

κουπέλια

με τασχιν. | Τεύχος I

QUARANTINES

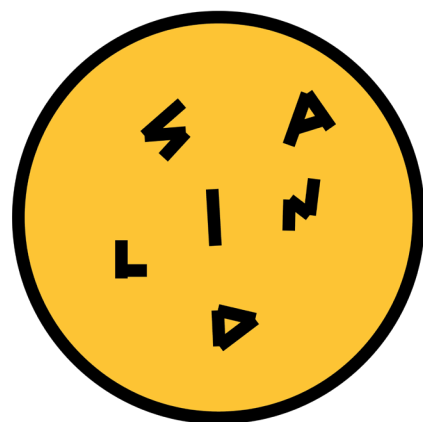
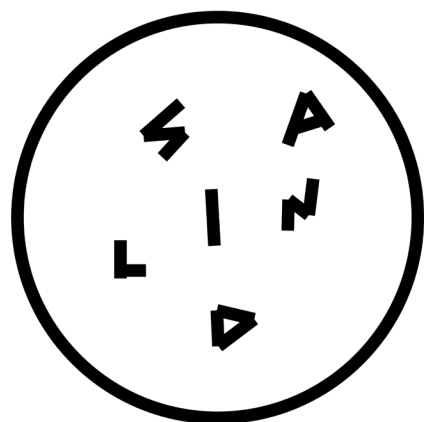
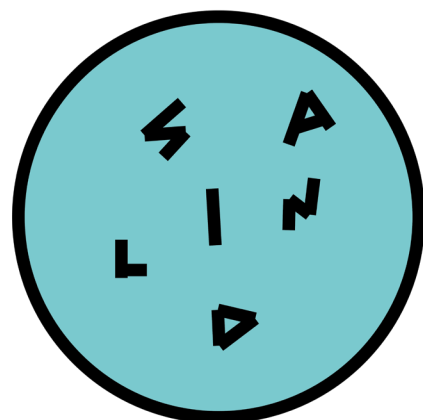
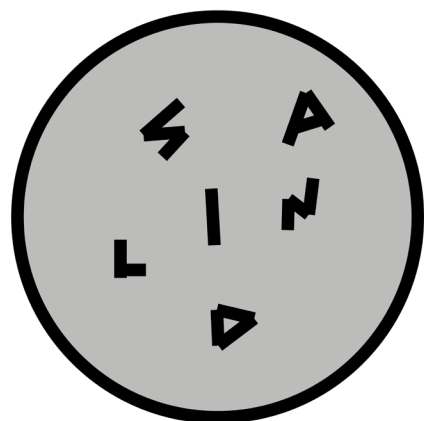
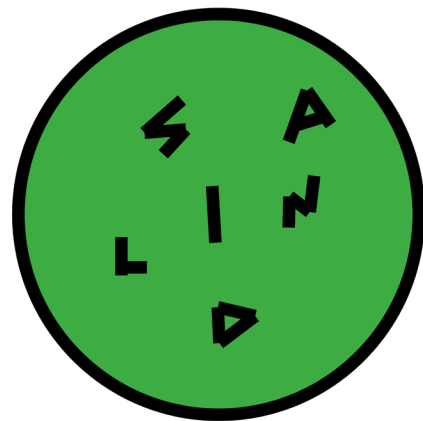
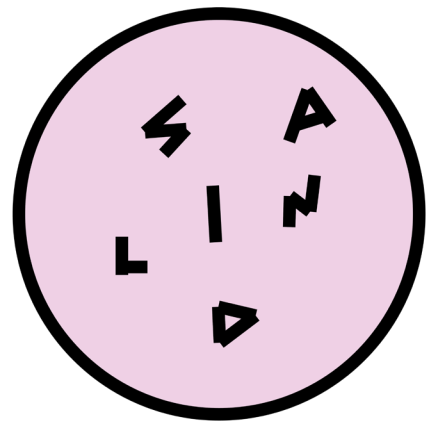
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Magazine for the locked up

Cover Photo by Magical Realities

大阪
日本七月 去年





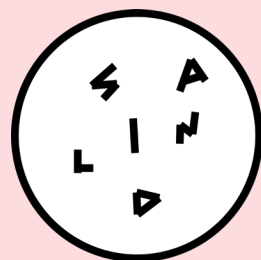
LOTUS ISLAND LOTUS ISLAND

WHO ARE WE? WHO ARE WE?



The Lotus Island is a Cypriot literary magazine.

It aims to provide an evolving platform for creatives to express themselves and create a community around it.



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Book Recommendations I

Killing Commendatore by Haruki Murakami

What the hell did I just read by David Wong

Painting the Modern Garden: Monet to Matisse by Monty Don

The anarchist banker by Fernando Pessoa*

The House of the Spirits by Isabel Allende

Bread is Gold by Massimo Bottura

Darkness at Noon by Arthur Koestler*

The Three Investigators in the Mystery of the Vanishing Treasure by Robert Arthur Jr.

"What are you looking at? 150 Years of Modern Art in the Blink of an Eye" by Will Gompertz

Book Recommendations II

War in 140 Characters: How Social Media Is Reshaping Conflict in the Twenty-First Century
by David Patrikarakos

Shoe Dog by Phil Knight

Bad Blood: Secrets and Lies in a Silicon Valley Startup by John Carreyrou

On the shortness of life by Seneca

The Mamba Mentality : How I Play by Kobe Bryant

Junkie by William S. Burroughs

Who Moved My Cheese? An Amazing Way to Deal with Change in Your Work and in Your Life
by Spencer Johnson

'Becoming' by Michelle Obama

The rules do not apply by Ariel Levy



The curious case of the Cypriot youth abroad.

A Cypriot is never forced to learn to adapt on his own, at least not in most cases. There is the choice to gain your independence and you do so whilst the warm cordiality of the Cypriot society guides you into gradual adulthood.

But why is this important now? For one the students abroad have been denied entry into the womb that is Cyprus for the first time in their lives. This was not done out of spite (one would hope) but out of poor governmental planning and rushed decisions due to the soul-draining covid-19. Many have since criticised the youth for complaining that they were betrayed by their government. Yes, that may be an exaggeration, but one must not forget that the protognorous has left us all baffled. We have no indication when normality will prevail. This can go to show that an uncertainty of the return to homeland is cause for great concern. No one wants to be left alone during a pandemic, especially in a country where healthcare provisions are not a welcoming sort to foreigners. Furthermore, I would be bold enough to defend anyone feeling betrayed given the questionable bypassing of constitutional law which our “beloved” president has acted upon. A common reply to this opinion of mine is: This is an extreme situation, a state of emergency, common law does not apply anymore! That is simply a farce. In order for this argumentative line to be fully operational the Cypriot government would have to act in the way Hungary is acting and denounce normative law, relinquish the parliament and declare martial law.

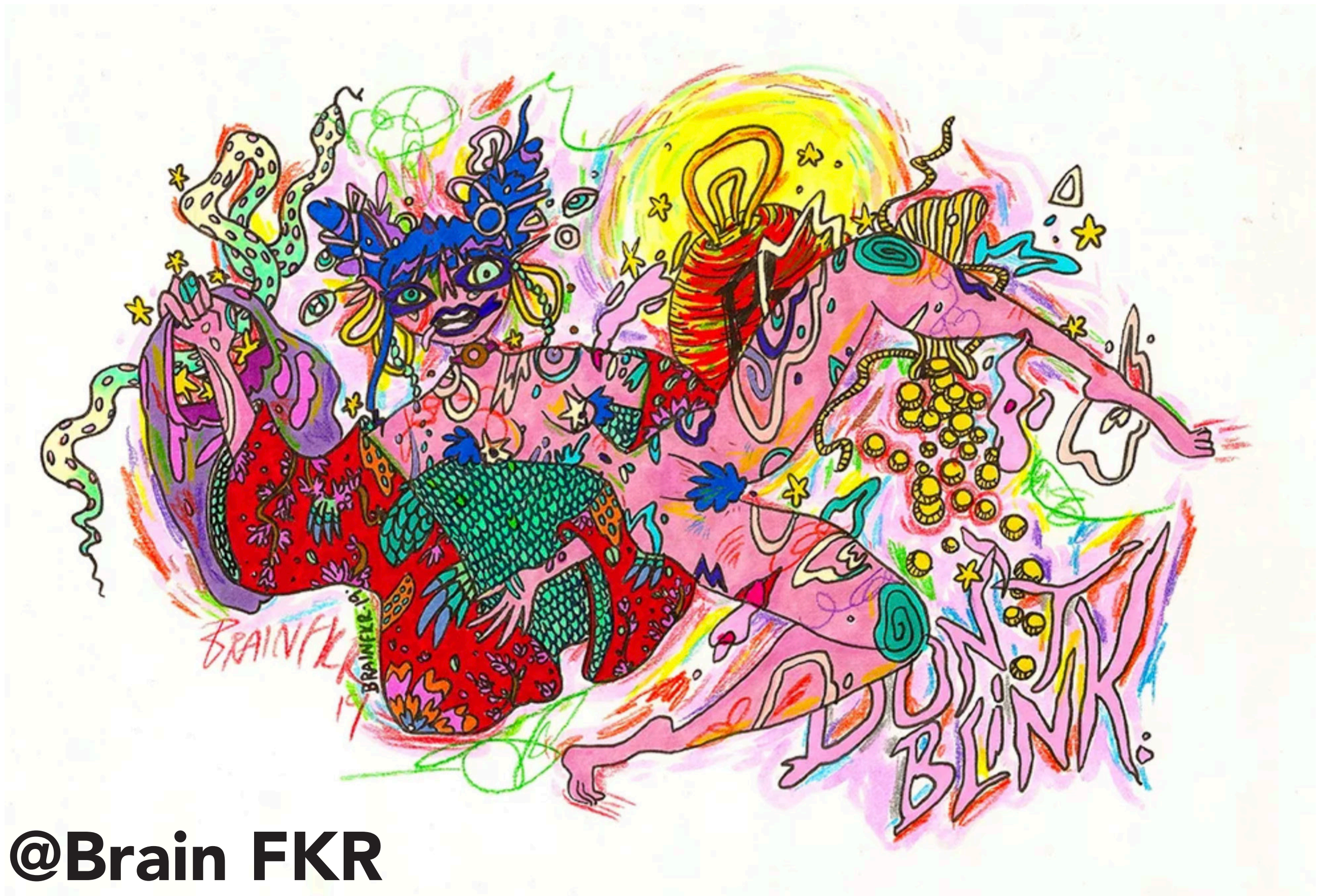
Although many things could have been done differently, the situation is as it is. The pandemic has crippled familiarity. There is no good to be found in bickering against this action or that. As things stand your nation is doing well. Not great, but well for you to rest assured that your families are safe. Your country has not betrayed you. If you feel the government has then that is your right to carry such resentments but know that your people have not forgotten you. Your families warm embrace will be with you soon. Days seem long, months seem longer, but in truth we are only asked to stay home, with all comforts and goods in abundant supply, (except maybe hand gels). This will pass and it will soon be a hardship we have all been through. There is no shame in admitting that you miss your homes and families, feeling alone or wronged. We are Cypriots at the end of the day. It is in our tradition to face hardships as units and not in a muddy river of loneliness. You may be denounced as mommies’ boys and girls, spoilt youth, rest assured we all are. Well maybe not all, and we certainly are not all spoilt, but our very nature calls for this nurturing sentiment.

