



Erasmus+



# *Lisbon impressions from the perspective of tram 28*

**GROUP 5**

**Ana Josué | Portugal**

**Kinga Zajdel-Karasińska | Poland, Łódź, Poleski Art Center**

**Agnieszka Kowalska-Owczarek | Poland, Łódź, Poleski Art Center**

**Poleski**





What is the magic of tram no. 28? We decided to check it out, following it along. Since a large crowd gathered at Martin Moniz, where the historical line begins its course, we decided that we would start our journey on foot.

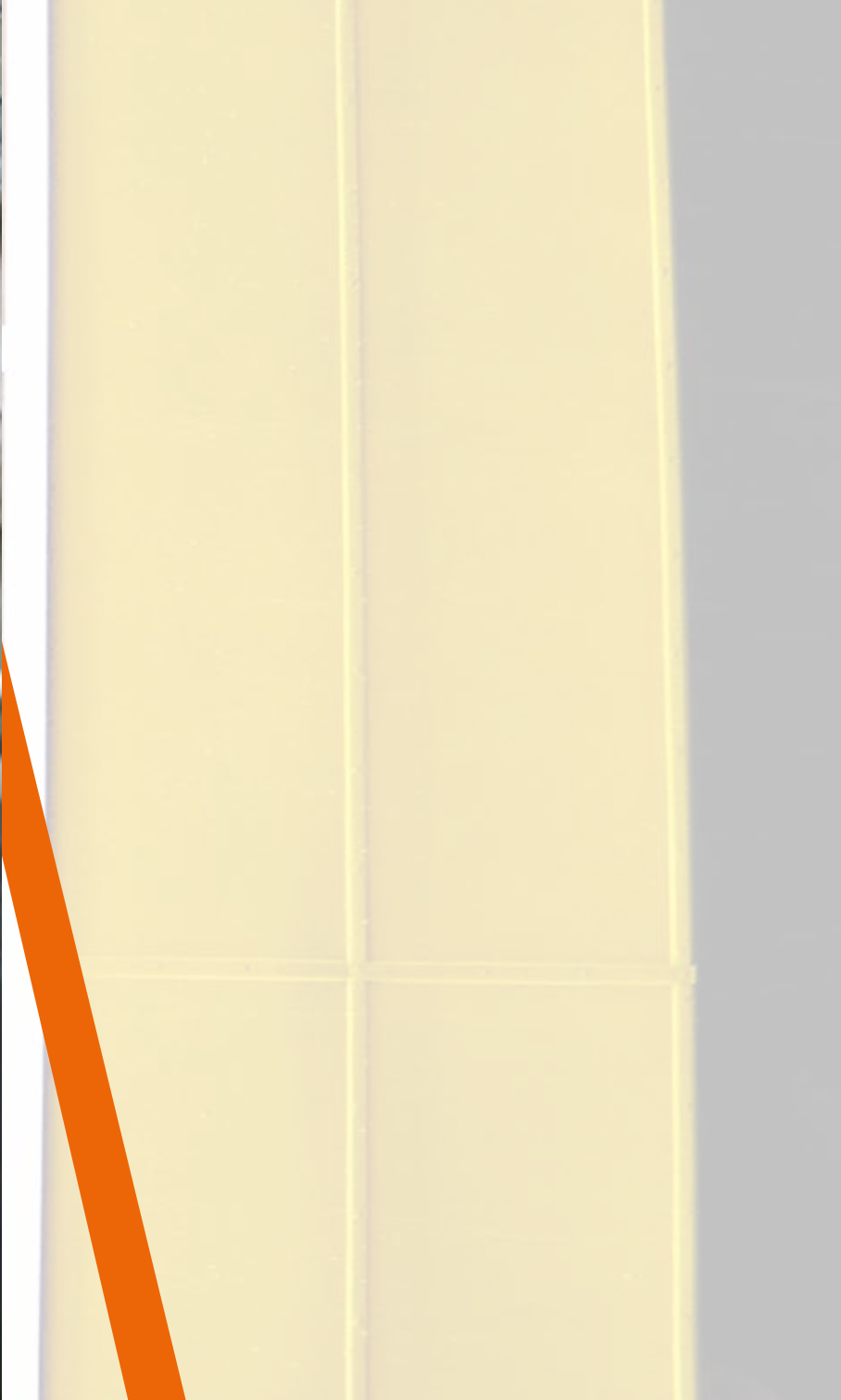


**Martim Moniz**



Almost immediately we turned into a place that not long ago tourists would not have visited. Different nations inhabit the place: Pakistanis, Chinese, people who...





