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Abstract: In 1974, the coastal suburb of Varosha in Famagusta was abruptly abandoned during the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. Its residents fled expecting to return within days. Instead, the city was sealed behind barbed wire and has remained largely inaccessible ever since. This article explores how the displacement of Varosha’s inhabitants shaped a distinctive Greek Cypriot ‘refugee’ identity over the past five decades. Drawing on oral histories, photography, film, poetry, and political symbolism, it argues that this identity was not simply imposed by state narratives but emerged through a reciprocal process between displaced communities and political institutions. Emotions such as grief, longing, and moral injury were gradually translated into shared emotional styles, from documentary images to campaigns like Den Xehno (I Do Not Forget). By tracing how these emotional styles evolved, the article shows how Varosha became more than a lost city: it became a powerful site of memory shaping identity across generations.

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‘I LEFT MY SOUL INSIDE’

VAROSHA, EMOTION, AND THE MAKING OF A REFUGEE IDENTITY

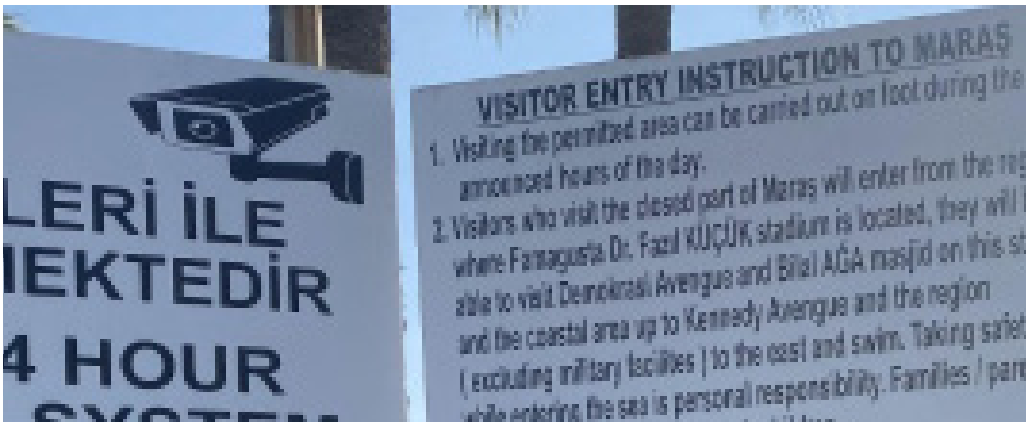
Zacharoula Mouzouri

Encountering a Living Past

Growing up in a family of *prosfyges* (refugees) from Varosha, I learned early what a ghost town meant, both as geography and as metaphor.[1] The homes, streets, and routines of my grandparents were said to exist there, physically intact behind barbed wire, as if life had simply been pressed on pause. For them, the city was not only a lost place but a living past in everyday life. A place to which they expected to return, and then, gradually, a place whose return became less expectation than hope, and less hope than a traumatic wound they carried.

When I visited Varosha with my family, something shifted in how I understood and experienced that wound. I stopped outside what had once been a restaurant my grandparents had visited every Sunday, a place I knew intimately through their stories but had never experienced myself. As I approached the barrier, I noticed broken window glass on the ground and caught my own reflection in it. What I saw on my face unsettled me: longing, and anger, side-by-side. Longing for a place I had never inhabited, anger at the impossibility of never inhabiting it. The feeling did not belong neatly to either nostalgia or memory in any conventional sense. It was something else, a confrontation with a past that was not mine in experience but had been quietly shaping the way I moved through the world.

This article grew out of that moment, and the question it left behind: How does a place you have never lived in come to feel like something you have lost? And what does it mean for a whole community to organise its identity around that feeling across generations?



Afbeelding 1: ‘Visitor Entry Instructions’ at the entrance of Varosha’s open part. Photograph by author, January 13th, 2025.

Introduction

Varosha, a six-square kilometre suburb of Famagusta, known in Greek as Ammohostos, meaning 'buried in sand,' was once among the most prosperous urban centres in Cyprus. Before 1974 it was home to approximately 40,000 people and stood as a symbol of the young Republic of Cyprus, a cosmopolitan seaside hub of tourism and commerce. That prosperity, however, sat on unstable political ground. The foundations of modern Cyprus had been shaped by British colonial divide-and-rule policies, Cold War geopolitical pressures, and competing nationalist movements among Greek and Turkish Cypriots. The 1960 independence settlement created a fragile power-sharing state built, in many ways, on mutual distrust. It was a compromise that contained rather than resolved the tensions beneath it.

