…" The final outcome, in line with Latour's deductions, is "an entirely different phenomenon: circulating reference" as opposed to a philosophical tradition which approaches phenomena as the juncture between "things-in-themselves and categories of human understanding."[84]

Whilst Latour may function as mediator between two disciplines and as such he retains the position of an observant, my own approach as an artist involves working up-close, instigating, participating and leading the research into uncharted territories in anticipation of the narrative to come. Such an approach is indeed orientated towards something resembling the archive, as it relies to a large extent on collecting data of sorts from a particular physical site. But it is also unscientific in that any fragments of information extracted from the site are

84. Ibid, 71.

indeed subjected to amplification through a poetic process of transformation and interpretation that is open to wanderings of the imagination and of speculation. There is no doubt that such an approach introduces to the research something of a romantic and poetic sensibility to the relationship between the self and its environment, but that does not amount to romanticising the world within which the research takes place. Quite the contrary, an experiential way of knowing simply emphasises the knowledge that comes from the interconnectedness between the self and its environment as our perception of these two entities extend into each other. Therefore, the artist's body is no longer simply exploited as an abstracted form moving in space, but as a complex living self that is connected to a material site and a sense of place at the juncture where subjectivity becomes interconnected with narrativity. Such a perspective requires that the artist as archivist develops a different type of methodology, one that is open to relational thinking, where the sensing body becomes a necessary archival tool, insofar as it is vitalised and sensitised to what is transmitted from other bodies, objects and atmospheres.

Modern geographers have been interpreting geographies by emphasising human relationships where mapping is no longer seen as a purely science –or technology– biased activity. Maps can also be the products of a "dialogic and communicative self immersed in incessant recontextualization and, therefore, involves mapping at the intermeshing between agents ceaselessly participating in and responding to their environment."[85] As the social geographer Derek McCormack further points out, a number of geographers are questioning established distinctions between the material as a "reassuringly concrete presence" and the

85. Christina Ljungberg, "Mapping Practices for Different Geographies" in *Mapping Different Geographies: Lecture Notes in Geoinformation and Cartography*, eds. Karel Kriz, William Kartwright, Lorenz Hurni (LNG & Springer, 2010), 37-56.

immaterial as the "intangible, evanescent, and unearthly."[86] Nigel Thrift further points out his book on N*on-Representational Theory* that mapping is also about "*the geography of what happens*".[87] Thinking of mapping through bodily reality, constituted by one's own physical/mental/psychical responses to their social and material environment, combines to form new navigational maps in the form of narrativised artefacts that call for different kind of topographies based on mobility and relational thinking, including openness to affectivity. Such an approach does not simply constitute a poetic translation of the material world but it is also political because it produces topologies, where, as Bal writes, "topology destroys linearity by making not a "sequence" but "embedding" a principle of narrative time".[88] That being the case, a sequential spread of chronological events that follow one another is disrupted by the insertion of "narrative time" where a different conception of time, which is equally constituted by "events, actors, time, and location together constitute the material of a fabula."[89] A *fabula* is a story or a narrative where the narrative is related by an agent in a particular medium such as language, imagery, sound, the performative act of walking, a piece of chorography, or a combination thereof. Walking-in-two, retracing a particular path that resonates with personal memories, is not to be thought as an act onto itself, but rather as an act that is orchestrated by the artist in order to stimulate the experience of an event where the event is the transition from one state to another.

86. Derek P. McCormack, "Remotely Sensing Affective Afterlives: The Spectral Geographies of Material Remains", *Annals of the American Geographers*, 100:3 (published online: 07 June, 2010), 640-654.

87. Nigel Thrift, 2007: 2 (Italics in original)

88. Bal, *Autotopography*, 2002: 180-198.

89. Mieke Bal, Narratology: Introduction to the Theory of Narrative, 2nd edition (Toronto: University of Toronto, 2007), 7.

Primary Example 2:

A triad collaboration between Yael Navaro, Haris Pellepaisiotis and Susan Kozel

In her book, *Closer: Performance, Technology, Phenomenology,* Professor Susan Kozel (one of the contributors to this project) cites a passage from Francisco Varela's book, *The Embodied Mind: Cognitive Science and Human Experience*, that reveals how both Martin Heidegger and Maurice Merleau-Ponty "stressed the pragmatic, embodied context of human experience, but in a purely theoretical way." This argument led Kozel to question "how [does] one actually perform a phenomenology?"[90] As if in answer to her own question, in a later article (2017), she refers to her collaboration with *Walking Narratives and Affective Mappings,* as one of several examples where her notion of affect is developed into a form of "archival performance."[91] Kozel considers the archive to be a living body of knowledge –one that is in a constant state of flux and must be approached as an evolving and dynamic interconnected practice that implicates various creators, records, technologies and structures. Such an outlook opens the possibility of affiliating the archive to aesthetic speculations, the imagination and to art, in equal measures. As Kozel further indicates, this is in contrast to more standardised approaches of archiving, where recorded facts and data are collected and stored in specially designed spaces and repositories for future retrieval.[92]

In 2016, I was invited to attend and participate in a day-long workshop in

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90. Susan Kozel, *Closer: Performance, Technologies, Phenomenology* (Cambridge, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 2007), 48.

91. Susan Kozel, *The Archival Body: Re-enactments, Affective Doubling and Surrogacy* (Medea, Malmö University: Mar 13, 2017). https://medium.com/the-new-human/the-archival-body-re-enactments-affective-doubling-and-surrogacy-448815d62c07

92. Susan Kozel, *Living Archives,* Research Project, Malmo University, project Statement. http://livingarchives.mah.se/research-methodologies/ Accessed, June 13, 2016.

Copenhagen led by Professor Kozel, titled, *Affect, Interface Event*. The workshop was attended by nine academics from different disciplines and took the form of somatic psychology, where physical exercises were used to energetically connect individuals to each other and to the group. Each person was invited to become receptive to the transmission of energies between bodies, which would lead invariably to a greater consciousness of their own sensations, thoughts and physical occupancies in space. During the subsequent discussion, the essential issue was whether such densities could be recaptured and structured into a research practice.

Although I was experimenting with the same question in my own art research, what I learned from Kozel was the necessary switch from affect as a purely theoretical proposition to its performativity. I had invited Kozel to visit Cyprus as a researcher and during her visit I arranged for her to meet with Yael Navaro, with whom I had already collaborated on a walk that involved crossing from one side of the military divide in Nicosia to the other. It is important for the reader to know that Navaro is a Turkish national connected to Cyprus through wedlock to a Turkish Cypriot. They lived together for a period in the north of Cyprus, which since 1974 is occupied by the Turkish army and has been under Turkish Cypriot administration. Turkey, Cyprus and Greece are three distinct sovereign entities, whereas Turkish and Greek Cypriots share a common national identity as both ethnic groups are Cypriot. Legally, they are neither Turkish or Greek nationals respectively even though they may feel culturally connected to Turkey or Greece. Similarly, Greek or Turkish nationals are not Cypriot and so for Navaro to be in Cyprus was the same as being in a foreign country. However, our walk from her side of the divide to the "Greek" side was not "politically" motivated in the way political discourses of the division tend to always be privileged and prioritized over other forms of narratives. Rather, this was a walk that for Navaro, in the midst

of trying to gain custody of her daughter following her divorce, became an almost daily routine as she journeyed from one set of solicitors in the north of Nicosia to another in the south. Kozel's involvement with this project occurred in a very organic way and shifted the emphasis from a dual collaboration to demonstrating how, in practice, an openness to affective sensibility of working may unfold in unexpected directions that allow for creative growth. Moreover, it is an example of a narrative that is constructed by walking, where the act of walking, talking and listening may reveal something meaningful about the unsettled relationship between place and self. What emerges through these three independent voices is a single narrative that finds purpose in the resolution of working from a processual perspective and a position of "always more than one."[93] What follows are the unabridged textual contributions to this project from Navaro and Kozel preceded by the artist's own notes of events, where together the three voices form a single intermeshed narrative:

Haris Pellapaisiotis

> Two women locked in each other's company, talking excitedly in their own language, laughing and chatting, make their way pass me to the bus waiting to take them to their village. I walk in the opposite direction to meet with the anthropologist Yael Navaro. The border is porous; bodies cross casually and with such ease that it is hard to imagine that just over a decade ago this was physically a no-go area, off limits, to its people.
>
> Even so, the body involuntarily composes itself into a parody of its own carefree stride as it approaches the first guardhouse with its weather-faded posters seeking sympathy for war injustices. In the interspace between one policed post and the other, the body finds something of its natural stride before the other side comes into view, forcing its presence on the landscape with bold coloured symbols and nationalist declarations of an independent state. The body is literally and metaphorically caught between these two narratives when it enters the Buffer Zone.
>
> On this side of the border a pale and expressionless face stares back at me and tells me that I cannot cross –and all because I did not sign out on my return visit three years

93. Erin Manning, *Always More than One: Individuation's Dance* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2013), 17.

ago. Now an impregnable border within a border, unseen and un-negotiable, and more real than its physical equivalent stops my crossing. The best I could do is to apologise. I acknowledge that a mistake was made, and surely, the issue could be resolved. Of course, I understand that administratively the records show that I am still on his side of the border, but here I am, and I cannot be here and there at the same time, is it not enough that I am standing here, in person? Evidently not, a deposition is needed that I reside on my side of the border, then, physically and administratively I would be one again –but this will take weeks.

Yael, having left her car is now standing beside me asking for an explanation in Turkish –moving halfway into the guardhouse talking to this man's superior, who on hearing her voice turns to look at the female Turkish speaker.

Yael's persistence pays off; provided that I could present a household bill with my address, I could cross over with her. The problem is that when I do find the necessary document it's in Greek, I explain this to the older policeman who with a trace of a smile replies "εν' εντάξει" ("it's ok" spoken in Greek) and waves us on.

When Yael settled in Cyprus with her Cypriot husband –he a poet and a vociferous advocate for unification between Greek and Turkish Cypriots, she a scholar of stature from the U.K.– they thought themselves above the political squabbles of the division. Crossing back and forth having likeminded Greek Cypriot friends made them feel that they were transgressing the entrenched thinking that maintains this separation, the Buffer Zone became their gateway to a new Cyprus. In reality, as Yael explains during our walk, it was the other way around; notions of exclusion and division had incipiently seeped into ordinary life, analogies between the invisible boundaries of marriage and those drawn by states and the military soon became apparent. And with the divorce he opportunistically exploited the division to restrict her movement with their daughter, who attended a private school on the south side of the divide. [94]

Yael Navaro

With my separation from my husband, I started to walk Nicosia differently. Being 'off' the zones of marriage, re-positions one's orientation towards the city. I was re-spatialized, 'displaced,' yet re-emplaced. This, in a city which has undergone multiple historical disorientations, displacements within itself, has been quite a unique experience.

There is a way in which one walks when married. You walk within the 'zone,' even when not at 'home.' Time and space and how you straddle it is an extension of this 'marital home.' 'Where have you been?' 'When are you coming back?' The agreed route is repetitive. It is controlled. It is a subtly imposed and unspoken norm. An unspoken yet imposing bordering of life. And likewise of the mind. Marriage confines one's imagination and manages one's relations with others. It is a censorship mechanism, a mode of 'governmentality.'

94. Haris Pellapaisiotis, unpublished field notes / manuscript, 2016.

And so, there were routes I walked through when within my marriage, and others I did not (unless they were for anthropological research purposes). The route from home to school, and quickly back, and there were curfew hours, times when I was never out, or so it appears looking at it from the other side.

As soon as I was separated, moving house, I was re-orientated. The same city appeared different. I started walking different paths, using hours of the day I did not previously use much, the early morning, the late night. My phone wouldn't ring if I wandered off the time-space zone. There was no longer really a 'zone.' This was a new phenomenology. It wasn't just that my body was positioned anew vis-à-vis the city, people, the world. With it, in unison, my imagination was freed. I encountered new people, mutually said hello. Conversations took new turns. New friends emerged, new faces in my life, new people who would have never entered had I chosen to remain within the habitat of 'marriage.' Even this half-dead city started to blossom through the serendipity that walking outside 'the norm' made possible. Every day could harbour a surprise. I was walking with a mischievous smile. Good morning!

Marriage has invisible boundaries, physical-material ones as in 'the house,' and intangible ones like those in the imagination and the organization of space and time. In fact, one could conceive of marriage like a mini-state! As I found out, the legal process of divorce is meant to protect the sanctity of this state-within-a-state. Borders control the movement of children with their mothers, check in, check out. Or the legal systems of nation-states support the order of marriage. For why else would it be so difficult to get out of?

Walking outside the tangible and intangible borders of marriage, beyond its 'walls,' allows other encounters. In Nicosia, for me, these were also outside the normativity of both Turkish-Cypriot and Greek-Cypriot middle-class societies, their whereabouts, their hangouts, aesthetics, expectations, and modes of sociality. So, I found myself walking on a Sunday morning, when my daughter was with her father, on the outskirts of the Venetian walls of Nicosia, at a time when only migrant domestic workers from Sri Lanka, the Philippines, and Vietnam walk the streets. Sri Lankan women made community in the municipal gardens of Nicosia, near Ledra Palace, on Sundays, trimming each other's hair, tidying eyebrows, selling their own food and produce, chatting, sitting in the shade of trees, and celebrating festivals. An entire community of Catholic Filipinas would meet every Sunday at the Latin church by Paphos Gate to pray, chant, and hymn in their own congregation for Jesus. Right next door, a special altar had been designed for the Virgin Mary, under a makeshift cave, by Sri Lankan migrants at the Nicosia seat of the Vatican. One day, Vietnamese ladies celebrated their women's day with a song competition at the municipal gardens. All were dressed up for the occasion. The way through from Paphos Gate into old town Nicosia by the Maronite church and the St. Joseph school was spotted with rented rooms turned into Evangelical churches for migrant communities who would come to congregate on Sundays. I hung out in these spaces outside the 'Sunday brunch' normativity of married Cypriot middle-class life. There was a freedom entailed in the possibility of

being out at a time dedicated to the married indoors, a lens made possible through separation.

My paths crossed in these time-spaces with those of migrants, outside the contours of society's primary organizing institution. One turns into a home, spaces outdoors when one's sense of home has been challenged. So did the migrant workers, the women from Sri Lanka who sat in the grounds of the municipal gardens with their friends every Sunday. I also lingered in the streets of the old town, south the border of my marriage, turning the uncanny into homely in unlikely spaces. One domesticates a city by lingering in its spaces in unexpected ways, at odd times. I noticed that those who walk the city at these other times, outside the time-space of marriage, greeted one another hello, unbeknownst to one another, as if this discovery of the early morning breeze and its caress of one's face was a tightly held secret.

The transformation was existential. My entire being had undergone change, once in a new time-space horizon. I moved differently within myself, in my body. My expressions, my smile felt different to my face. Even my arms, legs, my limbs stretched more, as if there was more space for them within which to be. I walked life in a new way, striding through anew, through back streets, each time discovering another crevice of Nicosia, beyond the mainstream, and far from the main streets.

The migrant women met each other in the churches on Sundays, their only day off work and beyond the gaze of their employers. They sang rhythmically together, with arms raised high, chests enlarged. To Mother Mary, to Jesus, to their own God. I sat in the churches by their side. Listening to the music they made and riding along the transcendence they created in unison.

And outside the confines of the married home, it was friendship that grew. As one cares for one's plants, with water and sunlight, I nourished my friendships. Without a husband with whom to negotiate one's relations with others, my friendships reached depths previously unknown. Conversations lengthened. They were no longer cut, controlled, or self-censored. This re-bordering of life had allowed a new imagination to emerge. Observations of middle-class married life from the outside in, inside out. Humour reaching new platitudes.

I marked this dysfunctional city, with a border running through its under-belly, with new sites of memory. If its sites of marriage invoked affects of tension, imminent emotional danger, or unease, I walked through them post-marriage and re-inscribed them with mischief. If the paths of my married itinerary reminded me of jarring incidents or disturbance, I cut across them diagonally and drove through. This city which felt my innermost pain, transformed through separation into a town of jouissance. I discovered a new town aesthetic, another urban clock I had not previously perceived. I started noticing details that my eyes would not register before. Date trees bent in the evening breeze if you watched them carefully. Some women

attended the Faneromeni church and bent backwards to plead with God. Women came out of church after the Saturday morning prayer holding each other's arms…[95]

Susan Kozel

My second re-enactment for Pellapaisiotis' *Affective Mapping* project is a re-enactment based on affective doubling: it reveals how affect can be set in motion as an artistic strategy, but sometimes it overtakes us. Hijacks us. This is what happened with me when I met with Yael Navaro, an anthropologist and also one of the contributing artists.

Yael took me on a walk through her Nicosia –in particular, the abandoned dwellings proximate to the dividing wall. Oddly, the intensity of the abandoned buildings did not create affective pressure points or density for me; her gestures did.

I absorbed Yael's gestures. Not intentionally, this just happened over the course of a conversation in a café about her life in Nicosia. Her life is one of divisions and borders, navigating a divided city on a daily basis, attempting to repair a divided life. Her description was raw not merely because of traumatic events, but due to her gestural vocabulary that maintained a vital and persistent counterpoint to her words: her arms, torso and legs were active, even while sitting, as she described her life and sketched her potential contribution to Pellapaisiotis' project. I noticed diagonal slashing gestures (across the heart, from shoulder to hip, arm out with a bodily torque) and a particularly striking gesture to exemplify dismemberment (arm up, dislocated from leg). The slashing intensity made its way to my hastily scrawled notes.

By setting in motion some of the affective potential offered by Yael's gestures, I was struck by the ethical tensions latent to re-enacting another's movements: ethics in relation to her, but to myself too. Re-enacting: but these are not my gestures. My heart hurts. This affect is shared but it is not mine. I have a choice to hold it or to perform it. Performance is transmutation as well as surrogacy. How not to get stuck reliving the pain of others.

As I began to experiment with performing my recollection of Yael's gestures, the process integrated Yael's body and my body in a way that went beyond re-enactment. Affective doubling made sense for me because it accounted for both the philosophical and the performative dimensions of the way I could hold gestures that were not my own, along with their affective charge. It explained how I could be aware of performing the gestures of another but acknowledge that my heart hurts with the affective residue. I understood on a physical and phenomenological level what Massumi meant when he said, "affective doubling gives the body's movements a kind of depth that stays with it across all its transitions" (Massumi 1995, 4) –in this case the transitions spanned bodies. I did not want to get stuck reliving the pain of another,

95. Yael Navaro, (the author's original contribution to *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping,* unpublished manuscript, 2016).

but I wanted to give this archival 'material' the care and attention it deserved without simply appropriating it. In the short clip below, of my re-enacting Yael's gestures, Jeannette Ginslov enters into the doubling of affect with her video editing, the affective exchange travelled further across bodies and media.[96]

Fig. 6. Haris Pellapaisiotis. *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* 2019. Still from split channel video, showing on the right a short video dance choregraphed by Susan Kozel and edited by Jeannette Ginslov, where Susan acts out Yael's gestures. The left channel depicts scenes from a group church worship by Filipino home workers at the Holy Cross Catholic Church in Nicosia.

Kozel's textual and choreographed video contributions to *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* demonstrate in practice how what is sensed by the body is abstracted into its potential as an activity in the mind and given new form. Affection doubles into conscious reflection, that takes the form of performance. Effective doubling, as Kozel demonstrates, gains an outward tangible dynamic and an expression that has the potential to continue transforming into new forms of expression that are designed to retain that element of continuous transformation at each stage of transition from expansion to reduction.

Working from such a perspective reveals how a relational practice that is open to

96. Kozel authored this text in part through her involvement with *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping,* 2016. It was originally corresponded to the author of this essay through email as unpublished manuscript, 2016. It was later presented by Kozel in seminars https://medium.com/the-new-human/the-archival-body-re-enactments-affective-doubling-and-surrogacy-448815d62c07

affectivity may form the architecture for a way of working that is derived from a position of it being "born in i*n-between-ness* and resides as accumulative *beside-ness*"[97] and with-ness. As Latour points out, between "form" and "matter" there is a slight gap that qualifies the movement back and forth. The academic philosopher and dancer Erin Manning had pushed the idea of the other space formed out of relations further, by referring to William James' notion of a third space opened up to experience. She writes that "this third space (or interval) is active with the tendencies of interaction but is not limited to them. Relation folds experience into it such that what emerges is always more than the sum of its parts."[98] For Manning, this outlook constitutes a "complex interrelational matrix of being and worldling" that "foregrounds the relationality inherent in experience, a kind of feeling-with the world."[99]

As this research makes the transition from walking to an exploration of a site, site and self fold into each other and are energized by actions and expressions that produce expansion of thinking beyond strict dichotomies of binary constructs of mind and body, nature and culture, or of a bounded self that stops at skin, ethnicity or national identities. Instead, these polar divisions are cast aside, skin becomes the porous topological surface that draws something within, where that shimmering intensity of presence is amplified and transformed into real interior knowledge that finds its own translation into form. My collaboration with the poet and academic Stephanos Stephanides gives further insights into this process of working, where affect forms into a presence in relations that energise the potential of the narrative.

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97. Gregory J. Seigworth and Melissa Gregg, "An Inventory of Shimmers" in *The Affect Theory Reader* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2010) 1-25 (Italics in original).

98. Erin Manning, "What if it Didn't All Begin and End with Containment? Toward a Leaky Sense of Self", *Body and Society,* Vol. 15 (3), 33-45: 2009.

99. Ibid.

Primary Example 3:

Let the Dead Speak

I did not know Stephanides well and so prior to our walk he sent me a published copy of an excerpt from an autobiographical novel he was working on titled, *Winds Come from Somewhere*. What caught my attention in this essay was a particular photograph of Stephanides' mother. There was something unruly about this photograph, which prompted me to write to him with my own thoughts about it. The photograph became the source of our conversation and the basis of our working collaboration; but it was also the cause for further reflection as the project extended beyond the simply biographical. These thoughts of the photograph of the "mother" were shared in an exchange of emails and over coffee meetings with Stephanides –some of which took place prior to our walk and his own written contribution to this project.

