

Target group	Name/Gender/Age	Image	Respondents approach	Narrative	Trigger	Preconceptions,Ideas
Art GR	Marineli Angeliki/F/26 subj 2*	1	Narrator. Projection of the respondent as traveller. Reflections based on personal experience of the ugliness of suburban space in Greece.	Coming back from my hometown and just before arriving in Athens I close my eyes and ugly pictures come into my mind. Places that have nothing to tell, faceless, dry and full of cement. Why does this happen every time, I don't know. Why the ugly pictures remain and the beautiful ones fade? Perhaps because I 'live' them.	The subject.	Reflection on the notions of beauty and ugliness contradicts on popular perception that after some time we usually recall more on beautiful things in life rather the ugly ones. Characterises transitional spaces as faceless, dry and full of cement, and places that have nothing to tell.
ART GB	Michele Witthaus/F/41 subj 1*	1	Narrator	The new houses perched on the edge of the cliff...overlooking a wild patch of land. But one day the bulldozers made an astonishing find amongst the rubble being cleared for the next phase of development...	Content. The sandy cliffs/hillside.	Transitional spaces as places of mystery. Also places for development.
ART GB	Stephanie Kappel /GDR/F/37 subj 2*	1	Observer	This image reminds me about parts of Africa I have seen where original houses (the wooden one in the middle) coexist with the expanding of the so-called civilization. The people who made it out of the poorer 'slum' regions live now next to the ones who didn't make it (yet or never) You have on the one hand the workers who go out to work and on the other the ones who still work their little lands to survive.	Deja vue effect. Have seen it before and it always struck me as strange or better different to what we normally see. Personal experience	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat. The neighboring of two poor classes.
ART GB	Poyan/F Contrast*	1	Observer	Controversy for keeping the grassland or using it for buildings. Though some people will want to preserve the grassland, finally, it will be sacrificed for property construction. So, grassland will disappear at last.	The contrast of building and grassland. Man vs. nature interesting.	Ecological concerns The loss of nature due to urbanisation.
ART GB	Ciara Chuquin/PERU /F/28 subj 2*	1	Observer	This is a city in the tropics that is growing very fast deforesting the space creating a difficult situation for the ecosystem. There are slums at its borders.	The place itself, I mean, the representation of the place in the image. I think it is the same place from different angles (or maybe not!)	Eco-concerns The existence of slums in the borders of cities in the tropics

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ART SW	Ari M/42 Contrast*	1	Observer(eco-concerns)	Paradise on earth? A documentary. Where there used to be a forest only, mile after mile of green...we today see commercial constructions. Now its mile after mile with hotels, supermarkets etc. this used to be paradise on earth and once again commercial forces have exploited it and turned it into a, for them, profitable business...	The contrast between nature and constructions done by man.	The notion of paradise on earth.
LIT GB	Brian Mc Neil M/69 Contrast/Subj1*	1	Narrator Projection of a family	This is the modern view from a farmhouse in the southern Europe. The farm has been in the family for generations. The family were Jews who converted to Christianity in the late 16 <sup>th</sup> C but retain some of their old Jewish traditions. They have survived repression, wars and revolutions. They thought that the land was everything. After the end of the Franco era, well this is in Spain of course, they began to prosper. The market for their produce in the north began to expand. But the land could not support them all and the children began to move into the city. Some did well and others did not but they remained in the city and the city grew. The eldest son remained, worked in the farm, married and raised a family. However, when their parents died, the land was divided between the children. The eldest son fought to maintain the farm, the others wanted to sell. Eventually they agreed to maintain the farm but to sell the coastal frontage to property developers and to share the money gained. Thus the villas were built cutting the farm from the coast. Now the eldest son battles to keep the farm and to halt-or at least slow- the encroachment of the developers. He and his family feel that they are facing an army of alien forces bent of conquest, that they are defending not only the land but also a tradition and way of life. The youngest daughter has now reverted to Judaism and talks of going to Israel.	My story –such as it is- was triggered by the way in which the villas seem not only to be alien to the landscape but also to cut the countryside off from the coast. They are a banner to the people who I imagine live there that stands between them and the sea. The beach and the coastal view that they would have had for generations. Seen from this viewpoint, with its rampant of bare earth, the villas seem to be an armed, alien encampment.	-Defending a certain way of life.  -The certainty of the existence of sea near to the depicted landscape, with no visual indication.  -Spain a popural reference of Southern Europe
ART GB	A.Hefferman F/33 subj 1*	1	Observer	The first landscape indicates a Spanish holiday area where more development is required. The buildings are holiday apartments, and land below will be built upon in the future to cope with the increasing number of holidaymakers.	The buildings on the top of the unlandscaped area.	Spain as the depicted place.

