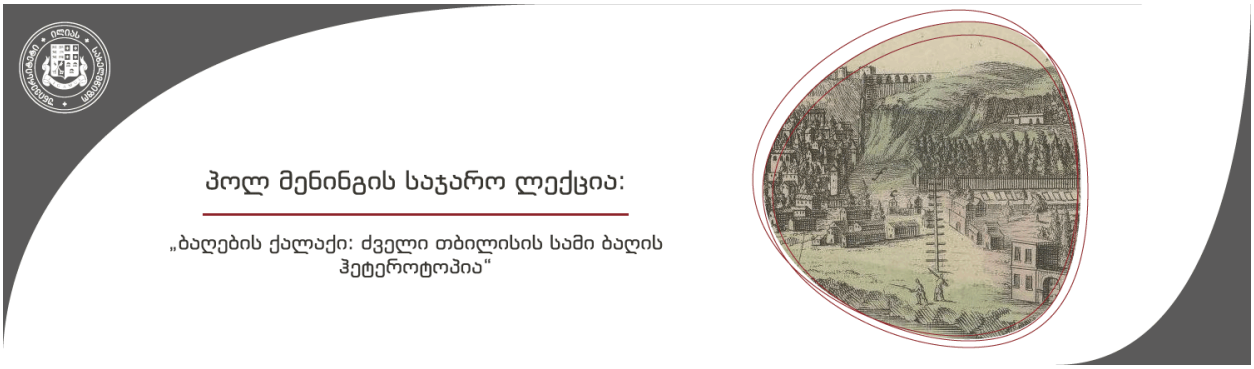
[slide 1] The City of Gardens: Three Garden Heterotopias of Old Tbilisi

Paul Manning

This is a lightly revised version of an earlier paper given as a talk before a Tbilisi audience familiar with the topic in late 2018, correcting some errors and adding references and explication of some terminology and background for other audiences in footnotes or in sections that are bracketed off. Where possible I have kept the text and the original slideshow more or less as the original talk, which represents ongoing work but can be cited in this form as Paul Manning. 2019. City of Gardens. And use whatever web address you found it on as the citation.



PUBLIC LECTURE BY PAUL MANNING: "THE CITY OF GARDENS: THREE GARDEN HETEROTOPIAS OF OLD TBILISI"

EVENTS

On 26 October 2018, at 18:00, ISU (Room A101) Professor Paul Manning, of the Trent University, will be speaking about **The City of Gardens: Three Garden Heterotopias of Old Tbilisi**

Long ago, Tbilisi, the old walled city that is also known as K'ala, was ringed with suburbs, Garetubani, which were filled with gardens. The famed description of Tbilisi by Vakhushti in the 18th century does not describe any of these suburban gardens specifically, only drawing attention to the extraordinary number of them. Tbilisi was in this sense a typical Persian city, defined by a central opposition between city and suburban gardens, contrasting models of spatial order that exist side by side.

What kinds of gardens were there in and around Tbilisi? What kinds of heterotopias, "other spaces" --spaces that announce themselves as mythic or real worlds apart from the ordinary-- did they represent? What kinds of everyday practices, of drinking and walking, what urban genres of writing and song, were associated with these different gardens? And how did they differ not only from the ordinary spaces – the streets and houses-- of the city, as well as from each other? Tbilisi is haunted by the after-images of these gardens. Today I want to talk about three such urban garden heterotopias: suburban walled royal gardens from the Safavid period of Sololaki, which all were destroyed in 1795, new Russian colonial gardens typified by Alexandrovski Garden, and lastly, Ortachala's gardens, the gardens of the poetry of Old Tbilisi.

Language: English

Time: 26 October, 18:00

Venue: Room A101, Ilia State University (32 Ilia Chavchavadze Ave.)

Attendance is free.

Opening: I would like to thank Professor Ketevan Gurchiani for asking me to give a paper during this visit here at Ilia University, and therefore giving me an opportunity to actually write out a paper that I had hoped to finish over the summer, but have only now started, thanks to her invitation. I'd like to thank you all for having the patience to come out and hear this paper, which is very much a work in progress. And I'd like to thank Davit Toklikishvili, my friend and co-researcher who is in the audience, for making this paper possible. With those caveats, I'll begin.

One summer afternoon in Tbilisi I and my friends Elizbari and Malkhazi, both native Tbilisians, had bought some beer from a local store near Malkhazi's home in the residential neighborhood of Ortachala. Since for various reasons it would not do for us to drink in his home -- I have forgotten the exact reason -- we randomly chose a deserted spot nearby: a patch of gravel next to a decrepit building with a large fallen tree which afforded us a place to sit. Malkhazi surveyed our abject beer drinking spot, raised his beer in a heroic pose, and proclaimed: "*ortach'alis baghshi mnakhe, vina var!"* (In the gardens of Ortachala see me, who I am!). We all laughed at the absurd poetic reference. It was a famous line from a Persian-style Georgian poem by the famous noble poet Grigol Orbeliani, a *mukhambazi,* a genre of poetry that is emblematic of "Old Tbilisi" city poetry, a cycle of poetry which expresses the Georgian mythology of the 19th century colonial city (Manning and Shatirishvili 2011).

[Slide 2] This particular poem contains the line quoted by Malkhazi in its final stanza:

ortach'alis baghshi mnakhe, vina var, In the gardens of Ortachala see me, who I am,

dardimandis lkhinshi mnakhe, vina var! In a happy-go-lucky feast see me, who I am!

jamit t'olumbashi mnakhe, vina var! A toastmaster with a drinking bowl, see me, who I

am!

aba musht'is k'rivshi mnakhe, vina var! Well in a fist fight see me, who I am!

mashin shegiqvarde, stkva: dzvirpasi khar! Then you will fall in love with me, say, 'You are precious!'

Our feasting spot was an Ortachala with no garden, no happy-go-lucky feast, and no toastmaster heroically holding a bowl of wine. In fact, it was not even clear if we were technically *in* the Ortachala of myth **[Slide 3]**. Our drinking spot was on a hillside, but the garden of Ortachala was an island. The lost world of Ortachala's gardens are in this sense like Old Tbilisi as a whole: a Bakhtinian *chronotope,* a narrated world, a narrative time and place, that exists in the narrative past only, a mythic literary commonplace that has ceased to be an actual place.

Old Tbilisi: Songs, Sounds and Spaces.

What I am interested in in this paper, an ongoing and unfinished project that is part of a longer project about the *ethical* and *ethnographic* basis of urban poetry. Here I'll just reproduce the questions directly from the grant project description, which you can read while I am talking **{Slide 4]**:

> How does the existing "city garden" complex of 18th century Tbilisi compare with similar complexes in Isfahan both in terms of internal design and overall relation to the city?
>
> How are the largely allegorical gardens and urban characters (the enlightened lowlife libertine or *rind*) of Persian poetry transformed into real gardens and real urbanites (*kintos*), transforming a largely mystical literature into a genuinely historical and ethnographic urban literature?

To what extent do the mystical and allegorical connotations of gardens and enlightened lowlife libertines (*rind*) in Persian literature inform the poetry of Old Tbilisi: How, for example, does the happy-go-lucky live-for-the-day philosophy of the *kinto* expressed in these poems compare to possible Sufi antecedents like the *rind* ?

My broader project here is to situate literary genres of Old Tbilisi poetry (songs like Mukhambazis) in relation to the changing spaces of city. In particular, I am interested in the gardens of Tbilisi as being spaces that are places for performing poetry, and also places that appear in poetry a literary chronotopes, that is, real or imagined narrated spaces. In order to under the literary gardens that form the chronotopes of the literature of Old Tbilisi, we need to understand the lost system of real gardens that actually surrounded the city and whose image haunts this literature.