The crisis broke in July 1974. A coup orchestrated by the far-right Greek Cypriot group EOKA B, backed by the Greek military junta, attempted to achieve union with Greece. Turkey responded with a military invasion occupying 36 percent of the island and forcing the rapid, often chaotic and violent, displacement of populations on both sides. Among those displaced were Varosha's residents, who left their homes believing they would return within weeks. Instead, Turkish forces sealed the suburb, declared it a restricted military zone, and left it standing, empty, decaying, and suspended in a legal and political limbo that persists to this day. Over fifty years later, most of the city remains inaccessible. Limited areas have been reopened to controlled visits in recent years, but access to buildings is forbidden and documentation within the sealed-off part is strictly prohibited.

This article explores how that displacement shaped a distinctive refugee identity and argues that this identity was never simply imposed from above. Refugees did not just receive a state narrative, but participated in constructing one, through memory, emotion, and cultural expression, in a reciprocal process with the institutions that recognised and amplified their experience. Film, photography, refugee stamps, poetry, and the slogan *Den Xehno* (I Do Not Forget) were not only reflections of this identity, but instruments through which it was actively made. To trace that process is to ask what happens when identity becomes so anchored to an unresolved loss that the loss itself becomes its foundation.

A Home Lost Overnight: Displacement and Its First Meanings

At 5:30 a.m. on July 20th, 1974, Turkish forces landed on the northern coast of Cyprus. People woke up to the sound of sirens. Within days, the island was effectively cut in two. For the residents of Varosha, departure was largely considered temporary. Families locked their doors and took the keys. Some left food on tables. A person in a life history interview recalls: 'For many years she did not go anywhere without her case.' The suitcase was packed, the house key was kept just in case. These were material expressions of an expectation to return and, as weeks became months, and months became years, a refusal to fully accept what had happened.

What made Varosha distinctive, even within the broader tragedy of 1974, was the particular character of its loss. Unlike homes that were destroyed in combat or subsequently occupied and repurposed, Varosha's buildings were sealed off en masse and left empty. Its people know their houses and furniture are unreachable but not gone. Psychologist Pauline Boss calls this 'ambiguous loss,' a grief made more psychologically difficult by the fact that it foreclosed closure. The suspended possibility of return became the emotional and political core around which the community's identity would form.

The task of making sense of what had happened initially fell to those living through it and those who chose to document it. Responses were rapid, often raw, and already beginning to shape the emotional vocabulary through which displacement would be understood for decades. Within months of the invasion, Greek Cypriot filmmaker Michalis Cacoyiannis, internationally known for *Zorba the Greek*, was filming à chaud on location in Cyprus. The result was *Attilas'74: The Rape of Cyprus*, released the same year and widely screened both at home and abroad.

Attilas'74 remains one of the earliest and most revealing cinematic responses to 1974. It was never a neutral document. Cacoyiannis acknowledges as much, describing how a director's positioning and roots inevitably 'colour the film.' What he produced was a political intervention as much as a historical record, a work designed to make audiences feel the weight of 1974 and by doing so, establishing a clear interpretative frame: Turkish military aggression, Greek Cypriot victimhood, international abandonment. The cinematic techniques, then, seem deliberate. Halting speech, long pauses, close-ups of eyes, trembling hands, and crying children. Archbishop Makarios, appearing on screen towards the end of the documentary, aligns himself emotionally with the disoriented public, admitting uncertainty while positioning himself as both victim and statesman: 'I came holding an olive branch in the hand.' In the film's logic, grief does not stay private. It becomes a moral claim, addressed to both Cypriots and the watching world, demanding that what happened here be witnessed, judged and remembered.