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ART GR	Riga Katerina/F/23 subj 2*	2	Observer <u>First case which female participant projects a male character</u>	The life of a ragman, out of a village in the Greek province. Marginalized by the local inhabitants, alone, himself and his findings.	The composition and the elements of the image. The abandon car, the rubbish and the throwing timber and their distance from the inhabitant area. Distant and close simultaneously.	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat.
ART GR	Samothraki Katerina/F/24 subj 1*	2	Observer. <u>First case which female participant projects a deprived family.</u>	Poor family living in bivouac, unemployment, pain, annoyance and rough life with no happy end.	The abandon car, the wooden sticks and the buildings reminding vocations in the province.	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat.
ART GR	Mastrogianni MariaF/24 subj 2*	2	Observer	Image 2 shows the anarchic urban development, which takes place in the rural areas echoes, the culture of countryside people. The western model of life and the loss of tradition.	The realistic depiction of an ugly area.	Photography & the real. The ugliness of transitional spaces The loss of tradition due to progress
ART GB	Michelle Gordon/USA/F/ 25 subj 1*	2	Narrator <u>Second case which female respondent projects deprived family (emphasising on children).</u>	Once upon a time, in a crappy little suburb south of Miami, FL, lived a little boy named Thomas and his sister Annie. Thomas and Annie's parents worked all day. Their daddy, Henry, has been employed at the local steel mill for 3 long years. He doesn't like the job, but it pays the mortgage on their small 2 bedroom home, located just out of the view on the left hand side of the picture. Their mother works as a waitress at the local dinner, slinging bacon and eggs at smelly truckers all day. She's only been there for 2 weeks, and hopes that she can keep this job longer than she did the last one. As for Thomas and Annie, they're good kids and decent students. Thomas, being the older one, makes sure that he and his little sister get home from school every day. After their 20-minute walk home he cuts them each half of an apple and smears some peanut butter on it; that usually keeps them full until dinner. After their homework is done, they spend their time romping and playing in the front yard until it's time for diner. Most of the time they day dream in their dad's old red Chevy which hasn't run in 3 or 4 years, but it serves as the perfect fort and hiding place. They talk of life outside of their little town and make a promise to each other to one day leave and never look back.	The story was prompted by the old discarded wood on the left hand side of the photo, the dry brown earth that has been littered with hearty green vegetation, the densely packed shoddy red roofs in the distance and of course the old abandoned red car in nestled amongst the weeds.	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat.  The hope of a new life in childrens thoughts.
ART GB	Carolyn Ditson/F/57 subj 1?*	2	Narrator <u>Second case were female respondent projects male character.</u>	For two years he had lived in the detritus dumped by the occupants of the suburban dwellings he could see on his horizon. His shelter was adequate and firewood was plentiful. By walking towards the horizon he could scavenge for food and even pick up odd jobs which provided his meagre existence. He liked this life. The solitude and freedom were that he craved. This was the reason he had opted out of community living. However, his way of life was now threatened. The sprawl was set to spread and developers were soon to move across his dwelling place. He was not duly alarmed though. There would always be unwanted consumables and a fresh dumping ground would arise. He just had to wait.	The composition foreground interest linked to the background scene. Content the details of the dumped items against the suburban sprawl behind them.	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat. Transitional spaces as potential urban development areas.

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ART GB	Evi Chamouratidou GR/F/31 subj 1(this response seems especially interesting)*	2	Narrator <u>Third case were female respondant projects a deprived family.</u>	The path leads to a shed used as a house by a couple with 3 young kids who play all day long, climbing on trees, stealing bicycles & repairing them, finding all sorts of things in other people's garbage. They have no TV and no fireplace. They feed their chicken and harass their pigeons. They are training them to be messengers but most of them are stupid, unsuccessful breeds probably. The father drinks and his profession is unidentifiable. The mother is skinny, hyperactive, silent most of the time. Today is another day like all days, no school-this escape- no rain, the daughter dances to the radio while the boys play with a pair of broken binoculars they found earlier. No worries.	The path which reminds me of the path of my grandparents' home in kitros and the mood lying in the bottom middle of the photo. Also the light. Recalls from personal experience.	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat.  No worries for the children.
