the ‘circular’ piazza:
landscape and history as architectural material

constanta, romania

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in this little corner are my valuable readers:

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abstract

the ‘circular’ piazza: landscape and history as architectural material
constanta, romania
by ioana ruxandra urma

submitted to the department of architecture on january 19, 2001 on partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree of master of architecture

ideas
This thesis attempts to demonstrate that architecture, conceived from human experi-
ence, is a dual process of thinking and doing, in addition to being a building or a final
product, and can occur at any scale of development (as large as an urban space).

The thesis tries to create a strong correlation between things that people experience
through the senses - real things, visible - and those that they experience through the
mind - imaginary things, invisible.

Defined as the great composition of existing materials and forms, the site
and everything it encompasses, structures both ‘natural’ and man-made, landscape
represents the visible, which deals with the experience of the body (the senses).

Defined as that by which meaning and value is attributed to visible things,
history, in the form of thought and memory, represents the invisible, which deals with
the experience of the mind.

To create a full human experience, a true experience, one must acknowledge that full
reality is non-linear. The thesis then mandates that single events be approached from
a wholistic perspective.

The method by which to deal with the complexity of information gathered
through this wholistic process is to act according to feeling by feeding the subconscious with analytical information and translating that information into perceptual
representation through metaphor and diagram.

ideas into reality
Piazza Ovidiu, the central focus of the old town of Constanta, Romania has been
chosen as the site for the experiment, as it is both rich in invisible historical informa-
ion and, as a disfunctional post-communist public space, it is in great need of
rehabilitation.

Redefining ‘piazza’ to be a zone of public interaction, rather than a common open space,
the thesis thus proposes that the area be divided into a series of sub-spaces, stories
interwoven through the land and through time. Being related, these individual events
would allow for an experiential understanding of the complexity of the ‘whole,’ ac-
knowledging the infinite or circular relationship between the visible-landscape-body
and the invisible-history-mind.

thesis advisor: hasan-uddin khan
title: visiting associate professor of architecture

1 The title refers to Jorge Luis Borges’ story entitled ‘The Circular Ruins’ included in the disclo-
sure section. The story both relates to my process of creating while dreaming and makes allusion to the concept of circular, infinite, parallel, non-linear experiences.
This thesis is dedicated to all the people who are part of my childhood.

mixed emotions

the anti-museum non-complex.
-what, a negative thesis?
-no, an antithesis.

This above was the first thought-intention that came to mind when I began conceiving to work on the project in early May, 2000. I realized then that this thesis would really be antithesis: i.e. THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING.

man gets tired
spirit don't
man surrenders
spirit won't
man crawls
spirit flies
spirit lives when man dies

man seems
spirit is
man dreams
spirit lives
man is tenured
spirit free
what spirit is man can be
what spirit is the man can be.

This rather unknown and simple poem by The Waterboys expresses the difference between the real world which encompasses existing matter and the world of feeling, which transcends time and space. (The thesis is based on the dilemma between the two). I used this short poem to help get me through my first project at MIT. So I have significantly placed it at the beginning of my thesis, for that is when my thesis actually began.

(The Waterboys. "Spirit" song off of the album The Best of the Waterboys '81-'90 [originally on This is the Sea, 1985]. New York: Chrysalis Records Ltd., 1991.)
This thesis book has been assembled in such a way as to invite the reader to step into the process: not to remain a meager, helpless, excluded bystander, but to partake in the fun experience of discovery.

In this, it supports the modern, free-market consumer ideals by which the user has the choice to look at this or at that, to go here or there, and by default of these consequential paths, find out this or that. (This is true of the book’s organization and of the thesis project itself.) The role of the author - as designer - has been to create the possibility for these journeys to occur.

The motives for this are simple: the thesis is not trying to teach anyone anything or proclaim anything new. It is a search into the mind and soul of the author.

The book is thus organized like a catalog, with clear cut sections that one is encouraged to move between in a non-linear way, back and forth, and across sometimes. Of these divisions, the principal cuts occur between the middleground, foreground and background.

These big section titles relate to the sequence in which I worked on the thesis: background to middleground to foreground. Since that order is not the best way for reading the material, the sections have been re-organized.

middleground
The middleground contains general introductory explanatory information on the ideas and on the place. It is called middleground because it is something in between, neither an innovative foreground, nor a well supportive background. Some change occurs in the middleground (such as maps created), but the result of these changes is not foreground, but background material.

foreground
The foreground is the 'architectural' aspect of the thesis, the part in which real change occurs. It is called foreground because it moves ahead.

background
The background is a collection of material that describes the place. No change occurs in this part. It is called background because it is the background supportive material for the decisions which prompt change in the foreground.
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### middleground

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typical introduction to place
ideas

Throughout my graduate studies at MIT I focused my architectural interests on two topics: landscape and history. The reason for this is that I strongly believe in the principle of context, of building an architecture that is part of the place.

One can design the most fantastic structure, but if it cannot interact with its neighbors, it will not be able to truly exist. Being able to connect is essential. Relationships are important. As an example, one can think of the apparently simple relationship between a tree and a field: there is the spatial relationship of vertical to horizontal and of object to ground; there is the social relationship of the tree depending or feeding off of the field; there is the structural relationship of the tree, with its roots embedded, cantilevering off of the field; there is the poetic or symbolic relationship of the singular tree withstanding the test of time, in the vast field which we can call the universe.

This simple example involves just two 'objects.' One can imagine that the more pieces get involved, and the more varied becomes their nature, the more complex will become the hierarchy of their dependencies. When building in a city, taking the time to understand the pieces involved and the relationships between them is necessary.

landscape
As stated in the abstract, I understand landscape to be: the great composition of existing materials and forms, the site and everything it encompasses, structures both 'natural' and man-made.

Landscape represents the real, the conscious, that which deals with the experience of the body. The 'wholistic' way to interact with the landscape is to treat it as an active ingredient in the process of design. The site should not be a background that one adds to, but something that one works with - both adding and subtracting from. Through this process a new landscape emerges, one that describes the neverending process of change by which things exist.

history
While landscape describes a place in its present condition, history describes a place in time. Unlike the visible landscape, history is invisible. It is the information by which meaning and value is attributed to visible things.

History, in the form of thought or memory, represents the imaginary, the subconscious, that which deals with the experience of the mind. The 'wholistic' way to interact with history is to allow it to slip into the present, to acknowledge the fact that the past enters into the present constantly, in the form of memory, and in the behaviour and emotions triggered by the act of remembering. Just as history itself constantly changes, so our histories constantly shape (change) us. Acknowledging change is acknowledging existence.
In order to build as part of a place, one needs to understand the place. Aside from understanding landscape and history, the ingredients, one needs to be aware of the system into which these things fall. According to this thesis, the system, alluded to as reality, is a composition of non-linear processes. This is based on the following observations and beliefs.

History is not linear because time is not linear. As cities do not develop in a linear fashion, neither is space experienced linearly. And this may or may not be related to the fact that thinking does not follow a linear pattern, or to the fact that we can smell, see, taste, hear, touch, reflect, remember and think all at the same time.

As reality is not-linear one needs to approach single events from a collective perspective, to look at the ‘whole’, and then, most importantly, to interact with this ‘whole’. No preference should be given between that which was and that which is between that here and this there. Just as foreground and background can be simultaneously perceived, so past and present are simultaneously integrated in the experience of the body and that of the mind, in the conscious and in the subconscious.

The means by which one can work with the complexity of these real and imaginary ‘wholes’ is through feeling. Feeling is thus described as being the unconscious result of much conscious input (analysis). Although a great deal of analysis needs to be conducted, the analysis needs to be translated into perceptual representation, rather than remain in computed form. Metaphor is therefore necessary.

One should use analysis to feed intuition (feeling), but when building (taking action), one should not build the diagram, but build according to feeling by bringing all the information through the subconscious. The only way in which one can deal with the complexity of information is to let it float freely in that space of the mind that is not hampered by the singularity of yes/no, here/there, then/now.

One thing this requires is a continuity in the process of thinking and doing; one must work on the problem in an uninterrupted manner, going back and forth between the body and the mind, between the real and the imaginary: thus landscape and history merge.

All this implies that the process is a very personal one.

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1 To create a positive version of this statement, one can replace the phrase non-linear with multidimensional.
2 'That which will be' being an imaginary projected combination of that which was - according to St. Augustine in Book X of Confessions (I-397-398.hippo/1961.usa).
4 Metaphor is the ability to create plastic relationships between real things, whereby one abstracts an inherent idea about the thing, rather than realistically or correctly describing it. As a fun example of the use of metaphor to illustrate an idea directly is the following statement by St. Augustine: “Perhaps these emotions are brought forward from the memory by the act of remembering in the same way as cattle bring up food from the stomach when they chew the cud (Confessions, Book X:14, I-397-398.hippo/1961 usa, p 221)”
typical introduction to place: constanta\textsuperscript{1}, romania

big port city
Constanta is Romania’s second largest city. Located along the Black Sea coast, at the mouth of newly built canal which links the end of the Danube River to the Black Sea (skipping the cruise through the Danube Delta), Constanta houses the largest harbor in Romania and one of the largest in Eastern Europe.

vacation city
Constanta is also the home and starting point for tourists vacationing along Black Sea coast. Its history of tourism started when it passed to Romania in 1878, and it has continued and multiplied until the mid 1980’s. Many foreign tourists and a large part of the Romanian population used to come here until the politico-economic situation began to greatly decline. Since the ‘events of ‘89’, tourism has been on the slow path to revival. Allwithstanding, it is important to recognize that Constanta is conceived on a national consciousness level as a summer party/vacation place.

locative climate
Situated at the edge of the low steppes of the province of Dobrogea, along the western shores of the Black Sea, Constanta has an accentuated continental climate: hot and dry summers and mildly cold winters with strong winds.

crudely brief history
Constanta was originally established as a port city by a Greek colony from Miletus around 600 BC. They called it Tomis. About six hundred years later it came under Roman rule, and that is when the city began to expand. In the early 300’s Emperor Constantine renamed it Constantiana. Although incessantly attacked by invaders mainly from the north-east, Constantiana remained under ‘Roman’ rule until approximately 680 AD.

Little is known of its history after that date until Genoese (and Venetian) sailors came to its shores around 1240 AD and resettled the town, rebuilding its harbor. Shortly after that, in 1420, it fell under the rule of the Ottoman Empire. Its mercantile harbor activity continued, but began to decline as its trade was limited to Istanbul. In the mid 1800’s the Ottoman Empire allowed foreign companies access to the city. The British rebuilt the harbor and built a railway into the city.

In 1878, as part of the province of Dobrogea, Constanta passed to Romania. Since then the city has grown at a tremendous rate (see diagrams and maps on following pages).

(For a decent description see background section.)

\textsuperscript{1} Constanta is pronounced Constantza in Romanian. It is actually written Constanța.
Constanta is located in the province of Dobrogea, along the Black Sea coast, at the mouth of the artificial canal linking the last portion of the Danube River to the Black Sea (directly, before it washes out into the Danube Delta above).

It takes approximately 2 hours by intercity train to reach Constanta from the capital Bucuresti (Bucharest), and about 3-4 hours to drive.
Since its incorporation into Romania, in 1878, Constanța has grown at an amazing rate.

Ruins of Constantiana’s development up to circa 350 AD. (Based on a photograph taken of an ancient city map at Archaeology Museum, Constanta, and on maps and information in H-1963.rom, H-1965.rom, H-1972.rom, H-1982.rom - see photographs in disclosure section).

the site under investigation
Since history was a subject that I had planned to undertake, I “limited” the size of my landscape investigation to the boundaries established by history: the old part of the Constanta that has been settled and unsettled for 26 centuries.
middleground - typical introduction to place. *city growth maps*

Constanta circa 1940's, old city highlighted. (US WWII Military Map, Harvard Map Library, altered).
most recent map of constanta
The map across the page shows the city at its greatest or current extent. Although small in scale in this book format, the map can still be read as descriptive of the city’s character.

pink zone
Active industrial harbor. One can see just how big the harbor has become; it occupies an area approximately the same size as that of the inhabited city.

yellow zone
Residential neighborhoods made up of individual houses or buildings, 1-4 stories tall, often with small gardens next to them. Interspersed within these residential neighborhoods are small businesses.

orange zone
Neighborhoods or arteries of dense residential development. They are the typical horrible concrete apartment buildings raised during the communist era (1950’s-1980’s) to solve the housing crisis created by moving workers from the countryside to the city. One can see how these bands of orange violently cut through the yellow fabric. Much of the small city fabric was demolished to build these apartment zones. These orange bands are the scars of the city. At this scale they identify major paths or larger roads.

red zone
Commercial activity. It is difficult to discern. It is actually usually mixed within or next to the orange zones.

brown zone
This is the area of industrial activity: factories, warehouses. They are set to the west and south-west of the original city growth, out beyond the cemeteries. The residential zones south of these brown areas are newer development.

light green zone
Parks, cemeteries, hills and, more yellowish, beaches.

dry green zone
Agro-industrial production.

water
Saltwater (Black Sea) is colored darker than fresh water.

other things worth noting
This map also shows intact the historic main artery of Constanta, Tomis Boulevard, starting in the old city and going up all the way to the lake. It marks the ancient path out of the city. In the lower half it houses many cultural events (theaters, museums, etc.).

Also of note is the highly developed, thin strip of land between the lake and the sea, in the northern part of the city. These are the hotels for the summer vacationers. It is also a tradition, however, for tourists to rent rooms with families living in small homes with gardens in the city.
middleground - typical introduction to place. city growth maps

Constanta circa 1990's - looks like a sea-horse (M-1990s.rom, pasted together, colors altered).
city character = adhoc
Based on its geographic location between 'east' and 'west' (see background) and its condition as a port city, Constanta is a diverse and open city. Its healthy, complex ethnic mix, though dwindled during the communist regime, still defines and differentiates the city from others in Romania. Constanta is messy, both in constructive and deconstructive ways.
middleground - typical introduction to place.

*aerial photos*

Old district: Greco-Roman ruins in front of the Romanian Orthodox Cathedral (Editura ROMART Design, Constanta).

Old district: Mixed up sector, including the originally Bulgarian Orthodox Church, later German Lutheran, now Romanian Orthodox (Editura ROMART Design, Constanta).
function maps

I prepared these ‘typical’ urban analysis maps to describe the city by functions/building program.

In the process of separating out the functions by layers (in Photoshop), I discovered a few interesting relationships.

There is a parallel between ancient ruins and museums. The implication is tragic, as in my mind, both are ‘dead’ objects. Considering the economic hardships of today’s Constanta (and Romania)... who has the time or care for museum visits. And yet, everyone should have the opportunity to learn about history in the live. Knowledge of the past, particularly of one’s past, is a human obligation.

Even in the future, who will be interested in visiting ancient relics in a museum, but specialists or tourists once in their life. Wasn’t the sarcophagus used as a water trough a more true experience of history (see descriptive opinions section).

There is also a parallel between Ottoman period structures and religious buildings. This basically entails that all the other buildings of the Ottoman period were demolished. The implications of why this happened could be complicated, so with lack of evidence, the question remains open.

These two are the most interesting of the observations. The other remarks, such as commercial activity defining the historic main street, or zones of concentrated activity such as the industrial harbor, are not worth writing about. The reader can easily understand that by looking at the maps himself.
middleground - typical introduction to place function maps

ANCIENT RUINS
(600 BC - 680 AD)

MUSEUMS

OTTOMAN PERIOD STRUCTURES
(1420-1878, structures date from mid 1800's)

RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS
middleground - typical introduction to place. function maps

ENTERTAINMENT

PARKS

SCULPTURES

INDUSTRIAL
**The grand function map**

Putting all the functions together on one map both helps and hinders the process of comprehension. I used more prominent colors for the more public activities, so that the pattern of public concentration become recognized. Some of the colors coincide with ones used traditionally by urban planners, others do not. I tried to listen to a comment once made by Professor Beinart in which he ‘questioned’ why planners always use the same colors.

In this map neighborhoods start to become identifiable. Two or three zones are almost completely yellow, meaning residential. The commercial street can be read as a lifeline, running from the new city to the center of the old one.
Map of old district of Constanta by building program.
translation of information
the act of translation

the need to translate
In order to make true use of the complexity of information provided by such studies and gathering charettes as those found in the middleground and background sections, the information needs to be translated into material that can be grasped directly. The data cannot remain tabulated in a table, but must be transformed. This calls for an act of representation by which direct correlations between idea and reality are made. As Daisetz T. Suzuki wrote in his book *Zen and Japanese Culture*:

> The word is not to be detached from the thing or the fact or the experience.  

what to translate into
The means by which the information can be seized directly is through its absorption by the senses - by the body. This way, it can reach the mind in pure felt form, devoid of the need for an internal translation, or barrier, between the body and the mind. Thus the data needs to be represented in visual, tactile, auditory, olfactory, and/or gustatory form. (This thesis only uses the visual and tactile.) Filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsky illustrates this idea:

> The image makes palpable a unity in which manifold different elements are contiguous and reach over into each other. One may talk of the idea of the image, describe its essence in words. But such a description will never be adequate. An image can be created and make itself felt. It may be accepted or rejected. But none of this can be understood in any cerebral sense.  

the way to translate
The way in which to do this is to become a little stupid - to loose consciousness - so as to work directly from the open mind (as children do). Some quotes from Suzuki support this approach:

> In all things, it is important to forget your mind and become ‘one’ with the work at hand. The mind of no mind (mushin no shin)... a mind unconscious of itself... is always flowing.  

In his discussion of art, Tarkovsky elucidates the value of this no-mind approach (he calls it artistic intuition) over the limited analytical approach (he calls it scientific intuition).

> Of course intuition plays a part in science as it does in art, and this might seem to be a common element in these contrasting modes of mastering reality. However, despite its great importance in each case, intuition is not at all the same phenomenon in poetic creativity as it is in scientific research.  
> Equally, the term understanding denotes quite different things in these two spheres of activity.
Understanding is a scientific sense means agreement on a cerebral, logical level; it is an intellectual act akin to the process of proving a theorem.

Understanding an artistic image means an aesthetic acceptance of the beautiful, on an emotional or even supra-emotional level.

(Andrei Tarkovsky, Sculpting in Time, 1986, p 40, from larger excerpt in disclosure)

**Examples of direct contact with 'translated' material**

from *Experiencing Architecture* by Steen Eiler Rasmussen (1957, 1977)

...[T]he child familiarizes himself with all sorts of playthings which increase his opportunities to experience his surroundings. If he sucks his finger and sticks it in the air, he discovers what the wind is like in the low strata of air in which he moves about. But with a kite he has an aerial feeler out high up in the atmosphere. He is one with his hoop, his scooter, his bicycle. By a variety of experiences he quite instinctively learns to judge things according to weight, solidity, texture, heat-conducting ability.

Before throwing a stone he first gets the feel of it, turning it over and over until he has the right grip on it, and then weighing it in his hand. After doing this often enough, he is able to tell what a stone is like without touching it at all; a mere glance is sufficient.

When we see a spherical object we do not simply note its spherical shape. While observing it we seem to pass our hands over it in order to experience its various characteristics.

Though the many kinds of balls and marbles that are used in various games have the same geometric shape, we recogznize them as objects of extremely different character. Their size alone, in relation to the human hand, not only gives them different quantities, but different qualities. Color plays a part, but weight and strength are much more important. The large football, made to be kicked, is essentially different from the little white tennis ball that is struck by the hand, or by the racquet which is simply an extension of the hand.

At an early age the child discovers that some thigs are hard, others soft, and some so plastic that they can be kneaded and moulded by hand. He learns that the hard ones can be ground by still harder materials so that they become sharp and pointed, and therefore objects cut like a diamond are perceived as hard. Quite the reverse, pliable stuffs, like bread dough, can be given rounded forms, and no matter how you cut them up, the section will always show an unbroken curve.

From such observations we learn that there are certain forms which are called hard and others soft, regardless of whether the materials they are made of are actually soft of hard.

(p 18-19)

At about the time when the child becomes aware of the textures of various materials he also forms an idea of tautness as opposed to slackness. The boy who makes a bow and draws the string so tightly that it hums, enjoys its tautness and receives an impression for life of a tense curve and when he sees a fishing net hung up to dry, he experiences how reposeful its slack and heavy lines are.

(p 28)

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1 Intuition is a strangely constructed term for it sounds as if it is something innate. Rather, I think that it depends on a lot of work. It relates to the sensibility or the degree of openness and to the time a person is willing to submit to observation. Without observation, without the input of a lot of information, this process called 'intuition' would not be able occur.
interpretive model

I built this 1:2000 model in an initial attempt to explain to others and to help myself to understand the character of this old part of the city.

the character of the city
The old part of Constanta is visually very complicated, with buildings ranging from many periods, of many different shapes and sizes, varying in orientation to the street, varying in distances between them. Walking through this district is like swimming in a sea of materials: grass, concrete, plaster, painted metal, green leaves, a piece of sky, a piece of the sea in the distance. Cars are parked both on the street and on the curb. Trees are planted both here and there. Paint and stucco are peeling and fading off of many structures, complicating the image.

And yet all this would be tolerable, perhaps manageable as an image of the city, if there were not so many vacant lots. Dispersed throughout the old district, these vacant lots are like missing teeth in an old person’s mouth. They make it difficult to chew, to eat. These open spaces dissolve the meaning and function of the street, and thus the meaning and function of the remaining fabric that is so desperately trying to hold its place, obey the law, form a legible fabric.

the model, its colors and materials
As I found the vacant lots to be a prominent phenomenon, this 1:2000 model shows the vacant lots as primary (in yellowish green) and the buildings (in white) as secondary, unrecognizable, faded.

The few monumental buildings that stand out within this messy mix are built big and painted black. They are the necessary landmarks Kevin Lynch talks about in The Image of the City. Buildings of semi-recognizable character are built in white, but bigger, protruding above the plane of vacant lots.

The industrial harbor, perceived as a busy, full and dirty place, is represented this way.

Ancient ruins, the scars of the history and of the earth, are painted orange. Even as bright as they are, it is clear that they aren’t too many. So the strange discrepancy between the imaginary layer of history - 1,200 years of known Greco-Roman civilization - and its evidence in the visible landscape becomes clarified.

Large, recognizable patterns of trees are built out of bright yellow strips of foam so that their form is visible. Planted after Constanta passed to Romania in 1878, there are specific reasons as to their pattern and location. The trees talk about the evolution of the town’s landscape and culture: shading a promenade for tourists, retaining a hill from washing into the sea, filling over the scars of a removed railroad junction.

The natural hill is painted darker than the built city so that the form of the peninsula can be read.

Finally, the shimmering sea is represented by a bronze paper.
1:2000 interpretive model of old city in current condition.
The hill comes out... and shows that there are ruins underneath, a history that people have built upon and covered up. A great hidden scar, only known about through reading.

**the city as a puzzle = pulling the model apart**

So as to demonstrate the impermanence of the top city layer, of that messy mix of vacant lot and scattered fabric, I made the pieces detachable. Only landmark buildings are glued down.

The intent was to give my reviewers the option of moving these puzzle pieces of the city around, into any desired configuration.

These seemingly violent actions would be in actual keeping with the character of the city's development. Constanta's form has progressed through countless demolition and construction projects which have often disregarded previous occupation. The Romans expanded the city on top of cemeteries that lay outside the city walls. During the Ottoman period (and possibly before) ancient architectural remains were adaptively reused out of original context.

Here a Greek frieze serves as the foundation of a Roman wall, further on, Roman bricks form the staircase to a Turkish house... Further away, a grave serves as a water trough for cows and horses..." (Camille Allard, Frenchman in charge of building highway to Constanta from 1855 on, in H-1972.rom, p 79)

The British rebuilt the harbor on top of the medieval Genoese works. The Romanians, who have built most of the existing city (after 1878), often disregarded ancient ruins. This attitude changed only in the mid 1960's, though even this summer I saw a man repairing a car on top of or right next to the ruins of the ancient city wall.
[The city] is the product of many builders who are constantly modifying the structure for reasons of their own. While it may be stable in general outlines for some time, it is ever changing in detail. Only partial control can be exercised over its growth and form. *There is no final result, only a continuous succession of phases* (Kevin Lynch, *The Image of the City*, A-1960.usa/1994.usa, p 2).

Demonstration of how one can remove the city blocks.
Trees as yellow bands.

Landmark building painted black.

Black line is bus route.

The dirty harbor, full of big anonymous warehouses.

Remarkable buildings arising out of mixed open and filled lots.

The shapely hill, more prominent than the built forms (contours measured by counting steps).

The sandy beach.
The center of the old town: Piazza Ovidiu. It almost feels as if you can pick it by the middle, like a handle.

**piazza ovidiu (the project site)**

The interpretive model shows the piazza, a long hollow space, dominated by a large building. It seems that the building and the statue (of Ovid) in the middle define the place. In line with these two objects, and perpendicular to the movement of the landscape, is a heavy concrete staircase at the edge of the hill facing the touristic harbor. The intersection of the hollow space with these three objects makes for an ill-defined piazza.

The heavy harbor in the distance seems like a limitless barrier, while the little harbor in front is in nice proportions, and reflective of the landscape beyond.
map of photographs

The interpretive model explains the character of the city in a very general way. While it is true that the old district of Constanța is made up of rather scrambled mass-void lots, those lots are, in fact, not reversible or moveable, like I first proposed. There are recognizable neighborhoods. I realized this when I organized the photographs of the city in the form of a map of the city.

The map of photographs organized the photographs so that they represent the space they speak of. For example, the commercial street was arranged as a long line of photographs. A quiet and enclosed neighborhood took a more squarish form. For neighborhoods bearing the character of being scattered with monumental structures, images of those monuments were scattered through the city fabric photos.

As that map is very big, including over 120 photographs, only a representation of it is included in the thesis book. The photographs of the three public zones of the old city have been laid out in the form of the city map and in response to their particular geometries.
Public Zone 1: Archaeology Park and 'White House.' BIG SCALE, empty, modern.

Public Zone 2: Piazza Ovidiu. Historic, cultural, adhoc.