On one level, what distinguished this portrait of a young woman in her twenties – taken in the late 1950s or early 1960s by an unknown photographer– is that she exhumed a fashionable and worldly elegance, rarely seen in photographs depicting Cypriot women from that era. It is worth pointing out that the photograph was published in a local English newspaper at the time it was taken, showing her sitting in a café establishment which she owned and managed; an unusual social phenomenon in itself, as at that time it was generally considered to be a social taboo for women to frequent coffee houses, let alone own one. The publication of the photograph in a newspaper, Stephanides writes, "…made her father angry. He said mothers should not have their pictures taken showing off their beauty. 'She didn't care,' she said. 'Neither did I,' I said"[100] (Stephanides here referring to his reaction as a child

100. Stephanos Stephanides, *Winds Come from Somewhere* (Nicosia: Cadences, vol.5, 2009), 117-133.

against his grandfather's scolding of his mother). From a cultural point of view, it was evident that the particular portrait signified an untypical depiction of a Cypriot woman from that time. However, the semiotic significance of the photograph as a signifier of a Cyprus in transition from a traditional society to a modern one seemed to pale in importance by an undercurrent of nuances of mixed emotions and energies, unknown to me at the time, that haunted both the photograph and the narrative that was to unfold. Unlike other photographs of his mother that Stephanides was to later show me, this image of her remained steadfast in my mind. It kept coming back. It seemed to be invested with a type of sentient dynamic, an accumulation of histories and emotional intensities and affectivities, which were not present in other photographs of her. Stephanides' own cognisance of it as a singularly unique portrait of his mother and his predilection towards the specific image of her represented only one narrative layer. Naturally, for him the photograph holds biographical significance, but this did not mean that the photograph was a simple memento mori of someone that once was, and should be read thus through his relationship to it. My own emotional detachment to the person depicted in the photograph, introduced to it a different type of intimacy of its presence in the 'now.' Scrutinising the photograph further, I sensed another presence; it is the lover who speaks in this photograph from a distance of admiration –not the mother, but the unknown photographer behind the camera who captured this moment of silent desire. It is as if we bear witness to his discrete sense of looking. This amorous display is mediated by the camera and caught on film, injecting into this picture its sense of resistance, its refusal to take its place in the family album. This photograph was not intended to be a simple record of someone young and vivacious. It demands that it exists now in its nomadism as an object in syncopated time –always coming back, always present, always going forward.

Fig. 7. Photographer unknown. Family photograph supplied by Stephanos Stephanides.

British-based German writer W.G. Sebald referred to photographs as "nomadic thing[s]." Photographs as objects are "intended to get lost", only to be rediscovered and rescued from that "stream of history that keeps rushing past".[101] Sebald highlights the spectral continuity of the photograph –its uncanny persistence in coming and going, both as a physical object and as image. Sebald suggests that some photographs (but not all) retain traces of the atmosphere and conditions in which they were taken; driven by an almost libidinal quality. They are therefore affective spaces that retain and continue to transmit affectivity or –to use Sebald's terminology– haunt and inhabit the present while simultaneously opening up fresh potentialities independent of their original intent. Do we then dare to consider the particular photograph of the "mother" as the driving force of the narrative? After all, it is this photograph that breathes life into the narrative; it is the presence of the person in the photograph that provided new trajectories of the entangled narratives

101. W.G. Sebald, y la fotografía, 3 April 2014. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PYoIbYgcADw
See also: *Patience (After Sebald*), directed by Grand Gee, 2011.

and imaginings that resonated with both Stephanides and myself and propelled our experimental collaboration forward in anticipation of a narrative that had yet to emerge.

In fact, our collaboration extended into a series of unforeseen and uncanny twists, where the element of the spectral materiality of affect produced an entanglement of *who* was actually leading the narrative. Who was walking in whose footsteps? When we did meet for our walk, Stephanos wanted to show me where he lived as a child with his mother. This was before his father took him away to England, following his parents' separation. The apartment is situated within the ramparts of the Venetian walls, overlooking the moat of the old fortified city of Nicosia. He fails to locate the apartment, as we walk up and down, and for a moment he stops. His expression is of fathomless dejection and loss. Much later, in an email, I comment on the poignancy of this moment. "Of course," he replies, "because I want it to be there."[102]

Along with the photograph of the mother, this moment defined the direction of the narrative that was to come. At his request we programmed a second walk and whilst waiting to meet up with him I intuitively photographed the set of concrete steps leading down to the moat that encircles the Venetian walls that were in the process of demolition to make way for a Zaha Hadid architectural construction. The city is being modernized; it is being provided with a public square that reconnects the old fortified capital with its modern counterpart. The photograph was taken prior to knowing of its significance as a landmark for Stephanos' own story. The photograph gained added poignancy when, soon after it was taken, the steps were completely demolished; vanished from sight. This happened in the course of us discussing the possibility of making a video with him standing on the steps reading his elegiac verse that he

102. Stephanos Stephanides, email message to author, December 27, 2014.

had composed to his mother as his contribution to this project. As a compromise we looked for an alternative space, an interior perhaps, reminiscent of the style of apartment he shared with his mother. In the absence of gaining access to the original building, we searched for a place that he would feel comfortable in, and settled on a house inhabited by a mutual friend. The weird thing was that this was the house owned by my now deceased godmother and which for me, growing up in Nicosia, was a second home. Trying to capture something of the atmosphere of the period of Stephanides' childhood, I turned to familiar objects infused with memories from my own childhood, that were left behind by their previous owner: the red velvet parlour chair now frayed, a chunky crystal flower vase, a dressing table, geometrically decorated floor tiles and other such details. Interestingly, the unexpected encounter with relics from my own past becoming entangled in someone else's biographical narrative allowed me to approach these objects in the present and not as nostalgic objects.

In its conventional form, the anecdotal narrative is the recounting of a succession of memorised events uttered by a narrator and in a way, it is always located in the past, in memory. But, if we take my collaboration with Stephanides as an example of a process of constructing a narrative generated by serendipitous moments, marked by encounters of all sorts, then the question emerges: at which point does the narrative commence and who exactly is driving the narrative? It would be logical to assume that the narrative begins with the actual walk, or perhaps at the point when Stephanides takes up the invitation to lead me on a walk. But then again, the deciding factor for the particular path may have come about because of my speculating on the poise of the woman in the photograph, the moment it was taken, the compositional elements, and even its reproductive quality in the pages of the essay. Perhaps I was responding to all these elements because together they worked to emanate a presence that infused the photograph with an air of animism, which cut across the

decades that separate it from the present moment of being looked at and the moment it was taken. Thought in these terms, the serendipitous encounter with objects from the past that had haunted this narrative that we were crafting engendered its relevance in the temporal present, thereby indicating a mode of working at odds with traditional scholarly notions of collecting data from an objective and exterior standpoint. Retracing a walk -a walk that is both alive in memory and is performed in the present as an actual event- is to activate through reenactment and a process of construction that involves a sensitivity to unforeseen encounters, what Rebecca Schneider refers to as the disturbance of "the linearity of time…the scandal that one might be able to actually *turn back*, or *step aside*, *speak with the dead* or *let the dead speak*,"[103] in the present.

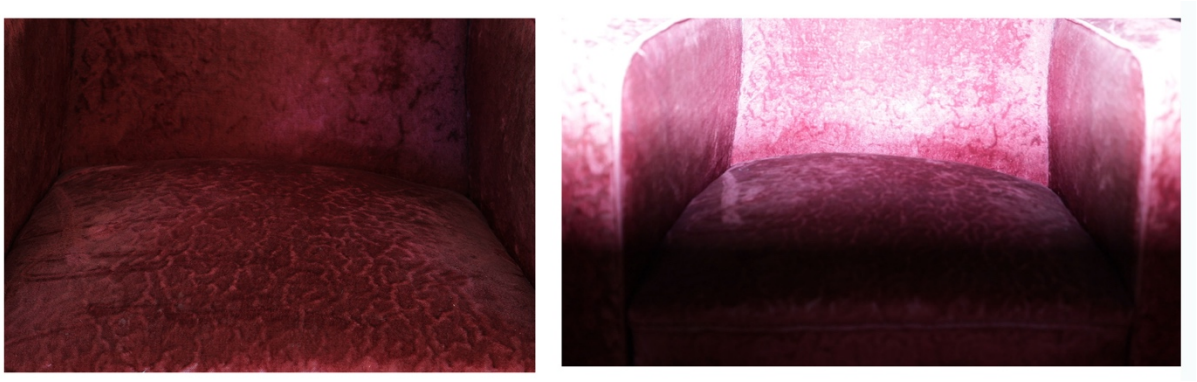

Fig. 8 Haris Pellapaisiotis. *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* 2019. Stills from single channel video with Stephanos Stephanides.

103. Rebecca Schneider, "Besideness, Amongness, Wit(h)ness: Reenactment as Likeness or Call and Response?", Conference paper at "*The Future of Reenactment*" conference, Duke University, April 20, 2017. (italics in original) https://www.academia.edu/32673625/Amongness_Besideness_Withness_Duke_2017?auto=download

Fig. 9. Haris Pellapaisiotis. *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping,* 2019. Still from single channel video with Stephanos Stephanides. In 2017 Susan Kozel, Rebecca Schneider and I had arranged to give talk about our collaboration at Point Center for Contemporary Art, Nicosia. In advance of the talk, Stephanides and I recorded his written contribution (see below) on a mobile as he had to travel abroad and could not attend. Kozel too had to cancel her trip from Sweden and so I presented the project with Schneider who acted as a respondent to my presentation. The quality of the recording made with Stephanides was bad, so I asked Schneider to read Stephanides' text at the presentation. When he returned, I arranged for him to listen to the recording of the reading by Schneider whilst videoing him listening to his own words for the first time being read by a stranger. Later we recorded his text in his own voice in a recording studio and dubbed it onto the video, thereby giving it the air of a soliloquy.

Stephanos Stephanides

> I don't know if I can yet be a shaman and speak in the voices of the dead. Now that she is dead she is even more of an ungraspable enigma in mind, in dreams, in memory, she has become a shamaness from another world. How do we structure feelings of our messy and unpredictable –now deceased– progenitors? For a few years after her death, she would appear in my dreams as if still alive. In exasperation I would ask her angrily why she pretended to be dead –leaving us all in our bereavement, when she was apparently just hiding somewhere. She would answer like the diva she was, that she would come and go as she pleases. Maybe I could be a kind of ghost dowser or a psychopomp. I remembered burying her disenchanted corpse. I recall that I once inhabited her body –my womb habitation– until I pushed my way out releasing myself from her flesh–, her body my threshold between worlds. Perhaps all habitations are attached in death to stories over time, posthumous acts of memorialisation by

designated mourners, obsequies and rites tying up loose ends, mitigating desire for roads taken and not taken.

In the city, I always catch a glimpse of the fleeting presence of her being –her fracture of eternity in the anguished sensuality of the world and the city. When I want to tune in on her and pick up her movements, I move in and around D'Avila moat. I remember how I saw the world from new heights and depths when I was a boy and I came from the village to stay with her in her third floor apartment looking down over the moat with the row of date palms –graceful sentries watching over. I would accompany her back and forth from her apartment to the Chez Nous, her café-bar enterprise just down the road from Solomou Square, taking different routes. Sometimes taking the inside of the city wall and sometimes the outside of the city wall and sometimes through the moat. As we passed the statue of the poet, he would turn his head to take in her charisma and graceful gait. A diva traverses the square. When I was confident enough to take the road alone, my preferred route would be to cross the road from the Chez Nous and walk down the steps into the moat, cross the park and up again to the road and up three flights of stairs to her apartment. Walking with Haris, I catch a glimpse of the steps hanging for their life ready to vanish into the moat– demolished for the cities new overlay.

As I was thinking of her obituary, I looked for a photo of her from the days of the Chez Nous. Sitting thoughtfully or posing like a diva. That's how I remembered her most as I looked at her corpse like an effigy in her favourite yellow linen suit giving liquidity to her cold flesh. I crossed her neck with a scarf of Mysore silk and placed a stick of sandalwood incense by her side. I would orchestrate her final exit. Farewell to all flesh. Now I am here and now I am gone. If you don't see me, then don't make it matter. Svanire svanire è dunque la ventura delle venture –to vanish is the greatest of fortunes, one of my favourite poets said. She vanished like lightning Shrovetide Sunday the last year of the second millennium. Farewell to all flesh, carne levare on the day the islanders call *sikosi* or *apokria,* the holy pantomime of carnival. I look at her photos and remember her walking in the city. Moving against the irreversible sadness of mortality, morbidity and decay. Her departure was like lightning. Katerina always came and went like lightning. I was holding her hand when she was in her final death throes and I saw her let go of her breath as she tried to hold on to the spirit one final instant before the final flight. She is the first person I ever saw die at the very instant. So quick –a flash– sleight of hand. I did not catch the birds in her intricate brain fly away releasing her intimate dreams. Why did the moment escape me? I stood waiting for an echo to this valediction to the flesh, the final flash of Shrovetide. The next day was *Deftera tis Katharas*. The day of ashes. I wondered why the Orthodox did not incinerate corpses into ashes. Memento homo. Quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteres. Angaye idam na mama. Would she be an unquiet ghost and arouse my pursuit of illegitimate freedom? An elusive *prima generatrix* speaking to me from another world? I want to hunt down homilies in their track, and write her obsequy with my own conceits to seek out rites of bodies and their inconclusive longings. I will become my own mayin of maya, a master of the alchemy of transition. I will appear and disappear. Sail or fly away. And sometimes back again with illusory dream bodies sometimes unpenetrating in their darkness sometimes metaphors in lucid unity

> sometimes spawning joy in their own destruction and creation. I suggest to Haris we walk eastward from Eleftheria Square inside the wall to find the apartment building where she lived until 1958. A mid-twentieth Nicosia yellowstone if I remember well. Will I be able to identify it? I try and follow my boyhood track step-by-step.[104]

Approaching the potentiality of the construction of narrative in this way means that a necessary part of the process requires the activation of what Brian Massumi terms as *sensing-seeing* –as something new to be perceived through the narrative potential of the walk and, in that perceptual moment, the narrative is inhabited and is been narrated through more than one body, more than one voice. My initial role as an artist is to create the dynamic of that situation and to formulate the support structure for the event to unfold; this is also to acknowledge the self-reflexive potential of the artist as agent in driving the narrative. From this perspective, neither the initial walk nor any other individual element related to the walk could be thought as archival material in any conventional sense of the term. Firstly, because the walk is in anticipation of the narrative that had yet to be formed, as opposed to archiving a narrative that already exists in space and time. Secondly, this project is not about maintaining memory, but about creating memory.

The politics of walking in Nicosia

Before concluding this Chapter, I wish to address the political in Cyprus in a more direct way by referring to three more walks; two were conducted as part of this project and one other –independent of this project– appeared in an academic paper authored by the political anthropologist and academic Yiannis Papadakis. The reason for connecting these three together is that they were fortuitously conducted in the same area following more or

104. Stephanos Stephanides, (the author's original contribution to *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping,* unpublished manuscript, 2017).

less the same path, but demonstrate different outcomes and a different approach to walking that gives further insights to my methodology. Since the turn of the 20th century, walking in the city has been attributed with a sense of agency as a tool for engaging with the social and political. As Tim Ingold points out, the fact is that walking remains the most natural and non-technical means by which we may engage with "cognition and locomotion, and between the space of social and cultural life and the ground upon which that life is materially enacted." [105] As it has been argued by many, starting with Walter Benjamin and his contemporaries, to walk is to "enact the social" in that it is not a question of "simply describing the world as it is, but also enact it…"[106] To engage with walking as a way of relating and /or interacting with one's own material and social environment means to " *participate in*, *reflect upon*, and *enact* the social in a wide range of locations…"[107] Suffices to suggest that the very cognizance of the space occupied by the walker is apprehended experientially through relational experiences. Therefore, the city is not simply its representations or an object to be observed from a distance and to be understood in terms of signification, but is also a space that is performed into being. Perceiving one's urban environment in such a way amounts to accepting its fluidity as a space that engenders relational encounters from which narratives are formed. What then comes to be understood as forms of representations of that particular space is what is exposed by the quality of narratives that emerge out of and are circulated back into our literacy of the particular space. The quality of narrative is subject to the way one walks, and as I have argued so far, that amounts to developing a methodology that decenters the

105. Tim Ingold, "Culture on the Ground: The World Perceived Through the Feet" *Journal of Material Culture* Vol. 9(3): 315-340 (London: Sage 2004).

106. John Law and John Urry, "Enacting the Social" *Economy and Society*, 33:3, (August 2004), 390-410.

107. Ibid. (italics in original)

narrative by being sensitive to the complex and the elusive. My contention is that such a methodology indicates not a closure, but an open-endedness which brings into light new speculative possibilities of the reproductive logic of the language used to write our relationships with our own city environments.

Walking in the Hora: Yiannis Papadakis

Walking the Hora: 'Place' and 'Non-Place' in Divided Nicosia is a paper published by political anthropologist Yiannis Papadakis, who attempts to make use of walking as a way of examining *Hora* –the colloquial name by which Nicosia is known to Cypriots, the author informs us. Spelled also *chora,* this is, in fact, a widely used Greek term to refer to a main inland town. Nevertheless, in his paper, Papadakis wants to focus on how Greek and Turkish Cypriots, as social agents, construct their own kinds of 'places'. As he further states, he is interested to discover whether Nicosia "is –or is not– constituted as a 'place' in the light of de Certeau's (1984) and Augé's (1995) …formulation [of]… 'non-places.'"[108] Thus, he uses walking as a 'tactic' of investigation that involves tracing the circular road inside the Venetian Walls, which make up the older city of Nicosia. It is worth pointing out that in 1998, when this research was conducted, crossing from one side of the divide to the other, that is, to walk across the UN-controlled Buffer Zone which separates Greek and Turkish Cypriots, was not possible. Practicing walking as an empirical method of research, Papadakis wants to test what he interprets as de Certeau's method of walking in the city; he looks for "local meanings [which] emerge from private memories and stories…[that] animate the urban landscape in

108. Yiannis Papadakis, "Walking the Hora: 'Place' and 'Non-Place' in Divided Nicosia*" Journal of Mediterranean Studies* (University of Malta, 1998), Vol 8, No. 2: 302-327.

ways different from those intended by the higher authorities."[109] In other words, he wants to re-narrativise the way Nicosia has been officially interpreted and represented by the now familiar and dominant bi-polar narratives of Greek Cypriot versus Turkish Cypriot. According to Papadakis, the crux of de Certeau's thesis is to practice walking by being on the lookout for those details of 'personal' interpretations of histories of conflict written into the cityscape. Papadakis refers historically to the pre-1974 community life of divisions within the wider urbanised system of Nicosia between Greek and Turkish Cypriots, but also of the micro-spaces that are claimed by different actors affiliated with different political parties. Walking along the walls he encounters "the soccer club and coffee shop of Olympiakos… associated with the nationalist party DISI (*Dhemokratikos Sinaghermos* [Democratic Rally])…" with a flag of Greece flying outside the premises, whilst "a bit further up the road are the premises of Orfeas, another coffee shop, and soccer club. Orfeas is the left-wing club of the area."[110] Both these clubs are located in the former Turkish Cypriot neighbourhood of *Tahtakallas*[111] and Papadakis informs us that on his walkabout he learned from conversations with members of these establishments that the right-wing club was "burned down by Turkish Cypriots during the riots and interethnic violence on 8 June 1958", whilst the other club enjoyed the "best relations with Turkish Cypriots and that it was through left-wing institutions (such as trade unions) that past interethnic cooperation flourished."[112] However, almost halfway through his paper, Papadakis abandons de Certeau's tactic of walking, claiming that the Cypriot as an individual does not "want to be a world by himself… as Augé claims is the case in Western

109. Ibid.

110. Ibid.

111. Note: Officially it is spelled *Tahtakale* but here I am using the spelling as it appears in Papadakis' paper.

112. Ibid. 308

societies."[113] Instead he argues, citing Frederic Jameson's article, *Third World Literature in the Era of Multinational Capitalism* (1986), there cannot be a strict division between "the telling of the individual story, and the individual experience cannot but ultimately involve the whole laborious telling of the experience of the collective itself."[114]

Shifting the attention from walking to language of representation is something that de Certeau himself likens when he explains, "The act of walking is to the urban system what the speech act is to language or to the statements uttered." He further writes, "it thus seems possible to give a preliminary definition of walking as a space of enunciation."[115] Walking in the city, therefore, has the potential to destabilise *mono-optic* discourses of city space, which I understand is Papadakis' initial intention. However, the breakdown here is not whether walking is suitable for the Cypriot experience, but that the methodology itself fails to be guided by walking. The value of de Certeau's proposition is in its potential to undermine academic habits by opening up different phenomenological ways of experiencing city space, through the walker's reflexive and discursive relation with those elements that she or he encounters; this is what drives the narrative. In this respect, Papadakis' account of his experiment with walking as a method stops short of letting go of an already established discourse and so the result is a largely conventional academic paper that reiterates the familiar Turkish Cypriot and Greek Cypriot narrative.

For all intents and purposes, walking as a research tactic is, in fact, a means of stepping outside of social history or, more precisely, of walking through history in such a way as to engage with the social experientially in the present, where the past is reevaluated through

113. Ibid.

114. Frederic Jameson. Cited in Papadakis, 319.

115. Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, trans. Steven Rendall (Berkley: University of California Press, 1988), 98.

a wide range of spatial encounters with the new. A walking approach to social history is not external to the experience of the event of walking, but represents a commitment to a process that is designed to work against prevailing narratives of the past defined by a sequence of major events. To walk is to encounter new scenes, details and atmospheres that provoke thinking of the past in the present through participation and enactment. By being attentive to those details that are inscribed within the very physical fabric of the social environment within which the walking takes place new narrative connections begin to emerge. The futurity of a revised history that Papadakis aspires to, is possible by rendering walking as a radical empirical research method, where the walker's situatedness as a kinesthetic sentient being moving through space encountering other bodies, overrides a single idea that could be taken out of context of the whole as a representation of a collective situation. When we use walking as a device for wanting to know our environment, it means that we participate in making something of our environment afresh. The environment becomes more tangible and palpable than it had already been. As John Dewey writes, to work with experience is to "build up an experience that is coherent in perception, while moving with constant change in its perception."[116] Dewey's remarks seem to me, to go to the heart of the substance of de Certeau's proposition. Not to do away with collective history, but to engage with history in the living present and by doing so transgress those imagined boundaries that researchers set in order to create distance between themselves and their subject. As the anthropologist Michael Taussig writes: "The whole point of anthropology, [rooted in the empiricism of being there] is to be cast outside yourself, lose your moorings and equally, if not more importantly, figure out a way –a poetics– of

116. John Dewey, *Art as Experience* (New York: Perigee, 2005), 53.

'translating' this new experience into terms the reader can latch onto."[117] Hence, a different way of knowing and a different way of writing that collapses the logic of an epistemological structure, including the very idea of the single authorial academic voice and the linearity of text and singularity of the subject, may define the methodology.

This is not to suggest that there are no issues with de Certeau's panoramic top-down view of the city as "an immense texturology"[118] and visual simulacrum set against another spatiality, that of the individual walker. As observed by social geographer Nigel Thrift, all too often it is taken too literally and so it reinforces the idea of the individual nomadic body as a symbolic 'other' to its structured environment.[119] Thrift goes as far as to argue that de Certeau's prioritisation of city-walking over other forms of mobility, suggests a kind of archetypal activity that somehow poetises urban space through a kind of peripatetic aesthetic that itself has been "culturally constructed in representation." According to Thrift, the basic principle of de Certeau's theoretical proposition is the idea of opening up "more spaces within which the operational logic of culture can be addressed."[120] Thrift's observation that walking, per se, does not necessarily disclose any greater sense of agency in our relationship with our built environment is relevant to this research but, I believe, it is only partially correct. I concur with his claim that the practice of city walking is not a 'sacrosanct' activity, however as I point out, how we walk and where we walk are important factors that should be taken into consideration, as indeed the activity of walking

117. Michael Taussig, "What do Drawings Want" *Culture Theory & Critique,* 50:2-3,263-274, published online: 21 Dec. 2009, Routledge. See also: Neal Curtis, *The Pictorial Turn*, (Oxon: Routledge, 2010), 166.

