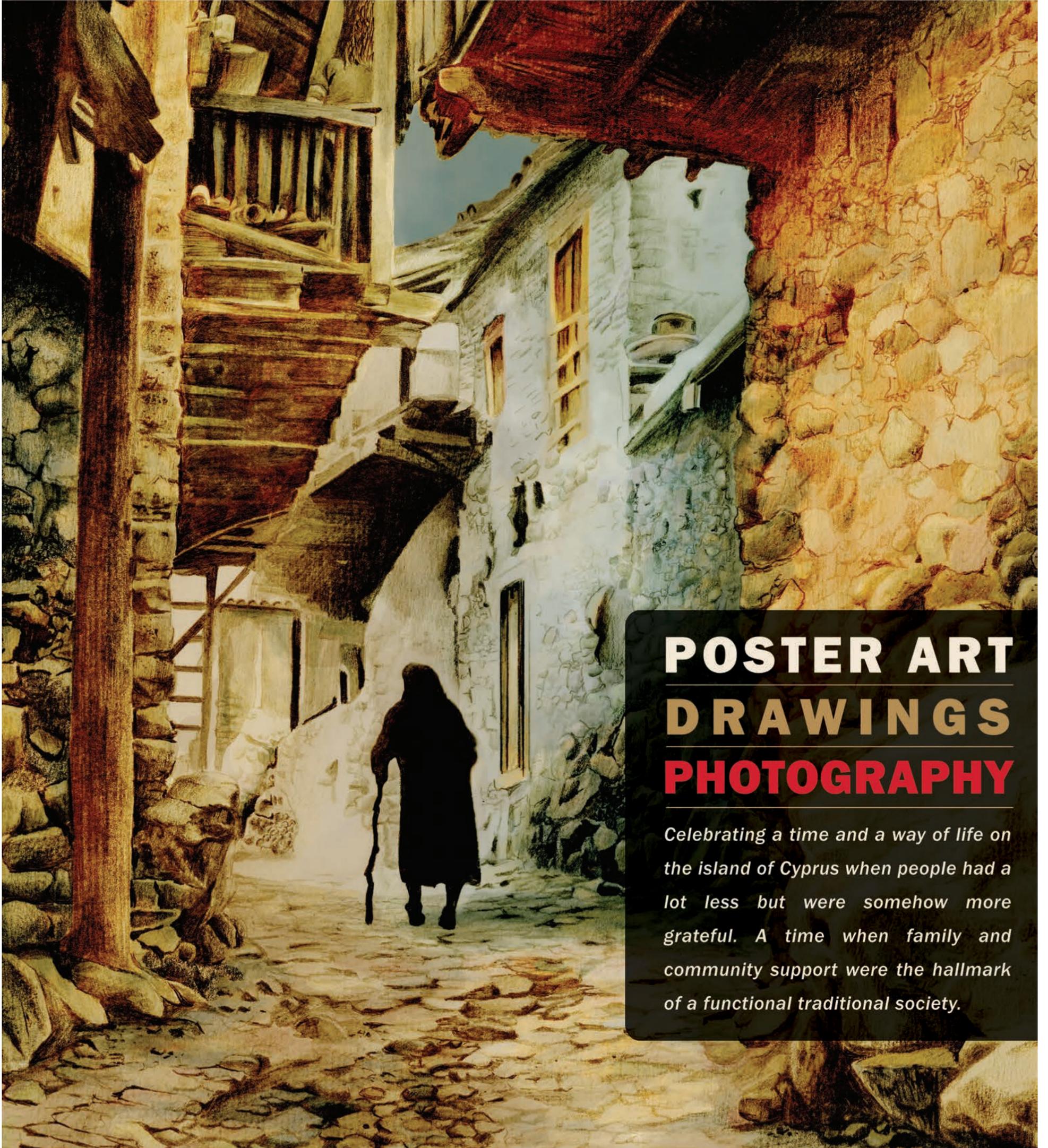


KYPRIS

TALES OF CYPRUS

A TRIBUTE TO A BYGONE ERA BY CONSTANTINOS EMMANUELLE



POSTER ART DRAWINGS PHOTOGRAPHY

Celebrating a time and a way of life on the island of Cyprus when people had a lot less but were somehow more grateful. A time when family and community support were the hallmark of a functional traditional society.

www.talesofcyprus.com

TALES OF CYPRUS

A unique exhibition of

DRAWINGS POSTER ART VINTAGE PHOTOGRAPHY

Exploring the themes of

CULTURAL HERITAGE TRADITION HISTORY MIGRATION ORIGINS

In December 2010, I was walking through the food court of a local shopping centre when I noticed a rather unhealthy looking family gorging themselves on the contents of a large bucket of KFC. As if that scene wasn't confronting enough, I then noticed that each member of the family was transfixed on some sort of screen-based device held within their chubby little hands. They kept eating and ignoring each other as they tapped and swiped their tiny screens.

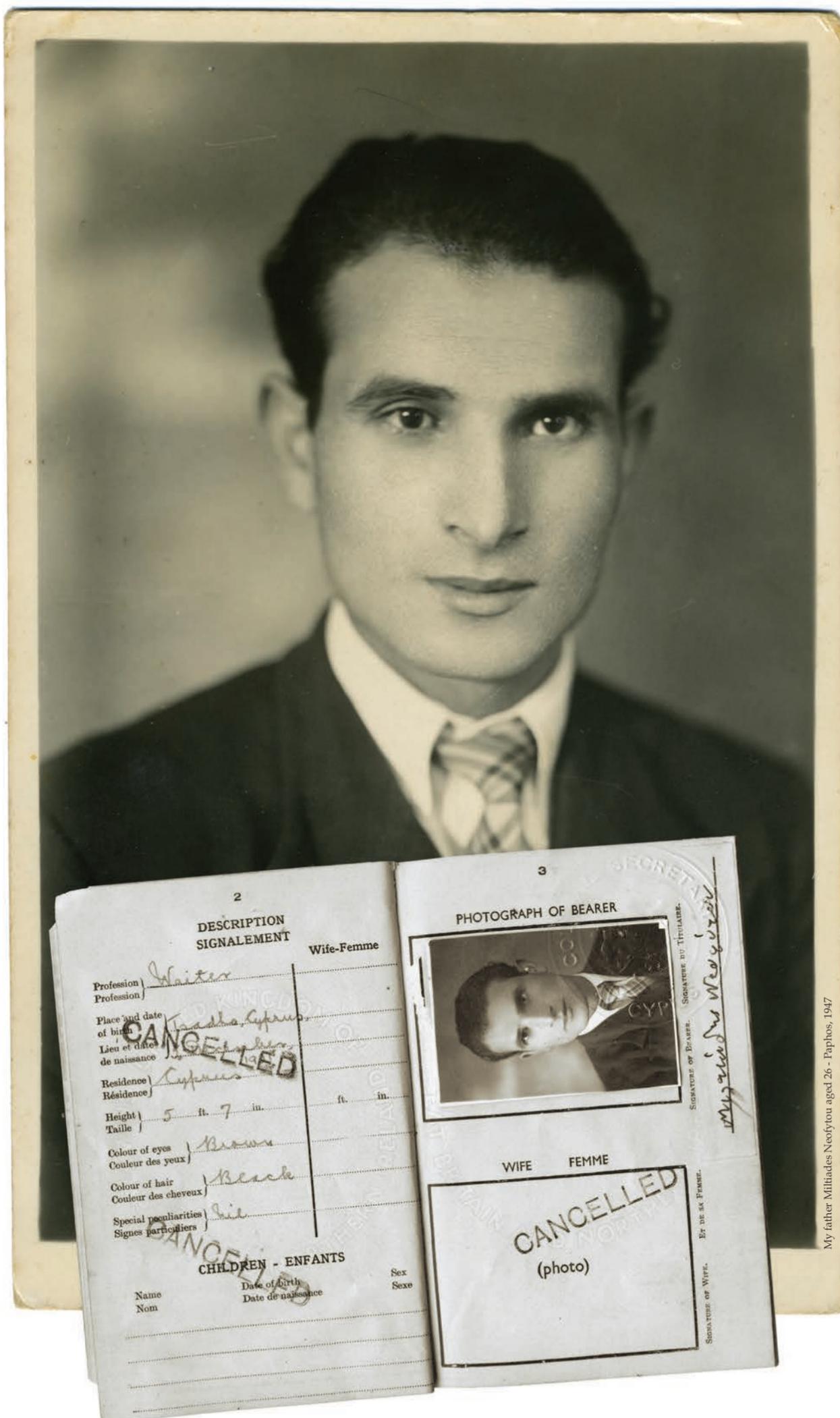
That scene in the food court had a profound impact on me. Later that day I went to visit my father and told him about my food court experience. 'E bellanen o kosmos' (the world's gone mad) my father muttered to me. My father and I then spoke for over an hour comparing the past to the present. A week later I returned to interview and record my father's stories and memories of Cyprus. An idea had formed in my head. Perhaps I could create some artwork that, in some way, encapsulated the Cyprus that my father knew and remembered. The next person I interviewed was my dear mother followed by my elderly aunts and uncles.