Public Zone 3: Sea-side Promenade. Traditional/historic tourist park and entertainment area.
diagram of recognizable neighborhoods

I constructed this diagram to summarize what I understood about the city from the interpretive model and the map of photographs. The diagram explains the formal character of the recognizable neighborhoods.

The term recognizable neighborhoods refers to the buildings and streets that can be read together as a group, that bear a specific character. Since many buildings and streets cannot be perceptually integrated into such sets, they have been excluded from the map. Orange spaces on the map between the recognizable neighborhoods denote these perplexing spaces.

The background color of the neighborhood represents the degree to which it is private or public: white (being lighter, suggesting emptiness) is most private, black (being heavier) is most public.

Buildings are colored in or outlined in different thicknesses depending on the degree to which they are seen as objects on a field, or merely as walls defining spaces.

Trees are shown as diagonal hatches because they are filtering devices.
Diagram of recognizable neighborhoods. Three most public zones are black (see map of photos on previous page).
piazza ovidiu
existing situation
piazza ovidiu

why i chose piazza ovidiu
In the diagram of recognizable neighborhoods I identified three zones of public interaction: the waterfront promenade park, Piazza Ovidiu and the Archaeology Park zone. Of these three, the waterfront park is fine, beautiful, sought out and circulated. The other two, Piazza Ovidiu and the Archaeology Park zone need some work. While the Archaeology Park area calls for practical redevelopment ideas to organize it better as a transportation hub, Piazza Ovidiu necessitates a more complex approach, one dealing with the many historical artifacts present within and around it. Moreover, it is of great public concern that this traditional gathering place is now empty, that the piazza has died (a phenomenon that began in the 1970’s).

its history
Proportionally in the center of the old city, Piazza Ovidiu is the historic space for public interaction: an agora during the Greek period, a forum during the Roman domination, and a cereals market during the Ottoman rule (see guidebook opinions). Located at the end of the main pedestrian commercial street, during the Romanian administration the piazza has been conceived as a place to go to, both by locals living in other parts of Constanta and tourists.

Its name relates to the statue of the Roman poet Ovid - who was exiled and died in Constanta (then Tomis) - placed by the Romanian state in the piazza in 1887. Since then the piazza has been perceived as the cultural center of the city. Evidence for this is the recent (1977) conversion of the former City Hall building into the National History and Archaeology Museum.

the current condition
Due to economic decline during the last period of communism (starting in the early 80’s) and in the years of democratic chaos which have followed it, human activity has diminished in Piazza Ovidiu. Many buildings in the piazza and in the vicinity are vacant shells or have become vacant lots. The infill structures which have sprung up are completely unfit from a formal perspective (badly built), and only partly fit from a functional perspective.

Whatever activities once sustained the piazza, such as sightseeing and museum-going, do so no more. Under great economic pressure, people no longer have the time for leisure pursuits. I highly doubt whether, once economically stable, such activities could again support this public space. This is because I consider museums to be dead spaces, and the objects placed inside of them as things which have been killed. (I visit them because I have no other venue by which come into contact with the imprisoned artwork).

Also, since the revolution living conditions have changed, allowing or enforcing more people to buy cars. Thus the piazza has turned into a street and parking lot.
**formal description**

Piazza Ovidiu is basically defined by the National History and Archaeology Museum building (the City Hall from 1921-1977), the statue of Ovid centered on this building, and its paving pattern. Except for the two 1960's concrete apartment buildings framing the museum, around it is chaos. (Chaos = an adhoc mixture of old and new buildings, of a variety of heights and styles, vacant lots, and cared for open spaces.)

**defining the size of the piazza**

Based on these facts and on looking at the plan, it is clear that the piazza space cannot be restrained to the long open area in front of the museum. The piazza must be considered to be the whole zone of open and closed spaces that falls at the juncture of the neighborhoods and streets running into it; it must span the whole distance between the shore full of ruins facing the industrial harbor and the abrupt shore facing the touristic harbor.

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Piazza Ovidiu currently functions as a street and parking lot (detail of postcard by Editura Romart Design, Constanta, 1990's, colors altered).
1. Synagogue dating to late Ottoman period (mid 1800's).
2. Traditional pedestrian commercial street, residential above.
3. Nice older structure, housing offices.
4. 1960's concrete apartment building w/retail at ground level.
5. Nice older building, bank.
6. Continuation of commercial street, mixed older buildings with bad infils in vacant lots.
7. National History and Archaeology Museum (former City Hall).
8. Statue of Roman poet Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso), exiled and died in this city.
10. Most horrible building of some mixed public/private function, finished this year, next to nice modernist apartment building.
11. The building covering a huge Roman mosaic, sitting on top of reconstructed Roman warehouses.
12. 1960's concrete apartment building w/retail at ground level.
14. Turn of century bank building, currently just a shell.
15. Carol I Mosque, principal mosque of Constanta, built 1910.
16. Industrial harbor.
17. Touristic harbor.
Piazza Ovidiu (existing) in my 1:500 model (though shadows are 'correct,' will not photograph in bright sun again...).

National History and Archaeology Museum with statue of Ovid in front, from vacant lot (iu.2000).
Looking down toward the sea, the ‘exit’ of Piazza Ovidiu (iu.2000).

View of the Touristic Harbor, from above the concrete staircase (iu.2000)

Looking up toward the town, the ‘entrance’ to Piazza Ovidiu (iu.2000).
animation

the call for metaphor
I acquired the idea and instinctive feeling that though we are in the middle of an experimenting, calculating and utilitarian age, we still have to believe that play has a vital role in building a society for man, the eternal child.

(Alvar Aalto, quoted by Juhani Pallasmaa in an article on Alvar Aalto, R-1993 usa, p 412)
foreground - animation. how and why to animate

how and why to animate

We get to the point where we cannot describe our impressions of an object without treating it as a living thing with its own physiognomy. For even the most precise description, enumerating all visible characteristics, will not give an inkling of what we feel is the essence of the thing itself. Just as we do not notice the individual letters in a word but receive a total impression of the idea the word conveys, we generally are not aware of what it is that we perceive but only of the conception created in our minds when we perceive it.

(Steen Eiler Rasmussen, Experiencing Architecture, A-1957 den/1977 usa, p 32)

Animation is the highest honor one can impart unto a non-breathing object. It means to give that object life. Animation happens through metaphor.

the need to animate

Animation is crucial to design because it allows for complex information to be translated down to a simple, comprehensible level. It does this by creating direct relationships between things one is familiar with and things that one does not fully understand. Such connections help to explain things that are felt but have no obvious justification. Animation helps to ground or sustain ideas that appear to be based on fleeting 'intuition'.

animation through body metaphors

Being amongst the greatest of human concerns, the body is perhaps the ‘object’ one is most familiar with. Therefore metaphors relating to the body are most helpful. Yet because of the fact that the body is more than an object - it is a living organism - such metaphors can also take the characteristics of its actions - breathing, eating, digesting, pulsating - and its sensations - hunger, warmth, fatigue.

use of animation in this project

As explained in the next section, the stomach idea = the story of my process, I had a very difficult time understanding why I so strongly felt that the piazza could not be an open space, a hollowed space. My feelings suggested that the middle grow, that it become an object, perhaps. I found support for these feelings through animative metaphor. In a super-plastic way, I looked at the city as a living creature: it had a big head and big feet, but was rather skinny in the stomach area. This comparison helped make the problem evident: the stomach needed to grow to serve the needs of this big creature.

In comparing the piazza to the skinny stomach of a large creature, I found both reasoning to make it fat and to fill it up with activity. And any simple person could understand that directly. As architecture is for all people, all people should be invited to understand it.

1 to animate: to give life to, to make alive (Random House College Dictionary. New York: Random House, 1982.) From the Latin word anima, meaning soul. From anima comes the Romanian word for heart, inima. And so on and so forth.
the stomach idea = the story of my process
The idea came from the following observation that occurred at midnight between Monday, October 30 and Tuesday, October 31:

the street was swollen like a pregnant belly
black
and shiny
and wet
the wind was moving
yellow leaves stuck to the street

Then Tuesday morning, in bed as always, I rotated the model in my head until it started to grow in the middle. It grew fat and soft and it was nice for it. For the next four days I was wrapped in a thick veil of complete euphoria.

This design initiative was an intuitive response to a perceptual/poetic observation. In order to be sure that the piazza needed to be pregnant or fat, like I felt it should be, I had to analyze the situation. Why did I so strongly want it to be fat? I had been thinking that there was something nice about the current piazza... the paving. The paving of the current piazza is made up of a pattern of lines that cross the surface diagonally from one side to the next. As the piazza is currently designed like a street, it is slightly arched in the middle for water runoff. This arch, together with the pattern makes it look round or swollen, and so it makes it look both smoother and softer. All this I knew, but didn’t realize the full potential for until I saw the street that night.

The street appeared swollen because it was wet... and because there was no one around, no cars on it, I was free to observe its curved smoothness lit by the bright streetlights. The light perceptually increased the fullness of its curves.

It’s more fat than pregnant, because pregnant alludes to it being filled with something that will come out, pregnant implies rapid change... but this piazza is just supposed to be fat so as to be soft and round, and permanent in its shape.
The drawing above is of the stomach, as it relates to the thin hills, which are suggestively pushing it up. Spots of underground adventures insert themselves into these greater landscapes moves, linking them together (60 x 82 cm).

Wish. (Unknown) people shown reinhabiting the space of the piazza (photographs overlapped by chance - see chance in background section - M. Botasliu.2000 & iu.2000).
(the stomach idea cont.)

But this analysis wasn’t enough to support just how round I wanted it to be. I wanted it to be so that you couldn’t see over it. So I thought again. I remembered that from the beginning I wanted this piazza to be something more than an empty place or an idea... the piazza had to be something in its own right. An object. Something of three-dimensional architectural value. But why? At this point I remembered my 1:2000 model of the city... how cute it looked. So I realized that the city was very much like a little creature: it was alive. The metaphor took form:

the old part of constanta is like a little fragile and broken, crooked creature
like a penguin, walking, tapping his big feet on the water
loosely
piata ovidiu is the stomach of this creature, and so it must be soft and round
it has intestines (the aqueducts)... but also smooth skin covering its belly (the rubber)
and it is a very hungry little creature
if one looks at how big the top part (head) and the bottom part (feet) are... one will understand why the tiny stomach needs to be very active so as to feed these big parts of the body...
the stomach needs to grow... currently it is long and thin... everything passes right through...
i’m trying to work so as to keep the food moving around and digested a little longer.
Hideousness and beauty are contained within each other.


1:1000 sketch model-map showing how skinny the little creature gets in the middle.
relating architecture to the human body = an old process
My idea about the stomach analogy is nothing new... people have been making anthropomorphic interpretations of the natural or built environment since thought began. [Children do this naturally.] Suzanne Preston Blier has written an interesting piece about this entitled “Houses are Human: Architectural Self-Images,” in her book *The Anatomy of Architecture*. In it, she describes the way that the Batammaliba people of Togo and Benin Republic relate the members of the house to members of the human body. This should be seen as but one example of many.

Vitruvius was amongst the first to coin relationships of architecture to the human body. As interesting support material, I have included his ‘story’ about the origin of the three orders. Of interest in this narrative is the manner in which the author uses the story to support the reality: he interrupts the fiction to give a calculated account (measurements and proportions) of the material in question. This aspect of it his writing makes it a good example of the circular process between the imaginary and the real.

an ancient example of architecture and the body

3. ...To the forms of their columns are due the names of the three orders, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, of which the Doric was the first to arise, and in early times. For Dorus, the son of Hellen and the nymph Phthia, was king of Achaea and all the Peloponnesus, and he built a fane, which chanced to be of this order, in the precinct of Juno at Argolis, a very ancient city, and subsequently others of the same order in other cities of Achaea, although the rules of symmetry were not yet in existence.

4. Later, the Athenians, in obedience to oracles of the Delphic Apollo, and with the general agreement of all Hellas, dispatched thirteen colonies at one time to Asia Minor, appointing leaders for each colony and giving the command-in-chief to Ion, son of Xuthus and Creusa (whom further Apollo at Delphi in the oracles had acknowledged as his son). Ion conducted those colonies to Asia Minor, took possession of the land of Caria, and there founded the grand cities of Ephesus, Miletus, Myus (long ago engulfed by the water, and its sacred rites and suffrage handed over by the Ionians to the Milesians), Priene, Samos, Teos, Colophon, Chius, Erythrae, Phocaea, Clazomenae, Lebedos, and Melite. This Melite, on account of the arrogance of its citizens, was destroyed by the other cities in a war declared by general agreement, and in its place, through the kindness of King Atalus and Arsinoe, the city of the Smyrnaeans was admitted among the Ionians.

5. Now these cities, after driving out the Carians and Lelegans, called that part of the world Ionia and from their leader Ion, and there they set off precincts for the immortal gods and began to build fanes: first of all, a temple to Panionion Apollo such as they had seen in Achaea, calling it Doric because they had first seen that kind of temple built in the states of the Doriens.

6. Wishing to set up columns in that temple, but not having rules for their symmetry, and being in search of some way by which they could render them fit to bear a load and also of a satisfactory beauty of appearance, they measured the imprint of a man’s foot and compared this with his height. On finding that, in a man, the foot was one sixth of the height, they applied the same principle to the column, and reared the shaft, including the capital, to a height six times its thickness at its base. Thus the Doric column, as used in buildings, began to exhibit the proportions, strength, and beauty of the body of a man.
7. Just so afterwards, when they desired to construct a temple to Diana in a new style of beauty, they translated these footprints into terms characteristic of the slenderness of women, and thus first made a column the thickness of which was only one eighth of its height, so that it might have a taller look. At the foot they substituted the base in place of a shoe; in the capital they placed the volutes, hanging down at the right and left like curly ringlets, and ornamented its front with cymatia and with festoons of fruit arranged in place of hair, while they brought the flutes down the whole shaft, falling like the folds in the robes worn by matrons. Thus in the invention of the two different kinds of columns, they borrowed manly beauty, naked and unadorned, for the one, and for the other the delicacy, adornment, and proportions characteristic of women.

8. It is true that posterity, having made progress in refinement and delicacy of feeling, and finding pleasure in more slender proportions, has established seven diameters of the thickness as the height of the Doric column, and nine as that of the Ionic. The Ionians, however, originated the order which is therefore called Ionic.

The third order, called Corinthian, is an imitation of the slenderness of a maiden; for the outlines and limbs of maidens, being more slender on account of their tender years, admit of prettier effects in the way of adornment.

9. It is related that the original discovery of this form of capital was as follows. A freeborn maiden of Corinth, just of marriageable age, was attacked by an illness and passed away. After her burial, her nurse, collecting a few little things which used to give the girl pleasure while she was alive, put them in a basket, carried it to the tomb, and laid it on top thereof, covering it with a roof-tile so that the things might last longer in the open air. This basket happened to be placed just above the root of an acanthus. The acanthus root, pressed down meanwhile though it was by the weight, when spring-time came round put forth leaves and stalks in the middle, and the stalks, growing up along the sides of the basket, and pressed out by the corners of the tile through the compulsion of its weight, were forced to bend into volutes at the outer edges.

10. Just then Callimachus, whom the Athenians called Καλλίμαχος, for the refinement and delicacy of his artistic work, passed by this tomb and observed the basket with the tender young leaves growing round it. Delighted with the novel style and form, he built some columns after that pattern for the Corinthians, determined their symmetrical proportions, and established from that time forth the rules to be followed in finished works of the Corinthian order.

alberti (my favorite), also constructed metaphors

[T]he roads are not straight, but meandering gently like a river flowing.
(Book 4, Chapter 5, p 106)

[I]n Italy...[the ancients] made their buildings very like animals.
(Book 6, Chapter 3, p 158)

[T]he solid part of the wall - the bones.
(Book 7, Chapter 4, p 197)

The work ought to be constructed naked, and clothed later.
(Book 9, Chapter 8, p 312)

Just as with breath from the bodies of animals, we can detect the conditions of the body that exhaled it... so it is with the earth.
(Book 10, Chapter 1, p 322)
the circular piazza

...no-mind-ness, symbolized as a circle empty of contents - a circle with no circumference

the nature of circular = time, memory

Circular in this thesis signifies something which has no beginning and no end. This is the experience intended for the piazza: this is the truest experience a person can have. It means to acknowledge the fact that due to this element called time, which makes itself known through memory, no one experience can be singular. Acknowledging non-singularity means to take all things into perspective.

the past, the present, the future = a circular process

Using the geometric model for one dimensional space, the line, one can demonstrate that anything existing in more than one dimension has to be more complex than linear. This means that our experiences in the object world - of three dimensions - in which time is also a factor - so of four dimensions - cannot be described as linear. They are more.

The past is but a prefiguration of the future. (Mircea Eliade, *The Myth of the Eternal Return*, R-1949.fre/1959.usa, p 89)

Since our experience of the events tied together by time cannot be linear, they can be called circular, in the sense that a circle represents an infinite process (not as a circle representing a return to the beginning). Eliade and St. Augustine illustrate this idea:

Time but makes possible the appearance and existence of things... since it is itself constantly regenerating. (Mircea Eliade, *The Myth of the Eternal Return*, R-1949.fre/1959.usa, p 90)

Time, on the other hand, is never all present at once. The past is always driven off by the future, the future always follows on the heels of the past, and both the past and the future have their beginning and their end in the eternal present. (St. Augustine, *Confessions*, i:397.398.hippo/1961.eng, p 261-62)

The experience, in fact, is more than circular; it is extremely complex. The experience of the present or in the present is never a singular experience of those things located or active in the present.

It might be correct to say that there are three times, a present of past things, a present of present things, and a present of future things... The present of past things is the memory; the present of present things is direct perception; and the present of future things is expectation. (St. Augustine, *Confessions*, i:397.398.hippo/1961.eng, p 269)

Due to memory recall, also described as thought, we always have overlapping sensations. It is very difficult, if achievable at all, to experience the moment, only, directly, purely, through the senses. Perhaps that is possible in an environment suggestive of eternity, such as in 'nature', but in a city, this would be contrary to form. (For what is a city, but a collection of existences in time.)

Recollection of the past is an active, constructive process, not a simple matter of retrieving informa-
To remember is to place a part of the past in the service of conceptions and needs of the present.


Through this overlap of direct sensation and memory interacting, as Wolfgang Sonne suggests, memory itself changes.

[Memory] is changed irrevocably by every act of remembering.

(Wolfgang Sonne, “The City and the Act of Remembering”, R-1995.2.ger, p 99)

This is also the way history changes.

**the representation of history in time, through architecture**

Architecture is a medium by which history makes itself known. It is a means by which history can be experienced spatially, and through all the senses (as Juhani Pallasmaa points out in his writings). This means that architecture can be used to teach about history in subtle yet direct ways, and, because it is used for common everyday functions, these enlightening experiences would not be forced (as is a museum visit).

Architecture preserves the memory of its own history in a manner which indissolubly links recollection and forgetting. It transforms temporal succession into spatial juxtaposition [and through the overlap, a new image of the city is created in the mind of the individual].

(Gerrit Confurius, “The Interiors of Mnemonics”, R-1995.1.ger, p 48)

For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations: it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life.


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1 Enough material has been written on the subject of time-history-memory-architecture-the city to fill up a life of long winter nights. I am including just a few comments here from some of the material I have read, to suggest that I have thought about it and considered the ideas presented in my architectural design.

2 Eliade's argument in *The Myth of the Eternal Return*, and in his other books, is about 'primitive' man's cyclical reenactment of the time *ab origine*, in *illo tempore*, of his desire to maintain contact with the sacred source of original time.
design ideas

the piazza as a zone
This project proceeds on the conviction that Piazza Ovidiu is not just the open space in front of the museum building, but the whole zone that falls at the juncture of the neighborhoods opening into it.

program follows experience
The project does not start with a program in mind, but begins the design based on human experience of history, of materials and of space. It treats urban design as architectural form. The program reveals itself in time, arising out of ideas about the experience.

the ‘To’ verbal intensions leading the design
The following motives guide the design interventions.

To make the piazza habitable, to stop people and to invite them to sit, to cross, to look, to touch.

To reveal something about the history of the place in a non-intrusive way: to make the learning of history or the coming of contact with history part of one’s ‘everyday’ experience. For example, no space is solely designated to museum exhibit, but is to be shared with another activity of possibly completely opposite meaning.

To design at urban scale based on the experience at human scale. This means looking at specific moments in the piazza, rather than starting with an overall masterplan idea for the whole ‘thing’.

To use architecture as a tool by which to connect and reconnect the spaces around the piazza into the zone of the piazza, and through it. The piazza should be seen as something that allows for things to flow in and out of it. It is not an object: neither an empty object nor a filled one, but a zone of transitions.

To recognize the new touristic harbor (perhaps 50 years old) as the focus of entertaining attention, thereby letting the hill of ruins facing the ancient harbor - now the heavy industrial harbor - remain an honest hill of ruins, a place where lonely people can take a lonely stroll. As has been pointed out¹, the touristic harbor is similar of proportions to the ancient harbor (see photo on page 53). The new orientation to the touristic harbor can make a fun point of this fact.

this is just a point in the design process
The images of the project presented here are taken at one stopping point in the design process. The design has changed very much throughout the term, and, if it were to resume, it would naturally continue to change. Inherent in the concept of the project is this allusion to infinity: the piazza will never be finished.

¹ Professor David H. Friedman pointed this out.
foreground - the circular piazza. *design ideas*

But details tell nothing essential about architecture, simply because the object of all good architecture is to create integrated wholes.

Plan of the redesigned piazza = a great open park.

Plan of the existing piazza = a strangulated street.
a note on the meaning of the colors
The colors and the way that the model is built relate to my perceptions of the place: messy and warm, in a dry way.

The colors represent the colors of the site: the yellow of the burned grass on the hills (and the yellows of many buildings), the pinkish and off whites of the pavement, plaster and concrete buildings. They are taken to an extreme, though, and seemingly ignoring the green. This relates to my particular history: I worked with a lot of greens on a previous project, and wanted a new experiment. (i.e. Architecture is an inside/outside affair: half real, half personal.)

yellow = nature, whatever is green, red, brown or yellow, such as grass, trees, flowers
pinkish blue = pavement or paving
off whites = the city fabric (though some are painted like the pavement to suggest that the fabric is very mixed up · otherwise it looked massive and homogenous)
whites = buildings of architectural character, that stand out
pink, in middle = rubber, a new material for a new history (the belly)
1:500 model as seen from the industrial harbor (the back side).

Section facing NW through all the underground adventures, from the south-western shores of ruins (left) to the touristic harbor (right). (This is to demonstrate proportion and type, as the spaces are not actually aligned in a line, see plan).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>building housing the Roman mosaic and indoor flea market</td>
<td>sarcophagus discoteque under raised grass park</td>
<td>the belly with aqueduct exploration space far down inside</td>
<td>underground cinema opening up into a restaurant</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
in perpendicular direction to the flow of the landscape

In an attempt to balance the flow of traffic emanating from the city fabric, a series of events have been linked across the piazza in perpendicular direction to this movement. From the south-western shores of ruins to the side of the piazza facing the touristic harbor several spaces carved into the ground create a story (see section across page).
engaging the industrial harbor... and the ruins

In keeping with the adhoc fashion of the city, other ways of entering the piazza than through the city fabric have been construed. One of these is the approach along the ruins.

A new transit station, located at the point of bus terminal, connects to the harbor railways. It purposefully crosses into the harbor, begging the railways to import pedestrian traffic from the distant main train station and sprinkle some life between the defensive walls of immovable freight cars. It is also an invitation for the pedestrian to get into and look over the industrial harbor, which is otherwise inaccessible. From there one can walk up along the ruins toward the piazza, a nice stroll through the sun, passing by the sales exhibits running in the building with the Roman mosaic (more on this on the next page) or have a beer down in front of one of the open Roman warehouses (this used to exist).
South western shores of ruins: new transit station attaches industrial harbor to ruins to piazza.

Looking up from the existing bus terminal toward the building with the Roman mosaic and Piazza Ovidiu (iu.2000).
The building with the Roman mosaic as seen from below, showing the reconstructed goods warehouses. The heavy concrete roof floats over the mosaic below (12000).

Detail of the Roman mosaic
(Gs 1990's.1.rom, backcover).
New structure of Roman proportions to enclose Roman mosaic.

**think big**

The building housing the Roman mosaic (850 m² remaining of the original 2000 m²) has been redesigned to the huge proportions of the original building. This is to point out that one of the most amazing things about Roman public architecture is its fantastic size (not only its decorations).

So that this space is used and doesn't remain an empty museum, so as to get people in contact with the building and with the mosaic in an unplanned way, one idea is to use the building to house flea markets or other traveling things related to sales. This could partly allude to the original function of the building as a stock market/trading floor. The mosaic could be covered with a structural sheet of glass over which people could walk, thereby experiencing it in true context - as a ground surface, rather than as an embedded object.
Axonometric showing the field of columns supporting the plane of grass extending beyond the sarcophagi box. Observe how columns change size and type as they go from the soft-round piazza towards the big Roman mosaic building (an earlier sketch).
notes on burial
The open space between Roman mosaic building and the piazza belly, between the current archaeology museum and the 1950's apartment building with stores below, is currently a park resembling a vacant lot, lined with sarcophagi.

The design suggests that the sarcophagi be placed underground, so that they can be experienced in their true burial condition.

To further suggest the underground, and to provide a park for the residents of the apartment building, a bed of grass covers the roof of this partly buried box. It is only partly buried so that it is accessible from the ground surface of the piazza in a friendly way.

Spread within the blanket of grass are glass blocks, looking like flowers of light from below, further suggesting burial.

The structure supporting the grass roof, a field of columns, extends beyond the buried box to suggest that this is part of a greater landscape gesture. The columns can be replaced with ancient columns on the piazza side... so people pass through this filter of ancient material on their way into and out of the piazza.
**sarcophagus box becomes discotheque**

This sarcophagus area is a perfect example of the idea that the program should follow the experience. While I was playing with the grass roof (a bigger one, now lost) I put it up to the lamp and observed how beautifull the light was shinning through the glass block holes. This made me think of a starry sky and helped me to realize that this space would be fantastic if inhabited at night.

