

The image features a map of Turkey in a light blue color, centered on a background of blue water with white ripples. The map is semi-transparent, allowing the water texture to be seen through it. The text is positioned to the right of the map.

PROJE SU

Water Project:

Leto Joins the Springs



PROJE SU

Water Project:
Leto Joins the Springs

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FOLLOWING A GODDESS IN HER SEARCH FOR WATER.

The book Proje-SU (Water Project) is part guidebook, part artist's journal, geology field notes, a treatise on culture, myth-cycle illustrations and an art catalogue. Most importantly, it's a document about the creativity that ancient springs and their cultures engender. Our team sought out aquifer passages that were the crucibles of humanity.

This compilation is the result of adventures and explorations by a team of artists, poets, geologists, sociologists, historians and environmental adventurers from the U.S., Turkey, Sweden and France. We share accounts from those we met in Turkey who taught us about the water culture of the country and the springs that changed history. Our journey takes us from the contemporary to an ancient landscape of temples, goats, wishing trees, caves, portals, and future foretelling fish.

Geographically, the focus is on ancient Lycia, located in modern day southern Turkey. We followed the path of the mythic goddess Leto who, with her children Apollo and Artemis, searched for springs to quench their thirst.



PROJE SU
Water Project.
Leto Joins the Springs

PROJE SU

Water Project. Leto Joins the Springs

PREFACE



INTRODUCTION

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GÖKHAN TÜRE, KAŞ

ELMALI > TEKKEKÖY >

ARYCANDA > ZEMÜRİ

LIMYRA

THE CHIMAERA

ISLAMLAR > PATARA

İNPINAR > XANTHOS > LETOON

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Çizim: Ayhan Güneş



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PROJE SU



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KIRKGÖZ

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mountains stand desolate and
dry; water no longer flows
contains any more.

us of the powerful and
clarity to this great panoply of
ery, it opened Pandora's box.

image can be extracted like a
to a singular metaphor, the
radient of water, and we, who
system.

in culture especially occurs at the
hich flow far beneath the earth's
er waters are created by rainfall
ugh the years, as the rainfall rejoins collected ground waters far below,
passages and caverns, as Coleridge explains in Xanadu,

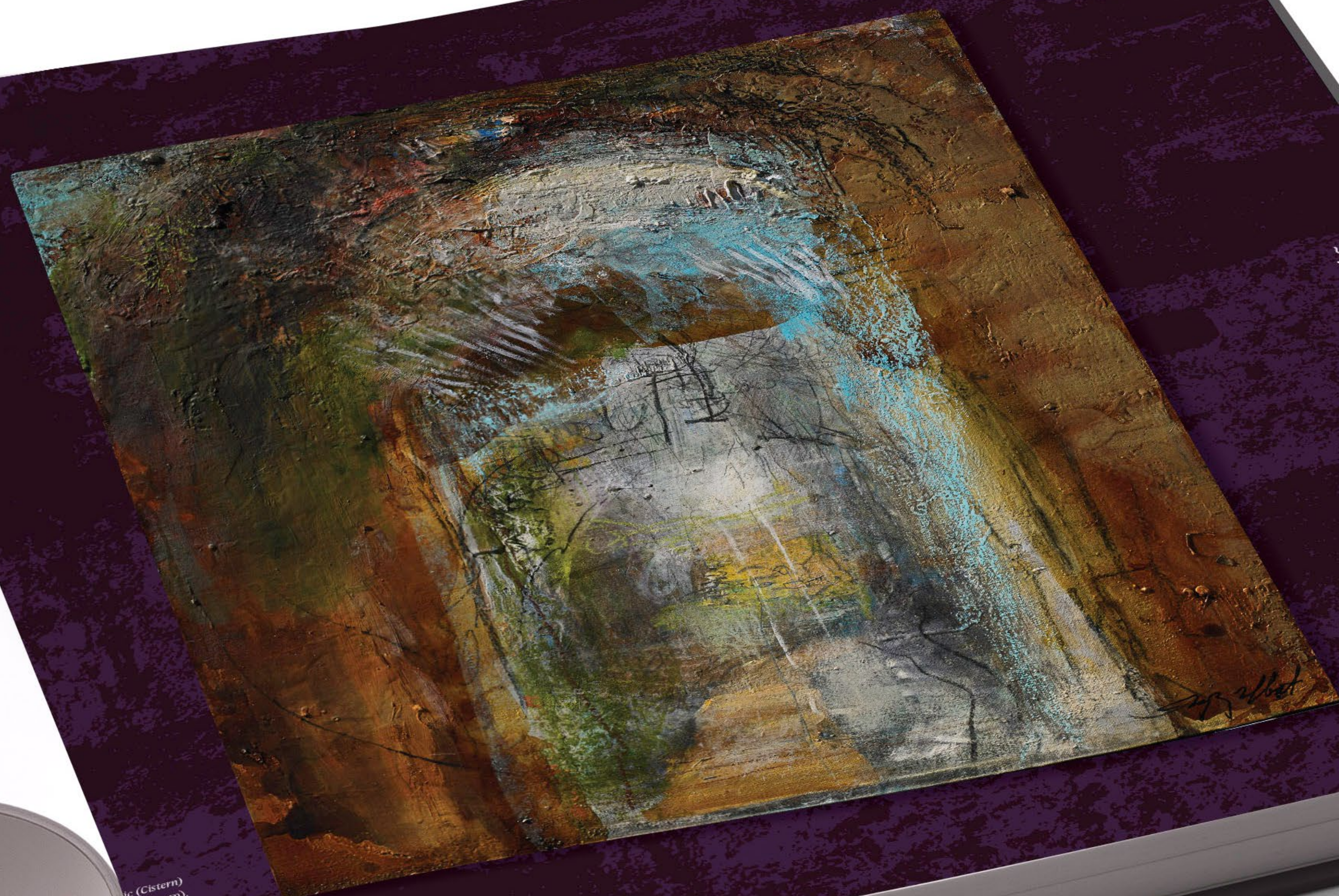
ph, the sacred river ran
caverns measureless to man
o a sunless sea."

these waters, under pressure, rise to the surface and flow forth, we have the
water springs, nodal points for human culture and settlement. Seas and oceans
al the power and vastness of whole continents of water. But the sea of the aquifer
s unseen beneath our feet.
e can step into it and join it in the transparent waters of the freshwater springs,
ving us a lens to view the underwater world that dwarfs our own, and water to drink
or our survival. Here we can join water in its essential form.



Salihun
Salih Sultan
Cezmesi

Paçhar İsmail
Sudun İsmail
Malkın İsmail
İstanbul (Türki)
Sketcher by Margaret



İç (Cistern)
10 x 40 cm,
Canvas, 2016,
Ross Tolbert

ALONG THE WAY

Caravansary

Following the water: travellers have followed aquifer paths for millenia. The Seljuk caravansaries in Anatolia follow ancient trade routes. Hittite or Roman, they are part of the millennia-old continental trade routes crossing boundaries from one country to the next.

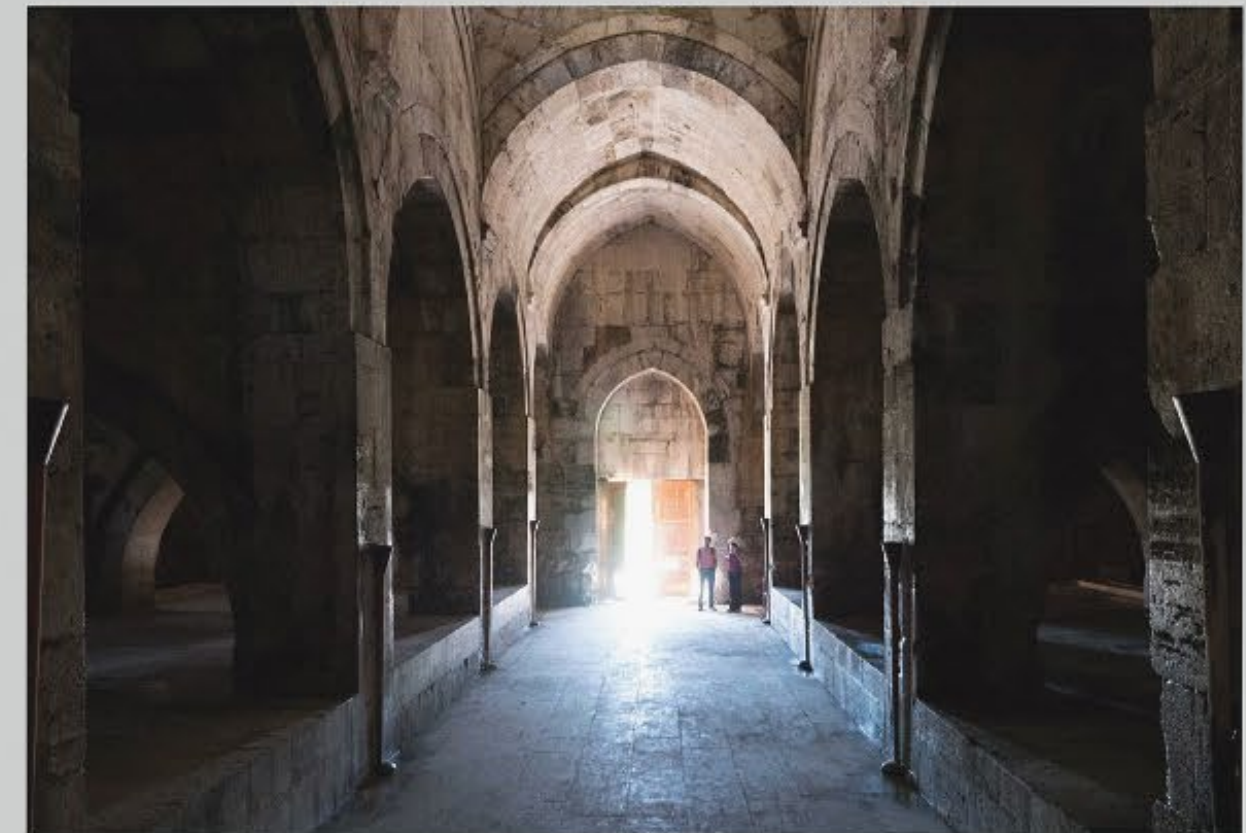
View of the side of Susuz Han, a caravansary after the Kirkgöz Han, looking north on the Antalya-Burdur road. Photo by Jarrod Ryhal

These magnificent "Caravan palaces" were built in the 12th and 13th centuries by the Seljuk Sultans or wealthy patrons to provide safe and free accommodation for travelers and their animals.

By law, any traveller, regardless of nationality, creed or status, was guaranteed free accommodation, by some accounts three days, and by others longer.