Giorgi Shaqulashvili, in his excellent book on the History of the Poetry of "Old Tbilisi",-- to which I am indebted throughout this paper-- notes that the term "Old Tbilisi" crops up in relation to three kinds of things that belong to this chronotope: (1) a certain kind of song, typified by the mukhambazi, (2) a certain kind of sound, typified by the sound of the duduk'i, and (3) lastly a certain kind of space, not really all that old, typified by balconies and courtyards (Shaqulashvili 1987: 25-26). Old Tbilisi is a Bakhtinian chronotope, a narrative world, that exists only in fragments, fragments of song, sound and space; poetry, music and architecture.

This brings me to my first observation about the poetry of Old Tbilisi. There are three kinds of "fragments" of Old Tbilisi -- songs, sounds, and spaces -- but the songs and sounds of "city poetry" seldom mentions what most of us would think of as urban spaces. The city poetry of Old Tbilisi, a world of song and sound, has nothing to do with the architectural world of Old

Tbilisi. It is not a poetry declaimed from, or serenaded to, balconies and in courtyards, it does not speak of winding streets and bazaars, it consists almost entirely of garden and feasting poetry. Like the invisible erstwhile island of Ortachala, whose gardens are submerged under residential development, the spaces of Old Tbilisi mentioned in song exists only in fragments, mostly only as literary citations within poems. And most of these literary references are to gardens, the literature of Old Tbilisi is almost exclusively a poetry of gardens, both real and allegorical.

Garden poetry is feasting poetry. This mukhambazi by Orbeliani is like many others in that it is at first glance simply a hedonistic celebration of drunks, specifically street peddlers called *kintos*, feasting in the famous gardens or Ortach'ala (Manning and Shatirishvili 2011). The hackneyed themes of such garden poetry, full of nightingales serenading roses, bear an obvious resemblance to a long list of Persian antecedents, in particular the real, metaphoric and mystical gardens of Shiraz celebrated by Persian poets such as Hafiz. These poetic Persian gardens, as Julie Meisami argues (2003: 387) "must be seen, in the first instance, as real gardens… the gardens and pleasure-spots of Shiraz, which then become poetic icons, emblems of an ideal (real) state of conviviality and contentment." Similarly the gardens of Georgian city poetry are by turns real, metaphoric, and mystical. I suppose the main difference—perhaps-- is that the wine and drunkenness celebrated in Georgian versions is not allegorical or mystical, but very real.

Garden poetry is not lyric poetry **[Slide 5]**. Orbeliani's poem insistently cries out "see me, who I am!", but the mukhambazi is characterized by a vicarious voicing (Manning and Shatirishvili 2011: 270-273).[1] Unlike a lyric, where the author expresses their own feelings in their own voice, the "I" of the mukhambazi is never to be identified with the author, but always the voice of a low, urban character, the kinto. In fact, this kind of poem is so associated with the voice of the kinto that it is often called simply a "kinto poem". Orbeliani's poem is a classic

example of the kinto poem, written by a high-ranking aristocrat, who speaks through, but does not identify with, the voice of the lowest street peddler. I and others have talked about the vicarious nature of the Kinto poem, a poem always uttered by someone who is not Kinto, often an aristocrat, speaking through the mouth of the most abject, lowlife urban character, the Kinto, whose poems are always acts of ventriloquism, a character who never speaks in his own right, a character for whom there is no ethnographic texts or folkloric texts similar to those collected for the peasant Manning and Shatirishvili 2011).

This means the Kinto is not really an *ethnographic* figure, that is, a representative "type" you would encounter on the streets of the city, but is more of an *ethical* figure, an idealized type whose function is not descriptive. (In this respect the Kinto is a lot like that other putative urban type haunting French urban literature, the Flaneur, whom Benjamin introduces as more of an animating figure of a specific kind of narrative, the Feuilleton, than a real ethnographic figure in the Arcades of Paris (Tester 1987).) The kinto figures in 19th century literature as an animating character in three kinds of narratives: (1) News reports about real kintos presenting a threat to public order or safety, (2) cautionary tales, anecdotes and jokes where a stereotypical clueless peasant characters comes into the city and is robbed by a stereotypical clever kinto, and lastly, (3) kinto poetry, where the kinto is not an ethnographic figure, a real person, but an *ethical* figure who enacts a simple virtue of generosity and a *dardimandi* devil-may-care attitude towards life and wealth, finding happiness in the gardens of Ortachala drinking wine, echoes of Hafiz' mystical gardens of paradise. The kinto is a real kind of person from the streets of real Tbilisi, a local *ethnographic* figure who has been drafted to fill the *ethical* role in Sufi-influenced poetry of the enlightened lowlife libertine, or *Rind* (For the relevance of the ethical figure of the Rind to Tbilisi see Shaqulashvili (1987: 45-55), for the Rind in Persian see Lewisown 2010). Every *local*

version of this ethical system grounds this generic *ethical* figure in the real *ethnographic* figures of the locality: A standard Sufi ethical figure of the enlightened devil-may-care lowlife is clothed metaphorically in the ethnographic garb of the real *rind* in older Persian Sufi texts, and in Georgian texts the real Kinto is adopted locally to fill this role. The kinto is ethnographically associated with the bazaar, which is where he works, but he is never ever found at work in the bazaar in this poetry, only resting and drinking in gardens, along with the animal to which he is most frequently compared and equated, the nightingale. The Kinto is a metaphoric bird, constantly compared to birds, and birds, of course, live in gardens.

Just as different narrative chronotopes conjured different kintos, there were real ethnographic kintos which served as the basis for imaginary ethical kintos, so there were real and imaginary gardens, and different kinds of gardens paired off with different genres of the urban. Today I want to map out some of the real gardens that became poetic or literary gardens, and find the missing real gardens that later became imaginary gardens that haunt Tbilisi. Tbilisi is haunted by lost gardens: streets that are named after *allees*, garden paths, what Georgians call *kheivanis*, using the Persian term for a specifically straight, tree-lined garden path, to gridlike street patterns that are summarily associated with Russian colonial rule, but actually mirror the heterotopic, otherworldly orderliness of earlier Persian gardens.[2] From the middle ages to modernity, botanical gardens have played important roles in displaying royal, imperial and colonial cosmologies of power and authority (e.g. Hartigan 2015), but I will not be talking about the politics of the varied botanical gardens of Georgia, neither those created by Niko Marr's father in Kutaisi, nor those adjoining the Dadiani's palace in Zugdidi, nor even the erstwhile king's gardens on Sololaki ridge that became Russian botanical gardens under colonial rule.