And what could be more perfect, than a partially buried discotheque (little noise to those above).
And what could be more perfect than to dance amongst these huge sarcophagi lit with neon bars of light - to give them life again. Another example of a museum piece in an everyday, crude life setting.
foreground - the circular piazza. sarcophagus discotheque

An example of working sketches: here of the sarcophagi space.

The crowded lower area of the piazza (the exit). Every attempt has been made to keep people from leaving.
View between the clutter of buildings, rocks, and other material of the lower end of the piazza, toward the sea. The dramatic opening after one passes between the two existing buildings is enhanced by the prolonged filter of views through trees, to the left.

Buildings at the lower end of the piazza have been cut, glued, added and deleted.

**the lower side - the exit**

Several sculptural manipulations take place at the lower end of the piazza (the exit) to keep it busy and full, to stop people from exiting the piazza.

The 1960's concrete apartment building is cut back so as to rejoin a street with many public functions, a historically public street, to the piazza. The cut is marked with a huge electronic news and advertisement board.

The block in front of the mosque is completely redesigned so as to better enclose the lower end of the piazza and to make an open space in front of the mosque available for the crowds that do not fit inside the small building.

Large rocks (limestone) removed from the belly quarry are added as an extension to the city fabric. They act in opposition to the flows down into piazza, and to larger landscape sloping down across the piazza. Suggestive of the form and material of an amphitheater, the rocks describe a moment from which to look back upon the city and observe the non-linearly overlapping layers of history in space.
The piles of rocks at the end of the piazza on which a cafe may open up. The rocks are material result of the big belly dig. (Belly cover missing.)

Sitting on the old rocks, one can experience the non-linear layers of history in space.
The quiet area leading to the synagogue.

the upper side - the quiet area
To the left of the entrance, a hole is cut into the 1960's apartment building (parallel to the one at the lower end) to reconnect a street and the synagogue located on it to the piazza again. Since this street is quiet and private, the cut is just a hole into and not a whole part of the building as on the lower side. The courtyard behind the apartment building is redesigned (one building removed, walls added) so that one approaches the synagogue in a way which implies discovery, and from the angle from which it can best be viewed.

The square in front of the new hole to the street is lowered and paved, to keep it in line with the quiet street. In opposition to the raised sarcophagi grass on the other side of the current archaeology museum building, it acts as a counterbalance, supporting the adhoc effect. A new row of smaller trees function as a filter to the opening and provide that square with something soft and alive.
the upper side - the entrance

Contrary to the lower side (the exit), the upper side of the piazza (the entrance) is opened up more, so as to invite the flow of people into the space.

Several buildings on the right bank of the current piazza are removed to make space for the rose building (see later on), and several buildings are added behind the rose to continue the frame of the piazza. This makes the entrance seem larger. In reminiscence of the buildings removed, a low platform structure extends from the existing buildings. It is a space unto which the buildings can open up a cafe.

The statue of Ovid is moved to the center of this grand opening, in a soft park setting, against the backdrop of three large existing trees. He looks over the piazza. Placed at the entrance, the statue is analogous to a baptismal font in a Catholic church: you touch it upon entering to prepare yourself for the experience to follow. Thus people come into human contact with the city's ancient idol, at the beginning.

1 This is oldest synagogue in Constanta, dating to late Ottoman times (mid 1800's). Because it is hidden from view, very few people know of its existence. I missed it completely, and had to ask someone else to search for it after I had left.

2 The archaeology museum is proposed to become a hotel. The size of the rooms are fit for it, having been offices before. It has a grand entrance, too.

3 This relocation is in keeping with the history of the statue which has been moved around the piazza several times (see guidebook recommendations).
A closer view of the piazza in plan, in sunlight. Is the spirit of adhocism not well represented? (This image begs the question: does the belly not resemble a bird?)

Section through the belly at the place of the aqueduct exploration area.
the belly
The need for the belly to be soft and to project above the ground has already been mentioned in the animation section. The piazza occurs at a point where the landscape of the peninsula becomes extremely thin. The belly grows to reinforce that weak point, and, to orient people in the piazza out and around the other attractions and views of the sea, to the limits of the top of the shores.

Inside the belly is a world of cars and of archaeological exhibits. The traffic running through the piazza are placed underground, so that people can be free to walk across the piazza without fear.

Inside, huge arches - suggestive of a ribcage - span across the space, supporting the large curvature. Fins of glass shoot up through to the roof and bring down light. On top, a rubber membrane, smooth like skin, invites people to walk across and play.

There is a hole in the belly, the bellybutton, at the place where three ancient aqueducts meet. More on this later.
The former piazza, a parking lot and street, is lowered into the ground (belly cover removed for photograph). See aqueducts within.

One of the first piazza idea sketches (10.14.00).

Sketch of asphalt ground of parking gently curving around.

burying the present
Many thoughts passed through my head as I tried to understand the nature of this parking lot/history museum space. Is it about digging into the ground and building something new, an object inside of that hole? Or, as the final proposal suggests, is it about a lowering of the existing ground, a burial of the present condition (cars being a representative aspect of the present)?

As the sheet of asphalt goes down with the driver, the parking lot/street space inside the belly symbolizes the former piazza, which has itself just become history.

So as to show the plastically applied nature of the asphalt, the thinness of this layer, it was conceived at one point that the parking lot ground should be curved and sloped, suggesting a floating detachment from the heaviness of the actual limestone 'earth'.
foreground - the circular piazza. the belly & the rose

A new facade and entrance enhances the blank partition wall of the 1930-40's apartment building facing the rose.

**the side along the touristic harbor**
Along the side of the piazza facing the touristic harbor a new Ghery'sque building graces the scene: the rose. It is there in response to calls from the locals for something new, attractive, fun, and expressive: an attention gathering device.

Its location is based on the condition that it is viewable and accessible from the new orientation of the piazza - the touristic harbor, yet that it does not hinder the weight and beauty of the dominating historic building. A balance was found in good adhoc fashion.

Diagram of weight balances.
Designing the rose was fun. The building needed to be a modern spectacle. So I pretended to be Frank Ghery and just quickly cut and taped, and taped and cut, working as fast as possible so as to proceed by feeling rather than analytical thinking (which would lead me to build squares).

The result is a large graceful building: a rose. Multilayered skins wrap around a large empty center. The multi-layered skins are quiet spaces, housing a library of rare collections recording the city’s history. The empty center is a stage used for hosting shows. Within the adhoc spirit, two programs of contradictory demands have come to compliment each other. The library, a quiet space, is inhabited in the daytime under natural light; the show hall, a loud space, fills up at night with artificial light and big crowds.

The rose attaches to a cinema just below it.
the rose park
The space in front of the rose is purposefully left empty. It is a kind of opening or washing out of the piazza toward the touristic harbor: a place for travelling open markets or other festivals that require a flat ground plane. As an extension of the trees retaining the hill, lines of trees march up to shelter the space from winds, to provide shade, and to filter the scale down.

View of the piazza side facing the touristic harbor: the rose, the underground cinema opening into a restaurant out of the hill, the new park.
The facade of the piazza facing the touristic harbor.

The drawer connects to the piazza underneath and projects out of the hill for a fantastic view.
The drawer was actually my first design intention, so it is rather interesting that it falls at the end of the list of adventures. It describes a need for a better ‘joint’ of the hillside to the piazza space than just a slow parade down the hill. Thrusted into the hill, the drawer connects to the piazza up through the earth, in the form of an angle, an L joint.

Inside, the drawer houses a cinema (why put it above ground when it needs to be dark inside). It is oriented perpendicular to the drawer so as to lock in this ‘hinge’ connection even better into the earth. As it comes out of the ground and into the open air, it becomes a restaurant. The restaurant connects with a bridge to the residential building that will be changed into a hotel or other public function (to the right).

The black vertical shaft to the left of the drawer is a cut in the ground for a vertical stair connecting the piazza, to the drawer, and to the touristic harbor.
As stated in the abstract and ideas essays, this project treats the landscape as an architectural material, something to work with, not just a background to add to. I worked as a sculptor would with clay, taking away from here, adding there. These cuts are the result of much conscious effort to connect and to open, spaces within and around the piazza. So that they be recognized as being the result of an intervention, they are marked with different materials, uses or colors: an electric news and advertisement board, a glass wall of stories pressed against the thick dirt (see organs section), and so on.
foreground - the circular piazza. *composure of cuts*

View of the piazza from the touristic harbor: cuts can be seen as dark marks in the landscape.
adhocism

All this talk about adhocism, but what is it really? So, we take this little break away from pictures of the model, to explain.

Adhocism is a book written by Charles Jencks and Nathan Silver in 1972 (A-1972.1.usa). Some quotes from the text will explain their ideas (in order of appearance):

The man-made world is built up of fragments from the past (p 29).

We live in a pluralist world confronted by competing philosophies, and knowledge is in an ad hoc, fragmented state prior to some possible synthesis (p 29).

All creations are initially ad hoc combinations of past subsystems; "nothing can be created out of nothing (p 39)."

...adhocism makes visible the complex workings of the environment. Instead of an homogenous surface which smooths over all distinctions and difficulties, it looks to the intractable problem as the source of supreme expression... (p 73)

By combining diverse systems ad hoc, the designer shows what their previous history was, why they were put together and how they work. All this articulation is pleasing to the mind and allows an experience of a higher order (p 73).

Meaningful articulation is the goal of adhocism. Opposed to purism and excusivist design theories, it accepts everyone as an architect and all modes of communication, whether based on nature or culture. The idea is to provide an environment which can be as visually rich and varied as actual urban life (p 73).

the use of adhocism in this project

The basic ideas of using what is there, of working with what exists, and of accepting a pluralist perspective are the points of adhocism that the circular piazza employs. It does this because the spirit of adhocism is already found present in the place. In the middleground section, I described that there is a messyness about the place that is healthy. That messyness works on many levels: it is the adhoc spirit proclaiming that the anything goes. This has grown out of a very complex history, one in which many people, of different ethnicities and religions lived together and continue to do so, peacefully. This is the wealth of the place: its mixed up (e)quality.

The design tries to keep this spirit alive, proceeding by parts, attacking here and there, in small bites of different flavors. One cannot create a total design in this piazza, a clean design of similar buildings, of similar heights, of similar colors. It would ruin the place.
sacredness

This brief testimony establishing the value of a model will help clarify the reason for my apparent obsession with the 1:500 model (i.e., photographs from every angle).

A model is a sacred object
A model is a sacred object, I have always thought. It is a religious relic of the spiritual struggle of an individual to understand his true thoughts, his true intentions (where the word religious is understood to be the result of an internal and thus spiritual undertaking).

Putting it through this explanation makes one wonder whether the original statement would be better clarified if it proclaimed:

A model is a sacred object if it is true to its intentions.

or:

A model should be a sacred object.

or better yet:

A model should strive to become sacred - to reach for its internal truth.

A parallel can be made with drawings:

A drawing should equally strive to become sacred.

However, as much as a drawing can strive, it can never reach the level of sacredness of a model. There is a hierarchy of levels of potential sacredness, based on the distance that the idea, the true intention, must travel before it becomes represented in form. As the struggle for it to remain true to intent is extended, the further it travels, the more sacred it can become. Being a more abstract, two-dimensional representation, the drawing has a shorter distance to travel than a model does, which is one step further into reality because of its third dimension. A building, a true piece of architecture reaches the limit of potential sacredness because of the amount of potential disorientation it must endure to remain true to concept.

As an architecture student, a model is the furthest distance that my ideas can travel, thus for me, an architecture student, the model contains the fullest potential for sacredness.

desecration

Just because a model is sacred, though, does not mean that it cannot be cut. In fact, it should be cut, but it should be cut with thought. Sacredness does not imply that the model is an object that cannot be touched. Sacredness refers to its spiritual value.
View of the model with a building removed, the hill pulled out and the asphalt surface lifted.

**a note on impermanence**

Just as the city fabric is a space in constant change, so too the model that represents it must be built to allow for change. While it may look stable and stationary in a lot of photographs, every part of this model can be taken out, moved, discarded, brought back, and so on. The boats are held down with double stick tape, as are the little summer barracks sitting on the yellow piece of paper that freely slips in under the hill. Most buildings are also held down with tape, while a few have carved spaces into which they can fit. The hills come out completely, as does the whole parking structure inside the belly, including the aqueducts. Finally, the whole asphalt ground surface may be lifted off as desired: underneath it is the yellow earth.

View of the model with the hill pulled out, the industrial harbor removed.
it’s ok to leave scars or, scars are meaningful

The seemingly obsessive photo show of the 1:500 model - from every angle and zoom option possible - is reflective of the way that I worked with it this semester: continuously, reverently. This model has gone through many changes, the result of which can be seen in the cuts marked between patches of ground surfaces glued next to each other, in the holes left by columns removed, and in many other lines.

These scars should thus be seen as the wealth of the model, its history, and not as something ugly or shameful. The scars tell the story of the time and effort put into the design. (And it should be noted that they are scars, not open wounds. That is to say that attempts have been made to heal the cuts. But no amount of healing can ever make an ‘injury’ completely disappear.)
organs become identified
parts of the piazza enlarged
welcome to fantasy land

how easily the mind enlarges, deforms
midgets become monsters
mist becomes flood
(a recurring thought from some years ago: the story of my mind... the story of this model)

At bigger scale (1:200) the players in the game start to develop their particular personas. In another words, if the pattern of metaphors is continued, at this scale, it takes on another meaning. What was once a piece of yellow foam, now become screaming trees. Trees with an identity. What was once believed to be the bellybutton of this grand stomach or belly (of the peninsula creature) now becomes the heart of the piazza. A simple retaining wall becomes the central storyteller. The amphitheater of stones begins to breathe.

Unfortunately, time did not grace me with the possibility of finishing the story at this scale. These pages, then, are purposefully left uncluttered, leaving space for what may arrive, later. The images are bigger than ever, for this bigger than ever dream state.

1 This is one of the most difficult models I have ventured to build because of the fact that it deals with designing spaces underground. This was the hardest aspect of the project, actually, because you are deconstructing (removing dirt) and constructing (adding architecture) at the same time. Nothing is certain and nothing is stable. The model had to be made in such a way that it could read and be worked with both as a solid and as a void.
foreground - organs become identified. *welcome to fantasy land*

Unfinished story: the screaming trees face a long journey to the quiet rocks on the other side. As an underground image of nature, the heart, deep inside, beats loudly.
A study model of the parking lot: asphalt layers weave between fins of very fine concrete. This model is suggestive of a cave: a true underground experience.
The quiet rocks begin to breathe.

The way that the rocks have been modeled (unconsciously, but purposefully) begins to suggest their function. They seem to be breathing. Perhaps they are the air intake tunnels for the parking lot below. This means that they are no longer stone amphitheates, but modern structural representations of this event. More cluttered inside, they would allude to the notion of 'ancient' amphitheater by using actual limestone only as an additive, decorative surface material. A cafe or restaurant, opening out of the building behind, is expected at the top.

The glass 'retaining' wall pressed against the cut layers of ground tells stories about the history of the piazza.
The screaming trees.

The walking parking - a soft asphalt sheet waves between thin fins of fine concrete.
Though deep down inside, the heart attracts attention from the ground above.

**the heart**

The heart is the aqueduct experience area. Similar to a heart and its arteries, the aqueducts sustained the life of the ancient city. The design proposes to dig down to the space where the three ancient aqueducts meet, and 're'build them as positives (rather than opening the tunnels halfway) so that they can be experienced spatially. For what is important to understand about the aqueducts is the fact that they are three-dimensional infrastructural elements.

The area should be lit and colored loudly so as to be noticed from above ground, and so that when you get down there you feel that you have entered a private chamber, have been let in to a secret, found a buried treasure. It will comfort the experience of entering the deep unkown of the dark earth.
I've given it life, Igor.
(a reflective thought at the moment of conception)

From ground level, one can see the heart, alive, inside, bursting through the cracks.

The aqueducts are rebuilt so as to help people understand the size and the three-dimensional character of this infrastructure.
The aqueduct experience area is a little treasure box that has been placed inside the earth. (Here photographed removed from the model).

The aqueduct experience area is carved out-into the ground.

**the heart, expanded**
The aqueduct space must be understood as an event that occurs within the earth, at one level. Therefore one cannot tunnel a shaft down to it, but must allow the space to exist with freedom inside a larger cut into the ground. Since cutting in this instance relates to carving, the hole made appears carved. Similarly, the aqueduct exploration space cannot be a pure box, but must reflect on the geometry of this infrastructure.
historic arti-facts
descriptive opinions
guidebook recommendations
live thoughts
what is background?

The background section is a catalog of information about the place - Constanta, Romania - in time. Since Constanta cannot be understood in any other way than from the perspective of its position within the province of Dobrogea, part of the information is devoted to depictions of this province.

The background section supports the foreground section, and should be used in conjunction with it.

the information

The information ranges from a variety of sources: 'history' books and articles, literature books, tourist guidebooks, museum pamphlets, paintings, period photographs, my own photographs (dating from 1996-2000), post-cards, 'official' interviews and casual conversations with the locals.

Almost all the material discovered is included, except for images, where, due to lack of space, a selective choice had to be made. Thus one may find information and descriptions that may neither be accurate nor nice. Yet there is truth in that, for history is really a great composition of opinions and stories. As new discoveries are made and governments change, old theories are discarded and history itself changes.

organization = uncovering history = chance x will

The material is organized so that the reader has the most possible direct contact with the multitude of opinions about the place. Except for the historical summary paragraphs in the historical artifacts section, all other information has been cleanly organized by type - written descriptions, photographs, maps, paintings, interviews - and is free of comments. The reader is free to browse back and forth, to collect and form his own opinions.

(chance)I

This is done so as to be most in-tune with reality, with the realistic fact that uncovering a place, through 'historical' material, is a never-ending process in which chance plays a very important role.

(chance x will)I

It can be said that history itself can be best described as an intersection of chance and will. The sample of information found in this packet relates to my chance and my will to have found it, based on the chances and will of others to have written, photographed, painted and published, based on the collective chances and wills that these materials are accessible and were not lost, stolen or destroyed.

All of this within the chance of time.

translation

I have translated almost all of the text, as most of it was not in English, from either Romanian (mostly) or French (a few times). Since I did not want to take the liberty to interpret, I have translated as directly as possible... reason for which it may sound funny sometimes.
the sections

historic artifacts
*Historic Artifacts* is a factual listing of the historical events that occurred across Dobrogea and in Constanta, in the form of maps, timelines and words. The written part was originally just going to be just a pure list of those events. On the realization that most readers will probably not have the background necessary to appreciate them, I have added brief introductory summaries.

descriptive opinions
*Descriptive Opinions* is a collection of writers’ and fine artists’ descriptions of Dobrogea and Constanta. They are entitled ‘descriptive opinions’ because they are opinions. The comments made, the subjects photographed and painted are based on personal choice and interpretation.

Text is presented separate from image since it requires a different mental processing. [Filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsky once noted that reading requires the mind to perform an added task, whereas an image is understood directly (see page 34).]

guidebook recommendations
*Guidebook Recommendations* is a table of guidebook comments regarding the objects of proposed tourist destination in Constanta. Accompanying it is a survey that provides more accurate, factual information on those buildings, spaces and monuments. That section is appropriately entitled the *naked truth*.

This chart is very helpful for understanding the nature of the city’s development: its adhoc moves (see building program changes).

live thoughts
*Live Thoughts* are interviews conducted in which people were asked how they ‘use’ the old city of Constanta, how they understand it, what changes they have observed and what they desire should change.

1 It can most rightfully be argued that chance does not truly exist, for everything happens for a reason. However, there is an unsurpassable gap between this defined truth and the circumstantial experiences that result from these reasons, on which an individual bases his existence. *Chance* should thus be allowed to exist in definition as: a perceptual phenomenon that can be used to describe the circumstantial condition of a part, though not of the whole.

One of the reasons for its mention here is that it forms part of the Romanian mentality (*chance* and *luck*). The reason for this is that the history of the Romanian people, including that of the native population of Dobrogea (before its integration into Romania), is one of great suffering and instability due mainly to hundreds of years of invasions by migratory peoples and empires.
Cities and Memory. 3.
(in Invisible Cities by Italo Calvino, I-1972.ita/1974.usa)

In vain, great-hearted Kublaï, shall I attempt to describe Zaira, city of high bastions. I could tell you how many steps make up the streets rising like stairways, and the degree of the arcades' curves, and what kind of zinc scales cover the roofs; but I already know this would be the same as telling you nothing. The city does not consist of this, but of relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of its past: the height of a lamppost and the distance from the ground of a hanged usurper's swaying feet; the line strung from the lamppost to the railing opposite and the festoons that decorate the course of the queen's nuptial procession; the height of that railing and the leap of the adulterer who climbed over it at dawn; the tilt of a guttering and a cat's progress along it as he slips into the same window; the firing range of a gunboat which has suddenly appeared beyond the cape and the bomb that destroys the guttering; the rips in the fish net and the three old men seated on the dock mending nets and telling each other for the hundredth time the story of the gunboat of the usurper, who some say was the queen's illegitimate son, abandoned in his swaddling clothes there on the dock.

As this wave from memories flows in, the city soaks it up like a sponge and expands. A description of Zaira as it is today should contain all Zaira's past. The city, however, does not tell its past, but contains it like the lines of a hand, written in the corners of the streets, the gratings of the windows, the banisters of the steps, the antennae of the lighting rods, the poles of the flags, every segment marked in turn with scratches, indentations, scrolls.

This short story demonstrates that the city itself is history. It shows history marked by, with and in all the 'living' artifacts which make up the city.
background - what is background?

Image from Constanța’s 1999-2000 yellow pages: *history and place* embedded in a global marketing symbol (from cover of G-1999.intl, only parts of whole original image).
The historical development of the province of Dobrogea is important to understanding the cultural development of Constanta because the city of Constanta falls within the territorial mercy of this war torn province, because its history is particularly mixed, differing from that of the other Romanian provinces, and because little historical information exists regarding Constanta alone (particularly ‘600-1300’ AD, but also ‘1300-1860’ AD).

The history of this province is one of the most unsettled of all time; it is a long succession of sharp changes, in which primitive life and civilization, desert and fertility, decadence and progress alternate in an unexpected rhythm, without transition, following one or other of the exterior influences which make itself felt.

Instability is therefore the keynote of the character of the history of Scythia Minor.
(Radu Vulpe in H-1938.rom/1939.rom, p 37)

Historian Radu Vulpe uses a geographical-geological theory to describe the unstable past of Dobrogea, pointing out that, seated between the Danube and the Black Sea, between Europe and Asia, the low steppe of Dobrogea functioned as a gateway to migratory peoples moving from the ‘crowded’ east to the ‘open’ west and from the colder north to the warmer south. “The longitudinal aspect [between the Eurasian populations and the Mediterranean world] makes Scythia Minor a theater of war (H-1938.rom/1939.rom, p 38).”

**Historical beginnings**

The history of Dobrogea begins with the settlements of the Middle Paleolithic man (‘100,000’ BC), who came here because of the abundance in high quality flint. It continues through the Mesolithic, Neolithic and Bronze Ages, becoming ethnically identifiable with the early settlements of the Thracian tribes (‘1,200’ BC), from which the Getae pull apart (‘700’ BC) during the First Iron Age. Greek merchants (starting in 657 BC) begin to colonize cities on the Black Sea coast and trade with the locals. These are the earliest settlers.

**Invasions-migrations-empires (+some damaging events)**

After them, many ‘invading’ migratory tribes, coming mostly from the north and north-east, pass through Dobrogea, some settling down. Their overall movement causes much blood to be spilled and much earth to be burned. Next to the havoc caused by these peoples are also those induced by the many empires that took control of the region for one period or another, coming mostly from the south and south-east.
background - historic arti-facts.