At a distance of a day's caravan travel apart, these inns dot the landscape across Turkey, the Balkans, and farther east, descending south to Antalya on trade routes and following ancient water paths leading to ports. Coming from Burdur are İncir Han, Susuz Han (Waterless han), Kirkgöz Han (Forty eyes han, "eyes" meaning springs), and Evedir Han. The latter is just near Kirkgöz spring. Both Kirkgöz and İncir Han were built by Sultan Gıyaseddin Keyhüsrev II in the 13th century. At each caravansary, were springs in the days of their use. Like so many cultural centers, the caravansaries follow aquifers.

The interior of Susuz Han shows raised areas for travellers to sleep, apart from the areas for animals to stay. Susuz ("Waterless") Han may be so named because the adjacent lake had dried up. Like İncir Han, this caravansary was most likely built by the Seljuk sultan Gıyasettin Keyhüsrev II. Photo by Jarrod Ryhal





Gökhan Türe outside of Dragonman in Kas.
Photo by Tony Liverside

“Can you imagine?”

by MARGARET ROSS TOLBERT

As I gradually became aware of this omnipresent water culture in Turkey, I decided to work on a project on water, or “Su” as it is called in Turkish.

I reasoned that if we all shared our water culture from sister springs, we would glimpse the enormous importance of water to human culture. We can share in the rich water culture traditions, especially since in Florida we know so little of our own.

The AQUIFERious project in Florida was about all things springs and aquifer, with many participants defining a different perspective of the waters.

So what would an AQUIFERious project in Turkey be?

I thought a film should come first. I had learned about cave diving expeditions in southern Turkey from Todd Kincaid, Can Denizman and Mark Long.

There was one person in particular I had to meet, they said. “You have to talk to Gökhan Türe.”

He sounded like a mixture of Jacques Cousteau, Wes Skiles, and Herodotus, for starters. And I didn’t even learn about many of his projects until much later:

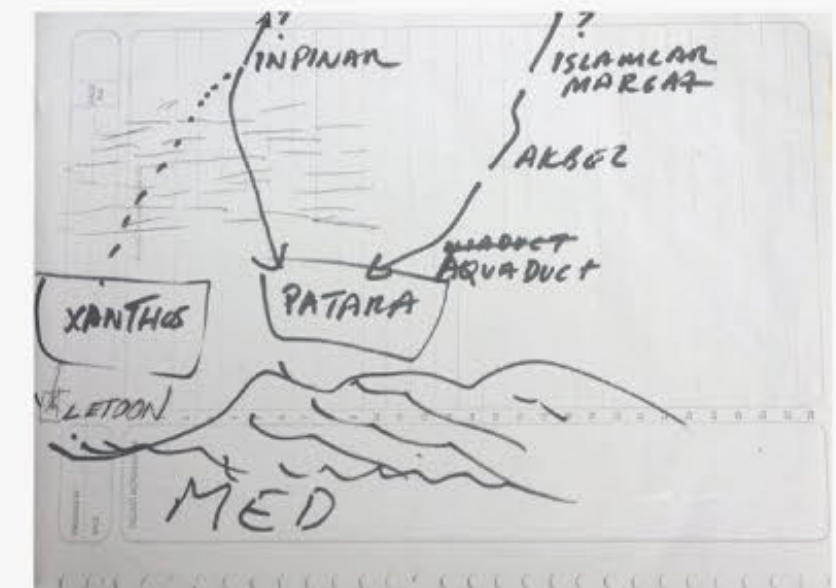
He mapped the underwater coast of southern Turkey, to show where caves and springs emerged.

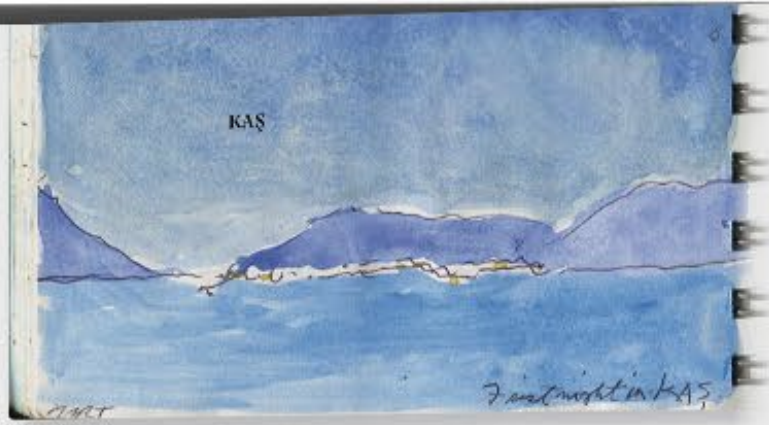
He organized the Karst Dive 95 project, where American cave divers Todd Kincaid and Jarrod Jablonski joined Gökhan, and Turkish divers Zafer Kizilkaya and Hakan Gönendik to explore five aquifer cave systems in ancient Lycia.

For the Trans-Europe Sea Kayak Expedition, he and his team kayaked from the Atlantic Ocean to the Black Sea via Main-Rhine-Danube Rivers, demonstrating the little-known connections between waterways and culture across all of Europe and the dangers from increasing pollution.

Juggling jobs and family commitments to wrest some time for adventures, Gökhan and his friends spent every chance possible exploring the underwater world. Each weekend, they set off to dive and discover another grand underwater vista. As Murat Draman explained to me, they decided to

Gökhan Türe’s perceptive aquifer maps of ground-water movement in Lycia suggested the path Leto took in our story.





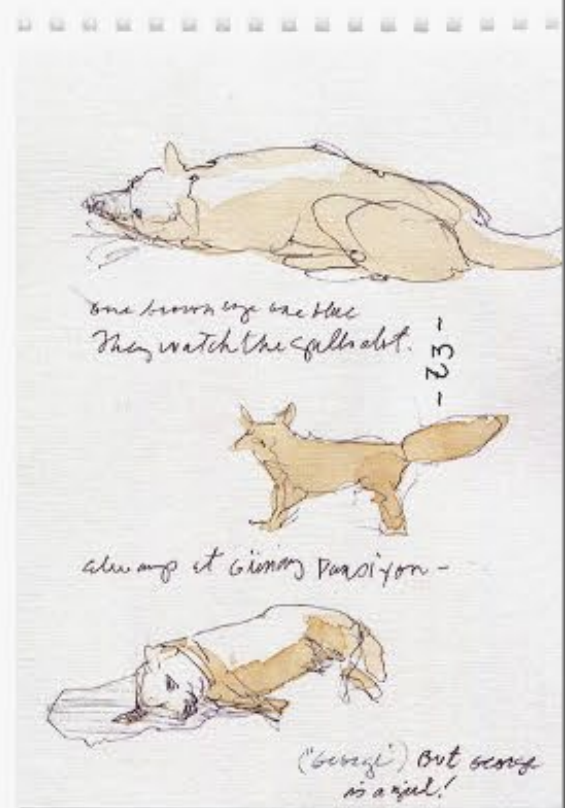
I came back in 2004 when my friend Nazli Eda Noyan was a participant in the Kaş Artventure underwater exhibit, a brainchild of Sibel Düzel and Mesut Yücel. This outstanding exhibit and concept helped me understand the special nature of Kaş. Art installations were above the water, at the water level, and most incredibly, in underwater installations in the bay at Kaş. Artists like Eda Noyan, Neriman Polat, and Kemal Tufan had work installed by divers. Snorkelers and divers, along with art lovers and critics, came underwater to see these installations in their natural space in the undersea world.

Finally, in 2013, I began to realize how many special qualities Kaş has for a seaside Karst Kingdom. It's a fitting epicenter for Proje SU.

Kaş area sketches
by Margaret Ross Tolbert



The street dogs and cats of Kaş, proud and free, are ambassadors to the different neighborhoods of the town.
Sketches by Margaret Ross Tolbert



PROJE SU

Before you see the oracle,
come here and tie your hopes
on the wishing tree

The tree at the end of the world calls
Like a ship of hopes
Like a banner of desires
against a starry firmament
of the evening sky.

The tree at the **end of the world** calls:
"Bring your wishes to me, and tie them on my branches."

Everyone's dream
is threaded, knotted, looped on the tree.
Red, green, yellow, blue tinsel, **knots and globs** of scarves and ribbons.

TEKKEKÖY

A poem by MRT

The tree opens like a flower of dreams.
An **infinity of wishes** speaks into the night
Breathing messages that
ascend to distant stars.

The tree is **aflame with color** fed by the dreams of mankind.
Like a distantly heard conversation, a crowd of wishes, each speaking to the evening sky.
A pollen of **thoughts blowing** over the landscape.

Now the rocky hill, a **pancake** of perforated stone, seems to be
rising out of the ground.
Rising and turning.

Fly like a **skipping stone** across it to Budala Sultan.

Next to the tomb, a **tiny tree** is seized up with ribbons and color
at the top of the hill
at the top of the world
Where the **dancing begins**.