Contemporary politics are also haunted by the political role of botanical gardens. I think we all know whose contemporary botanical gardens I am talking about here.[3]

[slide 6] But I want to talk about some gardens of Old Tbilisi, and Old Tbilisi as a space of gardens and only gardens. In order to have a tolerably short paper, I'm not going to talk a lot about the poetry of Old Tbilisi except insofar as it is about gardens, and I am not going to give Ioseph Grishashvili, the bard of Old Tbilisi and its chief myth-maker, very much love. Obviously one cannot talk about Old Tbilisi without talking about Grishashvili, but our immense debt to him does not mean that we have to take his account as an absolute authority. [4] We have talked at length elsewhere about how Grishashvili's substitution of the masculine productive guild craftsman (*qarachogheli*) for the effeminate non-productive Kinto street peddler mirrors the productivist ideology of socialism, here I want to emphasize how his nostalgic view of the city not only reads kinto poetry as qarachogheli poetry, mistaking a ethical figure for an ethnographic figure (see Manning and Shatirishvili 2011 for Grishashvili's revisionism here), but also misreads Old Tbilisi as a city of balconies, when it is a city of gardens. While Grishashvili's *Literary Bohemia* is fascinating on many levels, it is also strongly revisionist: Grishashvili disarmingly presents an entirely novel mythology of the old city as being simple urban folklore, and it has been accepted as the foundational text of urban mythology for generations. Grishashvili's greatest blind spot is he makes the old architectural city of Tbilisi, *K'ala,* the chronotopic centre of "Old Tbilisi", when the chronotopic centre of Old Tbilisi literature is clearly the gardens of the suburbs, the *garetubani.* For Grishashvili, the literary universe of Old Tbilisi, the Bakhtinian Chronotope of Old Tbilisi is defined by urban spaces, the chronotopes of coffee houses, baths, markets, balconies, courtyards, and squares, and he makes virtually no mention of gardens[5]. But even a cursory reading of the actual literature of Old Tbilisi finds that

almost none of these spaces are part of the chronotope of Old Tbilisi, the literary chronotope of Old Tbilisi is series of gardens, some real, some imaginary.

[Slide 7] Real Gardens

“გარემო ქალაქისა წალკოტნი და სავარდენი მრავალნი, ყოვლის ხილითა და ყვავილითა სავსე”

Around the city there are many orchards and gardens, full of all manner of fruits and flowers.

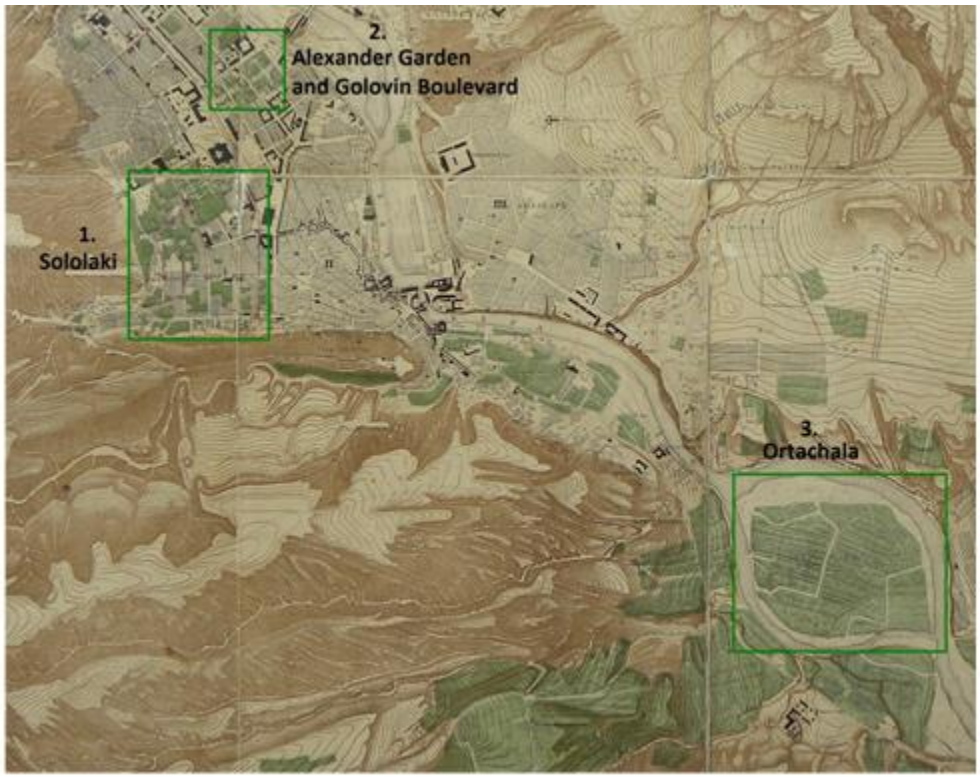
Vakhushti *Aghtsera* (*Description* 53: 13-5)

Alongside Grishashvili’s narrative of Old Tbilisi, one central narrative about the changing cityscape of Tbilisi that crops up from time to time, and was very current both at the end of socialism and today, is that Tbilisi was once a “city of gardens” (*kalak-baghnari,* see for example K’omunist’i 1980) and that the modern history of Tbilisi, and the narratives of the city dwellers, is characterized above all by the haunting loss of this vast garden-system that once surrounded the city.[6]

From Vakhushti’s map, we see that indeed long ago, Tbilisi, the old walled city that is also known as *K’ala,* was ringed with suburbs, *Garetubani*, which were filled with gardens. The famed description of Tbilisi by Vakhushti in the 18th century does not describe any of these suburban gardens specifically, only drawing attention to the extraordinary number of them, but his map **[Slide 8, figure 2]**, and other maps, indicates a large number, among them the island gardens of Krtsanisi which are identical with Ortachala. Tbilisi was in this sense a typical Persian city, defined by a central opposition between city and suburban gardens, contrasting models of spatial order that exist side by side (Walcher 1997).

What kinds of gardens were there in and around Tbilisi? What kinds of Foucauldian *heterotopias* (Foucault 1986), “other spaces” --places that announce themselves as mythic or real

worlds, bounded and set apart from the ordinary-- did they represent? And how did they differ not only from the ordinary spaces – the streets and houses-- of the city, as well as from each other? What different kinds of everyday practices, of drinking and walking, what urban genres of writing and song, were associated with these different gardens?



Slide 9, Figure 1: Three Garden Heterotopias (1867 Tbilisi Map)

Today I want to talk about three such urban garden heterotopias: suburban walled royal gardens from the Safavid to Qajar period of Sololaki, which all were destroyed in 1795, new Russian colonial gardens typified by Alexander Garden, and lastly, Ortachala's gardens, the gardens of the poetry of Old Tbilisi. These garden heterotopias are also heterochronic, they are not merely other spaces but other times, they are not contemporaneous gardens, but their relative position can still be seen looking at a map of Tbilisi from 1867 (**figure 1)**

