

TEN YEARS AFTER
TEN YEARS OLDER.

ANNA
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TEN YEARS AFTER....TEN YEARS OLDER!

1. A few times, I went back, in my sleep. The feelings and the images were so strong, it took sometime after to realize it was all a dream. Besides those times and of my own choice, I pushed aside the idea and concentrated. There was the new language to learn, the new place, the new fears, a new way of life and the 'Australian boyfriends'. And yet, wherever I was within the new place, I saw unconsciously colours and noises which made me feel strong emotions, because I saw in them, some element which reminded me of that old place. Emotions usually sad, nostalgic, melancholic, soft and beautiful.

I left my place of birth when I was fifteen, just young enough to have been utterly happy and old enough, to remember. And even if there were only two to three more years left, to make my childhood complete, I feel as if I have been cheated of a thousand memories. But if I was given the choice, I would again, I think, choose to come to Australia, having the two ways of life and consequently, the two points of view.

I seem to hear of how everything has changed in the old place. The buildings knocked down and modernized, the children grown up and having children of their own; the old are now too old or dead. Could I see the old house where the new shopping centre now stands? Have my friends grown up, become adults and serious? Will it make me cry to discover how really old my grandmother is? Will it set me wondering, as I enter the garden with the tall trees, where my other grandmother is? It makes me desperate. Could I not at least expect to find everything there, waiting for me, just as I left it, since I have been deprived of it, for so long?

Almost ten years have passed since I waved good-bye to insignificant little Cyprus, thinking that I will not bother thinking of the time when I will meet with her again, I will simply concentrate on the greater things to come. It seems I have been pushing the dream and a wish aside for ever now and years later I know I must face it again. Although somewhat ten years different, we must accept each other the way time has changed the both of us... Ten years later and what do I know, that's worth my being ten years older perhaps that it is time I returned to where I have once started.

-The previous thoughts was what inspired me to make this film. They will be part of the sound-track as an introduction or the prologue, while ^{old} photographs of Cyprus and my family, will be the visuals.

2. One of the subjects in the film will be my grandmothers and their environments, in many ways alike as well as unlike.

-Grandmother Anna's house outside. The shutters are open. The door is pushed open. The rooms are bright and small. I call her name and run up some stairs to her sister's house next door. Sound of opera and someone singing, the steps become faster "It's my uncle singing!". The stairs lead to the roof of the house. View from above and the sounds of dice, talking and laughing coming from the men's cafe down the road. Focus on a specific building which looks new. I, surprised, explain that it never used to be there.

-My grandmother is on the floor fixing the hem on a customer's dress. The woman is standing in front of the mirror in my grandmothers house. My grandmother's hand is picking pins off the pin-cushion. She puts one in her mouth and another on the dress. Her movements are precise and interesting to watch. "When I was a kid I used to think that if there was a heaven and my grandmother died, she'd go there for sure". I also remember her words to me when I was no more than six. She said "I have one wish before I die, to see you a bride, in white".

My grandmother walks through the living room/a young girl walks through the living room. The floor has a pattern of tiles which is for me a symbol of her. "Once, when I dreamt I return to Cyprus, I saw her among the tiles and she was part of the floor".

-Grandmother Kalistheni in a photograph in front of her house. Then a shot of the outside, the real house, same angle as in photograph. All windows and door are shut. The house is shown only from the outside. Nobody lives there. One gets the sense, you can not enter this house. It is a big house decorated with arches and glass windows. Very different from my other grandmother's small and plain house. I explain that this grandmother was a widow too, who also lived next to her sister, about her yard with the lockos trees which seemed so tall only because I was so small and about the mystery surrounding her dark rooms and expensive furniture. "I can never comprehend, she will not be there sitting on her embroidered chairs, if I enter the house".

3. Some of the great memories I have of my grandmothers, especially when I was very young and they much younger, were trips we would take all over the country, in search of religious fairs and celebrations, taking place in some monastery, or outside some village church. Similarly, we would be after someone's child's christening or wedding. I hope to film one such happening, a fair which resembles almost a Sunday flea market in Australia except that the goods are small pictures of the saints, cheap toys, handmade baskets and plenty of food. One other happening I hope to film, will be a traditional Cypriot village wedding. The young women dance for the bride, the groom is shaved by the village's barber, accompanied with the music of violins. The bride and groom walk separately to the church, but return together with the musicians and the whole village and all are invited to celebrate.

-Villages are usually situated amongst the mountains. My feelings related to the villagers are of admiration for their daily battle for survival. When I was young, I would also feel a sense of sadness and death. In every house one would visit he/she hears a sad story about someone's child or mother who died during childbirth, a son or husband or brother during a war or someone's death due to some disease. The villagers, remain the most kind and hospitable people around. I would like to portray them, going about their everyday lives in the village, in the fields and during leisure times. Most villages remain the same as they have always been.

4.-We see my neighbourhood as it is, with a combination of old and new.