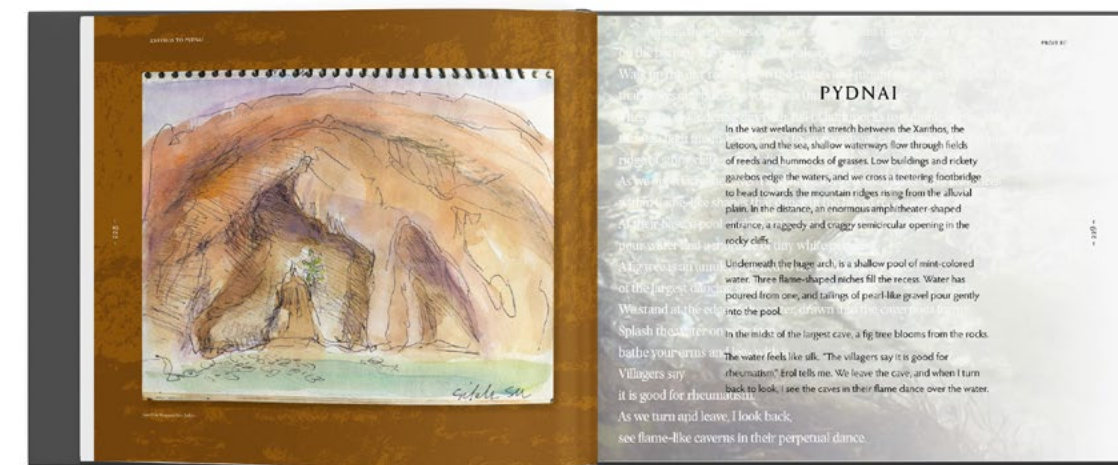
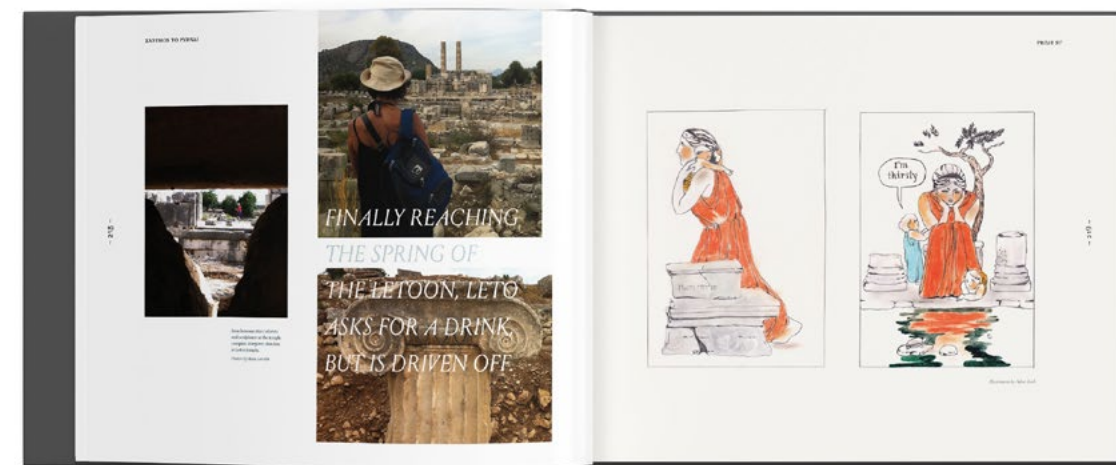
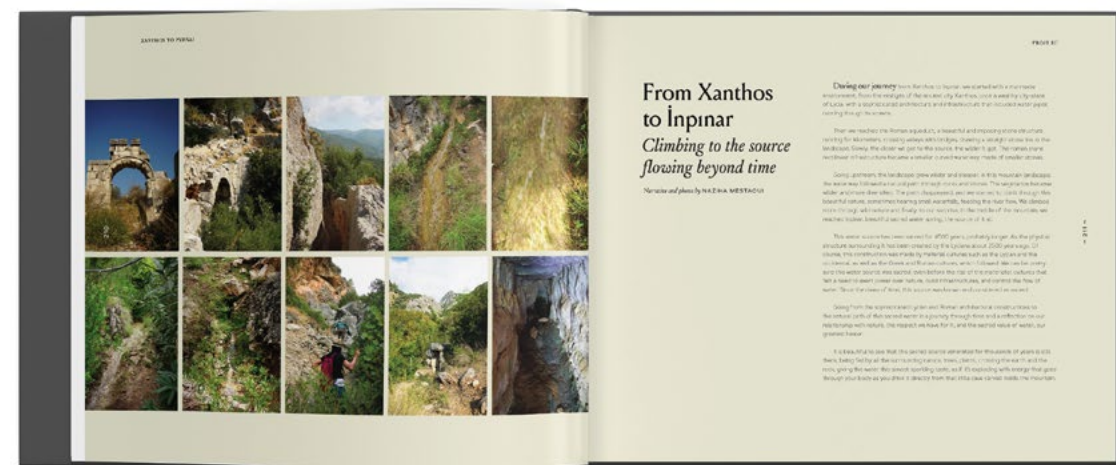
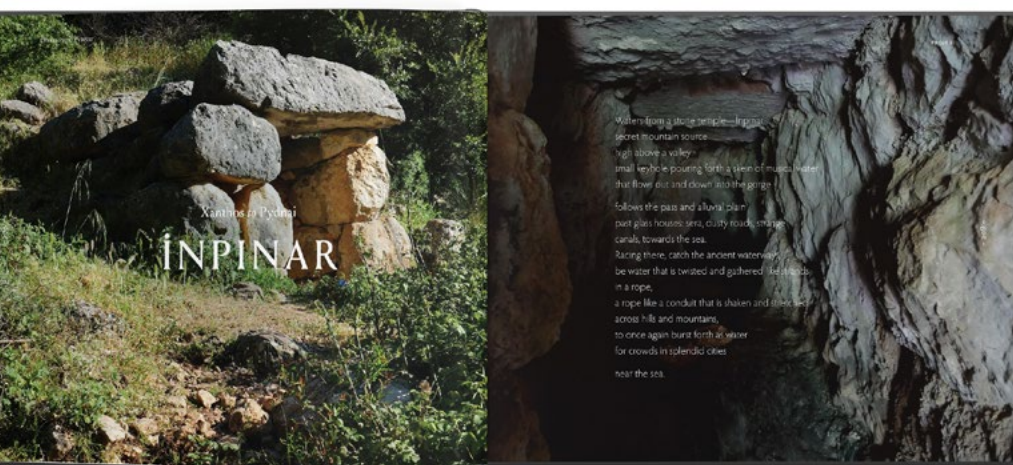
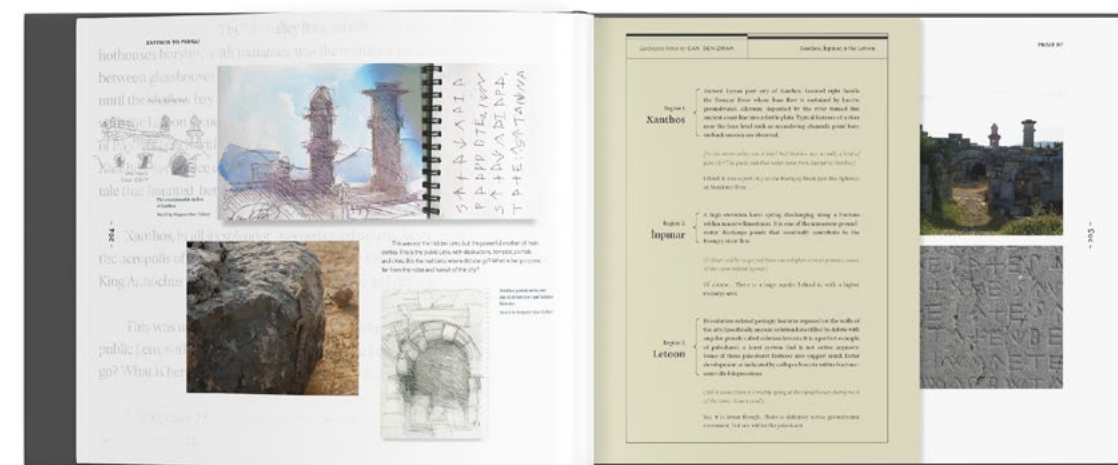
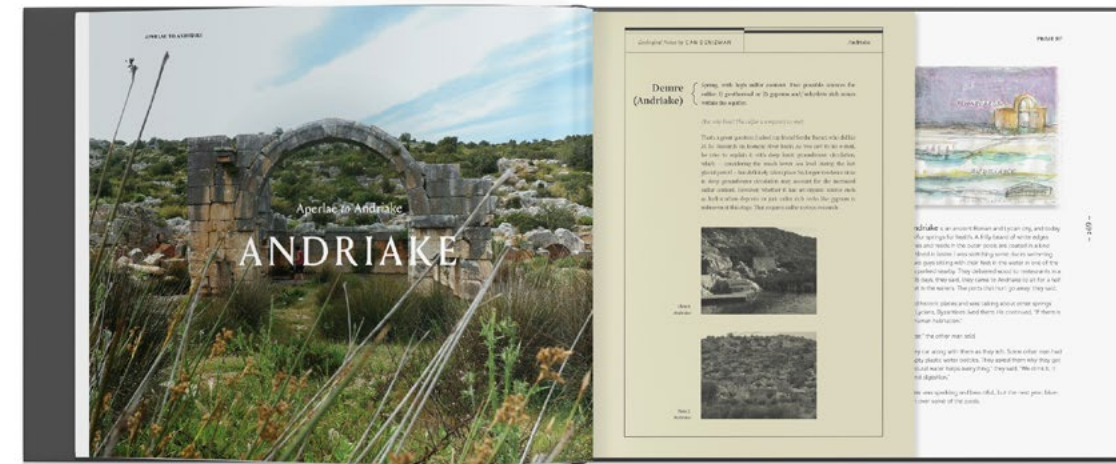
Wishing tree at Tekkeköy
and votive candles outside
of the Abdal Musa Teke
Sketches by Margaret Ross Tolbert



WATER PASSAGE FOUR
Dördüncü su yolu

Limyra

~ 123 ~



LİMYRA

Su en umulmadık yerlerden
fişkırtıyor Limyra'da

renklerin isyanı

zaferi gökkuşağımın

akıyor, inatçı taşların çatlaklarından geçerek

delice çağlayan sulara

kırmızı yeşil sarı mor pırıltılar

yabani sualtı bahçelerinde birbirini kovalıyor

su öyle soğukki sanki yanıyor

öyle muhteşem ki al al can yakıyor

fişkırtıyor, köpürüyor

ışık ışık kabarcıklar saçıyor, pırlanta taneleri gibi

kırmızı yeşil koyu menekşe vişne çürüğü sarı yeşil
bitkiler ve çiçekler

bu akışı yakalıyor öbek öbek sıra sıra pırl pırl sarmaşıklar akıntıya
bırakıyor kendini, su katlanmış yaprakları çiçekleri açıyor yeniden

salyangözlər kendini suyun akışına bırakan yosunlara sarılmış

ya da sütun kadelerine çarparak....

su geride bırakıyor onları neşeyle

küçük bir sualtı şelalesi mabet'e doğru akıyor

yansıyan bir ışık demeti akan suyun kopkoyu kenarını yakıyor

kollarım sıcak, buz gibi su bir kırbaç
gibi canımı acıtıyor.

PROJE SU

At Limyra, water seems to
explode from nowhere

a revolt of color

rainbow triumph

pouring, coursing around cracks and fissures of static

and implacable stones of empire

shards of red green yellow violet crystal flash in the

surging and romping waters.

chasing between wild underwater gardens

water so cold it's hot

so delicious it stings red.

it fizzes it froths

blows crystalline bubbles, like cast off jewels...

red, green, inky violet, maroon, yellow, pea green plants
and flowers lasso the flow

skeins and strands, bright tendrils flung into the

current, water unfurling folded leaves and blossoms

snails like black commas embracing the pliant stems and
tendrils underwater

or cast across column bases, shafts askew in the water
water joyously leaving them behind

a tiny waterfall underwater, gushing into a temple precinct,
an iridescence of light sears the ink black edge of the flow

my arms are red and hot, stinging in the icy water,
like I was beaten with rods.



LIMYRA

~ 154 ~

As if every column doves to
play in the waters
Photo by Margaret Ross Tolbert

PROJE SU



Limyra Roman Road
Sketch by Margaret Ross Tolbert

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Leto surely followed the aquifer waters from high places around Gömbe, through subterranean passages to Bezirgan and Islamlar, where the water flowed across passes and was siphoned into aqueducts to emerge at Patara.





Aperlae to Andriake

ANDRIAKE

Demre (Andriake)

Spring, with high sulfur content. Two possible sources for sulfur: 1) geothermal or 2) gypsum and/anhydrite rich zones within the aquifer.

(But, why here? The sulfur is a mystery to me!)

That's a great question. I asked my friend Serdar Bayar, who did his M. Sc. Research on Eserçay River Basin. As you saw in his e-mail, he tries to explain it with deep karst groundwater circulation, which – considering the much lower sea level during the last glacial period – has definitely taken place. So, longer residence time in deep groundwater circulation may account for the increased sulfur content. However, whether it has an organic source such as hydrocarbon deposits or just sulfur rich rocks like gypsum is unknown at this stage. That requires sulfur isotope research.