And that's how *Tales of Cyprus* began. I spent days in cafes around Melbourne sketching my ideas in a visual diary; ideas that would define the essence of what I wanted to achieve. I decided I would spend a year researching and learning as much as I could about life in Cyprus before 1950. I would then spend another year developing my concepts and creative process (based on my research) and then another year creating original drawings and poster art that would celebrate and pay homage to the Cyprus of the past.

It is fair to say that *Tales of Cyprus* is a tribute to my father who sadly passed away in December 2011. Through my art and my collection of old family photographs I wish to pay tribute to a bygone era; a homage to a way of life that my father and his generation knew and had witnessed. In fact, my parents' generation will be the last to have lived and witnessed that way of life.

Tales of Cyprus is also a story of migration; a story of how the Cypriot diaspora has managed to keep the customs and traditions of the past alive in a way their relatives back home are struggling to uphold and maintain.

In essence, *Tales of Cyprus* is a European story. Many countries in southern Europe have experienced the same breakneck transformation from the past to present. This catapult into the 21st century is now threatening to strip away the authentic cultural landscape of their traditional lifestyle with many countries losing their cultural identity in the process. The Cyprus that my father knew is now but a distant memory.





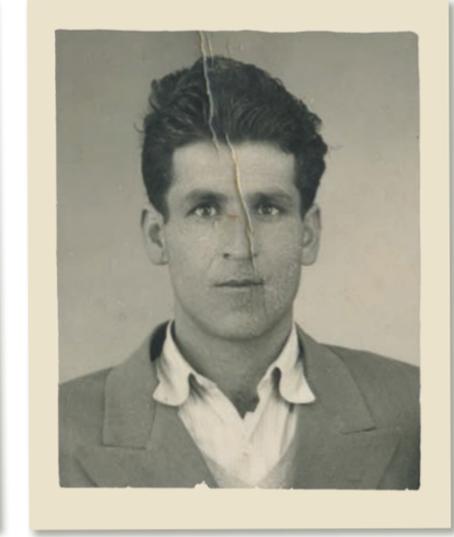
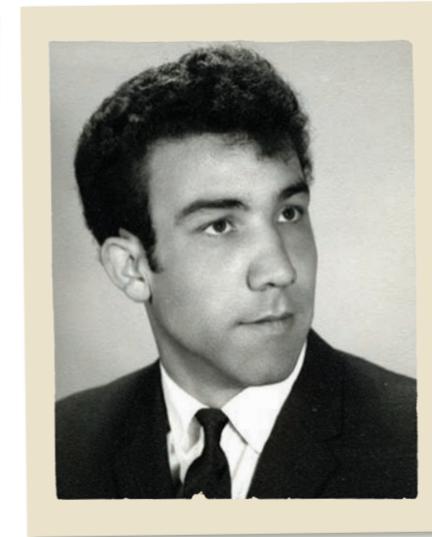
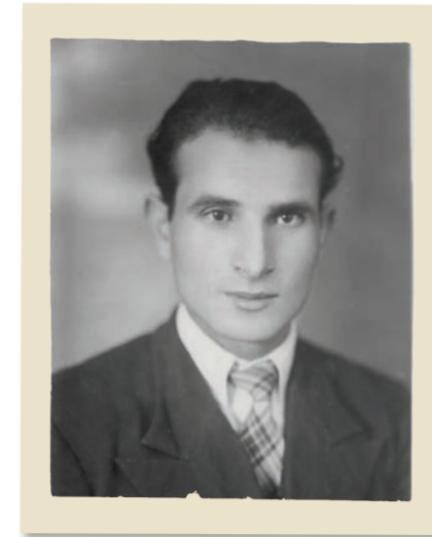
THE INTERVIEWS

The interviews I have conducted with Cypriots from my parents' generation have helped to increase my appreciation for the way of life that existed on the island before 1950. This research has also influenced and shaped my art practice.



Tales of Cyprus would like to thank the following Cypriots for their time and their tales

PANAYIOTA NEOFYTOU | FROSA NEOFYTOU | MARIA FRANGO | CHRYSANTHI HARALAMBOS
PANAYIOTA ARISTOVOULOU | MILTIADES NEOFYTOU | DESPINA MILTIADES | HARRY SHARMARIS
GRIGORIS SAVVA LOUPPI | ANDREAS ARISTOVOULOU | CHARILAOS IOANNOU | GÜLTEN YILDIRIM
KOSTAS KARATZAS | CHLOE GABRIEL | ANDREAS NEOFYTOU | GEORGE NEOFYTOU



HOME TRUTHS

by Con Emmanuelle

The following home truths are based on the living memories and tales of the Greek and Turkish Cypriots who were interviewed as part of this project and who had witnessed and experienced the way of life in Cyprus prior to 1950.

THOSE WHO HAVE A LOT LESS IN LIFE OFTEN SEEM MORE CONTENT

Despite the somewhat harsh and primitive conditions that existed on the island before 1950, especially in the rural districts, the past inhabitants of Cyprus appeared to be grateful with their lot in life. Despite the poverty, limited infrastructure, backbreaking working conditions and lack of public health, my parents' generation were content with their lives and appeared to take nothing for granted.

The people I have interviewed for *Tales of Cyprus* have confirmed how difficult life in Cyprus was when they were growing up. People worked endlessly to make ends meet. Infant mortality was high. Medicine and health-care was almost non-existent. No roads, no electricity and no plumbing. I remain humbled by the recollections and admissions of this generation.

As I sit at my laptop typing this article, in a warm and well-lit room, in front of my flat-screen TV with a belly full of food I wonder if we are actually better-off than the previous generation. Today, despite all our modern comforts and advances in technology there are still so many people who do not feel content or satisfied with what they have. I know these people. Despite their wealth and many luxuries they remain disgruntled and still yearn for more.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying we should all go back to live in mud-brick huts with no sewerage or lighting or that we should get rid of our computers, TVs and custom-built kitchens. I just think we should reflect once in a while on how amazing the past generation really were and how simple but satisfying their world used to be.