118. de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life,* 1988: 92.

119. Nigel Thrift, *Non-Representational Theory: Space/Politics/Affect* (London: Routledge, 2008), 75-88.

120. Ibid.,76.

is always subject to the phenomenological idea of intentionality and the attunement that one brings wherein the action occurs as a necessary part of the creative/research process. This research, therefore, places emphasis on somatic consciousness; the relational potential between bodies and artistic experimentation. When brought together, these elements inform a methodology that practices *walking in the city in- two* as essentially a relational act that introduces to the performativity of walking the opportunity to open up a different spatiality to the social –however ephemeral and/or short-lived– that radically disrupts and decentres what de Certeau refers to as the "urbanising" language of power.[121]

Primary Example 4:

Walking in Papadakis' footsteps with Pelin Tan

To follow through with this argument and to relate it back to Papadakis' paper, I will refer to a walk that I had undertaken with sociologist Pelin Tan. Tan's area of academic interest is architecture, urban conflict, and territorial politics. I first met her in 2006 but had not seen her since –we met again in 2019 when she took a temporary post as visiting professor at the Architecture Department of the University of Cyprus. In response to my invitation to contribute to this project, she suggests using Ivi Meleagrou's book, *Eastern Mediterranean* (1969), which she was currently reading, as the starting point for our walk. One of a handful of modernist writers, writing in 1960s Cyprus, Meleagrou used driving as a literal device for observing the coming of the history of Nicosia/Cyprus as a living presence. Her fictional protagonist, Margarita, literally drives her way through the narrow streets of the capital, in and out of Turkish neighbourhoods, prior to the division of the city. This is a time of

121. de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life,* 95.

foreboding, when intercommunal tension was brewing up. The car becomes the *focaliser* from which history in the making is observed, but it also serves as a fragile protective glass shield that separates Margarita from the impending violence that is about to erupt in 1963. For the protagonist, the car is a 'place' she could escape *to* and a means of escaping *from* personal relations and a city that is advancing into its troubled historic future. Oscillating between internal and external spaces, scenes, relationships and histories, Meleagrou captures the palpable tension of the impending violence that is to erupt in the city, much the same way as Navaro describes the affecting presence of "melancholia" as something in the atmosphere that descents and spreads and clings onto everything.[122]

Meeting early one morning outside the old municipal market, Tan leads me through the network of streets that make up the old city, explaining that what resonates with her in the book is the way the woman character is being scrutinised by men as she makes her way through the old town –this has been her own experience living in Nicosia over the last few months. This observation then becomes the springboard for our walking path, but as we walk the narrative unfolds to include commentary on the way this city has an uncanny sense of defying the order of urban development. The tendency is to be surprised by a city that is in a constant state of becoming, and where visually unpredictable physical arrangements and constructions come together to uniquely challenge urban planning practices. The symbiosis

122. Yael Navaro-Yashin, *The Make-believe Space: Affective Geography in a Postwar Polity* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 2012).

of disorderly order opens up narrative potentials that conceptually voice a different attitude and disposition to the stratification of city spaces.

Traversing the narrow streets that were originally designed for carts and mules rather than cars, we are greeted by an elderly woman in her nightgown, «καλημέρα» (good morning) she calls out and we respond in unison. Watering the many potted houseplants located outside her front door and along the pavement, and which almost cover the entire façade of her house, she stops to engage us in conversation. Speaking in Greek and addressing herself to Pelin, she explains how the neighbourhood had changed in her lifetime. Once, she informs us, all the houses in this street had arrangements of plants covering the outside of their houses and spilling onto the street. And each morning, after watering, neighbours would pull out a table from inside the house onto the street and seat together for morning coffee – this was the daily ritual.

Moving along on our peripatetic journey, we arrive at what was the Turkish Cypriot neighbourhood of *Tahtakallas,* that is referred to in Papadakis' paper. In retrospect, it dawns on me that we almost retraced the walk that he describes in his paper –but how different it was. For Tan, the significance of this route is not political, but she has come to know these neighbourhoods as she walks these streets every morning to work. Peering into the window of a metalsmith's workshop next to the *Orfeas* coffee shop and soccer club, she points out an old cinema projector –barely visible from the street. She tells me that she wanted to take a closer look but always held back because being a woman and Turkish, she felt hesitant about approaching the men that grouped outside the workshop. I strike a conversation with the owner who is busy welding the frame of a table and ask for permission to take a closer look. Entering the dusky workshop and satisfying our curiosity, we double back to exit via an adjacent room, neatly arranged and cramped by two large round tables covered with patted

green felt for card playing. Outside, I ask how work is going, to which the blacksmith responds that he has no time for it, now that his children have grown-up and are working –his only concern in keeping the place going is so that he and his friends have somewhere to socialise. “Sometimes I see them barbequing outside in the street,” Tan tells me, “drinking and chatting. I feel envious,” she exclaims, “it’s a kind of life I would like to have.” I don’t ask about his political affiliations, but he volunteers that he fought against the Turks in 1963. I sense a slight reservation when he divulges, almost in a whisper, this piece of information and I am not sure whether this is because he is uncertain of my own politics or whether he has by now sensed that Tan is Turkish.

Saying our goodbyes, we turn into a side street less than fifty meters from the blacksmith, where we are both drawn to the interior of a house with its front door flanked wide open. Exiting, a young woman covered in tattoos, invites us inside saying, “take a look if you want.” In contrast to the blacksmith's workshop, this is a newly renovated old house with modern furnishings and what is evidently an eclectic arrangement of artefacts on the walls, from different parts of the world. What might have served originally as the parlour room of a well-to-do house, is now a tattoo workshop. Two guys in their mid-thirties welcome us, one is busily preparing the tattooing bed for a morning appointment, whilst the other, sporting a retro rocker look including long sideburns, swivels on his chair and enters in casual

conversation in English with Pelin. They talk tattoos, she already has one on the inside of her right arm and would like to have a second done, possibly during her stay in Cyprus…

In *Ordinary Affects*, anthropologist Kathleen Stewart jump-cuts from one narrative to another to piece together a book "of finely observed aspects of everyday life in contemporary America."[123] As she explains in her introduction, she also allows the narrativised scenes to "pull the course of the book into a tangle of trajectories, connections, and disjunctures."[124] In the first instance, the effect is that the social is animated through narrative fragments of real life experience of the everyday from the perspective of actors as agents of their own narratives, rather than from the depersonalised distance of the observant anthropologist. The second is that the space in-between, between one scene and another, also gains an opacity and solidity that is as dependable for our comprehension of contemporary America as the message of the narrative that is told. Within the hiatus that is opened up between two discordant stories set next to each other the reader finds a space for reflection. Mike Michael, in his support for the use of "anecdote" as a tool of sociology, explains that what gives "anecdotalisation" both a "topological and a nomadic flavour", is that it brings together distant and disconnected elements in the present. This is evident in the various narrativised walks undertaken by this project, where what might ordinarily be thought of as disconnected or marginal and trivial, gains relevance in the course of the walk, thereby illuminating moments of critical reflection. The outcome is that moments of observation stir up intensities of memories or connections that become relevant in the present, which may provoke reflection and reorientation with what is already familiar. Michael goes on to emphasise that

123. Lauren Berlant, *Ordinary Affects* (Durham and London, Duke University Press, 2007), back cover book review.

124. Kathleen Steward, *Ordinary Affects* (Durham and London, Duke University Press, 2007), 5.

the significance of the nomadic nature of anecdotalisation is that it emphasises what is "processual, iterative, emergent and, crucially, changeable and shifting."[125] Thinking of the nomadic and rhizomatic nature of the use of walking as a device and a proposition for developing new open-ended narrative discourses based, in part, on observations and encounters other than those that correspond to familiar discourses, provides us with the opportunity to step out of habitual ways of knowing our own environment. When walking is approached in these terms, it necessarily decentralises an epistemological way of knowing "where what is known depends on perspective," whereas the ontological approach is that "what is known is also being made differently."[126] To highlight this last point, I am including an extract from Murat Erdal Ilican's written contribution to this project, following our own walk through the streets of the old Turkish neighbourhood of Tahtakale, leading up to the Buffer Zone, but not crossing it.

> The walk can continue and pass through a border gate and then yet another, only to continue in the Northern part of the old town. As gates also mean gatekeepers and imposed standstills, checks, and controls, the walk may not be as free as one might like. These gates, however, in between them contain the magical lands of the Green Line, the Buffer Zone, where there are many beasts, but no sovereigns and *where once lived many Occupiers in freedom*.[127]

In his last sentence, Ilican is referring to a brief instance in time and space when indeed what has come to constitute the social and politically real in Nicosia was temporarily ruffled, when for several months a part of the Buffer Zone was occupied by a local variant of the global Occupy movement. Ilican was actively involved in Occupy the Buffer Zone, working

125. Mike Michael, "Anecdote" in Celia Lury and Nina Wakeford (eds.) *Inventive Methods: The Happening of the Social* (London and New York: Routledge, 2014), 25-35.

126. Ibid.

127. Murat Erdal Ilican, "I Like to Walk" (extract from the author's original contribution to *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping,* unpublished manuscript, 2018).

with others to make the squatted house within the Buffer Zone habitable, and had contributed intellectually in formulating critical thinking that conceptualised OBZ's activities within the sociality of Nicosia. In a paper by Olga Demetriou and Murat Erdal Ilican, entitled, *A Peace of Bricks and Mortar: Thinking Ceasefire Landscapes with Gramsci*, 2018,[128] the authors, basing their argument on Gramsci's notion of the "intellectualism of organic intellectuals", draw attention to how notions of bi-communality and reconciliation between Greek and Turkish Cypriots –which originate in radical thinking, communal activism and civic action– have been appropriated and watered down into liberal agendas. The authors' argument rests on comparing two different spaces of civic action "that have involved reconstruction and rehabilitation of two areas in the capital's UN-controlled Buffer Zone: one by a peace and reconciliation initiative and another by the local variant of the global Occupy movement."[129] Referring to the 'Home for Cooperation' (often shortened to 'H4C'), a renovated building set within the BZ and which houses the Association for Historical Dialogue and Research (AHDR) -a non-governmental organisation made up of Greek and Turkish Cypriots- the authors point out how it has become a type of showcase for politically liberal discourse. This organisation was created in 2003 when the border crossing at Ledra Palace was first opened and has continued to operate since with financial aid, primarily from abroad. This is not to suggest that AHDR is subordinate to the official politics of either side of the divide and, as the authors point out, "members have faced bureaucratic hurdles, denial of construction and other licenses, delays in approvals, financial uncertainty, and in some cases

128. Olga Demetriou and Murat Erdal llican, "A Peace of Bricks and Mortar: Thinking Ceasefire Landscapes with Gramsci," *International Journal of Heritage Studies*, 2018. (Online) Journal, Routledge.

129. Ibid.

personal critique from the establishment that came with professional cost."[130] Nevertheless, when compared to the short-lived Occupy the Buffer Zone (OBZ) movement, then, the authors argue, we detect differences of political and ideological nuances. Whereas AHDR may seek ways of circumnavigating around contentious issues related to Cyprus bi-communal politics by adopting liberal compromises, OBZ in contrast, sought a more radical agenda "based on a repertoire of anarchist principles."[131] Those participating in OBZ interpreted their presence within the BZ as a community "Other" to traditional, or even contemporary notions of Greek and Turkish Cypriot identities. This is where the authors draw their distinction between "organic intellectuals" and an intellectual elite that pushes a liberal agenda that nevertheless continues to hold onto more established notions of identity. The core of the OBZ experiment seemed to emphasise not necessarily the co-existence of two traditionally discordant communities, living together as is the case of AHRD, but rather to function as a living space to multiple communities who were testing and experimenting with practices of the everyday that went against conventionality. The Buffer Zone, as lived by the OBZ community, was no longer simply a "dead zone", but was transformed into a radical space of possible activations and experimentations, where individuation was formed and tested through relational practices of everyday living.

The Buffer Zone seen thus, means that it does not simply represent an enforced border of the division, but is a space transformed, where the becoming of being and the becoming of place are inextricably bound together in a way that does not allow one to be seen merely as an 'effect' of the other. By this logic, the identity of being emerges only in and through the material spaces it occupies, but also by the same logic the spaces occupied gain

130. Ibid.
131. Ibid.

their dynamic identities by the way of being. For the occupants of OBZ, any territorial definitions of ethnicity “Greek or Turkish, Greek Cypriot or Turkish Cypriot” had little currency. Identity became something to be discovered, imminent and contingent upon the ability of the actants involved to capture a wider range of forms of knowledge by experiencing the continued social dynamic of living together outside territorial thinking and by creating their own spatial reality.

As a method of research, the proposition of walking in the city functions to erode particular forms of representation that have dominated what is perceived as the social and politically real. This becomes possible through successive stages of transformation, where walking leads to the empirical exploration of a site at the juncture where subjectivity becomes interconnected with narrativity. This is indeed a central theme that underscores this project, where disconnected narratives are assembled to form new possibilities, which may offer illuminations that allow us to reflect critically on our apprehension of Nicosia as a living archival body in the now. After all, why else practice walking as an artistic method of working, if it is not to be rooted in the radical empiricist activity of getting lost, where the walker’s encounter with the familiar and the unfamiliar is constantly being reevaluated?

Chapter 3

Walking and Narration

In this Chapter, I do not attempt to retell a history of walking, or of walking as art; this is already well covered by a range of titles, a list of which I provide in notes with my own commentary.

Over the last two decades, there has been an explosion of interest in walking for pleasure and an interest in its use as an activity that stimulates a particular mode of thinking that is associated with mind-wandering, where the mind is allowed to drift and be stimulated by its environment. The scientist Shane O'Mara writes, "mind-wandering is not mere idleness…it is a necessary part of mental housekeeping, allowing us to integrate our past, present and future, interrogate our social lives, and create a large-scale personal narrative."[132] These observations are made in his book, *In Praise of Walking*, where he discusses how walking facilitates "divergent thinking" that typically brings about a more creative mode of thought. I broadly agree with his perspective, but do not think walking alone is enough and suggest that the transformation of the location of the walk into a site for exploration further cross-pollinates the type of mind-wandering that O'Mara refers to, which results from walking, with "mind-focussing" that comes from spending time at a particular location. Moving from one mode of thought to another, from mobility to stasis, further consolidates a type of creative thinking that is open to affect and extends to those objects and atmospheres that occupy a site. This is what allows us to construct "stories and narratives about ourselves, and the wider world in which we live"[133] from the perspective of the artist

132. Shane O'Mara, *In Praise of Walking* (London: The Bodley Head, 2019), 148-149.
133. Ibid; 150.

as narrator and as agent whose intent, as Roni Horn writes, is “to experience the difference between being here and not changing here, and being here and changing here.”[134]

With that in mind, I refer to particular examples of artworks that have provoked my thinking outside the conventional art-historical accounts of walking, by referring to André Breton’s book *Nadja* and Luis Aragon’s *Paris Peasant*; Ed Ruscha’s automotive influenced photographic books, in particular, *Twentysix Gasoline Stations* (1963); and Roni Horn's ongoing set of limited-edition publications on Iceland entitled *To Place* (1999-2011). Thinking of these works in relation to my own practice, I reflect on how these artists had combined somatic awareness with mobility as the starting point from which to construct narrative relations with the phenomenon of being located within their own living environment and to transform that environment into a site for exploration.

From walking to site

André Breton’s *Nadja* and Luis Aragon’s *Paris Peasant* are widely regarded as the most exemplary artefacts to emerge out of the Surrealist stable in their use of walking in the city. What distinguishes these texts as influential is not their account of walking itself, but the fact that walking becomes the diaphanous device that drives the narrative through the streets of Paris to produce a style of writing whose structure emulates the fragmentary nature of the city and the discursive nature of human perception. Through these authors' writings, we gain insights into the nature of vision, memory, and narrative, in ways that open up fresh thinking on the archival and the historical through the artist’s kinaesthetic and haptic body as it

134. Roni Horn, “Making Being Here” in *Making Being Here Enough: Installations from 1980 to 1995*, Catalogue Kunsthalle, Basel, June 10-August 27, 1995 (Kestner-Gessellschaft, 1995), 49.

traverses the city. In short, we are virtually situated in a locality of narrow streets and open boulevards and of the spaces which make up the French capital. The emphasis, therefore, is on how the authors construct their own environment and history in the present, as it becomes intertwined with the histories of the place out of which walking takes place. What is privileged is not the performativity of walking itself, but the serendipitous encounters which walking brings about. This process transforms the city into a type of laboratory where the walker calls upon spaces, objects, scenes and atmospheres that reside within the city and are discovered through aimless walking. As an aesthetic trope, walking opens up the possibility for rediscovering and rewriting the city afresh, free from the constrains of its own historicity.

First the Dadaists, and then the Surrealists, were to be credited with taking to the streets as a declaration of art, and doing so at a time of modernisation and urbanisation of the city of Paris, and within the tension that grows between constructed space –the space of design, regulation and representation– and space of experience, the space occupied by the individual. By the turn of the 20th century, Paris was being transformed from a labyrinth of streets and neighbourhoods that one could be lost in, to a metropolis of open boulevards designed on the principle of visibility and control of crowds. As architectural theorist Anthony Vidler points out in his book *Warped Space* (2001), the transformation from city space to metropolis had brought about the "abandonment of the historical certainties of realism, in favour of an always ambiguous abstraction."[135] Such a transformation, according to Vidler, had induced the psyche of the modern urban dweller with uneasy feelings of spatial dislocation; an unease which was first expressed by commentators such as sociologists Georg

135. Anthony Vidler, *Warped Space: Art, Architecture, and Anxiety in Modern Culture* (Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 2011), 3.

Simmel, Siegfried Kracauer and Walter Benjamin, who in their own particular and distinct ways, have sought to offer new modes of perception of the experience of city space. Simmel, in his opening remarks to his essay *The Metropolis and Mental Life* (1903), writes: "the deepest problems of modern life derive from the claim of the individual to preserve the autonomy and individuality of his existence in the face of overwhelming social forces, of historical heritage, of external culture, and of the technique of life."[136]

According to Vidler, the spatial alienation which emerges with the development of modern urban spaces can be threaded back to a sense of "strangeness to familiarity"[137], where what is experienced spatially is both near and remote, familiar, yet alienating. Vidler writes: "Shut out of the religiously bonded community, the urban dweller could rely only on spaces, like that of the hotel lobby, the bare witness to his nonexistence."[138] On the other hand, the street, that "arena of fleeting impressions and chance encounters…where the flow of life is bound to assert itself,"[139] became a space seen to be averse to the regulatory formations of modern urban design driven by capital. And as Walter Benjamin was to observe, as the city closes around the individual "as a room", the streets open up "as a landscape."[140]

The flâneur is the product of the modern city. Originally identified as male, he is someone "intoxicated with life in the street…,"[141] he is the enthusiastic observer, even the creation of the "incessant flow of possibilities and near-intangible meanings…"[142] cast by the

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136. Georg Simmel, "The Metropolis and Mental Life," in Kurt Wolff, trans. *The Sociology of Georg Simmel* (New York: Free Press, 1950), 409-424.

137. Vidler, *Warped Space*, 45.

138. Ibid., 73

139. Siegfried Kracauer, cited in Vidler, *Warped Space*, 111.

140. Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 2002), 417.

141. Kracauer, cited in Vidler, *Warped Space*, 2001, 111.

142. Ibid., 111.

ever-moving of anonymous crowds. For Baudelaire, who first writes of the flâneur, he is an "observer, philosopher" and "a poet 'of the passing moment'…"[143] He bases this image of the flâneur on the painter and illustrator Constantin Guys. Guys is, in Baudelaire's words, "a passionate lover of crowds and incognitos", but also a man of "curiosity", both an observer and someone who perfectly becomes "one flesh with the crowd." [144]

Baudelaire likens his image of the flâneur to that of the narrator in Edgar Allan Poe's story, *The Man of the Crowd* (1840). However, whereas Baudelaire's flâneur is a captive recorder of the baroque fashion styles of the gentle aristocracy, Poe's 1840s lone figure is a convalescent, "returned from the valley of the shadow of death"[145] who finds pleasure in being absorbed by thoughts brought about by aimlessly gazing at the crowd. His curiosity becomes "a fatal, irresistible passion"[146] in pursuit of an unknown figure which he stalks. In contrast to Guys, he is a skulking creature, closer to the way Benjamin was to present the flâneur to us, as a person who "is both the observer and the observed… a werewolf restlessly roaming a social wilderness."[147]

The flâneur, as Kracauer would have it in his explanation of Simmel's sociology of spaces of modern life, represents an "existential topography." His presence within an urban environment is seen as a tangible sign of the affects of the modern city on the individual; he is the product of a social condition and, for this reason, Walter Benjamin attributes to him a dialectical theory of urbanism. This idle wonderer represents something of the spirit of

143. Charles Baudelaire, *The Painter of Modern Life and Other Essays*, trans. Jonathan Mayne (London and New York: Phaidon, 1965), 1-40.

144. Ibid., 9.

145. Edgar Allan Poe, "The Man of the Crowd" in *The Collected Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe* (Wordsworth Editions), 207-213.

146. Ibid.

147. Walter Benjamin, *The Arcades Project*, 418.

resistance "against the division of labor."[148] The flâneur, through the act of walking, transforms the spatially alienating modern city to an intimate relational space. He appropriates this space, which by all intents and purposes, is designed to regulate the mass traffic of people from one location to another, for his pleasure. Therefore, public space and personal space, through the act of the aimless and leisured walk, collapse into each other; the street becomes a space "without thresholds: a landscape in the round."[149] Hence, the flâneur is an aesthete of the city, one who finds sensual pleasure in the street and his urban environment. He is also someone who elevates city walking to a sociocultural poetic art form -an aesthetic activity- whilst at the same time, according to Benjamin, in doing so, he engages in a profoundly political practice.