Plate 1. Andriake



Plate 2. Andriake



Andriake is an ancient Roman and Lycian city, and today sulfur springs for health. A frilly beard of white edges and reeds in the outer pools are coated in a kind of lime. I was sketching some ducks swimming and two guys sitting with their feet in the water in one of the pools nearby. They delivered wood to restaurants in the area. For 15 days, they said, they came to Andriake to sit for a half hour in the waters. The parts that hurt go away, they said.

I asked him about other historic places and was talking about other springs. He said, "Lycians, Byzantines lived there. He continued, "If there is no human habitation."

"No," the other man said.

I saw a car along with them as they left. Some other men had empty plastic water bottles. They asked them why they got natural water helps everything," they said. "We drink it; it helps our digestion."

The water was sparkling and beautiful, but the next year, blue-green algae covered some of the pools.

The Oracle of Apollo at Patara

by YUSUF YAVUZ

Patara, bir kehanet ocağı olarak işleyen Apollon Tapınağı ile de ünlü idi. Söylenceye göre Apollon yılın altı ayını Delos'ta altı ayını da Patara'daki tapınağında geçirmiştir. Tapınağın lokalizasyonu bugüne kadar gerçekleştirilmemiştir. Bunun da ana sebeplerinden en önemlisi, Lykia coğrafyasının, özellikle dağ sisteminin, bugüne kadar doğru yorumlanmamış olmasıdır. Stadiasmos çalışması çerçevesinde, Lykia'nın üç dağ silsilesinin (Beydağları, Akdağlar ve Boncuk Dağları) antik çağdaki karşılıklarını doğru şekilde saptadıktan sonra, bazı antik kaynaklarda, özellikle de Oracula Sibyllina'nın bazı mısralarında geçen ifadeler Patara Apollon Tapınağının lokalizasyonu bağlamında önem kazanmaktadır.

'Ve senin Kragos, Lykia'nın yüce Dağı, doruklarından/ Bir su gelecek çağgılı ve hırçın, açılınca kayanın dar bogazı/ Ta ki susturana dek Patara'nın kehanet ocaklarını.'

'Kara Bir Su Yıldırımlar Ve Yer Sarsıntlarıyla Yok Edecek'

Bu mısralara göre, Patara civarındaki Apollon Kehanet Merkezi Kragos Dağından gelen sellerin altında yok olacaktır. Apollon kehanet merkezinin Nero zamanında deprem ve 'kara bir suyla' yıkıldığı, keza Oracula Sibyllina mısralardan anlaşılmaktadır.

*'Ey Lykia'nın güzel Myra'sı! Seni de ayakta bırakmayacak
Dehşetle sarsılan toprak yüzüştü düşeceksin yere,
Sığınmak için ahalin sağa sola yalvarıp yakaracak
Ne zamanki kötücül Pataralıların kehanet gurultu-patırtılarını
Kara bir su, yıldırımlar ve yer sarsıntlarıyla yok edecek.'*

Tapınağın kesin olarak tarih sahnesinden silinişi ise İ.S. 3. yy. ile 6. yy. arasında meydana gelmiş olmalıdır. Bu silinişte Kragos'un doruklarından gelen 'kara su' sorumlu tutulabilir mi? Ama şu hemen belirtilmelidir ki, Akdağın doruklarındaki heyelan bölgesinden derin bir kanyonu geçerek Eşen Çayı vadisine adeta fıkrıncasına çıkan ve Eşen Çayının (Xanthos Potamos) en büyük kolu olan bir su gerçekten de 'Karaçay' adını taşımaktadır.

Patara was celebrated for the Temple of Apollo, which operated as a center of prophecy. According to myth, Apollo would spend half a year at Delos and the other half at his temple in Patara, which housed the famous springs oracle. Until recently, the temple location was unknown. One important reason for this is the Lycian geography. Finding the location of the temple is contingent upon the establishment of a relationship between the current layout of the three mountains, Beydağları, Akdağlar ve Boncuk Dağları, and their antique Lycian correspondents.

Within the narrative context of the Stadiasmos study from ancient literature, a few verses embedded in Oracula Sibyllina earn importance in revealing the location of the Oracle of Apollo.

And you, Kragos, the sublime Mountain of Lycia, from your summit, gruff and splashing water will run upon the opening of the rock's strait until it silences the prophecy crucibles of Patara.

**With Lightning and Shaking Earth,
Dark Water Will Demolish It**

According to these verses, the Oracle of Apollo in the vicinity of Patara would vanish under the flood coming from Kragos Mountain. From the verses of Oracula Sibyllina, it is understood the Oracle of Apollo was destroyed by an earthquake and also by dark waters during the time of Nero.

Yes, Lycia's beautiful Myra! Unable to stand on your feet, shaken by awesomely shuddering earth, you will fall face down to the ground.

Your people will beg and plead and run here and there for cover, when the dark water destroys through lightning bolts and shaken earth, the noisy commotion of the prophecies of the notorious Patarans.

Between AD 300 and 600, the temple was erased from history. Can dark water emerging from the summit of Kragos be held responsible for this destruction? It should be mentioned a brook that gushes into the Xanthos Valley, as one of the main branches of the Xanthos River, is indeed called Karasu, the "Dark Stream".



Water Oracle (detail)
42 x 40 inches (107 x 102 cm),
Oil on Canvas, 2020
Margaret Ross Tolbert



Durmuş Kiraz in Xanthos

The hot dry heights of Xanthos always seemed frowning and remote. Harpies' tombs, citizens throwing themselves off rocky precipices to end it all in the face of conquering armies. On the high promontory, a warren of low walls and built spaces gave a confusing intricacy to the site. But today's tour with the guide Durmuş Kiraz added a new dimension to my understanding of the ancient city.

While Aidan was drawing, I saw him sitting on a wall near the Harpies' tomb. We talked about the last time we met for Yusuf Yavuz' interview. This time, he carefully indicated the water systems of the city. Still visible, a vast and complex network of water pipes and conduits in the houses, the theater. Cisterns and vestiges of aqueducts dotted the landscape. He explained that the valley below had been a sea. My whole concept of the landscape was transformed.

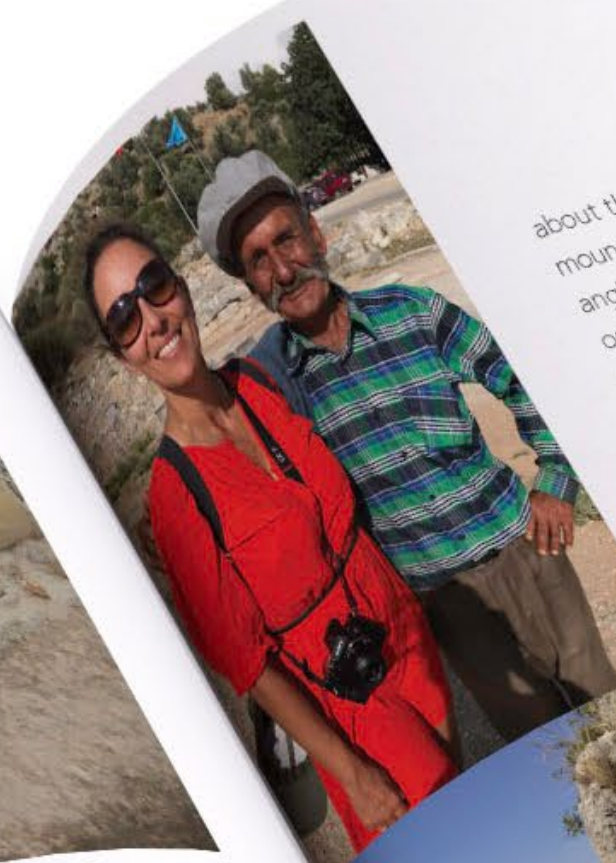
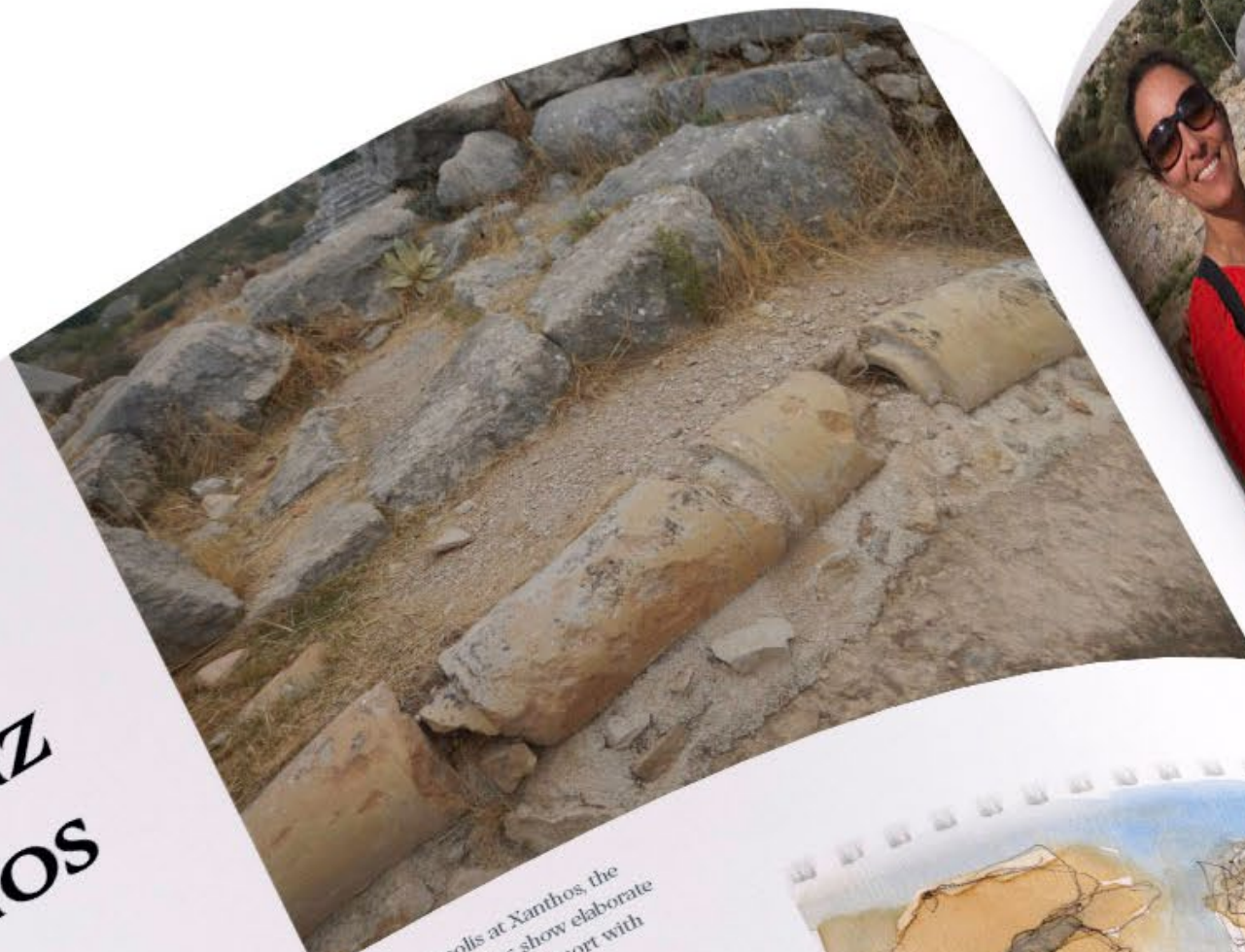
He offered to walk the water path, between the springs at Inpinar to Xanthos, to show me how it reached the city in ancient times. Aqueducts and waterways that still could be traced through the contemporary landscape of agriculture and hothouses, villages and countryside. All the next year, I thought of this walk. I imagined what it would be like. I wrote Durmuş Kiraz, in care of the "Xanthos Antik Kenti," to propose a walk together.

