

# THE CITY AND THE MYTH

edited by  
**Giuseppe Resta**



L I B R I A



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first edition | **October 2022**

publisher  
**Casa Editrice Libria**  
Melfi (Italia)  
ed.libria@gmail.com  
www.librianet.it

ISBN 9788867643011

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This publication is based upon work from COST Action Writing Urban Places, CA18126, supported by COST (European Cooperation in Science and Technology).  
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## Introduction

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This book collects the results of an international workshop organised in July 2022 as a part of the COST Action Writing Urban Places. In line with the focus on narrative methods for urban development in European medium-sized cities, we workshop organisers decided to investigate the relationship between the city and the myth, namely the visible and the invisible, travelling from Istanbul to Çanakkale. The event was hosted at the Faculty of Architecture of Yeditepe University, in Istanbul, and in collaboration with *Çanakkale Savaşları Gelibolu Tarihi Alan Başkanlığı* [Çanakkale Wars Gallipoli Historical Sites Presidency]. Çanakkale is a city with a population of 200,000 on the Dardanelles Strait. It is generally known as the WWI battleground of the Gallipoli Campaign, when the British Empire and France failed to capture Istanbul while the Ottomans used geographical features to their advantage. The commander at Gallipoli, Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, later became the founder and president of the Republic of Turkey. Furthermore, Çanakkale sits also in the region that is believed to be that of the ancient Troy, whose destruction is featured in Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The Trojan War was considered to be a fictional event until the late 19th century, when pioneer archaeologist Heinrich Schliemann followed Homer's geographical descriptions and identified Hisarlık Hill with the help of Frank Calvert. The site is now UNESCO World Heritage but still the boundary between myth and reality

cannot be established with certainty. Namely, we know that Troy existed. What we don't know is to what degree the historical city mirrored its mythological twin. The workshop insisted on the grey area in which fictional stories overlap with the physical description of the urban and natural environment. Additionally, Çanakkale is also the set of the Greek myth of Hero and Leander, the lovers that would swim every night across the strait guided by the light of a tower. In 1810 Lord Byron emulated the myth by swimming in the Dardanelles and inspiring a race that takes place every year. Within this frame, thirty researchers, professors and artists were exposed to various disciplinary fields such as architecture, archaeology, landscape, geography, and literature. Following outdoor itineraries, the participants collected personal visual interpretations of Çanakkale using a travelogue, intended as a tool that spatialises their sentimental journey. The reference to Laurence Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* is an attempt to stress the importance for scientific disciplines to allow biased and subjective accounts of places to complement quantitative data. The sentimental traveller/researcher, as Sterne admits, is "aware, at the same time, as both [his] travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of [his] forerunners, that [he] might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to [himself]". All observations are partial by definition. Travelogues are not disconnected from the sense or reality, but

rather accept human limitations while facing Çanakkale's layered context. This quixotic challenge is presented here through short essays and a major section where selected travelogue spreads have been scanned and presented to the reader. Some are very much based on textual inputs; others are predominantly visual. We wanted these travel journals to be instinctive, naïve, and essentially empirical. This is then offered as raw material to further study the issue of city branding, architecture-literature connections, and methodologies of landscape representation.

This collective effort was made possible thanks to the COST Action Writing Urban Places. I must thank the colleagues Aslan Nayeb, Berna Göl, and Burçin Başyazıcı, for sharing the burden of the workshop organisation; the speakers Sonja Novak, Sílvia Quinteiro, Carlos Machado e Moura, Ömer Selçuk Baz, Osman Emir Benli, Luís Santiago Baptista, Eduardo Côrte-Real, and Sergios Strigklogiannis; the dean of the Faculty of Architecture Ece Ceylan Baba, the Troy Museum and the *Çanakkale Savaşları Gelişimi Tarihi Alan Başkanlığı* for providing access to their facilities; Eylül Nur Dinç for documenting the event. Most importantly, I should acknowledge the dedication of the researchers that contributed to the workshop, sharing ideas and experiences from different disciplines, ultimately forming a critical contribution that I am sure has already left a trace for future investigations.

## Narrative Techniques in Travel Literature: a Brief Introduction

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Narration or storytelling to a great extent comes from travelling and the travellers' accounts of what they have seen on their journeys. Some of the most canonical literary works are based on journeys. In an attempt to define travel writing, we come across a spectrum of terms such as travel narratives or travel literature, travel books or travel stories, travel memoirs or travel journals, 'journeywork', travelogues or traveller's tales, or even just 'travels'. There are inclusive and exclusive definitions of travel writing. For Michel de Certeau, "every story is a travel story", and he suggests that writing as an act in itself is basically and inherently a way of travelling on the one hand and that travel is also always a form of writing on the other (2001: 89). For de Certeau, then, all writing is travel writing. Current theories in narratology "do not treat a narrative in the traditional way, as a fictional representation of life, but as a systematic formal construction" (Abrams, 1999: 173). As such, a narrative is constructed by means of narrative techniques or combining different narrative devices to achieve a specific goal. Narrative techniques thus refer to ways of combining or fashioning literary elements such as (1) the plot, (2) the setting, (3) the style, (4) the point of view or perspective and (5) the theme. The following paper will touch upon the terms of narrative techniques with special emphasis on their elements in travel literature.

The expressions 'travel book' or 'travelogue' might be described

as a category of texts that are an integral part of travel writing or travel literature as predominantly non-fictional genres or forms, and 'travel writing' or 'travel literature' thus as a superordinate term for texts whose main theme is travel, be it fictional or non-fictional. One of the most exemplary modern classics of English travelogues is *The Road to Oxiana* by Robert Byron documenting his journey to Persia and Afghanistan, while on the other, we could define Homer's *The Odyssey* as travel literature.

Travelogues convey a chronotope or "time-space" that has a significant resemblance to what we know as actual time and space and, in narratological terms, this refers to the setting which "is the general locale, historical time, and social circumstances in which its action occurs" (Abrams, 1999: 17). Another narrative element of importance in travel literature is the plot as an organized and meaningful structure as opposed to a story, which is a mere sequence of events in time. "The Russian formalists had made a parallel distinction between the fabula—the elemental materials of a story—and the syuzhet, the concrete representation used to convey the story" (ibid: 17). The different techniques relevant to plot may include backstory, flashback, flash-forwarding, and foreshadowing, ending in cliffhangers, plot twists, stories within stories etc. In travel writing, the plot as the sequence of events might be considered as less relevant than it

would in a novel because the emphasis is on the journey. Thus, there are ways in which authors imply movement through a specific geographical location, describe travel situations or states such as "being lost" or wandering aimlessly or depict space so that it appears "realistic", "true to detail", utopian or dystopian or they even employ a quest narrative. In any case, spatiotemporal contextualization is an important criterion because it pervades the entirety of a travel text. In a travelogue, according to Barbara Korte, time is often treated as an equally significant element as space, if not even more significant in some cases. The experience of time travelled that is depicted in a travelogue may differ largely or slightly from 'real time', and this is also the choice of the author, who decides "[h]ow much of a journey's temporal progress and/or traveller's experience of time are remembered when a travelogue is composed [...] it is always a highly selective construct" (Korte, 2008: 28) and the writers choose to leave out or summarise certain stretches of a journey. Mikhail Bakhtin's idea of the 'chronotope' refers to 'the inherent connection of spatial and temporal relations articulated creatively in works of literature. The travelogue is thus basically defined by the chronotope of a journey or the stretching of it. Allusions to specific times, dates and temporal references in the travelogue emphasise the text's realistic effect, highlighting that the travelogue genre is non-fictional. When authors form their

travel experience as travelogues, these pieces of writing go through substantial structuring and formation, so that the travelogue's time-and-space scheme is closely modelled on that of the actual journey, but it does not need to be identical. It is the authors choice what they will emphasise or deem as 'worth' narrating. According to Gerard Genette (1980), the speed of the narrative is identified as "the relationship between a duration (that of the story, measured in seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, and years) and a length (that of the text, measured in lines and pages)." With that in mind, there are several relational aspects of a narrative that an author can employ: a pause provides descriptive discourse without events, i. e. storyline; a scene covers the identical relation between the story and its description; an ellipsis completely omits some events in a story and a summary shortens the story elements as well as the discourse time. Travelogues especially tend to skip certain parts of the journey, while giving others more importance through descriptive and informative discourse. Another characteristic of a travelogue is the retrospective perspective in which it is clear that the telling about the journey occurs after the journey is over. In doing so, the reader experiences a distance from the author's experience which is emphasised by the use of the past tense, while the switch between the present and past narrative may occur in journal-style travelogues, such as Byron's work.

The author of a travelogue has complete freedom over the speed and the rhythm of the narrative, thus having the freedom to manipulate the reader's experience of the literary and mental journey.

According to Abrams' *Glossary*, the point of view or perspective which includes the element of narrator, main character/protagonist as well as the choice of narratee, signifies the way a story gets told—the mode established by the author by means of which the reader is presented with the characters, dialogue, actions, setting, and events which constitute the narrative. The simplified classification includes 3rd person narration where the author can opt for an omniscient narrator on the one hand or a limited point of view on the other. The 1st person narration limits the matter of the narrative to what the first-person narrator knows, experiences, infers, or can find out by talking to other characters. We distinguish between the narrative 'I' who is only a witness and auditor of the matters he relates to other characters. Jan Borm offers a definition of the travel book in terms of point of view as "any narrative characterised by a non-fiction dominant that relates (almost always) in the first person a journey or journeys that the reader supposes to have taken place in reality while assuming or presupposing that author, narrator and principal character are but one or identical"

(Abrams, 1999: 17) Lastly, the second person narration is described as solely, or at least primarily, an address by the narrator to someone he calls by the second-person pronoun 'you' (ibid). In travel writing, this type of perspective might be quite important to establish the writer-reader relationship and to establish plausibility if the narrator is narrating from their own experience and addressing the reader directly. In Charles Dickens' *Pictures from Italy* (1846), the reader is imagined as a travelling companion who is issued a passport in the book's preface and, at the end of one lap in the journey, is expected to be just as exhausted as the traveller himself.

The style as narrative element refers to the " 'grammar' of narrative in terms of structures and narrative formulae" (ibid: 173) and is traditionally defined as the way of linguistic expression in prose or verse. The style that is characteristic of an author or literary work and can be analysed in terms of the narrative situation and objective, choice of words or diction, syntax and structure of sentence as well as the different rhetorical figure and their amount. There are normally three styles classified as the high (or 'grand'), the middle (or 'mean'), and the low (or 'plain') style ( cf. Abrams 1999). Northrop Frye (1963) introduced a further distinction of levels of styles by emphasising the difference between the demotic style and the hieratic style and then distin-

guished between the high, the middle, and the low level in each of these. Furthermore, one can differentiate between a vast number of roughly explanatory kinds of style like 'decorative' vs. 'simple' or styles pertaining to a certain literary period such as 'the Restoration period style' or individual author's styles such as 'Shakespearean'. The style also helps to set the tone and the atmosphere of the narrative so that it can make it neutral, solemn, tragic, comic, ironic, sarcastic etc. In conclusion, it is the author's choice how to combine the different narrative devices in order to construct a piece of text that could be considered a travelogue: their own style of writing, perspective and the setting i. e. the chronotope, that will take the reader on a literary and mental journey.

## Literature and tourism: When the path follows the myth

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This essay is part of an ongoing study on the literary landscapes of the Algarve (Portugal) and its potential as a tourist resource. A piece of research developed in the area of literature and tourism studies with the emphasis, in this case, on literary tourism, specifically on the writings that contribute to the shaping of Sagres reputation as a literary tourist destination and its fortress as a literary site. Texts that (re)signified this territory over the centuries, and that are literary representations of space that add “to its value as a tourist attraction” (Hendrix, 2014: 22). Indeed, the places mentioned or suggested in the texts referred to establish a connection between real space and fiction that turns them into literary places. Places that inspire literary journeys and visits. But what and which are the literary places? Human geographers define place as a lived space, as an isolated fraction that has meaning due to a human experience associated with it (Cresswell, 2015: 15). Using this perspective, literary places can be defined as the portion of a space that is unique because a subject or a group of subjects have recognized or given it a literary significance. It is the reference to or the hint of a location in a text or in the author's biography that "drags" the location into the real world and results in the formation of a literary place (Rojek, 1997: 52–74). "Markers" is how Dieter Müller (2001) names these references that visitors can recognize in a territory, and of which they can be aware of either before or after them

throughout a visit. In short, we can say that the existence of the literary place always depends on its recognition as such. In 2015, Charlie Mansfield presented a taxonomy that distinguished three types of literary tourism (2015: 44–45), which, in my view, can be matched to three different types of literary places: the places of the text: the link between the text and the physical space; the places of the authors: the link of the authors with the physical spaces; the places of the books: places of mediation and promotion of the books as objects. However, in some of the texts selected for this essay, namely *The Lusiads* (1572), by Luís de Camões; and *Message* (1934), by Fernando Pessoa, there is a transformation of Sagres into a literary place that is neither an identification of a place nor reference to a place. Although none of these books specifically address Sagres, both books come to mind when we speak of or go into the town.

*The Lusiads* is a famous Portuguese epic poem, which was written in 1572. It narrates the story of Vasco da Gama and the Portuguese explorers who circumnavigated the Cape of Good Hope and discovered a new path to India. Due to its grandeur and universality, *The Lusiads* is considered one of the most significant epic poems of the contemporary era. And we can infer that it was this text that elevated the Portuguese Discoveries to the status of myth. In fact, its exaltation of the Portuguese and their

deeds has permeated history and continues to do so. The deeds of a people who never stopped invoking them, and the words of the poet who became synonymous with the Portuguese language as well as the nation itself (Portugal Day is also The Day of Camões). And this is how, even though the Algarve, Sagres, and Henry the Navigator are never mentioned in this work. Camões' words are associated with this geographical space and contributed to its raising to a mythical status and major cultural tourism attraction. In fact, if the Discoveries are synonymous with the verses of Camões, Henry the Navigator is synonymous with the Discoveries, and with Sagres, as he is also known as the Infante (prince) of Sagres. The image of Sagres as a place of the Discoveries and as a tourist attraction associated with the Discoveries is ensured, in equal proportions, by historical facts and the myths associated with Prince Henry. When we analyze the writings of Camões and Pessoa, we see that they speak of historical individuals and events even if they reconcile a legendary, paganism worldview (of the Greeks and Romans themselves) with the Christian vision of Renaissance Europe. But the historical figures in Pessoa's *Message* are transformed into myths: they are spectral, abstract, and symbolic. In *Message*, Henry the Navigator, the historical figure that Camões nearly completely ignores, becomes the crucial character of the most epic section of the work: "Portuguese Sea". What matters to Pessoa is not, how-



ever, the Prince himself, but the significance of his work – the Navigator is the sacred agent on a mission to discover the world, to strengthen the bonds between the continents and to create a Portuguese Sea. This is the connotation associated with Sagres as a destination for cultural tourism.

Actually, regardless of whether or not it is associated with literature, Sagres is inevitably a tourist destination. Located in the Algarve, this town features beautiful landscapes, white sandy beaches, cliffs and charming caves, and waters that beckon surfers. However, it is in Sagres (in the Promontory) that the Fortress of Sagres, the most important monument of the Algarve, the most valuable in terms of world history, and therefore the most visited monument in the region, is located. For (cultural) tourists who visit the Algarve, the Fortress associated with The Navigator is a must-see. Although there aren't many physical remnants of the Prince's bond with the Promontory, it is known that it was more intense in the final years of his life and that he passed away there on November 13, 1460. His body was brought the same evening to the Santa Maria de Lagos Church, and after that, it was moved to the Monastery of Santa Maria da Vitória (central Portugal), where it is now buried. So, what tourists can presently visit in Sagres is just his memory.

In *Message*, Pessoa does not establish any connection between Henry, the Navigator and the Promontory. Pessoa simply sings

the figure, portraying the Prince with the world in his hand and the oceans at his feet. An image that is repeated in many other texts, but associating it with this specific place, with the rock and the sea of the Sagres' promontory. Unlike what happens in the case of Pessoa, there are many texts by writers that actually visited Sagres and the Fortress, tourist-writers who transposed their own experience into their texts attracting other visitors to the location. Literary tourists whose experience of the place is conditioned by the reading of *The Lusíads* and *Message*, and who focused their own texts on this relationship between Henry the Navigator, the Discoveries, and Sagres. This is the case of Manuel da Fonseca who, in the 60's, traveled through the Algarve and registered his impressions in his *Algarvian Chronicles* (1986). This is also the case of Lídia Jorge who, in "Sagres" (2004), picking a different perspective, looked at the same space and the same figure going past the idea of Prince Henry as a human being and, like Pessoa, presented the hero as a figure beyond the human dimension, as a being sent by God to tie what the sea parted, someone who has united communities and that the narrator presents as a synonym of humanity itself. The goal here is not to discuss this reading of Henry the Navigator as divine figure and the Discoveries as synonymous with Humanity, nor it is intended to underline this extremely proud look at the goodness of the achievements of Portuguese navigators. The

aim is to reflect on how literature has contributed over centuries create such image and how this image is still today the great element of attraction to Sagres as a cultural/literary tourism destination. Indeed, many writers have turned the Fortress into a place where the visitor feels the presence of the Prince, where his spirit and aura hang and attract tourists who go there in search of traces of this major figure of the history of mankind; in search of the mythical School of Navigators; looking for the point from which the Portuguese caravels departed.

Nobel Prize José Saramago, in his *Journey to Portugal* (1981) describes the harsh aspect of this piece of coastline and mentions the abyss that would have made impossible the departure of ships from the Promontory. However, Saramago also mentions the presence of the “compass rose here that will help mark the course. To send ships to the discovery of spices” (1981: 387), a statement that reinforces in the mind of those who read his book the association of this place to the departure of the caravels. The truth is that the caravels departed from the Port of Lagos, despite the multiple references to The Navigator and of the Sagres School of Navigators in the Promontory, and to this promontory as the extreme point from which one can only proceed by sea. But these references lead the tourist to search for a non-existent port in the Fortress. The existence of the famous Sagres School of Navigators, which is supposed to have existed

within these walls, is only a possibility that has been widely discussed by a number of authors who have not come to an agreement on this matter. There is certainly no building nor traces of a building of the School of Sagres in the Promontory. Finally, let us recall that in the History of Portugal and the world, Henry became known as The Navigator. He was, in fact, the main driver of Portuguese expansion, but throughout his life, he undertook only two sea voyages, both to Morocco.

In short, Sagres is an example of a cultural tourism destination whose image has been shaped over the centuries by literary texts that, whether they specifically mention it or not, linked it with a significant period in the history of Portugal and with one of its greatest figures. A collective memory (Halbwachs) that was developed and widely disseminated through canonical works of Portuguese literature and that is what currently draws thousands of tourists to Sagres each year. Developing a set of literary tourism products and experiences in Sagres implies enhancing the value of the region, of literature, and of the writers. It also means extending the relationship between literature and geographic space already established in this location. But it also implies enriching the visitor experience, generating income for the community, setting the framework for the creation of new educational resources, allowing the path to follow the myth.