**chronological list of events**

**Persian Empire, under Darius, attacks (514-480 BC)**
**Scythians attack, settle (5th-4th centuries BC & 3rd centuries BC)**
**Macedonian Empire attacks (339-292 BC)**
**Celts pass through (280 BC)**
**Bastarnae (Germanic) settle (200 BC)**
**Romans attack, settle temporarily (74/71-61 BC)**

**GETIC KINGDOM (DACIA)** under Burebista, attack, ‘settle’ (61-44 BC)
**Romans attack, settle Pontic cities (29/28 AD-46 AD)**

**ROMAN EMPIRE takes rest of Dobrogea (46 AD-293 AD)**
  named Ripa Thraciae (46 AD), renamed Moesia Inferior (86 AD)
  free Getae from north attack (167 AD)
  Goths, Carpi, Taiphalii, Bastarnians, Hasdingi & other Germanic tribes attack (238-300)

**EAST ROMAN EMPIRE (293-565 AD)**
  renamed Scythia Minor (293 AD)
  Goths & Sarmatians attack, Sarmatians settle (331-332)
  Visigoth attacks (378-392)
  Cutrigur attack (558)
  Avar attacks (561-602)

**BYZANTINE EMPIRE (565-685)**
  Slav attacks, pass through (580-610)
  Onogur Huns (Bulgar) attack, pass through (640-716)

**BULGARIAN KINGDOM (716-756)**

**BYZANTINE EMPIRE (756-775)**

**BULGARIAN KINGDOM (775-963)**
  Pecheneg (Turkic) attacks, settle (934-1091)
  Kievan Rus fight Bulgarians, settle, driven out (963-971)

**MEDIEVAL BYZANTINE EMPIRE (971-1187)**
  renamed Paristrion (1014)
  Sauromat (Magyar) attacks, pass through (1059)
  Uzes attacks (1064)
  Cuman (Turkic) attacks (1094)

**‘ROMANIAN-BULGARIAN’ KINGDOM (1187-1242)**

**PERIOD OF MIXED/PARTIAL RULE (1242-1484)**
  Tatar attacks, ‘settle’ (1241-1366)
  Seleucid Turks settle (1262-1264)
  Genoese & Venetian merchants control part (1260-1453, relations until 1650)
  Valachians (Romanian) control part (1330-1420/1465, relations until 1878)
  Uzbek (Tatar) attacks (1335)
  Dobrotici, local ruler controls part,
  renamed Dobrogea (1346-1388)
  Ottoman Empire attacks (1346-1387)
  Ottoman Empire controls lower part (1420-1484)
  Moldavians (Romanian) control part (1465-1484, relations until 1878)

**OTTOMAN EMPIRE (1420/1484-1878)**
  Cossack (Russian) attacks (1602-1603, 1610, 1625)
During the decline of the Ottoman Empire, Dobrogea suffered greatly from the following wars that were fought on its grounds:

- *Austria-Poland-Russia [The Holy League vs. Ottoman War] (1683-1699)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1710-1711)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1735-1739)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1768-1774)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1787-1792)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1806-1812)*
- *Austria-Poland-Russia [The Holy League vs. Ottoman War] (1683-1699)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1710-1711)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1735-1739)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1768-1774)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1787-1792)*
- *Russian-Ottoman War (1806-1812)*
- *Crimean War [Ottoman Empire, France, Great Britain & Italy vs. Russia] (1853-1856)*

During the Ottoman Empire, many people were allowed or brought to settle in Dobrogea:

- Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, Ragusans from within the Ottoman Empire settle ('1500'-1878)
- Tatars settled by Ottomans (1512-1514)
- Transylvanian (Romanian) shepherds settle ('1600-1910')
- Valachian (Romanian) peasants settle (1602)
- Lippovans (Russian) settle (1700's)
- Cossacks (Russian) settle ('1750') leave (1828)
- Bulgarians cross back and forth across Dobrogea, settle, leave, return... (1812-1876)
- Germans (from 'Russia') settle (1840-1891)
- Ruthenians (Ukrainians from Austria) settle (1850)
- Tatars settled by Ottomans (1856)
- Circassians (Caucasians) settled by Ottomans (1864) leave (1878)

**ROMANIA (1878-2000)**

- *Second Balkan War (1913) - Romania joins the war against Bulgaria, and in winning adjoins the Quadrilateral*
- [northern Bulgarian provinces of Durostor & Caliacra] to southern Dobrogea
- *World War I (Romania participated 1916-1918)*
- *Romanian-Bulgarian Frontier Treaty signed at Craiova (1940) - Quadrilateral is returned to Bulgaria*
- *World War II (Romania participated 1941-1945)*
- *Communist Era (1947-1989)*

**summary**

The history of Dobrogea parallels the history of the other Romanian provinces from the point of view of constant instability, due to incessant invasions, though the ethnicities of the invaders may vary.

Like their Geto-Dacian forefathers, the Romanians will have to cope since birth with a series of more violent invasions than the ones occurred during their protohistory, as well as with contradictory and at times even hostile influences.

Ignored or misunderstood at best, the life of these nations [referring to southeastern European nations, Romania specifically] is more intense. In addition to its tragism, their history is transfigured, one may say, by a permanent divine presence. These peoples do not know the respite, calmness and joy of creating in time. Incessantly attacked, they can only think while defending themselves. Their history is more than a series of struggles for independence or honour: it is a permanent war, for
centuries on end, for their own survival. In each battle they risk everything: their right to life, to religion, to their language and culture... [At] each moment they run the risk of disappearing for good and all. (Mircea Eliade, The Romanians, a concise history, H-1943.spa/1992.rom, p 9 & 25 resp)

In the idea of tragedy, suffering, war and instability the history of Dobrogea parallels the history of the other Romanian provinces (and of the larger area as a whole). However, it differs greatly from the point of view of the empires that had control over it. The Roman Empire, for example, retreated out of the other Romanian provinces as early as 271 AD; in Dobrogea it remained until it split into the East Roman Empire and then “declined” into the Medieval Byzantine Empire. During these empires, many people of different nationalities from other parts of the empires were free to come and settle in Dobrogea, and did, as exemplified by the recorded movement of people during the Ottoman Empire.

Also important to note is the fact that seven of the other nine Romanian provinces were never incorporated into the Ottoman Empire (although the Ottomans had economic and political control), while Dobrogea was a pashalik\(^1\) from 1420/1484-1878 (Banat & part of Crisana were pashaliks from 1552 to 1718). Throughout the period of Ottoman control, Dobrogea was used as a military station for the Turkish troops fighting with the Romanians (of Valachia, Moldova, Basarabia) and with the Russians. Yet despite its role as a battlefield, Dobrogea was settled by many people during this time. Tatars employed by the Ottoman Empire in the military were settled in the central steppes of the province. Transylvanian (Romanian) shepherds were allowed refuge from the Austro-Hungarian persecutions, coming down from the Carpathians to wander with their sheep across the steppe (a habit begun by the Traco-Getic tribes thousands of years before). Many merchant people from the empire - Armenians, Greeks and Jews - settled within the Pontic cities. Of the Bulgarians who crossed through Dobrogea - moving out of the Ottoman Empire that at times persecuted them and then back to their original homes - some settled. With all this, Dobrogea was not very populated until it passed into Romania. The reasons for this have to do with both its horrible history of wars, but also the lack of water and the dryness of the land, particularly in the central steppe region.

The incorporation of Dobrogea into Romania occurred as a result of the San Stefano Treaty (March 1878), approved by European powers with significant modifications in the form of the Congress of Berlin (July 1878), that followed the last Russian-Ottoman War (called the Independence War in Romania) in which Romania fought, along with Russia, Serbia, and Montenegro, against the Ottoman troops, winning their complete

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1. \(\text{pashalik}\) = a province of the Ottoman Empire, governed by a pasha (governor)
2. Basarabia was originally an ethnically Romanian province. The current Republic of Moldova constitutes the upper part of Basarabia, the lower part is now in the Ukraine. Dobrogea was ethnically Romanian basically within the cities and villages along the Danube and the Danube Delta (in the west and north) and in the center with scattered shepherds, but less so, and almost not at all along the eastern shores.
3. The coastal settlements of this region became popular resorts for many artists of the time and a lot of the pictures from Dobrogea's painting era boom in ('1910-1940') were painted there. Queen Maria of Romania had a palace at Balchik around which she gathered the artists.

The basic sources of information were H-1938.rom/1939.rom, H-1979.rom/1984.rom, H-1996.usa and Britannica Online (+ all other history material in the bibliography).
The following timelines serve as translations of written historical information. Since I did not find enough historical material on Constanta alone, these timelines describe the activities in the whole province of Dobrogea. Constanta’s history parallels Dobrogea’s from this large perspective.

**timeline of 4,000 years**
The 4,000 year timeline has been organized so that there are correlations between location, size, color, and meaning. This is, again, so as to bring the mind and the body (here represented by the act of seeing) closer.

The middle portion (between the two blue lines) describes the basic empires or settlers of Dobrogea. It is placed in the middle and it is thicker than the other portions because it depicts the central occupants.

Above it are listed attacks, invasions and wars. They are in red, signifying bloodshed. They are above, because most of the invaders came from the north.

Below are shown other cultures that maintained contact (usually mercantile) with Dobrogea. They are placed below because their contact was not of a harmful nature, and because the contact was of an additive nature. If one thing is below another, it usually implies that it is subordinate to it.

The colors of one nation or empire are kept the same throughout. I started to try to make a color correlation between ‘nations/ethnicities’ and colors, but it was difficult to actually coordinate. For example, Greek, Genoese and Venetian are blue in relation to their maritime activities. Getic and Romanian (Valahian, Transilvanian & Moldovan are Romanian) are green because they were basically agricultural (and shepherding) communities. For many reasons, however, this did not work with the rest.

**timeline of 100,000 years**
This second timeline puts the first one in perspective as it shows how small the actual period of 4 thousand years of established historical events really is. It spans from the earliest found vestiges of human habitation, dating from the Middle-Paleolithic Age (100,000 years ago), to the present.

The basic sources for these timelines were H:1938.rom/1939.rom & H:1979.rom/1984.rom, plus all other supporting material in the H & Ha sections of the bibliography.
Timeline spanning 100,000 years of human habitation in Dobrogea.

Timeline spanning 4,000 of established historical events in Dobrogea.

...
geographical depiction of invaders/settlers

Timelines are helpful, but they do not illustrate the geographical origins of the people who invaded, conquered and/or settled a place. For this, I produced a series of 36 maps, 18 of which are included in this book. The maps cannot be read as a time-line of events, but rather as illustrations of geo-ethnic origins.

The maps show that Dobrogea, and thereby Constanta, was typically far from the centers of the great empires that conquered it, supporting the fact that it was used as a place for exiles (such as Ovid).

imprecision

As accurate maps regarding these historic events would require a lot of study and comparison, these maps are very imprecise. They are particularly imprecise as regards other countries covered by the empires or invasions.

Since the world is spherical, the maps are warped. The darkened area of the map is where the warping begins. They may be more particularly warped than other maps because, in order to put Romania in the middle, I had to combine a map of Europe with one of the Middle East.

The pink stripes are the latitudes: 40°, 45°, 50 degrees.

notation

The maps try to picture the empire or countries that ruled over Dobrogea at their greatest extent.

The date listed after the colon is the time that those cultures were in ‘control’ of Dobrogea - it is not to be misunderstood as the period of time that the empires or invaders ‘existed’ or were active.

The basic sources for these maps were:
H.1938.rom/1939.rom
H.1979.rom/1984.rom
Encyclopaedia Britannica Online (http://www.britannica.com)

Other helpful sources were:
The Perry-Castañeda Library Map Collection (The University of Texas at Austin) (http://www.lib.utexas.edu/Libs/PCL/Map_collection/Map_collection.html)
particularly History of Europe Maps and South-Eastern Europe Maps
The Illustrated History Of The Roman Empire (http://www.roman-empire.net/)
Historic Atlas Of Europe (0-1600 AD) (http://homer.span.ch/~spaw1241/atlas.htm)
NOAA National Data Centers, GLOBE Project (http://www.ngdc.noaa.gov/seg/topo/globe.shtml),
source for the background satellite map.
Area of Thracian settlements: 1,200-28 BC/46 AD (shown @ '900' BC).

Under Scythian invasions: '500-400' & '300-200' BC.

Part of Greek settlements: 657-28 BC (shown @ '600' BC).

Part of Roman Empire: 28 BC/46 AD - '293' AD (shown @ 117 AD).

Goth, Carpi, Taiphali, Bastarnae, Hasdingi & Heruli Invasions: '250-300' AD.

Part of East Roman Empire: '293' - 565 AD (shown @ '500' AD).
Under Avar invasions: 561-600 AD.

Part of Byzantine Empire: 565-685 & 756-775 AD (shown @ '565' AD).

Under Slav invasions: 580-610 AD.

Under Bulgar invasions: 640-716 AD.

Part of Bulgarian Kingdom: 716-756 & 775-963 AD (shown @ '800' AD).

Under Pecheneg invasions: 934-1091 AD.
Part of Medieval Byzantine Empire: 971-1187 AD (shown @ 1025 AD).

Under Tatar invasions: 1241-1366 AD.

Part of Ottoman Empire: 1420/1484-1878 AD (shown @ '1690').

Settlers from outside Ottoman Empire: 1820-1877 AD.

Part of Communist 'Empire' (as part of Romania): 1945-1989 AD.

Part of Romania: 1878-2001 AD.
Map of historic provinces of Romania - Dobrogea was given to Romania in 1878, when Russia took the lower part of Bassarabia - see historic discussion on Dobrogea (M-1999.rom, altered).
Map of ancient settlements (M-1974.rom, altered to fit).

Economic map (M-1966.rom, altered to fit).

Ethnic map, 1876 (M-1882.ger/1996.rom, altered to fit).

Ethnic map, 1919 (M-1919.fra, altered to fit).
introduction

The history of Constanta should be considered from the geo-economic perspective of all the Pontic cities. Pressed between the war torn steppes of Dobrogea, which acted as both barrier and link to the Danubian cultures, and the stormy expanse of the Black Sea, these cities were conceived, from the beginning, by settlers originating far outside the native culture. Established as trading links between local agrarian cultures and international trading markets, although under the sphere of Dobrogea's politico-economic control, the history and mentality of these cities has been, throughout time, particularly independent of the inner workings of the province. Thus everything, from urban development to ethnic mix-up, depends on this geo-economic situation.

Moreover, their origin predates that of other Dobrogean cities by at least eight centuries. In the 7th century BC, in their northward expansion, Greek merchants started colonizing cities along the western side of the Black Sea coast part of present day Romania, and began trading with the local Getae. The first was Histria (now in ruins) (657 BC), then followed Tomis (present day Constanta) and Callatis (present day Mangalia). Six centuries later, the Romans conquered the Greek Pontic cities (29/28 BC) eight decades before taking the rest of Dobrogea (and twelve decades before taking the other Romanian provinces). As mercantile harbor cities, their histories continued in this way (except Histria that died ‘700’ AD), attracting a great ethnic mix of people to their shores up to the start of communist rule in Romania (1947), when the state took over private businesses, thereby destroying the historical identity of these settlements.

Notes:

\(\triangleright\) = important facts in/for the development of the city

\(b\) = building or monument in the old sector that still remains

‘pre-tomis’ settlements : ‘3,400 - 600’ bc

‘3,400 - 2,800’ bc : relics from Neolithic Age found around Tabacariei Lake, Constanta
‘1,300’ bc : relics from Bronze Age settlers found (1966) in Palas district, Constanta

\(\text{tomis} : \text{tomeos} : \text{tomoi} : \text{tomoe} : \text{tomeis} : \text{respública tomitànorum}\)

‘600-550’ bc - 306 ad

The ancient Tomis founded by the Greek colonists was, in comparison with the existing city, a small, simple merchant town housing a ‘decent’ harbor. Built as a foreign colony, this new market town the gave the local community (the Getae) the opportunity to export their goods (slaves, cereals, animals, skin, honey, wax, salted fish) and
import manufactured products not available to them (weapons, tools, ornaments, fine ceramics, fine clothes, wine, olive oil).

The town was rather small until the harbor of Histria started being enclosed by sand banks and all the major trade was switched to Tomis (circa 300 BC). The city that had only occupied the area up to Piata Ovidiu now started expanding.

Falling under Roman rule eight decades before the rest of Dobrogea, during the period of 29/28 BC - 46 AD Tomis suffered from attacks by the local Getae. These events and the description of ancient Tomis remain with us today due to the writings of famous Roman poet Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso) who was exiled here by Emperor Augustus from 9 AD to his death in 17 AD (who actually had to take up arms in these battles).

With the incorporation of Dobrogea into the Roman Empire (46 AD), the city began to flower and grow under the protection of this great stable domination that stretched across three continents. Tomis reached its economic and cultural apogee under the protection of the Roman Empire between circa 100-240 AD (paralleling the height of the Roman Empire), when it became the capital of the federation of Pontic cities. Fortified with defensive walls, it alone resisted the barbaric invasions. Under Emperor Aurelian (270-276 AD), while the Romans pulled out of the other Romanian provinces, the city extended beyond its former walls, on top of previous necropolises and the second line of defensive walls were built. This was its greatest extent. Under Emperor Diocletian, Tomis became the capital of the province (293 AD) and the aqueduct system was built.

origin : greek

'600-550' bc : Tomis is founded by Greek colonists from Miletus (in present day Turkey). Some say that the city is named after a hero called Tomos, for whose commemoration coins are created. Other sources say that the city was also called Miletis after the home of its founders. At this time the city occupies the land from Piata Ovidiu down to the water.

'400-300' bc : Tomis becomes a polis [a city].

'339-306' bc : Macedonian General Lysimachus takes hold of the area, makes coins with the inscription TO.

development : greek

'300' bc : The main port of Histria is closed in by sand banks, most trade is moved to Tomis. The city begins to expand past Piazza Ovidiu.

55-48 bc : Burebista (Getic king) conquers Pontic cities, citizens suffer and leave.

44 bc : Burebista dies and Getic Kingdom shatters, Tomis independent again?

expansive development, destruction, revitalization : roman

29/28 bc : Tomis (and Pontic cities) is conquered by the Romans under General M. Licinus Crassus.

9 ad : Roman poet Publius Ovidius Naso is exiled to Tomis, finishes writing Fasturile (began in Rome), writes Tristis (describing 'Dobrogea') and Ex Ponto (letters to Rome). Based on his writings, the memory of Tomis remains.

17 ad : Ovidius dies (and is buried somewhere around Tomis).

46 ad : Dobrogea, called Ripa Thraciae, (including Constanța) is incorporated in the Roman Empire province of Moesia.
86 AD: Moesia gets divided into Superior and Inferior, with Dobrogea becoming *Moesia Inferior*. Tomis becomes the capital of the Pentapolis of Greek Pontic cities (Histria, Tomis, Callatis, Odesseos - Ukraine, Dionysopolis - Bulgaria?), later a Hexapolis (with Messembria - Bulgaria).

‘100’-’240’ AD: The period of maximum development in terms of public buildings, the straightening and paving of roads, founding of studios for ceramics, marble and sculpture. The city expands up to Greek Church, the Old Post Office and the Courthouse, the first city walls (on top of a former necropolis?).

109+ AD: Emperor Trajan makes coins to commemorate his victory at Adam Clisi, the coins portray Trajan on one side and the name of Tomis with Tropaeum Traiani (the Roman city raised next to battle site out far west) on the other.

138 AD: Tomis named the Pontic Metropolis, the name is changed to *Respublica Tomitanorum*. Tomis reaches economic and cultural apogee under Emperor Antoninus Pius (138-161 AD).

239 AD: Goths and Heruli attack by land and by water, devastate Pontic cities, Tomis alone resists due to defense walls.

245-249 AD: The production of monetary coins stops, as the economic life, gravely affected by the invasions, dwindles.

270-276 AD: Emperor Aurelian adds new fortifications, the second city walls (while pulling out of the other Romanian provinces in 271 AD). The city expands up to Blvd. Ferdinand (maximum expansion), on top of former necropolises, as people move into the city for protection from the invasions. Citizens bury a group of 24 pagan statues and bas-reliefs (discovered 1962) to protect them from further invasions.

284-305 AD: Emperor Diocletian rebuilds the city, develops the aqueduct system (biggest in Dobrogea). Names it the capital of the province of newly entitled Scythia Minor (293 AD).

**Constantiana**

During Emperor Constantine's reign (306-337) the city was baptized Constantiana, rebuilt and fortified. The citizens accepted Christianity, and soon the city became the ecclesiastical capital of the province. From this period we have two great pieces of architectural workmanship: the Building with the Roman Mosaic and the Roman Baths that extend from it, which together formed part of the three terrace ensemble along the southern shores.

In the periods that followed, Christian basilicas were built along the southern shores and in the western quarters (discovered 1960), on top of previous neighborhoods. Emperor Atanasius rebuilt the city (500-518), as did Emperor Justinian who also re-strengthened the city walls with towers (527-565), but these improvement did not last long for the incessant Avar, Slav and Bulgar attacks and besieges of Constantiana brought it to its final destruction in 679/680.

**Redevelopment, downfall, annihilation**

306-337: Emperor Constantine repairs the city, renames it after his favorite sister. He builds the ‘Building with the Roman Mosaic’ (an ancient ‘stock’ exchange) and the Roman Baths. Citizens accept Christianity sometime before 313. It becomes the official religion.

4th-7th centuries: Constantiana holds the ecclesiastical headquarters of Scythia Minor.
364-378: Gothic attacks injure the city

450-500: Two Christian basilicas and the ceramic workshops used to make the brick for building them are raised in the W sector of the city on top of a previous neighborhood - they form the new ecclesiastical headquarters. A Christian basilica is raised along SW shores facing the harbor (Mihai Eminescu High School courtyard).

500-518: Emperor Athanasius rebuilds the city.

500-600: Christian basilica built, down by the harbor (Poarta 1).

518/527-565: Emperor Justinian repairs the city, rebuilds the defense walls. Defense towers such as the Butcher Union's Tower are added.

566-602: Avars and Slavs attack and besiege the city (city almost perishes in 599).

600-610: Slavs occupy the region, only the Pontic cities remain under Byzantine control.

679/680: Bulgars come down through, attack and cause final destruction to Constantiana.

**constantza : constantia : constanze : constantiana : constania : 680 - 1420 ad**

Little information exists as to what happened to Constantiana after the Bulgar invasion of 679/680 and its resettlement by Genoese merchants in 1260. For that period of time, then, we must turn to look at the list of events that encompass the province of Scythia Minor (Dobrogea) - see below.

Nonetheless, the fact that the name of Constantiana was transferred and kept through this 'black period' leads one to affirm that a native population remained in the area, in the ruins of the city as it may be. Sometime during the 9th-11th centuries Constantza/Constantia returned to Byzantine and Genoese maps. Yet at the same time, Tomis began to be forgotten, as can be seen on maps from the periods which followed (16th-19th centuries) in which Tomis and Küstenje are shown to be two different places (see maps at Harvard Map Library).

From 1260 until the Ottoman takeover of Constantza in 1420/the Fall of Constantinopolis in 1453, Genoese (and Venetian) merchants were in control of Constantza and the waterways up through the Delta, along the Danube and up auxiliary rivers in Romania, trading with the locals. They rebuilt the city and the harbor, adding new stone wharves and defensive walls that lasted as long as 1860/1895. Their rule was particularly tough, though, evidenced by citizens attempts to free themselves from their control. During this time also, the Romanian states started identifying themselves and attempting to take control of different regions of Dobrogea along the Danube and Danube Delta, even reaching as far as the Black Sea coast.

**inexistence: mixed**

‘680-1260’: see Dobrogea’s history:

- 716-756: Bulgarian Kingdom in control of the region
- 756-775: Byzantine Empire in control of the region
- 775-963: Bulgarian Kingdom in control of the region
- 934-1091: Pechenegs (Turkic) attack
- 963-971: Kievan Rus fight Bulgarians, and settle for a short duration (along Danube)
- 971-1187: Byzantine Empire in control of the region, renaming Scythia Minor Paristrion (1014 ad)
- 1059: Sauromats (Magyar) attack and pass through
1064: Uzes attack
1094: Cumans (Turkic) attack
1187-1242: Asan brothers form a Danubian plain state called the Romanian-Bulgarian Kingdom
1241-1366: Tatars attack, settle in northern part of Dobrogea/lower Basarabia from where to continue attacks

Invigoration: genoese
- 1260: Genoese (and Venetian) merchants, in their eastward trade expansion, take over Constanta and rebuild and expand its harbor, including new storage depots, a stone dock and a defense wall which survived to 1860/1895.
- ‘1346’: local despot ruler named Dobrotici takes control of the land between Constanta and Varna (in Bulgaria). At about this time the name of Dobrogea emerges for the province (meaning the land of Dobrotici).
- 1374: Genoese fight with Dobrotici and with Dobrogeans who wanted to end the Genoese control.
- 1381-87: Genoese win control back.
- 1396: Ottomans sack Pontic cities before battle of Nicopole (1396).

Küstenje: kustenge: custendjeh: custenjé: 1420-1878 ad
As part of lower Dobrogea, Constantza fell to the Ottoman troops in 1420. Its mercantile activity did not stop, though, and there is evidence of Italian merchants continued activity in the harbor, as even in the 1550’s there were ships noted leaving Küstenje for both Istanbul and Italy. However, slowly, as the Ottoman troops conquered more and more of the territories around the Black Sea, the harbor’s international trading role diminished and it became solely an export station for grain bound for Istanbul.

Starting in the 1700’s, the combined decline of the Ottoman Empire and the growing strength of the Russian state gave rise to numerous wars which were fought on Dobrogea’s soil, some of which also affected Küstenje directly. Also due to the waning strength of the Ottoman Empire, the harbor was taken care of less and less, to the point at which ships could no longer approach it. Uncared for water supplies, in the form of extremely deep wells, contributed to the spread of several epidemics that affected the city gravely. By early 19th century Küstenje had shrunk to a village condition, with some 40-60 houses remaining before the Independence War.

During the Ottoman rule, it should be noted that many people from the empire moved to Küstenje, such as Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and Jews. Tatars also came, or were settled by the Ottomans, but lived outside the city area, as they occupied themselves with agricultural work. Naturally, many Turks came. Gypsies (of Muslim religion) also came. The Ottomans were tolerant of these peoples other religions, letting them each built for themselves particular religious houses.

In the last war fought against Russians in Dobrogea, the Crimean War (1854), French and British troops allied with the Ottomans and won (although the cholera epidemic spread by and within the troops lead to massive numbers of dead soldiers and citizens of Küstenje). Through the success of this alliance, the British gained the Ottomans’ permission to ‘renovate’ Küstenje by building a railway system and rebuilding the harbor (1857-60). The French also built a highway to Küstenje. These activities
reinvigorated the city and so several Western European countries that began trading through the harbor opened up consulates in Küstenje. These activities, however, also caused much of the archaeological artifacts to be destroyed or to disappear.

Owing to Ovid's writings, Tomis was searched for everywhere and believed to be at Babadag (mid-north Dobrogea), Cetatea Alba (lower Basarabia, now in Ukraine), Anadolchoi (NW neighborhood of modern Constanța) and even Timisoara (Banat, Romania). Only after the Crimean War, after the French and British diplomats and soldiers saw the ruins, was Constanța suspected. That is when a lot of the monuments and inscriptions were taken to the museums of Western Europe.

(paraphrasing Vasile Canarache in H-1963.rom, p 6-7)

continuation, decline: ottoman

› 1420: Ottomans in control of lower Dobrogea, including Küstenje, but harbor continues its function.

1453: Fall of Constantinople, Black Sea closed, Genoese lose control of Pontic ports, but continue trade until mid 17th century.

1550's: Ships with wine and wax noted going to Istanbul and Italy.

› '1600-1700': Navigation in Constanța is blocked by sand, ships must lay anchor outside the harbor. 40-50 silos with grain is exported exclusively to Istanbul: the city changes from trade functions to an export station.

› '1650': Genoese sailors lose all contact with Pontic cities.

› '1700-1800': Decline of the city as Ottoman empire declines. Ships can no longer approach the harbor.

1828-29: Russian-Ottoman War, Ottoman fortress protecting Küstenje is destroyed. Many citizens die of a plague epidemic.