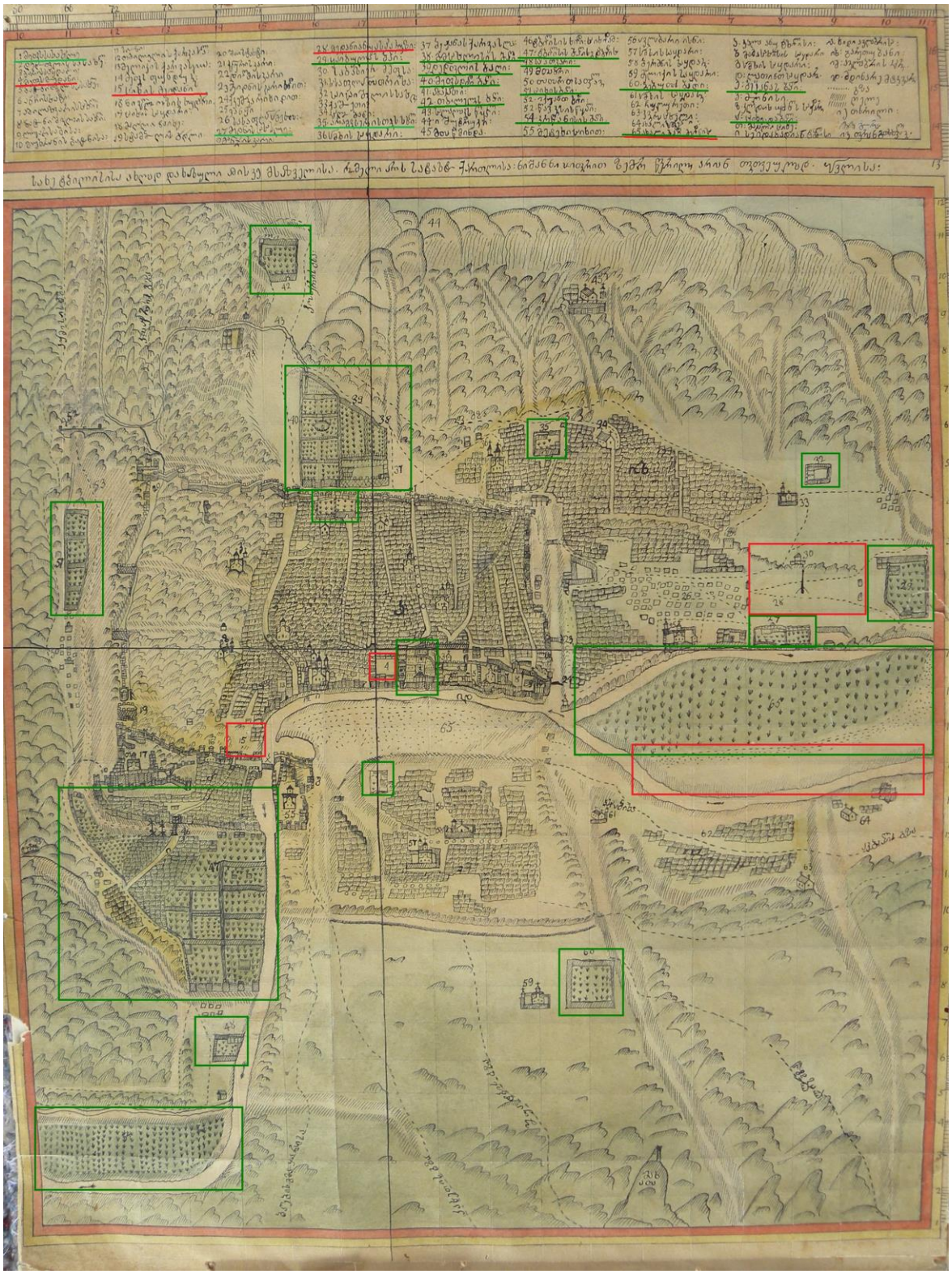


Figure 2: Vakhushti's map, annotated to show gardens (green) and other open spaces (*meidani*, red)

Sololaki. (Vakhushti uses three words for "garden". In his brief mention in the description above, he uses the terms *ts'alk'ot'i* (which Orbeliani (1949:854/442) defines as *khilis adgili,* "a place for fruit" or more generally *baghi* "garden") and *savarde* (which suggests "place for roses" and Orbeliani indeed defines as *vardis adgili* "a place for roses" 549/290), for gardens that might have been of various sizes. On the map, **[Figure 2]** gardens (*baghi,* from the Persian word for garden) are part of a class of objects that have small plant symbols in them, as well as the occasional light washing of the colour green, a feature which also is deployed on some of the neighbouring hillsides, opposed to a yellow or neutral colouration. Most of the these are walled, sometimes with further interior divisions (29, 38, 39, 40, 42, 47, 48, 51, 60, e, k'), two of them are islands (54 (Ortachala), 65 (Madatov), the second of which (contemporary Madatov, is half garden and half *meidani*)

Some other structures like palaces (s*asakhle*) also appear to contain walled gardens (1, 27, 35): gardens of all kinds have in common that they are either walled or are actual islands: boundedness is an intrinsic feature of gardens, like, for example, the archery field (28) that would later become a garden and other *meidani* ("squares", 4, 15, 65) only one of which is bounded by walls (4), similarly the many churches (*saqdari*) on the map are as often as not walled enclosures like gardens but unlike palaces do not contain gardens. Orbeliani discusses other gardens, we'll get back to them, but for now the primary distinction is between gardens that have fruit trees (*ts'alk'ot'i*, and gardens that have flowers, specifically roses (*savarde*), and the term *baghi*, at least on the map, denotes specifically gardens that are walled, walls which are clearly visible both on the map and in drawings from Chardin (For a discussion of Old Georgian garden terminology see Khmaladze 1985: 45-50). The largest gardens are the island gardens (54,

65), followed by the garden complex associated with the citadel of Tbilisi (47), followed by the large complex of royal gardens (38-40), and then a series of other smaller walled gardens presumably associated with different personages and estates, with the size of the garden presumably related to their rank.)

[**Slide 10]** The space outside the walled city (*K'ala*) was known as *Garetubani,* literally "suburbs", and this space was dominated by a set of walled royal gardens in what is now Sololaki, depending on the map taking up a space nearly as large as the city itself. This suburban garden presented a kind of mirror image to the city, a kind of heterotopia, a term from Foucault which I will use simply to indicate a real bounded space (*emplacement*) that is organized *otherwise,* in a fashion that marks it off as being "marked", different, separate, *other,* to ordinary, residually "unmarked" and unbounded spaces. Both the garden and the city are walled, set apart from the remainder of the *garetubani*. But the garden displays a kind of "top-down" symmetry and linear patterns of straight tree-lined *allees* (*kheivani*) which stand explicitly in opposition to the "disorganized", emergent, "bottom up", winding streets of the urban space of *K'ala*.

[Slides 11-13] This opposition between the "disorganized" winding streets of K'ala and the symmetric straight lines of Sololaki Gardens are obvious from Vakhushti's early map through all subsequent maps: the non-human organic world of the garden is an icon of pure order, while the almost entirely human, inorganic order of the city is like a disorderly growth. This antithetical ordering principle is clearest when one considers the walled King's and Queen's Gardens (to the right) which stand in clear contrast to the walled city of K'ala (left) in images of Tbilisi from this period **[slides 14-15]**

Walled gardens of this kind, often with other features of the Persian *chahar-bagh* garden of this period, such as tree-lined *allees* (*kheivani*) through the gardens and pools (*auzi*), are a prominent

feature of Tbilisi before its destruction in 1795.

[Slide 16] In addition to these prominent royal gardens, there are dozens of other walled gardens, but they are all ranked in what appears to be a kind of sumptuary hierarchy: the largest is the "King's Big Garden", followed by the Queen's garden, the Prince's Garden (which may be the largest) (38-40), and then a series of other scattered, smaller, gardens associated with different feudal officers and individuals, including those gardens that form part of palaces. With the exception of two of these, the King's Palace garden (1) and Bezhana's garden (e), all of these are outside the walls of the city, and the largest of these after the King's complex of gardens are the Seidabad gardens (*Tbilisis Baghi,* 47) associated with the Persian neighborhood just beneath the fortress of Narikala. These little walled islands of symmetry and order, Persian *chahar-baghs*, heterotopias that were terrestrial icons of Paradise and also images of an earthly order of authority, about which so much has been written (see for example Walcher 1997), clearly point to a ordered system of courtly estates. Such gardens were not open to the public, and they generated little poetry that I am aware of.