## Books of Stones, Paper Architectures, Imaginary Cities

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In preparation for the workshop *The City and the Myth*, carried out in Çannakale and the ruins of Troy, this text tries to establish a bridge with the experience of *L'ivre de Pierres* (LIDP), a theoretical but eminently practical example, that allows reinforcing the idea of *Writing Urban Places* with multiple forms of writing beyond the text. Studied within the context of the COST Action<sup>1</sup>, LIDP reveals a particular form of *écriture*, a practice of writing with images. Furthermore, LIDP also stresses the importance of cross-disciplinary approaches and the potential uses of fiction to read, interpret with a critical stance, and convey architectural and imaginary visions about a given urban context, therefore being particularly useful for *The City and the Myth*.

Published for the first time in 1977 and concluding with its fourth issue in 1983, LIDP was an editorial experiment pursued by Jean-Paul Jungmann, a French architect, theorist, educator, and a magnificent draughtsman. Jungmann was also a former member of the *Utopie* group and one of the fathers of the eponymous magazine *Utopie*, which came to life in 1967 within the “little magazine” fever of the 1960s and early 1970s; and more specifically, the intellectual and social turmoil that led to the events of May 1968. *Utopie* was politically engaged and textually dense, radically questioning everyday life and the reorganisation of society, consumer culture and the urban fabric of post-war modernisation. Consequently, *Utopie*, the group, refused to

combine their theoretical work with architectural and urban design, even though its members comprised of three architects alongside a group of sociologists and intellectuals.

Born coincidently with the end of the magazine's run in 1977, LIDP can be seen, with the benefit of historical perspective, as a counterpart, an antithesis and a complement to *Utopie*, a companion series that mirrored it from the side of architecture.

While *Utopie* had evolved into a discretely-sized, exclusively textual publication, LIDP was conceived as a decidedly big "little magazine": published in tabloid size, images had a privileged – although not exclusive – presence. If *Utopie* – both magazine and group – had proscribed architectural and urban designs from their pages, *L'ivre*, on the contrary, presented a collection of architectural and urban fictions that vehicled the underlying theoretical discourse. With its title built as a reference to Victor Hugo's "This Will Kill That", "Ceci tuera cela", *L'ivre de Pierres* is also a pun that plays with the homophony of *Livre* [book] and *L'ivre* [drunken (man)].

Thus, *the book of stones* was also an "intoxication of stones": those fictional stones that can be found in the many buildings and spaces featured on its pages, designed to exist just on the printed page and the ecosystem of the book. As Jungmann emphasised, the book was not just a medium to provide "commentary on a work, but [the medium] of the work itself

(...): a printed work" (Jungmann, 1982: 15).

LIDP appeared both as a critique of the decisions taken in the urban renewal of Paris and a politically committed stance on the architect's role, which led to a new field of practice: the architect as narrator and designer. Jungmann conceived the book/magazine as an environment for the free exercise of "urban creativity" that allowed creating images "by specific architectural means, as others would do through painting or literature, advertising, cinema or comics" (Jungmann, 1984: 3).

However, the designs in the book were not to be taken as mere architectural fantasies, such as Piranesi's *vedute* or Superstudio's collages, which, according to Jungmann, may be "innovative representations that often influence architectural imagery, but that are... not real projects." (Jungmann, 1996) LIDP and the designs in it were, instead, theoretical projects – Jungmann made this distinction clear – which, as those published by Claude-Nicolas Ledoux and Étienne-Louis Boullée, were not "intended for construction but (...) dissemination through publication, exhibition or teaching" (Jungmann, 1996).

The fundamental difference between architectural fantasies and theoretical projects lies in the latter's geometric precision and volumetric coherence. Indeed, LIDP's are real projects, not because they are meant for construction, but for "all its images revolve around the same volume defined upstream. And the way

to describe and tell this volume and its intended use, its future inhabit, is the whole issue of narrative” (Jungmann, 2020: 55). They were conceived as “real projects with all their constraints”, and were firmly anchored in the city and its history. Combining retromania with futuristic technology, they blossomed in an expressively baroque architecture that celebrates the identity of place and its symbols and displayed that “strong utopian capacity”, that only the literary genre, where Utopia was born, can achieve. In Tonka’s own words, the series visualised a “concrete utopia” (Tonka, 1997: 7), one made of “imaginary projects [which] become a reality in their drawn representation” (Jungmann, 1982: 15).

Generationally, both Jungmann and LIDP belong to the modern tradition of the “paper architecture” wave that started with the visionary architecture of the 1960s and extended throughout the postmodernist strand of the 1970s and early 1980s, fueled by the oil crises and subsequent economic recessions. But, of course, within a French context, LIDP also made part of a lineage of its own, following the trail of the utopians from the Enlightenment, such as Ledoux or Boullée. As great paper architecture designers of a neoclassical sensibility, they represented the French rationalist counterpart to Giambattista Piranesi’s wild explorations of the classical language of architecture.

LIDP followed these and many other examples by describing its

own imaginary city through the culture of the palimpsest that was so present at the time in theoretical projects such as *Roma Interrotta* (1978) or Peter Eisenman’s Cannaregio Town Square (1978), both overlapping the historical collage logic of Colin Rowe’s *Collage City* (1975/78). Only instead of Rome, this time it was Paris that was subjected to an alternative reading and (re) construction by means of the progressive accumulation of entries produced by different authors and extracted from different points in an always alternate History: unrealised projects from the past, unsubmitted entries to current competitions, and purely theoretical projects. All were simply juxtaposed in the pages of the magazine as different pieces that only found articulation in the reader’s mind.

Jean-Paul Jungmann stated that LIDP came from “the desire to write architecture as if we wrote a story, a novel, with words and images” (Jungmann, 1982: 15). It was the response to the paradox of “the impracticable practice of architecture” (Aubert, 2010: 196) presented in *Utopie*, which they overcame by applying what they learnt in *Utopie*. Lefebvre had advocated the need to “penser la ville future sur les ruines de la ville passé” (Lefebvre, 1968): the city is to be rethought and reconstructed on its current ruins. Consequently, LIDP looked at the city as a palimpsest which asked to be read, made of forms, spaces, events, and meanings, both existing and gone: a postmodern conundrum of historical

and geographical displacements that imbued the whole project with a pleasing aura of timelessness.

To summarise, LIDP's findings may not be directly transposable to other contexts, yet its strategies and methods can be universal. Contrary to the usual understanding of what architecture is about, it is a book written with architectural and urban designs, which are, at the same time, architectural essays: projects that do not aim at solving specific problems but work with different sets of questions. They interrogate the city in its historical dimension and pose questions about its true nature and possible futures, presenting individual approaches and aiming at a collective understanding of the urban environment. Playing an ambiguous game between fiction and reality, past and present, concrete and vague, LIDP is a puzzle for each reader to be solved in their own way. Among ruins, inflatables, or compact and rigid structures, it relies on fiction and the frictions that occur between its often-dissonant pieces as generators of critical discourse and ideas that may be translated – not transposed – into the real world. It shows us a Lacanian other of the city, a distorted, polymorphous, and incoherent doppelganger located on the other side of the membrane of reality which, strangely, may help us find the meaningful under the mundane.

Being now faced with the actual remains of the archaeological site of Troy and its museum, many other images inevitably feed

our imagination — from those of the motion picture *Troy* (2014) or the Netflix series *Troy, the Fall of a City* (2016) to the engravings that depict how the site it looked after Heinrich Schliemann's excavation between 1871 and 1879. Alongside, the knowledge about its stories and myths — from Homer's *Iliad* to the current attempts of repatriation of artefacts presently on display in museums throughout Europe and America — informs our perception, rendering inevitable our adoption of a critical stance. To produce our own images under these conditions, with our contemporary eyes, even when working deliberately in the realm of fiction, add an extra layer to this palimpsest and a new lens to read it. As, using Jungmann's words, "imagining projects, building the fictitious is a theoretical practice of the city and of architecture", able to provide alternative realities that unveil "a new knowledge of the city" (Jungmann & Tonka, 1984).

**1.** Consisting namely of a short-term scientific mission (STSM) pursued in Paris in early 2020 and the publication of a journal article: Carlos Machado e Moura, Luis Miguel Lus Arana, "The Paris of L'Ivre De Pierres, Narrative Architecture between Words and Drawing", *Writingplace* 5, 2021, pp. 73-97.

## A Journey in Space and Time

SASKIA DE WIT

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‘The city and the myth’ suggests a defining interrelation between the contemporary city of Çanakkale and what is believed to be the setting of the mythic Troy. However, it is not so straightforward to say anything conclusive about the impact of the myth of Troy on the city of Çanakkale, and that has mainly to do with geography. 25 kilometres of rolling agricultural fields separate the contemporary city from the archaeological site. Is the myth really the myth that belongs to this city? Can this friendly midsize city with its pleasant coast, derive its identity from the myth? And if not, then how does the myth of Troy influence contemporary Çanakkale?

Embarking on a workshop with the aim of exploring the narrative potential of the myth and the site, I set out with the assumption that the myth of Troy would overrule everything in Çanakkale (possibly informed by the fact that I had booked a hotel bearing the name Pelit Troya). I had expected a singular, romanticised, official narrative, defining the city’s formal identity, and erasing or overpowering the multitude of informal and multiple memories that make a city. Such an overpowering image, I assumed, would beg for unearthing those multiple counternarratives of the city. But this was not the case at all.

We travelled from Istanbul, a true metropolis with 15 to 20 million inhabitants, to the midsize city of Çanakkale of 300.000 and many tourists, to Troy, whose last inhabitants left around the year 500, current number of inhabitants zero. Human inhabitants, that is. From Istanbul to Çanakkale we crossed the Bosphorus, negotiating the daily traffic jams, along the Sea of Marmara, over the mountain ridge with its endless fields of sunflowers, and the ferry from the Gallipoli peninsula the Çanakkale. The next morning something interesting happened.

For half an hour we drove away from Çanakkale, until we discovered that the driver was taking us to the Gallipoli battlefields to the north, assuming that is where one goes when visiting Çanakkale. The battlefields are a reminder of the military campaign in World War I, led by Mustafa Kemal Atatürk. In Turkey the campaign is regarded as a defining moment in the history of the state, a final surge in the defence of the motherland as the Ottoman Empire retreated. It formed the basis for the Turkish war of Independence and the declaration of the Republic of Turkey eight years later, with Atatürk as founder and president. Clearly, the myth of Troy was overruled by a different myth...

Instead of Troy, the battlefields have become the number one tourist destination, just as distant from the city, but more prominent on people's mind. Instead of the battleships of the invading Greeks, we see container boats continuously crossing the Dardanelles Strait, determining the image of contemporary Çanakkale with its lively shipping industry. Tourists come for seafood and *peynir helvasi* and stroll along the sea promenade.

The open, rural landscape that separates the Troy excavations from the city denies any form of a connection between the two locations, and the only visual reference to the myth in the city is a large Trojan horse statue. So, instead of trying to tone down a dominant presence, I discovered myself doing the exact opposite: searching for hints, clues and linkages that could expose a possible connection between the city and the myth, that could overcome a physical, temporal and mental distance, trying to discover the here in the there, the then in the now, the heroic in the prosaic.

The sea is conspicuously absent in Troy. Such an obvious presence in the war narratives and myths, and so defining in contemporary Çanakkale, with its seaside tourism and cargo boats. We even arrived by ferry. But it is absent from the landscape of the Troy excavations.





What still connects Troy and Çanakkale is the wind. Çanakkale is littered with trash. It is the wind that carries it everywhere, tearing open garbage bags, and spreading their contents through the streets. It is the same wind that blows all along the western coast. The same wind that filled the sails of the mythical Greek boats and brought them up to the Trojan shores. The same wind that – joining forces with the sea currents – filled the Troja bay with sediments thousands of years ago, transforming the port city of Troy into an inland town.

Searching for contemporary signifiers or symbols of myths and historical narratives, the first and most straightforward are statues. In Çanakkale the myth of Troy is represented by the Trojan Horse at the harbour, a giant steel and fibreglass film prop from the 2004 movie *Troy*. Not far from the horse are two colorful fibreglass statues of Snow White's dwarfs, looking at the sea. And compared to the horse, they receive an amount of attention that

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The statues of Snow White's Dwarfs receive almost as much attention as the one of the Trojan horse, mixing old and contemporary myths, fiction and fable, high and low culture, here and anywhere.

is surprising. Tourists take selfies with the dwarfs as if they are an important local icon. What will the photo tell them about Çanakkale when they get home? Is Disney's Snow White the contemporary version of Helena of Troy?

Stray dogs are everywhere. These large, well-fed and content creatures are sleeping at sidewalks in Istanbul, at the roadside restaurant between highway entrances and exits, in little urban parks in Çanakkale, inside the Troy Museum, all over the archaeological site. The same sleeping dog seems to appear and reappear, crossing boundaries of space and time, and it is not hard to imagine it at the feet of the Trojan hero Hector.

There is no singular, large story that bridges the 30 kilometres and 3000 years between Troy and Çanakkale, that can clear the mists of fiction, myth, and fable. It is only through the messy heterogeneity of all those micro-stories that we can see possible connections and relations shimmering through...

## Fieldwork on Invisibility: Aesthetic Experience and Archival Research

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The Journey to the Invisible is a path by what is out of reach, of what exists beyond our everyday life. Places that for many reasons exist in the shadow, inaccessible or inapprehensible spaces. However, these places persist in our culture, are inscribed in collective memory. They therefore exist, but essentially under the form of images, events and narratives, factual and fictional, real and imaginary. The Journey to the Invisible is thus the precise moment when these places cross and overlap their representations, activating and intensifying the experience of the spaces. Therefore, the journey to the invisible is not a tour. Nor it can be carried out through mere visit. It is more an itinerary of experiences between places we are unaware of, that we ignore or forgot of. But these places are there, suspended and expectant, waiting for the moment in which our lives will traverse them, with a mix of curiosity and astonishment. A series of experiences in which all will be invited to register in the most diverse forms, participating in the challenge of making the invisible become visible.

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Tour Journey into the Invisible, Aldeia da Luz, 2016 © Nuno Cera

The *Journey into the Invisible*, with curatorship of Luís Santiago Baptista and Maria Rita Pais, was a project in three phases: a tour, an exhibition and a book. Generally taking a tour implies both desire and knowledge, the possibility of pursuing our curiosity as well as an interest in the unknown and learning from what we have not yet experienced. But what is an architectural tour? What motivates architects to travel? How is that experience reflected in activities?

Our proposal did not merely suggest a travel itinerary, but sought to explore and question the very idea of travel. The tour became not an end in itself, but an opportunity and a way to re-search a specific theme, through a set of works within the scope of its architectural, urban and territorial contexts. The *Journey into the Invisible* set out to understand the question of invisibility in architecture. The fundamental role of architecture is to make visible and materialise values of institutions and societies, as well as human will and needs. If architecture establishes presence and permanence in the city and in the territory, the invisible seems to be a paradox in architectural terms. What is the invisible in architecture? What relationship does it establish with the visible? What motivates, determines and conditions our experience of visibility and invisibility?

Invisibility draws our attention because of this structural relationship that links the visible to the invisible in the experience of

the world, in general; or in relation to travel, in particular, a relationship in which memory and creation have a fundamental role in the revelation of invisibility in the visible itself.

The first phase of *Journey into the Invisible* was a collective tour that happened between the 10th and 12th June 2016, that had won a competition launched by Order of Portuguese Architects. The itinerary covered a series of works of diverse nature in the center and south of Portugal, exploring the idea of invisibility in its cultural, social, domestic, ludic, ethnic, religious, medical, military, industrial and infrastructural dimensions: the Shipyard of Margueira (1967-2000); the Lino Gaspar House by João Andersen (1953-55); the Mouraria Comercial Center by Carlos Duarte and José Lamas (1980-89); the Cartuxa Monastery in Évora by Felipe Terzi and Giovanni Casalli (1587-1598); the Vila Viçosa Stone Quarry; the São Domingos Mine (1858-1965); the Old and New Aldeia da Luz by João Figueira & Associados (1995-2003); the 8th Battery of the Coast Regiment of Artillery (1948-1998); the Comenda Palace by Raul Lino (1902-1909); the Arribas Hotel by Raul Tojal and Manuel Carvalho (1961); the “Architects Neighbourhood” in Rodízio by Keil do Amaral, Adelino Nunes, Raul Tojal and Faria da Costa (1941-1943); Pavilions of the Thermal Hospital in Caldas da Rainha by Rodrigo Maria Berquó (1901); Miguel Bombarda’s Panoptic Hospital by José Maria Nepomuceno (1892-1896); and the Monsanto Panoramic Restaurant by Chaves

Costa (1968). The tour was not a mere visit to a set of significant spaces. In *Journey into the Invisible*, we were essentially interested in the idea of cultural production in a broader sense, with its simultaneous call for theoretical research and artistic production based on spatial experience, admittedly site-specific, therefore contextual and situational, intercepting social and human sciences with artistic and architectural practices. The curatorial proposal works the spatial experience not merely in their objectual, prescriptive and descriptive dimension. It tried to expand its cultural dimensions, both interpretative and inventive. This process opens possibilities for the construction of new critical and aesthetic perspectives, taking into account multiple material and immaterial memories as well the existing historical representations that places ceaselessly produce, congregate and accumulate.

The second phase of the project was an exhibition, granted by the DGArtes/Ministry of Culture, installed in Thalia Theatre in Lisbon, a private theatre built by Fortunato Lodi (1841) and recently rehabilitated by Gonalo Byrne and Barbas-Lopes (2012), that was included as a 15th case study. The exhibition dealt with the idea of the archive, and how we can cross and activate the multiple representations, both technical, documental or artistic, of the places and buildings visited before: for example, among other representations, Lisnave Shipyards with the site-specific

graffittis by Vhils and a videoclip by U2; the house in Caxias with the original drawings by the architect and its publications in professional magazines; the shopping center in Martim Moniz with the images of the urban demolitions of the historical tissue and the material from the series of failed projects presented for the place; the Monastery with the registers of the stays in the building through the photographs by Daniel Blaufuks and comics by Francisco Sousa Lobo; the quarry with the old photographs and recent technical drawings of industrial work, as well as the mesmerizing photographs of Edward Burtynsky; the Mines with the documental photographs and documents of censorship; the Aldeia da Luz village, the old one submersed by the new dam, the new one built at its image on another location, with the emotional documentary by Catarina Mouro and haunting photographs by artist Eurico Lino do Vale; the battery of coastal defense with the recently discharged technical and documental material of the military archives; the house of Quinta da Comenda with the drawings of the architect and respectful correspondence with the client; the Arribas Hotel with the film *The State of Things* by Wim Wenders and the uncanny photograph by artist ngela Ferreira; Architects Neighbourhood with the technical material of the projects and images of the family life in the precinct; the never finished thermal pavilions with the registers of transitory presence of the Boers exiles, imprisoned

Germans and the Artillery Battalions; the panopticon security pavilion with the documentary *Jaime* of by António Reis and Margarida Cordeiro and the film *Recollections of the Yellow House* by João Cesar Monteiro; the panoramic restaurant with excerpts from the documentary *Ruins* by Manuel Mozos; and finally, the private theatre with the elements from the project and the space itself of the venue. The material confrontation and overlap that usually is not found in the same exhibition typologies, documental or artistic, historical or contemporary, allowed for more indeterminate and unpredictable yet significant connections. In the exhibition, each case study thus constructed an open and plural narrative made by a diverse set of materials that sought to expose the memory of the visited places and buildings, working on different levels of understanding and layers of visibility beyond physical reality.