Afbeelding 2: Photograph by Doros Partasides of a woman holding up pictures of missing loved ones. Source: Parikiaki Newspaper

Crucially, the people who appeared in *Attilas'74* were not passive objects. They co-produced its emotional vocabulary based on their own experience and what felt most urgent to them. By appearing on camera giving voice to their confusion and fury, 'Monsters! Murderers! Go on, put us in a film, let them see what they did to us,' they actively shaped the terms through which their experience would be narrated and remembered. The state needed unity and moral legitimacy, and *prosfyges* needed vis-

ibility, recognition, and emotional and material support. These needs were not identical, but complementary at that moment. From the very start, both parties were forging a distinct identity in the space between personal trauma and political claim.

Photography worked alongside film to cement this shared emotional language. National newspapers resumed publication within a fortnight of the invasion, and journalists quickly established a new visual genre: refugee-centred photography that emphasized both the physical devastation of conflict and psychological cost. The photographers Demos Partasides and David Rubinger, for example, produced work that circulated both within Cyprus and abroad. A recurring theme across their body of work is the held photograph, a face in a crowd lifting the portrait of someone missing, turning individual grief into a collective demand. These subjects are often surrounded by others doing the same thing. The image encodes both the injury and the response to it: we are here, we are many, and we are together.



Afbeelding 3: Engraving Girl on the Fence by Tassos

Emotion Institutionalised: Symbol, Campaign, and Cultural Memory

The emotional vocabulary forged in those first months continued to be systematized and translated from individual utterance into collective symbol. Nowhere is this more visible than in the Refugee Stamp.

Introduced on 1 October 1974, the stamp was initially a fundraising tool to channel financial support to the displaced. Its early designs begin with a carved icon of Saint George, a religious figure evoking protection and resilience, followed by a stark photograph of a crying woman and child. But it was the 1977 design by Greek engraver Anastasios Alevizos, known as Tassos, that became the most well-known. His woodcut depicted a solitary young girl sitting before barbed wire, her posture folded inward. Known colloquially as the *Kypriotaki* (Little Cypriot), this image was affixed to every piece of mail sent within and from the Republic of Cyprus. It remains in circulation today.

The stamp's power lay in what the historian of emotions William Reddy calls 'emotional translation.' the process by which complex private experiences are adapted into shared, repeatable, social expressions. The girl on the fence distilled an overwhelming situation, vulnerability, loss, injustice, the anguish of being barred from a place that still physically exists and not knowing where to go, into a single portable image. Anyone could read the condition of in-betweenness from her posture alone and it invited identification even from those with no direct experience of displacement. Art historian Maria Paphiti, who was not herself a refugee, recalls how the im-

age had shaped her understanding from childhood. The lonely figure beside the barbed wire, she wrote, 'remains the most faithful and unwavering witness of refugees.'

This is the point at which the relationship between refugees and the state becomes most legible as a reciprocal process, rather than a one-directional imposition. The Republic of Cyprus needed the refugee question to remain visible, politically, morally and on the international stage. The refugees needed their suffering to be acknowledged, their claims legitimized and supported. The stamp served both of these needs. Refugee identity and national identity were being co-constructed through an image small enough to fit on an envelope and powerful enough to endure for fifty years.

This dynamic was reinforced, sometimes uncomfortably, through housing policy. By 1976, with international aid, the Republic had constructed *prosfigikoi synoikismoi* (refugee settlements) on the peripheries of cities. These addressed immediate needs but encoded into physical space the emotional logic of temporariness: accommodation for people waiting to leave. For many, what was meant to be transitional became permanent. Oral histories reveal an uncomfortable dimension to this. Some refugees experienced the settlements as places of marginalization, perceived by neighbouring communities as 'intruders.' The identity being formed was distinct and collectively held, but it was also, at times, a peripheral one.

By the late 1970s and into the 1980s, as it became clear that return was not imminent, the initial emotional register of shock and confusion began to solidify into something more structured. Two dominant styles of feeling emerged, each reinforcing the other. The first was what might be called moral injury: a deepening sense that something profoundly wrong had been done and left unaddressed, a grief sharpened by injustice. The second was remembrance: the active, practiced cultivation of memory as a means of preserving identity in the absence of place. These were shared ways of narrating the past, orienting oneself toward the future, and making claims on the present.