What I mean to say by this poorly written work is that there no shame in how you feel. Express it. Just know that your country has not forgotten you. We are all anticipating your return. A return to a proper sense of life. Free of restrictions and lockdowns. Soon you will be basking at tables filled with Souvla and Zivania, Keo and all sorts of goods from Zorpas. Your family will surround you. Your friends will celebrate with you. For now, stay sane, safe and diligent.

Theo.



STREET warriors resting.



@Brain FKR



Island Tales and other Fables: Alternative Stories from the History of Cyprus

By Saléb Maz*



One -

‘It looks very dry.’

Helen leaned over the ship’s railing, studying the land extending into the horizon. It was mostly rocky, all the way inland. Even the enormous salt lake in the distance looked almost completely dried up. On the shore below, all she could see was the slimy deposits of seaweed on the muddy, dark sand. No, no. The place certainly did not live up to her expectations.

‘There’s been a drought, mother,’ Constantine said to her dryly. He knew perfectly well what she was implying, but this time she would not get her way. They had already avoided the Nile delta (too many crocodiles) and the coast north of Jerusalem (too much spice in the food). Their journey had already lasted longer than he fancied and he was eager to get his legs on solid ground. ‘Shall we disembark?’

It was not long before they were walking through some yellow fields, followed by a procession of their entire entourage. Constantine tried to keep up with his mother, who charged onwards, hastily chased by her servant who was holding up a makeshift umbrella in an attempt to shield her from the sun. Helen was determined to find something, anything that would prove interesting enough to make an anecdote out of. She would be terribly disappointed, Constantine thought. Nothing would beat their previous adventure in Jerusalem.

‘I wish you would let them keep that thing back on the ship,’ he called out to her, pointing to the large, rotting piece of wood that was being carried by five of their men, trailing behind them.

‘No, no, we went to too much trouble to find it. I am not losing it from my sight. And remember darling, it was I who found it. Not you.’

Constantine fumed, but could not think of anything intelligent to say to her. It was all as well, as they had bigger fish to fry. Or rather, snakes to run away from. Not a moment later, they were both startled by the shrieks of her servant, who dropped the umbrella to the ground and began running frantically back to the ship.

‘Come back, you fool! I’m getting all the sun in my face,’ Helen yelled at him, to no avail. The young boy was already halfway back to the beach.

‘Mother, I suppose we should retreat,’ Constantine said, concerned at the menacing sounds of hissing coming from the bushes around them and the odd tail slithering in and out of the rocks. They had seen enough. Back to sea it was then, he thought, disappointed, for the long journey back home.

‘Well alright,’ Helen said, turning on her heel and marching off back to the ship with a determined look on her face. ‘But only because I have just been struck by divine inspiration. Just like in Jerusalem, before we found what we were looking for. You know what I mean.’

★

‘You are quite brilliant mother, aren’t you?’

Helen grinned at her son. No one was too old for praise and she was indeed very pleased with herself. They stood side by side at the ship’s railing, more or less where they had been standing when they had first laid their eyes on the crusty shores of the island, looking down at the massacre happening below. To a chorus of sharp noises of growling, wailing and howling, they could see through the bushes the slithery residents of the cape being torn apart and shredded to bits.

‘I knew those cats would come in handy,’ she remarked proudly. ‘Teach you for scolding your mother for bringing a few pets along on our journey.’

‘You brought twenty cats with you,’ Constantine replied, ‘not to mention another fifty on the other ship.’

‘And lo and behold, everything happens for a reason. You can thank me later, shall we disembark again?’

★

By the time they had left Limassol, Constantine noticed Helen was surprisingly moody. It was quite strange, he thought. Celebrations held in her name usually sat well enough with her. The locals had gone out of their way to thank them for their ingenious idea to rid them of their serpent infestation problem. They had even decided to rename the local monastery Saint Nick of the kitties in their honour, but it had not been enough. Nothing seemed to make this woman happy.

‘I hear Nicosia is lovely this time of year. There’s a river and some orange trees. Perhaps some more snakes to kill too, mummy,’ Constantine told her in his sweetest tone as the carriage progressed up the long road. But Helen did not answer, lost deep in her thoughts. He thought of distracting her by stopping to admire some ancient ruins on the way, but not even the crumbling columns and colourful mosaics hidden in the dust helped improve her mood. It was only when they had left the shores well behind them and found themselves deep in the forest that she finally had enough and broke her silence.

‘What will my legacy be, I wonder,’ she sighed, gazing out into the thick pine trees.

‘How can you ask such a thing? First and foremost, you are the mother of the fiercest and most famous emperor the world has ever seen this side of Rome! Surely that is a great achievement in itself?’

‘Darling, that is doubtful, and we have talked about your ego before. Besides, it is not every woman’s dream to be remembered just as someone’s mother.’

‘Well what about the thing with the cross?’

‘That old relic? It was a good find, I suppose, but it does not excite me. You can have all the glory for that one.’

‘There’s also the cats? That was crafty enough. It will surely result in an exciting tale. We can even make a musical out of it.’

‘Stop the horses! I have it,’ Helen cried, bringing the carriage to a halt. Through the open window, she pointed to a lofty mountain in the distance, in the direction of the sea.

‘It’s just another hill, mother. We’ve seen several of them on the way.’

‘No, but it is perfect! Here we must climb, here we must build. Here I shall finally leave my permanent mark onto the world!’

★

Constantine walked through the courtyard looking for his mother. He could not help but feel impressed at craftsmanship that had gone into the new place. Granted, it was small compared to their palace back home, but it looked nice and modern, with its lovely pointed archways and charming roof with the red ceramic tiles. The stones in the courtyard were so shiny that he could see his own handsome face staring right back at him. People were still working all around him, adding the finishing touches on the roof, fixing doors, bringing in the furniture. The first monks would arrive soon. Exciting times, all around. Helen’s monastery was complete.

‘There you are.’ He found her on the outer terrace, admiring the view. When she turned to greet him the colourful jewels in her crown sparkled as they caught the sunlight, almost blinding him.

‘Where else would I be, dear?’ She said, giving him a kiss on his bearded cheek as he helped her down from the parapet.



‘Don’t you look fancy,’ Constantine remarked. She was wearing a long, persian blue tunic, with the golden, double-headed eagle embroidered on the breast on each side.

‘I thought it fitting for such a significant event. It’s not so often that one gets to do this, you know,’ she replied.

They walked through the gardens of the monastery, under the hanging bougainvillea that painted a fuschia canopy above their heads. When they passed the wishing well, Helen stopped to look inside. Without warning, she took out a small nugget of wood from her pocket and dropped it in. It landed at the bottom with a splash.

‘Was that what I think it was?’ Constantine asked, almost afraid to know the answer. ‘Of course. Don’t worry dear, there’s enough to go around. What else are we going to do with it anyway?’ She was probably right. He reached for a pink flower from a low hanging branch above them and placed it above his mother’s left ear. She giggled like a girl.

‘I’ve never seen you this happy,’ Constantine told her.

‘I’m not happy darling, I’m relieved. Building a monastery has been harder work than I thought.’

‘You hardly did anything, except boss everyone around.’

‘Well, micro-managing a building sight is as much hard work as manual labour itself. But it was all worth it. And I see our new residents have arrived,’ she said, hearing the sound of horses pulling up at the gates. ‘You will not be shocked to hear that I have prepared to welcome them in style.’

She climbed the short flight of stairs to the balcony of the floor and looked down on the dozen monks that had entered into the courtyard. Constantine smiled awkwardly as they assembled next to him, dreading what she would do next. He gestured at her to come down, but she ignored him. Helen smiled gracefully at her unwilling audience, cleared her throat and began to sing.

You are welcome friends to Cyprus,
Land of snakes and cypress.

Tw’as here where Constantine the Great arrived,
Returning from the holy lands where he thrived,
An ancient prize carrying away with him,
The precious wood that’s praised in hymns.

From serpents he freed the sun kissed isle,
Then marched its lands victorious, and in style,
Looking for the perfectly inspiring place,
To leave proof behind of ghostly grace.

Upon this hill he marked the spot,
Amongst the trees it’s not that hot,
A sanctuary he built for thee,
Forever to be known as Stavrovouni.

But lest you forget, surprise surprise,
This great man alone to the challenge could not arise,
For without a mother who is a visionary,
Even Kings would surely not achieve their victory.

So remember it well, don’t forget it if you can,
A wonderful woman lies behind every decent man.

A few monks clapped awkwardly.

‘You know, women aren’t even allowed in monasteries. Perhaps it’s time you leave,’ said the head monk to Constantine. He reeked of lavender, perhaps to cover the stink coming from underneath his purple robe.

‘Perhaps we shall,’ Constantine said, trying not to gasp at the smell. ‘Come on mother, our ship awaits.’

Helen smiled down at her son. She agreed with him, all that was to be done for this strange island and its inhabitants was done. It was time to sail home. She was about to make her way down the wooden stairs to the courtyard when a ginger ball of fur jumped down from the roof next to her. She picked up the cat to pet it.

‘Well hello there,’ she told it as it purred back at her thankfully. ‘I suppose my son can wait a moment longer before we go. It is a nice view from up here, after all.’ She savoured the moment, thinking she would remember it for a while. It was not so often that she found herself looking down on clueless men. Not so literally, at least.

The end

*Greetings from the author: Dear reader, this (very) short story was imagined purely for your entertainment and is loosely based on the author’s recollection of the main facts of historical (and/or folkloric) events from the history and culture of Cyprus. There has been no attempt to accurately depict any event that has ever occurred on the island (or elsewhere). Constructive criticism relating to the literary aspects of the story is of course welcome, via the editor. Enjoy!



Bristol Covid-19

@STEVENIOANNOU

A day out







ΓΑΝΥΜΗΔΗΣ

του Ανδρέα Περισού



Ριπές ψυχρού αέρα έφεραν στον Γανυμήδη πίσω τις αισθήσεις του. Τα μάτια του ήταν ήδη ανοιχτά και είχαν στεγνώσει. Στεκόταν γυμνός στο μπαλκόνι κοιτάζοντας προς τον δρόμο. Είχαν περάσει χρόνια από την τελευταία φορά που ξύπνησε εκεί όρθιος. Τα ξυπόλυτα του πόδια πάγωναν και τα γόνατα του έτρεμαν. Κοίταξε γύρω του να δει αν τον έβλεπε κανείς. Δεν υπήρχε ψυχή. Απόλυτη σιωπή. Η παγωνιά του θύμιζε θάνατο. Κοίταξε ξανά κάτω τον δρόμο που φωτιζόταν από το φεγγάρι. Σκέφτηκε να πέσει κάτω από τον τέταρτο όροφο. Δεν ήταν ότι ήθελε να πεθάνει. Ούτε όμως ότι δεν ήθελε. Τι περίεργη συνήθεια, σκέφτηκε. Πάνε χρόνια τώρα που όποτε βγω στο μπαλκόνι με χαϊδεύει τρυφερά ο πειρασμός της αυτοκτονίας. Θυμίζοντας με έτσι, πως είμαι ακόμα ζωντανός.