The project *Journey into the Invisible* also invited artists and researchers to make the itinerary with us with the intention of producing new investigations and artistic works. This new material explored the experience of the tour as fieldwork in surprising and challenging ways: artist and photographer Nuno Cera presented a double vertical screen with haunting films with fixed camera of all the visited places; geographer Alvaro Domingues wrote a precious book on invisibility with his impressions and reflections of all case studies; Ricardo Castro built an illustrated



◀ Exhibition Journey into the Invisible, Thalia Theatre, Lisbon. 19 July - 31 August 2017 © José Carlos Duarte

artist's book with its focus on banal objects and small features found during the trip; artist Tatiana Macedo used photography to explore narratives of leisure and discovery, water and nature in the hotel and architects neighbourhood; Spela Hudnik collected textures of the places visited and intentionally transmuted them into tactile experiences; artist and musician Ricardo Jacinto, that did not take part on the tour, did a moving sound performance on the finissage of the exhibition.

The third and final phase was the publication in 2019 of *Journey into the Invisible* book. The book was not intended to be just a catalogue. It assembled all the collected material and expanded its contents with the inclusion of new elements meanwhile discovered and the publication of original critical essays, by Eliana Sousa Santos, Inês Moreira, Susana Oliveira and Susana Ventura. The book is therefore a reinterpretation and reorganisation of existing and new content to the printed format. The book won the FAD Award for Theory and Criticism 2020.

## Promenade in 4K

JEREMY ALLAN HAWKINS

*Strasbourg National School of Architecture*

we walk long in oblique  
angles to take in the hillside  
I cannot smell  
the sea as a drone pivoting  
all too evenly for the straits  
I cannot taste the savory  
or sweet beachhead  
lost to film rights  
a horse hull on paving  
stones  
[skip ads in 5]  
in fish scale motifs we tour  
from the airport gate  
to a port de plaisance  
from the water and back  
to no flavor of salt  
or roast we walk on  
the cycle path

the 18th of March a sign of  
WC this way  
beneath the street  
canopy of rainbow umbrellas  
past the OPTIK shops all  
on one street the lens hesitates  
over a stand of fat purple  
figs I cannot smell  
the FERIBOT this way  
family ice creamers watch  
their ship come in  
at twilight on the waterfront  
the avenue splits the fabric  
with the president's portrait  
[skip ads in 4]  
overhead the tankers ship through  
without interest  
for mothball cannons  
facing the sea  
as a song of anger lost  
in the promenade I didn't know  
posing for photos  
at the hoof of a dream  
while chemo keeps the ground below

a clocktower on a split  
of pedestrian ground  
like a spike in a tongue  
a fountain at its feet  
cobble stones in radiating arcs  
MCDONALD'S this way  
[skip ads in 3]  
portside halfcourt pickup ballgame  
at the milkshake kiosk  
we take another drone tour  
over a four square monument  
on the ridge trees sprouting  
between those same pavers  
over terracotta tiles  
and the gold dealers  
clumped together  
for my objective the flags  
drape like pennants  
across the square  
for the cafes I cannot smell  
iskender I cannot  
pomegranate seeds I cannot  
while in some dry field  
I cannot see they cross

to the burnt red box  
for the memory  
of my best yarn  
told without gods like  
a path to follow  
this way to Aynalı Çarşı  
calls us  
to turn back  
to sweats and mugs  
and the eye and hanging lamps  
and scarves and bulbs  
and sunglasses and skin  
creams and chafing-dish  
magnets and silver chains  
and bead necklaces and dolls  
in taffeta and dishware  
[skip ads in 2]  
and football mufflers  
and buttons and bracelets  
and candles and the eye again  
and oil lamps in ceramic  
and hand fans and painted bowls  
and handkerchiefs and pots  
and tea towels and sandals

and a minaret lit green in the night  
we hang back for the fish market  
lit bright with LEDs beneath  
awnings that could have spread  
for cafe tables while we push  
three-wheeler flatbed carts  
and rock as cradles  
on the same paving  
stones like the city buses  
going this way  
to Ilium [skip ads in 1]  
lavender grows out  
of tan brick roads  
on the hillside  
I never climbed  
but read in and out  
of verse like an artefact  
taken from the fields  
or left to them  
at the waterfront bright  
with their fires  
we can see  
from such a distance  
growing



# Aqueduct, a memoir of the 2020 great pandemic

SUSANA OLIVEIRA

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EDUARDO CÔRTE-REAL

Universidade Europeia, Lisboa



GOSTO DE IMAGINAR QUE O AQUEDUTO É SO O PRIMEIRO PISO DE UM ENORME PALACIO INTERROMPIDO E QUE O ARCO DAS AMORREIRAS É A PORTA DO SEU JARDIM.



ÀS VEZES ESCOLHO OUTROS REGRESSOS COM OUTRAS VISTAS. NESTE VELHO EDIFÍCIO GOSTO DE IMAGINAR O CASAL DE "ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE".



DE UMA NOVA RUA QUE SE CHAMA "SEARA NOVA", ONDE UMA MODERNA HELSINKIA ESTÁ A NASCER, VEJO O BLOCO DAS ÁGUAS LIVRES, ESSE SIM A ENVELHECER BEM (TAL COMO A TILDA SWINTON).



DE REGRESSO AO JARDIM DAS AMORREIRAS, VOLTO A SUBIR A ESCADARIA DO GINÁSIO E DEPOIS DESÇO-A NOVAMENTE. VOLTO A CASA PARA UM PEQUENO-ALMOÇO YOUTUBE.

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*Aqueduct: Memoir of the 2020 great pandemic* (Aqueduto : Uma memória da grande pandemia de 2020) was first shown at the City and the Myth workshop in Çanakkale, Turkey. It is a 240 pages graphic novel, a visual narrative hybrid between description and memoir, with some fantasy moments. It narrates the evolving relationship with the pandemic but also with elements of Lisbon, its history and some of its architecture. A duality between two 18th century monuments emerges, symbolizing irrationality, religion and reactionarism by Basilica da Estrela, on one side, and enlightenment, rationality and science by the Agoas Livres Aqueduct on the other. This polarity was omnipresent during the pandemic. Both buildings are related with the most striking event that formed Lisboa's mythography: the great earthquake of 1755.

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Basilica da Estrela was built in the late 18th century when most of Lisbon was not yet reconstructed after the 1755 earthquake. Its cupola dominated the western side of the city skyline until the post-modern Amoreiras complex was built in the 1980s.





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Estrela was commissioned by the novel queen Maria I, to stress the alignment of Portugal with the Ancient Régime, then mortally hounded by the American and French revolutions. An engraving at the Museum of Lisbon shows the architect, Reinaldo Manuel, once connected with the rationalist generation that had built the Aqueduct, looking for the queen's patronage while offering a Rococo design for the basilica.

## VEUE DU CHATEAU DE LISBONE

*Avant d'être réduit en morceaux de pierres par le Tremblement  
du 1<sup>er</sup> Novembre 1755.  
Ce qui n'est pas tombé a été démolé a coups de Canon de 4*



◀

The 1755 Earthquake had destroyed three quarters of the most flamboyant, rich and global city in the world at the time. The discussions between its divine origin opposed to its scientific explanation was resolved in favor of the later and empowered the generation of politicians and architects that had been associated with the Aqueduct, concluded in 1748 that thus resisted the catastrophe.



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Payed by extraordinary taxes enforced by the city senate, this colossal work kept serving free access to clean fresh water throughout the reconstruction. The main gallery, 14 km long, ends at a reservoir called Mãe d'Água. The narrative thread of the book stretches on by finding the evidences in the city of such a structural element.

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On its path, the aqueduct crosses the Amoreiras hill. The over imposing post-modern complex built during the 1980s economic crisis, can be compared with the irrationality and the follie of the Estrela church.

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Being its serene ending at Jardim das Amoreiras, the aqueduct reminds us of the values of rationality during times of hardship. Regardless of their symbology related with the pandemic, the Basilica, Amoreiras complex and the Aqueduct are built mythical entities that are deeply embedded in Lisbon's ever-going story.



## How to get out of the route, or finding the staff door

BERNA GÖL

*Yeditepe University*

The Çanakkale road from Istanbul passes through hundreds of kilometers of summer houses, aligned on the northern coast of the Marmara Sea. These vacation homes were the *thing* of the 90s, where the middle class families would commit all they had into owning one for themselves. The time left from school, from work or from other so-called occupations would without a question be invested in these places during the summer. The road to *the City and the Myth* workshop from Istanbul to Çanakkale reminded me of these extremely long summers, where time would stop, days would stay and the heat would blur everyone's thoughts. The stretch of time would leave its place to a sense of guilt, where one would be numbed to any activity within these vacation days, looking away from the approaching end of the summer.

The pursuit of what to do in someone's free time, or rather as often referred to in social sciences their leisure time, has been a number of things. It is a political fight, maybe the root of all culture, for many a desire, for some just entertainment, but for everyone an ambiguous concept. The question of what to do in their free time is often stolen away from people. It is always around, but hard to grasp. Leisure is one myth and it constitutes cities.

*The City and the Myth* as a workshop included ideas around leisure on many levels. The main medium for production was the



travelogues. And furthermore, this was accompanied by traveling particular sites, many of which were designed as tourist destinations. First the Museum of Troy and then the archeological site of Troy were the two places that the workshop group spent their time at great length. But something was different about both of these visits. Something was odd. Something about these places were working differently. Was it about the way the group spent their time?

During our visit to the archeological site, we were accompanied by Prof. Dr. Rüstem Aslan, the archeologist who has been leading all activities in the site for many years. As a group of thirty people all with different agendas (with thoughts on their minds about what to do with the travelogues) surely was not the easiest thing. Yet, the pace was designated by Aslan. The main trajectory of his words was about the many layers that made the City of Troy. It was different centuries all embedded in a single wall and with different construction techniques. Some axes and borders across this landscape continued and strengthened, while some were disrupted and dissolved much earlier than others. The myth of Troy could not be reduced to a singular narrative, nor could it be explored through a fine cut story. We were yet another layer on Troy, there spending our time to understand the myth that stemmed from those people's everyday, while making our own contribution of understanding and re-





flecting onto the past right in that route. While Aslan was leading the workshop group around the archeological site of the city of Troy, we came across many other visitors, who almost without any exception walked by our group with dull eyes. Our pace was different than theirs, it was one that was designated by a professional scholar. Yet, other visitors' gaze on us, rather indifferent, was a reminder of how the myth sometimes remains inanimate. The designed interface of an archeological site with its fixed walking routes and information signs was not necessarily the best interface between the myth of a city and the people. This interface is arguably also the product of the conviction of leisure as myth; the designed experience for the visitors, may be inadequate in delivering what it promises. For the workshop group, on the contrary, the designed leisure experience was not necessarily a part of the deal. As a group, we were not taking the route designated, at least not at an expected pace. We detoured outside the given, through the pace and efforts of a professional.

The matter of pace and the route also defined the group's experience in the museum building on the site. The Museum of Troy is a newly completed building following a design competition that took place a decade ago. The winning project by Ömer Selçuk Baz is surely a seminal one. The fact that the architect himself previously had given a seminar regarding the design of

the museum building to our workshop group indeed enhanced the participants' experience. Especially the building's entrance as a descending ramp, was one recurring detail in many of the travelogues presented at the end of the workshop. On the other hand, as we were a workshop group, the museum administrative staff invited us through a different entrance to this structure. We were treated not as regular visitors, but almost as a part of the staff. This staff door opened to the hall of administrative offices and laboratories, overlooking an enclosed courtyard with concrete walls and plants defining this very space. Walking through these normally hidden bits, made the museum appear as something beyond a stage, but rather as a complete theater building. That is to say, first passing through the art historians' offices who were later to accompany the group for hours around the exhibition halls and through the laboratories in which the findings were chemically studied, shifted the participants' view of the museum. We were now backstage witnessing a performance, if not a part of it ourselves. Going outside the designated route for a regular visitor, again, was a reminder of the limits to the designed experience of the museum space: a myth of leisure on top of the mythic Troy in the form of exhibitions.

The design of the Troy Museum is surrounded by ramps surrounding the many levels of the Troy exhibitions with the

findings enhanced with digital tools. The route designated for the visitors, in fact, is what defines this renowned piece of architecture. Here, the visitors' gaze going from one exhibition floor to another, is framed by vertical slits on facades which hold these ramps behind the perfect prism of the structure. The possible visitor experience is not left to chance on any level: it is either exposed to the findings on the regular floors, or in between floors, walking from one hall to another, to the framed landscape of Troy as a mythic city. The route defines the experience, the gaze enhances it. Everybody knows where to go, when to go, with a pace of their own.

The tension between the purposeful and the idyllic, between the prescribed and the deviated or between the physical and the mythic is one thing to learn from the visits to Troy. *The City and the Myth* workshop presented an opportunity to dwell on this tension not only in terms of a defined task such as a travelogue, but also in terms of thinking about the different spheres of the everyday; the myths that appear as given and the myths to be chased through stepping outside the anticipated. It is one simple lesson: the myth is not something other than challenging the given; may it be studying the archeological remains, or articulating on renowned architecture.



## Representing city through landscape

ASLAN NAYEB

*Yeditepe University*

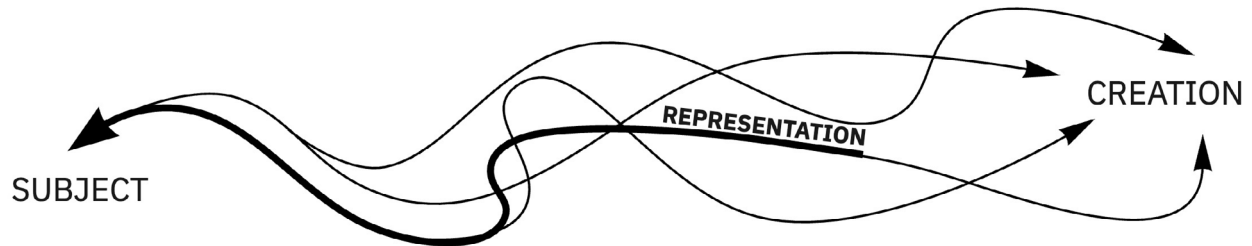
Representation can be defined as a medium that can replace an animate or inanimate being, a situation, an object, an emotion, a fact or a thought as a reality, and that can best convey that reality, albeit relatively. The idea of using representation focuses on two basic matters. First the maker aims to formulate an overall idea about the represented subject, and secondly, the creator tries to add layers to display what is unseen about the subject. Throughout this process, representations replace the real subject, and the creator thrives their thought through representations. Although this method is beneficial to convey the properties of the represented subject, it can also lead to a manipulation, if not to misperceptions, and even get in the way of the represented subject. In the process of representing, the cultural memory of the creator, the environment they are in, their intellectual level and similar individual and environmental factors will affect the final product.



The relationship between subject and creation through  
representation

The emergence of a human-centered worldview with the Renaissance and the formation of a misconception that “man” has the ability to dominate everything, naturally, also differentiated the relationship between “man and his environment” and transformed the way of perceiving the environment. Urban representations and maps produced in the 15th and 16th centuries, as representations that cannot be separated from the life of the society in which they were produced, and the social, cultural, economic, political and technological processes it went through, play a leading role in establishing the practice of looking over the city and dominating the environment (De Certeau & Mayol, 1998). Over time, the city begins to be perceived as a separate entity from human beings and alienates itself by looking down

on the environment that humans assume to be dominant. Exploring new places, the widespread use of money, the strengthening of commercial activities and resource flows, in a sense, make geographical information a valued commodity and necessitate an objective representation of this information. As a matter of fact, having geographical knowledge was equal to having resources and money for that period. Thus, maps as urban representations, begin to be produced, mostly as seen from above, orthographically, according to the rules of linear perspective and optics, using methods that make the claims of functionality and objectivity provable (Kurtuluş, 2021). These representations, which are produced with a holistic and inclusive perspective, the foundations of which have been laid since the 15th cen-



ture, are determined and gain value as urban representations that legitimize the "dominance" of the powers over newly discovered geographies. These representations made during these times include the creator's interpretation of the region, as well as the goal of conveying geographical information about the city and its surroundings. Reading these maps retrospectively also convey intellectual and technical information about the process in which the representation was created.

Watching a city from above is considered as one of the primary ways of reading and understanding it. While this gaze carries the observer to the position of a distant observer, in a sense, it also serves as a "divine eye". The observer reaches a position that serves to create a superficial and holistic city image, in which the person is abstracted from all sorts of roles. This distanced relationship with the city offers an urban experience detached from everyday life, which, on the contrary, is layered with sensory encounters through wandering the streets and interacting with buildings (Crary, 1990: 133). The idea of looking from above has been the reason for preference for people in terms of forming a preliminary idea to understand a city and accelerating the perception process. The structure of cities and their surrounding land provides both visual and geographical data. Today, before visiting a city or a region for the first time, one of the most com-

Representation of Çanakkale landscape by Aslan Naye



mon tools to obtain information about that city is google maps or similar digital maps. The interfaces of these applications offer the opportunity to observe cities with a continuous transition between many different scales.

Cultural landscapes are formed as a result of the interaction of cultural and natural factors and the shaping of the physical environment over time and it can be defined as a geographical area containing both cultural and natural resources (Akpınar, 2007). In addition to the harmony of nature and human-created elements in these areas, their historical, aesthetic, ethnological and anthropological value makes these areas qualified.

Representing the natural elements dominating the region, land use patterns and the textures in which traditional life is maintained on behalf of the region are among the other qualifications sought (Erduran, 2017).

The process of humankind's use of natural resources for various purposes and bringing about changes in their environment has started with the acceleration of population growth and mass production since the second half of the 18th century. Increasing needs and demands put considerable pressure on natural resources. Natural resources in economically developing and underdeveloped countries are under pressure due to improper and unplanned land use, high population growth, soil erosion in sensitive ecosystems, multifaceted demands for scarce resources,

poor rural population, inadequacy or lack of institutional support (Göney, 1977). Although these textures were tried to be planned in the historical process, they mostly emerged as a result of a long time organically. Especially in the period when satellite and mapping technologies were not as developed as today, these plans were made not with a view from above, but using human eye level or at most an observation tower height.

Çanakkale and its immediate surroundings have been exposed to a wide variety of human activities since ancient times due to its geography and natural resources, the convenience of its natural conditions and its strategic importance. Therefore, the land use in and around the city has been continuously changed by human hands. These changes in on the course of history have forged the cultural landscape of the city and the surrounding land. Although this diversity can be observed at different scales and from different angles in the cultural landscape, it offers a distinct perspective by establishing connections between different scales. Reading urban spaces in a city like Çanakkale presents observers too many ideas through a “look from above”. Having the opportunity to "look from above" at a location with a digital map in hand while observing the surroundings during a car journey certainly carried the representations to another dimension.