Writing at the turn of the 20th century, and reflecting on the metropolitan city, Surrealist André Breton epitomises the coalescence between the bohemian haunted figure of the flâneur and that of the revolutionary. Breton writes, "…buying Trotsky's latest work, I continued aimlessly in the direction of the Opera…there were more people in the street now. I unconsciously watched their faces, their clothes, their way of walking. No, it was not yet these who would be ready to create the Revolution."[150] The reconciling of an aesthetic practice with human psychology set in the context of one's urban environment that is at once a space of continuous exploration, the genesis of the modern subject, and yet a condition within which the individual feels increasingly isolated and fragmented, becomes a primary subject of Surrealism. Breton's semi-autobiographical Parisian prose trilogy *Les Vases Communicants*, *L'Amour fou* and, most famously, *Nadja,* present an image of the flâneur as

148. Ibid., 427.
149. Ibid., 422.
150. André Breton, *Nadja,* (Grove Press, 1960), 63.

an existentially decentred, unsettled and "haunted" being. Breton goes on to present the reader with a narrated series of uncanny encounters, which, according to Margaret Cohen, are the result of the subject opening "itself to experience from an obscurely subjective and objective field."[151] The process of (re)construction of the self becomes intimately fused with the spaces and encounters of the city; what Benjamin had termed the "colportage phenomenon of space."[152] The narrative that emerges in Breton's novel is formed out of what Benjamin terms as "secular illuminations", where the act of walking may produce insights to that "hidden line which holds"[153] all the elements that at any one time make up the city of Paris itself. Paris, narrated thus, is not the monumental city of its official histories and a panorama of a conceptualised coherent whole that may serve as backdrop on to which human drama unfolds, but a fragmented space as "Breton wanders in among its streets, catching enigmatic glimpses of scenes from daily life or dwelling on places singularly tangential to the great structures of collective memory."[154] For Benjamin and the Surrealists, walking itself seems to represent a form of illumination because it opens up the city to a different type of visionary perception, which in turn drives the narrative and provides for reinvention and articulation of the city, based on the intimacy of relations between those elements that make up the city. *Nadja,* being the exemplary literary achievement of a method that emerges out of walking in the city, is at once an account of the everyday, a love story of sorts, a "Surrealist historiography" that applies "Freudian paradigm to collective events,"[155]

151. Margaret Cohen, *Profane Illumination: Walter Benjamin and the Paris of Surrealist Revolution* (Berkley: University of California Press, 1995), 75.

152. Walter Benjamin, *The Arcade project*, 418.

153. Hannah Arendt, "Introduction" in Walter Benjamin's *Illuminations* (Fontana,1977), 11.

154. Cohen, *Profane Illumination*, 79.

155. Ibid., 80.

the mapping out of a city constructed of fragmentary observations, scenes, memories and visions of its own spectral histories, as well as a literary experiment. Benjamin writes, "André Breton had said right from the outset that he wished to break with a practice that places before the public the literary expression of a specific form of existence while withholding that form of existence itself."[156] As Cohen further points out, unlike the litany of literary 19th century monumental descriptions of panoramic views of Paris, Breton offers descriptions of wanderings through streets, "catching enigmatic glimpses of scenes from daily life or dwelling on place singularly tangential to the great structures of collective memory."[157] It is as if he looks for the meaning of his own existence in the form of animistic presence, caught in the web of the modern city. In the true spirit of Surrealism, the haunting presence of the self is sought at the juncture between '"conscious life and dream life" and a desire to combine "material roads" with "spiritual roads."[158] Nadja, who becomes the central figure of Breton's novel, is herself an amalgamation of desire and sexual phantasy, an apparition, yet by all accounts a real documented presence of a sequence of oneiric amorous encounters. She is, in this sense, as much a modern literary creation and an urban myth as the flâneur.

Whilst Breton's style of writing was influenced by walking, but also by the more fragmentary visualisation that photography brought to the way he viewed Paris as a non-chronologically sequential encounter with events, surfaces, and sentient yet material presences, Louis Aragon made use of the literary vernacular of the street. Lori Waxman draws attention to how in his novel *Paris Peasant* (1926), Aragon incorporates public street notices and announcements which are reproduced "with typographic specificity", and this style

156. Walter Benjamin, *One Way Street and Other Writings* (Penguin, 2009), 144.
157. Cohen, *Profane Illumination*, 79.
158. Francesco Careri, *Walkscapes: Walking as an Aesthetic Practice*, trans. Steve Piccolo and Paul Hammond (Bercelona: GG, 2005), 83.

introduces to his writing a kind of "concrete poetry." In her account of the Surrealist use of walking, Waxman writes, "moving through the city becomes a means of accessing the self, as the mind and body together rewrite a traversed territory according to desires, histories, connections, recollections."[159]

It is necessary to be reminded that the "Surrealists' project as a whole was intended to be a collective endeavour, where friendships were formed, ideas were debated and disseminated, discoveries were made…"[160] This is an important point which is often not given due attention in the retelling of the history of walking. In post-war Paris, the flâneur is revised by the Situationist International (SI) and their advocacy to "revolutionise everyday life and release the ordinary citizen into a world of experiment, anarchy, and play."[161] The city-walker is re-envisaged as the artist, one who advocates a response to the evolving organisation of modern urban society and its growing culture of non-human interaction within the spectacle of mass culture. Through the practice of *psychogéographie*, the artist/anarchist is not only a peripatetic wanderer of the streets of Paris, he -mainly male- is seen as a mixture of an archeologist of modern culture and an anthropological observer of everyday life, as well as a cartographer of spaces and the signs which he fills with new meanings. Influenced by the philosopher and sociologist Henri Lefebvre and his notion that everyday life was a modern bourgeois phenomenon brought on by the rise of the masses and the quantifiability of everything, the Situationists sought "the right to the city", where, as the urban commentator Stavros Stavrides explains, the fundamental concern is "what can constitute the city itself as

159. Lori Waxman, *Keep walking Intently: The Ambulatory Art of the Surrealists, The Situationist International, and Fluxus* (Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2017), 55.

160. Ibid., 19.

161. Simon Sadler, *The Situationist City* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: MIT, 1999), 71.

a right and not as a medium to be regulated through struggles for access rights."[162] As Lefebvre argues, the task is to work "towards a different (social) life and a different mode of production [that] straddles the breach between science and utopia, reality and ideality, conceived and lived."[163] This is to conceive, as Lefebvre had discussed, the body's centrality within the whole of (social) space and at "the moment the body is envisioned as a practico-sensory totality, a decentring and recentring of knowledge occurs."[164] Debord proclaims, "everyday life is the measure of all things: of the fulfilment or rather the nonfulfillment of human relations; of the use of lived time; of artistic experimentation; of revolutionary politics."[165] To be in contact with the city through walking, drifting, getting lost and by inventing playful ambulatory experiences filled with chance encounters and the stuff of everyday life becomes the SI rallying call of resistance to the industrially transformed cities and growing vehicular society. From this type of encounters, an alternative utopian vision of urbanism emerges, and maps are produced –ones that graphically engage with the historicity and socialisation of material spaces and their narrative construction that replaces existing cartographies of city representation. SI seeks to reconstruct the narratives that inform the production of spaces and their representation through the structure of the map, of walking and playing. Guy Debord and Asger Jorn find new forms of mappings within existing cartographies of city representation. According to Debord, such mapping is to be achieved through the technique of the aimless stroll, *derive,* whereby a skilled psychogeographer may

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162. Stavros Stavrides, "Urban Porosity and the Right to a Shared City" in *Porous City*, ed. Sophia Wolfrum, (Berlin: Birhäuser, 2018), 32-37.

163. Henri Lefebvre, *The Production of Space*, trans. Donald Nicholson-Smith (Oxford: Blackwell, 1991), 60.

164. Ibid., 62.

165. Guy Debord, "Perspectives for Conscious Alterations in Everyday Life" (1961) in Lori Waxman's *Keep Walking Intently: The Ambulatory Art of the Surrealists, the Situationist International, and Fluxus* (Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2017), 89.

absorb the city through the senses with the intention of forming the basis of new cartography. The psychogeographer is someone who resists the habitual influences of street signs and conventional city maps. He sees psychogeography as a radical response to rationalist and functionalist urban planning (heavily reliant on statistical and thematic mapping practices), which the SI believed was destroying the social and psychological well-being of urban communities. Psychogeography becomes "the study of the specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organised, or not, on the emotions and behaviour of individuals."[166] The modern city is, as Guy Deport famously noted, designed for "the spectacle", where everything is evermore spatially compressed. The human body is reduced to a corporeal consuming presence that is organised dimensionally within the proportionality of the whole. And so, by the late 1950s' Paris, to get lost in the city geographically, to experience the uncertainty and mystery that Walter Benjamin craved for as an intellectual nomad caught in an over-regulated metropolis, becomes an increasing challenge. Decades later, echoing Debord's sentiments, psychologist James Hillman was to claim that walking today is not done so much with our feet and the whole of our sensing bodies, as with our eyes.[167] The high street is the obvious example of what he has in mind when he makes the comparison with the way older cities had grown organically around the treading of feet; bodies moving over the same ground to create paths from which communities grow, this in contrast to cities designed in offices independent of moving sensing bodies; bodies that have the capacity to engage with other bodies in a process of exchange.

166. Denis Cosgrove, "Maps, Mapping, Modernity: Art and Cartography in the Twentieth Century" *Imago Mundi*, Vol. 57, No. 1 (2005), 35-54.

167. James Hillman, "Walking" in *The City as Dwelling: Walking, Sitting, Shaping* (Irving, Texas: The Center for Civic Leadership, The University of Texas, 1980), 1-7.

Ed Ruscha's topographies

While the Situationists promoted their idea of a ''formula for a unitary urbanism" through performative practices that would bring everyday life and art closer together, Ed Ruscha, a near contemporary of Guy Debord working on the other side of the Atlantic, was responding to his build-up interstate environment by taking photographs of the architectural structures that had come to populate, what anthropologist Marc Augé, several decades later, was to refer to as "non-places."[168] I doubt whether Ruscha would go along with Augé's notion of nonplaces but, nevertheless, his self-published book titled, *Twentysix Gasoline Stations* (1963), is a type of portrait of interstate architecture. It contains exactly what the title denotes –26 photographs of gasoline stations along with captions indicating their brand and location along Route 66, presenting us with the dynamics of what it means to be spatially connected as a particular body to a particular environment, to its particular architectural features and through a particular visual iconography.

In her essay titled "Auto-Maticity: Ruscha and Performative Photography," Professor Margaret Iversen argues that Ruscha's 26 gasoline stations books are readymades and "proto-conceptual," and that his photographs are 'performative' in the sense of the artist performing to self-imposed instructions: "record 26 gasoline stations along Route 66."[169] Iversen identifies the influence on Ruscha of Marcel Duchamp's *3 Standard Stoppages* (1913-14), while she also notes the distinction between Peggy Phelan's notion of 'performance' as a "unique and spontaneous event in the present tense that cannot be repeated," and

168. Marc Augé, *Non-Places: Introduction to an Anthropology of Supermodernity* (London: Verso, 1995).

169. Margaret Iversen, "Auto-Maticity: Ruscha and Performative Photography" in *Photography After Conceptual Art* ed. Diarmuid Costello and Margaret Iversen (Wiley – Blackwell, 2010), 12-27.

'performativity' as a type of art practice that displaces "spontaneity, self-expression and immediacy by putting into play repetition and inherently iterative character of the instruction."[170]

For this discussion, I concur with Iversen's interpretation of performativity and her conjecture that these limited-edition books can be seen as proto-conceptual objects and types of readymade. Ruscha himself had often stated that his books are forms of 'readymades' and that his interests in his books are in their industrial production as "mass-produced objects of high order"[171] to be appreciated for their architectural nature, like the gas stations in his photographs. This point raised by Ruscha is often conceptually accepted but rarely appreciated, as the books themselves are rarely accessible to handle other than as electronic page reproductions. In fact, I would suggest it is only when one has tactile contact with the range of his books, such as *Twentysix Gasoline Stations* 1963, *Some Los Angeles Apartments* 1965, *Every Building on the Sunset Strip* 1966, *Thirtyfour Parking Lots in Los Angeles* 1967 and *Royal Road Test* 1967, that these publications reveal their carefully thought-out design and quality structure as industrial objects.[172]

However, I think Iversen's distinction between performance and performativity in Ruscha's photographs requires further attention. We cannot simply ignore the fact that with each publication Ruscha explores modes of photographic vernacular to reframe his own narrative relationship with his urban surroundings. These books are recordings of modern America; but America seen through Ruscha's use of photography is not delineated through

170. Ibid., 15.

171. Ed Ruscha, *Leave Any Information at the Signal* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 2002), 27.

172. Note: In the course of this research, I had access to these publications several times at the Tate Library Reading Room.

location as is the case with social documentary photographs, where the photographer may see herself/himself as an independent witness to some sense of contemporary culture from an expressively existential viewpoint, as for example, Robert Frank's book *The Americans* published in America in 1959, which also included an introduction by Jack Kerouac. Instead, Ruscha's photographs present us with the seeming impartiality of a professional surveyor, or a cartographer mapping the structures of the stage upon which his own presence enfolds into the topography within which human stories unfold. Whereas his contemporaries such as Kerouac and Frank autobiographically narrate their experiences of American counterculture as observers from a first-person point of view, Ruscha's photographs present us with the more literal reality of being physically situated spatially within a particular location; Ruscha's photographs take the form of visitations, where the artist literally calls upon the phenomenon of space and the objects which inhabit such spaces. The effect is that the viewer is caught in the corporeal event of the artist being situated within a complex temporal and spatial dialogue with the narratives, surfaces and images that tie him to a topography that has already been claimed through different voices.

These photographic books are obviously not intended to work as simple socio-cultural documentation of his built-up environment, nor is the artist explicitly interested in foregrounding experience in terms of self-formation. They are nevertheless forms of articulations by the artist, which present us with different possible states of literacy of presence that refers us to a poetic concreteness of an urban topography and its memorialization as an extension of the artist's own self, reminiscent of Aragon's use of vernacular language as a precursor to concrete poetry. The type of presence which Ruscha presents us with should not be thought of in the sense of a piece cut out of a temporal dimension -something which photography has always been accused of doing- but as an event

or a condition, where past narratives and the artist's own sense of connectedness to his surroundings enfold into each other to suggest a kind of becoming of place and self, at least in the sense of an artistic practice. His gasoline station photographs reveal traces of reflexivity, which refer the viewer to the presence of the artist and the event of photography as a spatial-temporal practice that takes place in and over time. His seemingly hurried frame and, in some cases, the slight blurring that results from a hand-held camera and long exposure, are stylistic tactics that in his gasoline photographs underscore the work and direct the viewer towards reading each photograph as an event. It is important to remember that these photographs were made on a twin-lens, mid-format manual camera. This means that in order to get it wrong, the artist had to get it right; Ruscha is a skilled photographer/artist who had a calculative style of dis-skilled photography, which signifies a vernacular use of photographs rather than a so-called fine art approach to the photographic image. His skill and interest in photography is evident in the book published by the Whitney Museum in conjunction with the exhibition *Ed Ruscha and Photography* in 2004. The artist's earlier photographic work, prior to his gasoline photographs, is very much in the fine art mode of photography. However, with the gasoline photographs, Ruscha's approach changes and his contact-sheets show clearly that apart from the odd exception, "he made only one exposure of each station." [173] But as Wolf writes, the lack of endless exposures from different angles –a general photographic practice– shows singularity of vision and a clear idea of what he was aiming for. This set of photographs brings into question the misconstrue notion that the transference from the physical world to the photographic image is 'naturally' direct. Further demonstrating how photography is first and foremost a spatial performative act which physically situates the

173. Sylvia Wolf, *Ed Ruscha and Photography* (New York: Whitney Museum, 2004), 115.

artist at a particular location that requires reflection as to how the external world is transformed into image.

With his gasoline photographs, Ruscha made a conscious aesthetic choice to photograph in a particular way. I disagree with Iversen when she writes that Ruscha's photographs, unlike his paintings, are 'puzzling' because they are difficult to contextualise visually. This is not altogether the case. There was already a high-profile photographic campaign running for the Standard Oil Company and directed by former Farm Security Administration official, Roy Stryker. The campaign endeavoured to improve the industry's image by encouraging the photographing of its positive impact on the people and communities where it had a high-profile presence. These photographs, some professional, many amateurish, were widely disseminated and made available for use in local and national newspapers and published in corporate magazines and newsletters. [174] We could extrapolate that Ruscha was not only responding photographically to his structured environment, but was also appropriating a style of visual language that was both commercial and vernacular and which by the late 1950s was already in circulation. The two photographs below: Fig # 10 was taken by an unknown photographer in the 1950s and is one of many such photographs available on the internet depicting gasoline stations. Fig.11. is a photograph taken by the author of a double page spread in Ruscha's seminal book. The resemblance is uncanny and typical of the rest of the photographs in the book.

174. https://www.cah.utexas.edu/collections/standardoil_gallery.php?t=172&s=80

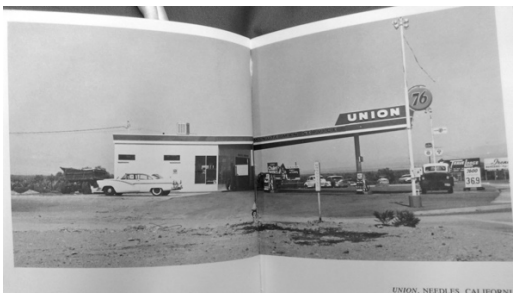

Fig. 10 & 11. Fig 10. shows a gasoline station from the 1950s, photographer unknown, photograph was downloaded from Google Images, 28 January 2018. Fig. 11. shows a double page spread from Ruscha's *Twentysix Gasoline Stations* taken with permission by Haris Pellapaisiotis, Tate Britain Library, 28 Nov. 2016.

In drawing attention to the similitude in these images, I am not suggesting that Iversen is off the mark in her analysis of Duchamp's influence on Ruscha, but that the photographs are not secondary to the book as an object, and they are not as automatically taken as she suggests. As I have already indicated, a careful reading of Ruscha's photographs reveals subtle intentional shifts, signifying that the photographs are just as important (an idea) as the book. As a matter of fact, I would suggest that the strength of his books is to be found in the artist's intent to engage in several dialogues simultaneously, including having a very clear idea about what he wants inside the frame and how to photograph it. Despite their much-commented assessment as objective images, they are nevertheless an extension of the artist's lived environment and journeys across physical geographies, temporalities, histories and presences, which find form in his negotiation between an aesthetic practice, collective knowledge and singular experience, heightened by the embodied condition of the artist as narrator being present to place. From this perspective, I consider Ruscha's book a continuation of the Surrealist project and a continuing influence on future generation of artists, particularly Roni Horn's set of publications titled, *To Place.*

***To Place* and Roni Horn**

To Place is a set of ten limited-edition photographic books by artist Roni Horn –the first, *Bluff Life,* was published in 1990 and the latest, *Haraldsdøttir, Part Two,* in 2011.[175] The books are the result of the artist's intimate relationship with the "singular geography, geology, climate and culture of Iceland."[176] Horn uses the term 'to place' as a verb; she points out, 'place' is never a fixed entity, "not an object, a verb, never a noun."[177] *To Place* is a form of doubling (a regular motif in Horn's work), referring literally to corporeal presence, to a placing. Yet, it is also a state of becoming, where the artist is spatially and dynamically interconnected with space and place, within which she has placed herself. Horn writes, "Iceland is a primarily young geology… in a literal sense… Iceland is always becoming what it will be, and what it will be is not a fixed thing either."[178] She correlates the becoming of Iceland with her own sense of becoming; for Horn, the two are intertwined in a process of folding and unfolding into each other. She explains that Iceland is "big enough to get lost on. Small enough to find myself. That's how to use this island: I come here to place myself in the world. Iceland is a verb and its action is to center."[179] Curator Mark Godfrey draws attention to how, by situating herself within a particular geography, Horn extends the verb 'to place' to create space for the reader/viewer of her books that is actively relational. He writes, "[her]

175. Note: The full list consists of ten books: *Bluff Life* (1990), *Folds* (1991) *Lava* (1992), *Pooling Waters* (1994), *Verne's Journey* (1995), *Haraldsdottir* (1996), *Arctic Circles* (1998), *Becoming a Landscape* (2001), *Doubt Box* (2006), *Haraldsdottir, Part Two* (2011).

176. Roni Horn, "Roni Horn: Vatnasafn Library of Water", exhibition catalogue (Artangel, 2007), unnumbered (author not specified).

177. Roni Horn*, Inner Geography,* exhibition catalogue (The Baltimore Museum of Art, February 23-April 17, 1994), 24.

178. Roni Horn, *Roni Horn, Vatnasafn Library of Water: Stykkisholmu, Iceland*, exhibition booklet, (Artangel, 2007).

179. Ibid., back cover.

books become active forms [spaces] rather than passive repositories of information and images [she allows] the viewer to find a place for their own thought."[180]

In an interview with artist Collier Schorr,[181] Horn refers to her intention of creating a compendium of knowledge of Iceland, in the most literal sense. As she goes on to explain, with each book she intentionally alters the meaning of the previous book, so that each volume differs from the previous volume, as if the artist rethinks and redefines her relation with the country each time. In this sense, *To Place* falls short of any contingent expectations of conventional encyclopaedic or archival knowledge, if indeed the objective of encyclopaedias is the authoritative presentation of fragments of established scientific, historical and cultural information rendered as factual. Not without irony, Horn presents facts as they emerge through her different relational encounters with Iceland. She refers to agency and visceral perception and to the materiality of human relationships with the weather, the Arctic landscape, to elementals of water and to those presences and atmospheres, not seen but felt just the same. Horn's Iceland is neither passive geography waiting to be found and given new meaning, nor a bundle of geopolitical and cultural representations in need of deconstruction, but the structuring of spatially dynamic relations that are contingent to interconnections between bodies.

Her claim to Iceland is through her perceptual consciousness as an artist and as a narrator of her own condition, as someone who has been for a long time drawn to the place and has thought about her relationship to Iceland as an "outsider" looking in. In *Pooling*

180. Mark Godfrey, "Roni Horn's Icelandic Encyclopedia," in *Photography After Conceptual Art*, Costello and Iversen, ed. (No location, Wiley-Blackwell, 2010), 125.

181. Collier Schorr, "Weather Girls: An Interview with Roni Horn", *Frieze Magazine*, Issue 32, Jan-Feb 1997.

Waters (1994), the fourth in the series of the ten books from *To Place*, Horn presents the reader with a soliloquy titled, "Making being here enough." Horn reflectively writes of her need to experience "the difference between being here and not changing here, and being here and changing here."[182] To be located "here" is not external to the artist, but constitutes a choice and a condition that purposely situates her within the material presence of the geography, so that Iceland and the outside world may reveal themselves as the source of a mirrored image to her own interiority in a process of reciprocation. Horn is not simply using her body as the means by which to arrive at a site in order to make photographs, but her body becomes the means by which she seeks her own accession of interiority to Iceland as an artist who photographs, writes and draws.

