1. ISTANBUL

The city is feminine, in languages where names are gendered and in the world of concepts and imaginations. History, itself is a masculine form for writing, perceives the "place" and "place-ment", like language and culture as the other: a space homogenous with the opposite sex, a geography one treads upon and passes through, to be conquered, to be invaded, which surrenders, which is made to reproduce itself by intervention, by establishing sovereignty, through planning...
2. OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

The narrow street in the alley next to our house was where I has passed most of my childhood time. And every time it rained we all crammed at the entrance of the passage, trying not to get wet and I would always run to get covered, the moment I saw the first drop staining the rough concrete of the road. "The power of things inheres in the memories they gather up inside them, and also in the vicissitudes of our imagination, and our memory--of this there is no doubt."
3. MY PARENTS

My parents have been like mentors to me. I always looked up to them, always thought they are perfect. Family bonds in Istanbul are really strong. It may not happen in the first instant, but within ten minutes of meeting a man, a woman has a clear idea of who he is, or at least who he might be for her, and her heart of hearts has already told her whether or not she’s going to fall in love with him. That’s what happened with my parents.
4. FATHER

"There are two kind of men," said Ka, in a didactic voice. "The first kind does not fall in love until he's seen how the girls eats a sandwich, how she combs her hair, what sort of nonsense she cares about, why she's angry at her father, and what sort of stories people tell about her. The second type of man -- and I am in this category -- can fall in love with a woman only if he knows next to nothing about her."
5. MOTHER

Her smile shined always. Even in difficult days or through her sickness she never stopped shining. She was beautiful and sweet and showed her love every day. "When we lose people we love, we should never disturb their souls, whether living or dead. Instead, we should find consolation in an object that reminds you of them, something...I don't know...even an earring"
Adolf Loos writes for his childhood: Here is the table, a piece of furniture completely crazy and dirty, a table that used to close using an astonishing mechanism. And yet it was our table, our table! And there is also the office desk with a stain that my sister Ermina made, when she was very young, by spilling the inkwell. These are the portraits of my parents! Such terrible frames! However, they were marriage gifts by the employees of my father. And an embroidered slipper where you could hang your watch, childhood work of my sister Irma. Every piece of furniture, everything, every object tells a story, the story of the family. The apartment was never finished, it was growing with us and we were growing with it. "...the true collector's only home is his own museum."
7. ANLAN AND ME

I always protected her. Anlan was my little sister and I have always taken care of her. Once, when our parents were in Ismir and Anlan was very young, she was too scared to sleep alone. She was afraid of darkness. I took her with me in the bed and tucked her in, and waited till she fell fast asleep. Since that day we had this small light outside the bathroom door that every night before going to bed we lit and twinkled vigorously making the room a much scarier place for little Anlan.
8. URBAN LIFE

This mysterious decree would incite me to defy it and spit on the ground at once, but because the police were stationed two steps away in front of the Governor's Mansion, I'd just stare at it uneasily instead. Now I began to fear that spit would suddenly climb out of my throat and land on the ground without my even willing it. But as I knew, spitting was mostly a habit of grown-ups of the same stock as those brainless, weak-willed, insolent children who were always being punished by my teacher. Yes, we would sometimes see people spitting on the streets, or hawking up phlegm because they had no tissues, but this didn't happen often enough to merit a decree of this severity, even outside the Governor's Mansion.
9. OUR VACATION HOUSE

"I looked out the window; in my eyes was the light that you see only in children arriving at a new place, or in young people still open to new influences, still curious about the world because they have not yet been scarred by life." This was my favourite place in the world. And when I went there, I always run around the house and around and around till I could no longer breathe and then I would lie on the earth orchard outside the house and look at the sun.
10. CELEBRATIONS

Ağam O Yar Elinden
Paşam O Yar Elinden
Nasil Edem Nere Gidem
Şu Zalimin Elinden
“My fear was not the fear of God but, as in the case of the whole Turkish secular bourgeoisie, fear of the anger of those who believe in God too zealously(...) I experienced the guilt complex as something personal, originated less from the fear of distancing myself from God than from distancing myself from the sense of community shared by the entire city.”