## Should We Stay or Should We Go? Being an organization committee member or a participant

BURÇIN BAŞYAZICI

*Yeditepe University*

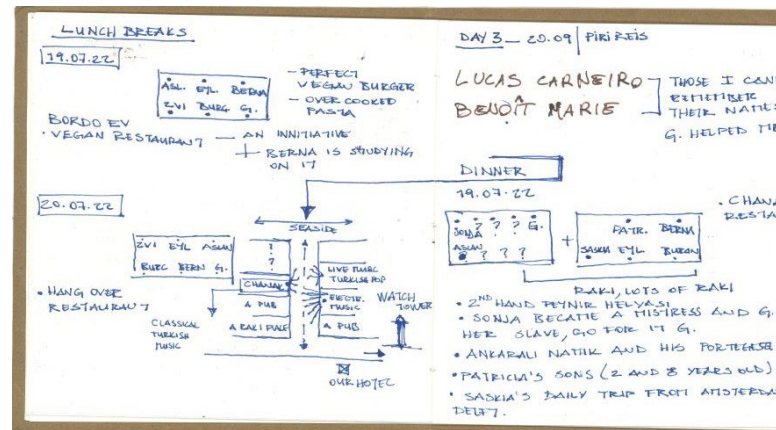
In academia, international events, in this case, an international workshop, are a part of informal and tacit knowledge within creative processes. The nature of multicultural togetherness brings about a chance for quick analysis and an alternative approach for any case, thereby helping us observe and understand the case within different layers. Since *The City and the Myth* workshop had participants with graduate degrees or researchers from various fields, it was not possible to discuss its direct reflections on education directly. However, it was also a different experience for scholars who are used to being in charge and independent. This is another actor-based positioning through which the outcomes are likely to be different accordingly. Here, I would like to discuss the possibilities of holistic knowledge generated within an international workshop by focusing on the ambiguous positions and the possible contributions of the organizing committee members in a collective process within an international workshop.

The idea of *The City and the Myth* was born in the winter of 2021 – the first time Giuseppe Resta mentioned the content to me. After giving some thought to mid-size cities and what they correspond to in Turkey, Çanakkale shined out among other possible cities. The concept and the content of the workshop, in addition to the COST Action application process, have been organ-

ized by Giuseppe Resta, who is also the chair of the organizational committee, and we, as the other members of the team were just responsible for the paperwork both in our university and Çanakkale. Consequently, Resta worked on the intellectual background of this workshop. The positional ambiguity for us began in line with the first day of the workshop, where we were supposed to act both as participants and organizers. That position helped us to manipulate our job in some cases by choosing our act to be; however, it was also hard to concentrate on one job while thinking about the others. Most of the time I felt I had to act as an organization committee member rather than a participant. I was always hesitant if I should be here or there, like a never-ending The Clash song from the 80s. As I do not want to speak on behalf of the other committee members, I would like to vocalize my travelogue through the process.



First notes of the workshop







generally went through the workshop through an exchange of ideas and approaches. I was lucky enough to contact a fantastic group of participants from a heterogeneous range of professional fields, including a landscape architect, an urban sociologist, and a literator. However, an organizing committee is also responsible for knowing all participants to help them if needed. As a result, the first day of my travelogue consists of the names of the participants according to their seats instead of the rural conditions between Istanbul and Çanakkale, which often attracts people the most.

The nature of the travelogue was a rather unusual format for the participants. It must be something based on personal experiences yet was not a diary, a sketchbook, or a notebook but a travelogue. Everyone wanted to understand and genuinely asked each other what a travelogue was. The answer was always the same and too ambiguous to be precise; do whatever you feel/wish. Everyone tried their best to create their language with an unfamiliar methodology in a limited time. Surprisingly — but also understandably — no one was willing to share their travelogue until the final presentation day which was another questionable point not for a participant, but for an organizing committee member. Meanwhile, I tried to understand what everyone was doing, when, where, and how. Instead of drawing sketches

and writing some notes, I tried to understand the transnational nature of the academic workshop by observing people.

In the end, each participant tended to stay in their safe zone. All participants created a travelogue within their profession; artists drew, architects sketched and collaged, and social scientists and writers wrote. It is hard to see the desired polyphonic integrity if you see the travelogues separately. I also believe the travelogue is the least extensive way to present the idea of the process. The experiential knowledge produced during the workshop is the talks, having a word with others in coffee breaks and dinners, observing and experiencing not international but transnational nature of productivity. It is knowledge based on experiences and impossible to be objectified but only to be experienced through an ambiguous position as we had, an organization committee member and a participant. It is evident that this book also has a limited capacity to present the whole experience to readers, which brings another epistemological question, why do we publish this book? Can a book — which is solid and stable — present the knowledge of the integrated and individual, phenomenological, and collective nature of a four days workshop on the site? I believe the readers will decide, but if you do not agree, I would like to refer to the words of Sir Alec Issigon is that "a camel is a horse designed by a committee".

**People also ask:**  
**What do you mean visit?**  
**How do you use visit?**

MAŠA SENIČIĆ

*Faculty of Dramatic Arts, Belgrade*

Local Guide · 24 reviews · 4 months ago

A place smelling of history,

(Translated by Google)

It is a very difficult experience.

(Translated by Google)

Intense and indifferent.

an attempt of getting somewhere must be simply an assumption. leaving home is also a suggestion of a space not yet visited. it is a lovely tourist destination, I read: beaches, monuments and such. daily trips available for a reasonable price per person/family.

(Translated by Google)

Everything is ordinary, except being by the sea and the sea view.

Local Guide · 115 reviews · 2 months ago

The clock works well. Shows the right time.

(Translated by Google)

The museum is free, but the cheap meat is inedible.

(Translated by Google)

Actually there is nothing interesting inside.

every state is transitory thus each walk must be mythological: this space overtakes me. I am witnessing glorious battles while making pottery at the mouth of a river, famously very windy all year-round. they never bypass me in history textbooks, as a place. as a symbol.

(Translated by Google)

I never understood why this city remains so small.

Local Guide · 458 reviews · 2 months ago

Again and again.

my waters take me from one sea to the other; all of this time I have been strategically important. it is quite a tactile sensation, leaning on Europe while gently touching the Asian shores. I am choosing which ships to let through, I am myself the issue and the solution. the inevitable route.

(Translated by Google)

When you continue to walk, there has a lot of restaurant and at the other there has somebody sell fresh fish.

Local Guide · 458 reviews · 4 weeks ago

It is normal.

2,023 meters of a stable structure support tourism and trade on my shoulders; I have been defeated by its fierce aerodynamic stability. written in verses and studied in universities, all I am left with is a salty epic tale and a statue donated by a third-rate Hollywood movie, looking at the world's largest suspension bridge.

(Translated by Google)

Can we call this a 'monument'? I think not.

(Translated by Google)

A silly little tourist spot.

(Translated by Google)

Not here.

More reviews (9,349)

ECE CEYLAN BABA

*Yeditepe University*

*Dean of the Faculty of Architecture*

Çanakkale is a city with layers, always whispering its myths in our ears. This city has so much to offer to its visitors. Writing Urban Places workshop was a journey of experiences that brought together thoughts and knowledge on literature, tourism, imaginary cities, architecture and many other disciplines. This book presents the outputs of the workshop through texts and travelogues about Çanakkale city. The myths on Troy and the Dardanelles Strait provide an overview on the narrative potential of the urban environment when is tackled with an interdisciplinary approach.

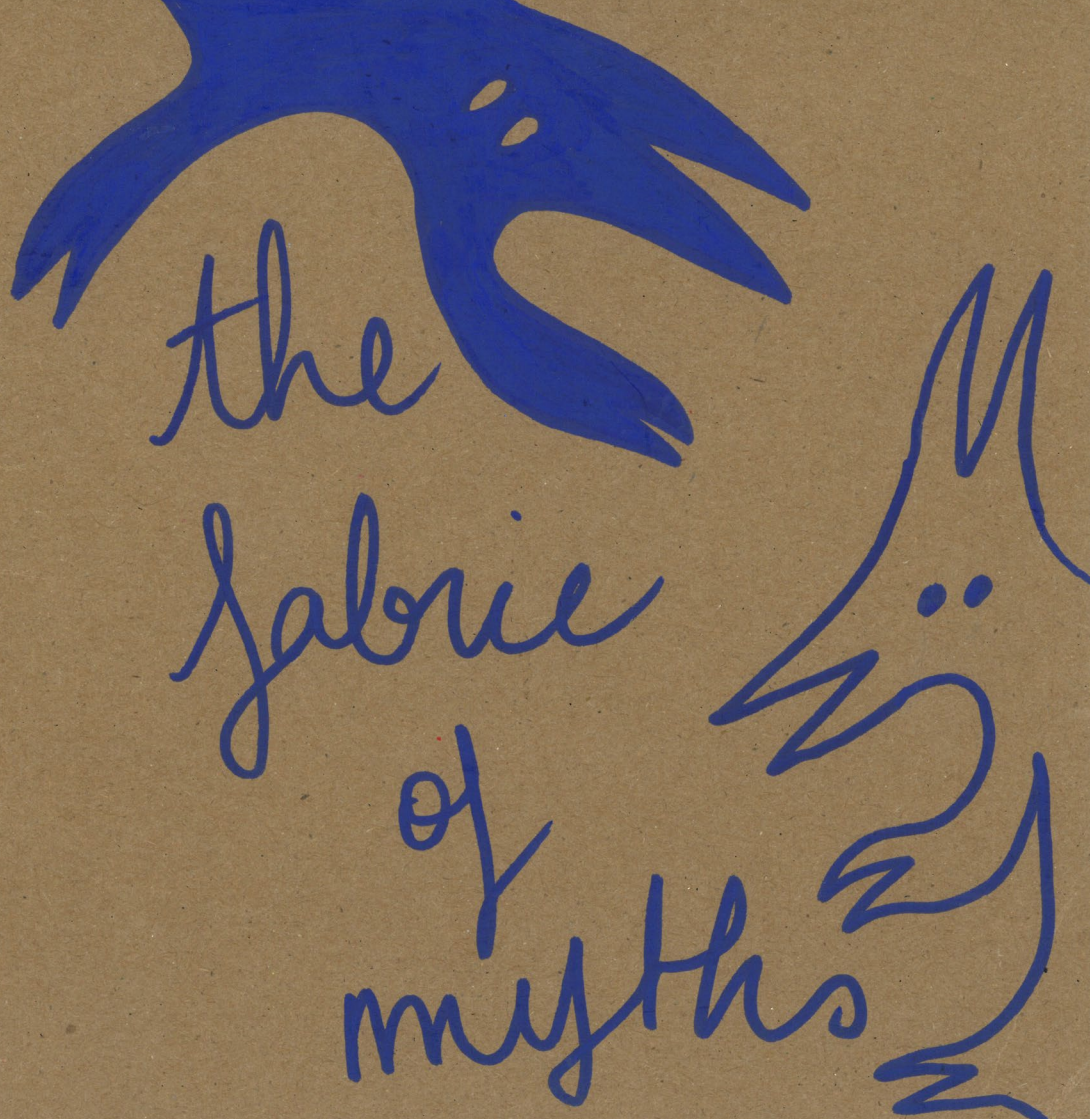
It was a pleasure for Yeditepe University Faculty of Architecture to host this workshop funded by the EU COST Action in July 2022. As the representative of Yeditepe University Faculty of Architecture, I would like to thank our faculty member Giuseppe Resta for his efforts. In addition, I also would like to thank Berna Göl, Burçin Başyazıcı and Aslan Nayeb for their contributions as organizing members. With all participants from different countries, this workshop had lectures from a variety of fields, many thanks

TRAVELOGUES

The fabric of myths.  
inter-species  
entanglements and  
perceptions

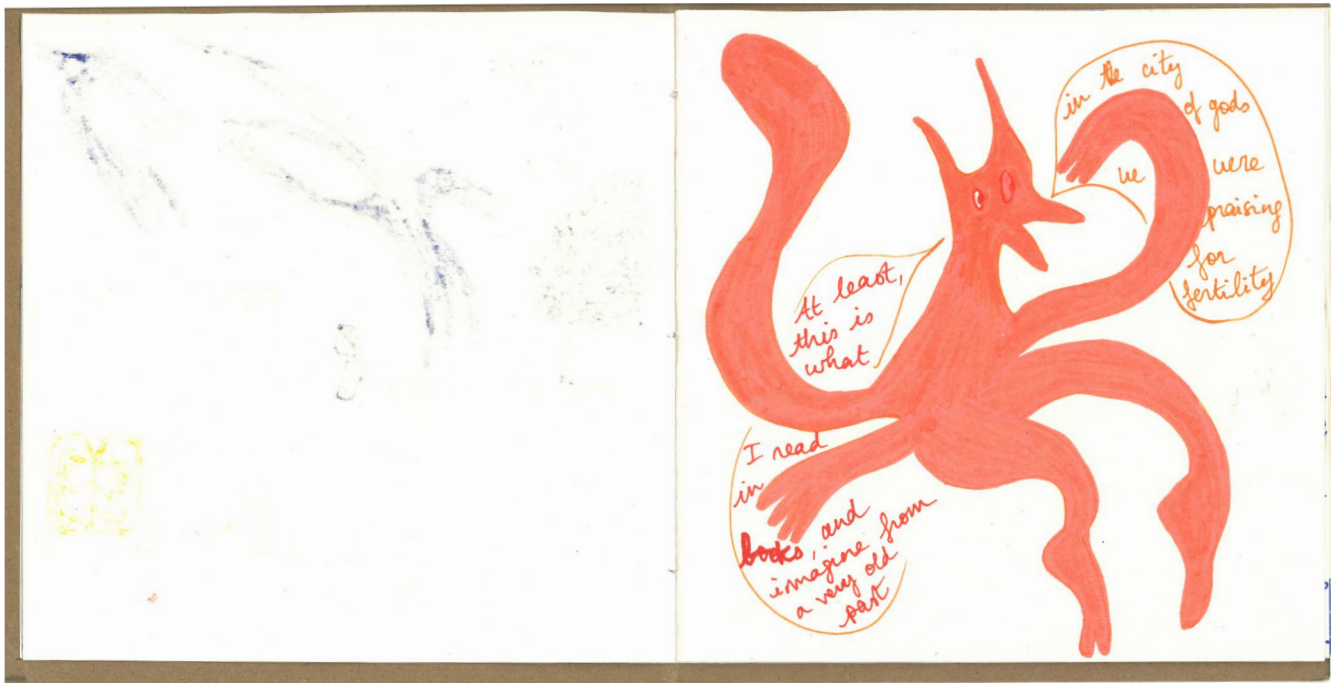
CONSTANCE HINFRAY

*Rennes 2 university / Eur Caps*









† 2022 AP JC.



i am wondering if the climate changes and droughts who led to crisis and turbulence, lack of food and wars, shaped new myths linked to apocalypse.

2022 A.J.C.

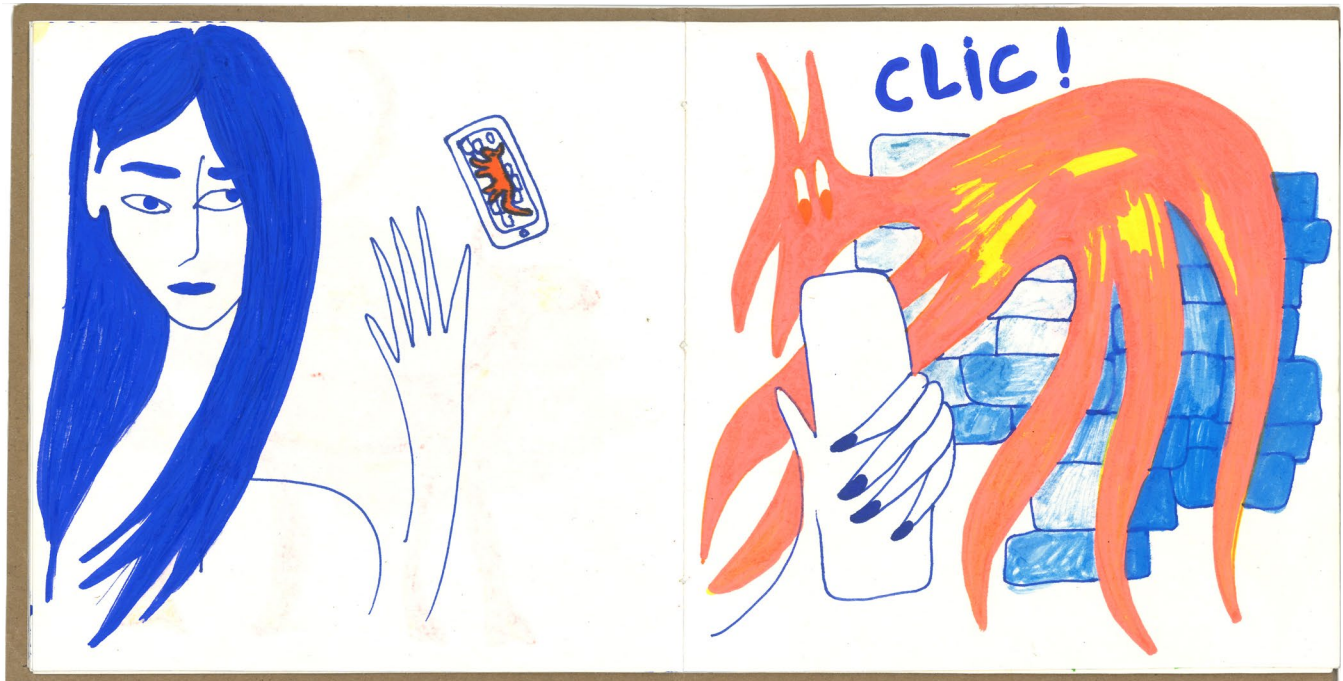
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in june 2022, knowing that I was about to visit Troy archeological site, I visited the Pergamon museum in Berlin.

There you can see the Ishtar Door, who once was the entrance of the mythological city Babylone. this door represents fictional and classical animals.



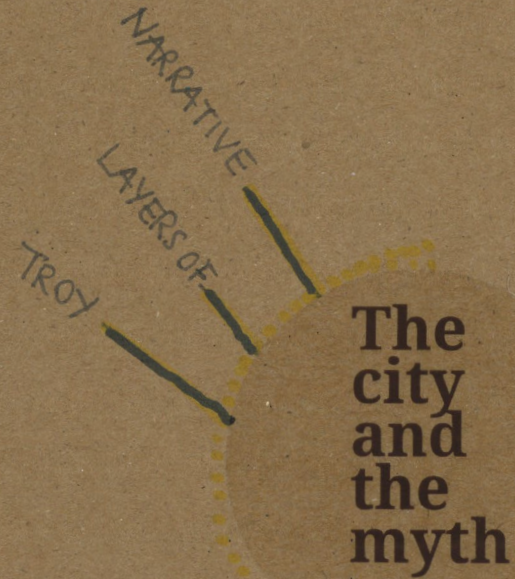




# Narrative layers of Troy

SERAP DURMUŞ ÖZTÜRK

*Karadeniz Technical University*





ERIC SHANDOWER  
Writer / Artist



# AGE OF BRONZE

## THE STORY OF TROJAN WAR

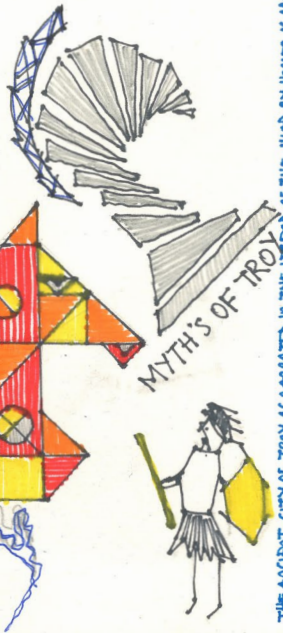
**TROY** THE TROJAN WAR IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY. IT BEGAN WITH TROY BEING SURROUNDED AFTER THE TROJAN PALLS KIDNAP WAS HELED. THE WIFE OF MENELAUS, THE KING OF SPARTA, TROY FALLS BY THE TROJAN HORSE TRICK. THE ANCIENT CITY OF TROY AS LOCATED IN THE LEGEND OF THE IUD BY HOMER IS ABOUT 25 KM TO THE SOUTH OF ÇANAKALE. THE ACHAEANS MADE A WOODEN HORSE TO HID WARRIORS A NEW STORY FOR TROY: MUSEUM OF TROY. ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM LOCATED CLOSE TO THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF TROY.