Μπήκε μέσα, έβαλε ουίσκι στο ποτήρι του και κάθισε στον καναπέ. Στα πόδια του ένωσε υφάσματα. Ήταν τα ρούχα του, καθώς και της κοπέλας που ήρθε σπίτι μαζί του. Ελισάβετ του συστήθηκε. Μάζεψε την φούστα της από χάμω και την άπλωσε στην άλλη μεριά του καναπέ, διπλά από τη τσάντα της. Κοίταξε να βρει τα υπόλοιπα της ρούχα και θυμήθηκε πως δεν φορούσε εσώρουχα. Χαμογέλασε. Στον τοίχο, δίπλα από την βιβλιοθήκη ήταν ακουμπημένες οι πατερίτσες της. Μην ξεχάσω να της τις πάρω στο δωμάτιο, σκέφτηκε. Ίσως να μην θέλει να την κουβαλήσω πάλι. Ίσως να μην θέλω εγώ. Και καλύτερα να βγω έξω να καπνίσω. Ήπια μια γουλιά από το ουίσκι, φόρεσε τα ρούχα του και ξαναβγήκε.

Με το που βγήκε στο μπαλκόνι αναρωτήθηκε γιατί υπνοβάτησε. Γιατί το υποσυνείδητο τον είχε σηκώσει από εκεί που ήταν ξαπλωμένος; Στης ζεστασιάς τη συντροφιά. Από εκεί που κοιμόταν σαν μωρό, με ακουμπημένο αναπαυτικά το μάγουλο επάνω στο απαλό στήθος της Ελισάβετ. Τι εξαίσιο στήθος, σκέφτηκε! Θυμήθηκε όταν τον βρήκε η μάνα του εκεί στον ίδιο τόπο, παιδί, να κοιμάται με τα μάτια ανοιχτά και το βλέμμα στραμμένο προς τον δρόμο. Από εκείνης της νύχτας την φρίκη και μέχρι να ανέβει στους ουρανούς, ο φύλακας άγγελος του κλείδωνε πριν πάει για ύπνο, την πόρτα του μπαλκονιού. Ο Γανυμήδης κοίταξε ξανά προς τα κάτω. Έβλεπε ένα μαύρο γάτο να διασταυρώνει και να χάνεται με τα λαμπερά του μάτια μέσα στις σκιές του απέναντι κτιρίου. Ήθελε και αυτός να χαθεί μες στις σκιές. Να συμφιλιωθεί με το σκοτάδι. Να πέσει στο κενό.

Τύλιξε ένα τσιγάρο και το άναψε. Αν πηδήξω και ζήσω θα υπάρχουν κυρώσεις, σκέφτηκε και χαμογέλασε. Είναι παράνομη η αυτοκτονία σε αυτή την χώρα. Εάν το ύψιστο δικαίωμα όμως είναι για τη ζωή τότε κανονικά δεν θα έπρεπε το ίδιο να ισχύει και για τον θάνατο; Γίνεται από το δικαίωμα στη ζωή να συνάγεται η υποχρέωση να ζεις; Το κράτος επικρίνει την αυτοκαταστροφή, ρητά και χωρίς επιχειρήματα. Και αυτό, για να μην επικριθεί από αυτήν. Οι μονοθεϊστικές θρησκείες διδάσκουν πως η δοκιμασία είναι ο πραγματικός σκοπός της ζωής. Όμως μια Μεγάλη Αλήθεια προϋποθέτει ένα Μεγάλο Επινόημα, συλλογίστηκε.

Από την άλλη, σκέφτηκε, στην αρχαιότητα ενέκριναν την αυτοκτονία και την σεβόντουσαν. Θα έπρεπε να επαινούμε αυτούς που παίρνουν την ίδια τους τη ζωή όταν οι περισσότεροι ζουν επειδή φοβούνται να πεθάνουν. Και εγώ φοβάμαι τον θάνατο περισσότερο απ' ό,τι υποφέρω. Αν όμως κάποτε ο τρόμος της ζωής ξεπεράσει τον τρόπο του θανάτου, τότε θα ήθελα να μπορώ να πέσω από αυτό το μπαλκόνι χωρίς να ντρέπομαι για την πράξη μου. Ήπια μια γουλιά από το ουίσκι και παραλίγο να πνιγεί όταν άκουσε μια φωνή να του λέει: «Πάρε με μέσα. Πάρε με μέσα πριν πεθάνω από το κρύο». Γύρισε πίσω του. Αριστερά, το σκονισμένο τραπεζάκι και δύο καρέκλες εκ των οποίων η μια σπασμένη. Δεξιά, η λουίτζα που αγόρασε πριν λίγες μέρες και που ξέχασε να ποτίσει, μέσα στην γλάστρα της. Έμεινε εκεί καπνίζοντάς, με τα μάτια καρφωμένα πάνω στην λουίτζα. Σαν να ήξερε πως ήταν την δική της φωνή που είχε ακούσει. Σαν να την ήθελε να του μιλήσει, ξανά. «Έχω τρελαθεί», της είπε.

Η Ελισάβετ ξύπνησε από ένα φρικτό πόνο. Τα μάτια της όμως παρέμειναν κλειστά. Ήταν σαν να προσπαθούσε να αρνηθεί την άφιξη του. Ο πόνος ξεκίνησε την άνοδο του από τα πόδια και γρήγορα, σαν ρίγος, εξαπλώθηκε παντού στο ολόγυμνο της σώμα. Νικημένη, του δόθηκε. Ο πόνος είναι γένος αρσενικού σκέφτηκε. Η σπάνια και αδιάγνωστη της νόσος ήταν ύπουλη. Η μάχη ενάντια της ήταν σκληρή, επώδυνη και ατελείωτη. Κανένας γιατρός δεν μπορούσε να καταλάβει τι είχε. Ενώ αυτή ζούσε μια ζωή αγωνίας, τα ζωτικά της όργανα κατασπαράζονταν. Προσωρινές διορθώσεις στα σημεία από όπου πήγαζε ο πόνος της έδιναν χρόνο, αλλά δεν έβαζαν τέλος στο μαρτύριο. Κάποτε φανταζόταν το πως θα ήταν αν είχε ανοσία στον πόνο, πράγμα το οποίο εκμυστηρεύτηκε σε μίαν από τους πολλούς γιατρούς που την είχαν εξετάσει. Αυτή της είπε πως ο πόνος είναι μια φυσική κατάσταση συναγερμού για το σώμα όταν κάτι δεν πάει καλά. Ότι ο πόνος είναι απαραίτητος. Με άλλα λόγια, εάν δεν αισθανόταν πόνο, η ζωή της θα είχε ένα πιο γρήγορο τέλος. Και όμως η Ελισάβετ εκτιμούσε τη ζωή και καταλάβαινε καλά το δίπολο του πόνου και της ηδονής, του πικρού και του γλυκού.

Το πρώτο γεγονός που αντιλήφθηκε όταν άνοιξε τα ματιά της ήταν την απουσία του πλάσματος με το οποίο είχε πλαγιάσει. Με το που τα μάτια της προσαρμοστήκαν στο σκοτάδι, εντόπισε την παλιά λάμπα στο κομοδίνο πλάι της. Την άναψε και ανίχνευσε το δωμάτιο. Το δεύτερο γεγονός που αντιλήφθηκε ήταν την απουσία της τσάντας της μέσα στην οποία βρίσκονταν τα παυσίπονα της. Το τρίτο ήταν η απουσία των πατερίτσων της. Σκέφτηκε πως θα ήταν ακόμη στο σαλόνι όπου είχαν καθίσει στο καναπέ με τον οικοδεσπότη του σπιτιού όπου πέρασε την νύχτα της. Παρόλο που μόλις είχε γνωρίσει τον Γανυμήδη, ένιωθε να τον εμπιστευόταν. Είχε μια ασυνήθιστη ηρεμία η οποία την καθησύχαζε. Η Ελισάβετ δεν εμπιστευόταν τους ανθρώπους οι οποίοι μια ζωή την λυπόνταν ή την εκμεταλλεύονταν. Η αύρα του οικοδεσπότη της ήταν διαφορετική, μυστήρια και της ενέπνεε οικειότητα. Το θερμό του σώματος του είχε εξατμιστεί στου ψυχρού τη μοναξιά, όμως η μυρωδιά του ακόμη ερέθιζε την όσφρηση της και της κρατούσε συντροφιά. Δεν ήξερε τι ώρα ήταν, ακόμη δεν είχε ξημερώσει. Οι στιγμές πόθου που βίωσε πριν την πάρει ο ύπνος, την είχαν εμποδίσει από το να προσέξει τι υπήρχε ανάμεσα σ' αυτούς τους τέσσερις τοίχους. Σχεδόν τίποτα. Ο πόνος εμπόδιζε το σώμα της από το να σηκωθεί, ωθώντας έτσι την περιέργεια της να εξερευνήσει το δωμάτιο. Διαπιστώνοντας μια έλλειψη πραγμάτων, είχε την εντύπωση πως ό,τι βρει θα είχε μια υποκειμενική αξία, ένα βάθος.

Οι τοίχοι ήταν λευκοί, γυμνοί και ξεθωριασμένοι. Το ταβάνι είχε αρχίσει να μαυρίζει. Φαινόταν σαν ένας συννεφιασμένος νυχτερινός ουρανός. Στον τοίχο απέναντι από τη πόρτα μπορούσε να δει έναν πίνακα. Τα χρώματα της ζωγραφιάς ήταν μουντά. Όταν μισόκλεινε τα μάτια μπορούσε να συλλάβει μια κοπέλα με σγουρά μακριά μαλλιά. Αναρωτήθηκε αν ήταν όμορφη. Πάνω στο κομοδίνο δίπλα από την παλιά λάμπα ήταν ένα βιβλίο πάνω απ'ένα τετράδιο. Σύρθηκε για να το πιάσει. Ήθελε να ξέρει ό,τι ήταν δυνατόν να μάθει για τον μυστήριο άνδρα με τον οποίο είχε πλαγιάσει. Σαν μικρό παιδί, πήρε το πρώτο βιβλίο και το έφερε προς το μέρος της: «Ποιήματα του Κ.Π Καβάφη». Το βιβλίο ήταν σημαδεμένο με φτερό. Έβγαλε το φτερό και χαϊδεύοντας το απαλά με τις άκρες των δακτύλων της, άνοιξε το βιβλίο στη σημαδεμένη σελίδα.