The *Den Xehno* (I Do Not Forget) campaign gave both emotional styles a single expression. Already circulating as a phrase among the refugee community, it was taken up by the Cypriot state and embedded into educational materials, public commemorations, and visual media. The schoolbook *Gnorizo, Den Xehno, kai Agonizomai* (I Know, I Don't Forget, and I Struggle) was filled with poems about lost homes, references to the missing, and illustrations of divided Cyprus. A 1989 photograph by Kaveh Kazemi shows a soldier standing before a bleeding map of Cyprus inscribed with *Den Xehno* and the words: 'Nothing gets won without sacrifices and without blood.' A refugee's expression of grief had been militarised into politics of return. The right to mourn had officially become the right to claim and continue fighting.

The refugees had their own reasons to embrace a narrative that gave structure and political weight to their experience. The moral injury style offered coherence, a way of naming diffuse anger and holding institutions accountable without collapsing into purely private grief. The remembrance style offered continuity, a thread connecting the community to the place it had lost. One life interview captures the way these styles functioned as anchoring: 'I have always felt that something happened to me about which I was completely unable to do anything…that they stole part of my life.' The ambiguity of 'they' is telling. It is directed at Turkey, but also at international institutions, the failures of governance, and history itself.

Home, within these styles, became a recurring reference. Refugees used detailed recollections, street names, daily routines, and preserved keys, as an attempt to re-assert belonging. Memory, in this sense, serves active maintenance:

a practice of keeping the past present, the community together, and the claim alive. As historian Rebecca Bryant has argued, this is memory's affective function in displaced communities: reasserting organisation through selective recall, to hold together an identity that prolonged displacement threatens to dissolve.

Culture also played an essential role in this consolidation. The work of Greek Cypriot poet Kyriakos Charalambidies, and particularly his 1982 collection *Famagusta Regina*, dedicated entirely to Ammohostos, represents one such expression. Born in Famagusta district, Charalambides fuses myth, memory, and political anger into a vision of a city that persists vividly even as it vanishes from the physical map. In the poems he performs what might be called imagined re-inhabitation or story-now mode. Varosha is reframed as a 'city vision,' a place immune to the corruption of 'barbarian hands,' preserved in the realm of language and collective memory where no military zone can reach it. In interviews, the poet describes the same posture: 'I am 80 years old now and I carry them with me and I reminisce about them daily. Right now, as we speak, I am at Famagusta.' The place nurtured through memory expands beyond the limits of physical recovery. This is at once its power and its paradox.



Afbeelding 4: A postcard from the glamorous beach resort of Varosha, a suburb of Famagusta in Cyprus, before the Turkish occupation in 1974. Source: The Guardian article (Unease in the air as Cyprus 'ghost town' rises from the ruins of war) published in 2021.

The Ghost Town and Its Ghosts

In recent years, Varosha has acquired a label that both describes and perpetuates a particular way of seeing it: 'ghost town.' First applied by a Swedish journalist in 1977, the phrase has since become the dominant frame through which the suburb appears in media reports, political discourse, and public memory worldwide. It is a deceptively simple image that carries a double meaning. On one hand, it denotes physical emptiness; on the other, it implies a haunting: the lingering presence of those who were forced to leave, who remain tethered to the space emotionally, historically, and morally, even if not

physically. The city still belongs to these ghosts, even though they are not there.

Contemporary media representations of Varosha overwhelmingly reinforce this frame through the before-and-after juxtaposition, a recurring visual device. Pre-1974 images emphasize the suburb at its peak, vibrant hotel facades, crowded beaches, cosmopolitan street life, a postcard vision of Mediterranean modernity. Post-1974 images fixate on decay, dusted balconies, cracked pavements, sun-bleached signs, and interiors frozen mid-abandonment. The colours shift from vibrant to grey. This visual serves the emotional styles that have defined the community since 1974. But it does so at a cost.

The mnemonic frame is selective. It shows what the community needs to see while concealing what it may find harder to confront: that Varosha has not been simply paused, but has been decaying. As the historian Jan Assmann argues, when collective memory freezes, identities based on the blurring of recollection and history begin to form. Memory no longer evolves in response to the present but reinforces a static self-understanding, detached from the complexities of contemporary reality. This dynamic is intensified by the partial reopening of the Green Line in 2003, which offered Varosha refugees the possibility of approaching, if not entering, what they had lost. Many chose not to go. In Rebecca Bryant's account, this was a moment of second-order moral injury: to visit and see the transformation would mean accepting it and accepting it would mean acknowledging the permanence of what had been taken. The official narrative, maintained by the Republic of Cyprus, further exemplifies this notion. Property owners have been discouraged from selling, as any transaction might be read as accepting the legitimacy of the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus.