ART GB	Tessa Oksanen FIN/F/29 Specific*	2	<u>Narrator.First case of Identification of the respondant as an old man</u> <u>Along with the above participant we have two nordic people who identify themselves either as an old man or a member of a poor family.</u>	I seem to be about 60-year old man, earning my living by breeding ferrets (which are located in back of my house) and through odd jobs here and there. I smoke a lot, dress in the same clothes I've worn for the last ten years, and live by myself. I've got three dogs and many cats running around the place. Many things don't bother me. Like my car, the red one in the picture. It broke down many years ago and never got fixed. Or removed. Why should it be removed? It gives shelter in my cats. I'm very isolated person. I hardly ever go to the town near by. I don't know much about my neighbours. Only my son comes to see me occasionally. Then we have a drink. I've never travelled anywhere. I got my house by my father, who died at age 89, many years after my mother. I never moved away from this place. Here's everything I need. This is my home, which one-day my son will heritage. Life is very peaceful.	The red unused car, and an image taken to be looking away from the home towards the near by houses.	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat.  A very basic but peaceful life.  The loneliness of old people.
ART SWE	Malin Gustafsson F/22 specific*	2	Narrator. <u>Identification. Forth case were female respondant projects deprived family.</u>	Here my family lives. We are very poor and we are hungry all the time. Some times we have to beg for money, we have to walk into the city.	The thing you see in left. It looks like a poor home...	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat. Poor people begging
ART SWE	Paul Friberg M/21 specific*	2	Narrator. <u>First case with dialogs between the characters</u>	-What a hell, john said. This is not a golf course. Eric looked at the broken down car and said. -no wonder this trip was cheap to buy. They fooled us, let's go back and kill them. (john)- Yeah, they do deserve to die. John and Eric went back to their car and drove away...	The car.	Suggestion of criminal characters Cheap things have a catch. Sevear punishment for no serious reason. Taking the law in your hands
LIT USA	Mike M/30 Subj 1*	2	Narrator. Identification	I waited there all night. Finally at around three in the morning, I heard the car engine and the crunch of gravel. He parked by the tree, but left his headlights on. I walked out from where I'd been hiding and met him behind the car, where he'd just opened the trunk. I looked inside and saw the wooden crates with their squirming wet contents, glistening in the flashlight.	It was a close decision b+w 1 and 2. I loved the house, nested in the bush below the apartments; but it was unable to make physical connections b+w the elements. The roads in #2-its nested quality connected with the rest of the picture-made me choose it	Transitional spaces as stage for illegal activities, strange exchanges.  Night as refuge for strange activities

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<b>LIT GR</b>	Eirini Avramopoulou F/25 <b>contrast*</b>	<b>2</b>	Narrator <u>First case were female respondent projects an old woman</u>	It's time now that Maria lives alone in the old parents house. Her children married in town had left just like her husband but to a different destination. Quite frequently remembers how was the house before buzzing with life. She doesn't talk often for what she has lived but when she does it she always remembers the happy moments and the parties and always talks for the same space always her house. She is not interested anymore about her daily routines; the village and the people are not the same anymore. However she is adjusted and she is patient, she is familiar with this all right.	It is the theme more that gives you the chance to compare the old & the new (the shanty house, the factory the abundant car etc) from the other side it could be the result of an accidental influence (or not) of the moment.	The loneliness of old people  Remembering the happy moments
<b>LIT GB</b>	Frosoula Kofterou F/21 <b>Subj 1/subj 2*</b>	<b>2</b>	Narrator <u>Forth case were a female respondent projects a male character.</u>	Layers of red paint softly peel away from the abandoned car. Age has awarded it a distinct coat of rust which it proudly wears like a uniform. It sits alone among the dying trees and tough weeds basking in memories past. A witness to a place that was once full of life and people. A witness to the growing trees and working hands and the gates attached to hindges. A witness to passengers with a destination. An old handsome man full of old fashion grace and failed brilliance, steps out from his crumbling home. With marble blue eyes and fatigued body he embraces his abandoned kingdom.	<b>Content/light</b>	The beautification of the past  Transitional spaces as deprived habitat.