1840: statistic: 40 houses in Constanța

› 1854: Crimean War, French general arrives from Varna (now in Bulgaria) in Küstenje with soldiers infected of cholera, (Algerian general up ahead with Saphii troops also infected manages to push Russian (Cossack) troops back up north). In a matter of days 3400 French soldiers get sick and 2475 die before even entering the battle. They are buried along the way (from Palas to Constanța harbor) in mass graves, with many of these graves sited along the south-eastern sea-shore that is now the sea-side promenade/boulevard. (Besides the French casualties, in the greater region, 350 British soldiers die, 400 sailors carrying the sick die, and 2127 Saphii die or desert). With all this, the success of the Ottoman-French-British alliance in the war allows for the economic liberation of Küstenje, improving its ties with Britain and France.

invigoration: british

› 1857-59: British company, Danube and Black Sea Railway Company, Limited, builds railway and train station, and rebuilds the harbor, using what they can of the former Genoese wharves and warehouses still remaining. Over 400 grain warehouses and residences for the British employees built. Many ancient ruins/artifacts are lost in this construction process. It is established that ancient Tomis is Küstenje.

1859+ : Western European scholars note on archaeological ruins and ancient water supplies (for the first time).

› 1860: British company builds 'Genoese' Lighthouse, possibly on top of ruins of earlier Genoese lighthouse.
1867 : Greek/Hellenic ‘Metamorphosis’ church is raised by the local Greek community.
1868 : Hunchiar Mosque is built from the stones of the Ottoman fortress gate destroyed in 1828.

**constanta : constantza : constanta : 1878 - 2000 ad**

After the *Independence War* of 1877-78 (in which Romania fought along with Russia, Serbia, and Montenegro against the Ottoman troops) Dobrogea passed to Romania. In awareness of the great mercantile potential of the harbor and of the touristic opportunity of the Black Sea coast, Constanta was developed and settled and an extremely rapid rate. The train and harbor works were bought from the British by the Romanian State in 1884. In 1895 the Cernavoda Bridge across the Danube was finished, linking Constanta with Bucuresti. The expansion of the harbor was then begun.

Except for a few buildings, the old city itself was rebuilt completely, with the object of tourism partly in mind. Amongst the first public buildings to be raised was a hotel (Hotel Carol - 1881-82), followed by a wooden casino (1884+, on the place of the later one) and the rental of public bathing spaces on the south shores (1884+). The first forty years were spent in the construction of the public buildings, spaces and monuments that have become the emblematic structures of Constanta, such as the St. Peter and Paul Orthodox Cathedral (1883-85/1895), the Statue of Ovid (1887), the sea-side promenade (begun 1892-94), the second City Hall (1896 - later Post Office, now Folk Art Museum), the second Casino (1904-10), the Carol I Mosque (1910), Hotel ‘Palace’ (1914) and the third City Hall (1916-21 - now the History and Archaeology Museum). Wealthy residents built beautiful houses in all directions along the sea-shore, adding to those of the British, some of which have remained and have also become architectural landmarks (Vila Sutu, 1899 / ‘Casa cu Lei’, 1902). Starting in 1879, the streets were paved and straightened as much as possible. During this construction process much damage was done to the archaeological ruins that were in the ground. It wasn’t until 1914-15 that archaeological work started being conducted at Constanta by Vasile Parvan.

And nonetheless, until a few days ago, one could not tell precisely up until where the ancient city stretched and which was its fortified defensive system. That is because nobody made any sketch of the ancient topography, when, digging the foundations to a new building, they stumbled upon Greek or Roman buildings.


Outside of the old sector the city grew at a rapid rate as land was parcelled and sold to residents (starting 1880) under the agreement that they must build on a certain percentage of it within a certain number of years. One of these sectors was initially intended to be only for Romanians (called the Romanian quarter - 1905), but that did not work out as planned because the Romanians did not care much and mixed. Many industrial mills and factories were built throughout Constanta by foreign ventures (many Italian). Along Blvd. Tomis, the central route of Constanta, other emblematic structures were added around the former Beledie Garden which remained a public park.
The ethnicity of the city changed as many Romanians came, many Bulgarians and Turks moved to their home countries, some Aromanians came, Germans moved from the countryside into the city (on the road from Russia to Romania), and some Italians came. Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Muslim Gypsies, and Tatars, who were already there, stayed. These are the events before WWII (1941) or before the communist regime take-over (1947).

After the communist regime take-over there were great losses in the ethnic mix-up. Most people who were not ethnically Romanian and could demonstrate foreign citizenship were allowed to travel outside the communist block and, since the situation in Romania was quite horrible, with many people being robbed of their businesses by the state through nationalization, most Armenian, German, Greek, Italian and Jewish people living in Constanta left (starting 1950's). At the same time, another wave of Aromanians came into the country and into Constanta (when?). Thus in Constanta today the ethnic mix-up is Romanian, Tatar, Aromanian, Muslim Gypsy, and a small percentage Turkish (in descending order?).

In terms of architecture and urban development, Constanta, like all Romanian cities, grew at an incredibly rapid rate during the communist era as the state encouraged the economy to convert from agricultural to industrial. In order to meet the housing demand for these new urban settlers working in the factories and in the harbor, whole parts of neighborhoods, particularly along major street arteries, were demolished, and apartment buildings were erected in a modular fashion (starting '1958'). During the early communist years (1947-58) the old district was settled (by throwing out the original owners) by the Soviets. It became their town, with Soviet schools, movie-theaters and military settlements.

In the few places in the old district that apartment buildings were built, objects of archaeological value were allowed to be researched and saved (in the name of nationalism and national identity), although apartment buildings were still built over the area after the diggings ceased. The Building with the Roman Mosaic was bravely saved and turned into a museum.

Besides the researches conducted at Tomis [Constanta] in an organized manner by V. Parvan ('1914-27'), the rest have come about on the basis of sporadic literary streams and of some accidental archeological discoveries
(Adrian Radulescu, Monumente Romano-Bizantine in Sectorul de Vest al Cetatii Tomis, Constanta, 1965, p 71-72 / H-1965.rom)

Very few structures were added to the old district that are worth mentioning; the most talked about is the small Aquarium (1958) in front of the Casino along the sea-side promenade that must have taken part of the whole redevelopment of the sloping landscape between the upper and lower boulevards into a terraced park. One of the achievements of that period was the reinforcement of all the shores around the old district which were always prone to land slides, with an array of stairs designed to bring one down different routes. Aside from the great expansion of the industrial harbor to the south-west, the touristic harbor was created on the north-eastern side, thereby changing the currents around the peninsula.
After the fall of the communist regime in 1989, almost everything has stopped, and, in this standstill, has deteriorated. There is no money. Money, in fact, had begun to cease in the late 70's. Due to an inherited deteriorated economy, all archaeological work has thus ceased, reconstructions and renovations have occurred sporadically, guided by uncoordinated private ventures, and odd new buildings have been built with false or without any zoning permits, but mostly outside the peninsular area. The old district has fallen into a dirty disarray, splashed with the vacant lots of demolished old structures and a few ‘glorious’ modern bank constructions, which sometimes fit and other times fit rather not... into the urban character of the previous ‘whole’.

**complete redevelopment and massive extension: kingdom of romania**

(a kingdom from 1881-1945)

1878 statistics: Russian cannons line the north shores. There are only 60 houses in Constanta, but there are Austro-Hungarian, British, French, German, Italian, and Russian consulates. The city’s population is mostly Greeks and Tatars, then Armenians, Bulgarians, and a few Turks and Jews of the Spanish, Caraimi and Galician Rites, and some Romanians. Except Turks and Tatars, most others speak Romanian because of former economic relations with Romania. Armenian, Bulgarian (orthodox), Greek (orthodox), Italian (catholic) Churches, several Mosques, and a Synagogue exist, and a Greek elementary school.

1879: Grain market is moved from Piazza Ovidiu to outside the old district. The city begins the laying out of streets (new, straighter patterns). The Archaeology Museum is established, and housed in various places for the next 100 years. Sepatino (Italian) builds a leather manufacturing factory by the lake (therefore name of Lacul Tabacariei). Boys and girls elementary schools established (Turkish section in boys school in 1881). Turks and Greeks also have their own private schools. statistic: 46 street oil/gas lamps existing.

1880: Teodoridis (Greek), as first architect of the city, draws up plans for creation of housing lots beyond old district.

1880's: Foscola Petre (Italian) builds a huge steam mill. 7 wind-mills operate on hills. Public garden is extended and planted with trees and imported flowers.

1881-82: Hotel ‘Carol’ is built along the east shore (now the Navy Commandment) with a private beach (arch. Alexandru Orascu).

1883: Cirileanu brothers (Romanian) open a second leather factory at lake

1883-85: First Romanian Orthodox church ‘St. Peter and Paul’ (city cathedral since 1923) is built in the public city square. It is built by the famous architect Ion Mincu (who established the Romanian architectural style) and opens in 1895 because the frescoes have to be redone in a more traditional way.

1884: Romanian government buys the railway and harbor from the British company. Tatars and Turks return to Constanta, being awarded citizenship (who fled at end of 1878 war). Sturza ‘Palace’ is built, (demolished in 1920). Wooden casino is built. Public baths open on the southern shores. Brick and stucco making places for coordinated construction of city buildings are established.

1887: Statue of Ovid is raised in Piazza Ovidiu facing Blvd. Tomis NW, by ‘Pro-Ovidiu’ committee (1883). It is built by Italian sculptor Ettore Ferrari (1884),
responsible for Lincoln in NYC, Giordano Bruno and Manzzini in Roma, Garibaldi in Pisa and in Rovigo, Ion Eliade Radulescu in Bucuresti, and Ovid (a later copy of this one) in Sulmona (Ovid’s native city).

1887 statistics: 450 residential buildings, 97 grain warehouses, 455 stores, 100+ public buildings: hotels, motels/restaurants, bakeries, cafés, inns, and tens of temporary buildings in the piazzas. Citizens consume: 1,797,929 kg bread, 108,000 kg sugar, 103,219 kg wine and beer, 1,934 cows, 89 calves, 9,118 rams, 1,595 lambs, 272 pigs, 62,779 kg fresh fish

1889: Second Romanian Orthodox church ‘St Nicholas the Elder’ is built and functions as city cathedral until 1923 (and during WWII), during the communist regime (“1960”) it is changed into a Lutheran church as the German Lutheran church is demolished for the construction of communist blocks, back into an orthodox church in 2000. (This could be wrong, because other sources say that that church is the Bulgarian church dating from the Ottoman times).

1891: Hardwood floor factory opens.

1891-94: City builds public hospital (eng. Paulina Zosima) (outside old district).

1891-92: 21,000 trees planted along railway, along southern shores and towards the town.

1892: Tatars and Muslim Gypsies were moved out as the city developed in that area (area bordered by Str. Stefan cel Mare, Blvd. Mamaia, Str. Sarmizegetusa? and Blvd. Tomis).

1892-93: City builds American type windmill (with motors) and a beer factory.

1892-94: Works on the boulevard/sea-side promenade commence, mass-graves of French Crimean soldiers are discovered. Trees are planted along hills to retain slope.

1894: Building housing the nationally acclaimed Math and Science High School ‘Mircea’ is built (becomes a gymnasium in 1896) (outside old district). France raises a monument in the cemetery for the soldiers that died of cholera ‘before’ fighting in the Crimean War: “France, for her soldiers that died for their nation 1854-1855” (outside old district).

1895 statistic: 1378 brick and stone houses, 62 streets, a marketplace and a boulevard.

1895/96: The Cernavoda Bridge across the Danube is finished, linking Dobrogea with lower Romania and the capital. Works to extend the harbor are begun.

1896: Second City Hall is built (later becomes the Post-Office, now the Folk Art Museum). 30 2-3 story residential buildings raised.

1897 statistic: By this date there are 359 street oil/gas lamps & electric lights along the sea-side promenade and in Piazza Ovidiu (powered by the harbor’s generator).

1899: Villa Sutu is built in a Moorish style (arch. Gheorghe Cerchez).

1900’s: Second Jewish Synagogue is built on Blvd. Mircea (demolished in the late 1990’s because of failing structure).

1902: ‘Casa cu Lei’ is built.

1904-10: Casino is built in place of former wood casino, mostly under the direction of the French architect Daniel Renard who also built the casinos in Monte Carlo & Monaco. He was the casino builder, I suppose!

1905: Parceling of residential lots in the ‘Romanian quarter’ is established (outside old district). The public beach resorts are moved from the south shores to Mamaia up north - important historic reversal of the geographical resort location(outside old district).

1905-12: Electricity is established for the whole city (AustroHungarian company).

1905-14: Water problem is finally resolved: water is obtained from the Danube (Belgian company). (Constanta is built on a hard limestone base and the
water table is very low, wells had to be dug 80 feet deep, which was quite difficult, and so there were very few. The streams in the region provided neither enough nor sanitary water.)

1906: Hotel 'Intim' is built on place of Hotel 'Angleterre' where national poet Mihai Eminescu stayed in 1882. Third Romanian Orthodox church is built (outside old district). 45,600 tourists in Mamaia beach resort.

1906-09: Sea-side Boulevard is enlarged.

1907+: Arêtük-têpe hill is demolished to make Mamaia Park, earth used to cover sand dunes and plant trees and flowers (outside old district).

1908: 'Mihai Eminescu' High School is built.

1908-09: Navy High School is built (now the Romanian Navy Museum), wings get added 1920's-30's.

1910: Carol I Mosque is built on place of earlier mosque (Mahmudia Mosque of 1822) (arch. Victor Stefanescu, eng. Gogu Constantinescu), copy of one in Anatolia, one of the first reinforced concrete building in the country. K. Regling publishes the first instructive text about Tomis (Die antiken Münzen Nord-Griechenlands, vol. II), but still based on written, rather than archaeological, findings (except for ancient coin classification). Bust of Ion Banescu is finished by Dimitrie Păcurar.

1913: Statue of Ovid is moved 15 m to the right for the construction of Arhipiscopiei Street down to the new Carol I Mosque. 'Regele Carol' Lighthouse is built, 'Genoese' Lighthouse is shut down.

1914: Hotel 'Palace' is built along the NE shore.

1914-15: Vasile Parvan publishes first text about ancient Tomis based on actual archaeological diggings ('Zidul Cetatii Tomi').

1916-21: Third City Hall (now the Archaeology Museum) is built in Piazza Ovidiu (arch. Victor Stefanescu) and soon after (1922) the Statue of Ovid that was taken down during WWI is moved to be on center with it, and changed to face the sea NE (a garden is added around it that is taken down in 1931).

1919-22: after WWI government repairs many buildings and builds about 600 more (partly outside old district). First wave of Aromanians move to Constanta.

1920's: Pariano residence is built (now the Ion Jalea museum).

1925: a copy of the Statue of Ovid in Constanta is raised in Sulmona, Italy (Ovid's native city).

1925-26: Archipiscopal Building is built.

1928: First fine arts exhibition is held in celebration of 50 years of Romanian rule: 'The Retrospective and Ethnographic Exhibition of Dobrogea' (Dobrogea's painting era boom was '1910-1940').

1930: Florentine House is built.

1934: Bust of national poet Mihai Eminescu is raised by local pro-Eminescu group (scu. Oscar Han).

1937: Italian Roman Catholic Church is built (arch. Romano de Simon).

**rapid growth, renovation, archaeology, degradation: the socialist republic of romania (communist regime)**

1947: the city is declared overcrowded, forcing some to move out (front page of newspaper - Ha-1947.rom). Soviets moved into the old district and make it their town. Soviet Navy Heroes Monument is added to the sea-side promenade (removed after 1989).

1948: post WWII renovations: 'Genoese' Lighthouse and 'St. Peter and Paul' Cathedral
‘1950-89’ : Very many Armenians, Germans, Greeks, and Jews move abroad (because they have foreign citizenship they are allowed to leave, whereas Romanians, Tatars and Gypsies cannot, and stay).

1955 : the ‘Genoese’ Lighthouse is declared a historic monument.

1957 : Bust of Vasilie Parvan is raised (scu. Ion Irimescu).


1958 : Aquarium is built in front of Casino. Constanța and Sulmona celebrate Ovid together.

1958-64

MAJOR ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES ARE MADE WHILE ‘REBUILDING’ THE CITY

Excavations along old district streets uncover remains from First and Second Iron Ages (1,200-100 bc) (1958-60). A large ancient marble workshop (3rd century ad) is discovered behind the former Navy Commandment in the harbor (1958). The ‘Building with the Roman Mosaic’ (306-337 ad) is discovered while digging for the foundation to an apartment building (1958-59), a roof is built to protect it and turn it into a museum. The Roman Baths (306-337 ad) are discovered down the harbor, as an extension of the Mosaic Building diggings (1959). 2 basilicas (450-500 ad) and ruins beneath them (270-450 ad) are discovered in the SW corner of the ancient city while digging for the foundation to apartment buildings (1960). Ancient necropolises uncovered all over the city as urban plans for expansion and building of residential apartment buildings is under way (1958-63) [this continues the local tradition of building on top of the dead]. 24 ancient pagan statues and bas-reliefs (1st-3rd centuries ad) are discovered in a common protective ditch (240+ ad) in the west corner of the ancient city, while digging the foundations to apartment buildings (1962). Ancient ceramics ovens (450-500 ad) are discovered in the SW corner of the ancient city while digging for the foundation to apartment buildings (1960-64). The crypt of a basilica with frescoes (450-500 ad) is discovered in the courtyard of ‘Mihai Eminescu’ High School (1960-64).

1959-60 : Post WWII renovations: Carol I Mosque.

1960 : Archaeology Park is established when clearing out the old railways. Fourth and actual City Hall is built on site of former (British built) railway station.

1960’s : Literature begins to be published about ancient Tomis, archaeological discoveries, etc.

1960-70’s : Post WWII renovations: ‘Casa cu Lei’ and Hotel ‘Intim’, the hotel is changed in the process.

1960-81 : accidental discoveries of ancient aqueduct sections are made, leading to serious researches in 1982 and the first text that describes it ‘correctly’ as an aqueduct (Ha-1982.rom)

1962 : statue entitled ‘The Archer’ is raised along the sea-side promenade (scu. Ion Jalea).

1965- (sometime before 1965) : ‘Tomis’ Touristic Harbor begins to be developed on the NE side of the old district.

1965 : Anghel Saligny Statue is raised along the sea-side promenade, above Poarta 1 (scu. Oscar Han).

1968 : WWII statue entitled ‘Victory Monument’ is raised in the new City Hall Park.


1971-74 : 12 layers of archaeological ruins (6th century bc - 6th century ad) are discovered in the cathedral park.

1972 : Sea Museum opens (is built?).
1976-80: Renovations: many residential structures, the Archeology Museum, the Episcopal ‘Palace’.
1985-87: Renovations: Casino, which housed a variety of public functions, including a WWI hospital.
1980-90’s: Renovations: Hotel ‘Carol,’ which housed the urban planning offices after WWII, is renovated into the Navy Headquarters, then back into a hotel, and again into the Navy Headquarters.

stagnation: democratic romania

1990’s: two glass constructions (banks) have been built along Str. Arhiepiscopiei
1999-2000: a horrible, monstrous, tacky construction is raised in Piazza Ovidiu, blocking the beautiful building of the History and Archaeology from view from the touristic harbor

2000: Photo-opportunity: two men repairing a car on top of an ancient mosaic, at the edge of the pit housing the first ancient city walls (‘100-240’ ad)

1 Aromanians are of ethnically Romanian origin, but speak a different dialect because they were living in secluded areas of Albania, Bulgaria and Macedonia for a very long time. They started coming to Romania after those regions gained independence from the Ottoman Empire (1878) because they began to feel persecuted as minorities there.
2 Anghel Saligny was the Romanian engineer who design the Cernavoda bridge across the Danube, linking lower Romania to Dobrogea, and part of the Constanta’s industrial harbor.

All the material in the bibliography sections of H, Ha, G, Gs, and M were used to gather this information.
Neolithic inhabitants of Dobrogea, 5,500-3,500 BC: "The Thinker and his mate." The figure of 'The Thinker' can be found on business cards and on public transportation buses throughout Constanta (Archaeology Museum postcard).

Mixed ethnicities fishing along the docks, 1908 (H-1908.rom, p 90).

Roman soldiers and Geto-Dacian women on Trajan's monument at Adam Clisi... of whom the Romanians were born! (H-1938.rom/1939/rom, pl 9 & 8 resp.).

Muslim Gypsies, 1908 (H-1908.rom, p 94).
Just a small sample of Dobrogea and Constanta's great ethnic mix. A very friendly mix.
**descriptive opinions: dobrogea**

**antiquity** *(written from 'research,' 1961)*

In antiquity Dobrogea was a forested land dominated by the oak tree. Wild boars and deer ran around. There were lakes supplied by streams that are now gone.

(paraphrase of Vasile Canarache in H-1961.rom, p 32)

**'1600-1630'** *(paraphrased in 1984)*

The Englishman Edmund Chishull noted that the inhabitants were “extremely poor” and his compatriot W. Hunter called them “the wretches of the earth” living in villages made up of huts and mud-huts in “extreme poverty.”

(Adrian Radulescu sums up the Englishmen’s comments in H-1984.rom/1979.rom, p 158)

**1878** *(written from memory, 1935, 1937)*

In 1878 Dobrogea was indeed a barren land. Unsowed fields, full of grass and weeds as far as the eye could see. Bands of malicious men scampering around through all the hidden places. Not a trace of man’s labor.

The very few villages that existed appeared to have been put together in a hurry by people that had no stability in this world. The cities and the marketplaces were badly maintained


The county [Dobrogea], with the small villages of those days and few of them in number in the interior [of the county], was like an immense desert... Of the shadow of a tree there was absolutely no allusion, everything being open and vulnerable to the winds and the storms of the season.


**1939** *(referring to the past)*

a theatre of war

(Radu Vulpe, *The Dobruja through the Centuries*, Bucharest, 1939, p 38 / H-1938.rom/1939.rom)

**1959**

Behind Constantza, the calm inert, crop-bearing Dobrujan steppe stretches out towards [the cities and resorts along the sea-shore]. On one side the sea, on the other, curving slightly towards the sky, the immense plain studded with barrows under which the Scythians and Ocmans sleep beneath a blanket of wheat and maize. An equal immensity on either side. Here and there one comes across large villages lying amongst the fields, with a church spire, an ancient minaret, a cemetery dotted with crosses and a Tatar cemetery with blackened columns of stone, like tree-stumps rising from the ground after the forest has been felled.

(Constantin Daicoviciu et al, “Constantza Region” in *Rumania*, Bucharest, 1959, p 552 / G-1959.rom)

**1986**

No part of Romania provides a more fascinating mixture of races than Dobruja.

Tropaeum Traiani, Roman colony (iu.2000).

Histria, Greco-Roman colony (iu.2000).

Tatar elementary school in Dobrogea, 1908 (H-1908.rom, p 204).
The plains of Dobrogea (iu.2000).

Histria, a Greco-Roman colony (iu.2000).
Balcic at Dawn, Nicolae Tonitza, "1933-34" (Gs-1998.2.rom, p 53).

Fountain at Plevna, Camil Ressu, "1910" (Gs-1998.2.rom, p 69).

Landscape in Dobrogea (A Narrow Street in Tuzla), Fracisc Sirato, "1928" (Gs-1998.2.rom, p 49).

Landscape in Dobrogea (Balcic), Henri Catargi, 1923 (Gs-1998.2.rom, p 70).
One legend tells of a Jason who went with his Argonauts to the land of Colchia, to the King Aetes, to ask for the golden wool of the ram sacrificed there by Phryxus. The doubtful and fearful King, who had heard of Jason and his powerful Argonauts, agreed to offer the wool if the men could first pass several tests. Knowing that the wool was guarded by a powerful dragon, Jason decided to undergo the trials, so that he could take the wool by peaceful means.

Aetes put Jason to plow a field with a bull that had legs of bronze and breath of fire, and then to sow there the teeth of a dragon. The ordeal was indeed a dangerous one. During that time, however, Medeea, the King's daughter, fell in love with the Greek hero and, seeing that her father wanted to finish him off, decided to help save him. Besides the fact that she was the King's daughter and quite beautiful, Medeea also knew magic and witchcraft. She gained the accord of her younger brother Absyrthé to help her rescue Jason from danger. That very night they left the palace and went to the hero, to whom Medeea gave a magic potion, with which he was to anoint himself before the fight so as to protect himself from the burning flames exhaled by the dragon.

Jason's only fear was of the fire, since his iron sword couldn't fight against it, but of the wildeness of the bull, he with his brutal arms feared not. The witch-girl had come to him as if sent by the gods. The second day the hero woke up invigorated and enthusiastic and, after preparing himself with Medeea's magic, went to the barn of the formidable bull. When the gates opened, the immense beast bursted out like an uncontrollable ball of flames, blowing out of his nostrils large circles of fire. Jason, proud and strong, wrapped up for a moment in the blaze like a pine tree on fire, tightened his grip decidedly and, grabbing the bull by the horns, turned his nostrils down into the ground. The beast exhaled in suffocation, moaning under the fists of the hero, as if under a felled boulder.

Jason then forced the poor animal to plow the chosen field, to the shock and surprise of King Aetes and of the Colchii gathered around. Also through Medeea's magic, the dragon teeth sowed by Jason on the plowed field gave birth to brothers that killed each other as they rose from the earth instead of killing the reviled hero, or instead of giving rise to perilous dragons.

Yet with all these achievements, Aetes didn't want to give the golden wool to the Argonauts. Medeea, a witch now herself bewitched by Jason, having forgotten about her father and her country, then began to sing a magic tune to put the dragon to sleep, thus allowing Jason to kill it and to take the golden wool. So Jason fled with Medeea, her brother Absyrthé and the rest of his men on the ship "Argos." To lose their trace, in fear of the King, they took a new route, crossing the sea toward twelve o'clock, heading for the mouths of the Istros [ancient Greek name for the Danube].

King Aetes, after a realization of Medeea's betrayal and after having seen the theft incurred to him by his former 'guests', headed along the enemy's traces, together with a large group of Colchii sailors.