Horn's approach prioritises the experiential and empirical in that she is not taking with her in the field a camera, but her body. She is not attempting to isolate, extract and abstract images from their immediate source, but to find ways to come even closer to her subject, which is her inexplicable, sometimes visceral, sensual, mystical, existential, and phenomenologically material connection with Iceland. This approach suggests a shift from the photograph's indexical and signifying attributes, to approaching photography as a spatial practice, where emphasis is placed on the body's ability to know, rather than photography's capacity to expose something hidden. Such an outlook to photographing, further enables the artist to develop her own idiosyncratic and discursive narrative relationship with Iceland and as curator Thomas Kellein writes, it is defined by "unburdenment and the constructive principle of free association."[183] This position is further driven by an unabashed sense of self-

182. Roni Horn*, Inner Geography,* exhibition catalogue (The Baltimore Museum of Art, February 23-April 17, 1994), 24.

183. Thomas Kellein, "Images of Solitariness – Images of Pairedness" in *Making*

referentiality that draws the viewer not so much to the subject in the photograph –her photographs reveal little about those things they depict– but to the artist's agential presence, where an agency is independent of individual ownership. Agency, in Horn's photographs, is spatial and transformative rather than individual empowering. Her connection is to bodies, all caught up in a complex relational process of enactment that includes "flows and energies, affects, desires and imaginings."[184]

For Horn, place matters in its specificity and what comes to matter in her work is 'place' itself as a site of complex entanglements that includes the non-materiality of bodies. Horn's photographs, writings and drawings, are imbued with references to the sentient body and its connection to what is visible, but also to what is non-material, but which is, nevertheless, ever present and ever-changing. Having traveled to the northernmost part of Iceland, she stares out at the Arctic Circle and cogitates, "it's only a matter of time before the subtleties of the view reveal themselves and the Circle becomes the discrete, perceptible thing that it is."[185]

Her Iceland is a generative space that never loses its attraction in terms of its particularities as a place. By the same token, Horn herself remains particular in the way she configures and performs her embodied presence into a method of working. Her method is to use the contingency of actions and the harnessing of the fluidity of relationships to structure a processual way of working, so that what Horn attempts on transmitting through her primarily photographic and textual mapping of Iceland is not Iceland itself, but the effect of

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Being Here Enough: Installations from 1980 to 1995, Roni Horn (catalogue) (Kustahalle Basel, 1995), 77-83.

184. Rick Dolphijn and Iris van der Tuin, "Interview with Rosi Braidotti" in *New Materialism: Interviews & Cartographies* (Open Humanities Press, 2012), 33.

185. Ibid., 52.

Iceland upon her as a dynamic. The Iceland that emerges through her photographs and writings is at once both locatable geography and the result of a process, "a folding-in of external influences and a simultaneous unfolding outwards of affects."[186] Iceland then becomes a space of discovery and ontogenesis at the same time; a space where to uncover and find is made synonymous with being attentive to things as they dissolve into other bodies to become something else, yet remain the same. The Arctic Circle is a case in point where it is forever changing, yet remains the same.

Hence, the seemingly encyclopaedic feel of *To Place*, with its collection of human portraits and taxidermic birds, glacier landscapes, treeless tundra, and petrified lava, does not necessarily augment our worldly encyclopaedic knowledge of Iceland, or provide us with greater factual information about the place in the way conventional archives do. Her photographs are not documents intended to represent Iceland from a subject-object divide, but are narratives and fabulations formed at the intersection between bodies; between human perceptual cognition and other objects in space, where the place itself is the locus. *To Place* demonstratively identifies the importance of place as a site, where the interface between space and self can be (re)configured and transformed into a method of working and a philosophy that is motivated by empirical sensitivities, so that the Iceland which begins to emerge through her work can only be understood in the sense of the virtual, which for Horn has a reality of presence, but not as an actual representational idea.

The encyclopaedic nature of *To Place* is evoked through "the thinking identity, res

186. Rick Dolphijn and Iris van der Tuin, "Interview with Rosi Braidotti" in *New Materialism: Interviews & Cartographies* (Open Humanities Press, 2012), 19.

cogitans, which is founded on the constant mental presence of the self."[187] Not in its separation from other bodies, but in its continuation as a narrative "witness" to the artist's own perceptual cognition and her interception with other bodies. Hence, the archival aspect of these books does not come about from the perspective of a removed observer, but rather from someone who allows her gaze to drift where hers is a kinesthetic and haptic vision. This is the type of vision that takes place through the body; a body that is attached to the spaces within which it resides. What comes to matter as an archive is not what is informed by existing narratives that define how Iceland should be voiced, but a kind of narrative that promotes the voice of living relations that demand of the viewer a different kind of cognisance.

187. Kellein, 1995: 79.

Discussion and Conclusion

In concluding the written part of this thesis, I will summarise the main issues raised in the thesis and reflect further on how *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* contributes to scholarly art research in practice and through discussion.

In Chapter 1, I expand in detail on how my own mental wanderings began to take a more explorative and artistic form following a walk undertaken with the anthropologist Peter Loizos. What was discovered during this initial peripatetic journey, was how the city was transformed into a different spatiality through our own movement. Walking-in-two, talking and listening, brought about a heightened sense of awareness that elucidated the dynamic realities of bodies moving in space and a consciousness of what manifests in the body as a resonance long after the event itself. When the process was repeated with other participants –Frank Chouraqui, Alexandra Manglis, Stephanos Stephanides, Yael Navaro, Susan Kozel, Diana Wood Conroy, Murat Ilican, and Pelin Tan (see pages 27-35 for details)– it became clear that walking did not simply constitute an art practice onto itself, but in the act of retracing a path in someone else's footsteps, walking with them and besides them, awakened the senses to a shared perceptual experience. I became immersed in the whole sensory-kinesthetic experience and this required to go beyond what was being said by the invitee/collaborator, to seizing, what psychologist Theodor Reik refers to as "something fleeting and elusive" (Reik, 1949). Writing about listening to music, Jean Luc Nancy (Nancy, 2007) explains that listening requires to be attentive to what is happening externally, and this means to be always on the edge of meaning, where sound resonates into a sense impression that is also visual (Nancy, 2007). Nancy's visual sense impression is the outcome of something external casting an image

perception on the perceiver, which is not necessarily that which appears to the naked eye, but is sensed as a form within the visual realm and the imagination.

In the process of walking, talking, listening, I found myself drawn to some unsettled space that was stirred during the walk and responded to something sensed, something that was transmitted by/through the narrator, that resonated with me but was not always so clearly evident and intense. As Kozel describes of her meeting with Navaro, affect sometimes surfaces as a gesture, or an intonation of voice, or an introspection revealed by facial expression, as was the case of my walk with Stephanides (pages 70-78). As an artist I created the dynamic of that situation by designing a walk that involved retracing a path in someone else's footsteps and which existed both physically and temporarily in the present, but also in memory. I was therefore formulating the methodological support structure for the event to unfold in anticipation of the narrative that had yet to be formed. In this sense, I did not see myself as an impartial collector of stories, or as an archivist in any conventional sense of the term, but rather, my connection to the narrative can best be described as active, where I worked from a spatial proximity of being up close.

Approaching the potentiality of the construction of the narrative in this way, meant that anecdotal data was not viewed as something that needed to be recorded and preserved for archival purposes, but as material in the process of constructing a new type of narrative of the relationship between place and self, that was not simply biographical but *autotopographical,* in the way González refers to *autotopography* as a space that extends beyond the physical and psychical perceptions of the self. The path transformed into an extended material memory landscape where memory and somatic awareness coalesced with the very materiality of the site itself, all of which were integrated within the creative process as actual entities that aided the direction of the narrative to come.

The process was cumulative, but it also signalled a transition from the performative act of walking-in-two as an initial idea, to the artist's exploration of the particular path, or parts of it, as a site at the juncture where subjectivity becomes interconnected with narrative construction. As I discuss both in relationship to my own approach as well others, somatic awareness becomes a necessary archival tool in the construction of narrative, and this is different in approach to documenting and graphically representing one's own actual presence withing the landscape. From this perspective, the approach taken by this project is less connected to walking as an aesthetic practice and is closer to Horn's set of publications entitled *To Place,* where the artist uses her own situatedness to explore what social geographer John Wylie (Wylie, 2007) refers to as a sense of dislocation with place. Place is transformed into a site of individuation where the continuous becoming of place and self are interwoven into the narrative that is being constructed by the artist. And in that process of transition from traversing a path to it becoming a site for artistic exploration, a new stage emerges that brings about new concerns. Most principally: *how* to translate the information that is carried through to the site, as well as the information that is revealed by the site itself, into another form, where the form itself remains faithful to a relational and processual way of thinking.

Bruno Latour's proposition of different stages of reduction and expansion, where material taken from nature is reduced into data that expands our knowledge of nature itself (Latour, 1999) as it is circulated back into the public domain is helpful in the sense that it identifies different stages of transition. However, as I indicate, the approach taken by this research utilises fragments of information extracted from the site but also from the walk itself, and in that process what is valued is an openness to affectivity and a serendipitous way of working that takes into consideration new encounters. From this perspective, what is

returned into public consciousness is not the narrative in its anecdotal form as a document that is designed to be preserved, but the narrative as it has been energised and transformed through stages of transition that are affect inflected.

Therefore, the challenge has been to seek out ways to translate the potential of the experiential data that accumulates from the walk and the exploration of the site by the artist into crafted artistic forms that in themselves retain the intensity of the eventmental. That is, the narrative that is constructed retains something in the process, something that is not confined to archival preservation but continues to be active in the present and where the object of attention does not lose its meaning in relationship to the thing it refers to, but rather continues to provoke thinking of the space and place from which it originates and to which it is returned as artefact.

Whilst the methodology followed by this research is subject to a process of transformation and interpretation that is open to wanderings of the imagination and of speculation and, in that sense, introduces a romantic and poetic sensibility to the relationship between the self and its environment, it does *not* romanticise the world within which the research takes place. On the contrary, an experiential and a processual way of knowing simply emphasises the knowledge that comes from the interconnectedness between the self and its environment as our perception of these two entities extend into each other. As I point out in my criticism of Papadakis' attempts to apply what he interprets as de Certeau's method of walking in the city, when walking is used as a tool of research, it is to essentially undermine the walker's own habits of learned knowledge by opening up different spatial and temporal phenomenological ways of experiencing one's own material and social environment by being there in the present. Walking, particularly as practiced by this research, renders us the opportunity to tell the story differently through unpredictable encounters that provoke new

thinking. In my account of my walk with the sociologist Tan, I make it clear that the value of bodies in motion, conscious of their own situatedness as kinesthetic sentient beings moving through space encountering other bodies, and being attentive to those details that are inscribed within the very physical fabric of their social environment, override any single idea that is imposed onto the walk by the walker. The whole point of using walking as a method of exploration is to allow the mind to drift and to be led by the body as a body. This is the difference in perception between "having a body and being a body"[188], where the narrative that is being constructed is by the one who walks on the ground. The act of walking may reveal something of the unsettled relationship between place and self, without committing to defining it. The radicality of such an outlook is that the city is transformed into a space of possible activations and experimentations, where individuation is formed and tested through relational practices at the juncture between being a thinking-sensing body, a living environment and creativity. By devising a working methodology that attributes archival intelligence to the body and material and cognitive qualities to affect, this research transforms the anecdotal into visual-textual narratives that reference a type of geography that is not just physical, but which comes to exist in the imagination and which is nevertheless real. Moreover, rather than thinking of Nicosia as a symbol of conflicting ideologies, this research attempts to transform our perception of the city as a space composed of heterogenous voices. It is constituted by performative embodied knowledge, the contingency of human action and the harnessing of fluidity of human relationships (Ash and Thrift, 2007). Consequently, a different perception of the city as an object in the mind begins to form, that

188. Maxine Sheets-Johnstone, "Why Kinesthesia, Tactility and Affectivity Matter: Critical and Constructive Perspectives, *Body and Society*, 2018.

is unburdened by how Nicosia has been represented by dominant narratives, and this has the potential to destabilise *mono-optic* discourses of the city.

It is important to note that what has been produced to-date is a prototype that is still very much a work-in-process, as several of the narratives are still in various stages of construction and reconstruction. Of the nine written contributions by different collaborators, four have been included in this thesis in full, whereas others have been edited down to what was considered relevant in communicating the methodological approach taken by this research. Between February 22 and March 28, 2019, the project was screened to the public as a sequence of short video pieces of various lengths that amounted to a 90mins single screen projection. The screenings took place at Point Centre for Contemporary Art, Nicosia, and were also accompanied by a series of presentations and discussions at the same venue: *Walking Narratives and Affective Cartographies*, Haris Pellapaisiotis and Rebecca Schneider, November 1, 2017; *Unsettling Encounters*, Kristen Case and Alexandra Manglis, March 5, 2018; *Seeing the Unfamiliar*, Andreas Vrahimis, March 7, 2019.

Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping is very much work-in-progress, where at present I am revisiting and reediting some of the videos before they are made available electronically at https://www.walkingnarratives.com. The videos as they were originally shown at Point Centre for Contemporary Art, Nicosia, Febraury 2019, are available on Vimeo.com and I provide a link to each video in the appendix. In addition to curating the site, one of the main considerations that needs to be addressed is that of a more diverse age range of the contributors and of less academic backgrounds. For this prototype, I relied very much on a network of contributors within my own extended social community and that is reflected in the thematic and aesthetic texturing of the final video, as well as in the way Nicosia is experienced and given a voice. I am therefore conscious of this as a limitation and as the

project enters a second phase, these are issues to address. As the project continues to expand to include contributions from a wider pool of people, it will gain greater depth and richness through a greater diversity of voices and this will give the project the living archival quality it seeks. With each new contribution there are always new aesthetic challenges that will further shape the methodological approach.

NOTES

Note to page 21.

Summary of the Cyprus issue

What is perceived as the ethnonational conflict between Greek and Turkish Cypriots is generally traced back to the late 1950s, when the island was under British colonial rule. With independence from Britain in 1960 following a popular armed struggle in the 1950s by EOKA (National Organisation of Cypriot Fighters) who sought union with Greece, the Republic of Cyprus was formed as an independent and sovereign state. Greece, Turkey and the United Kingdom were designated as guarantors of its independence and the constitution had a strong bi-communal character (Kyriakou and Kaya, 2011). However, the political partnership between Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots was preceded and was followed by intercommunal skirmishes that escalated into violence between the two communities in 1963, following attempts by the President of the Republic to alter the constitution. The collapse of inter-ethnic relations led to many Turkish Cypriots to abandon their houses and to form enclaves scattered throughout the island. In 1964, the United Nations Peacekeeping Force in Cyprus (UNFICYP) was deployed to maintain peace between the two communities. In 1974, EOKA B, a splintered rightist nationalist Greek Cypriot paramilitary organisation seeking ENOSIS (union with Greece), attempted a coup d'état against the government of

Cyprus and this escalated into a full interethnic war between Greek and Turkish Cypriots. It also opened the door for the invasion and occupation of the northern part of Cyprus (including half of Nicosia) by Turkey. In 1974 the Republic of Cyprus (RoC) was further fractured into what the political commentator Costas M. Constantinou describes as a different "territorial regime of authority and legal extension of governmental or military power."[189] Since 1974, the island has been divided into the internationally recognised southern part controlled by the RoC and the self-declared Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus (TRNC) in 1983, which is recognised only by Turkey. Separating these two sides is the Nicosia Buffer Zone, also known as the "Green Line" or the "Dead Zone," which was created after 1974 and has since been under the jurisdiction of UNFICYP. Today the most physically prominent and symbolic outcome of the conflict between Greek and Turkish Cypriots is the Nicosia buffer zone. After the 1974 war and the enforced division of the island, populations were swapped from one side to the other, thereby establishing not only a military defined geography, but also an ethnically divided demography of the island's Greek and Turkish Cypriot inhabitants. Today, either side of the buffer zone is respectively guarded by the military; Turkish as well as Turkish Cypriot troops on the north and the Greek Cypriot army in the south. The buffer zone was originally seen as a temporary measure against further intercommunal clashes but forty-six years later, the buffer zone continues to physically fracture the unity of the city and has symbolically defined the city's identity: Nicosia is often referred to as the last divided capital of Europe by both Greek and Turkish Cypriots alike, although those Turkish Cypriots who politically prefer a two-state solution to the Cyprus problem may refer to their side of the city as a separate capital. Nevertheless, the

189. Costas M. Constantinou, "On the Cypriot State of Exception," *International Political Sociology,* 2008, 2: 145–64.

international negotiations that have been taking place since 1974 have been towards the reunification of the island based on a bizonal and bicommunal settlement. Topographically, the buffer zone is literally an irregular strip of land that zigzags through the heart of the medieval capital, in and out of the now abandoned and ramshackle houses, shops, and streets. In medieval times, the Pedieos river ran through the city, more or less following the path of the buffer zone. Between 1974 and 2003, access from one side to the other was off limits to either community. This condition changed in the Spring of 2003 when the Turkish Cypriot leadership, in accord with Turkish foreign policy, opened certain points of the border thereby allowing for passage across the divide. Although largely welcomed by both Greek and Turkish Cypriots, it is relevant to point out that the opening of the border was seen, especially by Greek Cypriots, as a political and diplomatic maneuver by the then newly elected government of Recep Tayyip Erdogan in Turkey to gain European Union membership –few saw it as a popular transgression of boundaries. Today, traversing from north to south and vice versa takes place daily and without friction, although the city continues to remain divided and a contested space that has for decades been in a state of expected change.[190] Attempts for solution to what is generally referred to as the "Cyprus problem" have produced to this day little in terms of results. Former UN negotiator to Cyprus Steven Burke describes the last forty years of negotiation as an overlay of "highly poignant and extremely precious archive of international settlement negotiations which to date have delivered nothing for the Cypriot

190. Note: For an introductory overview of the politics of Cyprus see: Nikolas Kyriakou, and Nurcan Kaya. *Minority Rights: Solutions to the Cyprus Conflict*. Report: (London: Minority Rights Group International, 2011). Peter Hocknell, Vangelis Calotychos, Yiannis Papadakis, "Introduction: Divided Nicosia*" Journal of Mediterranean Studies*, 1998, Vol. 8, No. 2: 147-168. For a concise history of British rule to 1960, see: Diana Markides, in Demetrios Michaelides (editor) *Historic Nicosia*, (Nicosia: Rimal Publications, 2012), 327-378.

people". As he further points out, the land itself has become stratified not only by historical sediments, "but also of densely concentrated deposits of sedimentary semiosis, encompassing both significance and semantics."[191]

Fig. 12. Map of Cyprus showing the U.N. Buffer Zone that divides Cyprus in two between the Republic of Cyprus and the Turkish army occupied north

Note to page 94.

As indicated in Chapter 3, I do not attempt to retell a history of walking or of walking as art; this is already well covered by a range of titles, most notably: *Wanderlust: A History of Walking*, Rebecca Solnit, (2000); *Walkscapes: Walking as an Aesthetic Practice*, Francesco Careri, (2005), *Psychogeography,* Merlin Coverley, (2010); *Walking and Mapping*, Karen O'Rourke, (2013); *A Philosophy of Walking,* Frédéric Gros, (2014); *Keep Walking Intently: The Ambulatory Art of the Surrealists, The Situationist International, and Fluxus,* Lori Waxman, (2017). The above publications follow earlier seminal texts on walking, such as Walter Benjamin's interpretation of the *flâneur* in his *Arcades Project*, published in English in 2002; Kevin Lynch's *The Image of the City*, 1960; Michel De Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, 1988; and Henri Lefebvre's *The Production of Space*, first published in English in 1991. Such

191. Steven Burke, personal email communication to author, 02/06/2018.

texts have further generated an interest in the relationship between walking and cities, which is reflected in Simon Sadler's *The Situationist City*, 1999; Anthony Vidler's *Warped Space: Art, Architecture and Anxiety in Modern Culture*, 2002; and Steve Pile's *Real Cities*, 2005. To this list we may add Ian Sinclair's peripatetic writings in *Lights Out for the Territory,* 1997 and *London Orbital,* 2002, and his notion of "the born-again *flâneur*…[whose intent is] in noticing everything";[192] Patrick Keiller's spectral film narratives of London, entitled, *London* 1994 and *Robinson in Space* (1997), as well as *Robinson in Ruins,* 2010, which aim to tell a different history of a city haunted by its failures and the way histories are made visible by tracing the fragmentary details of commonplace urban surfaces, forgotten spaces and monuments; and Edmund White's, biographical approach to flânerie, in *The flâneur,* 2001. Where the approach taken by these authors overlaps with this research is best expressed by Lucius Burckhardt's notions of *Strollology* "as a mode of perception"[193] and "a tool with which previously unseen [or more precisely, unnoticed] parts of the environment can be made visible as well as an effective means of criticizing conventional perceptions itself."[194] Phil Smith's approach to walking and story-telling further indicates an approach through what he has termed as *Mythogeography,* where places become performative spaces where what is in place may be incorporated into the story plot. The plot itself, whether real or fictitious, is recounted though things that are "modest and everyday" and where the narrative that is being constructed by its narrator is defined by the intuitive gravitational pull of things. As Smith explains, any usefulness of the outcome as archival material would be a contradiction

192. Iain Sinclair. *Lights Out for the Territory* (London: Penguin Books, 2003).

193. Lucius Burckhardt, *Why is landscape Beautiful? The Science of Strollology*, ed. Markus Ritter and Martin Schmitz (Basel: Birkhäser, 2006), 231-266.

194. Ibid., 238.

because it is something in process it is always "something becoming something else."[195] What is more, he explains that where a place is transformed into a performative site "the walker's prepared transparency allows others to see the place through the walker; not by their leading or narrating, but by emptying themselves of leadership and narrative".[196] This approach is in a way in reverse but not necessarily antithetical to the way *Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping* approaches walking-in-two, where the artist's preparedness allows him to see the place through the leading walker's retracing of the path. To this reference list, which is by no means comprehensive, we may further add a recent title, *Walking Cities: London* (2020), whose editors proclaim that when walking is practiced *psychogeographically*, it still retains the power to reveal something profound of those elements that are encountered in the course of a walk.

The countrified equivalent of the *flâneur* is the rambler as epitomised by the Romantic movement and their awe of nature, through such poets as William Wordsworth, and naturalist philosophers Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In our times, the growing popularity for walking, whether in cities or in nature, has been further inspired by a plethora of contemporary artists working in this area who revived walking as art in the late 1960's and 1970s by emphasising the performativity of walking, as in Bruce Nauman's, *Slow Angle Walk*, 1968, Richard Long's *A Line Made by Walking*, (1967) Vito Acconci's *Following Piece* (1969), Adrian Piper's *Wet Paint* (1970), and Yvonne Reiner's *Street Action (M-Walk)* (1970), to name but a few of the most iconic works from this era. For a fuller list of walking-as-art see, Stuart Horodner, *Walk Ways* (2002), Lexi Lee Sullivan, *Walking Sculpture 1967-*

195. John Smith, *On Walking…and Stalking Sebald: A guide to going beyond wandering around looking for stuff* (Devon: Triarchy Press, 2014), 59-61.