CHRISTIANS AND MUSLIMS IN CYPRUS ONCE LIVED INHARMONY

Every single person that I interviewed for this project stated loud and clear that Muslims and Christians once coexisted in Cyprus without fear, concern or animosity. "There weren't any problems," one Greek Cypriot remarked. "We laughed together, ate and drank together, worked together, looked after each other's properties and even celebrated village events together. The only difference was that we went off to a church to pray and they went off to a mosque. Even a lot of our customs are the same. They even spoke our language."

My primary objective for conducting each interview was to gather information about the lifestyle, habitat and culture as it existed from the first half of the 20th century. I had therefore, decided to avoid discussing politics or events that followed Cypriot Independence in 1960 or leading up to the Turkish invasion of 1974. Inevitably however, when discussing Christian and Muslim relationships on the island, many of my interviewees were anxious to explain to me their horror and outrage of having to witness their Muslim neighbours been



forced out of their ancestral homes by young thugs with guns. In most cases, these recollections were shared with me with wet eyes and audible sobs.

I soon realised that my parent's generation did not have any ill feelings towards their Muslim counterparts. This was quite a revelation. Many of the people I interviewed (some aged in their late 80s) expressed deep regret and even anger when recalling how the political opportunists and social agitators after 1950, seeking union with Greece, started to stir the pot of discontent. In fact, they created the pot. These agitators started a campaign of hate and fear across the island in order to change public opinion about the Turkish Cypriot minority living on the island. Their mission, it appeared, was to fracture and eventually ruin the relationship between the Christians and Muslims.

It may also interest you to know that in early 1974, before the invasion, I was attending school in the village of Arsos where my teacher would often express his pro-Greek sentiments to the class about 'enosis' or union with Greece. I would sit silently and watch in confusion as this man kept reminding the class over and over again that the Turks were our enemy. 'So that's how the young get indoctrinated' I thought. When I finally gained the courage to question his ideology he glared at me and shouted, "We are Greek - we belong to the motherland." Well I don't have to tell you how well that frame of thinking turned out for us. It is a great relief for me today, almost 40 years after my sensitive classroom adventure in the village of Arsos that I am able to document the truth about the genuine care and love shared between Greek and Turkish Cypriots prior to 1950.

CHILDREN IN THE PAST COPED BETTER WITH THE WORLD AROUND THEM

During my research for *Tales of Cyprus* I discovered that the young children in the village were expected to help their parents with the daily chores which, depending on their gender, might range

from washing, ironing, sewing, cooking, cleaning, sweeping, feeding the animals, gathering the harvest, fetching water, sowing crops, picking fruit, planting and much more.

Not many children were blessed with an education. Those lucky enough to receive one were often pulled out of school before fifth grade and pushed into a life of domestic servitude. Interestingly, the people I interviewed did not recall past childhoods with any degree of sorrow or regret but rather a simple acceptance that it was just the way things were back then.

The remarkable outcome of such a lifestyle for a young person growing up in rural Cyprus was how mature and capable they became as young adults. Compared to their modern day counterparts, young people back then seemed more capable to fend for themselves. One woman I interviewed mentioned that by the age of twelve she could cook a number of complicated recipes, look after her younger siblings, wash and iron silk shirts and tend to the fields and livestock as competently as any adult in her village. My mother would help her mother bake bread for the village without delay or complaint. My father would help his parents in the fields, harvesting the wheat, sowing legumes, picking the grapes and herding the goats.

I know parents today who struggle to get their youngsters to do the simplest of chores around the house such as taking their empty plate from the kitchen table all the way to the sink. In most cases, these parents become the enablers who do everything for their children while their offspring laze around on their double-bed duvets, warmed by central heating with bellies full of pizza and Pepsi-Max as they thumb their way around an array of mind-numbing gadgets, games and online activities. As a teacher and also as a parent I am often bamboozled by the actions (or rather inactions) of young people today. It saddens me to think that although they have more tools and resources than any previous generation before them, some young people remain bored, disinterested, apathetic and generally incompetent at even the simplest life skills. My parents would often tell me that no one in Cyprus at the time of their youth was bored or overweight. There wasn't any time for that. They also stated that by the time you reached the dizzy age of 17 you were expected to marry, raise a family and keep a house. Although life was tough and tiring it prepared you for the world of adult life, quick smart.

A few years ago, I wrote a controversial article for a college newsletter titled, "The disabled youth of today". Controversial, because some parents mistook my comments as a criticism of their parenting. Instead, my article laid the blame squarely on modern technology and our consumer-driven

society for producing 'slow moving' and 'too tired to think' youngsters. In my lifetime I have witnessed a steady decline in language, literacy and numeracy amongst the younger members of society. People are now predicting the death of handwriting, as we know it. Anxiety and depression are on the rise. Obesity and diet-related illnesses have increased ten fold. Social phobias, insecurity, low self-esteem and extremely poor communication are also modern day curses for the young today. Many elderly Cypriots lament that the high number of disgruntled and ungrateful teenagers is the direct result of them having been force fed consumerism and spoilt from the crib. A bit harsh perhaps, but you have to appreciate that the previous generation remembers living in mud-brick homes with no sewerage, electricity or modern comforts to speak of and nothing more than their imaginations to pass the time and amuse themselves with.

I cannot begin to imagine what it must have been like for my parent's generation to wake up at the break of dawn and then face a day filled with



chores and outdoor activity. I also believe that children of that bygone era were never really lonely. They had plenty of siblings, cousins and friends to keep them company, play with and spend endless hours in conversation. Through my research I also discovered that many children would play traditional games such as hide and seek, skipping rope, marbles, hopscotch and a lovely game called 'Lingri' which involved hitting a small stick in a baseball style manner with a bigger stick. This was home grown fun in the great outdoors. Can you imagine children playing outdoors in large groups without adult intervention or supervision? Incredible.

Child rearing in the past was also vastly different to today. Young mothers would often receive the support of their family, relatives and fellow villagers. The advantage of living in such a

small, close-knit community in the first half of the 20th century was that you were always surrounded and visited by people who cared about your well being and that of your family. People looked after each other with genuine affection. Children always had company. Despite their poverty and harsh living conditions I believe that my parent's generation were a lot richer in family and community support than their modern day descendants. Best of all, the children of the village lived a free-range lifestyle unlike the poor battery hen existence that many young people have to endure today. I feel sorry for modern children and teenagers who live in suburbs full of strangers and miles apart from cousins or friends from school. Many of them remain cooped up in bedrooms full of gadgets and the latest technology oblivious to the outside world. Although I am very grateful for the modern comforts of the world today such as flushing toilets and hot water, I lament the demise of spontaneous outdoor activity by our children or the dying art of face-to-face conversation.

PEOPLE LIVED OFF THE LAND AND HOME COOKING RULED SUPREME

My parent's generation in Cyprus were mostly farmers that grew and harvested a variety of organic foods such as fruit, wheat, legumes and a whole range of vegetables. They were an inventive lot when it came to food and cooking. They could extract a dozen different recipes from the one single food product. Take for instance the humble grape. The villagers would use grape juice to make their own wine, but also deserts such as shoujouko, palouze and glyko. Goat's milk was used as a warm beverage but also to make cheese such as haloumi and anari. Wheat was used of course to make flour for bread but it was also the basis of a hearty soup called trahana. Survival in the village was largely based on harvesting crops and farming. Most villagers had livestock (goats, sheep, chicken, etc.) that provided them with eggs and milk all year round. Most houses also had a pantry full of preserved foods and a grain store that included large storage pots or vessels containing grains from previous seasons. This ensured that even during the bleakest winter or harshest summer, the basic ingredients for most meals were always at hand. Villagers would also barter or share food products with one another. My mother for instance, would exchange homemade bread for goods or services with other villagers. This bartering system meant that the pantry was always well stocked.