**TROY** Protection of Troy Idoan in the museum. Troy in history, Archaeological history, landscape, garden, plains, carnivorous live in exhibition etc. ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE OF TROY BASED ON ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH / ANALYSIS OF HOMER AND WRITTEN DOCUMENTS. HOMER CONVERTS HISARLIK TO TROY. EVANATIONS, LANDSCAPE, TEXTURE & MATTER OF THE SITE STRENGTHEN THE IMAGE OF SITE MARGINATION. PERFORMANCE OF CASSANDRA HAPPENS IN SITE. TROY READING AND WRITING THE CITY AS A DRAWING PRACTICE LINKS THE NARRATIVE AND ARCHITECTURE STRONGLY. NARRATIVES CREATE MAPPING. LAYERS NEVER END. DIFFERENT PEOPLE EXPERIENCE IT... SHARE KNOWLEDGE, FEEL TROY... IT IS A PALIMPSEST....

## TROY'S SPECIAL SIDE

THE TROAD ACCORDING TO  
ANCIENT HISTORIANS

THE FAMOUS POET  
HOMER, WHO LIVED IN  
THE EIGHTH CENTURY  
BC, WAS THE FIRST TO  
DESCRIBE THE TROAD  
REGION IN HIS ILLAD



THE ANCIENT CITY OF TROY AS IMAGINED IN THE LEGEND OF THE ILLAD BY HOMER IS ABOUT 25 KM TO THE SOUTH OF GANAKALE. THE ACHAEANS MADE A WOODEN HORSE TO HIDE WARRIORS  
A NEW STORY FOR TROY: MUSEUM OF TROY. ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM LOCATED  
CLOSE TO THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF TROY.

## TROY

Production of Troy Ideas in the Museum. Troy in History, Archaeology and  
History, Landscape, Garden Plans, Ceramics (Ive in exhibit from etc.  
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE OF TROY BASED ON ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES, ANALYSIS OF  
HOMER AND WRITTEN DOCUMENTS. HOMER CONVERTS HIS IDEAS TO TROY.

EXCAVATIONS, LANDSCAPE, TEXTURE & MATERIAL OF THE SITE STRENGTHEN THE  
IMAGE OF SITE IMAGINATION. RECOGNITION OF CASSANDRA HAPPENS IN SITE.

TROY READING AND WRITING THE CITY AS A DRAWING PRACTICE UNKS THE  
NARRATIVE AND ARCHITECTURE STRONG. NARRATIVES CREATE MARKING.

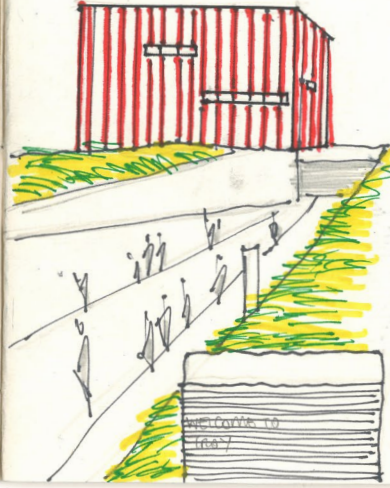
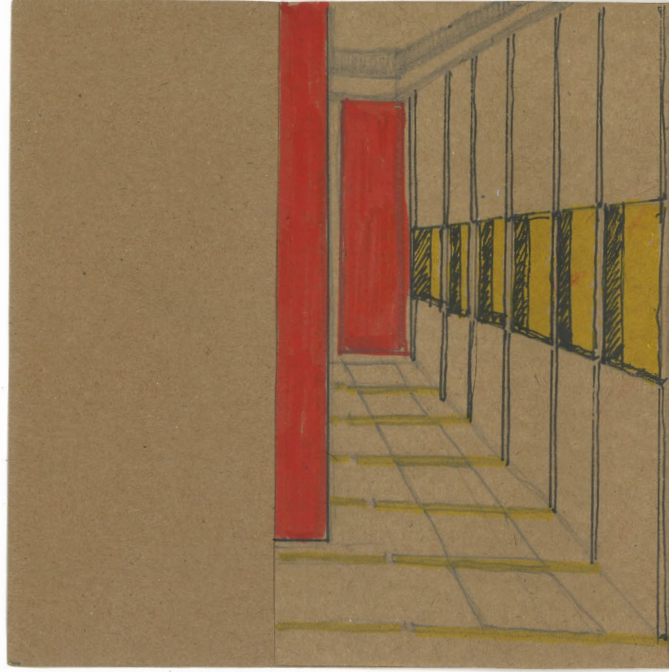
LAYERS NEVER END. DIFFERENT PEOPLE EXPERIENCE IT....

SHARE KNOWLEDGE, FEEL TROY... IT IS A PALIMPSEST ....









**TROY** Protection of Troy Ideas in the museum, Troy in History, Archaeological history, landscape, garden plants, archiworks like Memorabilia etc.

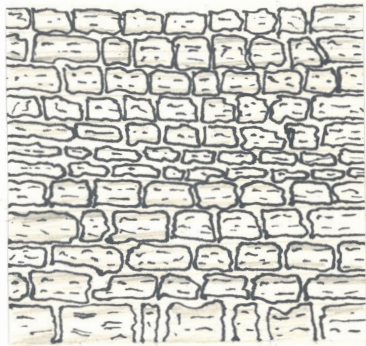
ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE OF TROY BASED ON ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH, ANALYSIS OF HOMER AND WRITTEN DOCUMENTS. HOMER CONVERTS HIS SKILL TO TROY.

EXAMINATIONS, LANDSCAPE, TEXTURE & PATTERNS OF THE SITE STRENGTHEN THE IMAGE OF SITE NARRATION. PERFORMANCE OF CASSANDRA HAPPENS IN SITE.

**TROY** BEARING AND WRITING THE CITY AS A DRAWING PRACTICE UNKS THE NARRATIVE AND ARCHITECTURE STRONGLY. NARRATIVES CREATE MARKING.

LAYERS NEVER END. DIFFERENT PEOPLE EXPERIENCE IT....

SHARE KNOWLEDGE, FEEL TROY... IT IS A PALIMPSEST....



PATTERN  
WALL

WHERE ARE YOU?



LANDSCAPE OF THE TROY

CASSANDRA AAA

THE NEW NORTH OF THE SIDE

EXCAVATIONS, LANDSCAPE, TEXTURE & MATTER OF THE SITE STRENGTHEN THE  
IMAGE OF SITE NARRATION. PERFORMANCE OF CASSANDRA HAPPENS IN SITE.  
READING AND WRITING THE CITY AS A DRAWING PRACTICE UNKS THE  
TROY NARRATIVE AND ARCHITECTURE STRENGTH. NARRATIVES CREATE MAPS.

LAYERS NEVER END. DIFFERENT PEOPLE EXPERIENCE IT...

SHARE KNOWLEDGE, FEEL TROY... IT IS A PALIMPSEST.....

**Sleeping dogs  
and the sea that  
disappeared**

SASKIA DE WIT

*Delft University of Technology*



**The  
city  
and  
the  
myth**

writing urban press





## PROLOGUE

I set out with the expectation that the myth of Troy would overrule everything else in Çanakkale (possibly informed by the fact that the name of my hotel is *Pelit Troja*), and that the aim for me would have to be to unearth the counternarratives of the city. But it turned out otherwise. The WW1 battlefields are the no. 1 tourist destination, Çanakkale has a lively contemporary shipping industry with container boats crossing the Dardanelles Strait continuously. The excavations are quite far from the city, and the museum, which had seemed rather brutal in the presentation, has just the right amount of presence in the landscape to indicate its presence.

So I discovered myself doing the exact opposite: searching and finding all kinds of connections between the city and the myth, not so much counternarratives, but added layers to the already layered mythology, discovering the here in the there, and the then in the now, and the heroic in the prosaic...

lecture: Sonja Novak—Travel writing

ISTANBUL DAY 1

- story, plot (organised & meaningful structure)
- setting, chronotope (time-space)
- style (pure, ornate, simple, scientific...) → tone, atmosphere
- perspective - limited or omni
- theme - travel

tension between truth and fiction

travel literature = umbrella, travelogue one of its forms, recounts actual travel

plot in travel writing: sequence of events

time as significant as space

selective construct: what do you leave out? what is worth narrating

narrative eye - witness; author, narrator, protagonist is the same

tone: neutral, comic, dramatic

speed: relation between duration of journey & length of text

summary, scene or slow motion + pause

past or present tense

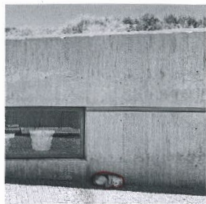
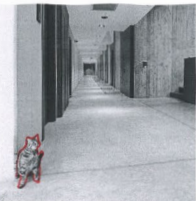
time references

lecture: Silvia Quinteiro—Literature & tourism

Algarve

Céouwell: space has volumes and distances; places have space between them

The literary place is a fraction of space isolated due to its meaning  
types: pieces of the text, places of the authors, places of the books as objects



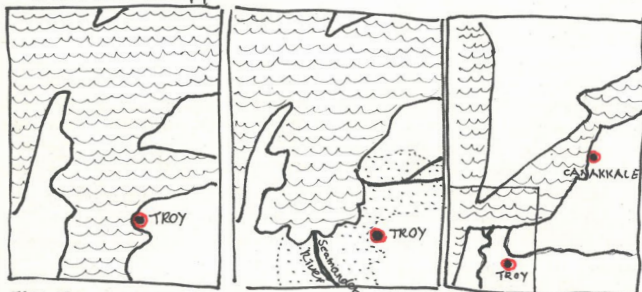
musings: Troy seems to be the source of strong nationalistic feelings. <sup>DAY 3</sup> Both Rome & Turkey claim direct lineage. Not bad for a town that lost the war.

After Osman's lecture I had the great idea to make the sea the protagonist of the journal. It is so present in all the war narratives and myths... But she is strangely absent in the present-day landscape. She is clearly present in Canakkale, with its seaside tourism and cargo boats. We even arrived in Canakkale by ferry. But I still haven't figured out the connection between Canakkale and Troy.

Yesterday our bus drove us from Canakkale in the wrong direction, away from Troy. Apparently the bus driver assumed we were going to visit the WWI memorials, which makes me wonder whether Troy is really the most important myth here. The Dardanellesveldtocht was een keerpunt voor Atatürk en dus voor de stichting van Turkije. Quote from wikipedia: "Canakkale is a city in northwestern Turkey in the Marmara region, on the Dardanelles Strait. It's a gateway to the Gallipoli WWI battlefields, north of the narrow strait. On the grounds of the 15th century Çimenlik Castle, Canakkale Naval Museum Command contains historical artillery. The archaeological site at Troy, including an ancient theatre, is southwest of the city." Troy is nr. 3 on the list, and the theatre seems to be the more important artifact... The myth disappears further and further out of sight.

So what do I have here? Dogs, wind, nationalism, the confusing relation between history & myth (there is definitely no clear boundary geography, people (of course...), the missing sea →

The sea that disappeared....



TROY AS A PORT CITY  
3000 BC

TROY DURING THE TROJAN  
WAR  
IF IT REALLY HAPPENED,  
IT MUST HAVE BEEN AROUND  
1200 BC

PRESENT-DAY TROY

So, now Sarakkale is the port city that Troy was 5000 years ago...

The city and the myth: Snow White's dwarfs

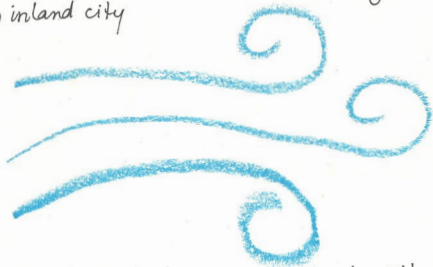
In front of the Pirin's museum, where we are working, is the promenade, with 2 statues of two of Snow White's dwarfs. I was surprised by the amount of attention they receive, not only from children. People take selfies as if it is an important local icon. Will the photo remind them of Sarakkale when they get home? Is Snow White the Disney version of Helena of Troy?



### A STORY OF WIND

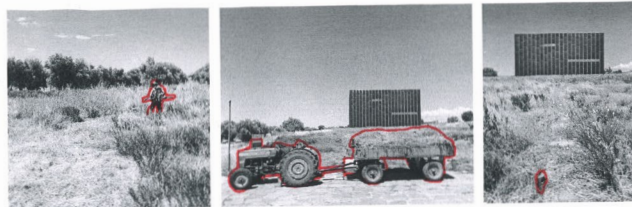
'The winds gave Troy its wealth' (Homer)

In Çanakkale, we feel the strong, strong wind everywhere. The same wind that, together with the specific currents - ~~filled the Trojan Bay~~ filled the Trojan Bay with sediments, thousands of years ago... and made Troy an inland city.



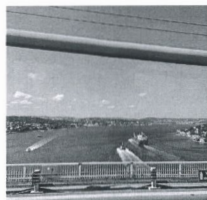
Current-day Çanakkale is littered with trash. It is the wind that carries it everywhere, tearing at garbage bags until they open, and spreading their contents throughout the streets.

### Gardening....



The Troja Museum aimed to express the desolate and lonely feeling, which I indeed had at Troy, cut-off from daily life - as an abstract, almost otherworldly block, set in, and contrasting with, agricultural fields. The fields are actually a carefully designed garden: a geometrical pattern derived from local agricultural landscape patterns, each field filled with a different 'crop' of grasses or flowers. But since its construction the garden does not seem to have been maintained at all. Now, the fields are being mown, but they are so overgrown that the refined light fixtures and name plates are hidden, and they are brutally destroyed by the mowing machine...





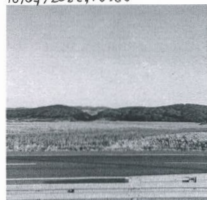
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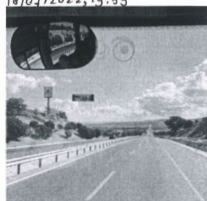
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18/07/2022, 23:20



19/07/2022, 08:36



19/07/2022, 09:34



19/07/2022, 09:36

### A journey in space & time

From Istanbul, a metropolis with between 15 and 20 million inhabitants (depending on whether you count the illegal immigrants), to the midsize city of Çanakkale, with its 300.000 inhabitants and its many tourists, to Troy, left for the last time in its many lives around the year 500, current inhabitants 0. Human inhabitants that is. Crossing the Bosphorus, negotiating the daily Istanbul traffic jams, along the Sea of Marmara, over the mountain ridge with its endless fields of sunflowers, and the ferry from the Gelibolu peninsula to Çanakkale. The next morning driving north, until we discovered that the driver was taking us to the WW1 Gallipoli battlefields assuming that was where we wanted to go, as apparently all tourists do, but turning around and arriving at the archeological site of Troy, 25 km from Çanakkale.

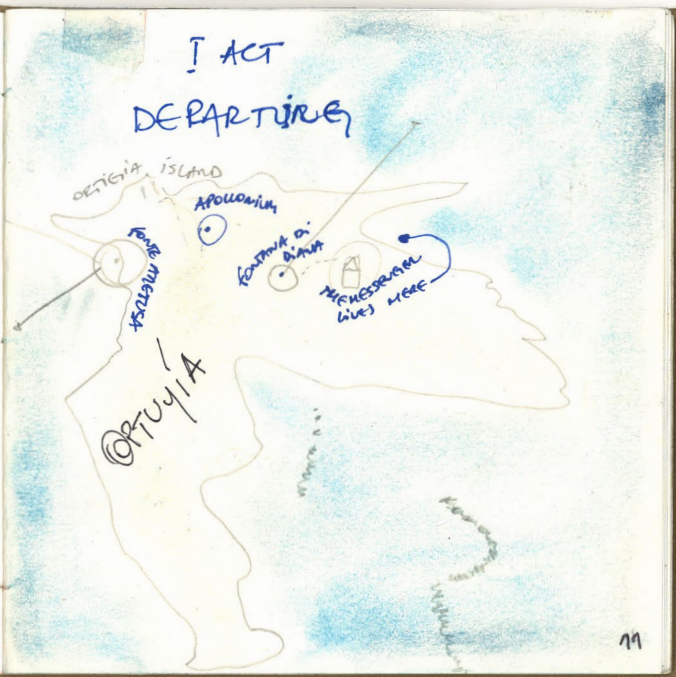


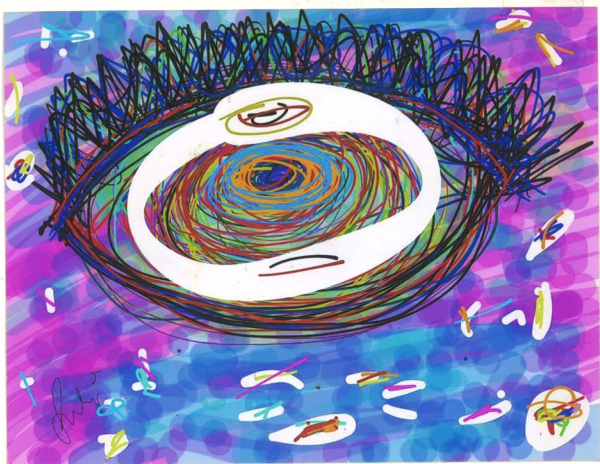
## A letter to Cassandra

JULIANA WEXEL

*University of Algarve*







THE ORACLE

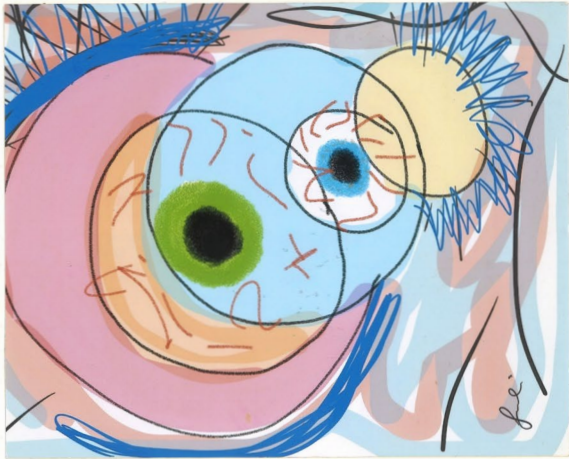
18



CASSANDRA'S VISION (AFTER THE TRAGEDY)

19





looking for CASSANDRA.