196. John Schott and Phil Smith, *Rethinking Mythogeography* (Triarchy Press, 2018), 33.

2015 (2015), David Evans, *The Art of Walking* (2012). The range of artists working with walking today is too vast to list, but two of the main proponents are Francis Alÿs and Janet Cardiff. One of the most iconic images of walking-art in recent times is from a video titled *The Green Line*[197], which depicts Alÿs crossing an army checkpoint guarded by an Israeli soldier in the divided city of Jerusalem, performed June 4 and 5, 2004. Though I often admire Alÿs' laconic and poetic approach to walking, in such works as *Sometimes Making Something Leads to Nothing*, 1997 and *Cuentos patrióticos* 1997 I find this work politically problematic, (see Notes 3, page 130, for critique). Cardiff's walks, on the other hand, are orchestrated performative pieces involving different participants who are introduced to a sense of spatial and temporal displacement of their own locality through carefully constructed audio narratives that are designed by the artist and her partner George Bures Miller. Her walks are described as "skillful explotations of the fundamental principles of synaesthesia…[that work within] the realm of the unforeseen, a world of involuntary memory, that form of erratic recollection, which allows us to confront ourselves as thinking, multi-sensual, and utterly temporal beings".[198]

I do not deliberate further on Cardiff's work, because they are participatory walks, which need to be experienced. Yet, I find her approach close to mine where walking, and mobility more generally, introduces into art a different type of consciousness and artistic sensitivity that situates the artist at the juncture between narrative construction, embodied awareness and a different kind of spatiality of locality.

197. http://francisalys.com/the-green-line-jean-fisher/

198. Daniela Zyman, "Introduction" in Mirjam Schaub, edited by Thyssen-Bornemisza *Janet Cardiff: The Walk Book*, (Artist's book), (Vienna: Thyssen-Bornemisza Art Contemporary, 2005) 27 (bold in the original).

Note to page 129.

The other "Green Line"

One of the most iconic images of walking as art is from a video titled *The Green Line*[199], which depicts the artist Francis Alÿs crossing an army checkpoint guarded by an Israeli soldier in the divided city of Jerusalem, performed June 4 and 5, 2004. Given the history of the Nicosia "Green Line" I have felt that it was necessary to critically comment on this particular work because it has become something of an icon of the artist as political agent. The comments made here are relevant to the discussion developed throughout this thesis but not integral to my argument and therefore I have appended them to "notes."

The photograph shows a trail of green paint left behind from a leaky can, held by the artist as he attempts to trace the ceasefire armistice line made on a map with a green grease pencil by Israeli commander Moshe Dayan following the Arab-Israeli War of 1947-1948. The full title of the work, *The Green Line: sometimes doing something poetic can become political and sometimes doing something political can become poetic,* refers also to an earlier walk by Alÿs, which was originally performed in the city of São Paulo in 1995 –using a leaking can of blue paint to create a tracing line of his walk. In conversation with the artist, art historian Jean Fisher comments on the interception of the poetic with the political in art and the potential of the poetic to illuminate openings onto political thought –something which she considers to be present in Alÿs' work.[200] More recently, art critic Lori Waxman writes of how Alÿs' green line plays with the absurdity of the border, in that it is both "literal and poetic, serious yet ridiculous, a firm but inherently imprecise marking of a disputed border, one that is felt every

199. http://francisalys.com/the-green-line-jean-fisher/
200. Ibid.,

day by the people who guard it and even more so by those who cannot easily cross it…"[201] In her book on walking as art, Waxman also refers to Fluxus artist, Milan KníŽák's *Line* and *Walking Event* from 1965 and emphasises the significance of the time-space and sociopolitical circumstances those actions were performed in. She points out that in 1965 "making a bizarre street-side spectacle by trying to draw the longest line possible…is not the same in democratic New York…as in communist Prague [where these works were first performed]…where not following the rules of conduct could mean jail time or worse."[202]

By juxtaposing references to an earlier walk, Alÿs draws attention to how the same action performed in one location may be seen as an eccentric poetic gesture that relates to a history of flânerie, whilst the same action when reenacted in a realpolitik environment becomes charged with political significance. Drawing attention, therefore, to how the geo-temporal and sociopolitical context within which an artwork takes place, significantly determines the reading of the work of art. Waxman also points out a further consideration that needs to be taken into account, that is, *who* performs the walk takes on a significance in what the action may signify. Without wishing to take away from the lyrical elegance of Alÿs' performance, it is legitimate to consider and speculate on the reactions the same walk would provoke if performed by a Palestinian artist crossing an Israeli checkpoint, or indeed an Israeli artist walking with a dripping can of paint in an Arab neighbourhood. As Waxman points out, KníŽák's piece is poetic and activist (not propagandist) and for that, it is also as Slovenian theorist Slavok ŽižEk points out, "brave", because at the time it was performed it unsettled

201. Lori Waxman, *Keep Walking Intently: The Ambulatory Art of the Surrealists, the Situationist International, and Fluxus* (Berlin: Sterberg Press, 2017), 161.

202. Ibid., 233.

the false normality of an oppressive social system. Alÿs's "Green Line" is poetic, iconic and symbolically political, but within the realpolitik situation it is directed to, it lacks real effect.

Additionally, there is a further concern that needs to be taken into account in the context of Alÿs's "Green Line." Jacques Derrida's definition of the *parergon* in art, that is the *para*-'beside, additional' + *ergon* 'work', referring to that which supports the work but is situated outside as peripheral or even invisible to the final outcome, is relevant. In the "Green Line", the support structure of the work takes a more abstract and complex presence, no longer physical, as in where it might be found, but "where its work takes place."[203] This is an important issue because as art becomes more performative and ephemeral, it also becomes more complicated to determine how it should be assessed. The value of the work, in this sense, is not in the material output of a product, i.e. the quality of the video or the photograph. Rather, something more intangible is used to measure the effect it may have on its audience or the situation where it is performed, and that includes the conceptual and poetic quality of the action itself. But as much as this work by Alÿs may carry these qualities, it also leaves us asking unsettled questions. How was the crossing across borders negotiated? For some kind of negotiation must have taken place with the different agents and agencies that may claim authority over the militarily-political and administrative ground on which Alÿs walked. Was the crossing of political boundaries negotiated by the artists or did the negotiations take place by the David Zwirner gallery, in Chelsea, New York that represents the artists and where the work was later shown? We simply don't know, yet this information is an intrinsic component to the execution of the work, but also to the way we may come to

203. Céline Condorelli, "Support Structures: Directions for Use" in *Guide to Common Urban Imaginaries in Contested Spaces*, ed. Socrates Stratis (Berlin: Jovis Verlag GmbH, 2016), 53-65.

think about the work. What we are presented within the video is a seemingly unobstructed walking journey across security checkpoints guarded by a single armed soldier and into Palestinian neighbourhoods without any reactions. This is quite extraordinary given that ordinarily passage across the Israeli/Palestinian borders is highly restricted and regulated. I do not think, as one commentator suggested, this is because the presence of the camera recording the artist's walk somehow neutralised the immediate effect of the action.[204] My contention is that the action itself, as a seemingly radical intervention across physical political systems, was negotiated in advance and therefore the very concept of the work as a poignant political statement is compromised. The artist would have been stopped if not from one guard then the others on duty –there are usually at least three. That aside, the intention here is not to criticise Alÿs's walk in Jerusalem, but to shift attention to the relevance of artistic action in the context of the local time-space circumstances within which it is performed.

To illustrate this last point, in 2005 Bosnian artist Sejla Kameric, participating in "Leaps of Faith", attempted to paint an actual pink line across the militarised Green Line in Nicosia. The piece was titled *Crossing the Line*[205] and she used a roller to paint along streets and over walls, thereby attempting to symbolically connect one side of the army-controlled divide with the other. This action took place overnight and surreptitiously, because permission would almost certainly not be granted from the separate authorities which claim jurisdiction over their particular territories, i.e. the Nicosia Municipality and the army of the Republic of Cyprus on the "Greek" side, the United Nations Peace Keeping Force inside the

204. Mette Gieskes, *The Green Line: Potency, Absurdity, and Disruption of Dichotomy in Francis Alÿs's Intervention in Jerusalem.*

205. Sejla Kameric, *Leaps of Faith: An International Arts Project for the Green Line and the City of Nicosia, Cyprus*. Exhibition catalogue, (Istanbul: Kolektif Productions, 2005), 108-109. The work in the catalogue is listed as "Crossing the Line" but the artist has since retitled her work as "Pink Lines vs Green Lines."

Buffer Zone, the Turkish Cypriot municipal authority, and most importantly the Turkish army. Kameric was in fact apprehended on the “Turkish” side of the border where she started her action and was kept in custody overnight, until the organisers negotiated her release; in the end, Kameric's punishment was no more than a minor slap on the wrist.

The right to mobility and crossing borders is too big an issue in itself to tackle as part of this research, however, the point I am raising is that when artists enter spaces outside the domain of art, whether they'd be social or geographical, they are subject to a different set of conditions; how they choose to operationally negotiate their practice within such spaces is what defines the work's political credentials. Locality cannot be simply homogenised into universal ethically political perspectives that are designed for a cultural audience back in some distant centre of art. Similarly, agency cannot simply function as an abstract proposition on a global level, without some sense of intimate connectivity tied to the locality out of which the walking takes place.

Appendices

Appendix 1: Fig. 13. Exhibition announcement sent out electronically. The exhibition involved the daily screening of videos produced and submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for an art-based research to University of Reading for the PhD Degree. For details of content see appendix 2.

Point Centre for Contemporary Art

Haris Pellapaisiotis

Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping

Opening: Friday, 22 February 2019 | 18:30

Screening | 19:00
duration: 90 minutes

Exhibition duration: 23 February - 28 March 2019

Seeing as Unfamiliar
Talk by Andreas Vrahimis | Thursday, 7 March 2019 | 19:00

ΑΚΟΛΟΥΘΕΙ ΚΕΙΜΕΝΟ ΣΤΑ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΑ

The art project ***Walking Narratives and Affective Mapping*** explores the city of Nicosia as a fluid space that engenders individual narrative connections. These emerge through lived experiences and are then developed into narrativized artefacts through a process of engagement, dialogue and collaboration between invited contributors and Haris Pellapaisiotis. The artist responds to each walking journey using a methodology that comprises situatedness and embodiment as well as relational, dialogic and collaborative

Appendix 2: Fig.14. Still from audio and photographs collaboration with Peter Loizos. Designed for a single screen projection 9:34mins. Currently being re-edited. Below Loizos' original textual contribution is reproduced in full.

Peter Loizos: Full verbatim transcript from audio recording

There's no correct order to tell this in, but because we met by arrangement at the Syrian Arab Friendship Club and as I look at the picture the word–friendship, it is terribly important I can start there –because it's fifty yards from where I was living, and it ties in with everything. The word friendship of course is what that restaurant became for me, it became a kind of club for me because I ate there once a week and the waiters would be very good on giving me a big welcome –I could say a few words of Arabic to them and they liked that, so I felt it was a place I could always rely on for a pleasanter evening.

What you need to know is that before moving to this part of Nicosia I've lived in London for the previous thirty-three years, pretty much continuously, a few breaks here and there. And, I worked in the same place and I lived in the same couple of houses in the same neighbourhoods –I was very rooted and grounded in London and although Cyprus had been my professional life's work, in many respects I wasn't prepared for what I would feel when I arrived in Cyprus. I just retired from the London School of Economics and taken and new job in a new institution, and I thought, because I thought about it, all I'll be alright but actually what I experienced when I got to Cyprus was all kinds of emotional and cognitive disorientation. So, it was extremely difficult for months, I recon it took me a year before I felt good in most respects about being in Cyprus. And, I took… I chose the flat I'm going to show you in about an hour, I had a plane to catch and I wanted to have somewhere to live in when I came again, so I took the first place I saw, and I came not to like that flat very much, largely because it was very noisy at night, there was a lot of through traffic and boys with motor bikes and sports cars would race up and down.

Right, this is a shot of the house, of the flat, it's a of block flats, the colour that's in this picture, the orange, I don't think was there when I went to live there, it was altogether grayer, upstairs it's a box-like little place utterly utilitarian, the best thing about it was the view out of the window because out of the window I could see these pine trees and there was some kind of a school or old people's home across the road, I can't now remember which of the two, I think it was an old people's home. But I did not manage to make that flat somewhere I felt great about, I didn't put anything into it I took it as a rented flat, the furniture was crap and all I could do to make it my own was to put my things in it. In order to cope with the feeling of loneliness and lack of contact with everything familiar in London, I decided I had to do something every day that I would repeat, and it would give me something very useful, so I decided to do an early morning walk out of the flat. I was doing the walk for exercise because amongst other things I was interested in health problems of aging people and I was an aging person, I was in my late sixties, the people I was studying were in their late sixties and early seventies and I was thinking about heart decease, and walking, as everybody knows, is one of the ways you prevent yourself from getting heart decease, so it was supposed to be a fast early morning walk taking about half an hour and I would set out down this road and because there is a lot of early morning traffic in Nicosia I didn't want to walk with the traffic particularly as the pavements aren't very good, as you could see down this road both on the left and right that the space for a person to walk on soon runs out, so I was looking for a crosstown walk where there wouldn't be a lot through traffic, at seven o'clock in the morning if you're lucky there isn't too much traffic, traffic is just beginning. Ok, now the thing about this walk was, there was plenty to see, if you've been living in London which has very specific light and vegetation, what you get in Nicosia is interesting and different, to me to see a palm tree like this one within a few feet of the place I am living in, that's a surprise every morning and I don't think I ever got bored with looking at the palm tree. Depending on what time of the year I mean, there is citrus fruit visible on the streets of Nicosia most of the year and lemons are on the trees all the year round, and that was also a few feet from the house. There were also flowers in bloom a lot of the year because people, I don't know the extent to which people water the flowers, but there were always things to see. But, very important from my point of view, the architecture was so different from London, this seems to me to be a Cypriot imitation of colonial architecture and it was probably built in the 1920s or 30s, it's got a distinctive style I like, the sandstone, I can't see what colour the shatters are here, they may be green, the green is associated with British colonial architecture in Cyprus, in India, in the Sudan, wherever you go when the British put up a certain type of houses and put civil servants in them, whether British civil servants or local civil servants, they used this green paint, so it means something, but you can't tell here whether the paint is green or not. Further down that street there was another funny little modernist building which belongs to the Cyprus Government, it's to do with the department of fisheries I think, can't quite

read…wait a minute it's the Forestry Department, but it's a tiny little building, but its, it's again such an anomaly to see a tiny little government office in a set of houses. So, it was something to see as one went past.

This was a restaurant, which like the Syrian Club Restaurant was near the house, and I would eat there once a week, it has two elderly waiters inside, they always recognise their customers, they greed you as you come in. I was often eating by myself, they knew what I liked so when I walk into that restaurant now, years later, the waiter who normally serves me just looks at me and says "pastourma"! [chuckles] That was another kind of, eh, just a place to have a social relationship that was predictable. It's a basic working class eating out place, so you get lots of guys in groups coming there at night, people who work here, in a little company together, it's relaxed, it's completely unpretentious, no one will hustle you or take any notice of you, or, you know, you could just be yourself there and have a cheap meal and a drink.

I would be walking across town so there would be lots of ugly little bits like this, which you just got through on your way to the next more attractive part of the walk.

That was a petrol station where I would take my car, and the important thing about this petrol station was that the owner was probably very ill and rather bad tempered and would stare at one with an angry eye, but he had two Sri Lankan guys working there –the owner's changed since then– eh, two Sri Lankan guys were kind of warm and friendly and they would service my car and change the oil and water and I would give them a small tip and so they were always glad to see me, but I don't think it was all about the tip, I think they were glad to see a human being who would smile at them and say a few things…I mean, I believe that how people treat each other in the city in very small ways says a lot about how they feel about people in general, I reckon these guys are tremendously appreciative if anybody who isn't from their home town is actually friendly to them and they give you back, you know, fifty percent more than you give them, it's that kind of a situation. I always liked to see them.

This was a coffee shop, just a little hole in the wall, coffee shop where I usually drank my coffee outside because the guys inside smoked a lot and it was too smoky for me, but again, as with everywhere in Cyprus, if the owner sees you come back two or three times you get some kind of social recognition, so this was right in my neighbourhood, it was another secure place where you could be sure of, you know, of at least a basic friendly greeting.

This was a barbershop where on occasion I went to get my hair cut and the barber was a sort of real character and among other things, while cutting your hair he would sing to you funny old Cypriot folk songs, he was a lot of laughs, on one occasion I nearly

rented a flat from him because I was fed-up with the flat I was in, and went and looked at his flat and decided that, although in many ways, much more attractive location, I couldn't do as much, I mean I wasn't prepared to invest in it, but it was good fun and, and always made a haircut something a bit more human.

This was a grocer shop I patronised on a regular basis, it tied in with my research work, it was owned by a very sweet old couple who it turned out, once I got to know them had lost two children, which was a very powerful factor about them, they were deeply religious, they were very nice to their customers, I would come in at the end of my walk, after a long half an hours walk and they, you know, I would buy a couple of pounds worth of things I needed and they would very often give me coffee and a cake, ahm, I would stop there for ten minutes and chat to them and those chats were, actually very productive in helping me understand, these people weren't refugees, but understand how certain kinds of elderly Cypriots looked at life and their health problems and their psychology and their religiousness, so it was, it was both work and play at the same time.

This is just an old house I would pass on the way and the way, the mud brick has been, has been, showing underneath the plaster and it's typical of a kind of Nicosia village house that is almost disappearing in this neighbourhood, it's dilapidated it's in a state of decay, something will happen to it probably quite soon, but again it's something to see as you go by and here is another shot of it, and it's sort of visually, the sense of decay and incipit collapse is quite powerful to me, and it's about the city aimlessly ageing, declining, being altered but then a few steps later you get this extraordinary piece of nature in the middle of the city, you get a feel, the flowers I now know are called margaritas, and as one of my best friends here is called Margarita I'm never gonna forget those flowers are called margarita, and it's got this very attractive pink tree whose name I don't know, and this is, you could say an eyeful on your walk, I mean it gives the walk a terrific texture and you pass that each day and you recognize it.

And here is a close-up of the lemons, which we already said what we need to say about lemons, but it's, they're there all up and down the walk because all over Nicosia people have lemon trees in their garden –things you see on the walk look, look at this, this house has a jacaranda, this of course you would never see in London, palm tree and strange desert cactus plant, at the back of an old house.

I suspect this is a jacaranda tree, it's not in a very good condition, but what an extraordinarily, extraordinary blue-pink and when I say blue-pink, my wife is the person who has taught me to see that inside one colour there is another colour, before, to me, before I was married I would've just called that pink and would've been

fairly inarticulate about it and she's made me see that pink could go in a yellow direction, or a blue direction, that every, every colour is kind of several other colours at once.

This little plant whose name I once learned and now forgotten, is all over Nicosia and it has the extraordinary property of appearing in many different colour combinations. I never found out why the colours vary, I don't know whether it's the plant's genetic character or how a particular plant reacts to the soil or water or the seasons, I quite like to know, I'd probably never take the trouble to find out. This isn't a very attractive example there are lots more and we probably see more on the walk.
Ahm, this is another strong, strong colour, that one sees a lot of it in the city and again pretty rare in London at any time of the year, I'm not sure it could grow in London at all, unless it's in a special garden.

Here is an…here's another piece of visual luxury because you got the tangle -almost like a rainforest construction of plant and wildness and a very-very light yellowy–green with the sunlight through it and the palm tree at the top and the sense perhaps the house behind it might be lived in and maintained, but it might be another derelict house, we'll find out in a minute. And there were quite a lot of derelict properties on the walk.

This's just a funny piece of styling, when Haris was with me he said it looked like a Swiss chalet, I think yeah there's something, it's a, it's a sort of almost one-off, it, it looks like the owner got an architect who had an idea, or the owner had an idea and it's a non-conformist piece of modernist architecture. I don't particularly like it, but of course it's not like the next house and it's not like any house I would have seen, I mean London could produce a whole street of identical houses that could go on for miles.

This is remarkable to me because it's named after an important figure in Cypriot political history called Katalanos, and he's a hero to some people and probably a bit of villain to others, ahm, he was agitator, on behalf, he was a mainland Greek from the Mani I think who spent many years in Cyprus as a teacher and was activist in the cause of Greek nationalism and Enosis and he's believed to have given a speech a few miles from my village, and soon after the speech some of the local Greek nationalists set fire to a Turkish coffee shop, so he's a memorable figure in my consciousness so it's ironic that I am walking down a street named after him, and indeed the whole walk contains these political ironies and…

This is a school I would pass daily and of course seeing small children at school made me think about my own large children in London and remember what it was like to have little children, had to drop the off each day, ahm

This is just a picture on Sunday of four young Asian women, on their way to a social event, this is their day off they walk through the city because they probably, it's the cheapest way of getting around for them and ahm they are happy to be together and they are happy to have a day off…

Ok this is continuing the walk down, we are going continuously against the stream of traffic, we are going down the hill and we are going towards the U.N, the U.N. observation line which separates the Greek Cypriot community from the Turkish Cypriot community and we are going towards the British High Commission.

This is just a street I would walk through, on the right just past the lamppost was a place where severely disabled children were brought, it was a daycare centre for them, I believe now it's something else, [reading in Greek] apo-kata-stasis kai physiotherapia, no it must still be, it's still a centre for some kind of therapy, but I would often at seven o'clock in the morning, I would see a parent carrying a really badly disabled child into the place, and that would make me think about the burdens of parenthood and what difficult life it is to have a physically disabled child, I have a child who's had very minor physical difficulties and it affects everything and I can't imagine that I could cope with a much more severe disability, I mean those people are quite, heroes much more heroic than the people who go and shoot members of the enemy…

Ahm, this is just a piece of green neglect and disorder, little bit of dereliction down the road, there's more of it, rusting gate, says quite a lot because people don't let their property go if they are living in it, usually, I mean they have to be very poor, or they have to be tenants who don't care about spending on upkeep, so this looks neglected…

In an odd sort of way neglect is just as visually interesting as beauty and order, I mean there's a kind of beauty about entropy and neglect, there's visual interest at least, and this is more on that theme…

Ahm this is a fairly boring bit of the walk because it's through traffic, it's going past a little school and the good thing about the school was that about once a week I would meet one of my nephews taking his child at the school and he's a very attractive personality, he is a paediatrician, we are very fond of each other we have very similar politics, our politics are much closer than his politics are to his father, so we didn't have to talk about that we just know about it, we would discuss the way political things were going a little bit, and ironically that meeting is in the shadow of something called the Hellenic Club, which I can be fairly sure, would not welcome either us and our

ideas, but who knows, maybe it's an entirely cultural place, what's interesting to me about it is like these, these, I don't know how to call them really, I like the shape which I associate with peasant houses in the Karpas and throughout the Messaoria architectural houses used these arches in that shape, to me they have a sort of medieval feeling I think some of the Kyrenia cathedrals have these arches too, to me they are very Cypriot but perhaps if I knew more about Mediterranean architecture they turn out that they got a connection to Venice or somewhere, ahm they were much imitated by architects in tourist housing in Kyrenia, the late sixties early seventies…

Here is another piece of political irony, this is a street which says in Greek, "Οδός Ηρώων» and as Haris pointed out to me the English rendering, you don't know whether it's misprint for the word iron, "Iroon Str." You wouldn't realize that this means heroes in Greek and that heroes are a highly political subject because they are nearly always dead nationalists, they are not parents dealing with terribly disciplined children, so you know, it's got the piece, it's got the, actually when you look closely, let's look at that again because it's got something even more ironic in it, it has municipal sign and it has the dove of piece in the middle, but of course the message of heroes who are dead nationalist fighters are two completely contradictory messages, so I've only just realized that by seeing the photograph, I would never have noticed that walking, because the eye is not arrested in the way it is in the photograph.