Towards the end of our trip to Lycian springs a year later, Naziha Mestaoui and I headed out to Xanthos. Sure enough, there was Durmuş Kiraz. He had received the letter, and as soon as I mentioned the walk to its source. Off we went a little ways down the highway. We parked at a bright purple house and started hiking up a hillside, shouldering through thorny bushes as we looked for—something. Durmuş seemed to be looking down for a path at our feet. It wasn't an encouraging start. But all of a sudden, there it was: a path like a ledge that edged the hill and led off to the northeast. It was the top of an ancient aqueduct, now almost covered with earth and vegetation and woven into the hills it spanned. The trail led along the slopes and to mountain flanks, sometimes a relaxed stroll and other times the narrowest of bridges across a canyon. It was just wide enough for a water pipe in antiquity, a bridge in name only. Even then, I was thinking

On the acropolis at Xanthos the theater and homes show elaborate systems of water transport with different kinds of piping.
Photo by Naziha Mestaoui



Durmuş Kiraz, guide and raconteur of Xanthos for decades, as he explains the history and current threats to the environment to Yusuf Yavuz. We were all standing on a high precipice above the Esencay.
Sketch by Margaret Ross Tolbert



about the prodigious distances the water was traveling, snaking around mountains, across gorges, down grassy slopes with intricate constructions, angling around houses and barns. We headed through campgrounds and orchards, ever following the water as it gushed down troughs and open conduits.

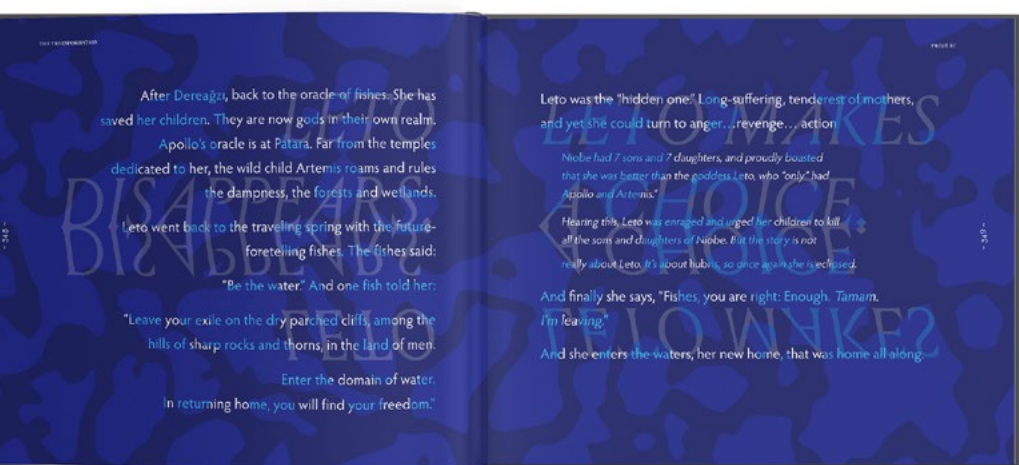
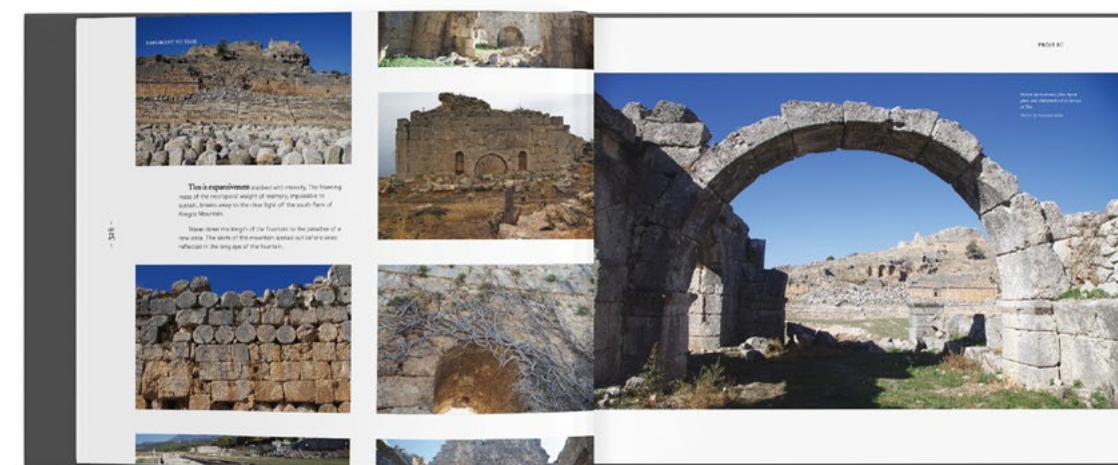
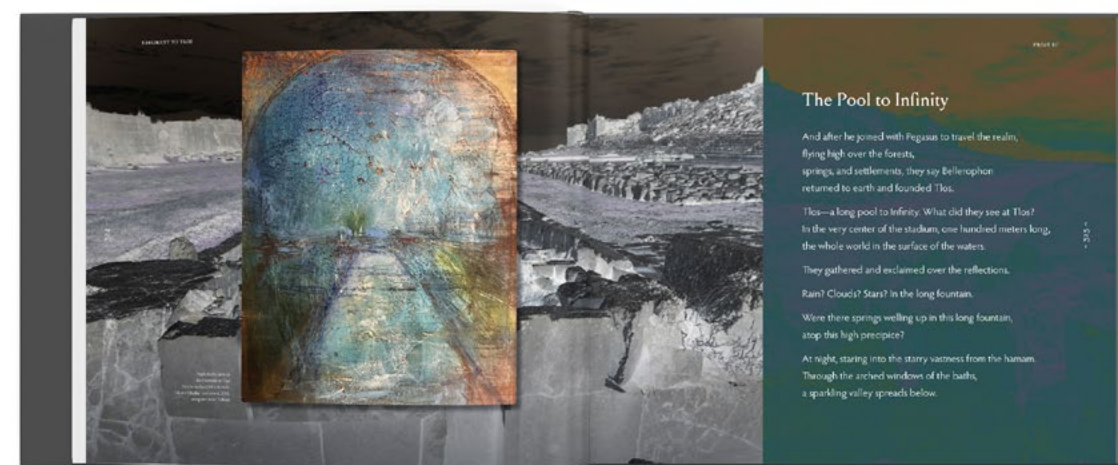
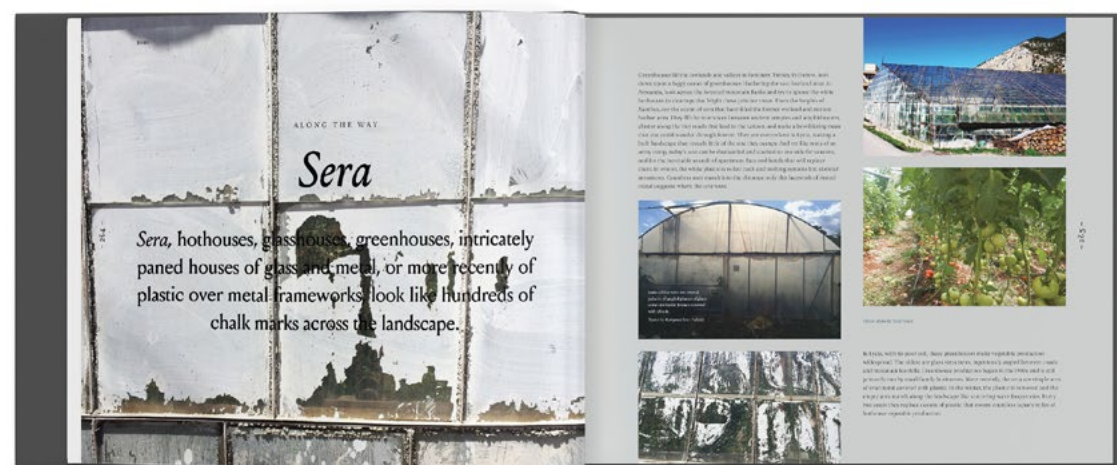
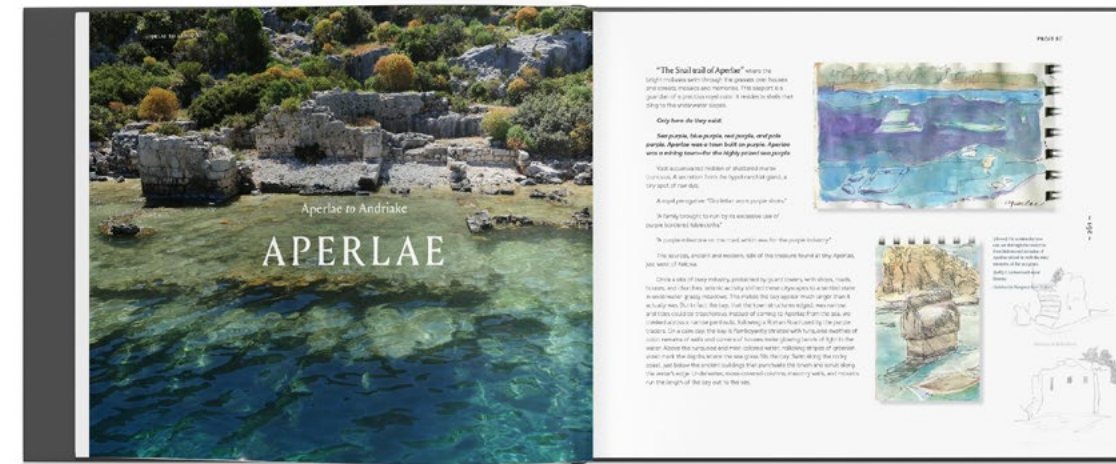
Finally, the fields narrowed into a gap whose rocky heights loomed far above us. The water coursed from around cliffs and precipices. It came from somewhere across the gorge, far up the mountain to our right. As the walls of the pass closed in, we waded into a conflagration of fallen trees and vines and giant boulders, the tailings of spring floods and torrents. I felt I was clambering through a smashed birdcage of obstacles and entanglements, wedging between and rolling over boulders, while Durmuş continued his seemingly effortless and stately progress up the almost vertical slope, and to the lip of the tiny road leading to Inpinar springs. The water sang in the distance; we heard it as we approached the ancient post and lintel stone temple that was the door to the springs.