20

II ACT  
ARRIVING

21



30

III ACT  
DELIVERING

31

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT!

ARTEMIS TELL YOU: SHE TRIED TO

APPEASE the beginning of this war, a war that spans the ages and (she) also misguided voices... But if faced with the insane proposal of sacrificing his own daughter a man is unable to retreat... what else could stop him? if IGONIA, we'll always cry for you... FOREVER AND EVER. UNFORTUNATELY, THE PRIDE, THE TRUST OF POWER, the fame, the name engraved in the memory of the time are the greatest temptation of a despot. The name: AETHEON.

The hero is that lover and witness, war wins every time. Since the beginning until now. It is not your fault, Cassandra, it's not your fault that men have not listened to your PROPHECIES. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT! IF NOT EVEN THE GODS CAN STOP THEM... JUST ONE PRIESTESS COULD NOT ACHIEVE THAT FEAT... IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT THAT YOU AT A WOMAN IN (A) THE PATRIARCHAL WORLD!

SEE, THE world has changed little. Men have built cities, cities upon cities. Layers and layers and layers like you they! One they erased between fiction and reality, between US STORY AND STORY, MEMORY AND ANECDOTES AND STORYTELLINGS. SEE, MEN HAVE ESTABLISHED NEW FRONTIERS, ECONOMIES, GEOPOLITICS, BUILT NEW WEAPONS, developed new techniques, new devices, invisible technologies, digital magic, blue tooth, wifi, mins, nmo, CY BORGES.....



CASSANDRA STILL CARES...

BUT THE BLOOD... THE BLOOD REMAINS THE SAME!  
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT! Avoiding this war wasn't your responsibility. SEEING and TELLING isn't enough. It's easier for men to blame the gods than their own passions. It's a game. For then it'll be even THE POWER'S GAME! A HOLY GAME. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, CASSANDRA. WITH LOVE. ARETUSA. 39