«Επιθυμίες

Σαν σώματα ωραία νεκρών που δεν εγέρασαν
και τα 'κλεισαν, με δάκρυα, σε μαυσωλείο λαμπρό,
με ρόδα στο κεφάλι και στα πόδια γιασεμιά –
έτσ' οι επιθυμίες μοιάζουν που επέρασαν
χωρίς να εκπληρωθούν· χωρίς ν' αξιωθεί καμιά
της ηδονής μια νύχτα, ή ένα πρωί της φεγγερό.»

Η Ελισάβετ διάβασε και ξαναδιάβασε το ποίημα έως που κύλισαν δυο δάκρια. Ένωθε σαν ζωντανή νεκρή. Οι ανεκπλήρωτες της επιθυμίες ανακυκλώνονταν μέσα στο πονεμένο της κεφάλι. Η πιο μεγάλη της επιθυμία ήταν να ξεχάσει την ασφυκτική στιγμή που την σημάδευε. Μα όσο την σκεφτόταν την θυμόταν περισσότερο. Πώς ένας άνθρωπος μπορεί να κάνει τέτοιο πράγμα, σε κορίτσι, κουτσό, μόλις δεκαεννιά χρονών. Η ανάμνηση ζωντάνεψε μέσα της σαν να λάμβανε μέρος εκείνη την στιγμή, σαν να έγιναν ένα το παρελθόν με το παρόν. Οι αναμνήσεις έγιναν παραισθήσεις. Μπαίνεις σε ταξί με προορισμό τη ζεστασιά του σπιτιού σου μόνο για να σε βιάσουν και να σε πετάξουν έξω στη ψυχρότητα του δρόμου, σαν βρώμικο κουρέλι. Η επιθυμία της να μην ήταν η επιθυμία του άλλου έμενε ανέκκλητα ανεκπλήρωτη. Μεγάλη αφέλεια η τυφλή εμπιστοσύνη, σκέφτηκε, και το μυαλό της πήγε στον άνδρα ονόματι Γανυμήδης, τον οποίον είχε εμπιστευτεί τυφλά και στου οποίου το σπίτι βρισκόταν την προκειμένη στιγμή.

Ο ψυχικός της πόνος πλέον αντανακλούσε τον σωματικό της πόνο. Συγκινημένη από την μια έλπιζε πως θα ερχόταν ο Γανυμήδης, θα ξάπλωνε δίπλα της, και θα την έσφιγγε στην αγκαλιά του. Απορημένη από την άλλη ήθελε ακόμη λίγη ώρα μόνη της για να ρίξει μια κλεφτή ματιά στο τετράδιο το οποίο πήρε τώρα προτεραιότητα στις αναζητήσεις της. Πόση ώρα να λείπει όμως; Τι άραγε να κάνει; Ακόμη επικρατούσε το σκοτάδι. Ακούμπησε το βιβλιαράκι με τα ποιήματα πάνω στο κομοδίνο και έπιασε το τετράδιο. Το μετροφύλλησε στα γρήγορα και πρόσεξε πως ήταν χειρόγραφο, πυκνό, με μερικά σχέδια. Ένα ανορθόδοξο ημερολόγιο. Αναρωτήθηκε εάν ο ίδιος είχε ζωγραφίσει το περιεχόμενο του σκοτεινού πίνακα που κρεμόταν στον τοίχο απέναντι από την πόρτα. Στην πρώτη σελίδα έγραφε με μεγάλα γράμματα: «Γανυμήδης». Άρχισε να νιώθει έναν ξένο πόνο να την πλησιάζει. Άνοιξε το τετράδιο σε μια τυχαία σελίδα. Διάβασε την ημερομηνία. Σαν χθες πριν τέσσερα χρόνια σκέφτηκε. Άρχισε να διαβάζει:

«Νάρκισσος 03/03/2016

Κάποτε κοίταζα τον εαυτό μου στον καθρέφτη και έλεγα πως δεν θα άλλαζα το πρόσωπο μου με κανένα άλλο. Κάποτε η εσωτερική μου κενότητα αδυνατούσε να διατρυπήσει την πανοπλία της ψυχικής μου αρμονίας. Κάποτε ήμουν νέος και ερωτευμένος. Ερωτευμένος με τον εαυτό μου. Η θλιβερή μου ματαιοδοξία, μου φέρνει στο μυαλό τον Νάρκισσο, ο οποίος οδηγήθηκε εκδικητικά από τους θεούς σε μια λίμνη όπου και είδε για πρώτη φορά την αντανάκλαση του στο νερό. Ο Νάρκισσος ερωτεύτηκε τον εαυτό του τόσο παράφορα που έμεινε επί τόπου ριζωμένος χαζεύοντας το πρόσωπο του έως που να πεθάνει από ατροφία. Δυστυχώς ή ευτυχώς, ο προσωπικός μου μονόδρομος δεν θα έχει το ίδιο τέλος. Πολλοί είναι που στην νιότη τους χάθηκαν, απαθανατιζόμενοι αιωνίως με τις αρετές και την ομορφιά που τους χάρισε η φύση. Εμένα ο Χρόνος μου συμπεριφέρεται διαφορετικά. Ενώ δεν έχω την παραμικρή ιδέα για το πώς θα πεθάνω, το μόνο σίγουρο είναι πως δεν θα ναι από σαρκικό έρωτα με τον εαυτό μου.»

Η Ελισάβετ σταμάτησε να διαβάζει και διαλογιζόταν στη σιωπή. Η σιωπή έσπασε από κάποια βήματα. Ερχόταν ο άνδρας του οποίου ο πόνος της είχε συστηθεί. Με γρήγορες κινήσεις η Ελισάβετ έβαλε τα πράγματα στη θέση τους αλλά δεν έσβησε το φως. Μπορεί να ξέχασε, μπορεί να ήθελε τον άνδρα να την δει. Κάποια πράγματα τα κάνουμε για λογούς που αδυνατούμε να καταλάβουμε. Η Ελισάβετ είχε συνειδητοποιήσει πως ο πόνος είχε υποχωρήσει. Ένα χαμόγελο είχε ζωγραφιστεί στο πρόσωπο της. Τι παράξενο πράγμα ο πόνος, σκέφτηκε! Δεν είχε πάρει τα αναληθικά εν τούτοις ένωθε πλήρη ανακούφιση. Τι παράξενο πράγμα ο πόνος, ξανασκέφτηκε! Είναι αναπόφευκτος, αλλά όχι αδιαχείριστος. «Έχεις πολύ ωραίο χαμόγελο» της είπε γαλήνια ο Γανυμήδης, που εμφανίστηκε σαν σκιά δίπλα στο κρεβάτι κρατώντας τις πατερίτσες της. Κοιτάζοντας την στα μάτια, της χαμογέλασε. Της φαινόταν εξαντλημένος. Σαν να γέρασε απότομα. Παρόλες τις γραμμές που χάρασαν το πρόσωπο του, η ομορφιά του την θάμπωνε. Ξάπλωσε δίπλα της και την φίλησε στο μέτωπο. Έσβησε το φως της λάμπας και την έσφιξε πάνω του. «Α!» έκανε η Ελισάβετ. «Συγγνώμη!» της είπε ο Γανυμήδης και την αγκάλιασε απαλά. Η Ελισάβετ γέλασε. Δυο βασανισμένες ψυχές χαμογελούσαν παρηγορημένες στα σκοτεινά. Προτού την κλέψει ένας ήρεμος ύπνος, ένα τελευταίο δάκρυ έσταξε από τα βουρκωμένα μάτια της Ελισάβετ.

Άρχισε να ξημερώνει.



A Fun Day By The Beach Without Fascist Pigs

@RANERRIM



The Billionaires



Cracking a Cold One With The Lads



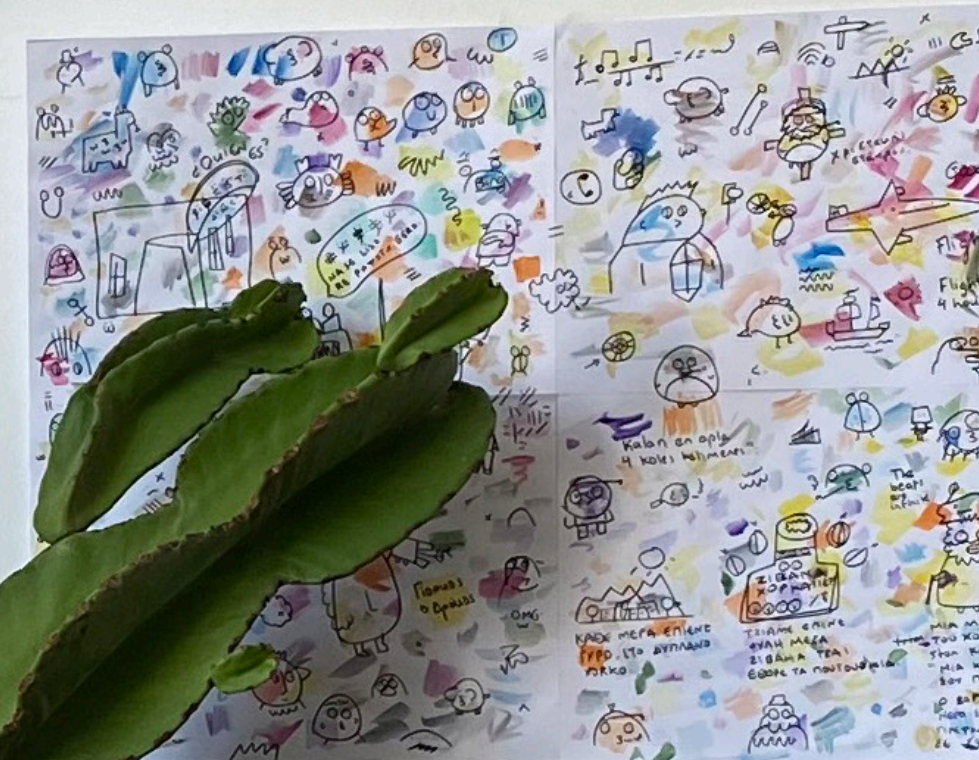
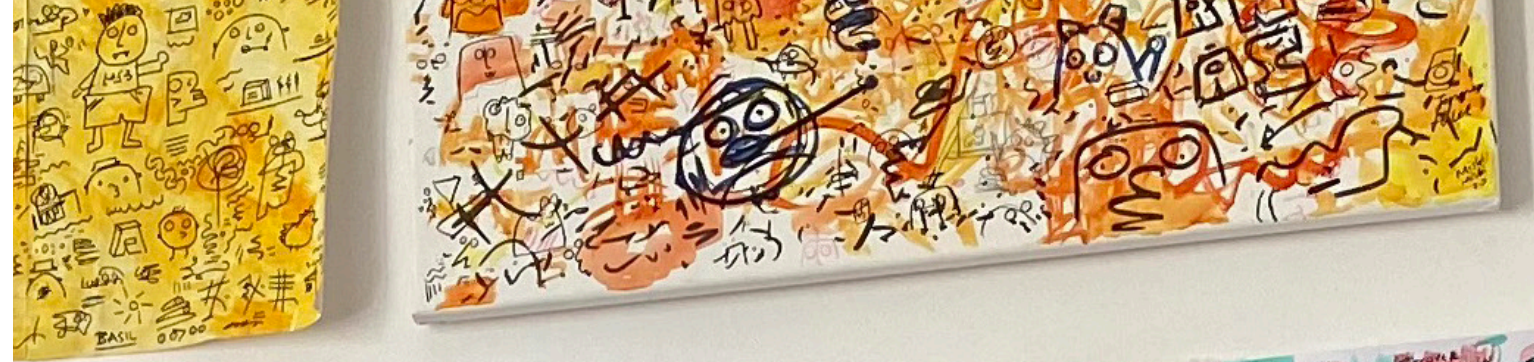