<b>LIT GB</b>	Aspasia Kavalogiou F/23 <b>Subj 1*</b>	<b>2</b>	Observer	The ruins apparent in this picture make evident a building process in reverse. When you see a finished building it doesn't reveal much of its materials, construction process, and structure, whereas the ruins reveal the actual materials, the secrets within the structure, things that are rarely exposed to the potential user. Moreover the ruins are the remains of an event /story. Evidence that something was or is happening there. What caused this structure-building to turn into ruins maybe a series of events, a demolition, an earthquake or time.	<b>The ruins and the composition of the ruins.</b>	Ruins as evidence of an event or story

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<b>ART GR</b>	Katsoulis Konstantinos/M /23 spec / subj 1?*	<b>3</b>	Narrator	A group of children playing when a strange (suspicious) man makes his appearance with bad intentions. Kidnapping- ransom, the good and clever cop catches the kidnapper and a happy end. Somewhere in between the story the cop meet a poor but honest waitress that gives him clues about the kidnapper and the cop falls in love with her and in the last scene they go away together. (Hollywood!!!)	The foreground near in the inhabitant area. It is the departure point for the story, which develops without been inspired from the image. Sorry but with these kinds of images there is no other way.	Transitional spaces as playground Transitional landscapes are hostile for narratives.
<b>ART GR</b>	IoannidisAlexandros M/28	<b>3</b>	-	-	-	-
<b>ART GB</b>	Maurela Graurial SW/F/39 ?*	<b>3</b>	Narrator <u>Fifth case were female projects male character</u>	John was lying on the floor with his right hand he was holding out some grass, while he painfully scratched the dry earth with the other one. He was feeling hurt and alone. He turned to look at the city nearby in search of something or somebody to save him...	I do not thing that the chosen landscape triggered my imagination in writing the story. I first thought of the story and then I tried to fit the story in the landscape. Therefore, I believe I could write the same story for image 1,2,3,4. Maybe I did not fully understand what you mean by story/narrative.	Transitional spaces as places were unfortunate things happen.
<b>LIT TURK</b>	Mehmet Kucukozer M/ 32	<b>3</b>	Observer	#3 is of a city in a developing country. Back in the 1970s it was a midsized city of 500,000 that began to grow dramatically in population size soon after due the changes in the world economic order. The declining prices of agricultural goods and the forced removal of subsistence economy peasants from the country side has forced mass waves of internal migration headed towards the cities searching for jobs. The rapid need for urban growth has meant haphazard planning. Land is continuously cleared for brush +forest without any concern for environmental impact. Over crowding, pollution, traffic, crime and the lack of open public space have become serious problems that city officials have yet to really consider.	-	The complexity of rapid urbanization in a developing country.
<b>LIT GR</b>	Angeliki Ignatiadou F/28 subj 1 / subj 2?*	<b>3</b>	Narrator <u>Fifth case were female projects family.</u>	Beside the city was the gypsy's camp. In this muddy place in one of the so-called "houses" a family was leaving. The children were dressed in rugs, they have no shoes and they struggle to survive. At one point the city people looked at the mud and the dirty gypsies and they said that they have to "clean" the area. Some other remembered that gypsies are people with dignity and they have to protect them. Of course after they remember the 3 <sup>rd</sup> European community fund programme and thought to take advantage of it along with the gypsies. In the end everybody lived happily.	<b>Composition</b>	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat.

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LIT GR	Kakana Anastasia F/23 subj 2 *	4	Narrator <u>Female projection of children</u>	Yesterday in this place there were dozens of children playing, running and laughing. Their joy was big cause they are not often in such places were they could play free and without worrying.	The space that is very different from the other landscapes was we see the urban element.	Transitional spaces as playground. The particularity of the transitional spaces.
LIT GR	Matiatou Anna F/22 subj 1*	4	Narrator	It's about an illegal couple been its relationship ends up in a wild crime situated in this landscape.	The red poppies the naked branches of trees and the green colour of the landscape.	Transitional spaces as theater of violence.