So here we are approaching the last phase of the walk, which is the most countrified phase, you'll see there's a sign on the extreme right saying "no photographs" so we are going-to-be mildly subversive about that, actually behind those green protective screens there's a tiny Greek army unit, and usually when I walk past it there would be young men doing things, quite noisily, they would sometimes look at me, they probably thought I looked a bit odd, I thought they looked entirely normal, I don't think we conversed maybe sometimes we said "good morning" I can't, I, I, I mean, I regard young men in uniform as an unnecessary fact of life and the fact that young men in Cyprus have to spend two years in uniform, badly paid and bored when they could be doing something more interesting, strike me as an unfortunate feature of our political predicament.

This is the department of prisons, as I am reading in English, as I am puzzling over it in Greek, over to the left there's a man from my village who works as prison officer there, he's learned Turkish in order to communicate with the Turkish prisoners there, ahm…

This is the best part of the walk in a way, because we are now entering the cease fire zone, that's why there's no photography because there's military both sides of it, in the middle is the U.N., we'll probably see a U.N. watchtower in a minute, and all this

extravagant, untamed nature is because nobody's built there since 1974 or even earlier, maybe even since 1964, because I can't remember, I don't know the military history of this particular piece of ground, it may have been an earlier point of conflict rather than a later point, you gotta know exactly what you're looking at in Cyprus, because different things destroyed different communities at different times and you mustn't assume everything happened in one year, it didn't and it's a very important part of Greek official propaganda to pretend that everything went wrong in 1974, whereas anyone who really knows the history knows things started to go wrong in the middle 1950's . First inter-communal, serious inter-communal violence was in 1956, one year after the E.O.K.A struggle started.

So, we are getting down towards the High Commission, we're gonna see a U.N. tower in a minute, we can't quite see it yet, there's lots of flowers to see but significantly there's barbed wire. And, the barbed wire, the barbed wire, you can't see it very clearly here, but it's about the politics of separation and ceasefire monitoring and further down one of the pieces of barbed wire tell you that it belongs to the U.N. and not to something called C.F.P, which I don't know what it stands for, it could be Cyprus Protection Force, but I wouldn't actually be able to work out the significance of that.

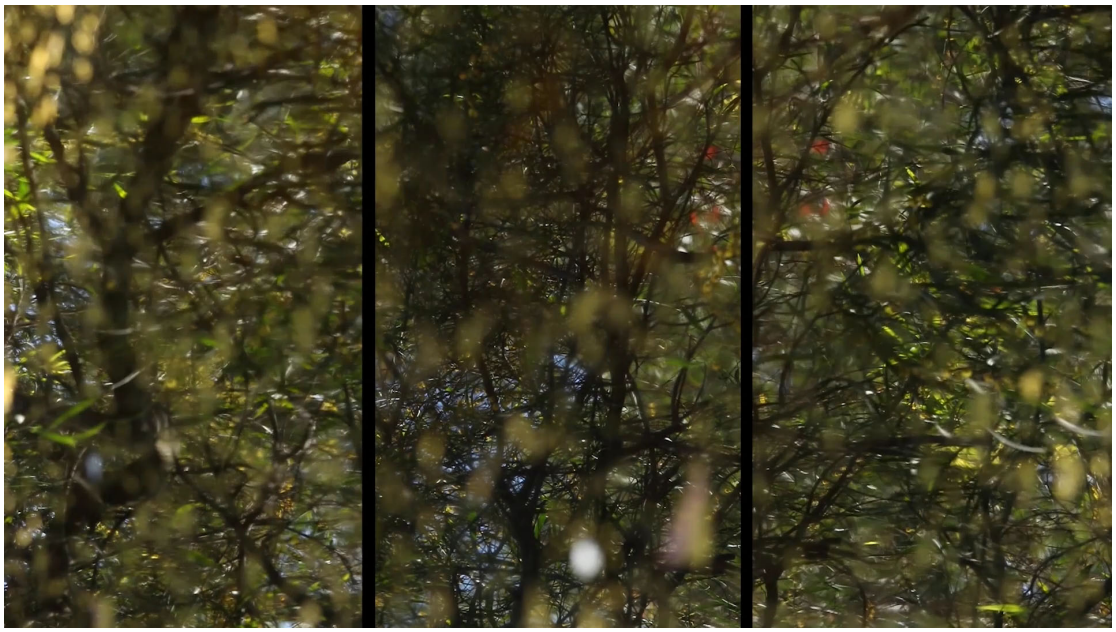
So this is, this is the place where you see a lot of people walking, it's attractive to early morning walkers, it feels very fresh, you see birds, there's no cars, very few cars down there, so you're as close to nature as you're gonna be in the middle of a capital city for about five minutes

This is a house that is abandoned because it's right in the ceasefire zone, the owner must be wondering as he watches it, if he is in Cyprus at all, if he or she is in Cyprus must wonder every year whether the problem would go on, whether there's any chance of saving the house, whether it's going to be a wright-off, whether the insurance, if there is any insurance will ever pay-up.

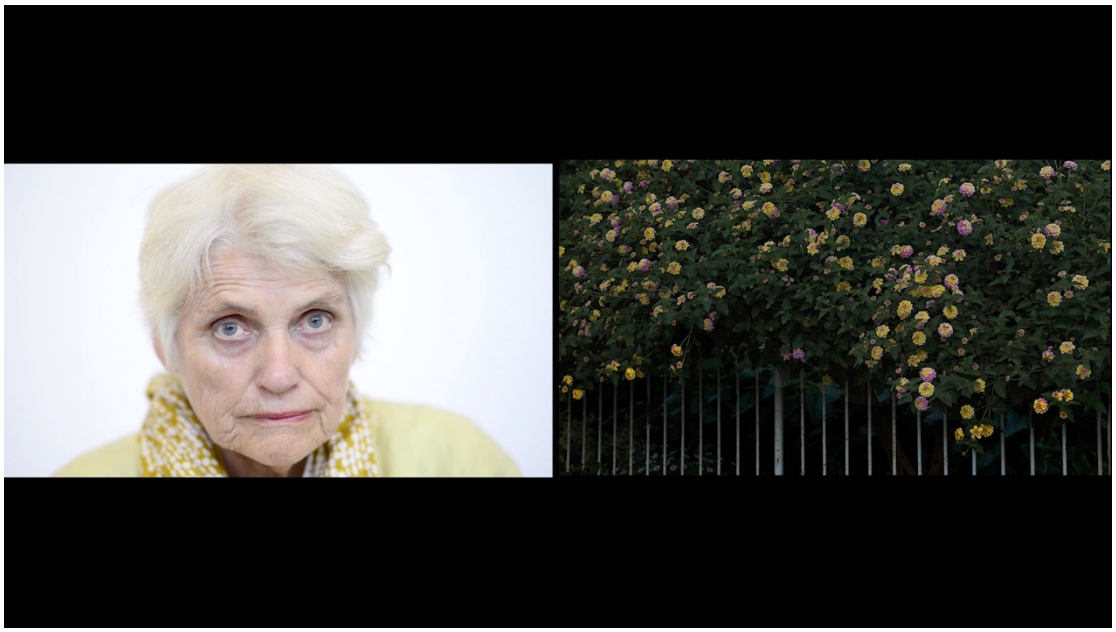
Now we are at the end of the walk, these are, these are roadblocks installed shortly after I started this walk because somewhere else in the region or the world where the British and the Americans are a political presence, there have been car bombings and lorry bombings and this is the British High Commission, and obviously an enemy of the British could have got a lorry full of dynamite down there and blown the place to bits, so these bollards are to stop a fast moving vehicle and slow it down, maybe stop it getting in at all .

This is the point at which I would turn round and start walking back.

Appendix 3: Fig.15, 16 & 17. Stills from walking collaborations with Ruth Keshishian and Diana Wood Conroy along the artist's own walking explorations, leading to 9:59mins video projection with ambient sounds, studio recorded sounds by Sakari Laurila and reedited by Pellapaisiotis, choregraphy Savvas Yerolemides and Pellapaisiotis, soundtrack by Susan Graham, *Si mes vers avaient des ailes,* https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y-l8XVsfYD4 . Video shot and edited by the artist. Original textual contributions by Diana Wood Conroy and Ruth Keshishian with extracts from Olive Murray Chapman, *In and Around Nicosia* (John Lane The Bodley Head 1937 reprint 1943) and Jennifer M. Webb, *Les Cylindres-Sceaux D'Enkomi*, (Nicosia: Mission Archéologique Française D'Alasia, 1987). Work in progress, limited public access pending release. https://vimeo.com/manage/videos/513323387



Appendix 4: Fig. 16.



Appendix 5: Fig 17.

Ruth Keshishian: Extract from Walk 1X, Keshishian 2006

> And the wild fig branches ease against the walls, breathe out and crumble the plaster, press against the dried mud walls, strain themselves into the silence of the barren rooms, stretch through the broken panes and splinter the wooden frames as boldly as the silk cotton trees of Angkor....I turn over the leaves, the dark green leaves, muted with dust, and turn them over in my hands to feel the texture, hoping for the scent to fill the still air. And when the paved slabs crack and let the white roots shine under the noon sun, I hear the rush of the river that was.

Diana Wood Conroy: Walking the old city

> I walked with Haris from the Post Office in Nicosia along the Venetian walls to the Famagusta Gate and beyond to the buffer zone for several hours on an October morning. I've wandered along the bastions every year for more than twenty years of visiting Cyprus from Australia to take part in the annual excavation of the Paphos Hellenistic Roman theatre by the University of Sydney. The city has become part of my history now. I come across a street corner or a café where I had an intense conversation with particular friends. I remember a tailor near the Green Line, or the umbrella maker near the market where I bought a bunch of narcissus in early spring, or an encounter with the wise Orthodox book seller near the hidden church of Machairas.
>
> The combination of blues and ochres in the street is beautiful; always windows and doorways in shades of blue-green, and walls ochre to grey. The luminous limestone in the Venetian walls have the same colours I discovered in documenting ancient

frescoes in the Paphos theatre. A monumental stone doorway opens into a crumbling house near the Green Line, with a pomegranate grove pushing up into the former living room and courtyard. In their dissolving walls I find genetic traces of structures linking to houses that were built millennia before. Rows of improvised plant containers outside an inhabited dwelling contain a flourishing garden of roses and portulacas on a tiny pavement a hand span wide. Then, as we head into the centre of the town, graffiti appear; a grinning woman, a snake, with impenetrable texts. Wood workshops drift with sawdust.

From his long years in London Haris has come home to Cyprus, and I feel tentatively Cypriot through immersion in its ground; we speak in English, one of many languages inscribed into the island. What happens to a city cracked through the centre? Rather than accepting ruin, the intensity of that 1974 war drove people to emigrate to Australia, like my friends Mehmet, escaping from Pelathousa in Paphos, or Eleni, from a village near Famagusta, both teenagers then, now grandparents. Their children have Turkish and Greek as second languages but hold the memory of the stone doorway somewhere in their being.

In all our conversations Haris speaks of his grandmother, consorting with angels regularly, crossing boundaries between visible and invisible worlds just as I feel able to conjure up fragments of the second century and see the past in the present, and even discern ruin when I look at some shiny new building.

The archaeological team came to Cyprus in a reverse journey, to uncover a past in the earth of Cyprus, and to discover that the language, forms, and assumptions of classical Europe can still be traced in Australia. All my experiences between Aboriginal Australia and ancient Cyprus suggest a grounding in a similar understanding of being that transcends materiality. Walking the city over many seasons and times began an intuitive journey; an inscape imprinted with inchoate feelings. I get lost in that inner space as if I were in the melancholy labyrinths of Nicosia. I discern that I become real, as Indigenous friends would say, only inasmuch as the place recognises me. Indigeneity is about a two-way relationship that is embedded in, and born from, country. The place itself recognises the person; the subject is enfolded in place. In the same way the ancient Greek word for nature, *physis,* implies being born in a sentient environment that perceives as well as being perceived. Looking at Cyprus through an Aboriginal lens I would say that Nicosia has inscribed me indelibly; the city has observed and mapped me.

Appendix 6: Fig. 18. Still from walking collaboration with Murat Erdal Ilican, drone video recording 5:23 with audio reading by an actor of Ilican's original text and contribution to the project reproduced in full below. Work-in-progress.

Murat Erdal Ilican: I Like to Walk

A car entered into the old town of Nicosia, through a straight, British-carved road, across the Venetian walls. If it turned left, it would pass in front of Famagusta gate and gradually move towards life, becoming one with the busy city. If it turned right, it would move towards a man-made standstill. As the need was for a parking space, the car moved away from life towards the border. It swirled around a two-meter thick and a four-meter tall cement military guarding position, in the middle of the road, occupied by stray cats and devoid of human life. Rows of parking spaces appeared, on the right, on top of the walls of Nicosia, usually empty during the day and used by the residents of the rows of houses on the left, at night. The car moved onto one of the available parking spaces on the right.

The engine stopped. It was very quiet. It was as if the car came to a stop in a space, where everybody had already left. And indeed they had, most probably for work. This is a working class neighbourhood, next to the border and the area is cut off and not suitable for through-traffic, just as the rest of the old town. It is a clear, yet windy and cold December day. The background view is magnificent. Pendadahtilos/Besparmak with all its characteristics is clear, nothing veiling it, almost naked and beautiful. The valley below, Mesaoria, is still mainly earth colour with random patches of green. Much needed rains did not come. Yet, a consistent green river runs through the valley,

in between an ever-growing cement forest. It is this Green river, overgrown with trees, that marks the border on the ground; what on paper is called the Green Line.

As the body starts to descend from the car, the eyes try to come down to the ground level. The agent of mobility will be the body. The walk will begin. It will begin from a specific place. A place filled with contradictions, symbols, razor wires, no photography signs, UN signs, "No Entry" signs… Buildings with rooftops converted into military defence positions… And there, on the left, where there is no human life… A human being! Dressed as a soldier, under the shadow of not one, but five flags, facing 'us' (and not 'the enemy'), like a lion, he seems to be imprisoned in one half of the bastion -one of the 11 protruding from the Nicosia walls- guarding one half of the bastion from the other half. The flags are all different. Even made out of different materials. Some are made out of cloth, others from painted iron, one is even lit up and stamped onto the mountain. It is like a scene from 'Alice in Wonderland'.

This was the furthest northern point on the walls that one could reach or the furthest southern point depending on which side of the fence one's perceived place of positioning, origin, or reference is. The way forward, however, was fenced off by a razor wire with UN signs, hanging cameras and wildly grown trees and bushes. A ruined school could be seen in the dead zone. This space is out of this place; it is different, with no human presence. It seems to be frozen in time, but yet filled with life. Plants and animals are living where humans left. Plants seem lush and the animals well fed.

Could one change shape like Alice and join this magical world of the dead-zone as an animal? Discover its secrets and history hidden since the late fifties, for the last sixty or more years … Or will this adventure be more like the 'Little Red Riding Hood' story with the wolf beast lurking at each corner? Or worse still, perhaps perceived as being the beast in the middle yourself, would you not be hunted down by the very princes and princesses on each side of this land? Who knows?

Leaving behind the drama and the magic of the past and the present, the walk starts towards the future. Along the road parallel to the border fence, heading towards west, moving away from the old city wall to the inner spaces of the old town. There are histories and many stories here, along the winding narrow streets and especially within the rows of the attached houses along both sides of the snaking roads. They all come, hope and live towards death. They all leave a mark, a small mark perhaps, good or bad, yet visible, only if, one knows how, where and what to look for. It feels as if the body is moving through space and time, both towards the future and towards the past at the same time, allowing for a privileged present to present itself; to be admired, observed and walked through. Doorways of various kinds, and their intimacy

with one and the other, reinforce the image of a particular civility. Yet, the dead-end, barricaded streets, buildings with occasional bullet holes indicate a particular intolerance or hate that the space possesses.

After passing the church of Chrysaliniotissa, the road winds down onto Ermou street: the old commercial street of Nicosia. Ermou is a road built over the original riverbed of Pedieos, which used to cut through the city. Heading west on Ermou between the recently renovated fa**ç**ades of commercial shops, a feeling of emptiness surrounds the air. The materials were there and properly assembled in order to represent a particular past as the present, yet life was missing.

Walking past two lost tourists with a map in hand, an old man on a bike, and a wondering flâneur is all it took to reach to the end of the street of Ermou. Ermou is cut off, blocked as a road, forcing the walk to steer ninety degrees south. At this sharp corner of no choice, appears yet another lion, this time caged and hidden behind proper labelling and no photography signs. Again, he is facing the 'wrong' way; down Ermou towards Famagusta Gate, not towards the 'enemy'. If the lions are there to protect the medieval city from the outsiders, why are they facing inside? Is the 'enemy' within? A chilly air penetrates the body. As the body freezes and needs to come to a standstill, the mind transcends time and space indulging itself with the past leading to the division of the old town. What does it mean to be human? For what possible cause can one kill? How scared can one be to allow the death of others? Or how blind and outraged can one get that one ends the life of another? Can one understand and remedy this situation of endless phobia???

All evaporate into the thin air, like the smoke from an extinguished fire. The walk needs to go on and for that it is the body that needs to do the job. Thinking is not enough. The act of walking, in the form of taking one step, followed by another and yet another, needs to take place. Only then, one can walk. Walk away towards something new. From past and present to the future.

More renovated buildings appear on both sides of the street, no humans and few cars until the old electricity station of Nicosia; currently serving as a cultural centre. Family houses renovated into art and craft shops. Families are no longer there, but the clients are missing too. This whole road is a one-way street and the walk continues against few passing cars. All seem to be in a hurry to throw themselves out of the winding, narrow, one way, no end streets, of the confusing old Town.

It is cold. Turning west, the walk continues. Life starts to appear. Soldiers with their guns walking in groups, women appearing in doorways of old houses in order to sell their body, a philanthropic centre distributing food, the new municipality building, a

shop here and there until the Phaneromeni Orthodox Church which is located next to a small Catholic chapel long converted into a Mosque. The so-called rehabilitation project of the area is still going on. Few marginalised groups of individuals around the churchyard represent the victory of commercialism as the new religion and the resistance of the few that still continues. Coffee shops, restaurants and bars, one after another, opened up turning public spaces into private profit-making spaces among which it is hard to walk. Today is too cold and crowds are missing. There is plenty of space to walk through and about.

No intense smell of perfume, food or smoke in the air as the walk came to a halt for a short coffee break. Life and interactions at the coffee shop burdens the mind, but serves as a break for the body that still needs to keep walking. There are choices. The walk can continue and pass through a border gate and then yet another only to continue in the northern part of the old town. As gates also mean gate keepers and imposed stand stills, checks and controls, the walk may not be as free as one might like. These gates, however, in between them contain the magical lands of the Green Line, the Buffer Zone, where there are many beasts, but no sovereigns and where once lived many occupiers in freedom.

Time is important and the sun is fading away. Walking exposes you more to the elements. It is getting colder and colder. And there is no time for forwards and backwards, through gates. Like Cinderella, having her appearance being changed after midnight, being forced into a particular category or another, based on time and space occupied in the old Town. It is time to walk back. There is no time for Cinderella type adventures.

This time tracing back the footsteps of the recent past as the new present. Each step clings to the future, as the past and the present, tangled like a web surrounding its path. The body walks through time and space and comes to a standstill in front of the Mosque of Tahtakale. Locked, but renovated, it represents the lost citizens of the town. Yet, the Ottoman architecture as well as lifestyle comes to life in many of the recently renovated houses of the area. Then comes Famagusta Gate. With its doors open for exhibitions and conferences, but not to through-traffic, the walk moves north, towards, where it started and the car is parked.

Appendix 7: Fig 19. Still from walking collaboration with Alexandra Manglis, video recording 5:32 with audio reading by Manglis of her original text and contribution to the project reproduced in full below. Work-in-progress.

Alexandra Manglis: Letra's Time

The city-state of Letra is thick with stories; Labyrinthine, ever-spinning, spoken and sung stories that squeak out of the murkier street gutters and coruscate from the pristine temple walls. Drilled into the concrete of old war bunkers, planted with the bougainvilleas overflowing in the city gardens, the stories fill the gaps between the buildings, rising above the smell of the ripening hesperidia and sinking into the sun-heated tarmac of over-grafitti'd parking lots. Fictions and realities, forgotten dreams and catalogued histories, Letra embraces them all within its circumambient fortified walls.

There are some who would tell you that Letra actually goes so far as to hoard the stories, stacking them into neat piles of small data-filled chips inside its historic walls. That the formidable width and breadth of the star-shaped fortress protecting the city's inhabitants contains vast secret tunnels of digitized archives dating back to the fifteenth century. That Letra is perforated with anonymous surveyors who siphon off the city's multitude of quotidian moments into elaborate recording devices. That this isn't a city of ephemeral stories. That this is a clandestine electronic police state. One that doesn't just document movement and action, but also notes down the new lullaby songs that migrate in with the destitute alien workers, that records the shouting call of the old woman selling watermelons every summer Wednesday in the

open-air food market, that transcribes the fervent conversation between two teenage lovers hidden in the shadows of a narrow arcade.

Like any good urban myth, the conspiracy theory valiantly seeks to explain the basis of Letra's mysterious existence. As though those centuries-old walls, dreamt up in the minds of Venice's greatest engineers, were purpose-built for surveillance. Their geometrical perfection a symbol of local, internal, control. In that version of history, Letra becomes an experiment in a perfected, if concealed, totalitarian regime. But the conspiracy theorists have it wrong. Because those Renaissance engineers, the master craftsmen of their time, weren't dreaming of a misinformed utopian autocracy. When they arrived, and saw Letra as it was, a place of transit to the four corners of the world, they saw Letra as it could be: a living collection of histories. And when they began to build the walls, ostensibly to keep Letra safe from Ottoman attacks, they dreamt further, of a city that could stand beside the collection of histories even as it stood within them. A city that could live both in and outside the steady tide of time, that would tremble between the linear force of temporal progression and the expansive growth of watching that progression from afar. Neither in time nor outside it. Neither here nor there.

Just as the walls were completed, their intricate workings barely finished, a war arrived, savage and brutal. The one engineer, Giulio Savorgnano was slaughtered outside his house in a blood bath. The other, Franscesco Barbaro, simply disappeared, written off as dead. Their apprentice, a young Moor whose name nobody could remember, was seen running away from the city only to be shot in the back by a well-aimed arquebus. As the new rulers moved in, the walls only revealed half their secrets; their ability to collect history but not their ability to exist outside it. And so began the archiving of Letra's stories while the rest of Letra's abilities remained locked.