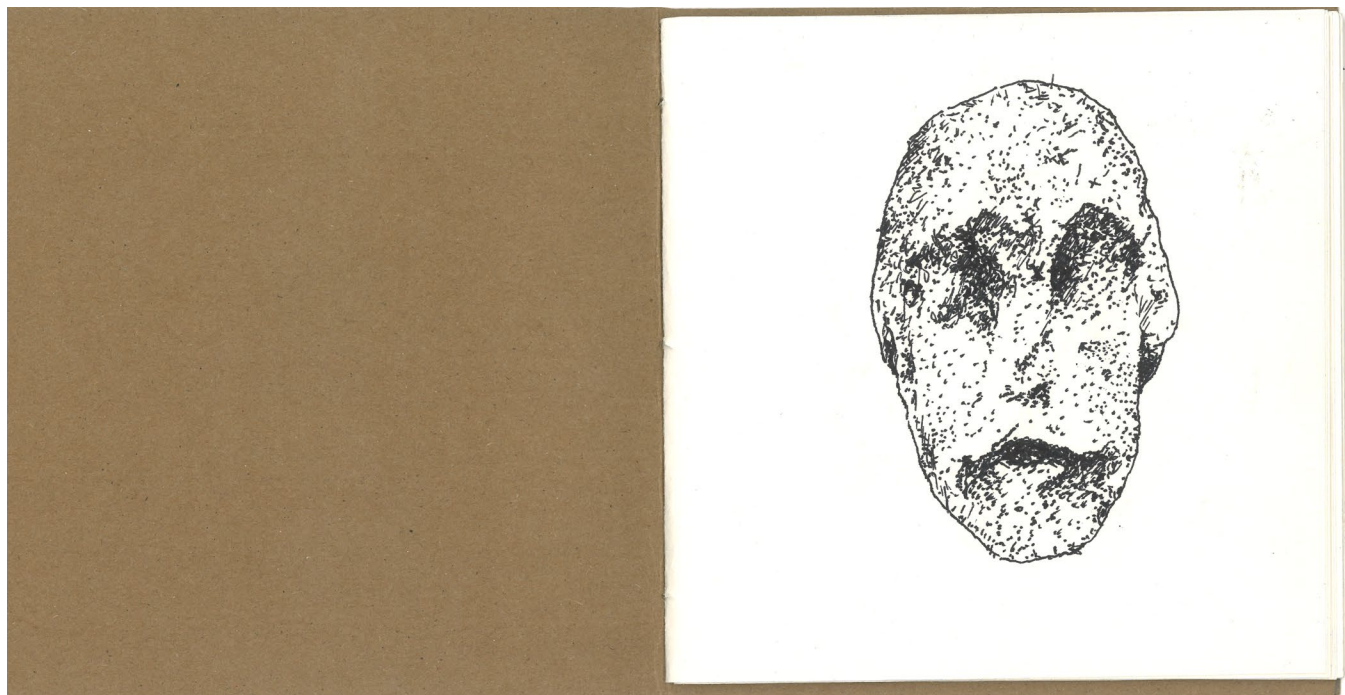


**Troy Park or the  
discovery of a lost  
museum (sketches  
for an anticipatory  
travelogue)**

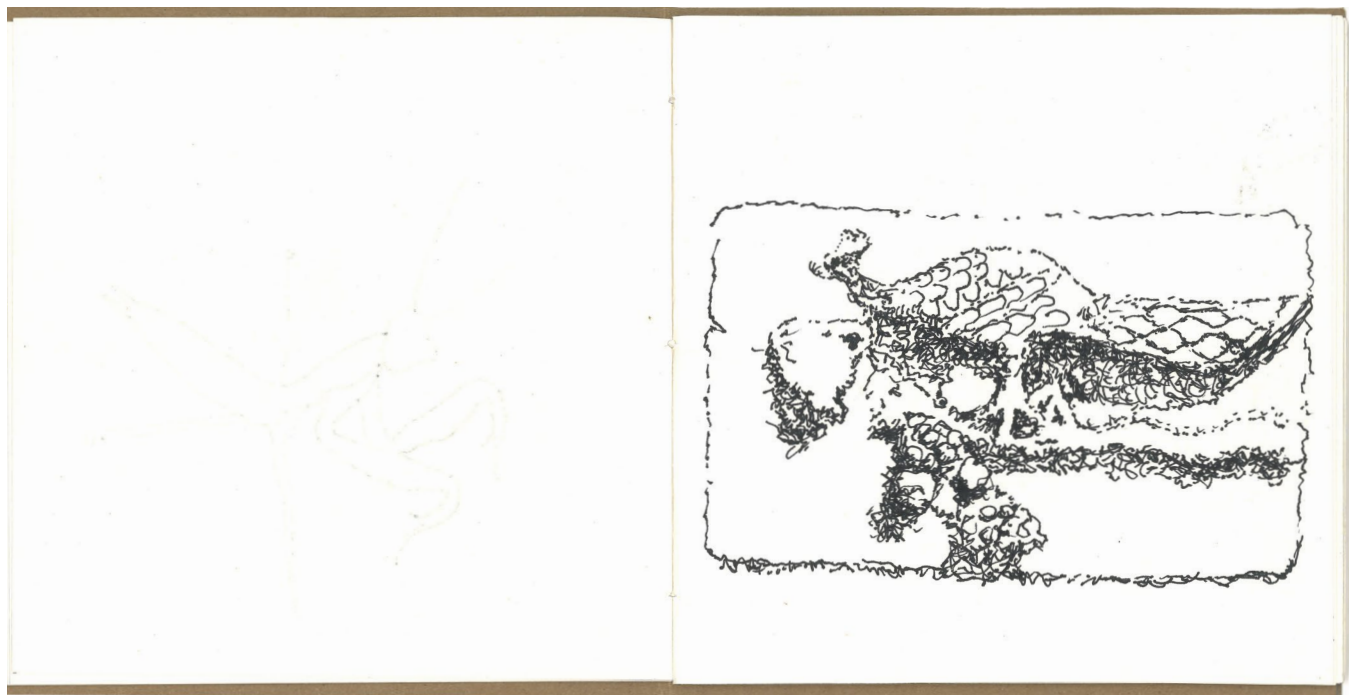
BENOÎT-MARIE MORICEAU

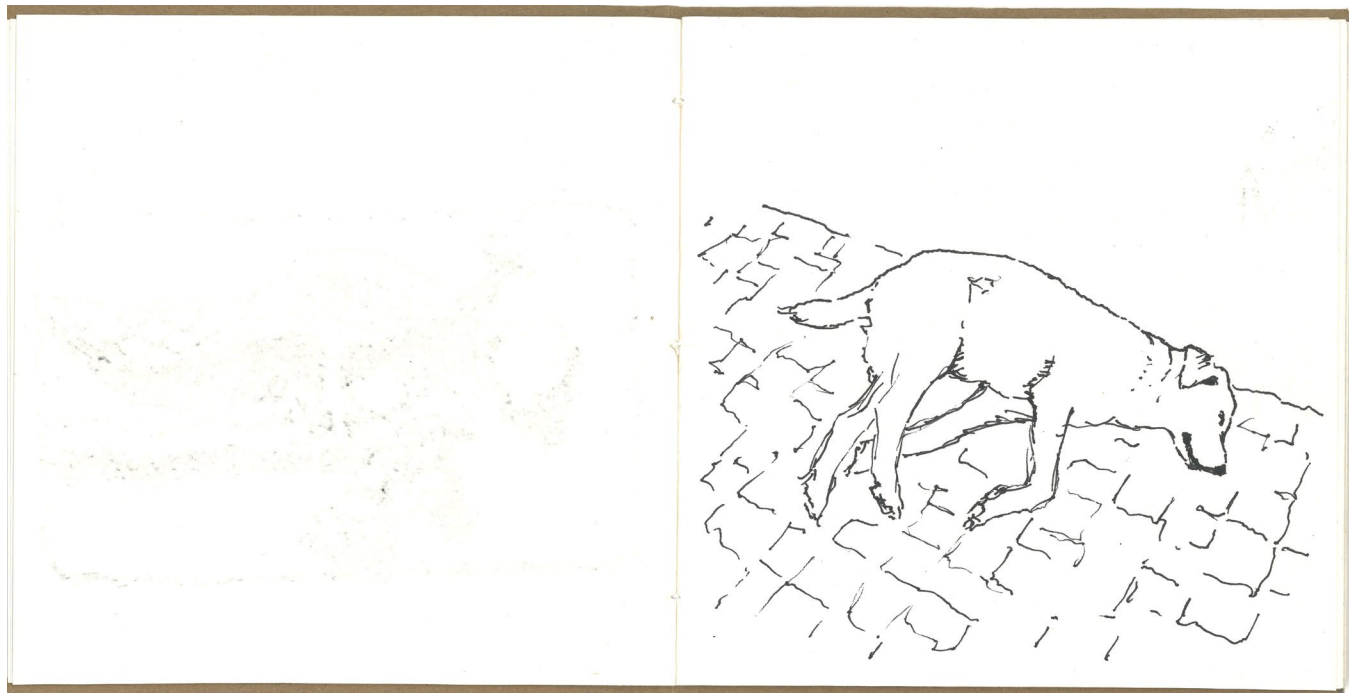
*Mosquito Coast Factory*

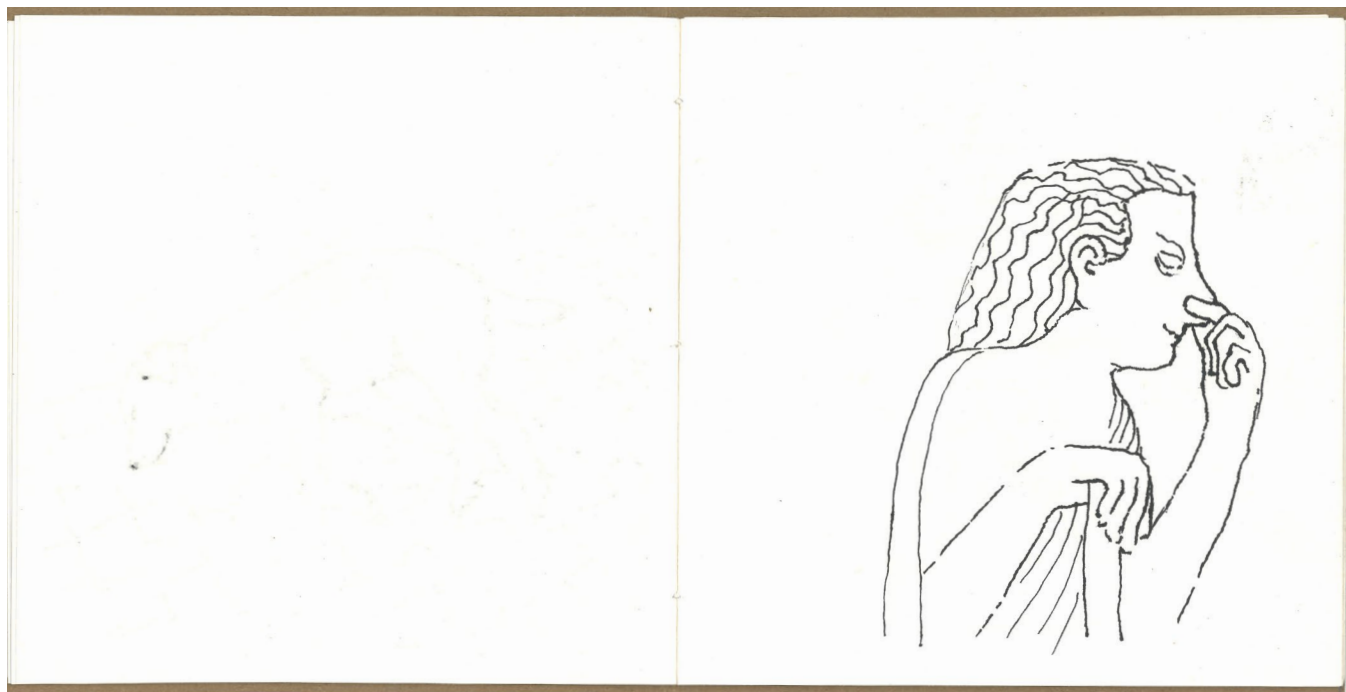


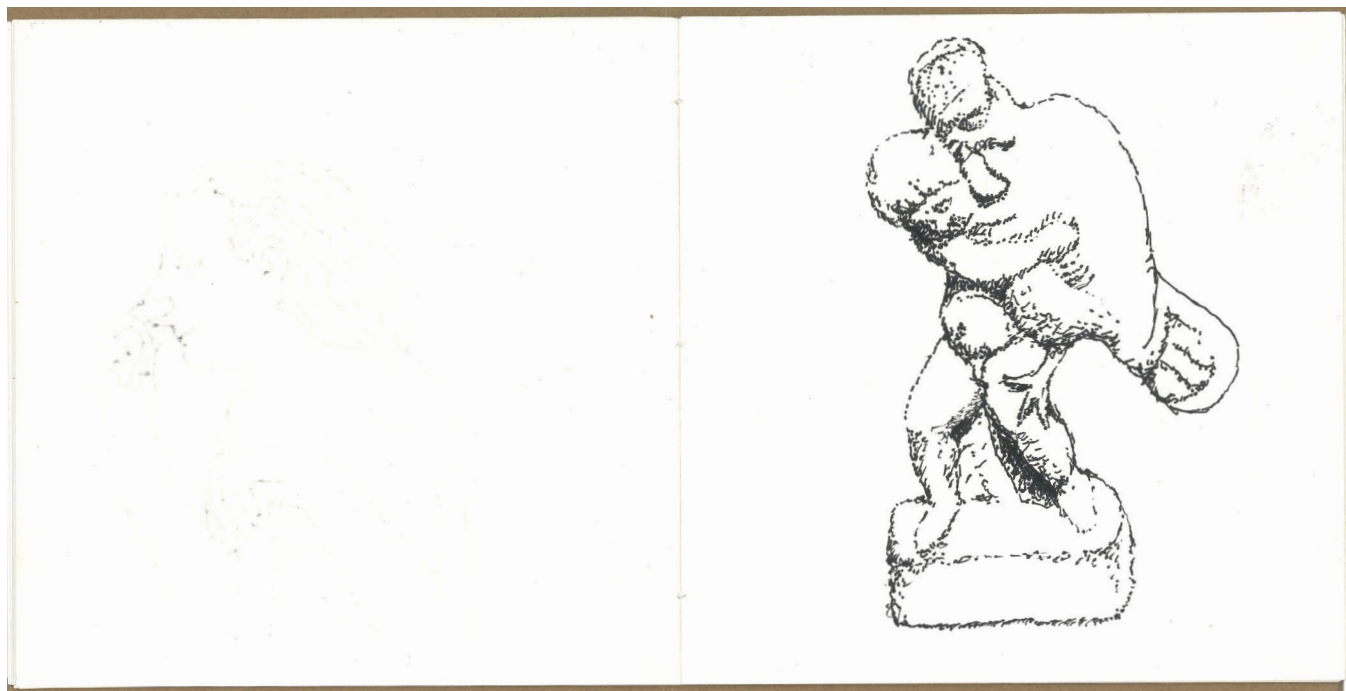








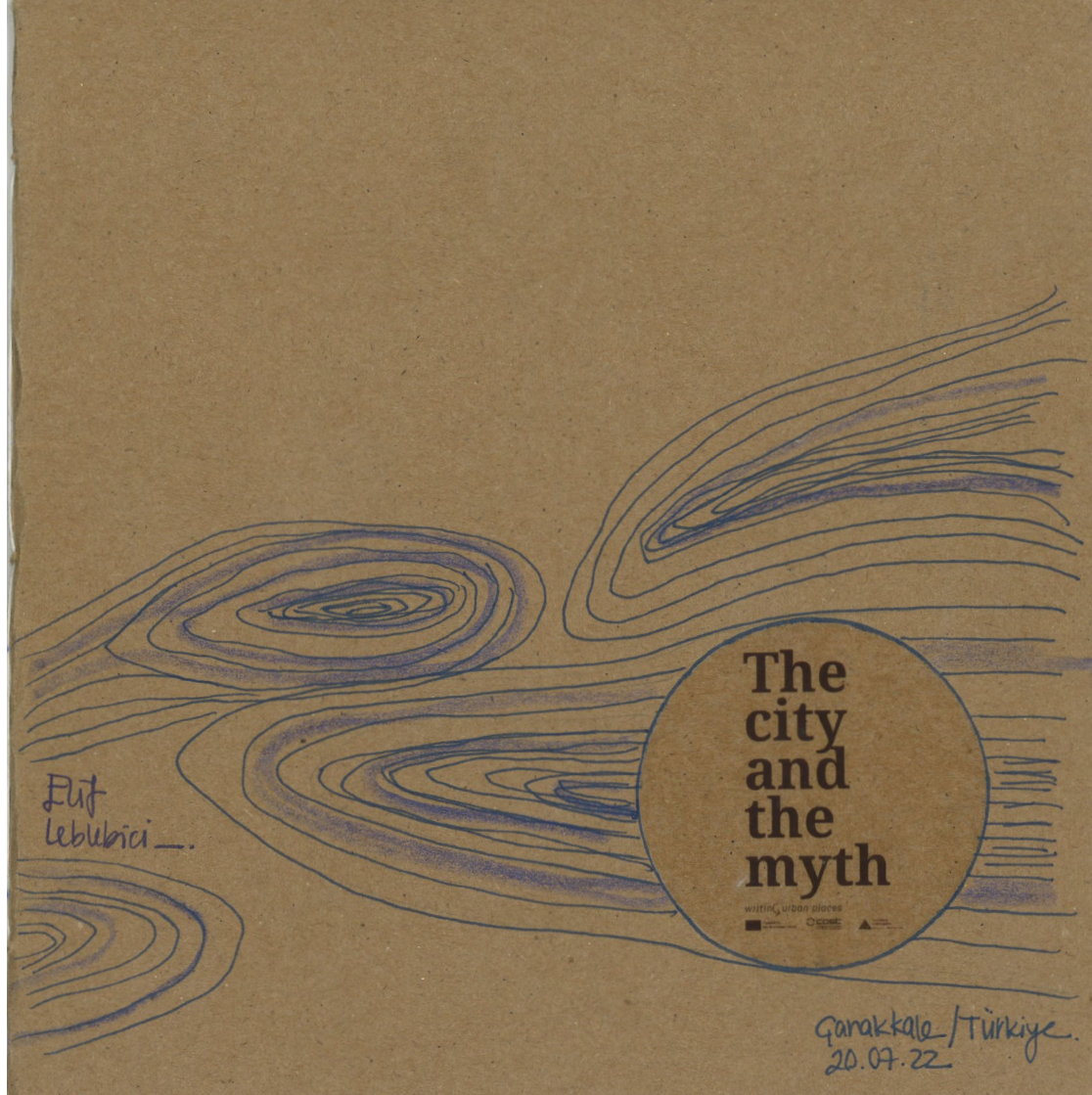




# The Trojan state of mine

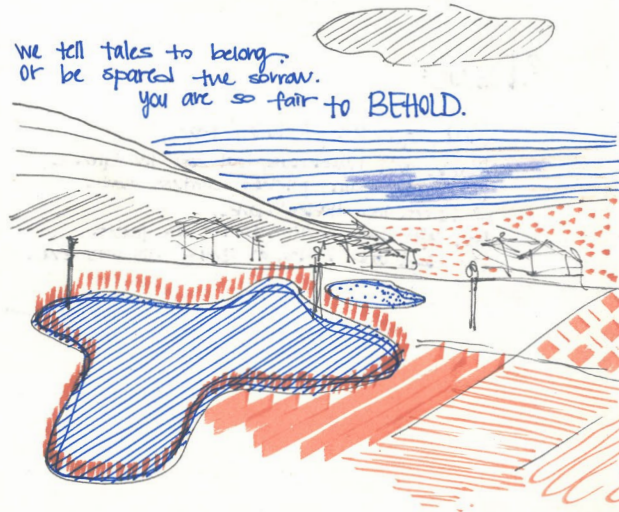
ELIF LEBLEBICI

*Bilkent University*





We tell tales to belong.  
Or be spared the sorrow.  
You are so fair to BEHOLD.



spare me the glow.



southern land, scattered  
clouds from the cold.

to lay up at  
Troy and wait  
for favorable  
southerly winds.

Like the generations of leaves, the  
lives of mortal men. Now the  
wind scatters the old leaves  
across the earth, now the living  
timber bursts with the new buds  
and spring comes round again. And  
so with men: as one generation  
comes to life, another lies away.



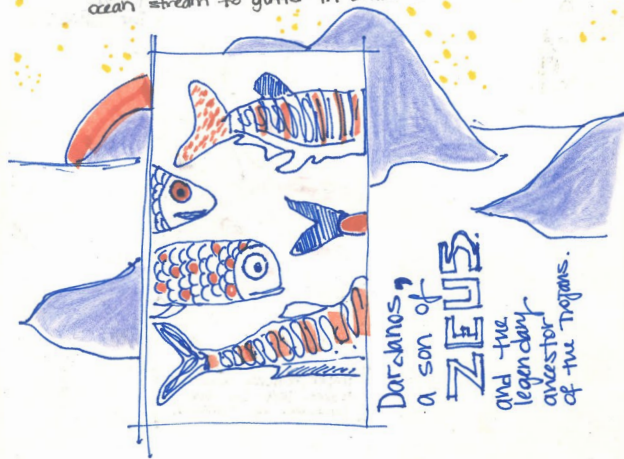
What will  
be left  
when  
you're  
gone?



and it changed  
everything you know.



“like that star of the waning  
summer who beyond all  
stars rises bathed in the  
ocean stream to glitter in brilliance.”





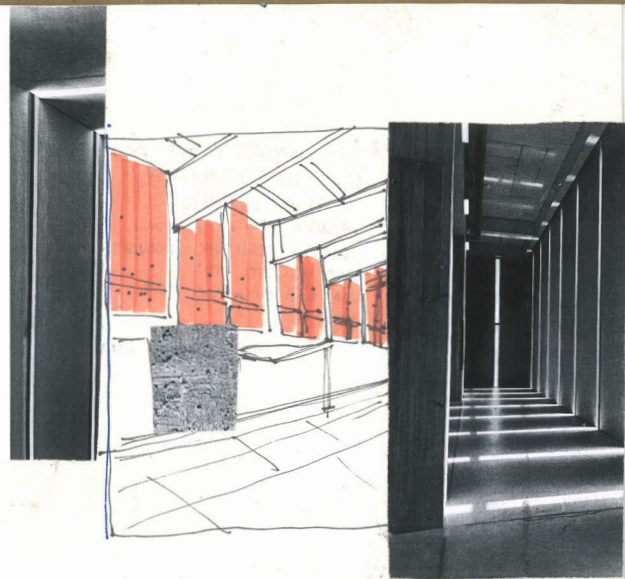


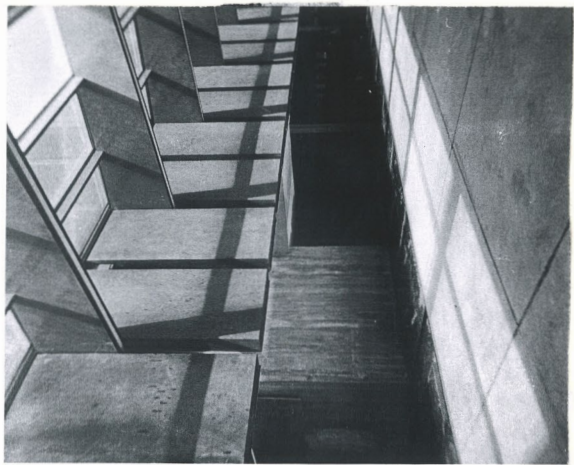
We men are  
wretched  
things. 99  
—Homer,  
The Iliad.



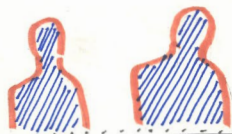
today's  
shackw  
on  
yesterday

imperfections and the  
traces left by the  
passage of time..





The roaring seas  
and many a  
dark range of  
mountains lie  
between us.








**The other stories  
Or  
Othering stories  
Or  
Who's story**

WILLIE VOGEL

*Delft University of Technology*

**The  
city  
and  
the  
myth**

with  urban places



from Istanbul to Canakella

Ambivalent divide between east and west  
Greeks and Persians. How/who builds bridges?



Sun flower fields



# ①. forms of Democracy.



The Bouleuterion.  
enclosed, but open square



Agora  
public space enclosed with buildings.

Note: this is mainly Greek and Roman, what about the older civilisations?

other places



stoa  
walk, wander.  
Reflection



Theatre  
informal.  
satire/comedy  
Reflection.  
commonalities

# ② Material usage and resources.

Granite → black/grey often hard

columns decoration

Turkey? Greece

Marble → "

wood → olive? construction homes  
wall & roof.

mud/earth →

riet/grass → seashore? roof

Bronze, copper, tin



finding a space for transition  
compiling this travelogue is the mission  
~~finding an streets to find~~  
Thinking about the myth  
~~about~~ of well known (his) stories  
Heroes, cultures, land and war heroes  
while watching ~~the~~ red signs everywhere  
if I only would dare  
to think of another manifestation  
a wind blowing from a different direction.  
difficult to concentrate  
to find a Rhythme  
cross a line between then and now  
nation pride, narration formed  
in stone constructions  
if this travelogue is probably a question of how



A different story



The new  
Hector, achilles,  
....

Demanding a new structure  
within society and thus urban layout.

The new  
structure



"let us drive away these men of the city who used  
to stay at home and chatter round the table... "

-The assembly women.



## Troy story

LUCAS CARNEIRO

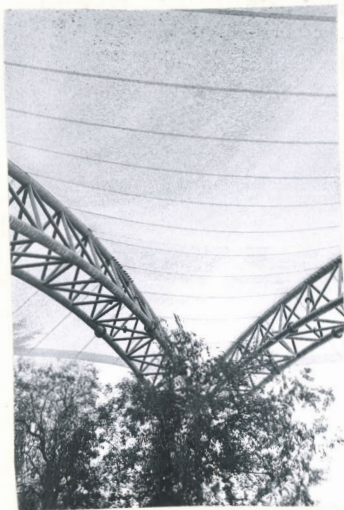
*Universidade do Minho*



TROY STORY



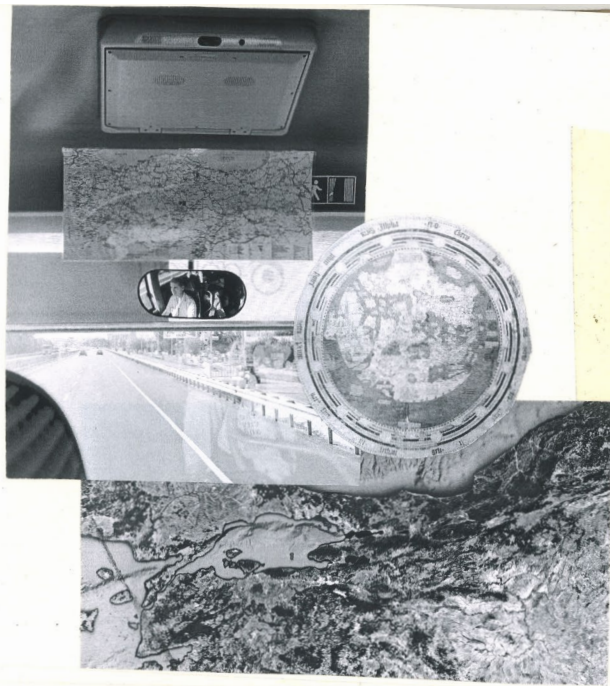
was  
CARNEIRO, PORTUGAL



Layers of Troy. To start the travel at the heart of Troy.

The drawing was made out of the pressure to begin the travelogue, I had to start somewhere but somehow I never could get the courage to do it. But, in this instance as I saw these walls it made sense that this should be the beginning. The focus and object of the travelogue and the whole workshop experience would be at the centre of the settlement showing this very simple architectural element that described the whole idea of Ilios/Troy. The different materials, textures and techniques perfectly showed the passage of time. Atop the wall there was this metal structure, a canopy protecting the ruins from the passage of time.



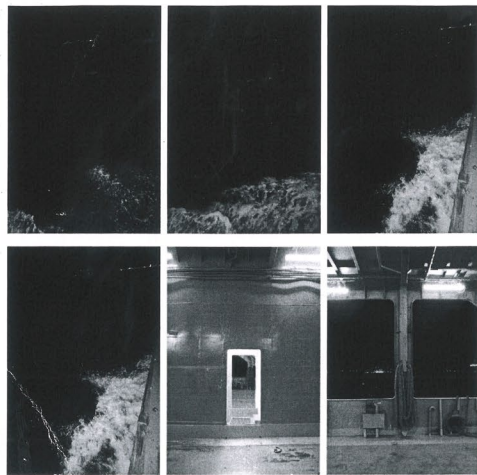
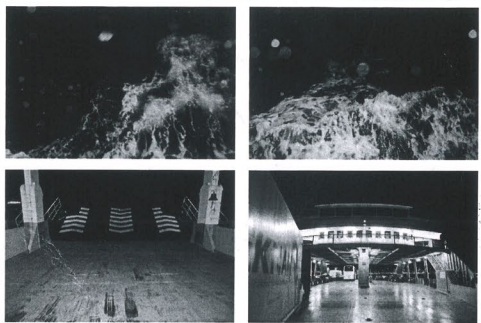


We're getting to Çanakkale, we're arriving to the centre of the workshop – the entire reason we came to Turkey. On top of the rearview mirror there is a map of Turkey hanged over the digital clock. We see land, sea, roads, cities and the lighting numbers of the clock beneath. It reminds me of exploring these places through cartography. It makes perfect sense, it is a major tool of my work since I deal with GIS and map making on a regular basis. The superposition of time and place highlights the very present topics we are discussing while showing the interesting possibilities of cartographic representation. After all, the headquarters will be in Piri Reis museum.

I remember Malroux once again and the traveling aspect of the work. Most of it will be moving around in order to finally reach a place and an idea. We enter a ferry boat just before reaching the city and I think that this has nothing to do with Malroux. We was on a plane, searching for a lost city. We are on a bus parked on a boat on the way to an already rediscovered place.

It's night and the bright lights of the ferry boat set up the contrast of its white and blue paint and the dark sea surrounding us. I take out my camera and decide to —


record this unsettling boat ride. These moments somehow feel particularly symbolic, the few expectation before getting to city on shore while traversing the famous Hellespont. I experiment with the camera and try shooting the waves crashing on the boat. Another possible outcome — I consider doing a photographic essay of the whole journey.






Second day of the workshop. On the way there, me and Willie discuss the possibilities for the travelogue, talk of methodology, structure, theme and concept but nothing concrete is revealed.


We go to the Troy Museum. I start focusing on the building itself and trying to remember its architect's presentation the day before. I quickly turn to its actual content since we are now following a guide that is being translated on the spot by Aslan. By the end of it we go to the terrace and look at the hill where the Troy excavation is.

 WILLIE  
VOGEL, NETHERLANDS

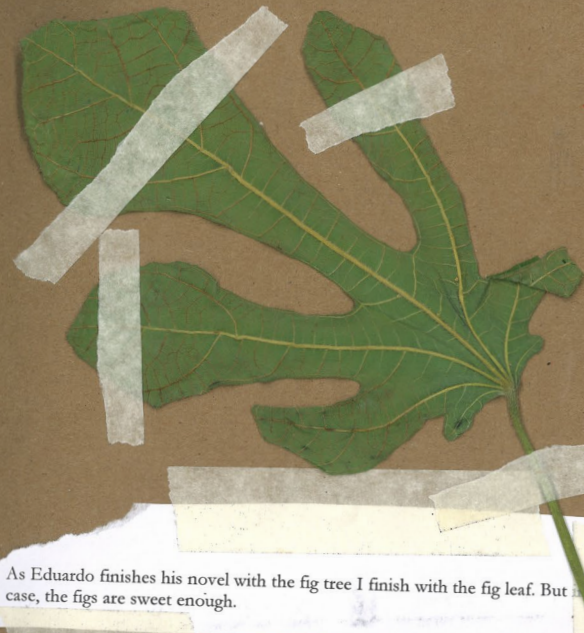
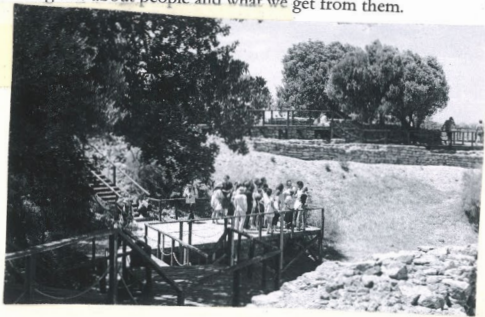
 ASLAN NAYIR  
IRAN VIA  
TURKEY

On site, we finally meet Rustem Aslan. He gives us a tour of the place and explains everything in incredible detail. The content is very interesting but most of the times is hard to hear since his voice is a bit too low, there are too many people and the wind would gush every 10 seconds.

I know that at some point Juli is going to break into character. She planned a performance evoking Cassandra, the Apollo priestess that predicted the war and was ignored throughout the whole epic poem. As Cassandra, Juli is mostly ignored during her passionate speech despite being someone that seem to really care about the morals and meanings of the narrative.

 JULI NIXEL,  
BRAZIL VIA ITALY

After a relaxed and fun dinner I go to the hotel and there they are, looking for me. What will I do? I had so many expectations to this. I thought that I would find things, reach breakthroughs, rediscover Troy and with that solve my own research. Afterall, I couldn't choose a medium, a concept, an idea or a theme. I just remembered the whole of the process. The presentations, the words, the conversations, the sudden ideas and the collective explorations. So, in telling this maybe I would tell of others, of inspirations, stimuli and the drafting thoughts in my head. Like at the end of a cheesy movie, I come to the sudden conclusion that the whole thing was about people and what we get from them.



As Eduardo finishes his novel with the fig tree I finish with the fig leaf. But in this case, the figs are sweet enough.

## The myth of Troy

VIKTORIIA GRIVINA

*University of St Andrews*

The Myth of Troy

By:

Viktoria Grivina

(The City and  
The Myth)

Ganakkale, 2022

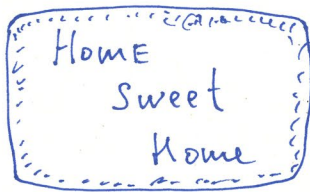
18

What used to be  
Troy is no more,  
and yet its legend  
continues to stir people's imagination,  
from Homer to modern Turkish  
politicians.

The city of Kharkiv used to  
be terra incognita, unknown  
to all, hidden in the minds of  
its inhabitants as the most  
comfortable spot to live or  
to travel from.

Troy, Çanakkale  
or  
Kharkiv

The more news come from  
Kharkiv war, the less of the  
city remains. It is threatened,  
the city doesn't want to become  
famous, doesn't want to be  
The Troy. It wants to remain  
an Ithaca. The place of a beginning  
and an end. A home.





## The Last Legend:

To Restore or not to Restore?

Archaeologists and museum workers argue, to what extent should the sites be restored to their ancient looks.

Yes

On the one hand, tourists find it more entertaining to look at a fully-built fortress

No

On the other, the use of new materials might compromise the site



Should the cities  
be rebuilt,  
restored or re-imagined?

Walking around Çanakkale I see ruined houses, like gaping fallen teeth, prepared to be replaced with similar concrete boxes of a newer model.

In Kharkiv, the debate has begun, who has the right to redefine the image of the city. Should we leave things as they

are, to show the legend of  
a Ukrainian Troy for our  
children.

Should we abandon the  
districts that had been so  
heavily shelled their names  
have become notoriously  
legendary?

Who wants to live in a  
Troy?

What number of a city  
do all of us dwell,  
Troy 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 9?

# Cassandra's way back to home

İLKNUR ERDOĞAN

*Bilkent University*

1

Everything has started in that day.

Or, maybe we should say everything has ended in that day.

With that earthquake...

She was trying to remember when exactly she left Troy...

How many years have passed after her marriage...