While crossing the Pontus [the Black Sea] the enemies were coming closer and closer to being caught, for if the "Argos" could fly through the waves, then the aversion of King Aetes was enough to make his Colchii row even faster.

Medeea, seeing the danger that kept itself vengefully on their trail, and knowing that nothing could stop her father, thought of a bizarre crime, one that only love could make one do and that only love could forgive. She then commanded Jason to cut Absyrthé up into pieces and to spread the pieces on the sea-shores there. The hero, having accomplished the disturbing undertaking, hung the head and the hands of the child on the corner of a boulder on the shore.
This unsuspected sighting stopped Aetes from his hurry and gave time to the fugitives to distance themselves. The sorrowful King, collected the pieces of Absyrthë spread about and, crying bitterly for his cursed destiny, buried his murdered kin there on the sea shore.

The Colchii who had accompanied King Aetes in this hurry, colonized on that sea shore corner and founded the city of Tomis, whose name is derived from the Greek word τελευω (to cut into pieces) meaning the place where the unfortunate body of the King’s son was cut into pieces. So as to commemorate him, these faithful disciples raised on top of Absyrthë’s grave that big hill at the top edge of Constanta, that the Turks called AVRATUK-TÊPE, and the Romans Ponticum. Ovid himself mentioned this myth: “Inde Tomis dictus locus hic, quia fertur in illo membra soror fratris consecuisse sui” (This place was named afterwards Tomis, because there it is said that a sister cut up the body of her brother.)

Ovid’s Tristia, III, 9 is in fact the earliest written record of this myth. The legend is told in a more deformed manner by Maldarescu in H-1935.rom, p 5-6, who also states that the story relates to the fact that Argonaut sailors came to these shores about 1,200 BC (they didn’t). In a more factual approach, Radulescu in H-1998.rom p 73-77, retells the myth and states that the heros on the ship Argo could in no realistic temporal way be connected to the actual founding of Tomis. The legend is, in fact, alluded to by many, as even one of the neighborhoods of modern Constanta is called Medeea. Diana explains that the boulders on which Absyrthë’s pieces were laid are in front of the ‘Genoese’ Lighthouse where many ships have been known to have crashed, Ha-1980.1.rom, p 75 (see photo, p 161). Mihail-Ursu mentions that the Avratuk-têpe hill was demolished sometime after 1907 for the creation of Marnaia Park, Ha-1980.2.rom, p 157.

ancient greek period (written from ‘research,’ 1959)

It was the Greeks who introduced slavery to the Scythian, Getic and Dacian populations. Both at Histria and at Tamis, as well as in other cities, the slave trade throve and ever growing numbers of the natives were crowded with the cattle into the holds of the vessels, to be shipped to the Greek metropolis.

(Constandin Daicoviciu et al., “Constantza Region” in Rumania, Bucharest, 1959, p 546 / G-1959.rom)

9-17 ad

Maybe you want to know who the Tomitans are and what kind of habits I see around me?
The Getae and the Greeks are mixed together but the warlike Getae outnumber the Greeks.

(Publius Ovidius Naso, Tristia V, 7, 9-12, in H-1979.rom/1984.rom, p 77. Ovid Tristia is devoted to descriptions of Tomis. It is due to this document that the memory of Tomis remained.)

‘1300-1400’ (written from ‘research,’ 1965)

In the 14th century it was known that Constanta, then named Kustenge, was no more than a pile of tumbled stones overgrown with weeds set in an area to which disgraced officials were exiled as punishment.

'1650' (paraphrased in 1972)
Kustendje is a 'city' that has up to 150 houses covered with ceramic tiles or wood boards, a mosque, an inn, several stores and 40-50 big warehouses sited around the harbor.
(Written by Vasile Barbu based on the writings of Evlia Celbi, an Arab scholar who passed through Dobrogea in the middle of the 17th century, H-1972.rom, p 77)

**note on 17th-19th centuries**
Although many foreign travellers passed through Dobrogea and Constanta during the 17th-19th centuries, in the material I have encountered, they are usually quoted for facts (i.e. population statistics) rather than for descriptive portrayals of the city.

'1700-1800'
"a port with low houses, visited by many Turkish kayaks"
(French consular agent to the Khan of the Crimean Tatars, quoted by Adrian Radulescu in H-1979.rom/1984.rom, p 152)

1850 (the harbor)
The position of Custenj6's harbor leaves the ships stationed in it without any shelter. Especially in the winter, the winds are very dangerous; last November two ships, loaded and ready to begin their journey, crashed in the harbor... Custenj6 was an old commercial city, built by the Genoese [It wasn't yet known that ancient Tomis was Custenj6]. The harbor had docks built of cut stone, but it was so neglected that the disembarking of ships which came from everywhere, throwing their ballasts into the sea, has filled it up in time so much that today's ships can neither get close to the docks nor to the harbor, where they are not safe. Judging by the immense granite and marble columns, and by the ornaments that form piles of stone ruins, Custenj6 harbor must have been very developed at one time.

1854
Custendjeh, the old Tomis, the place of exile of Ovid, makes itself known through the importance of its own history, attested to by the numerous antique remains, so rich and diverse that they tranform this site into an open air museum.

1855+
Here a Greek frieze serves as the foundation of a Roman wall, further on, Roman bricks form the staircase to a Turkish house... Further away, a grave serves as a water trough for cows and horses...
(Camille Allard, Frenchman in charge of building highway to Constanta from 1855 on, in H-1972.rom, p 79)
1857+

[Constanta is] a small collection of miserable mud huts, with the minaret of a mosque shooting up in the middle.
(Trevor Barklay, Englishman in charge of building railway and harbor, from 1857 on, quoted by Vasilie Barbu in H-1972.rom, p 79)

before 1878 (written from 'research,' 1979, 1980)

[In Constanta] the goods were traded in grain marketplaces and in stores and, quite frequently, private owners and salespeople would take objects for sale out on the sidewalk. To complete the depiction of the city during the Ottoman domination, one must say that animals went about on the streets freely, without their owners, producing panic and, sometimes, accidents among the civilians.
(Constantin & Natalia Boncu, Constanta, Bucuresti, 1979, p 20 / H-1979.rom)

The destructions induced by the last two wars (Russo-Turk) are slow to heal, the streets remain narrow and crooked, the lines of houses, some with a second story, alternate with mud-huts or grain warehouses.
(Constantin & Natalia Boncu, p 21 / H-1979.rom)

[Constanta consisted of] a couple of public squares and a big congregation of buildings built from mud bricks and stone, some of them dressed with wooden boards, containing primitive methods of lighting and of making a fire.
(Constantin & Natalia Boncu, p 45 / H-1979.rom)

The space caught between these chaotically placed buildings was intended for promenades, but it was often interrupted by peasant wheelcarts that came through the familiar streets and headed down along the current Ovidiu Street toward the harbor entrance, where they could get water for their animals.
(Constantin & Natalia Boncu, p 47, this last quote not translated mot-a-mot / H-1979.rom)

The British buildings were a 'colony' that [by themselves] couldn't change the Oriental-market character of Constanta, with its mud and straw houses crowded together in the peninsular zone, out of the middle of which sprung up the silhouette of the old mosque.
(Nicolina, Mihail-Ursu 'Activitatea lui Ion Banescu in Contextul Modernizarii Constantei' in Comunicari de Istorie a Dobrogei, Constanta, 1980, p 151 / Ha-1980.2.rom)

1878 (written from memory, 1935)

The city of Constanta resembled a meager Turkish bazaar, dirty, full of wrecked buildings, unpaved streets, pot-holes and vacant neighborhoods. The whole city was composed of a few streets around today's Piata Ovidiu that led down to the harbor. From today's Post Office [now the Folk Art Museum], to go up [out of the city] you needed much courage, because you were immediately attacked by wolves.
(Mihai Maldarescu, Din Istoricul Orasului Constanta, Constanta, 1935, p 11 / H-1935.rom)

1892

The city lives only in the summer months and then from the grace of the foreigners/tourists.
(Constanta County Head, 1892, quoted by Constantin & Natalia Boncu in H-1979.rom, p 62)
getting through the old town, up to a hill from which to look back down on Constanta

I get up into a carriage and ask to be taken up Carol Street, to the hill. On the right side rises the former City Hall, into which the Post Office installed itself later [now the Folk Art Museum], a beautiful building made in good taste, belonging to a strange mixture of styles that gives you the impression of the facade of a Moorish temple. In our times of uniform and crowded structures that often look like loaves of bread taken out of their baking forms, it is a true pleasure for the soul and eyes to fall upon a freestanding building, in which the boldness and the concept of the architect can take you, for a moment, out of the common obsession.

In no other times has there been less inspiration in the art of building. The houses of our period are a sorrowful banality. Our rich people continue to build their houses according to awkward/inert builders, unable to see that we have an architectural beginning that is imposing.

The carriage continues ahead.

Also on the right rises the Boys’ and Girls’ School No. 1. The building seems well sited and comfortable. The plantings in the front and the little gardens of the directors demonstrate a good taste and an earnestness on the part of the teachers. Over the road, in an imposing corner, rises Hotel Continental [now in the process of being demolished].

The people along the way adorn themselves in an array of heavy, multi-patterned clothing, over which float the red ‘ćialma’ of the Tatars who have arrived at the market scene.

Ahead of us, on the right, the Mircea Voda Garden starts to show its green. I breathe openly, as if just released from a room stuffy room. The beautiful fragrance of the flowers and the greenery fills the air. One can hear the trumpets and clatter of arms of the military barracks.

We pass at horses running pace in front of the County Hospital and by the new cheerful houses in the Romanian quarter, going forward through fresher and brighter air.

The corner of land with uncultivated vines and the abandoned mill seem to be the last troubled remnants of another time, taken out and ready to be carried away by the wind, to finally leave for another place.

The Avratik-t6pe [since flattened for the making of Mamaia Park] rises full and round, as if swollen out of the earth....

...I get up in a hurry and soon I am on top of the hill...

...The Ponticum [Roman name for Avratik-t6pe] dominates all the surroundings.

The neverending sea heats up the horizon from the east.

The city stretches out on a narrow promontory that enters far into the sea...

...You can see the infinite water, the crowding of reddish rooftops, from where, if you turn toward the land, you can see the way that the multitude of Scythic hills unravel in the distant territory, hills that perhaps hide under them old tombs and the stories of forgotten owners...

...Constanta, a shaped flowing mass, enters into the sea like a finger that indicates a path....

...I look slowly over the shore on the left side.

The military barracks stand out amongst the fallen stuffy acacias. Through their beaten courtyards lines of soldiers in military practice intermingle.

Up here only the sounds of the trumpet can reach.

Afterwards come the buildings of the Customs House with the Monks’ Inn.

From there the eye only stops at Vila Sutu, which glows so white in the sun that it seems to be made of marble...

...My eyes leave the shore and gather in their view the elongated city...

...The roofs of the County Hall and of the Courthouse glimmer in the sunlight.
On the Royal Palace the flag of domination flutters in the wind.

Rolling your eyes over the multitude of houses, you trip over the towers of the Cathedral and the minaret of the nearby Mosque, that rise in the valley to catch your view. These remarkable towers seem to be at peace with one another, looking at each other in the face in a friendly way, one proud of her triumph, the other resigned in front of her fatality and saddened by the demise of the former power.

Lower down, farther away, there where Constanta bends down, the huge trunk of the light-house raises her little head, searching, between the houses that seem to want to close her view toward the dry land.

The harbor, with its ant-like workers, with the intersection of trains, and with the masts of the ships, can hardly be drawn out, seeming more like a crowd of undetermined shadows from which one can only distinguish the straight, heavy lines of the docks.

The narrative continues until page 47 describing the rest of the city beyond the old quarters: from the petrol reserves by the vine-yards, to the green gardens of the Romanian quarter, to the depressing grain warehouses along the road to Mangalia, to the cemetery hidden in greenery, to the clean roofs of the houses in the fields outside the city, the foreign petrol depots, to the shabby Muslim (meaning Turkish and Tatar) residences with red tiled roofs that look like fish scales in the sun, to the modest Evangelical church between trees, to the public garden and up the road that leads to the hill from which the narrator tells the story. There is a street in Constanta named after this author.

**the fragile eastern shore**

I'm staying in a house on the sea-shore. On our side, the shore's edge is unsteady and gives in gradually to great collapses.

Whole streets have sunk into the sea and this ruin doesn't stop, but eats away at the weakened earth like an evil wound...

...Waiting for the moon, I thought with pity at the destiny of the condemned city.

Did old Tomis ever reach its full maturity?

In any case, if the shore's edge is not strengthened in this northern part, the sea threatens to take her revenge through the city and unite her waters with the basin of the harbor in a gigantic embrace. Constanta will then remain isolated only on an island in the lower part.

In the end, who knows, it could be more beautiful like this in the future...

...On the shores it is quiet, no shadow crosses the road, only the wind sweeps away the dry leaves that have been torn from a lonely acacia. This clear autumn night is full of cold fears and regrets. On the edge of a huge ravine, a part of an old house that has recently fallen into the sea continues to hold on to the shore. On the shattered edge of a naked wall, a shy cat walks in curiosity, astonishing herself at the calamitous force down in the valley that swallows everything up.

**the mosques**

-Alah ekber... Alah ekber...

(God is great... God is great).

The old Constanteni are no longer impressed by these [calls to prayer], for they are used to this happening, but the foreigners who come from other places are brought to a standstill by the solemnity of these prayers.

(loan Adam, p 51 / H-1908.rom)
on the boulevard (the sea-side promenade)
For the visitors gathered in the summer in Constanta, the opportunity to meet and to come together is the promenade down the boulevard. The season could in no way be understood without this grand fashion show, and without the convening of elegant young people, who come together to capture and to allow themselves... to be captured.
(loan Adam, p 57 / H-1908.rom)

under the boulevard (the mass graves of the French soldiers sent to fight in the Crimean War, who died of cholera 'on the spot')
Later, in the year 1904, when the earth was leveled there, in view of the construction of the Casino, the sinister hecatombs were discovered, in which were found piles of putrid bones one on top of the other, together, overlapping as if in an eternal embrace.
(loan Adam, p 148 / H-1908.rom)

Any time new diggings are carried out in that area, the skeletons of the former unfortunate expeditionaries are found.
(loan Adam, p 153 / H-1908.rom)

at the casino
The Old Casino was built only of wood and seated on strong pillars on the edge of the boulevard. In that improvised salon, many groups of tourists, gathered there together from all the corners of the country and all the parts of the world, have enjoyed themselves and have reveled through many nights. Today though, it seems that the requests have become more precious and people look onto this old shack with pity, this shack that has sheltered so many engagements and ecstasies. The mayors’ office has then thought up a daring change, befitting of the flight that the city has taken, and has decided to build a casino containing all of the modern engagements of celebration.
(loan Adam, p 64 / H-1908.rom. The orchestra would play everyday during the months of July & August, from 5-7 pm and from 8-12 pm.)

the harbor
The wharfs are stirring with the busy movements of the workers who seem to be racing with each other, some going with full packs to the shore, others returning with empty sacks in their hands. The boards layed out between the wharf and the ships bend and resound, cracking under the neverending steps of these hungry men, who come and go in an overlap of work and perseverance.
You see backs bent, necks red from perspiration, foreheads curled up from sweat, bodies tightened up in an assortment of ways and reactions, all according to how you catch these ‘ants’ of the harbor.
The black and heavy ships sit lazily along the wharves, laddened from so much weight. Within the noisy chaos of all the multi-lingual calls and yells resounds the gurgling ring of the fallen achors and stretched out chains.
The full trains come to replace those with empty cars, avoiding them only through mute flag signs and strident whistles...
...The sea remains continuously calm and vast.
(loan Adam, p 82-84 / H-1908.rom)

at the horseraces
...Here resounds in your ear, simultaneously, the voice of the Tatar and of the Greek, of the Bulgarian and of the Jew, of the Armenian and of the Romanian. Furthermore, not only seldom, you
can hear people speaking German, Italian and English.

If you go to the pavilion reserved for those who pay, you can also hear French spoken in bird-like pitch by the ladies up front, with an accent more or less elegant, then Greek spoken on the top of the tongue by the granddaughters of Aphrodite, who are better capable of preserving their [native] language.

(Ioan Adam, p 186-7 / H-1908.rom)

1961

From the moment of the development of capitalism and the economic enslavement of Romania, through the invasion of foreign capital, Constanta became again the principal harbor through which the riches of the country flowed out, robbed by the monopolies of burgheso-feudal regimes.

(Vasile Canarache, Tomis, Bucuresti, 1961 p 18 / H-1961.rom)

1965

Your first impression of Constanta is of a rather undistinguished city - but it is a totally false impression, Constanta growing on you insidiously until suddenly you find you not only like the place, but love it, discovering that it has far more to offer than first imagined.


Like the other religions in Rumania, Mohammedanism is tolerated by the authorities who allow worshippers to continue in their chosen faith without hindrance but also without any active encouragement either.

(Ted Appleton, p 99 / G-1965.eng)

Seated beneath the shadowy trees is as colourful a collection of citizens as you will find anywhere. There was one man with bright red hair and deep blue eyes, characteristics which many Turks possess; those dark-skinned men who might have been Arabs were in fact Tatars who live in the Dobruja in great numbers, whilst the rather persuasive gentleman who tried to purchase my wristwatch must surely have been an Armenian or a Greek...

...Sitting in a cafe you can pick out Turks, Tatars, Germans, Armenians, Bulgarians, Russians and Jews, in addition to the typical Rumanian whose fine regular features, dark eyes and curly black hair recall the Greeks and the Romans who founded, built and lived in this bustling city once called Tomis - a city whose comfort and pleasures persuaded their forebears to linger when the Roman legionaries withdrew...

(Ted Appleton, p 101-102 / G-1965.eng)

Those who like the unusual could well take one of the side roads which climb up from the beach to Mircea Street where you will find clusters of old Turkish styled houses with carved wooden balconies, bay windows and red pantiled roofs. Though lived in they do not seem very much cared for these days and the saffron and ochre-coloured paintwork is flaking badly. Most of the people living in them are of Turkish descent and we saw at least one woman in Turkish styled ‘harem type’ trousers. It is to be hoped that the unusual architectural style of the houses will keep them in eventual preservation in a city which is rebuilding fast.

Those interested in change could well spend some time wandering the streets of Constanta where the villas of the old aristocracy are time and again sandwiched between the new blocks of
apartment houses which are beginning to spring up everywhere. It takes no more than six months to build an apartment block in Constanta - and though by our standards [British] these apartment houses may look unimaginative and severe, they are quickly solving an acute housing problem, the acuteness of which can be clearly seen even though some of the condemned dwellings [that were demolished to make space for the apartment buildings] are very picturesque.

On the southern edge of the city, close to the new apartments, is the strange but splendid concrete needle of the new lighthouse. This is hardly more than a tall pylon with the oddest shaped lantern - a great triangle of bright blue plastic which when illuminated at night provides a semicircle of brilliant white light. To make it all seem odder, the base of the pylon is hidden by a cluster of ancient peasant cottages with tiny flower-filled gardens behind dilapidated wooden fencing and with a warren of 'dirt' roads all about. Yet on reflection this typifies the strange character which makes Constanta so endearing to the traveller - proving it to be a city which is very far from commonplace.

(Ted Appleton, p 103-4 / G-1965.eng)

1966

[N]ot a week or a month goes by that another important archeological discovery isn't made.


1986

Archaeologists, amateur and professional, will find Constanta a good starting place for a visit to Romania because of the wealth of Greek and Roman remains as well as those of the Dacians [Getae] and Muslims [Turks & Tatars].


1987

With all these [historic vestiges], Constanta appears today as a 'new' city, in which one cannot find structures dating farther back than the second half of the last century.


1998

Constanta has the polyglot flavor characteristic of so many seaports, with its cheek-by-jowl mix of modern life and antiquity.

Landscape at Constanta, Theodor Pallady, '1914-?' (Gs-1998.2.rom, p 43).

On the Sea Shore, Dimitrie Harlescu, pre-1941 (Gs-1998.2.rom, p 36).

The Port of Constanta, Alexandru Ciucurencu, 1960 (Gs-1998.2.rom, p 60).
The legendary rocks on which Jason laid the pieces of Absyrthé (see foundation myth), photographed in 1908, now under shore expansion (H-1908.rom, p 15).


Constanta in 1854, drawn by V. Timon in Ruski Hodojestveni Listok (H-1979.rom, p 19).

Roman ruins dating to the 4th century BC on the southern shores of Constanta, with British railway in front (built 1857-59), photographed before 1904, now under built up hill (H-1908.rom, p 9).

Constanta seen from the harbor, 1908 (H-1908.rom, p 30).

Constanta Harbor circa 1850's (R-1972.1.usa, p 126).
Material images of what I found to be interesting, different, or beautiful in Constanta: inaccurate as factual description (i.e. shows more my preferences).

Window in the old district (iu.1998).

Entrance to Hotel Palace (iu.2000).

The most perfect wall (iu.1998).

In the Touristic Harbor (iu.1996).

Along the promenade, Mamaia (iu.1996).

In the old district (iu.1998).
background - descriptive opinions. *constanta*

- Somewhere in Constanta (iu.1996).
- In the old district (iu.2000).
- Somewhere in Constanta (iu.1998).
- In the Touristic Harbor (iu.1996).
- Along the promenade, Mamaia (iu.1996).
- In the old district (iu.2000).
guidebook recommendations

This table lists guidebook comments regarding the ‘objects’ of recommended tourist destination in Constanta (Guidebook Opinions) and compares that with factual information regarding those ‘objects’ (The Naked Truth). It is helpful for realizing how very few vestiges of the ancient civilization exist, that most of the visitable attractions are from the modern (1900’s) period. So much for a place with a history of 2,600 years!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time Period</th>
<th>Guidebook Opinions</th>
<th>The Naked Truth</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ancient : '600' BC-1420 AD (really to 600 AD, because there is nothing after that)</td>
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<tr>
<td>ottoman : 1420-1878 (really from 1860, because there is nothing before that)</td>
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<td>early Romanian : 1878-1947</td>
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<td>communist Romanian : 1947-1989</td>
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Hierarchies of recommendation are marked by colors, in order of prominence:
red : magenta : cyan : yellow

‘Objects’ that were only mentioned by one guidebook were excluded.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE NORTHERN REGIONS</th>
<th>OBJECT OF TOURISM</th>
<th>EDGEWARE</th>
<th>PLACE NAME</th>
<th>HOURS OF OPENING</th>
<th>DESCRIPTION</th>
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<tr>
<td>1-1</td>
<td>Ancient Capital</td>
<td>3rd century B.C.</td>
<td>Baekje</td>
<td>Winter 09:00-17:00, Summer 09:00-18:00</td>
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Note: The table continues with similar information for other objects of tourism in the Northern Regions.
background - guidebook recommendations

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live thoughts

Interviews conducted with the locals.

questions

1. HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO THE OLD SECTOR (THE PENINSULA) AND WHY / WHAT FOR? HOW OFTEN DID YOU GO IN THE PAST?

2. DO YOU GO TO THE CHURCHES/MOSQUES IN THE OLD SECTOR...? HOW OFTEN?

3. HOW OFTEN OR WHEN HAVE YOU VISITED THE MUZEUMS AND THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES?

4. WHAT ROLE DO YOU THINK THAT THESE “MONUMENTS” HAVE IN A CITY?

5. WHAT MEMORIES (HISTORICAL INFORMATION) DO YOU HAVE FROM THE OLD SECTOR? people, places, events

6. WHAT MEMORIES (PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATIONS) DO YOU HAVE FROM THE OLD SECTOR? people, places, events

7. WHAT CHANGES (PLEASANT/UNPLEASANT) HAVE YOU OBSERVED TAKING PLACE IN THE OLD SECTOR? renovations demolitions new construction new inhabitants trees/gardens public spaces parking traffic

8. WHAT CHANGES WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE OCCUR? in piazza ovidiu along the sea-coast/promenade in the residential neighborhoods (according to the criteria of q7)

9. OTHER COMMENTS... (FREE).

naval technician : 35

1. HOW OFTEN GO...

   I venture there rarely and according to the things I need to take care of.

2. CHURCH/MOSQUE VISITS...

   I go to the mosque once or twice a year, when the religious festivities take place.

3. MUSEUM/MONUMENT VISITS...

   My visits in the peninsular area have been sporadic, and limited to the museums and the aquarium.

4. ROLE OF ‘MONUMENTS’...

   (blank)

5. HISTORICAL MEMORIES...

   My memories from the old sector deal with visits to the museums, the mosque, Tomis Harbor and the sea-side promenade.

6. PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMORIES...

   My most beautiful memory is tied to Tomis harbor where the Day of the Romanian Navy celebrations take place, particularly because it is related to my profession as a “sailor”/navy employee.
7. CHANGES OBSERVED...

Pleasant changes consist in the renovation of some buildings.
Unpleasant changes are the abandonment of the historic relics that had been uncovered that has lead to their devastation, and the ending of further archaeological research.

8. CHANGES DESIRED...

Changes should be made to renovate old buildings and to reinforce of the coast.

9. [LIBER...]

The buildings that have been raised in the peninsular area have been sporadic. They are basically ventures by private individuals, who, in opening their businesses, repaired only their particular buildings and facades.

biologist & teacher : 53

1. HOW OFTEN GO...

I only go to the peninsular area rarely, when I have business to resolve there. In the past, when I was younger I went more often.

2. CHURCH/MOSQUE VISITS...

Like any Christian Orthodox, I regularly visit the churches in the peninsular area at least once a week.

3. MUSEUM/MONUMENT VISITS...

My visits to the following sites has been reduced to 2-3 times a year: the Archaeological Museum, the Art Museum, the Aquarium, and some of the archaeological remains that lie in the open grass.

4. ROLE OF ‘MONUMENTS’...

(blank)

5. HISTORICAL MEMORIES...

My memories of the old district are related to what this area once was: the Casino, the sea-side promenade, the museums, the cathedral, the statue of Ovid, especially because they weren’t in the current state of degradation.

6. PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMORIES...

The only memory related to a remarkable event is Day of the Romanian Navy, the festival that takes place in Tomis harbor.