Life in the traditional Cypriot village up until the 1950s and 60s had remained the same and unchanged for thousands of years. The daily struggle to cultivate and harvest the fields was rooted in the most basic and primitive human need to survive. As you can imagine, life in a traditional village in Cyprus was never boring. People were always busy sowing, planting, growing, harvesting, gathering, preserving, storing and of course cooking. From cockcrow until sunset most villagers were out in the fields tending to their crops and livestock. My parent's generation did not know about super-markets or processed food. They did not know about take-away meals, fast food, microwave ovens or refrigerators. What is truly remarkable is that even after many Cypriots immigrated to modern cities such as Melbourne, they continued to observe and practice the same village rituals as before. They planted and grew their own



fruit and vegetables. My mother cooked everything from scratch and we always had home-cooked meals. Although they did succumb to using supermarkets for pre-packaged goods such as bread, milk, sugar, rice and flour my parents rarely ate in cafes or restaurants and only stopped at take-away food shops if they were stranded away from home and had no choice.

As I sit and type this tale on my MacBook Pro, I will occasionally sink a Water Cracker into a tub of Sweet Chilli dip. Tomorrow, I have pledged to shift a small mountain of soil in my back yard in a vain attempt to beautify my garden and perhaps lose a few of those pesky kilos that have invaded my mid-section.

IGNORANCE WAS BLISS

There is no disputing the fact that the 21st century is the most technologically advanced with regards to mass communication and mass media. We have access to more information about the state of our planet than ever before. Imagine my horror when an eight year old boy once tried to show me a video on his phone of an actual beheading. Even as recently as 20 years ago you could access pornography on a computer with a single click of a button. Like many, I love and use modern technology. Thanks to modern-day communication technology I know so much more about the sorry state of affairs in nearly every country on Earth. Sadly, I also know that a lot of the information I hear and read about may also be fabricated or falsified by the prophets of propaganda, including the press. If I want, I can download any movie, any photo and any song with such ferocity I could entertain myself around the clock for a hundred years or more. I can learn about anything at any time.

In stark comparison, my parents' generation were quite naïve and ignorant when it came to matters of the world. Most Cypriots were unaware of events that took place outside of their village, let alone their island. News of the world did reach the village through the recollections of the odd traveller or visitor or perhaps a hand written letter from abroad. The wireless radio and the newspaper (if you could read) were the only other methods of communication in those days. Ignorance is bliss if you don't know what can harm you.

Today's media onslaught is relentless and ruthless sometimes. Here is a small sample of the daily news. The terrorists are coming to kill us. Jihadists, suicide bombers are everywhere. The ice caps are melting and sea levels are rising. Most foods can give you cancer - perhaps, maybe? Crime is on the rise. Make sure

you don't get kidnapped, abducted or raped. There are paedophiles everywhere. Lock up your house. Home invasions. Lock your car. Be alert. There is a drug epidemic and crazed-up junkies. What about the Global Financial Crisis? Everybody is getting divorced or dying of some disease. Ebola is coming. Or is that swine flu. Maybe it's the black plaque. Is this the end of days - Armageddon? Road rage. Traffic chaos. Young people are losing the plot. Depression is on the rise. Anxiety and stress is killing us. Obesity is on the rise. Must remember to watch out for diabetes, skin cancer, high cholesterol, high blood pressure, prostate problems and even dementia. Mental illness is on the rise. Cyber bullying - cyber crime. Did I mention suicide bombers? Phew. I need an aspirin. No wait - what if that gives me cancer. Okay, I think I've made my point.

Now let me time travel back to Cyprus 1935. I work, I eat and talk to people every day in my sleepy, quiet little village. I am not alone or lonely or scared. I don't know much about the world around me but that's okay. I just have to make sure I don't get sick, or fall in a ditch or perhaps get kicked in the head by a mule. That's pretty much it. No real dangers in the village I guess. I sleep like a log. Sometimes I sleep on a log.

PEOPLE USED TO WORRY LESS ABOUT THEIR LOOKS

It is such a joy to meet people from a past era who have lived without the clutter and wastage of material objects and without being consumed by thoughts and feelings of vanity and insecurity. These charming and humble individuals did not put on any airs or graces. Nor did they display outlandish narcissism or shallowness.

How refreshing to hear about a people who couldn't care less about what others thought of them in terms of their status, their looks and their lot in life. It was just enough to belong to a community and to pull your weight for the common good of the village.

I worry sometimes about this modern day malady that has inflicted our society where people are made to feel somehow inadequate if they don't look or think a certain way or if they don't have certain modern luxury items. We are constantly bombarded with messages from the media about how we should have washboard abs or buns of steel, or perhaps we could seek medical help to stop our hair receding or remove unwanted flab from our thighs. What's more, we have to deal with magazines full of airbrushed models as a constant reminder that we don't look the way we ought to. The pressure on young girls is especially brutal. These messages can feed a person's insecurities with sometimes tragic or fatal consequences.

My parent's generation were less vain and did not suffer body image insecurities. My mother's main concern growing up in the village was to please her parents and to one day be worthy of becoming a good wife and a good mother. People back then were not preoccupied with their looks the way we are today. They did not go around broadcasting every aspect of their life to the village. Think Facebook. It is true that many people today use social media to reassure the world that they are popular or 'out there' or spectacularly cool. It reminds me of that 'wannabe' dude I once saw wearing sunglasses in a nightclub. Or that girl I saw freezing on

a cold winter's night dressed in shorts and a singlet so that she could show off her body art. It's a strange turn of events when common sense is taken over by vanity and a craving to be noticed. It's as though people can no longer rely on their personalities alone to impress, or attract others. We need a body full of tattoos (with the compulsory singlet), brightly coloured hair, a face full of builder's hardware, a short skirt, a low top or anything that will make other people turn, look and notice us.

There is so, so much pressure these days to belong, to fit in, to look and act a certain way. We spend a fortune on cosmetic surgery. We live in a disposable, materialistic world. We must have the latest smart phones, big fancy cars, the latest fashion trends and threads and of course the hippest, flashiest stories on the Internet.

It's no wonder that in a traditional society such as the one my parents belonged to, vanity did not really exist. Most of the population did not fuss about material belongings. Cypriots seemed united in their quest for tolerance and acceptance in their village community. It didn't matter if your head was lop-sided or your legs were too short or your bum was too big or your hair was receding, nobody noticed and nobody cared. All



that mattered according to my parents was that you had a kind heart and lived a good, honest life. How nice it must have been to know that you could walk out of your front door and not feel judged or ridiculed by those around you or pressured to dress or act in a certain way.

■ ■ ■

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THE INTERVIEWS AND HOME TRUTHS FEATURED IN THIS ARTICLE, PLEASE VISIT THE WEBSITE

www.talesofcyprus.com

THE PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs showcased in *Tales of Cyprus* have been scanned and reproduced with kind permission from the family albums of the Cypriot diaspora. These rare photos serve to remind us of what Cyprus looked like before 1950.