ART GB	Rosalind Schogger F/52 Specific*	4	Narrator. Identification as a photojournalist	By the time I got back all disappeared. Probably disbanded by the police, they left debris behind- passport application form; a wrapper from a throat pastille; a screened up note with the words of chanted hate. The mob had stood in this space, so attractive now. Even the birds were singing. They obviously relished their rediscovered peace. "Nook Tel Aviv! Nook Blair! Down down with the Zionist state! Allah Allah!" The voices pounded through my brain. My tears welled up, were denied expression, as I aimed my zoom lens at the aggressors. This is England. The England of "oh to be in England" the England of the romantic poets the war, poets the poets law late. Funny that! Poets Laureate-poets of praise! Ironic in the circumstances- words of loitered: Dragging their women their children with them, it looked like an outing on a lovely spring day- what had they told the children? – we're going out for a picnic? Or we're going to scream words of hatred at the Jews? In buggies they come, unhorsed faces and worst smiles, soon to be turned into glowering furrows of aggression.	The poppies triggered the poppy fields of the WWI the empty space reminded me once again as it does every time I pass it of the space opposite Bent town hall, where violently anti-Israel group al muhajarian supporters demonstrated on Israel independence day 2000.	Historical references (age) The resemblance of the specific space with another place and the witnessing of a real event as parts of the influenced story.
LIT TURK	Meltem Paker F/31 subj 2*	4	Narrator. Identification as part of a couple. <u>Case of female projecting a couple.</u>	It's the countryside in Mersh. My husband and I are exploring the surroundings. We'll have a picnic here, and then go back to the mountain house.	Content	A friendly space (image 4) for picnic
LIT TURK	Olgu Aytac F/28 subj 2*	4	Narrator. Projection of herself as first person	I have been waiting here for almost three hours. He told me to do so. Why such an awkward place? Couldn't have we met somewhere easily found? For three hours. I have been distracted by the simplest noise, thinking there is someone approaching. But, no. No human presence whatsoever, other than my own. And even that seems to be fading out. More and more I spend time here, waiting becomes a thing in itself. First I saw the flowers. The many little red marks on the green. The green is bleeding. Everything is so still that, I have this urge to move. No this place is not so comforting, why such an awkward spot to met, I keep ask myself. Am I afraid? Maybe when I first got here. But not anymore. I can't stop my mind from thinking. My mind floats. But it's been three hours and I realize I am not thinking about him anymore. Only 'this place'. I feel like I am merging in the landscape. The dry branches, so still, yet they perform the most beautiful dance. I lie down. I don't need to move around to fight the stillness. I wait, blending into the surrounding. A crowded solitude.	The colours, content and the simplicity of the image.	Transitional spaces as awkward and mysterious place.
LIT TURK	Zeynep Turan F/25 subj 2*	4	Narrator. <u>Female projects young children</u>	This is the meeting place of the two girls whose ages are 10 and 12. They live in this small village. You can see their houses. When their moms do the housework, they bring their notebooks and crayolas to draw pictures a play games.	Content	Transitional spaces as playground

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LIT GR	Elia Haridi F/24 subj 2/ specific*	4	Narrator. Comments suggesting personal experience	It is don of the 1 <sup>st</sup> of May and everybody had returned back home from an enjoyable day in the countryside. Of course everybody would had a better time if there were not these branches to scratch their legs.	The theme and the dominant poppies.	Transitional spaces as countryside. The discomfort of transitional spaces
LIT GR	Evaggelia-Antonia Samara F/24 subj 1*	4	Narrator. <u>Female projecting two young girls.</u>	Every summer the x family goes to their countryside house on the mountain. The house is at the edge of the village. The children of the family two teenage girls love Jane Austin and longing to a romantic adventure. They don't like the idea of family holidays they would prefer to stay in town with their friends. They despise the village and the country house therefore in the afternoons take the path behind the house and talk walking until the plain fields. They examine the plants, pick some of them and talk for hours for everything and everyone. Some other times they take with them a novel they split the roles and acting away from the eyes of people. The time flies. When it gets darker they start walking back home. They see their house from a distance. The kitchen light is open dinner is prepared. "Another day has come to an end" they think.	1.The vegetation the dry branches and the poppies. 2.The two small houses in the back left and right. 3.The vivid green along with the big piece of sky give freshness and the cool air from the mountain the smell of fresh grass. 4.The lighting-sky colour->summer night.	Transitional spaces as unitersting for city children.