[17-18] These gardens were all destroyed with the rest of Tbilisi in 1795. When the Russians arrived, the outlines of the gardens of Sololaki, and the irrigation ditches used to draw water to them from the Tsavkisi river (*sololak'is ts'q'ali* "Sololaki water" 43, on the map), were still visible, and are clearly indicated on a Russian map from 1800 (Beridze 1960: 20). **[19]** Though the gardens themselves were destroyed, their outlines were destined to become the basis for a new residential neighborhood of Sololaki. Like all Russian designed quarters, this district was to follow the generic order from 1810 that all future development of streets in Tbilisi would follow some sort of orderly grid (Beridze 1960: 22). **[slide 20]** Such a vision is embodied in a Russian map from 1809 which shows the existing pattern Old Tbilisi's streets as an orientalist

maze of winding streets, and the fantasized new Russian colonial quarter as being a perfect rectilinear grid which, to put it mildly, the reality never really approximated. Of course, the orientalist spatial, *heterotopic* opposition between the charming disorder of the winding streets of the "old oriental city" versus the rational grid of the "the modern or European" city is a standard theme for all cities of the Middle East (See for example Gilsenan (1982) Abu-Lughod (1987), Mitchell 1988). The special irony in the case of Tbilisi is of course that the architecture of Old Tbilisi is no older than the new Colonial city: the street plans might be a different matter.

In this map from 1809, Sololaki appears as a blank space. The implication might be that it was just chaotic blank spot, perhaps in place of a garden just a disorderly, destroyed mess of ditches, the ruins of a garden, what the French call a *terrain vague*.[7] Even though there is no planned Russian grid on this map for the area, we might just assume the spatial grid we find there today is an extension of the new – Russian colonial—pattern ordered in 1810 that we find projected onto other parts of the suburbs.

However, if we look at another version of the same map **[21],** we seen the green spaces painted as such, and in details **[22]** we see the orderly outlines of Kheivanis indicated, and from other maps of the period we know that the divisions and partitions of Sololaki's gardens, like the street plan of Old Tbilisi, was not destroyed by the destruction of the garden itself.

In the case of Sololaki, I suggest, there is nothing specifically modern or European about the symmetry of the grid of streets: instead, the symmetry of the Russian streets echoes the symmetry of the erstwhile Persian garden. Nor were the gardens erased all at once. As late as 1832 contemporary Shalva Dadiani street only had houses on the right side and faced off with patchy remnants of gardens (Beridze 1960:24), and in general Sololaki did not move from the ruins of a garden to an urban space overnight, patches of residual ruderal greenspace were visible

into the 20th century. **[Slides 23-26]** For the better part of a century, Sololaki was neither garden nor a residential neighborhood, but a hybrid space between the two.

In addition to these fragmentary ruderal remnants of a ruined garden, Sololaki is haunted by the spatial ordering of the Royal Gardens. Rather than assign the rather exceptionally orderly grid of Sololaki to Russian colonial influence, it seems to me that that the symmetric lines of royal gardens, the walls and kheivanis of a chahar-bagh, are reflected in the surprising symmetry of the streets of the neighborhood of Sololaki, where Lermontov street seems to follow a line of an old garden wall or an old *kheivani*, which occupies the space where these gardens once stood, just as one can see the fragments of erstwhile "ruderal" gardens and new houses along the same grids on either side of the same streets as late as the 1860s. Sololaki is haunted by heterotopias past, in which a heterotopic space is also heterochronic, other places become other times, a space of spectral geography where the singularly straight streets only happen to coincide with the new Russian colonial order, but really are haunting reminders of the straight lineaments of the otherworldly orderliness of the Persian garden.

Russian Walking Gardens. In addition to such gardens that had passed, or were passing, out of sight by the Russian conquest, the Russians brought in their own, new, European forms of garden, alongside new patterns and kinds of urban street, as well as new practices associated with these. **[slide 27]** The most exemplary of these is the space of the Alexandrovski Garden, which occupies the erstwhile space of a *meidan* once devoted to horse archery, *Qabakhi* [28 on Vakhushti's map], the empty space with a pole in the middle in the lower right side of the picture above. **[slide 28]** This was one of many gardens of a completely new type that emerged under Russian colonial rule, associated with new terms: in Georgian these are called sometimes with complex descriptive phrases like *saseirno baghi*, or "garden for walking" **[slide 29].** The most

common term for a “walking garden” in Georgian, however, is *boulevard* [boulevard], the founding example of which is the Kutaisi “boulevard” (garden) which predates the Tbilisi “walking garden”.

In Georgiani the term *bulvari/bulvardi* generally does not as much denote a tree-lined street (which can be called, among other things, a *kheivani*), but is adopted from French in general as a term opposed to the Persianate term *baghi,* to denote a garden that lacks defining traits of the *baghi*, having no fruit trees and not for sitting but for walking, hence the term *boulevard* was adopted from French, presumably based on the fact that boulevards also have trees and invite activities like walking, but this boulevard (and all remaining boulevards in Batumi, Telavi, and so on) was a species of garden, and not a species of street.[8] In a poem about the East Georgian city of Telavi, the popular Tbilisi poet Skandarnova explained the European term *bulvari* (*boulevard*) of Telavi to his readers as a kind of paradoxical chimera: not a kind of street, not a shady place to sit with fruit trees, but "a garden for walking" (*saseirno baghi*) that had none of the desirable properties of a garden (Skandarnova 1879: 68).

The Boulevard as “walking garden” and its close kin in the domain of streets, the tree-lined boulevard in the French sense, is diagnostic of a whole new set of public spaces, what we might call “city parks”, engendered under Russian colonialism. (By saying this I do not mean to say that these gardens were all designed by Russian colonial actors, some were, as in Tbilisi, some weren’t as in Kutaisi, just that these new public spaces were central elements to new Russian colonial areas of the city, perhaps the emblematic new spaces of the new time: another heterotopia that is also a heterochrony!).

The mere fact that a garden could be a kind of street, and a street a kind of garden, is a central paradox for one familiar with the practices of the Persian Garden. While walking as a

form of practice virtually defines the Western garden, walking was not the diagnostic activity of the Georgian garden, nor the Persian garden, as explorer Jean Chardin (1686) noted : "The Persians don't walk so much in gardens as we do, but content themselves with a bare prospect, and breathing the fresh air: for this end, they set themselves down in some part of the garden, at their first coming into it and never move from their seats till they are going out of it" (cited in Pinder-Wilson 1985: 274). As Chardin notes elsewhere, in most of their habits and customs of everyday comportment, the Georgians of his time were indistinguishable from Persians, in that they did not walk in gardens, but rather, sat in them (see also Manning 2017 for these points)

(This is, of course, an orientalist overstatement, "walking gardens" did in fact exist in Georgia as a kind of exceptional garden form prior to Russian colonialism. Orbeliani gives *Samotkhveli* as a space for walking (*saseirno*) (Orbeliani 562), and according to Khmaladze (1985: 46), the Christian term *samotkhe* ("paradise") from which this term appears to be derived, was used in Old Georgian primarily for decorative gardens primarily for strolling. After all, the Greco-Roman garden was above all a "walking and talking garden", it's just that this is a specific kind of garden as opposed the general type. It is interesting that the space chosen for this new "walking garden" by the Russians, *Qabakhi*, a space that had been a public archery field in the previous period, was apparently already being used as a kind of public space, a *meidani*, by local aristocrats for sociable strolling and chatting at night before it was officially turned into a "walking garden", specifically in Nikoloz Baratashvili's poem *Ghame Qabakhzed* "A Night on Qabakhi" of 1836. [I thank Ketevan Gurchiani for drawing my attention to this])