We stooped and entered the cave, where water gurgled from the darkness of the fountain cave, and with a musical flow, poured over pebbles to the basin. It tasted almost fizzy, like small explosions of light in your mouth.

We returned through the village of Çayköy and stopped at a tea house to have tea made from the delicious Inpinar water. Our way back along the highway was plodding and routine compared to walking alongside the water. I had thought following this water path between Inpinar and Xanthos would make many things clear in my mind, and I would feel the connection and completion of this circuit and be satisfied. Instead, I was filled with more questions. How did anyone think that the tiny spring at Inpinar could somehow flow all the way to Xanthos, the mighty capital of an ancient kingdom? Who could ever have devised and executed the intricate linkages of this water circuitry that would bring it, under its own power, propelled by its own flow, to the peoples of the coastal settlements? The Inpinar and nearby Çayköy with giant bidons and water containers to have their own supply. How did this inspire the peoples of Xanthos, and their visions and history?

After the hike, Naziha and Durmuş Kiraz enjoy some tea from Inpinar water at the tea house in Çayköy.
Photo by Margaret Ross Tolbert





The winding spring
run of Sura
Photos by Jarrod Ryhal

SURA, THE ORACLE



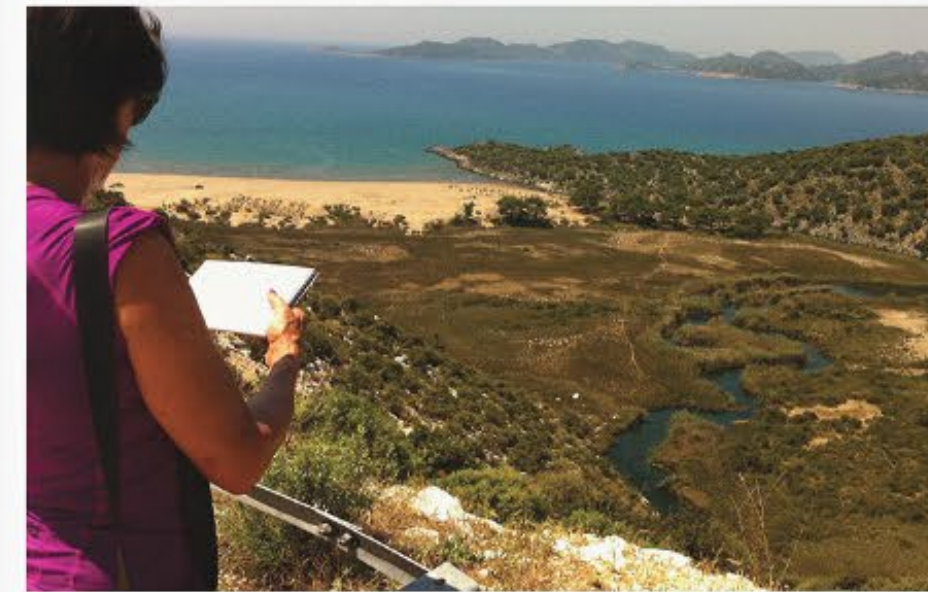
Photos by Jarrod Ryhal

I returned to the highway far above that snaked in and out of the mountains, to track their progress from a distance. From the mountain curve, I pulled off and watched for them to come into view. After an infinitely long time, I saw a tiny boat laboring up the first part of the stream of turquoise. Then, I saw it stop. Someone (Yusuf Yavuz) disembarked and began walking across the sandy scrub at the far distant edge of the wetland. The tiny boat backed off and continued working its way mechanically through the hairpin curves and oxbows of the miniature river.

At length, the rowboat, stuck to the surface of the river like a magnet to metal, arced around the wetland and disappeared.

They disappeared for hours. I watched, I waited.

I resolved to return and visit the oracle myself. I would swim from the oracle!



Margaret sketching the Sura springs run.
Photo by Anne Louden



Photos by Jarrod Ryhal



My day finally came. I went with Tolga Yuksel back to Andriake, to Liman Ağazi, to the small beach under the palm trees. Salih Amca was in a white plastic chair, waiting for us to appear. We loaded up the same rowboat: wetsuits, no cat. Tolga was planning to swim with me, but Salih Amca had decided to spearfish, so he would have to captain the rickety boat for the return. We trawled up the river towards the oracle, but the going was slow. Tide and current were against us.

"You'll have to get out here," Salih Amca commanded. We got out and walked across the swampy wetland. As we approached the water, cattails and reeds towered over us. Soggy land and water sucked at our feet as we tried to reach the edge. An eel wriggled into the cuff of Tolga's pants.

When the rowboat came around the bend, we clambered into it, eel and all.

APERLAE TO ANDRIAKE

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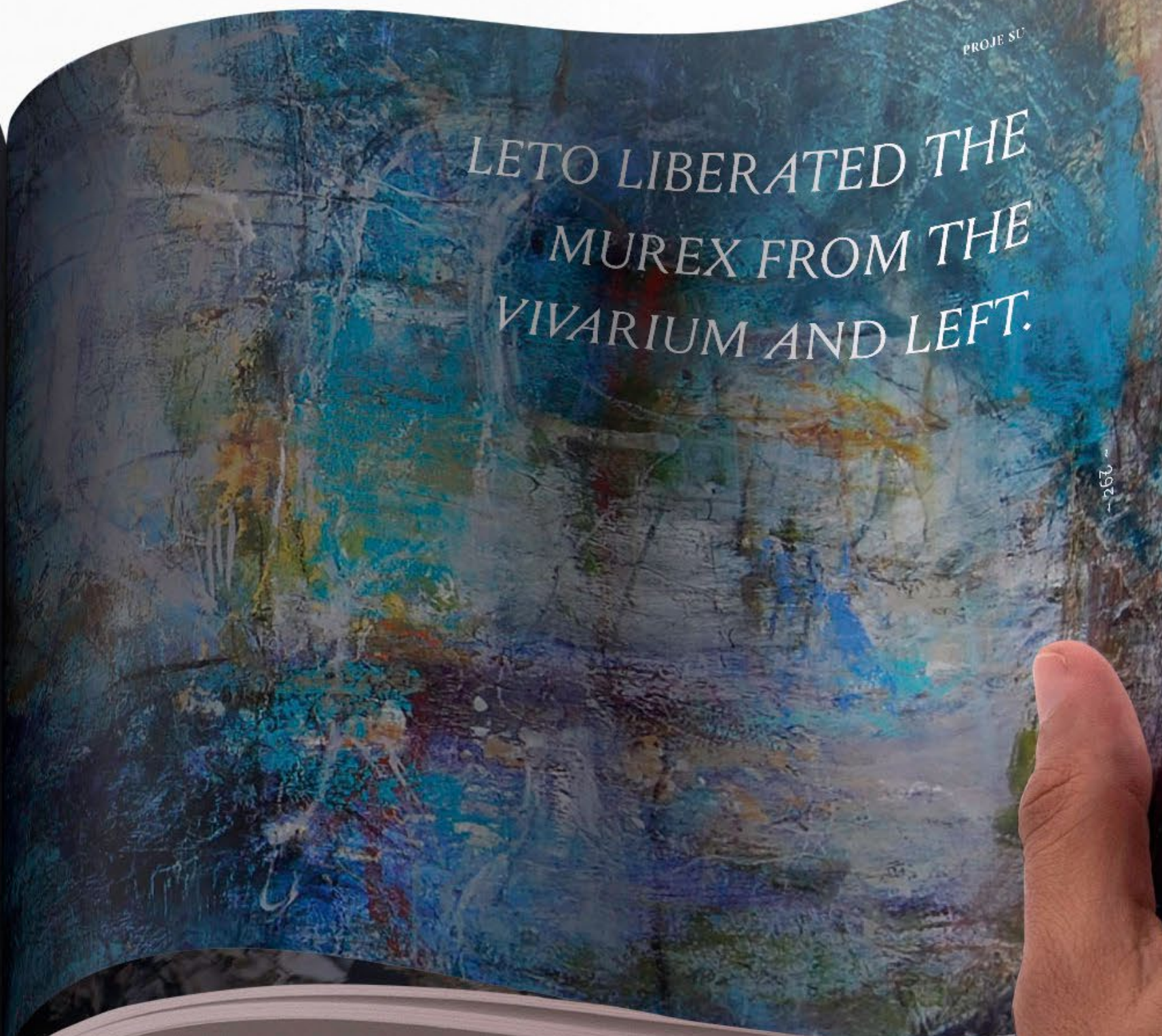


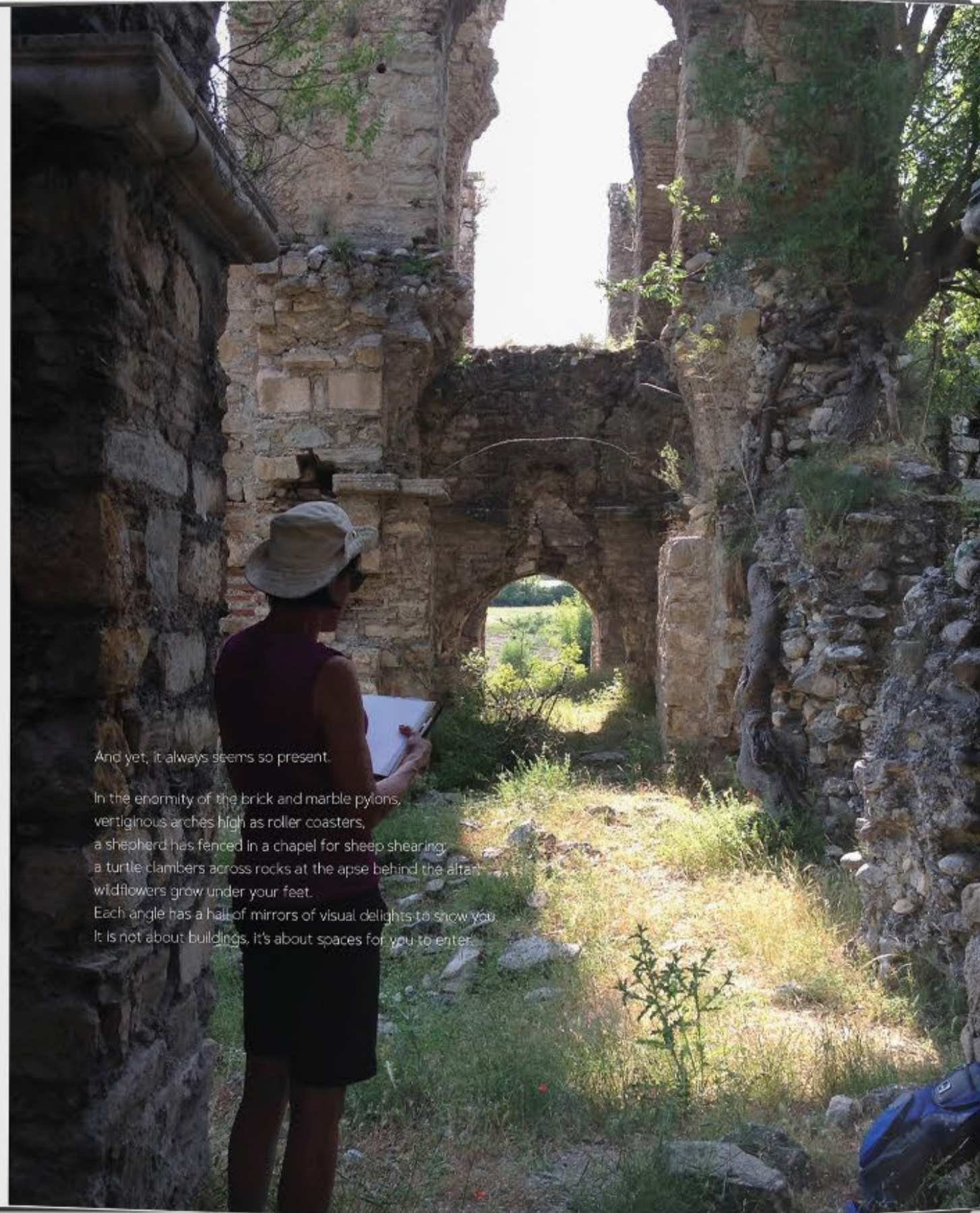
Underwater Cities
48 x 60 inches (122 x 152 cm)
Oil on Canvas, 2006
Margaret Ross Tolleret