LIT GR	Tsiliminga Maria F/23 Contrast*	4	Narrator	It is the day after a bank holiday. Nothing can reveal the fun and joy of yesterday in this space. It was only yesterday that dozens of kites were flying children running and laughing. However the picture is not melancholic! There are some who are celebrating today simply they are not visible! It is the microcosmos: The ants, the spiders, the butterflies and the rest of the insects celebrate under the poppies and the grass. There is plenty of food for everybody: crumbs, pieces of halva and seafood and spoons of taramosalata left overs from yesterday. When the celebrations finish they will transport the left overs of the leftovers in their nests and according to their accounts they will have plenty of food until the Easter!	The composition and the colour contrast green-red, which I think, is more interesting from the contrast of pale green-brown/orange of the previous landscapes.	Transitional spaces as playground. The fauna of transitonal space.
LIT GR	Batsiou-Vergina Antonia F/23 subj 1*	4	Observer	I don't have the talent to invent stories but surely the landscape that inspires for a story is 4. Probably due to the absence of buildings. The story would be related probably with the peasant life.	The flowers, the slightly dark sky and the lack of depth of field.	Transitional spaces as countryside.
LIT GR	Smaro Oikonomou F/28 subj 1*	4	Narrator Projection of herself as a third person.	The nature... this connection with nature is what she was missing most. It was strange! She had so much time to go the countryside. So much she couldn't remember when. And now she was in front of a valley with poppies! No, you couldn't call it a valley but it was too "real"! So "real" that she felt uncomfortable, as if she didn't know were to stand...it wasn't like this postcard landscapes but she look to her so strange and beautiful at the same time. Beautiful because it was a genuine Greek landscape! She had saw much better landscapes, from a distance of course- from the car-train window, but this has something... "Yes that's it," she thought. It had many poppies... red red poppies, gently dancing by the wind. "That was too poetic" she thought. "I don't do it usually" she replied to herself. The end	I think that the very discrete presence of houses, in 4 was what I like. Also the poppies, the red was contrasting with the green. The fact that I can see the clouds, and that: it is not a "perfect" landscape.	Transitional spaces as uncomfortable space Their contradiction with cart-postal landscapes Their strange beauty Their quality of the 'real' in transitional landscapes.



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LIT GR	Stefanos Petropoulos M/39 subj 2*	4	Narrator <u>Projection of male projecting an old man and his grandson</u>	There is a field beside the forest producing vegetables for the farmers use. There are for sale. An old man, who lives in the village, goes in this small field everyday and in summer his grandson follows him when he comes in the village. The grandson is bored with the agricultural work and runs all around the field. He plays near in thorns, which hooked in his skirt. They picnic in the field under the trees.	The composition in the landscape looked less "violated", it is more "beautiful" though I would prefer it with more light.	Transitional spaces as working land.
LIT GR	Eleni Vletsi F/23 subj 2*	4	Narrator	Description of summer holidays in a place in the countryside. The children's company is mixed boys and girl's age between 13 and 16 years old. The specific image is were they gather every afternoon. Its not far from the habituated area hence it secures that they can't be seen, something that they were long for. Here is place for games, fights were the first love sparks born; here is the place were the endless conversations for the future begins.	The composition attracted me for my choice. Perhaps I could find some elements about the story. I am not in the position to indicate precisely the trigger element for the above story.	Transitional spaces as preferable places for teenage activities due to the secrecy of the space.
LIT GR	Petridis Petros M/25 subj 1	4	Narrator <u>Male projecting young people</u>	A bunch of young children have spotted this place, which is quite far by the nearest houses, and they decide to have an open-air party. They rent all the equipment and start all the necessary preparations to start the party. The party starts around 10 pm. The children are having a great time dancing and they enjoy it amazingly. When the sun it starts rising the sound of music gets mixed with the sirens of the police cars. The policemen shut down the music and arrest those that don't have ids. Finally perhaps there is no place in the world anymore were you can do whatever you like without interruptions.	I think that the elements that intrigued my imagination were both the composition and the light etc. when I look at a photograph I see it as a whole and not the separate compositing elements. That would be the case when I would like to analyse the photograph in another level. In this case I let my imagination to work with the first glance. As much spontaneous as I could. However, I have to add that possibly my imagination was triggered not only by the elements of the photograph but mainly by the things that missing e.g. houses, hotels etc.	Transitional spaces as party location.