Sotira Andreou and Andreas Procopiou - circa 1920s (Photo courtesy of Andrew Zervides)

Tales of Cyprus is many ways a race against time. You see, because I had chosen to base my project on the period preceding the 1950s, most members of my target demographic were now aged between 75 and 90 years old. Sadly, some of my most sought after candidates had either passed away or were now diagnosed with dementia. I was kicking myself for not undertaking this project years earlier.

Thankfully, I had interviewed my father 18 months before he passed away and also my mother before dementia robbed her of any lucid and accurate memories of her childhood. To visit the homes of elderly Cypriots and to gain an insight into a bygone era was extremely humbling for me. My impromptu visits to these beautiful people had helped to validate their life and their past. I had made an impact. The overwhelming response was positive. More remarkable, and I might add, a little unexpected was how often I heard the same remarks, over and over again. Life was hard, we were poor, but we were content.

Then came the photographs. There is an unmistakable beauty

about vintage photography. Most of the people I have visited so far from my parent's generation have been extremely forthright and generous with their time, sharing not just their recollections of a bygone era but also their photo albums.

It was rare however, to find original photos taken before 1950. It would appear that photography was a luxury that most village folk could not afford or did not have access to. As I travelled across Melbourne, with my laptop and scanner I discovered that many families only had poor quality reproductions of any original photographs. When I asked about the originals, I was often greeted with reservations as to their whereabouts but sometimes an admission would be made that a sibling had taken them and was unwilling to share with others.

It was a blessing to stumble upon an original photo and I would therefore treat and treasure them as I would a rare and precious gem. At the same time, it would sadden and bother me greatly to hear that many original photos were either lost, thrown out or simply destroyed by careless storage



Solomos Haralambou - Mousere, Paphos, circa 1930s. (Photo courtesy of Froso Neofytou)



Roulla and Nitsa Miltiades - Mousere, Paphos (Photo courtesy of Despina Miltiades)

and handling. It was not unknown to find original old photos that were over 80 years old cut, torn or stuck together with some type of electrical tape. I was also shocked to see photographs retrieved from dusty old tins that were stored in sheds or perhaps squeezed or forced to fit inside too small a frame. Others were stuck down in albums to fade and be eaten away by the non-archival quality papers or glues adhering to them.

To me, there is an obvious charm and beauty to be found amongst photographs that bare the scars, tears and scratches of time. Ever the coffee stains or burn marks add a distinct quality. Even the way people are posed in these old photos with their proud expressions and finest attire suggests a higher degree of respect, importance and care was taken with this craft. As an amateur photographer myself, I can appreciate the framing of each shot, the composition and viewpoint,

the lighting and the attention given to the arrangement of large groups, the dignity afforded to the elders and even the inventiveness of using of a large sheet or rug as a backdrop.

It was also interesting for me to note how my parent's generation living in Australia had come to acquire the old photographs that were in their family albums. These old photos were either brought by the immigrants themselves or were sent by post by a loved one who had remained behind in Cyprus? The hand-written messages found on the back of some of these photos added to their value.

The photos I have managed to scan so far are helping to build an important archive that I hope will be valued and appreciated by future generations.

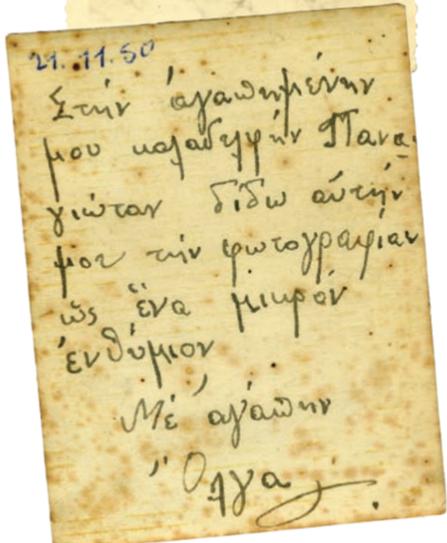
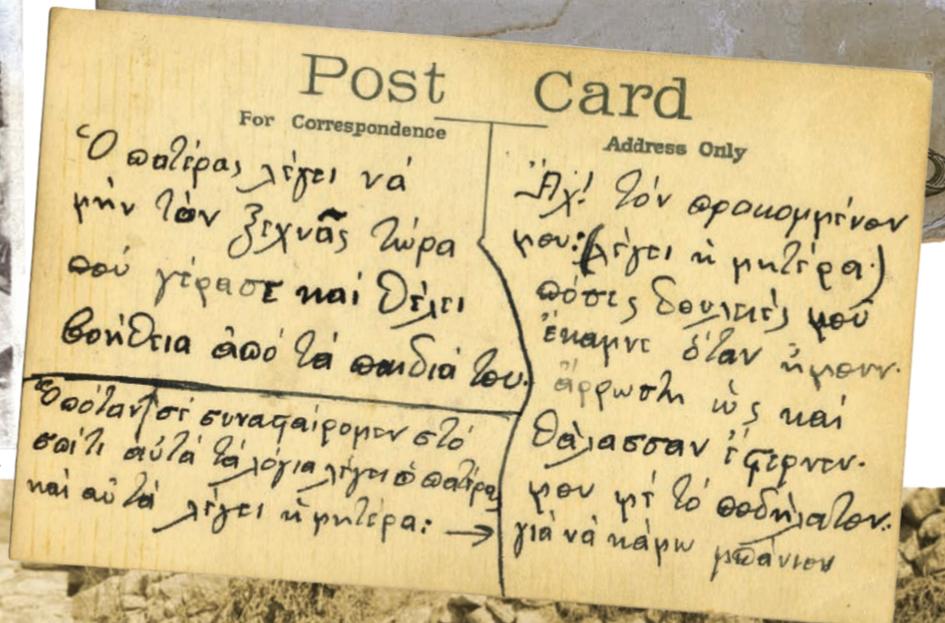
TO HAVE YOUR OLD PHOTOS
SCANNED PLEASE CONTACT ME AT:
conemmanuelle@talesofcyprus.com



George Gabriel's parents Christalla and Aristodithimos Gavriélides, grandfather Andreas Nicolaitis (seated) and his uncle Omiros (circa 1916).



Various family members - Kornos, Larnaca (circa 1932). Photo courtesy of Katerina Pavlides.



Konnaris family members - Mousere, Paphos (circa 1948). Photo courtesy of Panayiota Neofytou (nee Konnaris).



Dimitra Haralambou with her fiancé George Frangou, her mother Eleni Haralambou (seated) and her little brother Michalis - Larnaca, 1918. (Photo courtesy of Maria Frangou).

Michaelis Georgios Pavlides (circa 1920s) Photo courtesy of Andreas Pavlides.



LEFT: Unknown family member - Paphos 1924 (Photo courtesy of Cem Hikmet)



George Hagi Christofi (seated left) and friends - Limassol, 1940. (Photo courtesy of Andreas Aristovoulou).



