

Lucas King

Agent: Myself, a student/tourist studying architecture

For my familiar agent I have decided to reflect on my own movements throughout my fabric. In the summer of 2018 I had just completed my first year at Lehigh and I decided to do a 6-week study abroad in Vicenza, Italy. Lehigh has a program that typically goes every year but this particular summer it got canceled due to low interest. The university referred myself and another student to join the University of Virginia who does a very similar program. This was my first time going to Italy so I was very excited to have the opportunity to explore and improve both my knowledge of architecture and my hand drawing skills. As a class we would typically take the train to Venice twice a week, visiting other areas or staying in Vicenza the other three. Upon first arrival I noticed the interesting organization Italy had with its neighborhoods within the cities especially in Venice. I enjoyed the transitions from dense crowded streets to the open piazzas. On the hot summer days the cisterns in the middle of each square were high traffic areas but were never lingered due to the lack of shade. My overall movement in the area around the Rialto Bridge was very similar each time I visited. I would take long pauses at specific points whether it was for food or after finding a cozy spot to draw. I am not one for shopping so I would often move through the central spine of the area quickly but without a destination in mind. However, most of my walking occurred in the hallways formed by the second floor residence and the columns which contained the market and restaurants.

My experience of the spaces of residence was slim due to those being the more private areas of the city and this fabric. I was able to get a few peeks into the second floor apartments above the markets but not enough to know the entire layout of the buildings. One thing I did notice was that this wings' rooms occupied contained 1-2 of the windows on the facade which gives a small indication as to the scale of these spaces. I also never stayed in these particular rooms in Venice overnight so the residence portion was not very occupied by me. On the restaurant side of the square across from the markets, however, were the family owned businesses and restaurants. This wing was older and the rooms above were likely occupied by the people that owned those businesses. I never got a solid peek at these rooms either but sometimes the businesses would be extended to the second floor of this wing so I was able to go up and gain a perspective of the size and view from that elevation. These spaces were slightly bigger than the mirroring building, using 2-3 windows per store/apartment.

The places of congregation were probably the most populated area by me. Sitting on the first floor relaxing at one of the restaurants or stoops with my sketchbook took up about half of my time in

the space all three times I was there. Each time was different, but all began and ended very similarly. I would always approach from the side opposite the bridge because I was always coming from the train station located on the west side of the island and I never used that route to head back to the station. My first visitation I walked in from the main street. After a few pictures and a brief stop to fill my water bottle I made my way through the markets. I then circled back around the church through the restaurant side and meandered, studying the area. I took a brief peek into the church, Chiesa di San Giacomo di Rialto, and continued my circulation of the piazza. I then took a right to head towards the river where I took my long break. I sat down, hanging my feet off the ledge overlooking the grand canal and the multicolored buildings of Venice. I was underneath a building canopy so I had shade and at one point I took a short nap. I spent about 3 hours here and ate my bagged lunch of leftovers while I finished some old sketches and watched the Gondola tours go by. This place was congregated by a few people who were also relaxing as well as a busy lunch spot a short distance away. The flow of people was organized by the footprint of the building because people liked to stay in the shade as long as possible. At the end of my rest I moved back under the building, walked through the square and stopped at the fountain again, past the markets, and crossed the Rialto bridge, taking a short pause for a last look at the Canal before diving back into the dense streets of Venice on the other side of the bridge.

My second time in the area was a little shorter but began and ended with the same flow from the main street and ending crossing the Rialto Bridge. This time I had a particular restaurant in mind so I walked straight there underneath the first floor roof. I had a good view of the church and I began to sketch both the church and a plan of the entire area based on my memory from my first visit. I occasionally got up from my seat to investigate a certain spot or fill my water. And after finishing I walked through the wing, behind the church and crossed the bridge. My third and final time I visited my fabric was the shortest. This time was to touch up some of my drawings, investigate the area a bit more, and do some shopping. It was a very random visit going through the space and making brief stops yet still following that circular motion up and down the wings following their floor plan paths created by the columns. After taking a last look at the church and surrounding areas I crossed the bridge. This crossing was a bit more deliberate as I stopped in the shops without any sort of agenda. I took a pause at the peak of the bridge and continued down the other side of the bridge.

These interactions on the bridge were not unique except for my third visit. The first two times I behaved more like a resident, crossing the bridge quickly and taking a brief stop to gather the view before continuing. This behavior was likely due to the fact that I spent longer in the piazza and was ready to move on to my next destination not unlike someone who has been living there for some time

and has seen most of what the area has to offer. The third time I acted more like a tourist which is a little odd but makes sense because I realized that it was likely my last time on that bridge for a while. I wanted to gather all the final information and take physical and mental pictures. I also took time to wander through the series of stores on the bridge, conflicting with my past self and other more permanent residents who walked right past them. This behavior allowed me to experience the slower moving traffic just outside the stores and on the railing of the bridge when before I was used to following the quicker paced line right up the middle. On the hotter days these stores would deploy canopies for these groups of people who were either deciding their next move or thinking about a purchase. The aisles on the bridge had minimal organization as to what side followed what direction and I assume this frustrated some of the locals who may have a more strict method in the non-tourist seasons. I often thought about the thought process of the residents as another possible spot of conflict, debating whether or not they liked the slow moving crowds that help their cities' economy and give their stores more business. Residents who are shop owners most likely enjoy it while the locals of other professions don't see the benefits. Aside from the commotion, the bridge was a point of flow and an important aspect to the locations on both sides.

As the agent I had a more calculated approach to my movements due to my overall motivation for being there. This plays a role in most of the agents' movements in this fabric and will be evident as more investigation goes into the broad range of motivations involved in this small piazza. Below is a list of other possible agents, bolded are the three that I am leaning towards choosing:

- Agents:
 - Tourist camera
 - **Resident movement**
 - **Myself**
 - Tourist movement
 - Gondolier
 - **Market Vendor**