ART GB	Unknown person subj 1*	4	Narrator Identification as a detective or a cop	This is a murder site. It shows the place where the woman's body had lain for three weeks, undiscovered until children found her as they played with their dog. I did not know her, and did not love her, and it seemed at the time that no one else did either. I came to know differently, but it was many weeks before I knew her, that is I knew her name, and very many more before I found that she was loved. It was my job to look, time after time, at places like this, though apparently different-alleys, hotel rooms, smart flats, scrubby parks-they were all the same, a place where a life had gone out, a space made different forever by the trace of what had happened there. To everyone that trace is invisible, but to me it is as bright and scarlet as the poppies that bloomed in the wasteland on the day I first saw her.	Light- dull dead. Content- poppies strangely at odds with dead sticks, -rubbish in the centre of picture, composition- the relative closeness of habitats but the sense of desolation in the space.	Transitional spaces as playground, as murder site. The desolation of these spaces

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<b>ART GR</b>	Broumerioti subj 1* Evangelia/F/24	NONE 1	Observer	None of them but if I have to choose it would be the first.	The lighting.	The hostility of transitional landscapes for narratives
<b>ART GR</b>	Vlihas Apostolis/M	-	No comment	-	-	
<b>ART GB</b>	Chantal Gervais/CAN/F/37	NONE	Observer	All of these pictures remind me of the kind of photographs we see in family albums from different holiday trips. None of them seem to contain enough information to trigger a narrative- or more information is needed, in terms of the context or the picture to wake a narrative out of it (family album, exhibit in a gallery, put n newspaper etc)	-	-The role of context in the narrative potential of the landscape image. -The lack of information as hostile parameter in transitional landscapes -Transitional landscapes as family album photographs!
<b>ART GB</b>	Chatrin Carlsson SWE F/25	-	Observer	I don't like the setting and that is important if you have to base a story on location only. I don't have a story for any of these. I don't like contemporary buildings and that kind of ruins it for me.	-	Transitional spaces are hostile location for stories.
<b>ART SWE</b>	Aron Wahigren M/22	-	Observer	All the pictures make me remember Vitorio De Sica's "Bicycle thieves"... so it would be that story.	-	Transitional landscapes as reference of italian neorealism
<b>ART SWE</b>	Belinda Hakansson F/26	-	No comment	-	-	-
<b>LIT ITA</b>	Laura Travagin F/28	-	No comment	-	-	-
<b>LIT GR</b>	Haralambos Kontarais M/24	-	No approach	No story	The darkness and the exo-tic	
<b>ART GR</b>	Stathopoulos Georgios/M/43	-	No comment	-	-	-
<b>ART GB</b>	Roberto Antillon/EL SALV/M/27	-	No comment	-	-	-

Target group	Name/Gender/Age	Image	Respondents approach	Narrative	Trigger	Preconceptions,Ideas
LITSWE	<b>Unknown/F/23</b> subj 1*	4	As narrator	The “company” told the family that they had to leave their house because they should use the land to cultivate soya beans. But they never did, so the land where left to come be nothing.	The red poppies in the front of the composition and the dead branches in the middle and the green there is in the background. I liked the depth of the picture.	The cruel policies of companies. The popularity/symbolic use of soya beans. The inefficiency of companies. Transitional landscapes as habitated/cultivated land.
LITSWE	<b>Ch. Brink</b> F/48	2	As narrator	The story could start in the 1850’s and tell about a peasant family living in the new ruined farmhouse to the left in the picture. The novel could go on telling about the next generations development of conditions, felling the social cultural, technical growth through time until now, as it is seen by the descendants of women emanating from the farm-house. At the end of the story, which takes place in the 1990’s the then living representative of the original farmer’s family returns to her landscape origin to create an esoteric centre, where her kin formerly lived, originally unaware of where the actually is.	-	?