FAKE PLANTS, SEEDS AND A4 PAPER STUCK TOGETHER

PS: FIND THE HIDDEN CAT

BY MISHI MISHI

QUARANTINES MAGAZINE - 34 | 35





Queshm, Hormozgan, Iran



Queshm, Hormozgan, Iran



Muttrah, Oman



Qeshm, Hormozgan, Iran

(Part 1)

Μεινίσκω έσσω

Μέσα σε λίγες εβδομάδες αναγκαστήκαμε να αλλάξουμε ρυθμούς και να αναθεωρήσουμε τι κάνουμε, γιατί το κάνουμε και τι μπορούμε να κάνουμε για να προσαρμοστούμε στα νέα δεδομένα που αντιμετωπίζουμε! Ο καθένας από εμάς βιώνει τον κατ'οίκον περιορισμό με διαφορετικό τρόπο, για κάποιους είναι ανακούφιση, για κάποιους επιπλέον κούραση...Υπάρχουν πολλές δυσκολίες και κίνδυνοι σε αυτή την κατάσταση, αλλά θα ήθελα να επισημάνω κάποιες ευκαιρίες που μπορεί να μην είναι εμφανείς σε όλους...

Ξαφνικά το σπίτι μας, το “έσσω” μας, είναι ο μόνος μας χώρος και αντιλαμβανόμαστε πιο έντονα τι μας αρέσει, τι δεν μας αρέσει, τι μας βολεύει, τι δεν μας βολεύει, αν έχουμε τους απαραίτητους χώρους για τις διάφορες μας ανάγκες κι αν μας λείπει ή όχι η επιλογή ενός άλλου δημόσιου ή ιδιωτικού χώρου για να διαβάσουμε, για να δουλέψουμε, για να καταναλώσουμε, για να γυμναστούμε... Φυσικά οι απαντήσεις σε αυτά τα θέματα επηρεάζονται και από την ανθρώπινη παρουσία: με ποιόν είμαστε, με πόσα άτομα μοιραζόμαστε το χώρο κλπ.

Θα ήθελα να δώσω έμφαση στην αμέσως επόμενη κλίμακα χώρου που έχουμε πρόσβαση τώρα. Η γειτονιά μας ανέκαθεν ήταν ο αμέσως επόμενος χώρος που μας περιβάλλει μετά από το σπίτι μας, αλλά τώρα ίσως μπορούμε να την αξιολογήσουμε διαφορετικά.

Οι έξοδοι μας δεν μπορούν να είναι άσκοπες, μετακινούμαστε για τις απαραίτητες ανάγκες και περιοριζόμαστε όσο μπορούμε στη γειτονιά μας. Έχουμε ότι χρειαζόμαστε σε ακτίνα μερικών εκατοντάδων μέτρων; Ή πρέπει να οδηγήσουμε πάνω από 1-2 χιλιόμετρα για να αγοράσουμε τα απαραίτητα; Και ποιά είναι τελικά τα απαραίτητα;

Κοίταξε έξω από το παράθυρο σου (αυτό με την ωραιότερη θέα, αν έχεις πολλές επιλογές), και αφιέρωσε λίγα δευτερόλεπτα να αναλογιστείς τα πιο κάτω:

~ Πόσο οικεία νιώθεις την γειτονιά σου; Ποιές είναι οι πιο έντονες αναμνήσεις που έχεις από τις στιγμές που πέρασες εκεί;

~ Ποιός είναι ο λόγος που επέλεξες (αν επέλεξες) να μείνεις σε αυτή την περιοχή; Ή απλά έτυχε; Τουλάχιστον πέτυχε;

~ Τώρα που απαγορεύεται η πρόσβαση σε “πάρκα, παιδότοπους, ανοιχτούς χώρους αθλήσεως, δημόσιους χώρους συναθροίσεων, πλατείες, φράγματα, εκδρομικούς χώρους, παραλίες, μαρίνες” αντιλαμβάνεσαι πως δεν εκμεταλλευόσουν αρκετά αυτούς τους χώρους; Ή ανέκαθεν σύχναζες σε τέτοιους είδους ανοιχτούς χώρους;

~ Μήπως υπάρχει κάποιο πάρκο, δάσος, παραλία, φυσικός χώρος στην περιοχή σου; Το γεγονός ότι τώρα δεν έχεις ελεύθερη κυκλοφορία και πρόσβαση σε αυτά, σε κάνει να εύχεσαι να τα εκμεταλλευόσουν τόσο καιρό που μπορούσες?

~ Υπάρχουν δημόσιοι χώροι στην περιοχή σου;

~ Πόσο φιλική είναι η γειτονιά σου για ένα πεζό ή ένα ποδηλάτη; Πόσο ευνοϊκές είναι οι συνθήκες για αυτές τις δραστηριότητες;



(Part 2)

Πώς παίζω έξω;

Ιδέες για να:

- 🚲 θυμηθείς old-school παιχνίδια και δραστηριότητες που έκανες παλιά ανακαλύψεις ξανά τη γειτονιά σου
- 🚲 δημιουργήσεις στο χώρο έξω από το σπίτι ή το κτίριο σου
- 🚲 κάνεις διάλειμμα από την τηλεόραση, τον υπολογιστή και το τηλέφωνο σου
- 🚲 χρησιμοποιήσεις απλά υλικά που έχεις στο σπίτι
- 🚲 επικοινωνήσετε με τους γείτονες σου με εναλλακτικούς τρόπους, αν έχεις ήδη σχέση με αυτούς
- 🚲 επικοινωνήσετε με τους γείτονες σου με εναλλακτικούς τρόπους, για να γνωριστείτε μέσα από αυτές τις δραστηριότητες

Να θυμάστε πως δεν πρέπει να :

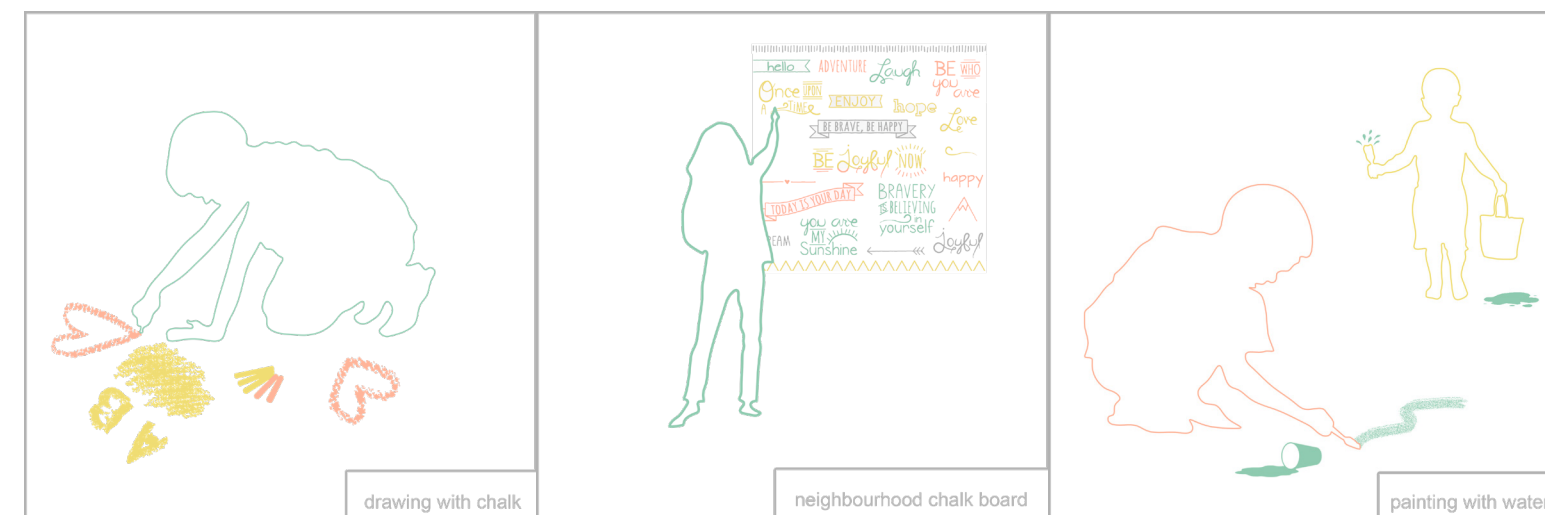
- 🚗 πλησιάσετε ο ένας τον άλλο! Διατηρείτε πάντα την απόσταση ασφαλείας των 2 μέτρων που συστήνεται για την αποφυγή της μετάδοσης του Covid-19
- 🚗 θέσετε τον εαυτό σας ή άλλους σε κίνδυνο! Ακολουθείτε τις οδηγίες και τους γενικούς κανόνες υγιεινής σχετικά με το Covid-19
- 🚗 ενοχλείτε τους γείτονες και περαστικούς! Μην κάνετε υπερβολικό θόρυβο