PROJE SU

LETO LIBERATED THE
MUREX FROM THE
VIVARIUM AND LEFT.

~ 267 ~



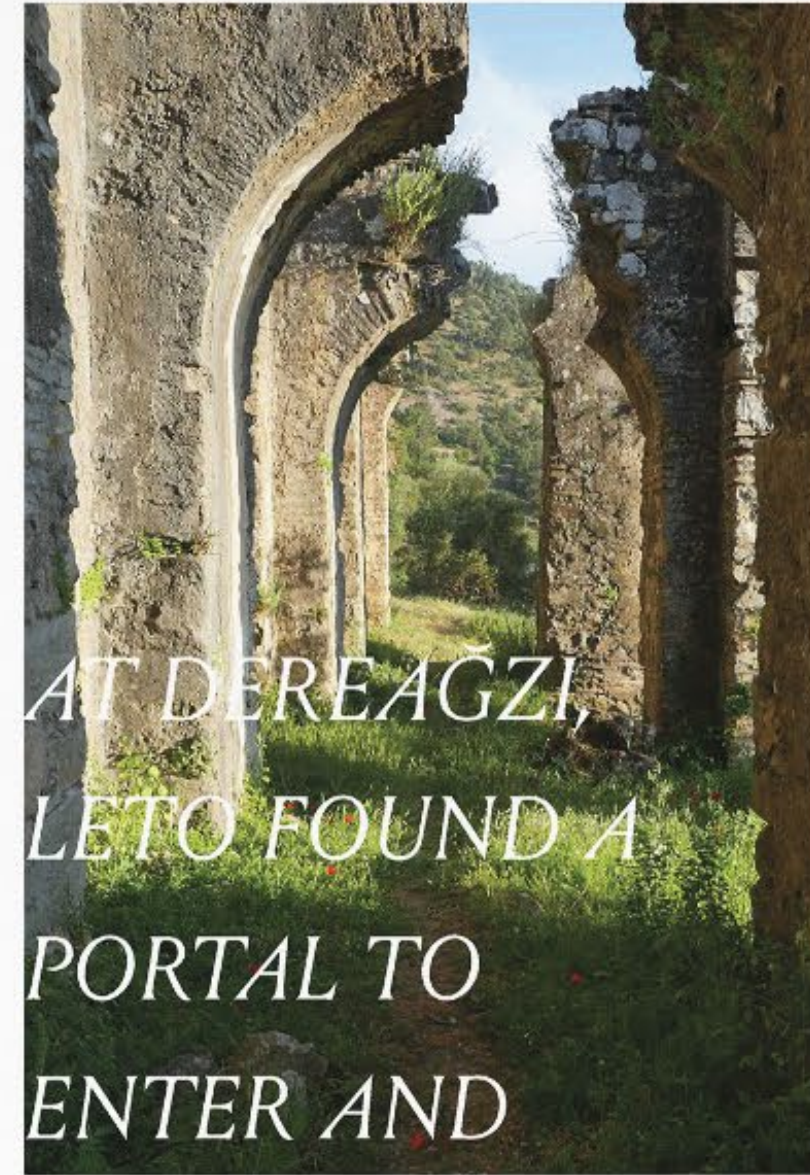


And yet, it always seems so present.
In the enormity of the brick and marble pylons,
vertiginous arches high as roller coasters,
a shepherd has fenced in a chapel for sheep shearing;
a turtle clambers across rocks at the apse behind the altar;
wildflowers grow under your feet.
Each angle has a half of mirrors of visual delights to show you.
It is not about buildings. It's about spaces for you to enter.

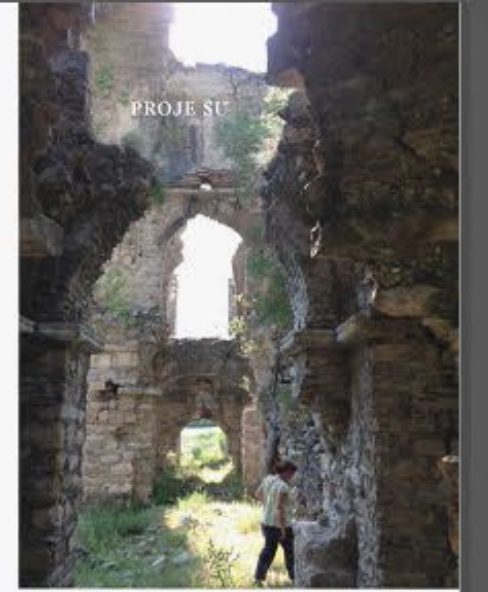
Sketching the vertiginous arches at Dereğiz
Photo: Anna Lowdin

(Below) archways to a mountain slope, looking down the aisle

(Right) Dereğiz in a haze as Anna Lowdin passes to another corridor
Photos by Jarrod Ryhal



AT DEREĞİZİ,
LETO FOUND A
PORTAL TO
ENTER AND
A SACRED GROVE.

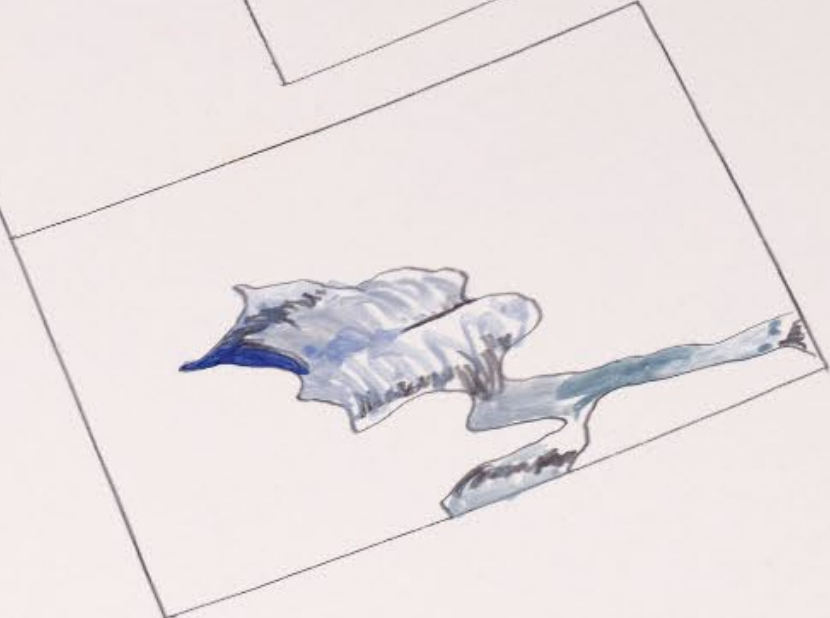
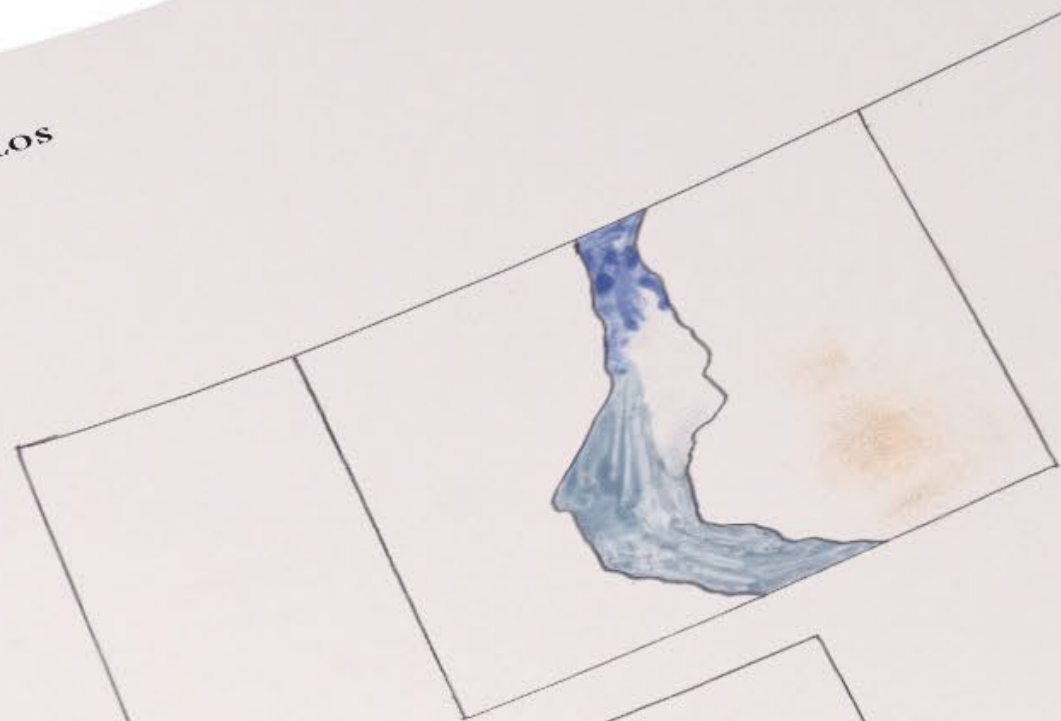


PROJE SU



Anna Lowdin in a portal at Dereğiz
Sketch by Margaret Ross Tolbert

SAKLIKENT TO TLOS



~314~



*Night Reflections in
the Fountain at Tlos*
20 x 16 inches (50 x 40 cm)
Oil and Shellac on Canvas, 2008
Margaret Ross Tolbert

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The Pool to Infinity

And after he joined with Pegasus to travel the realm,
flying high over the forests,
springs, and settlements, they say Bellerophon
returned to earth and founded Tlos.