-While spying through the cypress trees at the primary children leaving the school gates, we hear thoughts related to my childhood as well as recent conclusions."Childhood is made up of little incidents which sound as absurd now as they did important then".For example:

-I used to always ,quietly complain about the distance from my place to the school.I think school was fun during recess, holidays,ethnic celebrations and even going home.I remember thinking the most interesting kids went home to the left direction where as I would go home the right.

-On the way home,some times,we would meet the madman who threw stones at anyone who would mention the name of another crazy person.The story was that years before they were good friends but they both fell in love with the same woman.

-One time I was called a thief and thought the world had ended.It was outside a park, half way from my place to school.I went there on a Sunday afternoon, with an uncle and his children.We were given six cents to buy a packet of lollies each from this old man who sold sweets at the entrance of the park.I was a little behind the rest.I approached his wooden carriage, I extended my hand to take what I thought was my share but he^{started} abusing me. My cousins ,had already picked up my packet.No one heard him and I never told anyone either.My whole inside was darkened with sadness and shame.I kept having nightmares.Huge dogs were attacking me.I spent a few nights in my parents bed, but the dogs and the Holy Virgin would not go away. I still, find sundays rather depressing.

-Describing my impressions on the next subject I would like to include in this film, I will have to mention how the whole family, used to go to the 'kentra' and have a cheap meal. I don't think ,one could really call them restaurants,they are called 'kentra'.They had what I call atmosphere.Old, concrete,water and waves nitting the cement shore,smell of salt ,tables outside, checkboard table cloths supported at the edges with pegs,long time waiting tummies rumbling, lovely summer dresses sitting on the wooden swings, dips on the table, salads and finally octopus, calamari or souvlaki. At a similar place, in a near by city paphos,at its fishing harbour,there was a huge pelican outside a 'kentro' and one could not think of it without thinking of the pelican.Years ago there was only one now I hear there are two.That is good news.I will be filming these 'kentra'.I will be also comparing their popularity as opposed to the popularity of the more modern ones.

5. From early years to teenage years, high school and going out, the exciting and frustrating times, that part of the film I will be referring to as 'youth'. Things have changed here more than in any other area. Sometimes I think because of the recent war. When I was a teenager like most youngsters, I went to cafe 'pari'. After many and tedious preparations to look right, you walked for a few minutes and you would be there. All the boys whom you saw going home after school on their bicycles were also there. You ordered a lemonade, just for the sake of it, just because you were occupying a seat at pari, and you talked politics, threw glances and hints hoping that someone will ask you to have a relationship with him. Often it would be as simple as... "Hello, you'd you like to have a relationship with me?" "I'll have to think about it, I'll let you know in a few days". It didn't matter how many times you had already considered it and hoped he would ask the question, the answer had to be, "I'll think about it, I'll let you know in a few days". You could immediately answer NO though, if you were certain about that. You visited cafe pari and the pictures with your boyfriend. But you had to be home by eight.

-The building which was my high school, which was also my mother's school. It is shown empty and with students talking in their groups of both men and women. Old photographs from my mother's time. They are not that different from mine. My explanation that we were all girls then, holding hands, kissing each other goodbye from school, walking around the school yard talking about school work and dreams related to the new boyfriends who were usually only a few metres away in the boys school next door, divided from ours with a big fence and the fear of suspension.

-I am told cafe pari is lonely these days. High schools are mixed schools, young people drive mini motorbikes instead of pushbikes. They visit other cafes and discos and some have red dyed hair. I will be showing the Cyprian youth of today while talking about the youth in my time. I will be talking to old people about youth 50 years ago youth in their time. I will search for my old friends and show where they are at.

6. Images of Limassol. Limassol, is the city where I come from and grew up in and although many other subjects in the film are part of the city, it will have its own place, I will be describing its own unique history. Very briefly, Limassol is situated near the sea, It is the city of wine, carnivals and its people are known to be 'rages'. Situated in the south, It was not taken over by the Turks during the invasion. Land in the whole of Cyprus has always been scarce and things are now even worse. Many refugees have come from the North and that is why there is the need for highrise buildings and vast changes everywhere. In ten years the place would have to be different but it has all happened faster since the war. I would like to have different people's opinions on the changes.

-I will be filming old and new houses, shops, churches, parks and people of all ages. Limassol is busy, crowded and loud.

7. From a high point, when making a 180° turn, one can see at one side some ancient ruins, at another the perfectly kept amphi-theatre and at another point the Mediterranean sea which lies beyond some flat land. It is all part of the ancient settlement of the temple of Apollo. "When I was at early primary school, I was introduced to mythology, but I could not understand whether the gods were fictitious or not and I wanted to believe they were real". And yet the gods are closely related to Cyprus. For example Apollo, just outside my city and Aphrodite who was born from foam in the sea near Paphos, depict exactly what the Cyprian people are all about. Cyprus is the land of love, beauty, the sun and light. But the place ^{is so} small and has always been attractive to other nations, that the people of this paradise live with the fear of losing it. The ancient ruins have experienced hundreds of different conquerers throughout the years. "When I was young, while visiting the amphi-theatre of Apollo, I would stand in the middle and give a performance". (I hope to do something with that in the film).