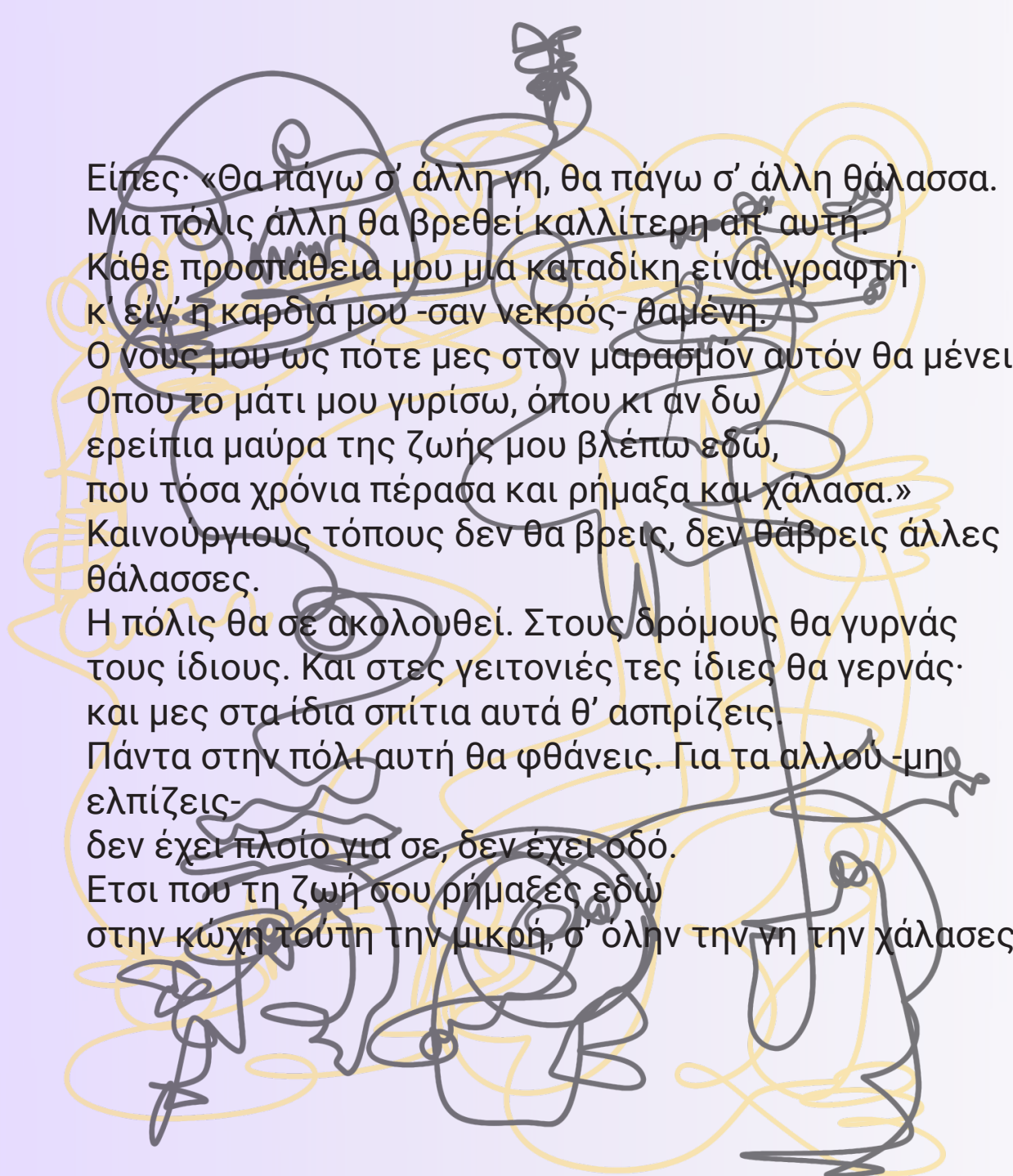
Χώρος 1: Πλακόστρωτο ή πεζοδρόμιο

Ζωγραφική με κιμωλίες (για μικρούς και μεγάλους): Μπορείτε να σχεδιάσετε ή να γράψετε μηνύματα και κομπλιμέντα για τους περαστικούς ή τους γείτονες, δημιουργώντας έτσι ένα ευχάριστο τρόπο επικοινωνίας. Είναι μια παραδοσιακή δραστηριότητα που εύκολα αφαιρείται με νερό.

Παιχνίδια με κιμωλίες (για μικρούς): Τα κλασικά παιχνίδια όπως ο βασιλέας, το sos ή xox, η κρεμάλλα με τις λέξεις...

Ζωγραφική με νερό (για μικρούς): Γεμίζοντας ένα δοχείο με νερό και με ένα πινέλο, τα παιδιά μπορούν να κάνουν ένα εντυπωσιακό έργο τέχνης...που εξαφανίζεται! Αυτή η δραστηριότητα είναι ένας απλός τρόπος για να πειραματιστούν τα παιδιά με το νερό και να καταλάβουν πως ο ήλιος, η σκιά και ο αέρας επηρεάζουν το πώς εξατμίζεται το νερό...Φυσικά δεν θέλουμε να γίνει σπατάλη νερού, οπότε καλύτερα γεμίστε ένα μικρό δοχείο.





Είπες· «Θα πάγω σ' άλλη γη, θα πάγω σ' άλλη θάλασσα.
Μια πόλις άλλη θα βρεθεί καλλίτερη απ' αυτή.
Κάθε προσπάθεια μου μια καταδίκη είναι γραφή·
κ' είν' η καρδιά μου -σαν νεκρός- θαμμένη.
Ο νους μου ως πότε μες στον μαρασμόν αυτόν θα μένει.
Όπου το μάτι μου γυρίσω, όπου κι αν δω
ερείπια μαύρα της ζωής μου βλέπω εδώ,
που τόσα χρόνια πέρασα και ρήμαξα και χάλασα.»
Καινούργιους τόπους δεν θα βρεις, δεν θάβρεις άλλες
θάλασσες.
Η πόλις θα σε ακολουθεί. Στους δρόμους θα γυρνάς
τους ίδιους. Και στες γειτονιές τες ίδιες θα γερνάς·
και μες στα ίδια σπίτια αυτά θ' ασπρίζεις.
Πάντα στην πόλι αυτή θα φθάνεις. Για τα αλλού -μη
ελπίζεις-
δεν έχει πλοίο για σε, δεν έχει οδό.
Ετσι που τη ζωή σου ρήμαξες εδώ
στην κώχη τούτη την μικρή, σ' όλην την γη την χάλασες.

Η πόλις

Ποίημα: Κωνσταντίνος Π. Καβάφης
Μουντζούρες: Mishi Mishi

ΕΒΡΕ ΤΕΣ ΛΕΞΕΙΣ

Μ	Β	Α	Θ	Κ	Ι	Α	Σ	Ε	Ρ	Ο	Σ
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Ο	Σ	Β	Τ	Ι	Τ	Σ	Ι	Ρ	Ο	Σ	Ι

ΤΙ ΠΡΕΠΕΙ ΝΑ ΚΑΜΕΙΣ: ΕΒΡΕ ΤΕΣ 16
ΛΕΞΕΙΣ ΠΟΥ ΕΝ ΜΕΣ ΤΟ ΚΟΥΤΙ

ΑΘΚΙΑΣΕΡΟΣ

ΖΙΛΙΚΟΥΡΤΙ

ΜΑΠΠΑ

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ΣΚΕΜΠΕ

ΦΚΙΟΡΟ

ΛΑΦΑΖΑΝΗΣ

ΤΙΤΣΙΡΟΣ

ΦΟΥΚΟΥ



MR
KOK



Mr kok is a confused penguin who is a poet (a failed one to be honest) travelling around the world of Widjibal.

Mr kok has no dreams, he has no aspirations other than to enjoy his day from sunrise to sunset and then sleep like a baby sleeps on his mother tits.

Lost in different countries and planets, he does however often end up in adventures he didn't plan for. Adventures such searching for the Legendary Golden Marijuana Plant and his grandma's lost Special Apricot Jam Recepie.

Follow his story on @theoriginal_mrkok page and his upcoming comic book.



Expect more weird, crazy and controversial characters to be introduced as the story unfolds.



Existentialism through Art

This is the very moment to face the absurdity of life. When all the world is locked down and all the plans that have been made before are broken into disappointments. Feelings, ideas, decisions, reactions and actions have been quarantined and limited. Many humans of the world didn't know what it feels like to be "limited" before. But now all the discriminated and "normals" are facing quite the same limitations right now, so maybe this is the right time to cross question ourselves. What does it exactly mean to exist? What are you? Who are you - is it possible to identify ourselves with our nationality? Or are we all the same, when you take a broader look to the universe.

Living in Cyprus, we've been through a lot, we've witnessed identification problems many times. In an academic research for Social Identity in a Divided Cyprus (*), it's obvious that none of the islanders could name their own social identity. Maybe they never thought about it before. But through the later history, both Turkish speaking and Greek speaking people have been stated as "different".



Love Letters on the Wall-2019, June

The differentiation blocked most of the humanist feelings in both societies. The deadlock was an important power source for the bigger foreign powers, they kept feeding it. So the humans start to feel alienated and departed, sensitive and creative marginal groups have become more lonely and smaller while the physical borders and limitations get bigger.

Against different kinds of limitations such as absurdity of life itself, sociological pressures, economic depression, freedom of expression and human rights; creatives tend to feel anxious and this turns into a form of artistic expression. This anxiety pushes to think, question more and create. Specially in the small, less developed and dependent societies like North of Cyprus, these limitations are at very high levels. The people who don't have the tendency to express their repressed feelings are more likely to become nervous and problematic.

In his book "The Courage to Create", Rollo May asserts that the most fundamental dialect of creativity is the aesthetical tension between freedom and limits, wild and docile. The clever harmony of opposites within the artwork, makes it more unique. When there are no limitations, there's a chance for us to get lost in the freedom zone of comfort; thus we lose our aim, depth and creativity. Without limitations, the creative capacities of mind are lost. No problem to solve, no barrier to overcome. So the metaphysical boundaries are necessary. (*Rollo May, On the limits of creativity)

So we may choose to trust the dialectics of creativity and have a hope that, in the end, lonely feeling of creative minds will bring out a resistance of love and expression against the limitation of real physical borders.

By Umay Y. Kutay

* Charis Psaltis and Huseyin Cakal; Social Identity in a Divided Cyprus. https://ucy.ac.cy/dir/documents/dir/cpsaltis/Psaltis_and_Chakal_2016_SIT_in_CY.pdf

* Rollo May, The Courage to Create; Essay on The Limits of Creativity





PRIGKIPISA ME TO ZORI

**Find the 21 animals
hidden in the illustration.**

by FetTony.



Artist:

????????

*

* τυράτιον





Photo:
@tony_tzo
Rider:
@johnnyboy.kay
& Aris



The dark side of going viral

On March 11, Xenios left his home in Napoli, where he is studying medicine, to board a plane to return to Cyprus.

A new virus, which is believed to have originated more than 7,000 km away, in Wuhan, China seemed to be travelling much faster than him.

Having started from the north of Italy, the pandemic was moving down south. Three days after placing Milan in a lockdown, the government of Italy announced that the whole country was now a red zone.

Cyprus's Health Ministry advisory had been upgraded a few days before Xenios's arrival. Individuals travelling from Italy were asked to self-quarantine for 14 days, as the country was fast becoming the epicentre of the Covid-19 pandemic.

Before leaving his rented flat in Napoli, Xenios arranged with his parents to let him stay in the family's holiday home in Protaras, in order to self-isolate. When he arrived in Larnaca on March 12, his dad's old silver Audi was waiting for him at the airport car park, along with keys to the Protaras house.

A few weeks later, he texted in our group chat "I haven't eaten for 3 days. I've lost 3kg." The reason was not Covid-19.

After some days in his confinement in the summer resort, and having only his mobile phone's data to connect with the outside world, he decided to film himself talking about what he knew of the new disease - both as a medical student and as someone who experienced the outbreak of the pandemic in Italy - as well as criticising what he perceived as the government's lack of preparation to respond to it and posted the video on his Facebook profile.

He meant the video to be a wake-up call to the government and the people, who in his view, were not taking the virus seriously.

"My only concern was to send a message that this thing is medically very serious and will also have deep economic impact. I wanted to raise an alarm, that we should act immediately, as this time we will not get away with complacency, as we usually do," he says.

Little did he know that the video would end up going viral and being reshared by the island's biggest news websites.

Xenios posted the video on a Friday. During the weekend that followed more than 80,000 people had watched it. That is roughly 10% of the population of the Republic of Cyprus. 2,000 more had shared it.