7. CHANGES OBSERVED...

Pleasant changes consist in the renovation of some of the buildings, though few, and the maintenance of the harbor.
Unpleasant: the interruption of searches for new historic relics and the fact that the ruins uncovered have been left abandoned.

As far as parking is concerned, there aren’t any spaces that are specially maintained. The peninsular zone is characterized by narrow streets, the only open space being Piata Ovidiu. Due to the width of the streets, the traffic can only take one-way routes, and therefore is not efficient.

8. CHANGES DESIRED...

First of all, the renovation of the old buildings and of the coast, things that up until now have only occurred accidentally, such as when new businesses opened, or in the renovation works planned by the City Hall and executed by S.C. Edic Cirban.

9. [LIBER...]

As a resident of Constanta, I feel that I can make many other comments regarding the peninsular area.
I regret that up until 1989, the area was circumvented by new investments. After 1990, renovation projects have been made only by private owners with direct interests. When the former owners were given back their properties, they changed the uses of the residential buildings into public ones. In general, besides the renovation of some building facades, and even those few in number, the old district has remained the same as in the 1950-60’s.

a library director / history teacher : 50

1. HOW OFTEN GO...

Very often, because I used to work in an institute located in the building that is now the Archipiscopal Building.
2. CHURCH/MOSQUE VISITS...

I used to go to the churches quite often, until about 1990. Since then I go to a church closer to me, a very beautiful church built about 100 years ago.

3. MUSEUM/MONUMENT VISITS...

Very often - at some of them, such as the fortress at Adam Clisi, I took part in the excavations.

4. ROLE OF ‘MONUMENTS’...

The monuments constitute the memory of the particular city.

5. HISTORICAL MEMORIES...

When I was little I used to come here for the Day of the Romanian Navy when the city organized shows and fireworks. It was and it remains the promenade zone (the Casino being the city’s emblematic building).

6. PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMORIES...

The events of December 1989: two days and two nights we stayed in the library (now the Archepiscopal Building) with the army. It was very stressful, although we were enthusiastic (unfortunately that enthusiasm has been lost since then.)

7. CHANGES OBSERVED...

Emblematic buildings such as the hotel and restaurant ‘Victoria’ and other buildings in Plata Ovidiu and the peninsular zone have been demolished.

8. CHANGES DESIRED...

The old buildings, considered historic monuments, should be preserved.

The maintenance of the residential buildings on str. Nicolae Titulescu. The renovation of the ‘Casa cu Lei’ that had been once a pleasant restaurant. The consolidation of the promenade around the harbor (probably the touristic port) and perhaps the barring of traffic in the peninsular zone.

There should be no place for the construction of business and financial buildings of an ultra-modern architectural style that doesn’t belong there (i.e. in Plata Ovidiu and the peninsular zone).

9. [LIBER...]

The peninsular zone should be preserved and restored. It is all that has remained of old Constanta.

Architecture that does not pertain to the patina of the area should not be allowed to be built.

or

The whole zone could be demolished and completely rebuilt according to plans that would reflect upon the tradition of the ‘époque’ (something which seems to me to be quite costly and almost impossible to realize). (From what I know, only Germany has been able to rebuilt Dresden, which had been gravely destroyed after the bombardments of the Second World War).

architecture student (non-local) : 28

1. HOW OFTEN GO...

In the last couple of summers that I’ve returned to Constanta during the vacations I remember going walking a couple of times through the peninsula (though I didn’t realize it was a peninsula) down to the sea-side promenade. Sometimes we would stop and eat a desert someplace. Unfortunately it’s a small area and you can walk through it rather quickly as there isn’t much to do.

When I was little we came every summer to the seaside, renting two rooms in the house of a local family, but I don’t every remember coming to the peninsula area. I just remember the house and garden we stayed in, and going to Mamaia beach (although we have photographs along the sea-side promenade to prove that we were there).

2. CHURCH/MOSQUE VISITS...

Because I live in the US, when I’m in Romania I feel the need or respect to enter orthodox churches and light a candle. As I’m interested in religion and architecture as subjects as well, I usually go to visit other religious houses too.

In Constanta, besides the multitude of churches of different ethnicities, one has the rare opportunity to see a mosque (there are five in Constanta, two in the old district). The Carol I Mosque is particularly imposing and well maintained and gives one the opportunity to see the city from above. The Cathedral is also a very nice piece of architectural craftsmanship, but unfortunately you cannot go up into the towers.
3. MUSEUM/MONUMENT VISITS...

I remember visiting the Building with the Roman Mozaic and the Art Museum, and looking at the ruins down by the cathedral. I also recall a brief visit to the History Museum... but being quite disappointed with its antiquated method of display and the stuffy curtains that hide the damaging light, which are somehow typical of Romanian museums.

The Archaeological Park always confused me as to where in the city it was located and what its purpose was.

4. ROLE OF ‘MONUMENTS’...

To carry the stories through.
To guide one as to his location in the city (to mark the spot, give it a character).
Make the place richer, decorate it.

5. HISTORICAL MEMORIES...

The best event I can remember is a rock band playing down in the touristic harbor and how nicely it resounded even far from there. We were up by the Navy Commandment, because it was too crowded below.

6. PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMORIES...

The sea-side promenade is so very different than the character of the inner fill of the old district. It is like being in another place altogether. The buildings are more solid, the boulevard/promenade park is a wide terraced area, strong in its width and form and in the fact that it is full with thick, regular trees. It is like being on the board of a big ship, facing the immensity of the sea, but being protected by this massive machine that supports you.

It was always a relief, and worth the effort of walking through the whole city, just to reach this place.

7. CHANGES OBSERVED...

The old sector looks quite horrible. It is dirty and left in disarray. There are so many vacant lots, I am just overwhelmed by how many opportunities there are to build.

I have only noticed a few buildings (banks) of glass and steel that have arisen, that I quite like.

8. CHANGES DESIRED...

City clean up. Besides the two banks on Arhiepiscopiei, the tacky new monster added to Piata Ovidiu is a misfortune that I would personally like to take a huge electric saw and razor off the top two stories (then it would be acceptable). Slow infill, including modern construction that is contextually sustainable (ie not too high).

9. [LIBER...]

It is unfortunate that the industrial harbor has become such a barrier to the sea and to the southern, sunny exposure of the city. Blvd. Marinarilor is a kind of dead street because there are ruins on one side (that have been left unattended) and the train lines and wall hiding the harbor on the other. It is a well paved and nicely tree-lined street that has no purpose other than to take you down to the Poarta 1 and the sea-side promenade.

retired accountant: 62

1. HOW OFTEN GO...

Currently, I go very rarely, basically because of the lack of attraction/attractiveness of the place due to the demolition of some buildings. In the past I went very often; it was the most beautiful place in the city.

2. CHURCH/MOSQUE VISITS...

I go to the churches whenever I have the opportunity to go to that particular area of the city. As far as the mosques are concerned, I have seen them many times.

3. MUSEUM/MONUMENT VISITS...

Now my visits are very rare. I know very well the history of the city, in my childhood and in my later youth they were my favorite places.

4. ROLE OF ‘MONUMENTS’...

All historic monuments represent the “history” of the respective places.

5. HISTORICAL MEMORIES...

In my childhood, we went to the old district to stroll through Piata Ovidiu, where you could meet all good mannered/quality people in the city. New people coming to Constanta wanted first thing to go to the statue of Ovid.
6. PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMORIES...

I nostalgically re-live the times when the locals would put on their best outfits to go strolling through the old part of the town. There was a respect for these places.

7. CHANGES OBSERVED...

(blank)

8. CHANGES DESIRED...

The old buildings should be put under historical preservation. If possible, the traffic could be reduced and the parking in Piata Ovidiu be moved elsewhere. It would be nice if new green spaces with many flowers could appear, and if the salubrious buildings could disappear, with the exception being those that are historically valuable. New construction could appear, but with a function that is well-mannered (a bookstore, stores for art objects, etc.).

In Piata Ovidiu much can be done, but only with strict caution to the old buildings. The residential neighborhoods need renovation and maintenance, these buildings being of a completely different typology. The sea-side promenade in front of the Casino and Tomis harbor need to remain the representative esplanades for the city of Constanta.

9. [LIBER...]

(blank)

engineer / former tourist guide : 39

1. HOW OFTEN GO...

Before 1990 I used to go to the old district, as a tourist guide, with groups of tourists, to visit the archiological relics and the other tourist destinations in the area.

2. CHURCH/MOSQUE VISITS...

After 1990, almost never, to my own personal regret.

3. MUSEUM/MONUMENT VISITS...

Very often until 1990.

4. ROLE OF ‘MONUMENTS’...

[these "monuments"] have an essential role in understanding history “in the live”.

5. HISTORICAL MEMORIES...

In 1976, I conducted some excavations on my own, in the area of the ancient harbor, and discovered a series of bones and fragments of ceramic objects.

6. PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMORIES...

In 1979, together with a good friend who was a tourist guide for the mosque in Piata Ovidiu, I tried to organize a trip down into the subterranean tunnels that are in the area of Piata Ovidiu, in search of a treasure. Finally, when all the preparations were finished, our plans were broken off because the map we had, an old map, was stolen from us.

7. CHANGES OBSERVED...

[I have noticed] the degradation of the old sector.

8. CHANGES DESIRED...

[I would like to see] an urban plan that would stress conservation, renovation and an acknowledgement of the value of the old city (buildings, ruins, museums), and the rigorous integration of new buildings into that area. The creation of a regional unity, in the sense of “a revitalization (a resurrection)” of the old city in modern terms.

9. [LIBER...]

(blank)

navy officer : 53

1. HOW OFTEN GO...

In my youth I used to go there very often:

a. It represented the place where the young spent most of their free time;

b. By the nature of my profession, I used to take students (future navy officers) there and explain to them the historic, economic, and touristic attributes of the old city.

2. CHURCH/MOSQUE VISITS...

After 1990, more seldom, time, money, difficulties, impassiveness, big sin, from now on maybe.
3. MUSEUM/MONUMENT VISITS...

When I was in service, I visited them very often.

4. ROLE OF ‘MONUMENTS’...

To know the national history, who you were; who you are; and that’s about all.

The development of the harbor, the sacrifices made for its protection, its role.

The way of life of the ethnicities next to the Romanians. I don’t think that there were “problems” - the proof: their historic relics.

5. HISTORICAL MEMORIES...

In 1967, while a student at the Navy Institute I was enrolled in summer training on the school’s ship “Mircea,” a ship with a distinctive history. We laid anchor in front of the old district, and there we were taught to give the order for the Navy Salute to the heads of state (the Ceausescu couple), a salute that before was accorded only to the King. The Navy had been a royal institution. What a disappointment! The place selected and for who... Amongst our teachers were old officers that had, in their youth, accorded this salute to the King - they were crying, while hiding from us - that’s how history is written.

6. PSYCHOLOGICAL MEMORIES...

1958-1962 - the old district was inhabited mostly by Soviets; they had their own stores, their own apartment buildings, their own restaurants, their own cinemas (after all, they were our friends?) And their own schools (I wonder what history they taught their kids). I begun first grade at a Greek school - but afterwards it was closed down - I didn’t understand this thing then, I understood much later, without a comment.

7. CHANGES OBSERVED...

After 1990, the degradation of the old district increased; it is continuing at a rapid rate.

There doesn’t exist a coherent urban plan, neither a plan for the renovation and the bringing to light the importance of the old district.

The new buildings that have appeared are in disaccord with the old city.

One cannot observe a continuity of the historic traditions.

8. CHANGES DESIRED...

The old district needs to be renovated.

The erosion produced by the sea is permanent and strong.

Construction should be stopped.

Existing new construction should be modernized in the sense of architecturally integrating them with the old ones.

To create in whole something that will present harmony in historical development.

9. [LIBER...]

A nation without a history doesn’t exist.

History portrays a nation.

Our history is rich, it is studied very little, both by our own citizens and by foreigner people.

They have given up (this is how it seems) the attempt at education the youth about it.

Because of the lack of funds (really !?) No one is doing anything for the preservation of historic relics, as if we didn’t have the moral obligation of conveying everything to the future generation, the defeat, the realizations and the dreams.

1 The ship is over 100 years old, with masts and sails.
2 Romania was a kingdom from 1881 to 1945.
3 Hidding their ‘disobedience’ to the communist regime so as not to be turned in.
disclosure
difficulties

timing and time
Undertaking this thesis project after three continuous years of graduate classes and studios has been a very difficult psychological affair. On top of this, the size and complexity of the project was too much for a one semester’s assignment: due to the amount of historical research required, the scale of the investigation desired (urban), and the chaos of the place. For this reason, this thesis should be regarded as actually being an antithesis - as stated in the introduction - an antithesis to a much larger body of thought and work.

thesis = alone, but architecture = community (antithesis)
Further support for this thesis existing as an antithesis is the fact that I worked on it alone. In keeping with the idea that a piece of architecture (a building) is part of a larger community (a city, in this case), so, too, an architectural design intent cannot be complete without input from the community which it is to serve.

All things develop out of interaction: you interact with the brush while you paint, for example. My thesis interacts only with my observations about the place. The interviews I conducted did not help in the process of design because they occurred before I began designing... and so they reflect the community’s response to the existing situation, not to my proposal. What is more, I did not interview any public officials. This is partly due to my lack of time, but also to the current chaos in the political-economic structure. Therefore, this thesis is an antithesis to the real project occurring.

Due to the self-serving nature of this thesis project, the fact that it has been an exercise of my mind and my mind alone, I struggled greatly throughout the term to find reasons to continue it, and questions such as ‘What is the point?’ often offended my imagination. The only answer I found was to say that just as I understand architecture to be a medium of communication, so, too, perhaps the ideas in this thesis can be used to communicate with others. As some of the ideas related to my finding methods or processes by which to develop a project, I tried sharing these thoughts with the members of studio-a (the undergraduate studio in which I was a teaching assistant).
This helped greatly.

idea of ‘thesis’
The most difficult aspect of the project has been the very premise of the thesis... the fact that it had to be a thesis. That meant that it could not just be a simple architecture project, a nicely developed building of some sort, but had to be something of theoretical or conceptual value that acted as a direct reflection of the complexity of my inner world: a world constructed of the ideas in which I truly believe.

The hollow resonance of this singular phrase, ‘What is your thesis about?’, repeatedly asked both by professors and fellow students, equally confused and tortured me throughout the project’s development.
It is difficult enough just to try to find out what it is that one truly believes in... (and then to act on it...?!)

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One of the things I truly believe in is the importance of history. History describes who we are. As a place is made by its people (by this we)... history defines place. Therefore, one of my greatest concerns on this thesis was finding out how to integrate history or historical research both into the process of architectural design and into the architectural experience.

Uncovering history, though, is a very strenuous process, one that takes much rigorous research: MUCH! Since I chose to study a place far away from here, one that is undergoing massive political and economic hardship and change, a place caught in a continuum of chaos, historical material was very hard to come by. In the small time allotted for research, I collected everything: museum pamphlets, post-cards, old family photos, maps, calendars, verbal information, books and articles of any sort that could relate, from any and all sources: friends and relatives, the Constanta County library, the Harvard Map Library and the complex of the Harvard libraries, the world-wide-web, stores throughout Constanta, museums, small businesses, and again, friends and relatives. I sketched and photographed maps that have not yet been published from the museum walls. I had to translate many stories from Romanian into English, and much written material into compact visual information.

This process was maniacal. And it took a long time.

Another one of the things that I truly believe in is the fact that architectural design must be approached from the bigger perspective: the scale of the landscape. This relates to the fact that all individual pieces exist as part of a larger collective, a community. Although they have integrity in and of themselves, their survival depends on their interaction with those other pieces around them.

Understanding the greater landscape of Constanta was a difficult task because it is visually very complex. Buildings vary in size and character, in orientation and in relationship to the street, and, most importantly, there are very many vacant lots (see 1:2000 model).

As already stated, due to its adhoc nature, this urban section was very difficult to make sense of. Considering the fact that the material I worked with was of a respectively adhoc nature, the investigation was so the more difficult.

To make sense of senselessness and to find ways of working within its senseless nature is very hard. It took me a long time to decipher the mess, particularly as I was very far away from it.

1 Zen philosophy teaches that this interaction should lead to a complete unification with the 'object': "I can enter more readily into a state of identity where my body and the sword I hold become one," says Mr. Takano Shigeyoshi, one of the greatest modern Japanese swordsmen (1-1959 usa, p 205).
Early settlement of Tomis, '600-300' BC, with different shorelines, photograph of map in the Navy Museum, Constanta, (iu.2000).

Map of Constantiana at its greatest expansion (H-1972.rom).

West quarter of ancient city (H-1963.rom).

West quarter of ancient city (H-1965.rom, fig. 2).

Map of ancient aqueduct system (Ha-1982.rom, fig 1, actual size).

Ancient streets and structures, photograph of map in the Archaeology Museum, Constanta (iu.2000).
batistuta (little handkerchief) = pocket map
Map obtained from one of the small private firms that once altogether made up Constanta's urban planning department.
(Colored with pencils Paul played with when he was little, that were lying around his apartment in Constanta.)
dreaming

This short story is included in the book because it makes allusion to the concept of circular, infinite, parallel, non-linear experiences, and because it relates to my process of creating while dreaming (paraphrase of note on page 3). Many ideas on this project came while I lay in bed, continuing my dreams and contemplating, imagining the project.

The Circular Ruins
by Jorge Luis Borges

And if he left off dreaming about you...
Through the Looking Glass, VI.

No one saw him disembark in the unanimous night, no one saw the bamboo canoe sink into the sacred mud, but in a few days there was no one who did not know that the taciturn man came from the South and that his home had been one of those numberless villages upstream in the deeply cleft side of the mountain, where the Zend language has not contaminated by Greek and where leprosy is infrequent. What is certain is that the grey man kissed the mud, climbed up the bank without pushing aside (probably, without feeling) the blades which were lacerating his flesh, and crawled, nauseated and bloodstained, up to the circular enclosure crowned with a stone tiger or horse, which sometimes was the colour of flame and now was that of ashes. This circle was a temple which had been devoured by ancient fires, profaned by the miasmal jungle, and whose god no longer received the homage of men. The stranger stretched himself out beneath the pedestal. He was awakened by the sun high overhead. He was not astonished to find that his wounds had healed; he closed his pallid eyes and slept, not through weakness of flesh but through determination of will. He knew that this temple was the place required for his invincible intent; he knew that the incessant trees had not succeeded in strangling the ruins of another propitious temple downstream which had once belonged to gods now burned and dead; he knew that his immediate obligation was to dream. Towards midnight he was awakened by the inconsolable shriek of a bird. Tracks of bare feet, some figs and a jug warned him that the men of the region had been spying respectfully on his sleep, soliciting his protection or afraid of his magic. He felt a chill of fear, and sought out a sepulchral niche in the dilapidated wall where he concealed himself among unfamiliar leaves.

The purpose which guided him was not impossible, though supernatural. He wanted to dream a man; he wanted to dream him in minute entirety and impose him on reality. This magic project had exhausted the entire expanse of his mind; if someone had asked him his name or to relate some event of his former life, he would not have been able to give an answer. This uninhabited, ruined temple suited him, for it contained a minimum of visible world; the proximity of the workmen also suited him, for they took it upon themselves to provide for his frugal needs. The rice and fruit they brought him were nourishment enough for his body, which was consecrated to the sole task of sleeping and dreaming.

At first, his dreams were chaotic; then in a short while they became dialectic in nature. The stranger dreamed that he was in the centre of a circular amphitheatre which was more or less the burnt temple; clouds of taciturn students filled the tiers of seats; the faces of the farthest one hung at a distance of many centuries and as high as the stars, but their features were completely precise. The
man lectured his pupils on anatomy, cosmography, and magic: the faces listened anxiously and tried to answer understandingly, as if they guessed the importance of that examination which would redeem one of them from his condition of empty illusion and interpolate him into the real world. Asleep or awake, the man thought over the answers of his phantoms, did not allow himself to be deceived by impostors, and in certain perplexities he sensed a growing intelligence. He was seeking a soul worthy of participating in the universe.

After nine or ten nights he understood with a certain bitterness that he could expect nothing from those pupils who accepted his doctrine passively, but that he could expect something from those who occasionally dared to oppose him. The former group, although worthy of love and affection, could not ascend to the level of individuals; the latter pre-existed to a slightly greater degree. One afternoon (now afternoons were also given over to sleep, now he was only awake for a couple of hours at daybreak) he dismissed the vast illusory student body for good and kept only one pupil. He was a taciturn, sallow boy, at times intractable and whose features resembled those of his dreamer. The brusque elimination of his fellow students did not disconcert him for long; after a few private lessons, his progress was enough to astound the teacher. Nevertheless, a catastrophe took place. One day, the man emerged from his sleep as if from a viscous desert, looked at the useless afternoon light which he immediately confused with the dawn, and understood that he had not dreamed. All that night and all day long, the intolerable lucidity of insomnia fell upon him. He tried exploring the forest, to lose his strength; among the hemlock he barely succeeded in experiencing several short snatches of sleep, veined with fleeting, rudimentary visions that were useless. He tried to assemble the student body but scarcely had he articulated a few brief words of exhortation when it became deformed and was then erased. In his almost perpetual vigil, tears of anger burned his old eyes.

He understood that modeling the incoherent and vertiginous matter of which dreams are composed was the most difficult task that a man could undertake, even though he should penetrate all the enigmas of a superior and inferior order; much more difficult than weaving a rope out of sand or coining the faceless wind. He swore he would never forget the enormous hallucination which had thrown him off at first, and he sought another method of work. Before putting it into execution, he spent a month recovering his strength, which had been squandered by his delirium. He abandoned all premeditation of dreaming and almost immediately succeeded in sleeping a reasonable part of each day. The few times that he had dreams during this period, he paid no attention to them. Before resuming his task, he waited until the moon’s disk was perfect. Then, in the afternoon, he purified himself in the waters of the river, worshipped the planetary gods, pronounced the prescribed syllables of a mighty name, and went to sleep. He dreamed almost immediately, with his heart throbbing. He dreamed that it was warm, secret, about the size of a clenched fist, and of a garnet colour within the penumbra of a human body as yet without face or sex; during fourteen lucid nights he dreamt of it with meticulous love. Every night he perceived it more clearly. He did not touch it; he only permitted himself to witness it, to observe it, and occasionally to rectify it with a glance. He perceived it and lived it from all angles and distances. On the fourteenth night he lightly touched the pulmonary artery with his index finger, then the whole heart, outside and inside. He was satisfied with the examination. He deliberately did not dream for a night; he then took up the heart again, invoked the name of a planet, and undertook the vision of another of the principal organs. Within a year he had come to the skeleton and the eyelids. The innumerable hair was perhaps the most difficult task. He dreamed an entire man — a young man, but who did not sit up or talk, who was unable to open his eyes. Night after night, the man dreamt him asleep.

In the Gnostic cosmogonies, demiurges fashion a red Adam who cannot stand; as clumsy, crude and elemental as this Adam of dust was the Adam of dreams forged by the wizard’s nights. One afternoon, the man almost destroyed his entire work, but then changed his mind. (It would have been
better had he destroyed it.) When he had exhausted all supplications to the deities of the earth, he
threw himself at the feet of the effigy which was perhaps a tiger or perhaps a colt and implored its
unknown help. That evening, at twilight, he dreamt of the statue. He dreamt it was alive, tremulous: it
was not an atrocious bastard of a tiger and a colt, but at the same time these two fiery creatures and
also a bull, a rose, and a storm. This multiple god revealed to him that his earthly name was Fire, and
that in this circular temple (and in others like it) people had once made sacrifices to him and wor-
shipped him, and that he would magically animate the dreamed phantom, in such a way that all crea-
tures, except Fire itself and the dreamer, would believe it to be a man of flesh and blood. He com-
manded that once this man had been instructed in all the rites, that he should be sent to the other
ruined temple whose pyramids were still standing downstream, so that some voice would glorify him
that that deserted edifice. In the dream of the man that dreamed, the dreamed one woke.

The wizard carried out the orders he had been given. He devoted a certain length of time
(which finally proved to be two years) to instructing him in the mysteries of the universe and the cult of
the fire. Secretly, he was pained at the idea of being separated from him. On the pretext of pedagogi-
cal necessity, each day he increased the number of hours dedicated to dreaming. He also remade the
right shoulder, which was somewhat defective. At times, he was disturbed by the impression that all this
had already happened. . . In general, his days were happy; when he closed his eyes, he thought: Now
I will be with my son. Or more rarely: The son I have engendered is waiting for me and will not exist if
I do not go to him.

Gradually, he began acclimatizing him to reality. Once he ordered him to place a flag on a
faraway peak. The next day the flag was fluttering on the peak. He tried other analogous experiments,
each time more audacious. With a certain bitterness, he understood that his son was ready to be born —
and perhaps impatient. That night he kissed him for the first time and sent him off to the other
temple whose remains were turning white downstream, across many miles of inextricable jungle and
marshes. Before doing this (and so that his son should never know that he was a phantom, so that he
should think himself a man like any other) he destroyed in him all memory of his years of apprentice-
ship.

His victory and peace became blurred with boredom. In the twilight times of dusk and dawn,
he would prostrate himself before the stone figure, perhaps imagining his unreal son carrying out
identical rites in other circular ruins downstream; at night he no longer dreamed, or dreamed as any
man does. His perceptions of the sounds and forms of the universe became somewhat palid: his
absent son was being nourished by these diminutions of his soul. The purpose of his life had been
fulfilled; the man remained in a kind of ecstasy. After a certain time, which some chroniclers prefer to
compute in years and others in decades, two oarsmen awoke him at midnight; he could not see their
faces, but they spoke to him of a charmed man in a temple of the North, capable of walking on fire
without burning himself. The wizard suddenly remembered the words of the god. He remembered that
of all the creatures that people the earth, Fire was the only one who knew his son to be a phantom.
This memory, which at first calmed him ended by tormenting him. He feared lest his son should
meditate on this abnormal privilege an by some means find out he was a mere simulacrum. Not to be
an, to be a projection of another man's dreams — what an incomparable humiliation, what madness!
Any father is interested in the sons he has procreated (or permitted) out of the mere confusion of
happiness; it was natural that the wizard should fear for the future of that son whom he had thought
out entrail by entrail, feature by feature, in a thousand and one secret nights.