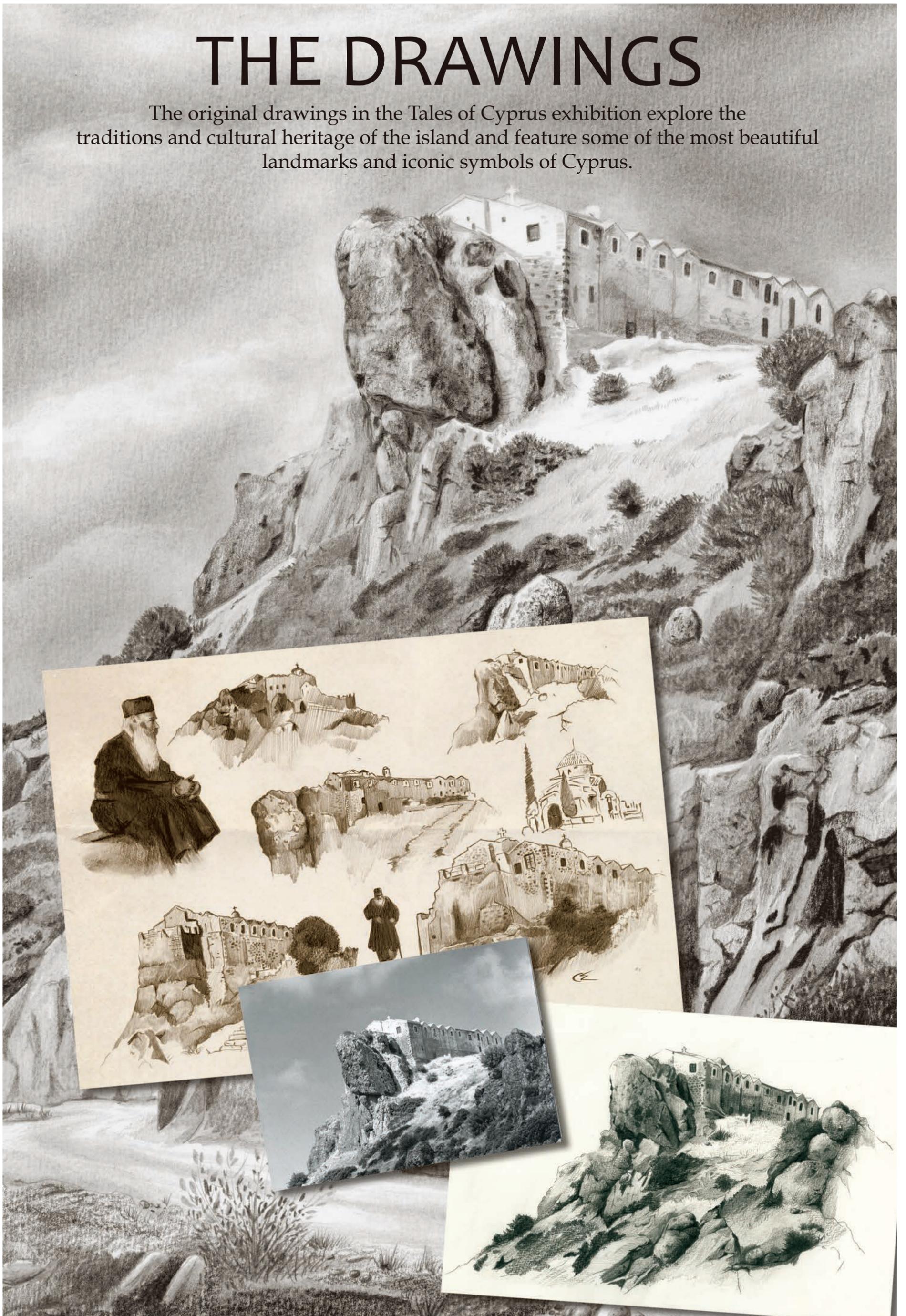
Family members - place and year unknown. (Photo courtesy of Kyriakos Agathok).



School photo with founding principal Eleni Zachariathou - Vasa Kilaniou, 1918. (Photo courtesy of Jimmy Tsindos).

THE DRAWINGS

The original drawings in the Tales of Cyprus exhibition explore the traditions and cultural heritage of the island and feature some of the most beautiful landmarks and iconic symbols of Cyprus.

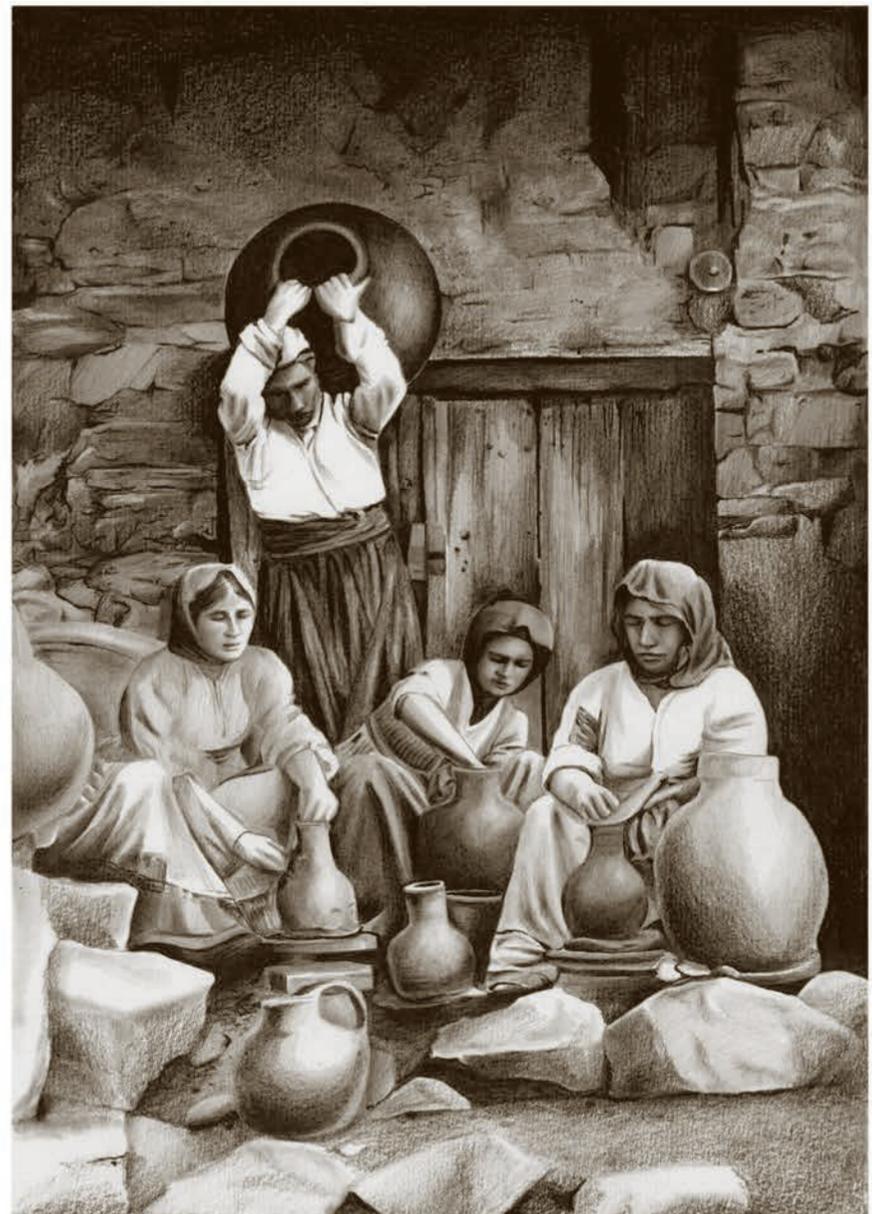
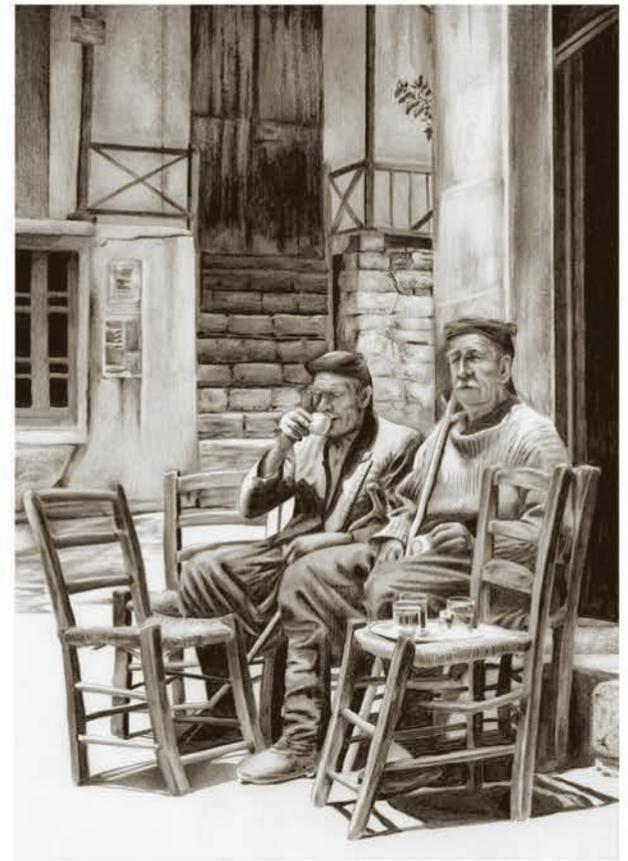