The new gardens, called locally *bulvari* or *bulvardi,* in Kutaisi, Tbilisi and Telavi, by contrast, were *saseirno baghi*, walking gardens, or rather, more simply "European" gardens (often of French design (Balanchivadze 1959), though there was a parallel vogue for English

gardens are early as the 1820s among Georgian romantic aristocrats), they were spaces for a particularly European practice of self-display while walking, or "parading". One European traveller writing in 1896 presents these new walking gardens as being the heterotopic European antithesis of the "Oriental" mazes of narrow streets of Old Tbilisi:

> Before one turns one's steps to explore oriental Tiflis, with its mazes of narrow streets and bazaars, there remain yet a few sights to see in the more modern town. Especially attractive are the public gardens, situated on the left bank of the Kur, some little way removed from the center of the town. Here at times an excellent military band discourses music, and all the fashionable world of Tiflis parades. It is difficult, then, when walking under shady trees, surrounded by a well-dressed European crowd, to imagine oneself in an Asiatic town. (Harris 1896: 43)

Parading, as the name suggests, is not merely motion in physical space, but motion in social space. In parading, strolling in gardens, seeing and being seen, physical motion becomes a sign of social promotion. **[slide 30]** Modernist urban authors from the period, like Barnovi, in urban stories like *Tk'bili duduki* (1909), saw the new kind of *bulvari* garden typified by Alexander Garden as being a space for walking. More specifically, a space for a new form of urban comportment, where a new arrival in society might announce themselves by the singular act of going for a walk. Note that in the text it's not exactly clear whether he is using *bulvar* to mean the Golovin, now Rustaveli, Boulevard adjacent to the garden (after all, all gardens in this period are adjunct to boulevards) as an interchangeable space for this new kind of walking, or not:

> "I finished my studies and I got a job and, suitably arrayed, I began to take walks *in Kashueti garden* [baghshi] *or on the boulevard* [*tu bulvarze*]. The footsteps of a woman seemed to me some sort of bright stripe and I followed them with enthusiasm. I met new

> people, I gained new acquaintances. I was entering enlightened and progressive social circles, since I considered myself enlightened, I thought my position noteworthy and I even expected a promotion. I was searching for the rose of my heart in high-ranking circles. I held my head up proudly, arrogantly."[9]

Indeed, in other stories Barnovi hesitates between describing such spaces as "walking gardens" in earlier version from 1908, but in the 1929 version he calls them *bulvar-baghi* ("Boulevard-Garden"). Perhaps the most surprising thing then, is that the boulevard, which is a doppelganger of the Persian *Khiyaban,* Georgian *Kheivani,* is already understood upon its arrival in Georgian modernity as being as much a kind of garden as it is a kind of street. Two kinds of urban space, streets and gardens, originally opposed as spaces for walking and spaces not for walking, are now grouped together by the presence of trees and the singular shared practice of sociable strolling.

[slide 31] Lastly, Ortachala

These last two gardens types are gardens for Georgian urban elites, old vanishing Persianate elites and newly arrived Russianate elites. The old walled Persian-style gardens (*baghi*) where the old Georgian aristocracy sat in restful contemplation and the new public "European" gardens (*bulvardi*) where New Georgian elites displayed themselves by "parading" have in common that they were *not* plebeian spaces. In the former they were simply off limits to the general public, one presumably needed an explicit invitation to enter them, in the latter they were open to the public, but were public spaces in the sense of "embodied publicness" of courtly society, one performatively "announced" one's status claim to be a member of quasi-aristocratic society or the public by "parading" in them. Accordingly, neither of these are the spaces celebrated in

Georgian plebeian urban poetry, in fact, they could be said to be antithetical to it. None of these gardens were spaces where a lowly kinto might dare have a happy-go-lucky feast: for that, one turned to yet a third garden heterotopia, the island garden of Ortachala.

Like Madatov island, Ortachala was truly a space apart, an island in the Kura river. These two places are the two "gardens" listed in Vakhushti's maps that are naturally bounded as islands, but not by walls. **[Slide 31]** Now both Madatov and Ortachala have been joined to the mainland by a concrete river flowing with cars. And in the case of Ortachala, the entire island is now a residential district. It's a peculiar fact about this neighborhood, at least those parts of it that used to form the island of the same name, **[Slide 32]** that all the streets of Ortachala are variations on the name *kheivani*: there is a Big Kheivani street, a Kheivani 1 street, a Kheivani III street, a New Kheivani Lane, and so on. The whole neighborhood's street names are variations on this one word, *kheivani*. **[slide 33]** *Kheivani* ("tree-lined avenue"), a term that many Georgians might think is actually indigenous, because it seems to contain the word *khe* ("tree") and it means "tree-lined path or street" is actually borrowed from Persian *khiyābān*. Like *khiyābān* can also mean really any kind of straight tree-lined street, including a boulevard (just as the term is used for one of the main "boulevards" of Isfahan, Khiyaban-i Chaharbagh "Chaharbagh boulevard") **[slide 34]**. In many of its uses it can be translated directly by French *allee* ("An alley in a formal garden or park, bordered by trees or bushes"), as well as a parallel space in a vineyard, but it can also mean a tree lined road or boulevard, and everything in between, as a representative sample of a Google image search attests [**slide 35].** Ortachala bears its origins as a garden in the names of its streets. None of these streets are boulevards of any kind, they are simple city streets (*kucha*), but these streets follow the lineaments of the tree-lined allees (*kheivani*) of the quondam gardens of Ortachala more or less precisely.

But the main difference between the garden *kheivani* and the street, or indeed, the boulevard, is that the kheivani is not a space for walking, and the street or boulevard (in any of its senses) is. Again, the plebeian poet Skandarnova provides the useful information that, quite unlike a boulevard, the *kheivani* was not a space for walking, but a cool, shady, sheltered space for sitting and feasting **(slides 36-7)**

There are countless examples of city poems that celebrate Ortachala as a place of feasting. The only urban space that even comes close to Ortachala is Stepkos Dukani, another mythic place for feasting (see Tabatadze (2014)) **(slide 38).** One bilingual "Kinto poem" draws these spaces together as spaces defined by their plebeian quality, opposed to the spaces inhabited by the Gentleman, a figure who would be at home strolling on the boulevard or Alexandrovski Garden.

ganze, ganze, chemi t'oli ara khar,	Aside, aside, you aren't my equal
me kint'ua—shen k'i gospodini khar!...	I am a *kinto,* but you are a *gentleman*!
chemi *sk'ola* iarmukis dakhlia,	My *school* is the counter of the *iarmuk* [market]
t'ancis [verer] orta ch'alis baghia	My dance floor is the gardens of Ortachala
chemi *dukhi* —ghvinit savse k'ulia	My *spirit* – is a *kula* full of wine.
chemi *muzik'*—st'ep'k'os zurnis sulia.	My *music* – is the soul of Stepko's *zurna* [10]

If the architecture of Old Tbilisi does not figure much in this poetry, the sounds of Old Tbilisi do. The gardens of Old Tbilisi are above all a soundscape, a place of what would come to be heard as specifically "*oriental*" sounds, such as the sound of Persian-inspired sung poetry of the *mukhambazi*, the sound of urban street peddlers called *kintos*, the sound of the central bazaar, or

the sound of oriental musical instruments like the *duduki*, which are connected to specific places, the dancefloor of Ortachala, the music of Stepko's Dukani.