8. Young and old, friends and relatives gathered at my grandmother's house for the fare-well. Someone suggests taking a photograph. We arrange ourselves in lines for the taking. Next is the photograph of all the people, followed by a small section from the same photograph, it will consist of myself, my grandmother Anna and some of the people around us. The image will be accompanied by a poem.

FOREVER IS A MEMORY
A FADING OLD PHOTOGRAPH
A REASON FOR RELIVING
AND LIKE WINE A DAY LATER
IS LIKE A DAY'S WORTH MORE BEAUTIFUL.

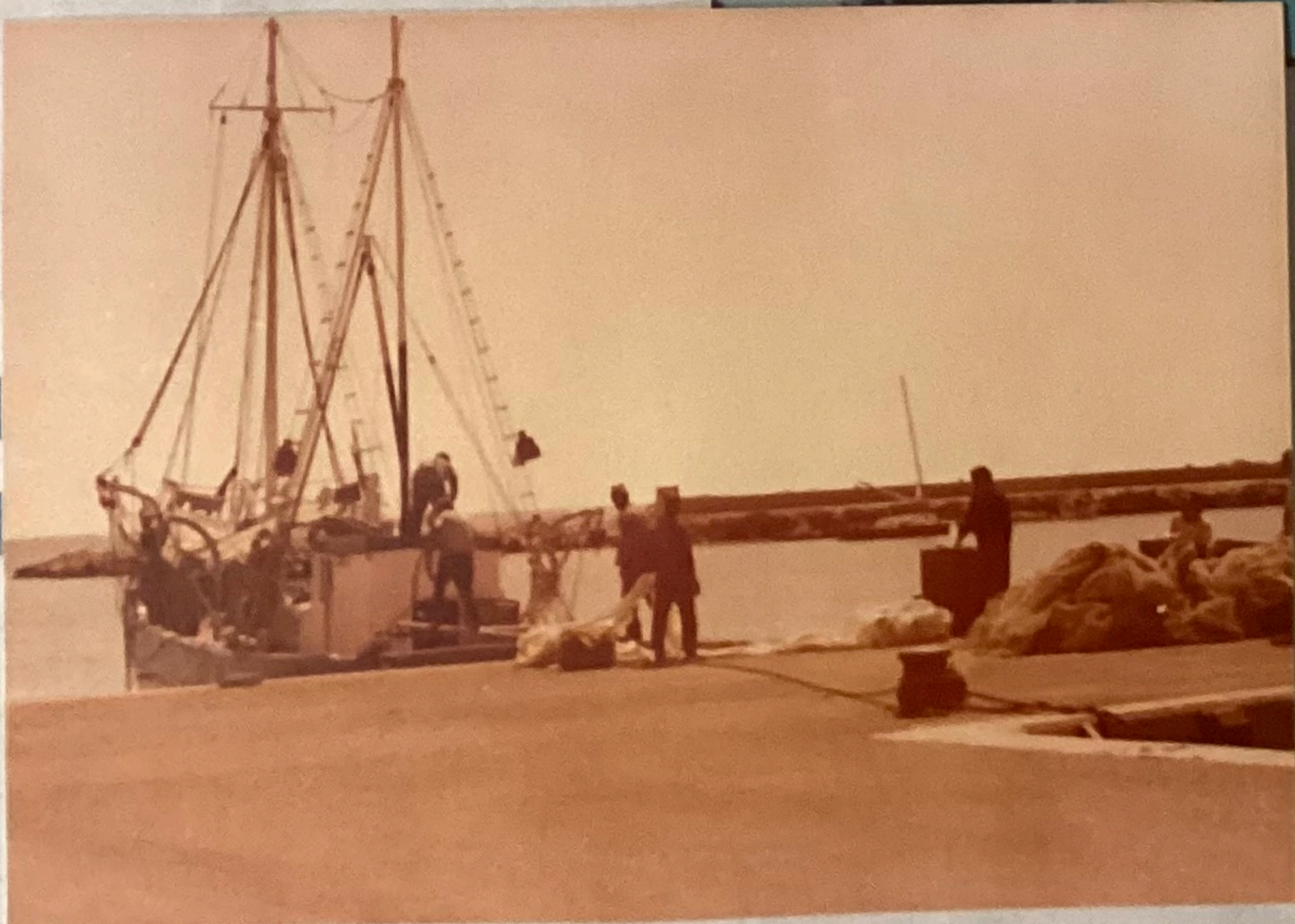
FOREVER IS A MEMORY
AND MEMORIES BRING TEARS
WISHING TO BE THERE THIS DISTANT MINUTE
AND LIKE THE WINE YEARS LATER
WE ARE LEFT WITH OUR MEMORIES MORE REAL.



Fisherman

CYPRUS

PAPHOS HARBOUR
AND
ITS 'KENTRO'



CITY
OF
LIMASSOL



Limassol, Cyprus.

Photo: Takis Mouretos



THE WATERS
OF
APHRODITE





Baking Bread, Paphos

CYPRUS



Villagers at Panayia

CYPRUS