Before I created my drawings depicting life in Cyprus, I spent a year exploring and experimenting with a variety of traditional media and techniques. I decided after much internal debate that the monochromatic tones of graphite would best express my depiction of a bygone era.

I also decided that my reference would be based on photographs that were taken before 1950 by photographers such as John Thomson, Rene Wideson, Haigaz Mangoian, Theodoulos Toufexis and J.P. Foscolo.

Thereafter, I sacrificed many hours of sleep (often working throughout the night) to create my 12 drawings. The next challenge awaiting was to somehow turn these drawings into vintage style, colour travel posters.



CYPRUS



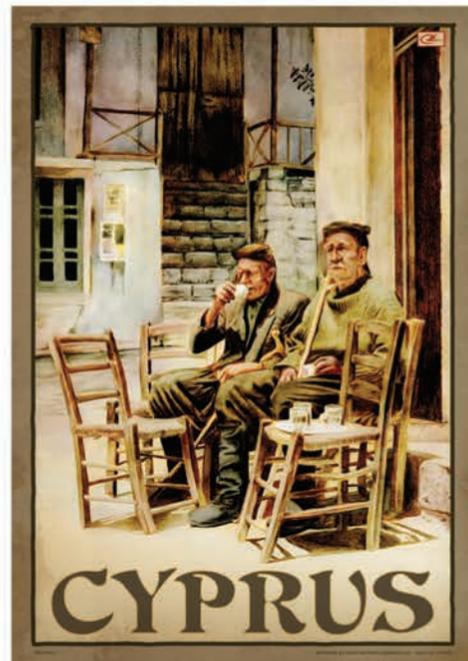
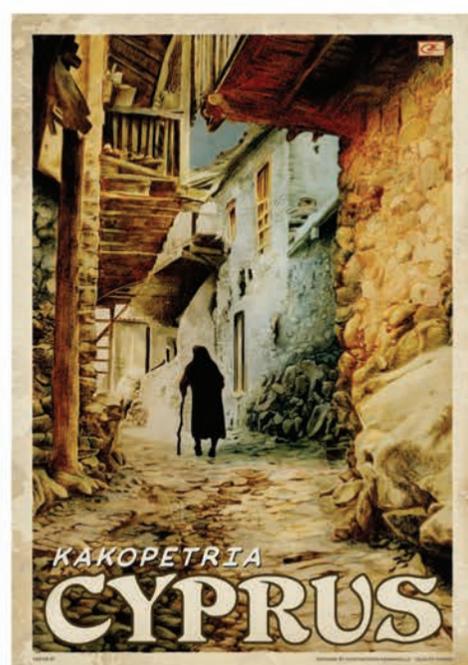
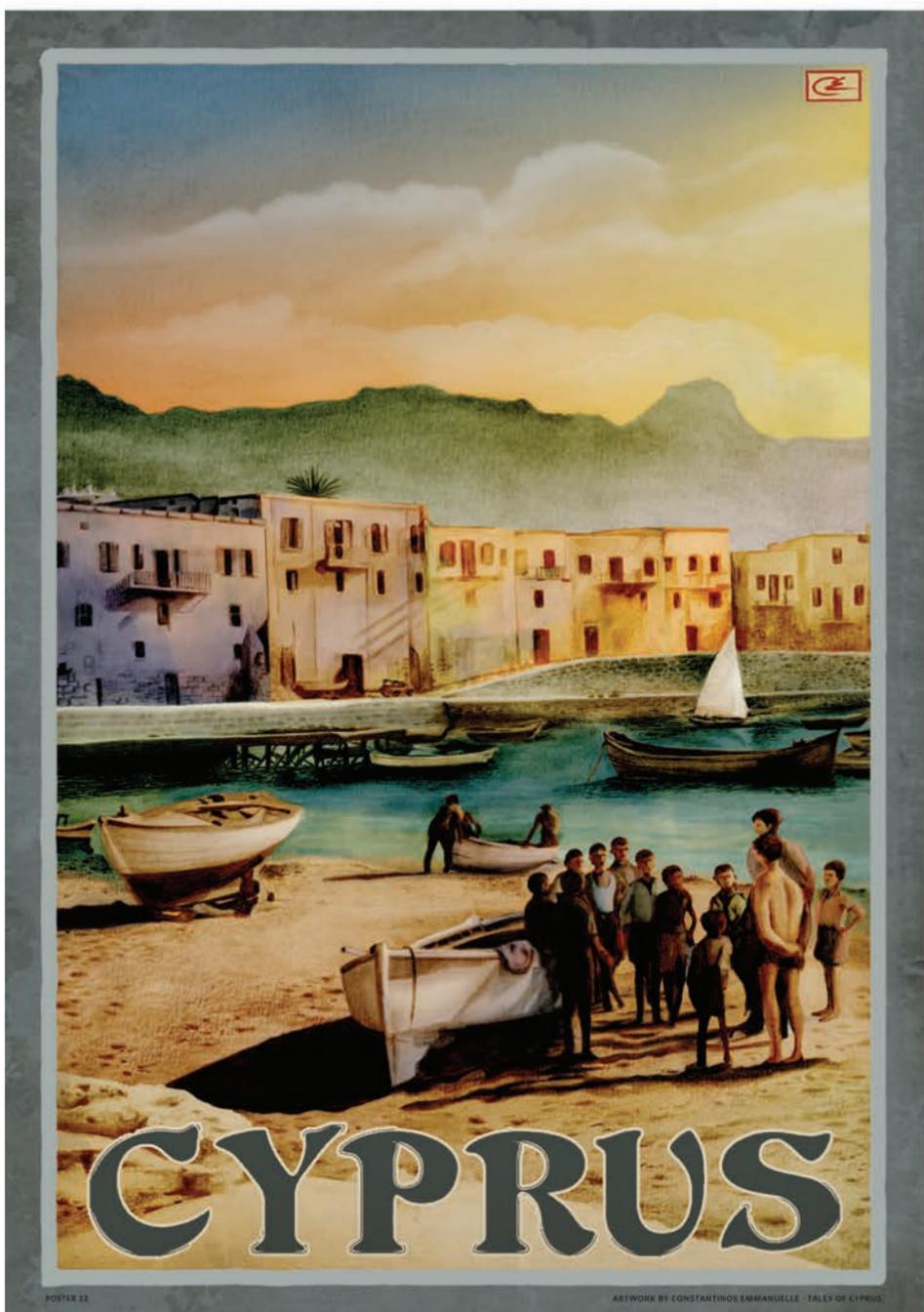
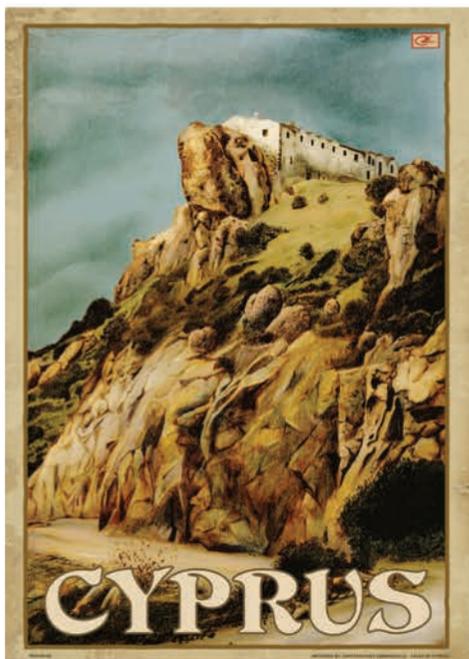
POSTER 11