His misgivings ended abruptly, but not without certain forewarnings. First (after a long
drought) a remote cloud, as light as a bird, appeared on a hill; then, towards the South, the sky took
on the rose colour of leopard's gums; then came clouds of smoke which rusted the metal of the nights;
afterwards came the panic-stricken flight of the wild animals. For what had happened many centuries
before was repeating itself. The ruins of the sanctuary of the god of Fire was destroyed by fire. In a
dawn without birds, the wizard saw the concentric fire licking the walls. For a moment, he thought of
taking refuge in the water, but then he understood that death was coming to crown his old age and
absolve him from his labours. He walked towards the sheets of flames. They did not bite his flesh, but
carressed him and flooded him without heat or combustion. With relief, with humiliation, with terror, he
understood that he was also an illusion, that someone else was dreaming him.
These words kept me alive and inspired to work throughout the term, as well as in previous semesters. They are as important to this thesis as are all the historical facts, descriptions and analyses of the place because this is the material that fed my subconscious.

ART: a yearning for the ideal
by Andrei Tarkovsky
(Chapter II of Sculpting in Time, 1986, p 36-47)

Before going on to the particular problems of the nature of cinematic art, I feel it is important to define my understanding of the ultimate aim of art as such. Why does art exist? Who needs it? Indeed does anybody need it? These are questions asked not only by the poet, but also by anyone who appreciates art — or, in that current expression all too symptomatic of the twentieth-century relationship between art and its audience — the 'consumer'.

Many ask themselves that question, and anyone connected with art gives his own particular answer. Alexander Blok said that 'the poet creates harmony out of chaos.' . . . Pushkin believed the poet had the gift of prophecy . . . Every artist is ruled by his own laws but these are by no means compulsory for anyone else.

In any case it is perfectly clear that the goal for all art — unless of course it is aimed at the 'consumer', like a saleable commodity — is to explain to the artist himself and to those around him what man lives for, what is the meaning of his existence. To explain to people the reason for their appearance on this planet; or if not to explain, at least to pose the question.

To start with the most general consideration, it is worth saying that the indisputably functional role of art lies in the idea of knowing, where the effect is expressed as shock, as catharsis.

From the very moment when Eve ate the apple from the tree of knowledge, mankind was doomed to strive endlessly after the truth. First, as we know, Adam and Eve discovered they were naked. And they were ashamed. They were ashamed because they had understood; and then they set out on their way in the joy of knowing one another. That was the beginning of a journey that has no end. One can understand how dramatic that moment was for those two souls, just emerged from the state of placid ignorance and thrown out into the vastness of the earth, hostile and inexplicable.

'With the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread . . .'

So it was that man, 'nature's crown', arrived on the earth in order to know why it was that he had appeared or been sent.

And with man's help the Creator comes to know himself. This progress has been given the name of evolution, and it is accompanied by the agonising process of human self-knowledge.

In a very real sense every individual experiences this process for himself as he comes to know life, himself, his aims. Of course each person uses the sum of knowledge accumulated by humanity, but all the same the experience of the ethical, moral self-knowledge is the only aim in life for each person, and, subjectively, it is experienced each time as something new. Again and again man correlates himself with the world, racked with longing to acquire, and become one with, the ideal which lies outside him, which he apprehends as some intuitively sensed first principle. The unattainability of that becoming one, the inadequacy of his own 'I', is the perpetual source of man's dissatisfaction and pain.

And so art, like science, is a means of assimilating the world, an instrument for knowing it in
the course of man's journey towards what is called 'absolute truth'.

That, however, is the end of any similarity between these two embodiments of the creative human spirit, in which man does not merely discover, but creates. For the moment it is far more important to note the divergence, the difference in principle, between the two forms of knowing: scientific and aesthetic.

By means of art man takes over reality through a subjective experience. In science man's knowledge of the world makes its way up an endless staircase and is successively replaced by new knowledge, with one discovery often enough being disproved by the next for the sake of a particular objective truth. An artistic discovery occurs each time as a new and unique image of the world, a hieroglyphic of absolute truth. It appears as a revelation, as a momentary passionate wish to grasp intuitively and at a stroke all the laws of this world — its beauty and ugliness, its compassion and cruelty, its infinity and its limitations. The artist expresses these things by creating the image, sui generis detector of the absolute. Through the image is sustained an awareness of the infinite: the eternal within the finite, the spiritual within matter, the limitless given form.

Art could be said to be a symbol of the universe, being linked with that absolute spiritual truth which is hidden from us in our positivistic, pragmatic activities.

In order to be engaged in any scientific system a person has to avail himself of logical processes of thought, he has to achieve an understanding, which requires as its starting point a particular kind of education. Art addresses everybody, in the hope of making an impression, above all of being felt, of being the cause of emotional trauma and being accepted, of winning people not by incontroversible rational argument but through the spiritual energy with which the artist has changed the work. And the preparatory discipline it demands is not a scientific education but a particular spiritual lesson.

Art is born and takes hold wherever there is a timeless and insatiable longing for the spiritual, for the idea: that longing which draws people to art. Modern art has take a wrong turn in abandoning the search for the meaning of existence in order to affirm the value of the individual for its own sake. What purports to be art begins to look like an eccentric occupation for suspect characters who maintain that any personalized action is of intrinsic value simply as a display of self-will. But in artistic creation the personality does not assert itself, it serves another, higher and communal idea. The artist is always servant, and is perpetually trying to pay for the gift that has been given to him as if by a miracle. Modern man, however, does not want to make any sacrifice, even though true affirmation of self can only be expressed in sacrifice. We are gradually forgetting about this, and at the same time, inevitably, losing all sense of our human calling.

When I speak of the aspiration towards the beautiful, of the ideal as the ultimate aim of art, which grows from a yearning for that ideal, I am not for a moment suggesting that art should shun the 'dirt' of the world. On the contrary! The artistic image is always a metonym, where one thing is substituted for another, the smaller for the greater. To tell of what is living, the artist uses something dead; to speak of the infinite, he shows the finite. Substitution . . . the infinite cannot be made into matter, but it is possible to create an illusion of the infinite: the image.

Hideousness and beauty are contained within each other. This prodigious paradox, in all its absurdity, leavens life itself, and in art makes that wholeness in which harmony and tension are unified. The image makes palpable a unity in which manifold different elements are contiguous and reach over into each other. One may talk of the idea of the image, describe its essence in words. But such a description will never be adequate. An image can be created and make itself felt. It may be accepted or rejected. But none of this can be understood in any cerebral sense. The idea of infinity cannot be expressed in words or even described, but it can be apprehended through art, which makes infinity tangible. The absolute is only attainable through faith and in the creative act.
The only condition of fighting for the right to create is faith in your own vocation, readiness
to serve, and refusal to compromise. Artistic creation demands of the artist that he 'perish utterly', in
the full, tragic sense of those words. And so, if art carries within it a hieroglyphic of absolute truth, this
will always be an image of the world, made manifest in the work once and for all time. And if cold,
positivistic, scientific cognition of the world is like the ascent of an endless system of spheres, each
one perfect and contained within itself. One may complement or contradict another, but in no circum-
stances can they cancel each other out; on the contrary, they enrich one another, and accumulate to
form an all-embracing sphere that grows out into infinity. These poetic revelations, each one valid and
eternal, are evidence of man's capacity to recognize in whose image and likeness he is made, and to
voice this recognition.

Moreover, the great function of art is communication, since mutual understanding is a force
to unite people, and the spirit of communion is one of the most important aspects of artistic creativity.
Works of art, unlike those of science, have no practical goals in any material sense. Art is a meta-
language, with the help of which people try to communicate with one another; to impart information
about themselves and assimilate the experience of others. Again, this has to do not with practical
advantage but with realising the idea of love, the meaning of which is in sacrifice: the very antithesis of
pragmatism. I simply cannot believe that an artist can ever work only for the sake of 'self-expression'.
Self-expression is meaningless unless it meets with a response. For the sake of creating a spiritual
bond with others it can only be an agonising process, one that involves no practical gain: ultimately, it
is an act of sacrifice. But surely it cannot be worth the effort merely for the sake of hearing one's own
echo?

Of course intuition plays a part in science as it does in art, and this might seem to be a
common element in these contrasting modes of mastering reality. However, despite its great impor-
tance in each case, intuition is not at all the same phenomenon in poetic creativity as it is in scientific
research.

Equally, the term understanding denotes quite different things in these two spheres of
activity.

Understanding is a scientific sense means agreement on a cerebral, logical level; it is an
intellectual act akin to the process of proving a theorem.

Understanding an artistic image means an aesthetic acceptance of the beautiful, on an
emotional or even supra-emotional level.

The scientist's intuition, even if it is like an illumination, an inspiration, will still always be a
code standing for a logical deduction. It will mean that not all of the various readings based on the
available information have been registered; they are being taken as read, held in memory, not figuring
as already processed data. In other words, knowledge of the law as pertaining in a certain area of
science has allowed for some of the intermediate stages to be skipped.

And even though a scientific discovery may seem to be the result of inspiration, the inspira-
tion of the scientist has nothing in common with that of the poet.

For the empirical process of intellectual cognition cannot explain how an artistic image
comes into being — unique, indivisible, created and existing on some plane other than that of the
intellect. Here it is a question of agreeing on terminology.

In science, at the moment of discovery, logic is replaced by intuition. In art, as in religion,
intuition is tantamount to conviction, to faith. It is a state of mind, not a way of thinking. Science is
empirical, whereas the conception of images is governed by the dynamic of revelation. It's a question
of sudden flashes of illumination — like scales falling from the eyes; not in relation to the parts,
however, but to the whole, to the infinite, to what does not fit in to conscious thought.

Art does not think logically, or formulate a logic of behaviour; it expresses its own postulate
of faith. If in science it is possible to substantiate the truth of one's case and prove it logically to one's opponents, in art it is impossible to convince anyone that you are right if the created images have left him cold, if they have failed to win him with a newly discovered truth about the world and about man, if in fact, face to face with the work, he was simply bored.

If we take Lev Tolstoy as an example — especially those works where he was particularly resolute in his search for a precise, well-ordered expression of his ideas and moral inspiration — we see how, every time, the artistic image he has created as it were pushes aside its own ideological frontiers, refuses to fit into the framework imposed on it by its author, it argues with them, and sometimes, in a poetic sense, even contradicts its own logical system. And the masterpiece goes on living by its own laws, and has a tremendous aesthetic and emotional impact even when we don't agree with the author's fundamental tenet. It very often happens that a great work is born of the artist's efforts to overcome his weak points; not that these are eliminated, but the work comes into existence despite them.

The artist reveals his world to us, and forces us either to believe in it or to reject it as something irrelevant and unconvincing. In creating an image he subordinates his own thought, which becomes insignificant in the face of that emotionally perceived image of the world that has appeared to him like a revelation. For thought is brief, whereas the image is absolute. In the case of someone who is spiritually receptive, it is therefore possible to talk of a purely religious experience. Art acts above all on the soul, shaping its spiritual structure.

A poet has the imagination and psychology of a child, for his impressions of the world are immediate, however profound his ideas about the world may be. Of course one may say of a child, too, that he is a philosopher, but only in some very relative sense. And art flies in the face of philosophical concepts. The poet does not use 'descriptions' of the world; he himself has a hand in its creation.

Only when a person is willing and able to trust the artist, to believe him, can he be sensitive and susceptible to art. But how hard it sometimes is to cross the threshold of incomprehension which cuts us off from the emotional, poetic image. In just the same way, for a true faith in God, or even in order to feel a need for that faith, a person has to have a certain cast of soul, a particular spiritual potentiality.

In this connection the conversation between Stavrogin and Shatov in Dostoevsky's _The Possessed_ springs to mind:"

"I just wanted to know — do you yourself believe in God or don't you?" Nikolai Vsevolodovich looked at him [i.e. Shatov - A.T.] sternly.

"I believe in Russia and Russian Orthodoxy . . . I believe in the body of Christ . . . I believe that the Second Coming will be Russia . . . I believe . . ." Shatov began to splutter in desperation.

"And in God? In God?"

"I . . . I shall believe in God."

What is there to add? It is a brilliant insight into the confused state of soul, its decline and inadequacy, that are becoming an ever more chronic syndrome in modern man, who could be diagnosed as being spiritually impotent.

The beautiful is hidden from the eyes of those who are not searching for the truth, for whom it is contra-indicated. But the profound lack of spirituality of those people who see art and condemn it, the fact that they are neither willing nor ready to consider the meaning and aim of their existence in any higher sense, is often masked by the vulgarly simplistic cry, 'I don't like it!' 'It's boring!' It is not a point that one can argue; but it is like the utterance of a man born blind who is being told about a rainbow. He simply remains deaf to the pain undergone by the artist in order to share with others the truth he has reached.

But what is truth?
I think that one of the saddest aspects of our time is the total destruction in people's awareness of all that goes with a conscious sense of the beautiful. Modern mass culture, aimed at the 'consumer', the civilisation of prosthetics, is crippling people's souls, setting up barriers between man and the crucial questions of his existence, his consciousness of himself as a spiritual being. But the artist cannot be deaf to the call of truth; it alone defines his creative will, organises it, thus enabling him to pass on his faith to others. An artist who has no faith is like a painter who was born blind.

It is a mistake to talk about the artist 'looking for' his subject. In fact the subject grows within him like a fruit, and begins to demand expression. It is like childbirth . . . The poet has nothing to be proud of: he is not master of the situation, but a servant. Creative work is his only possible form of existence, and his every work is like a deed he has no power to annul. For him to be aware that a sequence of such deeds is due and right, that it lies in the very nature of things, he has to have faith in the idea, for only faith interlocks the system of images (for which read: system of life).

And what are the moments of illumination if not momentarily felt truth?

The meaning of religious truth is *hope*. Philosophy seeks the truth, defining the meaning of human activity, the limits of human reason, the meaning of existence, even when the philosopher reaches the conclusion that existence is senseless, the human effort — futile.

The allotted function of art is not, as is often assumed, to put across ideas, to propagate thoughts, to serve as example. The aim of art is to prepare a person for death, to plough and harrow his soul, rendering it capable of turning to good.

Touched by a masterpiece, a person begins to hear in himself that same call for truth which prompted the artist to his creative act. When a link is established between the work and its beholder, the latter experiences a sublime, purging trauma. Within that aura which unites masterpieces and audience, the best sides of our souls are made known, and we long for them to be freed. In those moments we recognise and discover ourselves, the unfathomable depths of our own potential, and the furthest reaches of our emotions.

Except in the most general terms of a sense of harmony, how hard it is to speak of a great work. It is as if there were certain immutable parameters to define the masterpiece and single it out from among surrounding phenomena. Furthermore, to a great extent the value of a particular work of art is relative from the point of view of those who appreciate it. A masterpiece is a judgment of reality, complete and finished and with an absolute bearing on that reality; its value lies in giving full expression to a human personality in interaction with the spirit. It is often thought that the significance of a work of art will be made clear by collating it with people, by bringing about a contact between it and society. In a general way this is true, only the paradox is that at that point the work of art becomes wholly dependent on those who receive it, on who is able to sense, or to play out, those threads which connect the particular work first with the world at large and then with the human personality in his individual relationship with reality. Goethe is a thousand times right when he says that it is as hard to read a good book as it is to write it. And it is no good imagining that one's point of view, one's own assessment, is objective. Only through the diversity of personal interpretations does some sort of relatively objective assessment emerge. And the hierarchical order of merit which works of art take on in the eyes of the crowd, of the majority, mostly comes about as a result of sheer chance: for instance, if a particular work has been fortunate in its interpreters. Or again, for other people one person's aesthetic field of vision may throw less light on the work itself than on the personality of the critic.

Works of criticism tend to approach their subject in order to illustrate a particular idea; far less often, unfortunately, do they start off from the direct, living, emotional impact of the work in question. For an unclouded perception you have to have an outstanding capacity for original, independent, 'innocent' judgment. Generally people look to familiar examples and prototypes for confirmation of their opinion, and a work of art is assessed in relation to, or by analogy with , their private aspira-
disclosure.

dreaming and art

tions or personal position. On the other hand, of course, in the multiplicity of judgments passed upon it, the work of art in its turn takes on a kind of inconstant and many-faceted life of its own, its existence enhanced and widened.

‘The works of the great poets have never yet been read by mankind, for only great poets can read them. They have only been read as the multitude read the stars, at most astrologically, not astronomically. Most men have learned to read to serve a paltry convenience, as they have learned to cipher in order to keep accounts and not be cheated in trade; but of reading as a noble intellectual exercise they know little or nothing; yet this only is reading, in a high sense, not that which lulls us as a luxury and suffers the nobler faculties to sleep the while, but what we have to stand on tiptoe to read and devote our most alert and wakeful hours to.’ Thus wrote Thoreau in his wonderful book, Walden.

One thing is certain: a masterpiece only comes into being when the artist is totally sincere in his treatment of his material. Diamonds are not found in the black earth; they have to be sought near volcanoes. An artist cannot be partially sincere any more than art can be an approximation of beauty. Art is the absolute form of the beautiful, of the perfected.

And the beautiful and the finished in art — I see wherever it becomes impossible to single out or prefer any one element, either of content or of form, without detriment to the whole. For in a masterpiece no component can take precedence; you cannot, as it were, ‘catch the artist at his own game’ and formulate for him his ultimate aims and objectives. ‘Art consists of its not being noticeable’, wrote Ovid; Engels declared that, ‘The better hidden the author’s views, the better for the work of art.’

The work of art lives and develops, like any other natural organism, through the conflict of opposing principles. Opposites reach over into each other within it, taking the idea out into infinity. The idea of the work, its determinant, is hidden in the balance of the opposing principles which comprise it — thus ‘triumph’ over a work of art (in other words a one-sided explanation of its thought and aim) becomes impossible. That was why Goethe remarked that ‘the less accessible a work is to the intellect, the greater it is.’

A masterpiece is a space closed in upon itself, not subject to either cooling or over-heating. Beauty is in the balance of the parts. And the paradox is that the more perfect the work, the more clearly does one feel the absence of any associations generated by it. The perfect is unique. Or perhaps it is able to generate an infinite number of associations — which ultimately means the same thing.

Vyacheslav Ivanov made some extraordinarily penetrating and apt comments on this when he wrote of the wholeness of the artistic image (which he calls ‘symbol’): ‘A symbol is only a true symbol when it is inexhaustible and unlimited in its meaning, when it utters in its arcane (hieratic and magical) language of hint and intimation something that cannot be set forth, that does not correspond to words. It has many faces and many thoughts, and in its remotest depths it remains inscrutable . . . It is formed by organic process, like a crystal . . . Indeed it is a monad, and thus constitutionally different from complex and reducible allegories, parables and similes . . . Symbols cannot be stated or explained, and, confronted by their secret meaning in its totality, we are powerless.’

How arbitrary are the decisions of art critics on the significance or superiority of a work.

[and it continues for pages on, describing Raphael and Bunuel and others whose art Tarkovsky felt close to... whose creations he felt revealed the essence of this ‘yearning for the ideal’]
dreaming and art

These doodles gave me a chance to relieve the pressure and to reflect. They are included as testament to the circular process of conscious-subconscious. One can see many similarities between these drawings and my models, in terms of color, form or expressive idea. Please look.
The path to heaven is through dreams
(but look where the people are climbing)

In silence and in faith

Excerpt from The Rose
bibliography 193
notation method

A new type of bibliographical notation was developed for this thesis so as to avoid over-extended notations, while still hinting to the source of information. Instead of assigning unrelated numbers and categorizing the books in an alphabetical order, a code has been set up that describes the subject category of the book, the year published, and the country in which it was published (though not the language). As the thesis deals with historical information, I thought it would be particularly important to know the date of the information and the country in which it was published.

the code
Subject & type- year published.country published (first three letter of the country's name in English)
Example:
H-1908.rom = History book-1908.romania

If there are two items in the same category published in the same year and country, then they are organized alphabetically and are numbered. This isn’t the greatest solution, but it is a rare occurrence.
Example:
Ha-1980.1.rom
Diana, Anna-Maria...
Ha-1980.2.rom
Mihail-Ursu, Nicolina...

If the information was published at an originally different date and place, then the code is as follows:
Subject & type- year originally published.country originally published / year published that the thesis uses.country published that the thesis uses
Example:

Finally, a little note is added to each book in the bibliography that is not written in English, that I basically translated. The note features the first three letters of the language in which it was written:
Example:
ROM Diana, Anna-Maria....

note
Please restrain from assuming that a book published in a particular country will be written in that country’s official language. Many books published in Romania were written in French, English or German [but I cannot translate German] so as to be received by a larger audience.
subject & type
H = history books
Ha = history articles
G = guidebooks
Gs = guidebooks specific to object
F = facts
M = maps
R = reference: urban, memory, etc.
A = architectural treatise
I = inspirational

countries featured
arg = Argentina
aus = Australia
den = Denmark
eng = England
fra = France
ger = Germany
intl = international combo
ita = Italy
rom = Romania
spa = Spain
usa = USA
vat = Vatican
+ancient cities in whole word: rome & hippo

languages featured
rom = Romanian
fre = French
ger = German (cannot translate, only images used)
rus = Russian (cannot translate, only images used)
eng = English (only noted where not clear)
H : history books

H-1908.rom

H-1935.rom

H-1937.rom

H-1938.rom/1939.rom

H-1943.spa/1992.rom

H-1961.rom

H-1963.rom

H-1965.rom

H-1967.rom

H-1972.rom

H-1979.rom

H-1979.rom/1984.rom

H-1981.rom/1998.rom

H-1986.eng

H-1996.usa
Ha : history articles

Ha-1924.1.rom
Focsca, Ioan M. “Cartierul Romanesc” in Buletinul Municipal al Orasului Constanta, No. 1, 1924, p (not numbered).

Ha-1924.2.rom
Focsca, Ioan M. “Chestiunea locuintelor in Constanta si improprietararile demobilizatiilor” in Buletinul Municipal al Orasului Constanta, No. 2, 1924, p (not numbered).

Ha-1947.rom
“Municipiul Constanta este declarat centru aglomerat” in Cuget Liber. 29 June, 1947, p 1.

Ha-1957.rom
“Numarul Populatiei” in Revista de Statistica, No. 1, 1957, p 90.

Ha-1972.1.usa

Ha-1972.2.usa

Ha-1980.1.rom

Ha-1980.2.rom

Ha-1980.3.rom

Ha-1981.rom

Ha-1982.rom

Ha-1985.rom

Ha-1987.rom
G : guidebooks

G-1959.rom

G-1965.eng

G-1966.fra

G-1968.rom

G-1974.rom

G-1975.rom

G-1981.fra

G-1983.rom

G-1989.rom

G-1998.usa

G-1999.intl

G-2000.aus
Gs : guidebooks specific to object

Gs-1980's.rom

Gs-1990's.1.rom

Gs-1990's.2.rom

Gs-1995.rom

Gs-1998.1.rom

Gs-1998.2.rom

F : facts

F-1967.rom
M : maps

M-1882.ger/1996.rom

M-1919.fra

M-1966.rom

M-1974.rom

M-1990s.rom
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M-1993.rom

M-1996.rom

M-1999.rom

maps on the web:
Encyclopaedia Britannica Online (http://www.britannica.com)
The Perry-Castañeda Library Map Collection (The University of Texas at Austin) (http://www.lib.utexas.edu/Libs/PCL/Map_collection/Map_collection.html), particularly History of Europe Maps and South-Eastern Europe Maps.
The Illustrated History Of The Roman Empire (http://www.roman-empire.net/).
Historic Atlas Of Europe (0-1600 AD) (http://homer.span.ch/~spaw1241/atlas.htm).
R : references : urban, memory, etc.
(this list is not absolute, it can be improved)

R-1949.fre/1959.usa

R-1972.1.usa

R-1972.2.usa

R-1982.usa

R-1985.eng


R-1991.usa

R-1992.usa

R-1993.usa

R-1994.usa

R-1995.1.ger

R-1995.2.ger
A : architectural treatises
(that I like, that relate, though not all quoted)

A-23bc-14ad.rome/1960.usa

A-1450's.vat/1994.usa

A-1849.eng/1981.usa

A-1957.den/1977.usa


A-1972.1.usa

A-1972.2.usa/1995.usa

I: inspirational
(although not all of these works are quoted in the thesis, they are placed here as testament to the fact that they inspired my imagination and kept me alive to work on it)

1-397-398.hippo/1961.eng

1-1720s.ger
Bach, Johann Sebastian. Matthäus Passion (Oratorio). And all other works, particularly choral pieces.

1-1941.arg/1993.usa

1-1955.usa?/1995.usa

1-1959.usa/1993.usa


1-1972.ita/1974.usa

1-1978.rom

1-1986.ger/1998.usa

1-1993.ger

architecture (landscape included):
The works of Le Corbusier, Rem Koolhaas, Carlo Scarpa, Tadao Ando, Luis Barragan, Álvaro Siza, Toyo Ito, contemporary Finnish architects, all the Italian Renaissance (especially Mannerist) architects, the ancients and villagers, worldwide.
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as relates to the mad information gathering, i am grateful to the harvard libraries and the constanta county library, and to all those in constanta who helped me.

in terms of reinvigorating my passion for architecture, i wish to thank all the students of studio-a for being innocent and for letting me talk about my ideas, and rem koolhaas (whom i have only passed by) for producing fantastic material thoughts that have greatly inspired my sense of humor, making me very excited to see that something new can occur in architecture.

of the people whom i have never even passed by, i would like to acknowledge abstractly, albeit whole heartedly, all those listed in the a & l sections of the bibliography, particularly andrei tarkovsky, whose works have given me the power to believe.

as mai vrea să multumesc, desi multumiri mi se par prea distante pentru aceste sentimente, prietenilor si familiei mele din constanta, bunicului si mătusii mele din bucuresti, părintilor mei, fratelui meu, care au fost alături de mine întotdeauna.
...to be continued at: http://www.mit.edu/~ioau/thesis.html