Tlos—a long pool to Infinity. What did they see at Tlos?
In the very center of the stadium, one hundred meters long,
the whole world in the surface of the waters.

They gathered and exclaimed over the reflections.

Rain? Clouds? Stars? In the long fountain.

Were there springs welling up in this long fountain,
atop this high precipice?

At night, staring into the starry vastness from the hamam.
Through the arched windows of the baths,
a sparkling valley spreads below.

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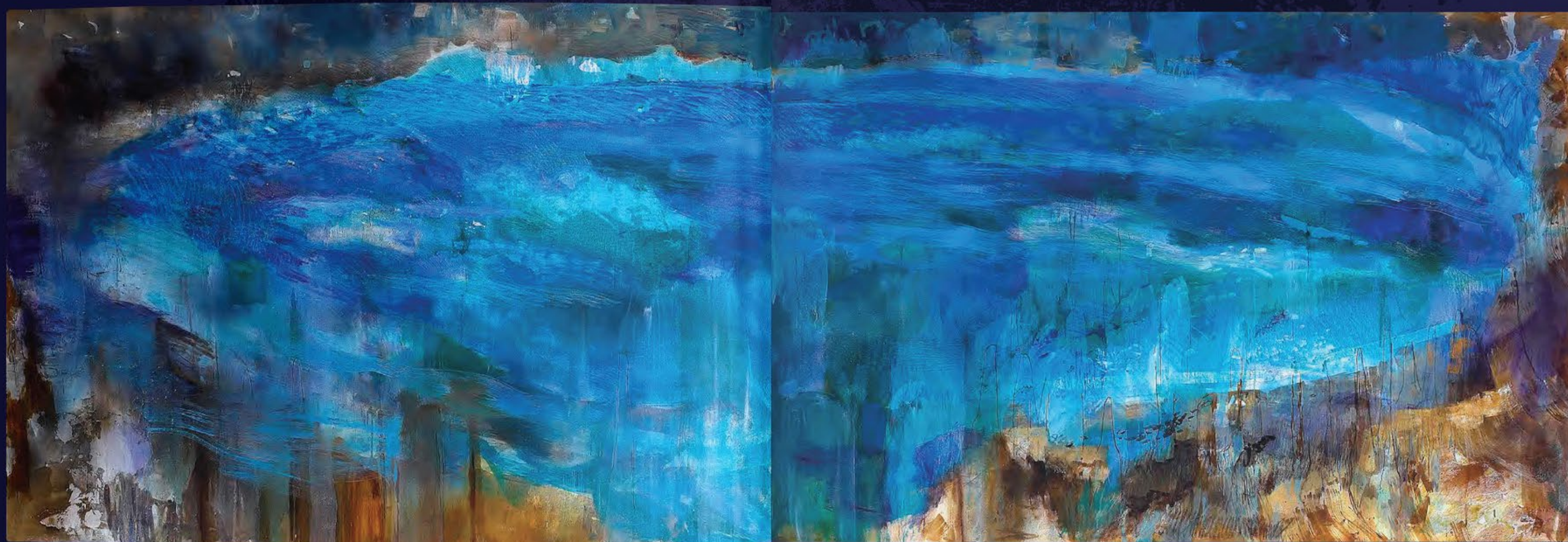


AND LETO WATCHED
THE STARS FROM
A HAMAM AT TLOS.

The Roman baths at Tlos had spring waters pouring forth just under the windows. Look out and see the stars over the mountain valley.
Photo by Margaret Ross Tolbert



Tlos sketches of details and architecture
By Asher Koch and Margaret Ross Tolbert



Underwater Springs Dipych
264 x 90 inches (660 x 228 cm)
Oil on Canvas, 2009
Margaret Ross Tolbert

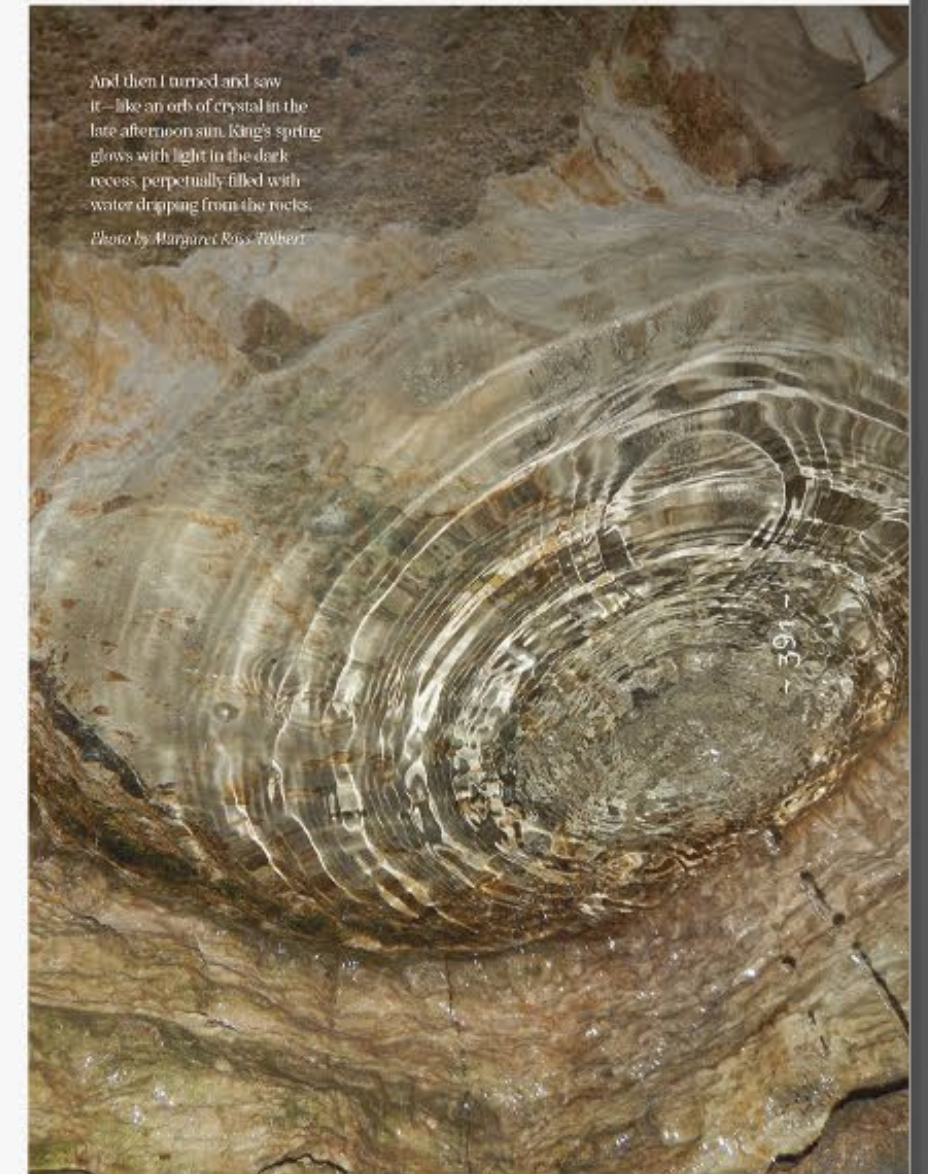


Selge Spring
72 x 48 inches (183 x 122 cm)
Oil on Canvas, 2020
Margaret Ross Tolbert

Other springs and cisterns dotted the acropolis, somehow escaping destruction from the massive earthquakes that toppled all of the standing edifices, save a few wall remnants. The shining star of these is tucked beneath the road, where stone steps lead down a small enclosed staircase to a tiny spring. A silver skein of water falls into a small natural stone basin as the afternoon sun played on the steps, gradually reached the stone basin, and turned it to gold.



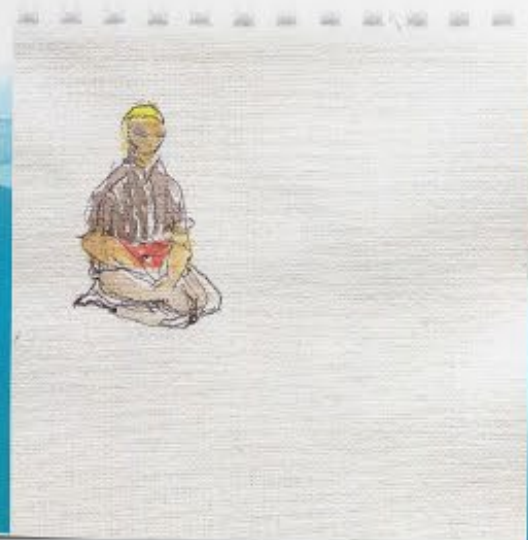
I descend the rocky steps under the lip of the hill at Selge and looked up to see Yusuf, Ayhan, Emine and Naciye watching my discovery.
Photo by Margaret Ross Tolbert



And then I turned and saw it—like an orb of crystal in the late afternoon sun, King's spring glows with light in the dark recess, perpetually filled with water dripping from the rocks.
Photo by Margaret Ross Tolbert



Daribükü sketches
By Margaret Ross-Johnson



Köprüçay DARIBÜKÜ

Slanting rays of afternoon light descending into a village of clouds sinking into reflections. But this is not a village of mirrors and mist, it is a disintegration, a village being dissolved by the river that nourished and created it.

The Eurymedon, now Koca Su, the Great Water, worshipped as a god by the ancients, has been forced back on itself, reversing the river's ancient connection with this place, its sparkling waters turned sullen behind the new dam.

In the village of Daribükü, lost and neglected gardens are in ruin, pomegranates split on the vine, countless apples carpet the ground as pulp underfoot. Quince cluster on trees, unless the donkey gets us to pick them for him.

Across from the house we stayed in, the grocery's shelves are empty, covered by the rising waters. In the flooded depths, a tree loaded and resplendent with yellow quince, springs out of the waters. A flight of steps leads nowhere, poised above the still waters of the lake.



PROJE SU



We climb to the heights of the village, up tiny and twisted streets, past houses and barns, steep lanes between walls of overhanging gardens. Some houses still remain, and it all seems eerily copacetic. For centuries, the villagers have been totally self-sufficient with their gardens. The trees bent with jewels of fruit still lean over the lanes.

Every day Nuri Amca crosses the bridge over the Koca Su to the gardens on the opposite hillside to bring more food for the week. When the children ask where they come from, the villagers say, "You came from Koca Su." And when they ask where they go when they die, they are told, "You'll go to Koca Su when you die." But these days, the village is almost abandoned. The school doors swing open in the wind, empty classrooms, graffiti scrawled on the walls. Yusuf shows us his childhood home where he was born, for now, above the reach of the dammed waters.



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*THANK YOU
FOR LOOKING*