ARTWORK BY CONSTANTINOS EMMANUELLE - TALES OF CYPRUS

THE POSTERS

As a designer, I have always been attracted to poster art, in particular vintage travel posters. These posters played a significant role in trying to entice would-be travellers to visit far away exotic locations during the first half of the 20th century. While the rest of the world was enjoying a vibrant influx of tourists, Cyprus remained relatively unknown to many people during this time.

With this first series of poster art, I have attempted to invent a historical past that hopefully promotes Cyprus as a popular tourism destination.



The island of Cyprus has been conquered and occupied by many different cultures and ethnic races dating back thousands of years. Each occupying force has left an indelible mark that has helped to shape and alter nearly every aspect of life on the island. From language to food, from architecture to agriculture, modern-day Cyprus is a beautiful blend of influences from the past. The one thing that Cyprus does not have however is a rich history in Graphic Design that includes poster art. It is for this reason alone, I decided to focus my attention on developing a series of travel posters.

Once I had sketched out the early concepts for my graphite drawings, I had an idea. What if I lived in the first half of the 20th century and I was commissioned by the British Tourism Board to design and produce a series of travel posters that would help to promote Cyprus, as a popular must-see destination to entice would be travellers to visit the island.

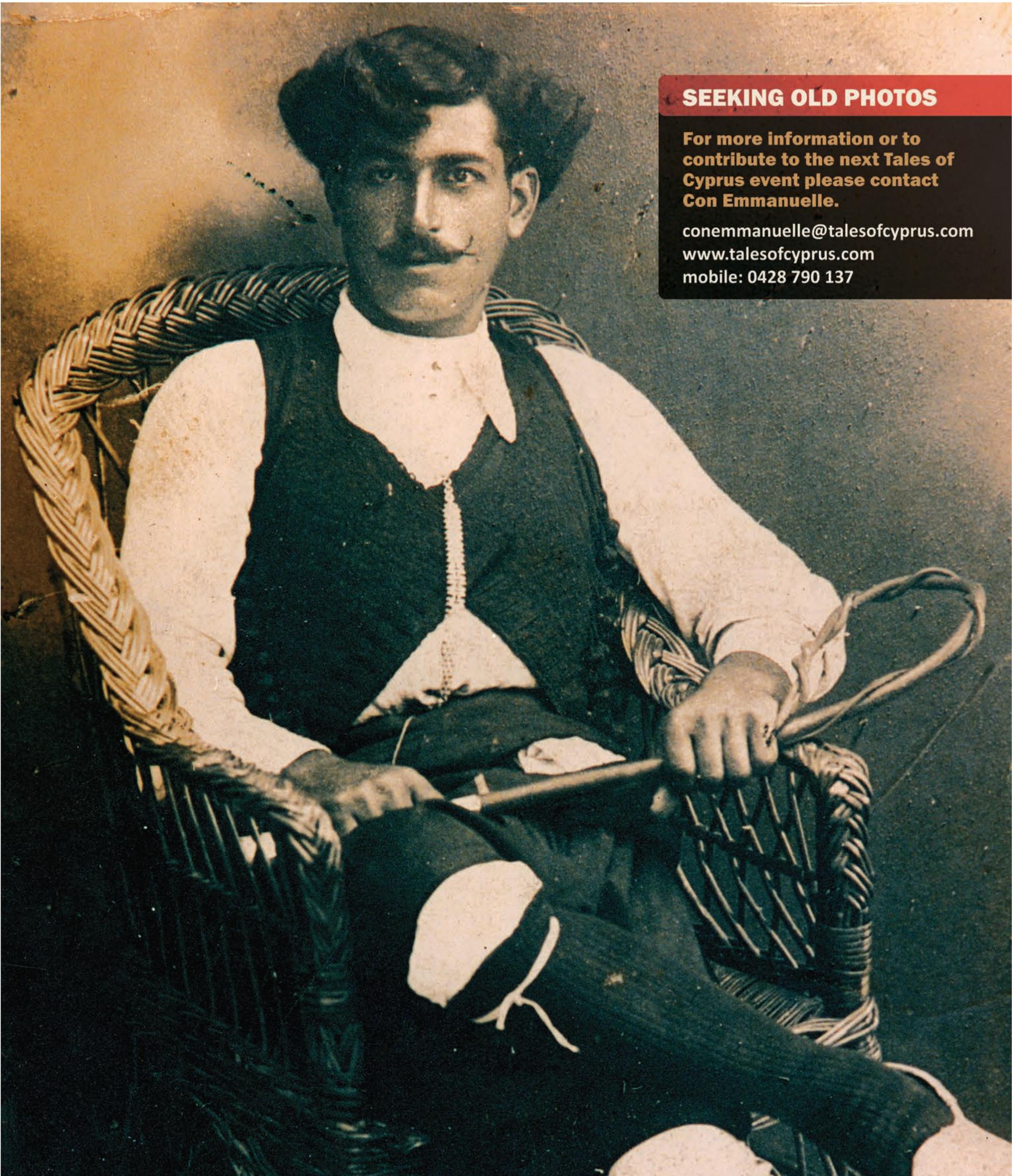
I decided to create and write my own brief. The posters must focus on the cultural and natural beauty that existed at the time and in some cases still exists today. I also decided that my travel posters should somehow pay homage and try to imitate the colour scheme and design of posters that had existed during that time period in other parts of the world.

With this brief in mind, I commenced my drawing adventure in 2013 and once I had completed all 12 drawings, I began the time-consuming and exhausting method of adding digital colour. Staring at an iMac screen for long periods of time was not my idea of fun, but at the end of all of my labour I hope I have succeeded in reaching my goals.

FOR MORE INFORMATION
ABOUT THE ARTWORK CREATED
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VISIT THE WEBSITE

www.talesofcyprus.com

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For more information or to contribute to the next Tales of Cyprus event please contact Con Emmanuelle.

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