LITSWE	<b>Malin Soderberg/F/28\</b> Subj 2*	2	As skillful narrator with dialogues and detailed observations.	Pablo! Come inside! Pablo sighed heavily and coifed the sweat off his sandy brow. The sun was string down at him, relentlessly. He quickly finished feeding the chickens, and then run in to his mother. The aluminium shed, which was his home, gave little relief from the heat. His mother, large, brown and caring, pointed silently to the table. A metal bowl with maize porridge was waiting for him. -Eat up gently, she ordered. Your uncle will be here soon, and he will expect you to be ready. Pablo didn’t want to move to the city, but he knew that his family needed him to earn some money, if they should survive. Begging on the streets of Mexico city was all he was qualified to do.	Mostly content and light, but also the contrasts of the green shrubbery and the sandy earth; the rural landscape and the details of cars, shed, etc.	Transitional spaces as deprived habitat.

Target group	Name/Gender/Age	Image	Respondents approach	Narrative	Trigger	Preconceptions,Ideas
LIT SWE	<b>Monica Bjorndahl F/43</b> subj 2 / subj 1*	2	Projection of a sniper in the war in former Yugoslavia.	Here I am a sniper in the war. I just lay here waiting for someone to shoot. It is not a good way of living but I can't see it like that, can I? I only know that I am still alive. I remember when we all were a country in place when everything was as it is supposed to be. That can never be again. We've lost too much.	Mostly the content but also the light how you can see details.	Transitional spaces as post-war landscapes.
LIT SWE	<b>Lisa Nybergh F/46</b> Specific*	1	Narrator	From the kitchen window she could see how the town came closer. Just a few years earlier her kitchen window view had confronted her with its light green field and hill. But now that was almost gone! The sugar cube like houses was invading her paradise. She was getting older and too weak to fight and she realised also that every fight would be in vain. The only thing she could do was to turn her back to the window and remember what it used to be like out there. That was her comfort now.	After looking at all the landscapes in this Q I realise that I prefer the light ones. In q 4 landscape n 1 is the lightest. I guess that the sharp line between countryside and city also hit me. I don't like the content of this landscape. I think the houses are a threat. At first it seemed like they were going to fall off the cliff and then they looked like they were invading the countryside.	

Target group	Name/Gender/Age	Image	Respondents approach	Narrative	Trigger	Preconceptions,Ideas
LITGB	Hellen Fuller F/24 Subj 2*	2	Narrator Projection of a childhood memory	I remember the spot well from when I was a kid, it hadn't changed much since then, same overgrown paths and piles of junk building up by the sides of them, someone had even dumped a car here now, it sat half hidden and rusted among the bushes. The shed had gone though, the shed where we'd spent so many evenings hiding from the watchful eyes of the adults in the town, learning to smoke and drinking cheap cans of cider, before riding our bikes. Whooping and hollering and far too fast, over the fields to the back of the town. Crossing to the other side of the path and pushing aside the bushes and pieces of junk, I found it. The stone which had marked the beginning of 'our' territory, unmarked and unmoved through the years, worn flat and smooth both by the weather and by the years of our feet standing on its curved surface. It had a drawing pin pushed into it, and perhaps as children this was what had attracted us to it-that somebody had once had the strength to push a pin into the solid rock. It was almost sacred to us once, and standing on the rock when speaking meant that the rest of the gang had to be silent and listen. I stood on it now, it did seem smaller than it had, and looking around I was disappointed to find that the world looked much the same.	The composition- the items in the foreground and the town in the background with paths in-between. The amount of foliage being dominant in the picture.	Transitional spaces as haven for children adventures.
LIT GB	Yen-Chun Chen F 25	-	-	No Narrative	-	-
LIT GB	UNKNOWN F 41 Subj 2*	2	Narrator	My home is the car you can see to the right. It's a wrack, but it does, as the nights are warm. My brother hides in the run-down shack opportunity, for the too has been kicked out. We're hiding this time, waiting for the family to come around. A week ago we added pepper to the sauce and anchovy, we tempered with our herbage; we tried to improve upon tradition, is set out in response. My brother said he'd sell the recipe, he got so angry. That was it a father, makes, and grandfather grabbed him and showed him out the door. I followed; I had to. We have to sit it out. Sauce is family.	Content- path had in to the car. Element the left the eye.	Transitional spaces as a hiding place

## PARADIGMATIC TABLE