[Slide 39] Urban writers develop the scenes of feasting as being animated by specific kinds of sounds, an acoustic image with characteristic kinds of phrases, characteristic oriental instruments like the duduki and zurna, playing specific kinds of oriental tunes like the *kupria*, all located within a convivial scene of a feast along the banks of the Kura in Ortachala. One vicarious apologist for the drunken philosophy of the kinto, a non-Georgian writer Artem Akhsnazarovi answers the question of "what makes me drink wine?" by drawing attention to a series of sounds that accompany such a scene, the characteristic verbal exchanges of the feast uttered by his friends and comrades, where the toastmaster cries out "Allaverdi!" and the feasters cry out "Iakhsholi!" in return and hasten to finish their glass before they are punished with a penalty glass of wine. The love excited by the sweet voice of the duduki in Ortachala, by the banks of the Kura, playing the tune of a kupria, makes him drink. The drink caught up in the song, becomes one with the instruments and flies into the heavens in a mystic trance:

> At Ortachala on the banks of the Kura, when the duduki makes a kupria howl, you will understand what makes me drink. Listen, how the kupria sugars and sweetens the duduki, makes it sound out, lifts it, carries it up, it rises into the air and takes you with it, and then you will find out what makes me drink. When your heart begins to groan like a *ch'ianuri* [a three stringed viola] and the enchanting tune of the zurna soaks through your sides, your soul is there, where it comes out in the windpipe... you hold a bowl [of wine] in your hands and you fly up among the stars in your mind, you no longer remember others, nor yourself....(Akhnazarovi (Or-Ani) 1890)

The garden supra is a ritual nexus which produces an acoustic image of a kind of Sufi/Neo-

Platonic ontology of what Philippe Descola (2013) calls *Analogism,* a set of indexical and iconic linkages, what Nicholas Harkness (2013) calls a cross-modal iconism, a set of *analogic* qualitative transitions between humans and non-humans and back again, between the voices, the wine, the song, the melodies, which blend into one another to express a dominant quality of *eskhi,* a kind of love, or enchantment, a property both of the subject and the object that elicits that love. Among all the Georgian words for love, and there are plenty, *eshkhi* is significantly the diagnostic and dominant term for love in this kind of urban poetry. It is also notoriously the term for love (Persian *Ishq*) that is particular to Sufi mysticism, both denoting a real everyday love, and also a mystical, Neoplatonic love that binds together the levels of the universe (Lewisohn 2010, ed.). Taken together, the varied *sounds* of drunken feasting in the gardens becomes a ritual enactment or expression of love, enchantment, even the animating principle of soul which pervades the instruments and the human voice, which link the real drunkenness produced in this drinking ritual to the metaphoric and mystical drunkenness of Sufism.

Kintos are Birds: The Soundscape of Old Tbilisi

[Slide 40] This soundscape of the garden supra, the sound of the mukhambazi, is by turns real, metaphoric, and mystical. But this is a garden soundscape, and in it the voices of humans, their songs, become assimilated to the voices of nonhumans, the songs of birds. I mentioned above in an offhand way that Kintos, ethical figures for a care-free life, are frequently compared to birds. Sergei Meskhi notes, in a review of Gabriel Sundukian's 1880 urban play *Pepo* that, alongside the hardworking honest Kinto character Pepo, the play has another Kinto character who is really an embodiment of the stereotypical *ethnographic*--that is, a real urban type-- and *ethical* – that is, embodying an ethical system -- Kinto:

> The second type of Kinto—K'ak'uli—is very different from Pepo. He is that light-hearted, feast-loving, happy-go-lucky and carefree as a bird Kinto, that we often encounter in our city. He loves feasts: if he has bread and wine, he is blessed….The gardens of Ortachala is his playing field. If only he has today a bite to eat and tomorrow is God's business! (Meskhi 1903[1880]: 325, also cited in Shaqulashvili 1987: 46 note 4)

If the garden-loving kinto embodies the *dardimandi* ethical ideal, then the ethical prototype for the kinto's ethics in the nonhuman world is another garden creature, the bird. Kintos are metaphoric birds. **[Slide 41]** This is not originally Meskhi's observation, it is a commonplace of Kinto poetry that Kintos are like birds, in that they share the same *dardimandi* live for today ethical values as birds: Kakula, in the same play (originally composed in Armenian and then translated into Georgia), announces this is so many words: "When God made us, he made us like birds, today we earn, today we eat!" (Sanduk'ianitsi 1880: 23). The same words, more or less, with minor variations, can be found in many kinto poems, for example almost word for word in Giorgi Skandarnova's *Kinto Sakula's Song* (from a brochure whose full title and publication information is unfortunately lost, 1880: 9).

The association between kintos and gardens, then, is not only that real gardens are also mystical figurations of paradise, but also that the are inhabited by two kinds of real figures, kintos and birds, who have in common a single ethical ideal, of being *dardimandi*, happy-go-lucky, carefree, living for today. To this similar outlook on life is a similarity of sound or voice. The kinto is like the nightingale, his songs express the same *eshkhi*, one-sided burning love, that the nightingale expresses in his song for the rose. Kinto poetry is full of this admittedly hackneyed image of nightingales serenading roses for which Georgian critics have long taken this cycle of poetry to task. Georgian garden poetry is in this sense exactly like Persian

antecedents, where, as Meisami shows (1985: 253) “The poetic gardens of medieval Persia share an important and unifying feature: they are paradises of love. Whether presented in the form of courtly gardens, the spiritual gardens of the mystics, or gardens of fantasy, all are associated with the experience of love.” Love, *eshkhi*, figured in the pairing of the nightingale and the rose, the kinto or rind and his beloved, pervades and unifies the garden, macrocosm and microcosm, nature and culture, by developing iconic linkages of sound between the nonhuman and human versions of *eshkhi*, because *eshkhi* is expressed by song, by sound. In both the real and the fantastic imaginary gardens of Georgian city poetry, humans are said to resemble or imitate the voices of birds, some sing like nightingales, others like crows. The kinto’s voice is like the voice of the nightingale serenading the rose, meanwhile in Skandarnova’s poems like “Advice for a Nightingale”(1906), the poet advises the nightingale to stay in Georgia, since Georgia as a whole is a beautiful, exotic garden, where the nightingale can sing for its beloved, the rose, and leave the North to the cawing of the crow (Skandarnova 1906).

[42] Skandarnova’s poem, “to my garden” (1914), is an illustration of a purely figurative literary garden, “A garden of love, *eskhi* and happiness” and where grief, *dardi*, is absent or alien. Like a Persian Chahar Bagh, this garden is divided symmetrically into four parts, in which he has planted plants and flowers with good scents. Like a real garden, he has ordered into to in tree-lined allees, kheivanis, so that it resembles the garden of Eden. The orderly composition of his imaginary garden also resembles that of a poem, the *kheivanis* become like metred lines of poetry, as the Persian poet Nasir-i Khusraw put it many centuries earlier:

A palace of my poem I’ll make, in which
from its verses I’ll form flower beds and verandas.
One spot I’ll raise up like a lofty prospect,

another make wide and spacious like a courtyard. (cited and translated in Meisami 2003: 16-17)

[43] But the purpose of Skandarnova's metaphoric garden, one of the unreal gardens of Tbilisi, is similar to the purpose of Ortachala, a real garden, to transform humans into birds, to turn them into drunks, lovers and poets: His poem concludes.

When I had it all done by myself,
Many visited me to see it!
They fell ill with smelling the fragrance,
were changed into flirts, slaves of the nightingale!
Once they saw the beauty of the garden,
the gentility of the rose and the nightingale,
they immediately felt the power of desire,
and imitated the tormented nightingale.
The visitors to my garden changed into poets;
whoever had a flair for it, started singing passionately;
others with a raven's tongue behaved awkwardly,
not being able to sing ornately like the nightingale (Skandarnova 1914).