The website avant-garde-com.cy ran a short story on the video with the headline "Xenios is the viral of the day on the Cypriot internet."

"I didn't expect it to go this viral. I knew that the video would strike a chord with people who have been locked down at home for weeks, but I didn't expect it to become so viral," he says.

He admits that being in the spotlight overwhelmed him and gave him so much stress that he stopped eating for three days.

People started looking up to him as an authority for advice against the virus. In the comments section, users were seeking advice on which medicine to use, journalists tried to contact him, his inbox flooded with requests.

"I got really stressed when they started sending me private messages. People were waiting something from me. They were asking me questions as if I was the authority. Whereas I was trying make the authorities give us answers."

What prompted him to do the video, was his own change of perception about how critical the situation is, in the days before returning to Cyprus.

"I experienced things up close in Italy. In the beginning, I too, thought that it was something simple, just a flu. But then you see it getting more serious, you listen to more stuff, you read some articles and you understand. It was this psychological transition I had in 3 weeks from belittling the virus to realising that this is a global scale pandemic, I wanted to express," he says.

Xenios' angry tone and outrage against the government could be what resonated with the 10% of Cypriots who watched his video. According to research, messages with both moral and emotional words are more likely to spread on social media –

each moral or emotional word in a tweet increases the likelihood of it being retweeted by 20%.

"Content that triggers outrage and that expresses outrage is much more likely to be shared," Molly Crockett, director of the Crockett Lab told the BBC. What we've created online is "an ecosystem that selects for the most outrageous content, paired with a platform where it's easier than ever before to express outrage".

"I think it was the simplicity of the language I used which sold the video. However, people's reaction really confused me. It was weird, I just wanted to state some facts. 10% of the population saw me. Political parties get less than that in elections," Xenios says.

It wasn't only fun and respect in the video's comments section, though. Many did not like Xenios's "attitude" and said that he "should keep his mouth shut and let the government and experts do their work." Others went as far as to say that he is acting on orders by the opposition party AKEL and that he made the video to hurt the government. One person just told him to "suicide."

"I turned off the notifications and let them say whatever they wanted. I said what I wanted, so they can do the same. What someone says reflects the kind of person they are," Xenios says.

The rapid growth of social media over the last decade has established an entirely new medium for human interaction.

A survey last year found that 40% of American adults had experienced online abuse, with almost half of them receiving severe forms of harassment, including physical threats and stalking.

According to Glazzard and Mitchell, cyberbullying is different to face-to-face bullying in three ways.



Firstly, victims cannot escape from it when they are at home because it takes place on mobile phones, tablets and computers. Secondly, the abuse is witnessed by a larger audience; messages are public and can be repeatedly forwarded. Thirdly, as the evidence of the abuse is usually permanently stored online, the abuse is not erased. For the victim this can be significantly humiliating. Abusive messages, photographs and videos can be stored permanently online, resulting in the victim repeatedly experiencing the bullying every time they go online.

Bullying is unacceptable in “real,” physical life. However why do we tolerate it online?

Why a woman, who would otherwise refrain herself from telling Xenios to “suicide” if he saw him in the street and didn’t like what he said, feels entitled to share this “sentiment” publicly on social media? Stricter guidelines and actions by social media companies to combat hate and online abuse are viewed by some as “undemocratic” restrictions in freedom of speech.

In its golden age, between the early 90s and mid-2000s, the Internet was characterised as a Wild West. A place where people could exchange ideas and products freely, innovate, express themselves and get the power back from corrupt media and governments.

However, at a time when our economies and lives are increasingly lived online, at a time where funerals are taking place via zoom, are we still taking about the same Internet?

“People rarely have democratic enhancement at the top of their agendas and use the internet far more for entertainment purposes than for informational gain,” writes media and communications scholar Natalie Fenton.

On top of this, in the past years we’ve seen data breaches exposing social security and credit cards numbers. Email hacks affecting elections. Fake news and cyberwarfare.

Silicon Valley has made billions of dollars out of social media (and billions more harvesting and selling personal data). Today, even industry leaders are asking governments to play a more active role in preventing abuses and promoting trust.

More than 50 years after its creation, the dream that the internet would lead to a bottom-up social revolution seems to be further away than it was 25 years ago, rather than getting closer.

However, let us take a pause from throwing all the blame to Zuckerberg and Cambridge Analytica and think about our own responsibilities in Internet.

Just 25 years ago, only three million people worldwide were online. Since three billion more have connected to the web. If the Internet were a country, it would have grown from the size of Bosnia and Herzegovina, into the world’s biggest country, with the prospect of massive growth, as 4.6 billion people are still offline.

Maybe it’s time to start considering seriously the concept of digital citizenship. We can teach ourselves and our children how to exist in the digital world, like we do with civics at school.

A hypothetical digital citizenship curriculum could cover themes such as media literacy, in order to make children able to critically evaluate content that appears online and recognise fake news.

We should also teach children and young people the consequences of freely regarding giving away their data and their rights around them.

Schools can also teach us how to battle our collective social media addiction. It is becoming common-knowledge and all of us are starting to realise that social media use can lead to anxiety, stress, depression, poor sleep quality and make us feel worse about our bodies. In 2018, the number of hours worldwide internet users spend on social media averaged 136 minutes a day. We all know people who spend much more.

Schools can also give us the tools to recognise and report online abuse.

Xenios, who a week after making the video, drove to Famagusta to deliver 500 masks that volunteers had made for medical staff of the local hospital, says that education could be one of the reasons his video gained so much traction, including from conspiracy theorists who claim that 5G antennas cause coronavirus.

“The video showed that the scientific community is not being heard. There must be a lack of education among people, in order for them to believe this stuff.”

He says that what bothers him in the Cypriot education system is that pupils are not taught how to think critically. “Schools teach us how to memorise stuff. They do not prepare us for real life.”

In hindsight, he doesn’t regret making the video. “I saw that there are free thinking Cypriots. People who can express an opinion, listen to the opinions of others and do something about the world.”

By Stelios Marathovouniotis



The P.A.D - Positive Acronym Dictionary

Kristine Kokina
@kristinekokina

Art Direction: Kristine Kokina

Copywriting: Joe Spriggs



F·O·M·O

/ˈfəʊməʊ/
Acronym

/ commonly used as
“Fear Of Missing Out”

/ also known as
*“Finally Over My
Overthinking”*

C·B·A

/si: bi: ei/

Acronym

/ commonly used as

“Can’t Be Asked”

/ also known as

“Could Be Amazing”

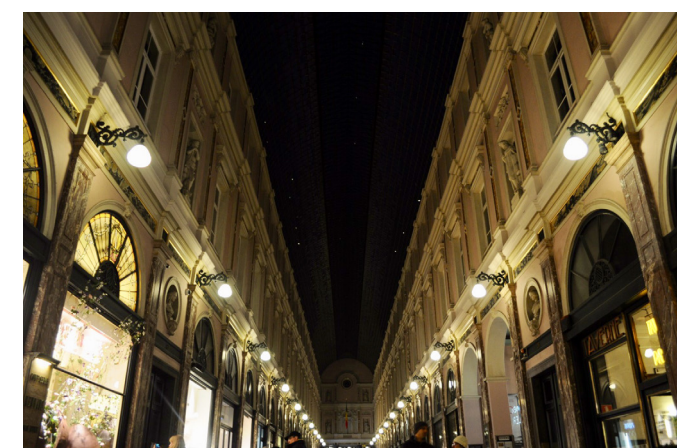




I am fascinated by how the scenery changes when visited at different times of the day or under different weather conditions. The underlying structures are the same but, project a very different image and trigger contrasting feelings, which often reminds me of real life.



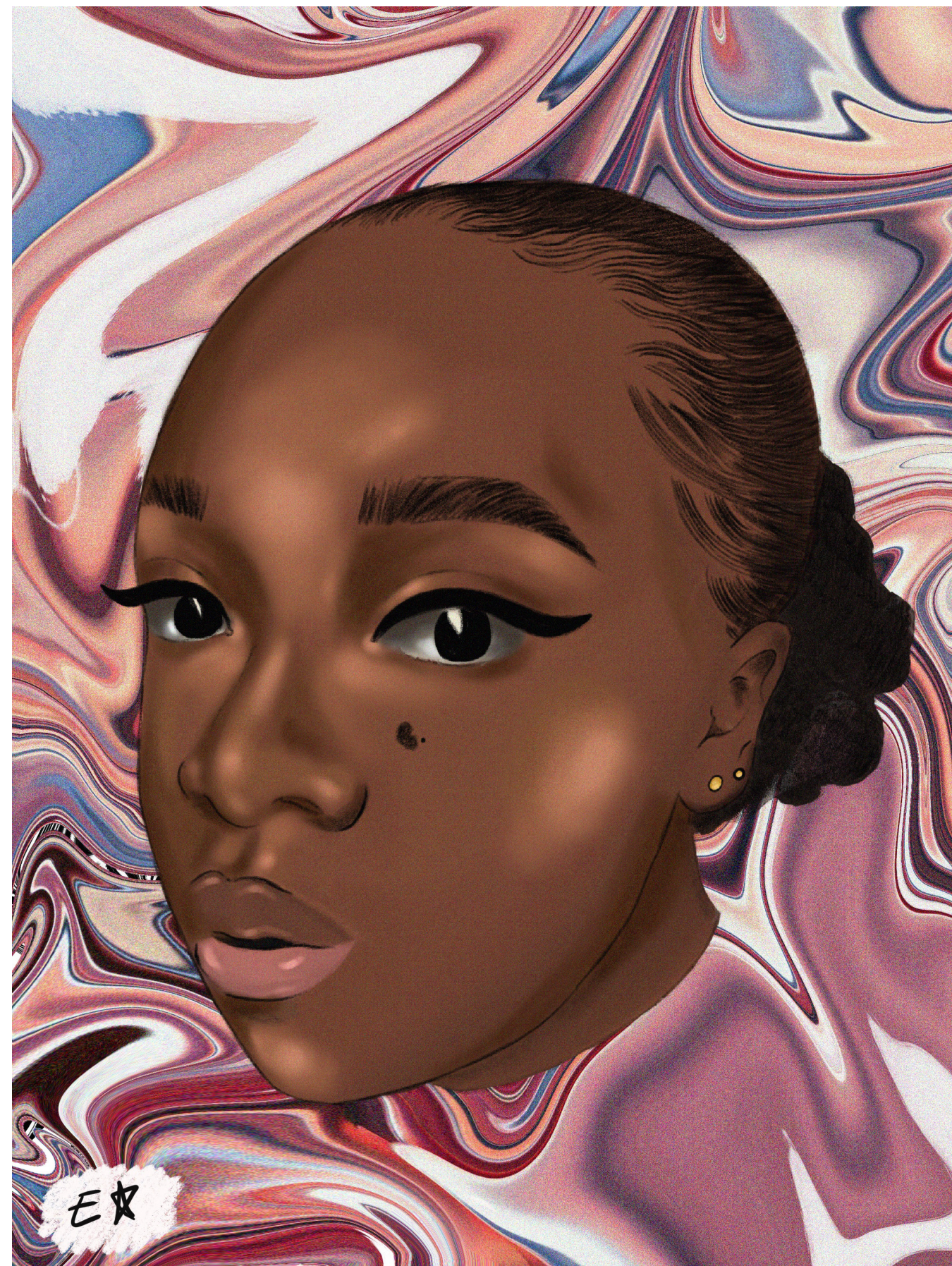
Adeline Hadjosif





E-STAR

@estacreates





The 5th Floor Balcony.