— Orhan Pamuk, Istanbul: Memories and the City
12. IN THE CLASSROOM

My first schools were housed in the Crown Prince Yusufizzeddin Pasha Mansion, and in the Grand Vizier Halil Rifat Pasha Mansion. Each would be burned and demolished while I was studying there, even as I played football in the gardens. In fact, the only stone mansion still standing in our neighbourhood was a former home of grand viziers that had passed into the hands of the municipality after the Ottoman empire fell and the capital moved to Ankara. I will never forget the hours of playing football in the courtyard of the school with a ball that was made out of a cloth filled with beans....and whenever the cloth would tear we would make another one.
13. FATHER AND I

He was always strict. Dominant with his long black coat and tick moustache. I was scared of him as a kid but grew to admire him. But I always, till now, look for his approval. He was the reason I decided to study Architecture. We always walked in the streets after returning from the school celebration and he told me stories about every building. He had stories for every step, every courtyard, every window of the neighbourhood. That's when I started loving my house and decided to become an architect.
14. MY AUNTS

When I was five I was sent to live for a short time with my aunts in the nearby Cihangir neighbourhood. Hanging on the wall in this house, where I was treated with the utmost kindness, was a picture of a small child. Every once in a while, my aunt or uncle would point at him and say with smile, "Look! That's you!"
15. BECOMING A MAN

Watching the pasha's mansions burn to the ground, my family maintained a stony equanimity - much as we had done in the face of all those stories about crazy princes, opium addicts in the palace harem, children locked in attics, treacherous sultan's daughters and exiled or murdered pashas - and ultimately the decline and fall of the empire itself.
16. GRANDMOTHER

Although the figure of the man in Turkish families had the role of leader of the family, there is always a strong woman behind him. Our grandmother was one of these. We all respected her and loved her immensely. She was my father’s mother. Every Sunday we would visit her in her house, she would cook, and we would spend the evening. Our parents always would get into fights about politics and the women would mainly spend all the time in the kitchen cooking, but also gossiping. We liked to sneak inside the kitchen and hide under the table trying to nibble anything that was ready before going on the table.
17. ARMY

It is true what they say about the army. It changes you a lot. You meet new people, and for 18 months you are highly controlled and grounded. In one hand you are trained to protect your country but are you really? If tomorrow you had to go to battle would you be prepared? But again it teaches you how to follow rules and be responsible.
Near Taksim he suddenly found himself inside a crowd of people leaving a movie theater. They were staring straight ahead, as if in a trance, walking down the stairs arm in arm or with their hands plunged in their pockets, and Galip was so overwhelmed by what he read in their faces and that his own nightmare faded into the background. What he read in their faces was peace: these people had been able to forget their own sadness by immersing themselves in a story. They were here, on this wretched street, but at the same time they were there, inside the story to which they’d so eagerly given themselves over. They had gone into theater with minds sucked dry by pain and defeat, but now their minds were full again with rich story that gave meaning to their memories and their melancholy. They can believe they’re someone else.
19. SERAN AND LOVE

"It's important, no doubt, to understand the person we love. If we cannot manage this, it's necessary, at least, to believe we understand them. I must confess that over the entire eight years I only rarely enjoyed the contentment of the second possibility, let alone the first."
20. I DO

"In fact no one recognizes the happiest moment of their lives as they are living it. It may well be that, in a moment of joy, one might sincerely believe that they are living that golden instant "now," even having lived such a moment before, but whatever they say, in one part of their hearts they still believe in the certainty of a happier moment to come. Because how could anyone, and particularly anyone who is still young, carry on with the belief that everything could only get worse; if a person is happy enough to think he has reached the happiest moment of his life, he will be hopeful enough to believe his future will be just as beautiful, more so."

— Orhan Pamuk, The Museum of Innocence
21. THROUGH INSPECTION

...in a brutal country like ours where human life is cheap, it's stupid to destroy yourself for the sake of your beliefs. Beliefs, high ideals--only people living in rich countries can enjoy such luxuries.

"Actually, it's the other way round. In a poor country the only consolation people can have is the one that comes from their beliefs."
22. ISTANBUL AGAIN

When you love a city and have explored it frequently on foot, your body, not to mention your soul, gets to know the streets so well after a number of years that in a fit of melancholy, perhaps stirred by a light snow falling ever so sorrowfully, you'll discover your legs carrying you of their own accord toward one of your favourite promontories. The sensorial experience carves the memories deep into your soul and you always carry them with you. Istanbul is a cry against the city itself and all that it contains being forgotten - and a curiously stormy revenge against those in the world who would do the forgetting.