My thesis today is simply this, the urban poetry of Old Tbilisi is not *about* the cityscape, it is not a poetry celebrating specific ordinary places, coffeehouses, baths, markets. It is a suburban space of gardens, which serve as "elsewheres", places of escape, from these other prosaic urban spaces, and these garden spaces are populated with specific kinds of songs and sounds. Old Tbilisi is a set of spaces, songs, and sounds. Within the ecology of the city, the city as a whole can be understood as a symbiotic set of opposed spaces, where urban stands to suburban as hot city

street to cool tree-lined kheivani, as ordinary toil to happy-go-lucky feasting. Similarly, the gardens of the poetry of Old Tbilisi need to be understood in relation to the all the other gardens that have come and gone in the 19th century, and the poetic gardens need to be understood both as real gardens, and imaginary ones, both metaphoric and even mystical gardens. In the same way, the garden-dwelling kinto is not an ordinary real ethnographic figure of the city in the first instance, though he is also that; he is not a prosaic object for the ethnographic or folkloric gaze that typifies the aesthetic concerns of 19th century critical realism, he is part of an assemblage of figures that make up the soundscape of the garden, gardens of love, both real gardens and mystical, both real love and mystical. In the gardens, entranced by burning desire, eshkhi, people become birds, kintos serenade their beloved as nightingales serenade roses, a final and distant echo of Hafiz' real and imaginary gardens of Shiraz.

There is one last kind of garden in Tbilisi I haven't spoken of, the household garden. My friend Elizbar who I began this paper with--who drank beer with me once in an empty parking lot which we called, for the moment, the gardens of Ortachala--passed away a number of years ago. A true *dardimandi* Tbilisian, he loved gardens, and prized his household garden above all others. A Kakhetian by birth, what he prized most about his household gardens, both in Tbilisi and in his native village, were the fruit trees. Of the various fruit trees, the pomegranate tree he prized first and foremost because it afforded furtive access to a Telasi power line, affording his house with free electricity. But it also afforded fruit, and a cooling shade, which allowed him to sit in his garden and drink with friends in the hot summers. What little I understand of the ethical qualities of Georgian garden poetry, and indeed Georgian urban ethnography, I gained largely from conversations in his garden. I dedicate this paper, about Tbilisi, gardens and the ethics of being *dardimandi*, to him.

The gardens of Old Tbilisi are truly heterotopias, they are real or imaginary images of what I will call, with due apologies to Charles Hirschkind, a kind of ethical soundscape, and as such, this soundscape continues to echo even in the absence of any real gardens or real nightingales. Thank you.

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[1] "Gr. Orbeliani considered his mukhambazis to be the monologues or songs of his characters: the poet stifles, neutralizes his own voice, himself making the qarachoghelis speak." (Gatserelia 1959: 059. See also Grishashvili 1963: 82.

[2] Saba Sulkhan-Saba Orbeliani's (1658-1725) dictionary (*Sit'q'vis K'ona* [Orbeliani 1949]) defines *khevani* as "Trees standing in a row" (*khet rigit dgoma*) (901/467). For Georgians, the word *kheivani* suggests a murky etymology based on "tree" (*khe*-), but the term is not Georgian, but derives from the Persian *khiyābān* ("tree-lined avenue"), though trees are an integral part of the Persian, as well as Georgian, concept (Emrani 2012).

[3] I allude to billionaire oligarch ex-president Bidzina Invanishvili's surreal experiments in dendrological gardens. See BBC 2016 News from Elsewhere: Tree Makes Sea Voyage for Georgia Park Project (BBC 24 March 2016 https://www.bbc.com/news/blogs-news-from-elsewhere-35891764), Bordzikashvili, Sulkhan. 2017. Ivanishvili's Tree Collecting Hobby. OC Media 2017. https://oc-media.org/ivanishvilis-tree-collecting-hobby/

[4] The two key texts of this urban mythology are Grishashvili, Ioseb. 1963 [1914-1918]. *Saiat Nova*. In Grishashvili, Ioseb, *tkhzulebata k'rebuli khut t'omad*, 3, 5-124. Tbilisi: Sabch'ota Mts'erali. Grishashvili, Ioseb. 1963 [1926-7]. *Dzveli tbilisis lit'erat'uruli bohema*. In Grishashvili, Ioseb, *tkhzulebata k'rebuli khut t'omad*, 3, 125-305. Tbilisi: Sabch'ota Mts'erali. Both texts we written and published between 1914 and 1928 but relrealed in the 1960s to become the founding texts for a Tbilisi urban ideology.

[5] Gardens are not entirely erased, they make a brief appearance as loci of feasting and feasting poetry in his earlier *Saiatnova* (1963: 82-3).

[6] This is a standard story, oft-told, so I will reproduce just one:

Tbilisi was once green, when it was founded as the capital of Georgia more than 15 centuries ago. However, through the vicissitudes of history, most of the forests covering the emplacement of the city have been burned or cut down. Many gardens and parks developed by Georgian kings and noblemen in the 18th century were destroyed by invasions and though, in the soviet era, many parks were laid, most of them nowadays face threats from the city's urban development and the mushrooming of multi-story blocks. More generally, the parks that exist nowadays are old ones, and there seems to be no will from the City Council to develop new parks simultaneously with urbanization. Added to this that Tbilisi's population is on the up, with the result that green space in Tbilisi equals about 12 square meters per citizen, half the European standard, the issues of pollution and lack of recreational space becomes apparent. (http://georgiatoday.ge/news/7087/On-Tbilisi%E2%80%99s-Green-Spaces-)

[7] Green is the color conventionally used on maps (including the Vakhushti map and these Russian maps) to indicate a wide variety of potentially incommensurable "gardenesque" spaces, ranging from actual gardens to ruderal assemblages, including what are called "greenfields", that is, undeveloped land, land that has *not yet* become a building. Here the French term *terrain vague* captures the ambiguous way that green spaces exist in a "potentially exploitable state", being vague in the sense of ambiguously '"empty, unoccupied" yet also "free, available, unengaged" as well as "indeterminate, blurred, uncertain" (Soia-Morales 1995). I thank Joseph Salukvadze for drawing my attention to the possibility that the greenspaces indicated on these maps might be systematically ambiguous.

[8] The Boulevard of Kutaisi is the original Georgian boulevard, the basic logic being that since gardens (*baghi*, ts'alk'ot'i) are generally defined by presence of fruit trees and are not specifically intended for walking, the term *bulvari*/*bulvardi* was adopted for this new kind of "walking garden" that also lacked fruit trees (Balanchivadze. 1959).

[9] "მიჰქროდა დრო. მე უკვე გავათავე სწავლა, შევედი კარგ სამსახურში და გამოწყობილმა დავიწყე სეირნობა ქვაშვეთის **ბაღში თუ ბულვარზე**. ქალის კვალი ნათელ რამ სრედ მეჩვენებოდა და მივსდევდი მას გატაცებით. ახალი ხალხი გავიცან, ახალი ნაცნობები გავიჩინე. განათლებულთა და წარმატებულთა წრისაკენ ვიწევდი, რადგან ჩემს თავს განათლებულად ვსთვლიდი, ჩემი თანამდებობა შესამჩნევი მეგონა და დაწინაურებასაც ველოდი. გულის ვარდსაც მაღალ წრეებში ვემებდი. ზვიადად მეჭირა თავი, ამაყად " (Barnovi 1909: Volume 2: 155)

[10] From a "Kinto poem" (k'int'ouri leksi) Republished as an example of the general bad taste of the new ownership of the journal *Teatri* ('Theatre'), in the aristocratic conservative journal *Iveria* 12 August 1886 p.3