I'll make something of you one day.
For all the love, all the heart-drenching insight,
the endless tranquility
and all the breathtaking images, virtual and not,
you granted me with,
made my time in this city all the more bearable,
my lust for its every corner all the more intense,
my life as a whole; all the more meaningful.

Maybe I'll write a book in your honor,
or maybe I'll hold a photography exhibition
with every remnant I have of you, as a souvenir,
of all the moments I was flooded with life.

Memoirs of you and your rounded, hundred year old edges,
Memoirs of myself and every layer
of skin, and soul I shed, throughout.

of all the humans who stepped on your brick colored
floor, in grand efforts to appreciate
what seemed like painted hues of tangerine intertwined
with heliotrope purple, gently embracing
tall, eroded buildings, with infinite kindness

Of crystal wine glasses and iced coffee cups,
of sun-drenched afternoons that crept through
your green faintly painted windows.
Of all the music that lingered in the
background, played by yearning souls in the plaza below.

// of all the times I caught my breath whilst
drowning into crimson sunsets;
perplexed by nature's miracles
and forever grateful I was present in their magic.

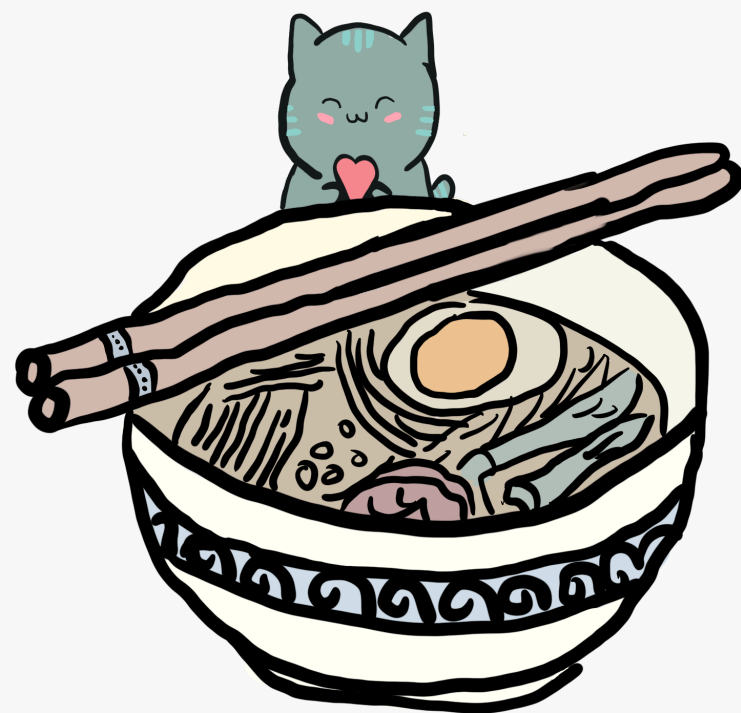
Of every tear I shed, in fear I was completely
losing sight of myself. But you stepped
in every time, again, and again.
Allowing me to gawk at the moon, as the world
was fast asleep, while my cheeks were gently rinsed,
only to return to eased waters again.

Thank you will never be enough;
and how could it ever, when all I can
return, are vivid images lingering in my head,
Of a love affair that once existed in Barcelona,
with a fifth floor Balcony overlooking Plaza Del Sol.

By Despina Nicolaou

QUARANTINES MAGAZINE - 76 | 77





FOOD SECTION



@μ mpoukomata



μ falafel

Ingredients (for 5 people):

1/2 cup of dried chickpeas
1/2 onion
1/2 cup coriander
1/2 cup parsley
4 cloves garlic
1 tsp cumin
1 tsp cardamom
chilli
2 Tbsp all purpose flour
1/2 tsp baking powder
some olive oil

Method:

1. You can use canned chickpeas, but dried ones elevate the flavour. The only drawback is that you need to soak them in water overnight. Add a lot of water as they will triple in size.
2. Add the chickpeas, onion, garlic, coriander, parsley, cumin, cardamom, chilli and salt in a blender and mix until it forms a sand-like mixture.
3. Add in the flour and baking powder and mix. Refrigerate for about 1 hour.
4. Preheat the oven to 220°C, make the falafel mix into small balls (a bit flat) and place on a baking paper. Sprinkle some oil on top and place in the oven for about 35-40 minutes.
5. In about 15 minutes, turn the falafels and sprinkle some more oil on top.
6. And voilà! Serve with some homemade hummus, pitta bread and tabbouleh salad.

μ houmous

Ingredients:

(approximately for 5 people
- really depends how much
you love hummus)
1/2 cup dry chickpeas
(soaked in water overnight)
4 Tbsp Olive oil
3 Tbsp Tahini
garlic (lots of it)

Method:

1. Soak 1/2 cup of dried chickpeas in water overnight (they will triple in size).
2. In a blender add the pre-soaked chickpeas, tahini and olive oil and mix. This is where you add the garlic cloves as well, but my mom would kick me out of the house, so no garlic-hummus for us.
3. When the hummus is well blended, add some salt to taste and some olive oil on top!



smashed burgers

Burger:

- (a) buy beef with at least 15% fat.
- (b) make patties of 115g each - form ball without pressing the meat too much. Put salt and pepper on them
- (c) put a touch of olive oil in a hot pan and add the patties in. Once they are in smash them with a spatula (as thick as you want)
- (d) flip when you see the colour on the side changing/ going brown. This will take approximately 1 min and 20 secs for a relatively thin patty.
- (e) As soon as we flip, we put american cheese on top. After 45 seconds they are done
- (f) butter american buns and put them in another pan until they get golden brown.
- (g) serve

Sauce:

mayonnaise, ketchup, mustard, paprika, garlic powder, vinegar from pickles, pepper, worcestershire sauce and a touch of cognac.

Caramelised onions:

- (a) put butter in a pan on medium heat and thinly chop 2 onions. When the butter melts put in the onions and put salt and pepper.
- (b) after 1-2 mins put in 1-2 table spoons of sugar to help caramelisation.
- (c) after the onions get colour put in white balsamic vinegar and lower the heat.
- (d) cook on low heat for another 15 mins (add a bit of white balsamic vinegar in case the onions are sticking on pan).

By The B.F.Q.



The not so Instant Instant ~~Ramen~~

This **is not a recipe** on how to make ramen. This is a guide on how to elevate a staple stoner / student food with a few hacks that will make it the ultimate comfort food for cold nights. You can add/replace different ingredients: Instead of chicken you can make it with pork belly, instead of sweet potato you can add pumpkin. This recipe can adapt based on your fridge stock.

With the exception of Miso Paste all the ingredients are easily found everywhere.

Ingredients: (for two)

2 chicken thighs
2 Portobello Mushrooms
2 sweet potatoes
2 packages of instant noodles
2 eggs
2 lemons
1 Coca Cola tin (not a diet!)
Miso Paste <3 (optional)
Soya Sauce
Sesame oil
Olive oil
Unsalted butter
Garlic

Garnish:

Scallions
sesame seeds

Dry rub spice mix:

2 table spoons smoked paprika
2 table spoons chilly flakes
1 table spoon cumin
1 table spoon oregano
1 table spoon cinnamon
1 table spoons garlic granules
1/2 table spoons five spice
Salt and pepper to taste.
(probably more than you need but you can save it for the other recipes)

1. Marinate and massage the chicken thighs with the dry rub for 10 minutes. After 10 minutes add the tin of Coke, 2 table spoons of soya sauce, 1 lemon and some olive oil. Forget it in the fridge for 2-3 hours.

2. Cut your sweet potato into wedges. Put them in the oven for 30 minutes at 200 °.

3. Add olive oil and butter into your hot pan. Add two whole but smashed garlic cloves, a tea spoon of miso paste and your mushrooms (cut into thick slices). Cook for 7 minutes and finish off with 1/2 a lemon and a 1/4 cup of white wine. Save any remaining liquid in the pan to add in your ramen!

4. The star of the Dish: Add your two eggs into boiling water. Cook for exactly 6 minutes and then run them into cold water. Let them rest in an ice bath for 10 minutes. Peel your eggs and add a dash of soya sauce. (if you wanna be fancy you can add mirin and sake but we ain't got time for fancy shit - this is an easy recipe - same applies for the marinate above by the way)

5. Cook your chicken in any way you want: grill it or in the pan or make it a stew with some onions. After cooking let it rest for a bit and cut in strips.

6. Boil your noodles to your packages instructions (don't forget to add the seasoning !!) and serve in deep bowls, with the toppings you just cooked and some garnish.

Πουρκούρι με χαλλούμι:



Ingredients:

- 3/4 cup bulgur wheat
- 1 and 1/2 cups water
- 250g halloumi cheese
- 1 onion
- 1 tomato
- 1 vegetable maggi cube
- 2-3 table spoons olive oil
- A pinch of sea salt

Method:

1. Dice your onion and halloumi into small cubes.
2. Add the olive oil, diced onions and a salt into your hot pan. Stir for a minute.
3. Add the diced halloumi cheese.
4. While waiting grate your fresh tomato into a bowl. This step makes the real difference.
5. Add the tomato and bulgur Wheat, frying them for a moment.
6. Dissolve the Maggi Cube in your boiling water and add them to your pan.
7. Bring everything to a boil, for 4-5 minutes max.
8. Take the pan off the heat, close with the lid and let it rest until the bulgur absorbs the remaining water.
9. Enjoy.

Disclaimer: this dish will never look fancy but is however super tasty, merging two Cypriot food elements (?) into one and creating a star side dish to accompany your λουκάνικα and πατάτες με τα αυκά.

**By Iacovos Loizou -
Not serious about cooking**



The Banana Date Muffin Recipe.

Ingredients:

- 2 cups almond meal
- 3 bananas (2 for baking, 1 for decorating)
- 3 eggs
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- A pinch of sea salt
- 1 cup dates, pitted and roughly chopped
- 1/4 cup coconut oil
- 1/4 cup dark chocolate, chopped
- Olive oil or coconut spray, for greasing

Method:

1. Preheat your oven to 180°C.
2. Add : almond meal, bananas, eggs, baking powder, cinnamon, sea salt, dates and coconut oil to a food processor or blender. Blitz until the mixture forms a smooth consistency. Once combined, stir through the chopped dark chocolate.
3. Grease a muffin tin generously with olive oil or coconut oil spray. Spoon the mixture in and top with a slice of banana.
4. Bake for roughly 35 minutes or until the muffins are golden and cooked through – keep an eye on them!

By Despina
Nicolaou