Afbeelding 5: "Today the abandoned beachfront of Varosha is a popular tourist attraction." Source: The Guardian article (Unease in the air as Cyprus 'ghost town' rises from the ruins of war) published in 2021.

Meanwhile, just beyond the fenced-off areas, life has continued. New buildings have been erected. A different community, also shaped by the events of 1974 in ways that Greek Cypriot narratives rarely engage with, has established itself.

These realities are largely absent from the dominant visual and political narrative of Varosha. The ghost town image requires stasis on both sides of the fence. But stasis itself is a political choice, and it is not one that affects all parties equally.

For younger generations of Varosha-origin families, those who, like me, know the suburb through stories rather than experience, the identity they have inherited is a form of what Marianne Hirsch calls postmemory. This is a memory that is not its own, it was formed by events that occurred before you were born, but it has been transmitted with such intensity and emotional weight that it feels as constitutive of the self as direct experience. The house key, the packed suitcase, ands the repeated *Den Xehno*, are the infrastructures of this inherited identity, a set of practices that ensure the past continues to shape your present orientation.

The broken glass and the reflection in it are, perhaps, the moment when postmemory becomes something that the next generation must reckon with on its own terms.

Conclusion

This article has traced a history of how a community learned to feel about the loss of Varosha and how those ways of feeling became identity over time. From the raw shock captured in *Attilas'74* to the symbolic Refugee Stamp, from the campaign *Den Xehno* to the imagined re-inhabitation, the *prosfyges* of Varosha constructed a narrative of displacement through a reciprocal and evolving process with the state, cultural producers, and each other.

The emotions were and are real. To the identity they built from those emotions and the political weight attached to it, the same applies. But the question that this history insistently raises is one that any honest reckoning with Varosha must eventually face: what is the effect on the people who carry this identity of organizing selfhood around an unresolved loss for more than fifty years? The emotional styles of moral injury and constant remembering were adaptive responses and navigation strategies to a genuine injustice - and they remain legitimate expressions of a community's experience. But when these styles become recursive, when they replicate rather than resolve trauma, when they sustain political stasis that prevents both healing and action or coming face to face with reality today, they also become a trap.

The sociologist Wendy Brown, writing about entrenched political identities, has proposed a shift from politics of trauma to politics of grief: not the abandonment of justice claims but a transformation of the emotional foundation upon which those claims were built, one that allows mourning to do its work rather than suspending it indefinitely. For the Varosha community and especially for the generations who have inherited this identity without having lived its founding moment, the most pressing question may not be whether to remember, but how. What would it mean to carry the memory of Varosha without being trapped by it? To sustain the claim for justice without making the deferral of that claim the condition of one's existence?

Every year, on the anniversary of the invasion, sirens sound across Cyprus at 5:20 in the morning. The sound moves through streets, through sleep, through the bodies of people who were there and people who were not. It is a practice of collective remembrance so total that it requires no explanation: everyone knows what it means, and everyone stops. There is something profound in this ritual, and something that captures the tension at the heart of this article. The sirens are necessary. They insist that what happened not be absorbed into silence or routine. But they also return the

community, yearly, to the same moment, the moment of rupture, of loss, of becoming *prosfyges*. They do not, and perhaps cannot, point forward.
A handwritten note on the fence of Varosha reads: 'I left my soul inside. Open up, so I can take it back.' The soul left inside is real. But so is the person standing outside, waiting for over fifty years.

Zacharoula Mouzouri is currently completing a Research Master in Modern History and International Relations at the University of Groningen. Her current research looks at the British military bases in Cyprus, using oral history.

Eindnoten

1. I use the Greek term prosfyges rather than the English 'refugees' when referring to this community's self-designation. The word carries connotations of forced uprooting and collective belonging and it reflects how members of this community consistently refer to themselves. Where 'refugees' or 'refugee identity' appears in the text, it should be understood in this sense.
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