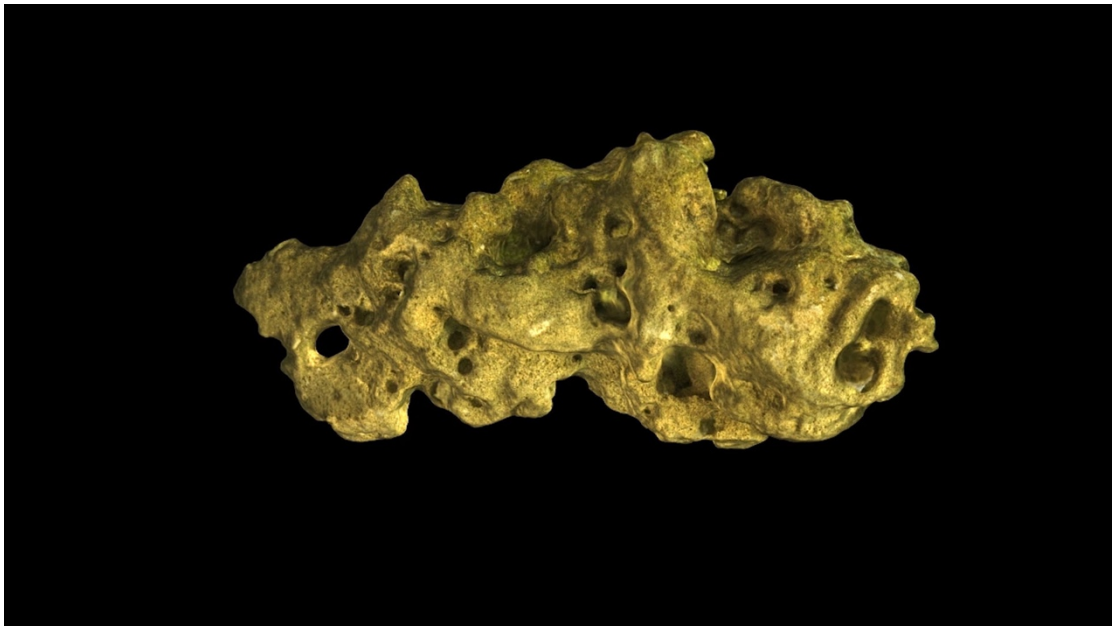
Today it is 2015. And Letra, now contained by its walls for over half a millennium, has begun to buckle under the weight of its accumulated histories, unable to hold them while being anchored to the rigor of progressive time. And though I didn't expect it to happen in my, admittedly elongated, life-time, I have been called to help untie Letra into the chaos of two universes just as Barbaro and Savorgnano planned. If the city is not released it is likely that it will implode, taking all of its inhabitants with it, leaving a crater of undone history that could impact the entire region. So I must emerge from the shadows where I have been living, off-again, on-again, visible yet not entirely visible.

There will be others coming through Letra's side-streets to help. But I do not know who they will be and they do not know me. We are not a brotherhood nor a sisterhood joined together by some secret handshake. We don't share thin, blue-lined tattoos to

identify ourselves to one another as chosen saviors. We are simply the ones who have been listening. And Letra's call has been louder than the muezzins' call to prayer from every minaret in these streets. Louder than the chiming of the Orthodox church bells on Sunday mornings.

And the call has been clear. It is time to set Letra free .

Appendix 8: Fig. 20. Still from walking collaboration with Frank Chouraqui, showing 3D laser scan and animation. Final video recording, duration 8:48 includes video, audio recorded reading, ambient sound recordings and studio composed "noise" by Solomon Burt and Haris Pellapaisiotis. Chouraqui's text is reproduced in full below.



https://vimeo.com/manage/videos/502948496

Frank Chouraqui

How I love this place, you know, when I first came to Cyprus, my first feeling was of abandonment, in many different ways. I arrived on a 31st of December at night, and I was moving there for good, even though I'd never seen it before. I thought it would be a Greek Island. I think January first was a Sunday that day, I guess you can imagine what Nicosia looked like: empty, cold and dreary. I felt abandoned, let down for having been told of the wonders of Cyprus. I also felt like the place was abandoned, a god-forsaken place. And I was, of course, in the literal sense (and without dramatizing) an alien. The feeling never really left me, and it's partly because strong first impressions always carry more weight than they deserve, but also because the impression had something truthful about it.

What I realized afterwards, was that this abandonment was a feature of life on the island. It's a disputed place. In a way, it's marked by a history of defeats and no victory. That's what divided means: everybody loses. Populations were swapped, and part of the identity is to have been uprooted. The culture has some resignation to it, and I think people who think of it as populations clinging to their roots or their land get it upside down. It's inertia mostly, and fatalism, and frustration of course. So, my sense of abandonment, paradox aside, was my first step towards fitting it. In this context this place has a role for me: it is literally abandoned, a dead zone, a no man's land. It is the place of the mutual defeat: the buffer zone. But, strangely, all of this also means that it's a place that dates back to when Cyprus could really function as a (imperfect) home for its people. A time before the mutual abandonments. And it has a wholesome timelessness to it. Interestingly, this timelessness seems to erect itself in defiance of the superficial work of the humans: no buildings, very discreet cultivation, it's pure land. I even wonder if it could count as a "place" at all.

This is what makes it a great place for me to run. It is unfrequented. I almost said abandoned, but in a way, it's much less abandoned than the city. It's not abandoned so much as ignored. I think the difference matters because abandonment is a relationship. An abandoned place has been given up. This is why abandonment makes so much of the national psyche on the island: being abandoned is an identity.

As for me, connecting with this place by running made me feel like I belonged here much more than the locals did. Between the social life which is so saturated with symbols and the soil of the island, there is a great many layers for the locals. For me, there is nothing. This is why it's just me running around here. Unmediated relation to the geology of the place. The privilege of the foreigner.

It's very barren, lots of crickets, some snakes and big hares, they're beautiful. Even when they run away, they're quite relaxed. Of course, it's full of signs of war. Mostly signs of possible war more than of the past war. A couple trenches, buried army posts, silly flags painted on the ricks, on both sides. But the job of the army, mainly, is to be invisible. It must be able to do, without being seen, pure latent power almost. If anything, it transforms the creek into a stage. Being surrounded by the army posts makes the path look like it's a latent place of action: it's a creek, a location maybe but it can become a *place* anytime. Not a place yet, of course, it has no history, it is not a context for anything. But it has the material existence that makes it a possible battlefield. When or if it becomes one, the creek, of course, will disappear, and it won't be a good place to run anymore, if running means emptying your head, letting your body take charge of your own being, reducing yourself to it entirely. That is to say, if running means turning a person into a body. People are in places, and bodies are in

locations. This place makes me want to run because being a person here is inappropriate, it helps you be a body to be in a location that's not yet a place. This is why I feel so much for the soldiers in the army posts. They are bodies if fighting, but right now, they're literally wrapped in symbols, and their body cannot break free, in a place that doesn't accommodate for it. I never felt so different from a soldier as then. It's like I was naked running and they were overdressed. All in the desert.

Appendix 9: Fig.21. Stills from a walking collaboration with Stephanos Stephanides, duration 11:39. Video includes original footage, audio reading by Stephanides, original song recording, archive photographs. Stephanides' original textual contribution to this project is reproduced in full below.


https://vimeo.com/manage/videos/540938427

Stephanos Stephanides

I don't know if I can yet be a shaman and speak in the voices of the dead. Now that she is dead she is even more of an ungraspable enigma in mind, in dreams, in memory, she has become a shamaness from another world. How do we structure feelings of our messy and unpredictable – now deceased- progenitors? For a few years after her death, she would appear in my dreams as if still alive. In exasperation I would ask her angrily why she pretended to be dead –leaving us all in our bereavement, when she was apparently just hiding somewhere. She would answer like the diva she was that she would come and go as she pleases. Maybe I could be a kind of ghost dowser or a psychopomp. I remembered burying her disenchanted corpse. I recall that I once inhabited her body –my womb habitation-- until I pushed my way out releasing myself from her flesh– her body my threshold between worlds. Perhaps all habitations are attached in death to stories over time, posthumous acts of memorialisation by designated mourners, obsequies and rites tying up loose ends, mitigating desire for roads taken and not taken.

In the city, I always catch a glimpse of the fleeting presence of her being –her fracture of eternity in the anguished sensuality of the world and the city. When I want to tune

in on her and pick up her movements I move in and around D'Avila moat. I remember how I saw the world from new heights and depths when I was a boy and I came from the village to stay with her in her third floor apartment looking down over the moat with the a row of date palms- graceful sentries watching over. I would accompany her back and forth from her apartment to the Chez Nous, her café-bar enterprise just down the road from Solomou Square taking different routes. Sometimes taking the inside of the city wall and sometime the outside of the city wall and sometimes through the moat. As we passed the statue of the poet, he would turn his head to take in her charisma and graceful gait. A diva traverses the square. When I was confident enough to take the road alone, my preferred route would be to cross the road from the Chez Nous and walk down the steps into the moat, cross the park and up again to the road and up three flights of stairs to her apartment. Walking with Haris, I catch a glimpse of the steps hanging for their life ready to vanish into the moat - demolished for the cities new overlay.

As I was thinking of her obituary, I looked for a photo of her from the days of the Chez Nous. Sitting thoughtfully or posing like a diva. That's how I remembered her most as I looked at her corpse like an effigy in her favourite yellow linen suit giving liquidity to her cold flesh. I crossed her neck with a scarf of Mysore silk and placed a stick of sandalwood incense by her side. I would orchestrate her final exit. Farewell to all flesh. Now I am here and now I am gone. If you don't see me, then don't make it matter. Svanire svanire è dunque la ventura delle venture– to vanish is the greatest of fortunes, one of my favourite poets said. She vanished like lightning Shrovetide Sunday the last year of the second millenium. Farewell to all flesh, carne levare on the day the islanders call *sikosi* or *apokria,* the holy pantomime of carnival. I look at her photos and remember her walking in the city. Moving against the irreversible sadness of mortality, morbidity and decay. Her departure was like lightning. Katerina always came and went like lightning. I was holding her hand when she was in her final death throes and I saw her let go of her breath as she tried to hold on to the spirit one final instant before the final flight. She is the first person I ever saw die at the very instant. So quick -a flash- sleight of hand. I did not catch the birds in her intricate brain fly away releasing her intimate dreams. Why did the moment escape me? I stood waiting for an echo to this valediction to the flesh, the final flash of Shrovetide. The next day was *Deftera tis Katharas*. The day of ashes. I wondered why the Orthodox did not incinerate corpses into ashes. Memento homo. Quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteres. Angaye idam na mama. Would she be an unquiet ghost and arouse my pursuit of illegitimate freedom? An elusive *prima generatrix* speaking to me from another world? I want to hunt down homilies in their track, and write her obsequy with my own conceits to seek out rites of bodies and their inconclusive longings. I will become my own mayin of maya, a master of the alchemy of transition. I will appear and disappear. Sail or fly away. And sometimes back again with illusory dream bodies

sometimes unpenetrating in their darkness sometimes metaphors in lucid unity sometimes spawning joy in their own destruction and creation. I suggest to Haris we walk eastward from Eleftheria Square inside the wall to find the apartment building where she lived until 1958. A mid-twentieth Nicosia yellowstone if I remember well. Will I be able to identify it? I try and follow my boyhood track step-by-step.

Appendix 10: Fig. 22. Stills from walking collaboration with **Yael Navaro and Susan Kozel** 12:11 Video includes original footage shot by Kozel and Pellapaisiotis, ambient sound recordings, readings by Navaro and Kozel. Work-n-progress. Navaro's and Kozel's original textual contributions to this project are reproduced in full below.

Yael Navaro: Divorce Panorama

With my separation from my husband, I started to walk Nicosia differently. Being 'off' the zones of marriage, re-positions one's orientation towards the city. I was re-spatialized, 'displaced,' yet re-emplaced. This, in a city which has undergone multiple historical disorientations, displacements within itself, has been quite a unique experience.

There is a way in which one walks when married. You walk within the 'zone,' even when not at 'home.' Time and space and how you straddle it is an extension of this 'marital home.' 'Where have you been?' 'When are you coming back?' The agreed route is repetitive. It is controlled. It is a subtly imposed and unspoken norm. An unspoken yet imposing bordering of life. And likewise of the mind. Marriage confines

one's imagination and manages one's relations with others. It is a censorship mechanism, a mode of 'governmentality.'

And so there were routes I walked through when within my marriage, and others I did not (unless they were for anthropological research purposes). The route from home to school, and quickly back. And there were curfew hours, times when I was never out, or so it appears looking at it from the other side.

As soon as I was separated, moving house, I was re-orientated. The same city appeared different. I started walking different paths, using hours of the day I did not previously use much, the early morning, the late night. My phone wouldn't ring if I wandered off the time-space zone. There was no longer really a 'zone.' This was a new phenomenology. It wasn't just that my body was positioned anew vis-à-vis the city, people, the world. With it, in unison, my imagination was freed. I encountered new people, mutually said hello. Conversations took new turns. New friends emerged, new faces in my life, new people who would have never entered had I chosen to remain within the habitat of 'marriage.' Even this half-dead city started to blossom through the serendipity that walking outside 'the norm' made possible. Every day could harbour a surprise. I was walking with a mischievous smile. Good morning!

Marriage has invisible boundaries, physical-material ones as in 'the house,' and intangible ones like those in the imagination and the organization of space and time. In fact, one could conceive of marriage like a mini-state! As I found out, the legal process of divorce is meant to protect the sanctity of this state-within-a-state. Borders control the movement of children with their mothers, check in, check out. Or the legal systems of nation-states support the order of marriage. For why else would it be so difficult to get out of?

Walking outside the tangible and intangible borders of marriage, beyond its 'walls,' allows other encounters. In Nicosia, for me, these were also outside the normativity of both Turkish-Cypriot and Greek-Cypriot middle-class societies, their whereabouts, their hangouts, aesthetics, expectations, and modes of sociality. So I found myself walking on a Sunday morning, when my daughter was with her father, on the outskirts of the Venetian walls of Nicosia, at a time when only migrant domestic workers from Sri Lanka, the Philippines, and Vietnam walk the streets. Sri Lankan women made community in the municipal gardens of Nicosia, near Ledra Palace, on Sundays, trimming each other's hair, tidying eyebrows, selling their own food and produce, chatting, sitting in the shade of trees, and celebrating festivals. An entire community of Catholic Filipinas would meet every Sunday at the Latin church by Paphos gate to pray, chant, and hymn in their own congregation for Jesus. Right next door, a special altar had been designed for the Virgin Mary, under a makeshift cave, by Sri Lankan

migrants at the Nicosia seat of the Vatican. One day, Vietnamese ladies celebrated their women's day with a song competition at the municipal gardens. All were dressed up for the occasion. The way through from Paphos gate into old town Nicosia by the Maronite church and the St. Joseph school was spotted with rented rooms turned into Evangelical churches for migrant communities who would come to congregate on Sundays. I hung out in these spaces outside the 'Sunday brunch' normativity of married Cypriot middle-class life. There was a freedom entailed in the possibility of being out at a time dedicated to the married indoors, a lens made possible through separation.

My paths crossed in these time-spaces with those of migrants, outside the contours of society's primary organizing institution. One turns into a home spaces outdoors when one's sense of home has been challenged. So did the migrant workers, the women from Sri Lanka who sat in the grounds of the municipal gardens with their friends every Sunday. I also lingered in the streets of the old town, south the border of my marriage, turning the uncanny into homely in unlikely spaces. One domesticates a city by lingering in its spaces in unexpected ways, at odd times. I noticed that those who walk the city at these other times, outside the time-space of marriage, greeted one another hello, unbeknownst to one another, as if this discovery of the early morning breeze and its caress of one's face was a tightly held secret.

The transformation was existential. My entire being had undergone change, once in a new time-space horizon. I moved differently within myself, in my body. My expressions, my smile felt different to my face. Even my arms, legs, my limbs stretched more, as if there was more space for them within which to be. I walked life in a new way, striding through anew, through back streets, each time discovering another crevice of Nicosia, beyond the mainstream, and far from the main streets.

The migrant women met each other in the churches on Sundays, their only day off work and beyond the gaze of their employers. They sang rhythmically together, with arms raised high, chests enlarged. To Mother Mary, to Jesus, to their own God. I sat in the churches by their side. Listening to the music they made and riding along the transcendence they created in unison.

And outside the confines of the married home, it was friendship that grew. As one cares for one's plants, with water and sunlight, I nourished my friendships. Without a husband with whom to negotiate one's relations with others, my friendships reached depths previously unknown. Conversations lengthened. They were no longer cut, controlled, or self-censored. This re-bordering of life had allowed a new imagination to emerge. Observations of middle class married life from the outside in, inside out. Humour reaching new platitudes.

I marked this dysfunctional city, with a border running through its under-belly, with new sites of memory. If its sites of marriage invoked affects of tension, imminent emotional danger, or unease, I walked through them post-marriage and re-inscribed them with mischief. If the paths of my married itinerary reminded me of jarring incidents or disturbance, I cut across them diagonally and drove through. This city which felt my innermost pain, transformed through separation into a town of jouissance. I discovered a new town aesthetic, another urban clock I had not previously perceived. I started noticing details that my eyes would not register before. Date trees bent in the evening breeze if you watched them carefully. Some women attended the Faneromeni church and bent backwards to plead with God. Women came out of church after the Saturday morning prayer holding each other's arms…

Susan Kozel: The Archival Body: Re-enactments, affective doubling and surrogacy

My second re-enactment for Pellapaisiotis' *Affective Mapping* project is a re-enactment based on affective doubling: it reveals how affect can be set in motion as an artistic strategy, but sometimes it overtakes us. Hijacks us. This is what happened with me when I met with Yael Navarro, an anthropologist and also one of the contributing artists.

Yael took me on a walk through her Nicosia –in particular the abandoned dwellings proximate to the dividing wall. Oddly, the intensity of the abandoned buildings did not create affective pressure points or density for me, her gestures did.

I absorbed Yael's gestures. Not intentionally, this just happened over the course of a conversation in a café about her life in Nicosia. Her life is one of divisions and borders, navigating a divided city on a daily basis, attempting to repair a divided life. Her description was raw not merely because of traumatic events but due to her gestural vocabulary that maintained a vital and persistent counterpoint to her words: her arms, torso and legs were active, even while sitting, as she described her life and sketched her potential contribution to Pellapaisiotis' project. I noticed diagonal slashing gestures (across the heart, from shoulder to hip, arm out with a bodily torque) and a particularly striking gesture to exemplify dismemberment (arm up, dislocated from leg). The slashing intensity made its way to my hastily scrawled notes.

By setting in motion some of the affective potential offered by Yael's gestures, I was struck by the ethical tensions latent to re-enacting another's movements: ethics in relation to her but to myself too. Re-enacting: but these are not my gestures. My heart hurts. This affect is shared but it is not mine. I have a choice to hold it or to perform

it. Performance is transmutation as well as surrogacy. How not to get stuck reliving the pain of others.

As I began to experiment with performing my recollection of Yael's gestures, the process integrated Yael's and my bodies in a way that went beyond re-enactment. Affective doubling made sense for me because it accounted for both the philosophical and the performative dimensions of the way I could hold gestures that were not my own, along with their affective charge. It explained how I could be aware of performing the gestures of another but acknowledge that my heart hurts with the affective residue. I understood on a physical and phenomenological level what Massumi meant when he said "affective doubling gives the body's movements a kind of depth that stays with it across all its transitions" (Massumi 1995, 4) –in this case the transitions spanned bodies. I did not want to get stuck reliving the pain or another, but I wanted to give this archival 'material' the care and attention it deserved without simply appropriating it. In the short clip below of my re-enacting Yael's gestures, Jeannette Ginslov enters into the doubling of affect with her video editing, the affective exchange travelled further across bodies and media.

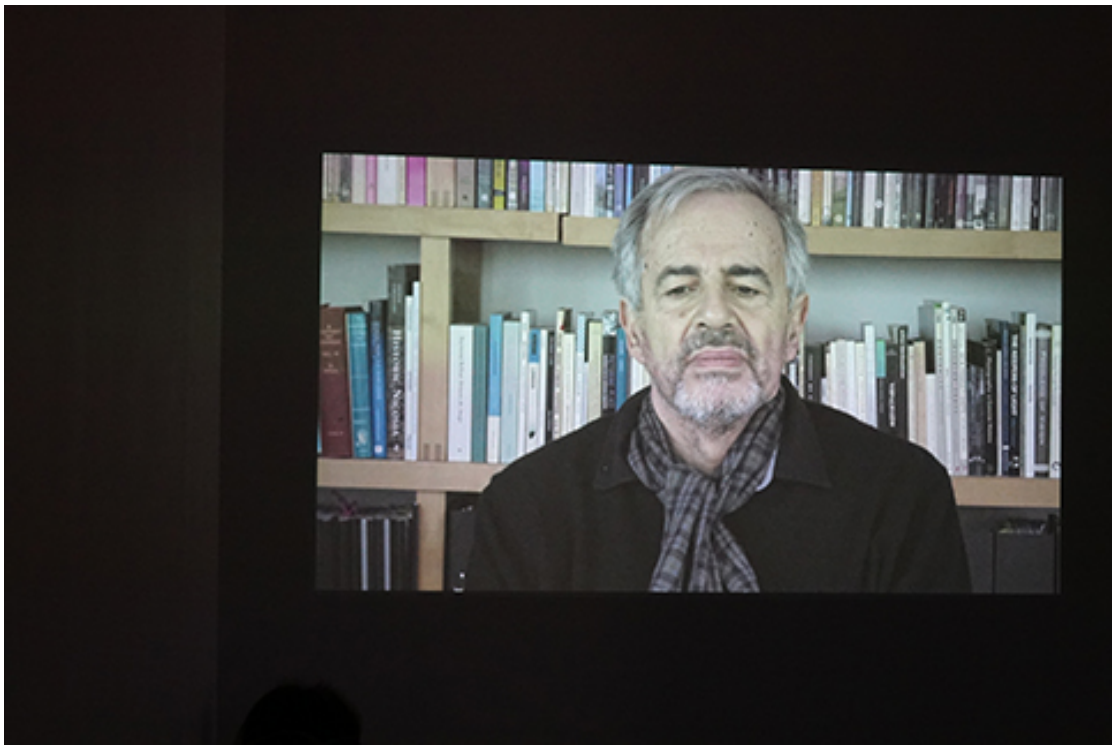
Appendix 11: Fig. 23. Point Centre for Contemporary Art, Nicosia.

Appendix 12: Fig.24. Shows photograph on display taken from the video collaboration with Stephanos Stephanides.

Appendix 13: Fig. 25 & 26. Scenes from the opening night of *Walking Narrative and Affective Mapping* at Point Centre for Contemporary Art, Nicosia, 26 February, 2019.

Appendix 14: Fig 27&28. Public presentation of work in progress at Point Centre for Contemporary Art, Nicosia, showing the artist Haris Pellapaisiotis in conversation with Professor Rebecca Schneider, 1st November 2017.

Appendix 15: Still from projection at the presentation with Rebecca Schneider.



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See also: https://medium.com/the-new-human/the-archival-body-re-enactments-affective-doubling-and-surrogacy-448815d62c07

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