Since she last saw her family and friends and house...

But now! Now she was decisive.  
There was this terrible earthquake...  
She heard from everybody.

This earthquake...

Destroyed even every bit of flowers  
in Troy, killed most of people...  
Demolished the houses... Even

The Citadel...

She was breathing the fear and  
sorrow into her hearth, and her  
blood was turning to black with  
the possibility of losing the ones  
she loved...

||

"Oh God! This can't be real!  
This place, this ruin cannot be my mighty  
homeland!"

"I must have been wrong... I strayed...  
This is... on another land... In this land,  
There is not our citadel that can  
make even the sky obey to it..."

"Yes... Yes! I was definitely wrong!  
Now, right now, when I'm absolutely  
sure of that,  
I'm ashamed of myself  
for even once thinking that...  
These ruins can be Troy..."

"But... What is this... This ramp...  
Wasn't this the entrance way up to  
our city?!

No... No... No... No way!...

III

There she was... In the land...  
Where she was born and grew up...  
Ever since she left,  
The happy and painful memories were  
always in her mind...  
It was as if they were alive...

But now... In this ruin... When no one  
was there she knew...

Only the burning sun and the wind  
that never lost its temper...

Only these two...

were the ones made her feel "in home"



She felt alienated even from her memories.  
As if she spent her childhood in  
another place,  
Hugged her mother in another clods,  
Witnessed the fight of her brothers  
in another square...

As if she saw him in another place...  
Walked in other streets when she  
fell in love...

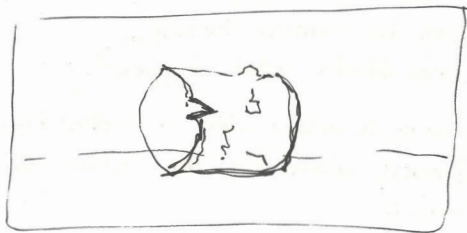
As if she ~~whispered~~ whispered her  
dreams to the leaves she plucked  
from other trees...  
Leaned back on other stone-walls  
when she lost him...

#### IV

She was wrong-  
Although the life she left did not  
flow in the same way,  
It still contained enough of small  
things to remind herself...  
...and that's what happened...

It was a vessel with a broken tip...  
Standing alone by the side of the  
road...  
Dusty and out on it...

But she recognized those at a place  
...which they used when she was a child,  
To store food and grains in them...



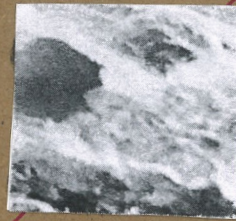
As she walked on this road she  
could no longer recognize,  
The number of items that greeted and  
whispered to her  
The requiem they carried inside  
was increasing.

Even though these chisels and axes  
were left with broken ends  
and worn out to the point of  
no longer use, she knew them...

Red Lines in  
Çanakkale.  
Notes from the Euro-  
Asian border

NOEMI ALFIERI

*Africa Multiple (Universität  
Bayreuth); Universidade de  
Lisboa*

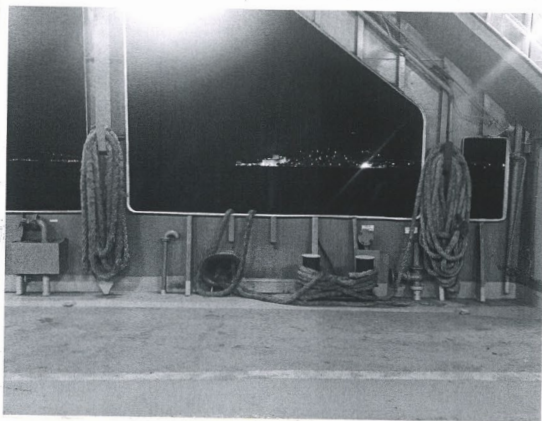


RED LINES  
IN ÇANAKKALE  
NOTES FROM THE EURO-ASIAN  
BORDER

ANAKPAK

EUROPE

ASIA





WHAT HAPPENS  
ONCE  
A FORTRESS  
IS  
TAKEN?  
( )

MELIH GEVDET ANDAÇ,  
HORSES AT TROY

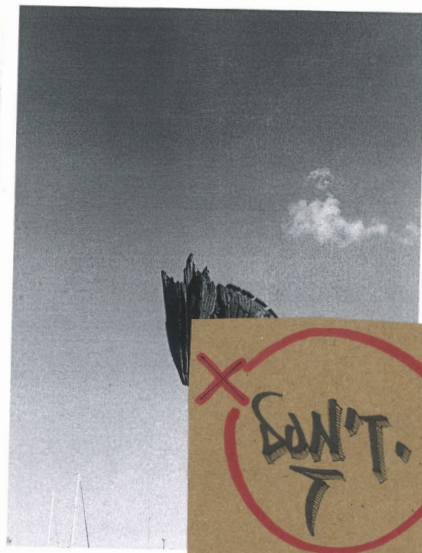
OF THESE HAD A BLIND POET SUNG:  
AT TROY THE HORSES, TOO, HAD SOULS.  
THEIR NEIGHING WAS HEARD  
AS FAR AS HADES,  
HORSELESS NEIGHS THAT  
WOULD HORRIFY THE DEAD,  
AND DRIVE THE BOS OF HELL  
MAD IN RAGE  
AT THE TIMES THE SOUND OF  
HOOFES GALLOPPED THROUGH THE  
TROJIAN LANE:  
THE UNDAFTY SOUL OF AN  
UNBURIED HORSE.

ARE WE UNABLE TO SEE WHAT WE SO NOT  
WITNESS!

Do not speak to me of horses!  
My heart cannot bear the  
thought of them fallen

And whinny on the  
ground, SO DO NOT  
SPEAK OF THIS.

Do not speak to me of this,  
I did NOT WITNESS THE SIEGE OF  
TROY.



THE SIEGE  
OF TROY

DON'T.



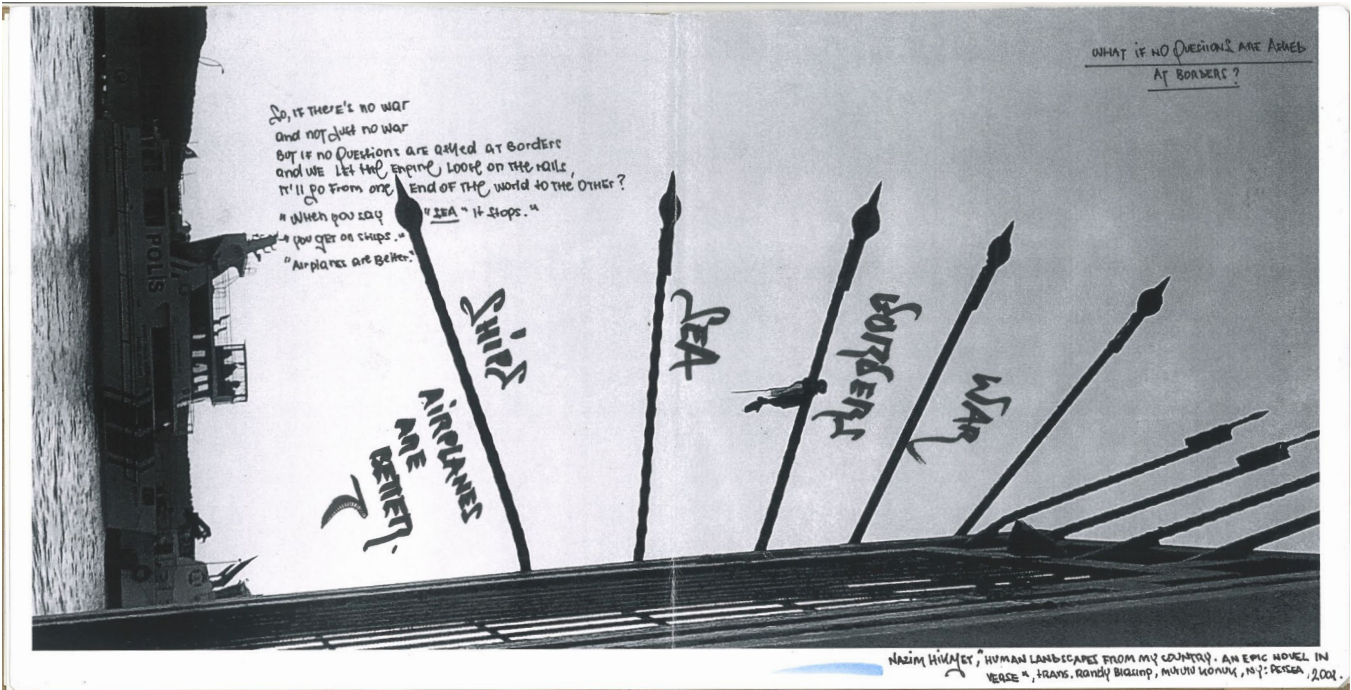




SQUIRREL AT TROU III



BIRD NESTS AT TROU VI



So, if there's no war  
and not just no war  
but if no questions are asked at borders  
and we let the engine, looting on the rails,  
it'll go from one end of the world to the other?  
"When you say "SEA" it stops."  
"you get on ships."  
"Airplanes are better."

WHAT IF NO QUESTIONS ARE ASKED  
AT BORDERS?

Spirit  
AIRPLANES  
ARE BETTER.

SEA

BORDERS

WAR

HAZIM HINAY, HUMAN LANDSCAPES FROM MY COUNTRY. AN EPIC NOVEL IN  
VERSE, TRANS. RANDY BLASUP, MUHUB KUNNU, NY: PERSEA, 2002.

# Murder in Troy

PATRÍCIA PEREIRA

NOVA University Lisbon



Synopsis

A recently divorced writer, ~~Henrich~~ <sup>Henrich</sup> goes on a trip to the ruins of Troy to find inspiration for her next book. ~~at~~

The book is a novel about the life of Heinrich Schliemann, the excavator who was one of the firsts to look for Troy in this site near the city of Çankırı in Turkey and then destroyed part of the site and smuggled artifacts out of Turkey. On the bus to the excavation site she meets a

mysterious young woman and they talk ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~site~~. During the visit to the site, with the chief-archaeologist, the young woman goes missing and is later found with her neck broken in the Roman era theater.

As the police starts to investigate, our protagonist, obsessed with this murder, and trying to avoid both working and thinking



about her personal  
life, ~~conducts~~  
her own very  
messy investigation.  
~~It~~ involves rummaging  
around the site at  
night and searching  
in the museum  
director's office,  
for she suspects here  
she waddles with  
the official  
investigation until  
she finally uncovers  
the dark truth.

The book tells  
the true of the  
protagonist's travel

during with  
long descriptions  
of events and  
feelings and  
notes about her  
book and the  
murder at the  
same time.

~~It~~ is also an  
incursion into the  
daily life of Samakkale  
and the excavation  
site.

Day 1 - Arriving in  
Samakkale

You know how they  
say that in travels,  
and in life, it is not  
the destination that  
counts, but the journey.  
Well, it has not been  
like that for me.  
I am always so  
focused on the  
destination that I  
forget to enjoy the  
journey. And nine  
times than not, the  
destination ends up  
being disappointing.

Now I am, now,  
on the ferry to the  
small Turkish city  
of Samakkale, near  
the excavation site of

Hissarlik, a Troy.  
And this time, I  
will really try to  
enjoy the journey.

This first time  
travelling alone for  
years is being  
harder for me than  
I anticipated. It  
has been a year,  
and still, I have  
not gotten used to  
this loneliness...  
this silence...

Now with this  
how quiet I  
have the company  
of the ~~church~~ and  
Sophia. S.

The ferry<sup>is</sup> coming  
to a halt now,  
I will remove  
writing when I  
see the hotel.

After leaving the  
ferry, and while  
I was trying to  
cross the street at  
the light, my eye  
caught a small  
bespectled lady  
running, as the light  
was already red,  
with a fishbowl  
in her stretched hand  
and several redfish

being shook around  
in it. So she had  
~~it~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~  
~~fish~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~  
~~hand~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~  
~~fish~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~  
~~hand~~

Day 2 - ~~Troy~~  
I have to quickly  
~~talk~~ about this  
woman I met  
in the bus from  
the city to the  
Troy museum and  
excavation site.  
I was already  
on board when she

entered, very calm,  
very blonde and  
in a white ~~coat~~ and  
briquet hat with a rainbow  
She looked around  
with a scared look  
and although the  
bus was not full,  
she sat next to  
me. We did not  
speak for the first  
half of the ride, each  
of looking through the  
window to the  
yellowish / brownish  
landscape around  
and to the <sup>way</sup> clouds  
~~with~~ with beautiful  
forms ~~against~~ against the  
blue sky.

But, as the cubic  
ruined shape of  
the new Troy  
museum appeared  
on the horizon on  
our left side,  
she started speaking  
about her journey  
here from Germany  
and how she felt  
it was a mistake  
coming, but she  
could not help it,  
she could not force  
herself to stay home.  
I asked why, but  
but she did not



answers and instead asked what I was doing here, was I a tourist? A Troy enthusiast? I felt compelled to answer and told her about my book project and how I had been doing research about the life of Schliemann and of the first excavation of this site we were visiting, and how he converted the pits into Troy and made people

believe it was Troy with his passion for it, but then carved a huge trench in the middle of it, and robbed its treasures.

I also told her I was meeting the chief-archaeologist and he was going to give me a tour of the site. She smiled at me and turned

her head to the window as if she was tired of conversing. I did the same and as the landscape went by I started thinking about the past year and all the events that lead me here and suddenly the ~~year~~ of this fish shook in his soul seemed evanescent in comparisons

It is now 2130 am I just got back to the hotel in Sanakkal and have to write this down while it is all fresh in my mind but I am so tired...

After the bus stopped at the entrance of the museum I lost my new friend she vanished. I was met by the museum director who asked if I wanted to visit first or meet the archaeologist at the site.



I chose the latter and she led the way in her yellow shoes gradually becoming dustier.

When I asked if I could visit and see the excavation site and consult the archives, I did not expect a special treatment, but I learned that another ~~historian~~ archaeologist had read my latest book and liked it ~~so~~ <sup>so much I agree</sup> so he wanted to personally accompany me on this tour, plus he was excited

about a novel, a fictional work based on the controversial Schlieffen and his wife.

I was glad he did, because he was no pedant about his work that he made the rocks come to life.


After we went through ~~the~~ several layers of the settlement, he excused himself ~~and saying~~ he had to check something

and asked me to meet him at the Roman Theatre. I opened ~~the door~~ of course. As I continued walking when I suddenly heard a scream and another and another someone was screaming "Cassandre, Cassandre" where are you? I started looking around for a missing child but saw none then I looked closer at the woman screaming

and now she was weeping <sup>loud</sup> ~~loud~~ and frantically waving her hands. suddenly he started a monolog about godders and revenge. People gathered around her some amused, others surprised or confused. When she left after some minutes I looked around looking for my guide, ~~for we were~~ ~~at~~ because we were at the theater.

not very high I  
exploded the stone  
auditorium with  
my eyes and  
suddenly someone  
else screamed,  
~~help~~  
~~help~~  
People looked, but  
it was another  
woman and  
she said "Help,  
~~help~~  
~~help~~  
Someone fainted:  
I looked, and <sup>now</sup>  
~~looked~~ ~~at~~  
~~the~~ ~~floor~~  
A man saw that  
thing on the floor

It was the girl ~~that~~  
behind a column.  
A few minutes passed  
in ~~the~~ ~~auditorium~~ ~~the~~  
she jumped the  
rope and went  
towards her,  
touched her  
but she did not  
move, he came  
out of the theater  
and talked on  
the phone in  
Turkish, someone  
translated. She is  
dead, her neck  
is broken. At  
that point the  
arched ~~door~~ came  
back. They



asked us to  
gather at the  
bar at the  
exit and after  
what seemed a  
very long time the  
police arrived, with  
the museum director,  
we were all questioned,  
in Turkish ~~and~~ in  
English, and all  
told more or less  
the same... The  
woman, the ~~person~~  
the scream.  
The ~~person~~ asked  
if anyone knew the

young woman  
and I said  
I had talked  
to her on the  
bus. All others  
denied having met  
her. I had to  
tell in detail  
what we had  
talked about  
and then we  
were released  
and I said  
good bye to  
my hosts and  
took a taxi, to  
my ~~home~~ saying



I would be soon  
~~at the museum~~ the next day  
It was dark  
when I left  
and when I  
passed the  
exit of the museum  
toward the taxi  
I smelled the  
lavender ~~and~~  
growing nearby  
and felt the  
warmth of  
the mist air  
but I could not  
relax, I was  
thinking about the  
girl and how the

police seemed to  
think of this as  
an accident, that  
while we were all  
looking at the  
performer, she tried  
to jump the ropes  
delimiting the  
path and fell  
on the hard  
stone, instantly  
breaking her  
neck. But I  
could not stop  
thinking about  
what she said,

that it was a  
mistake being  
there, and a  
word formed  
in my mind

**MURDER**

As the taxi dropped  
me in front of  
the Piri Reis  
Museum, just  
next to my  
hotel, that is  
all I could  
think about.

**JULY 3 - MURDER,  
SHE SAID**

Today I woke up ~~and~~  
~~feeling~~ sad and  
with no energy.

Am I sad for  
myself or for this  
girl I did not  
know?

I forced myself to  
take a shower and  
took the bus back  
to Troy to consult  
the archives about  
Pirican Treasure  
and talk to the  
museum's official  
responsible for

the efforts to  
bring back the  
artifacts from  
Russia and Germany  
to Turkey, to this  
museum.

The wind was  
blowing so strong  
when I stepped  
out of the bus,  
that my scarf  
flew away and  
thought of ~~the~~  
~~that the~~ ~~in~~  
something I had  
read that the  
wind here was

convinced a  
richness because  
it was what  
lived the boats  
stop here and  
it boosted commerce.

At the museum  
everything was  
closed and there  
was no one to  
interview or  
take me to the  
archives, so I  
just sat here  
in the cafe,  
observing the

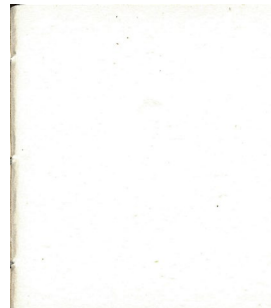
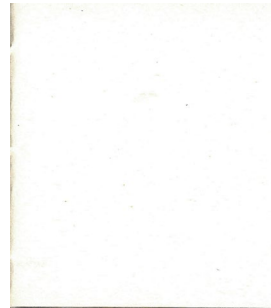
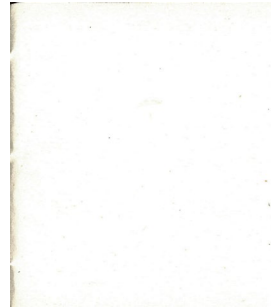
tourists and  
light coming  
through the  
windows. I  
remember the  
last time we  
were here, together,  
the museum was  
in construction  
and we wandered  
around, happy. I  
think it was the  
first time I had  
the idea for the  
new book and  
that is why the  
reason, I have

not been able  
to work on it.  
**Inconstantly**  
claiming  
writer's block  
My mind has just  
come back to the  
dead girl.

# Voyage

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ISBN 978-88-6764-301-1



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