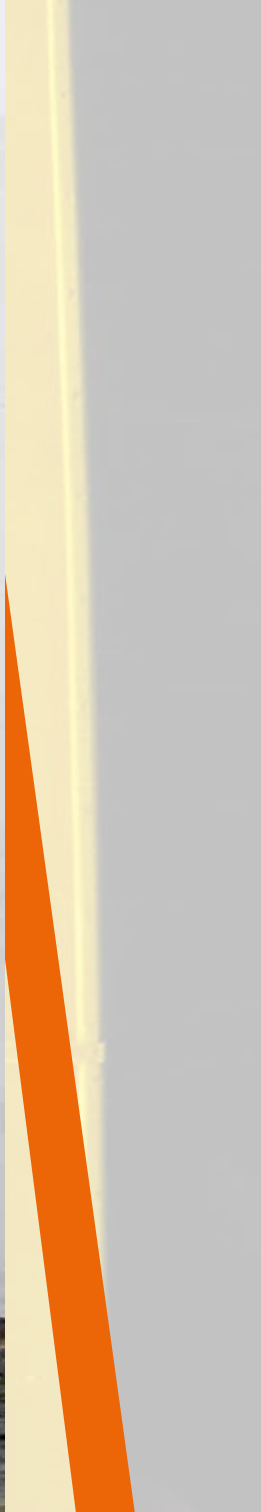








**...look** for their place  
on earth.

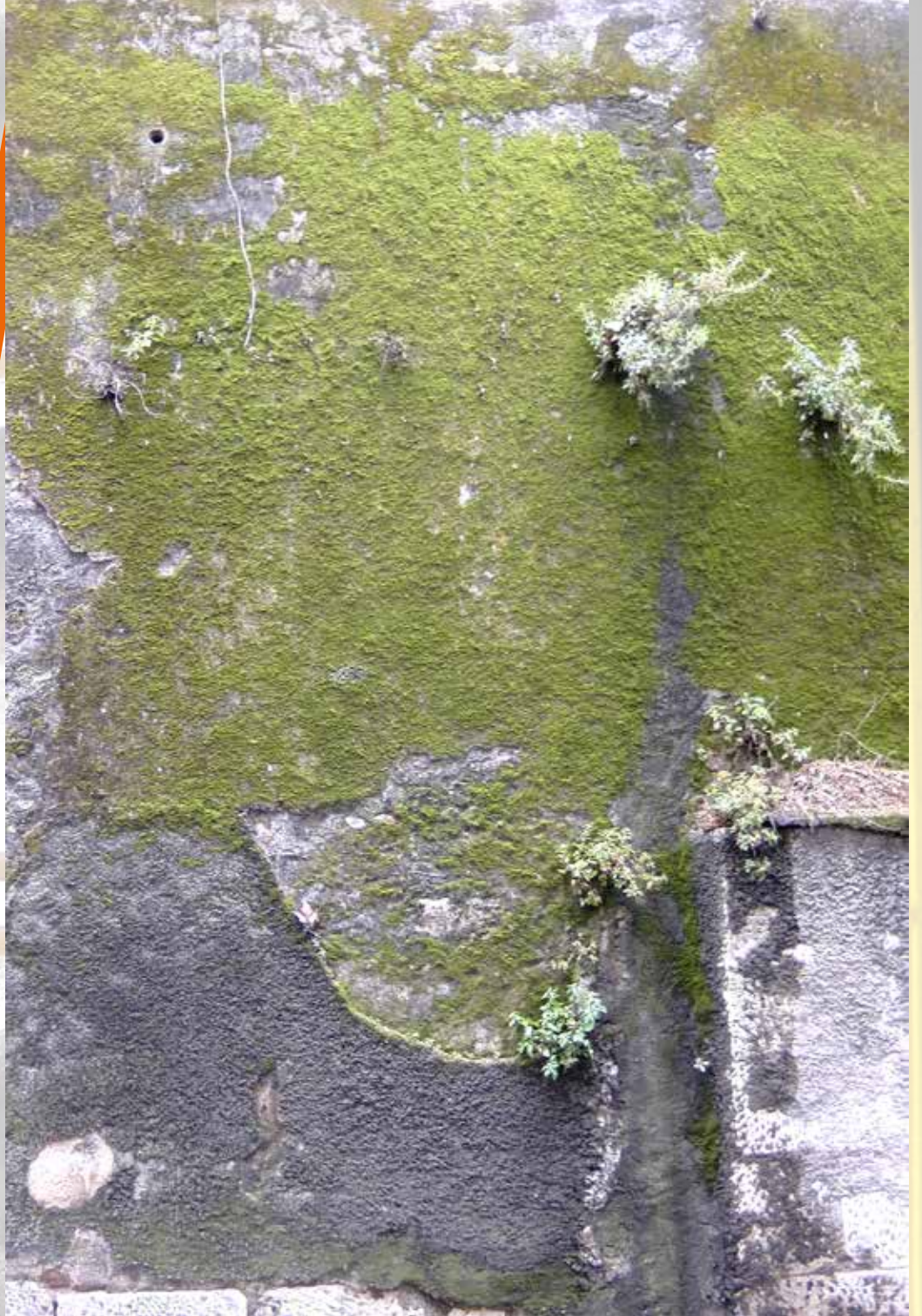


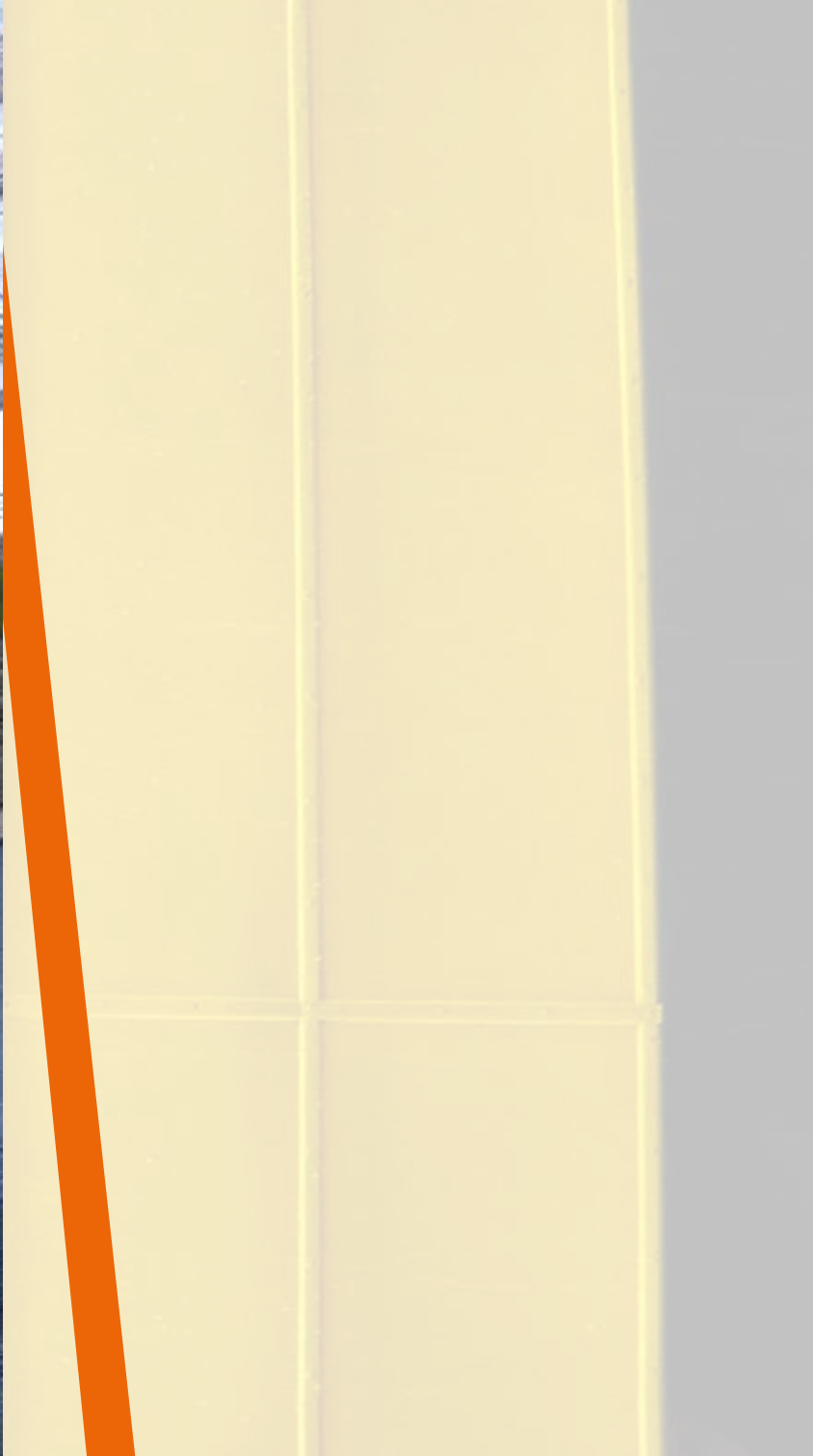


Passing through the old walls, we felt that we are approaching an unusual place.



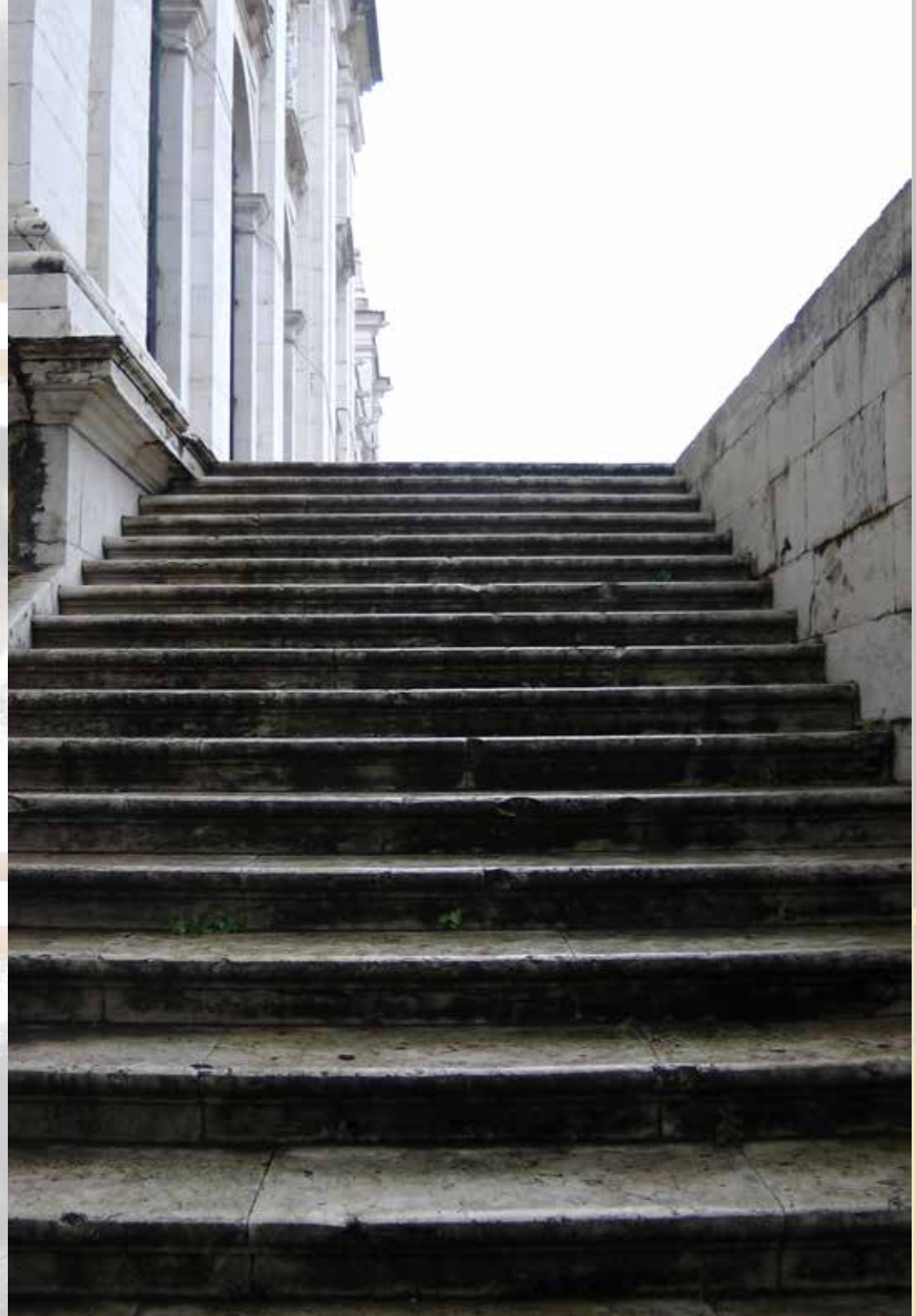
**Graça**

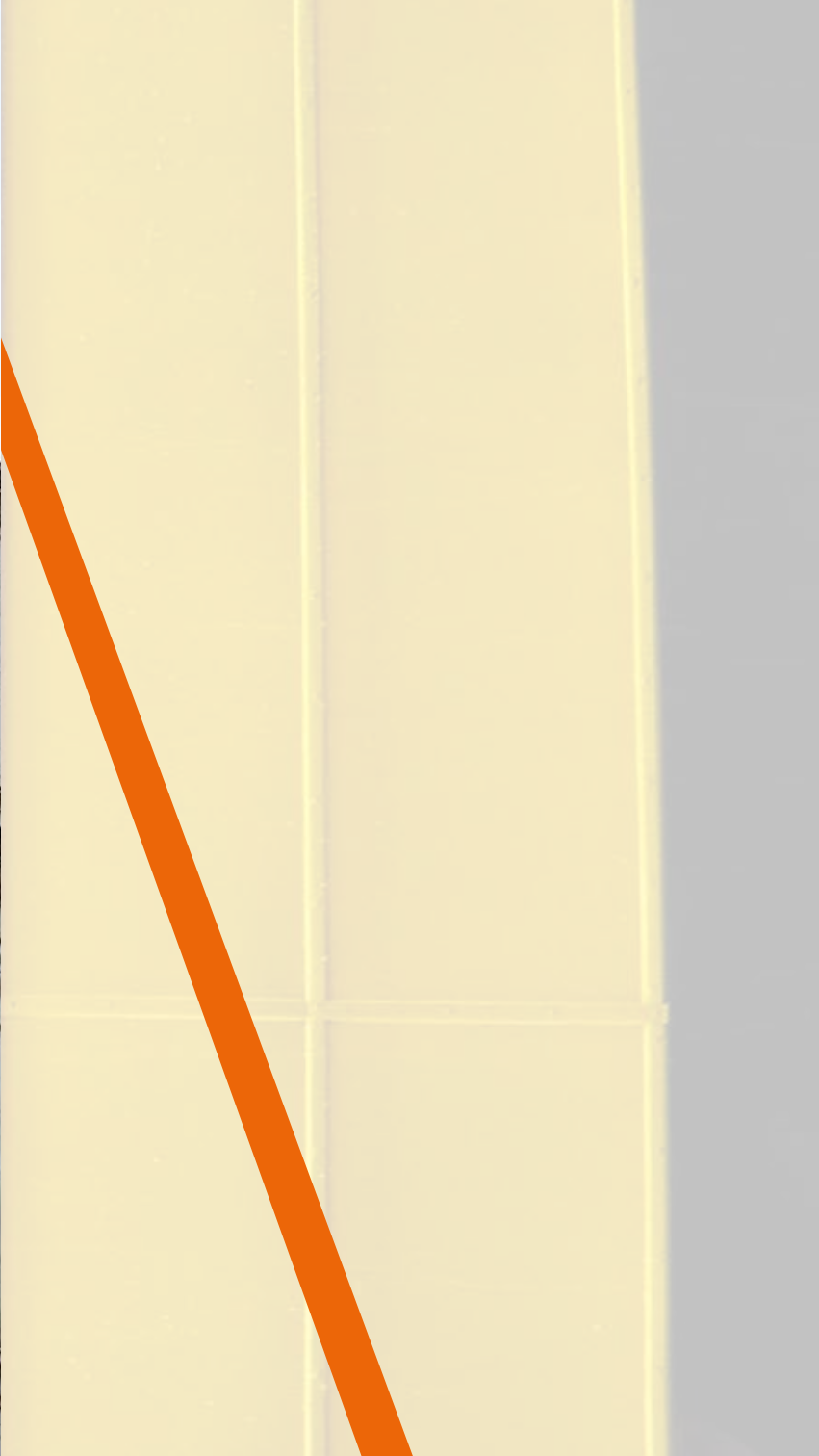






**It is strange, but you  
do not think where  
the stairs lead. You  
just climb them.**











**Somewhere in the Thieves Market you can still buy a doll, an old suitcase or a worn coat.**









Time to rest. Sit down  
for a moment to...

**Portas do Sol**

look at the **Tagus**...











...see yourself in the reflections of the *azulejos*.

**Rain on the tiles of Lisbon tells us to look for shelter.**





The smell of coffee leads us there.

**Just an urgent phone call. To a very important person. Only the last resolutions.**





We wait for the yellow wagon, just to leave it again after a while. With no regrets.

**Castelo**

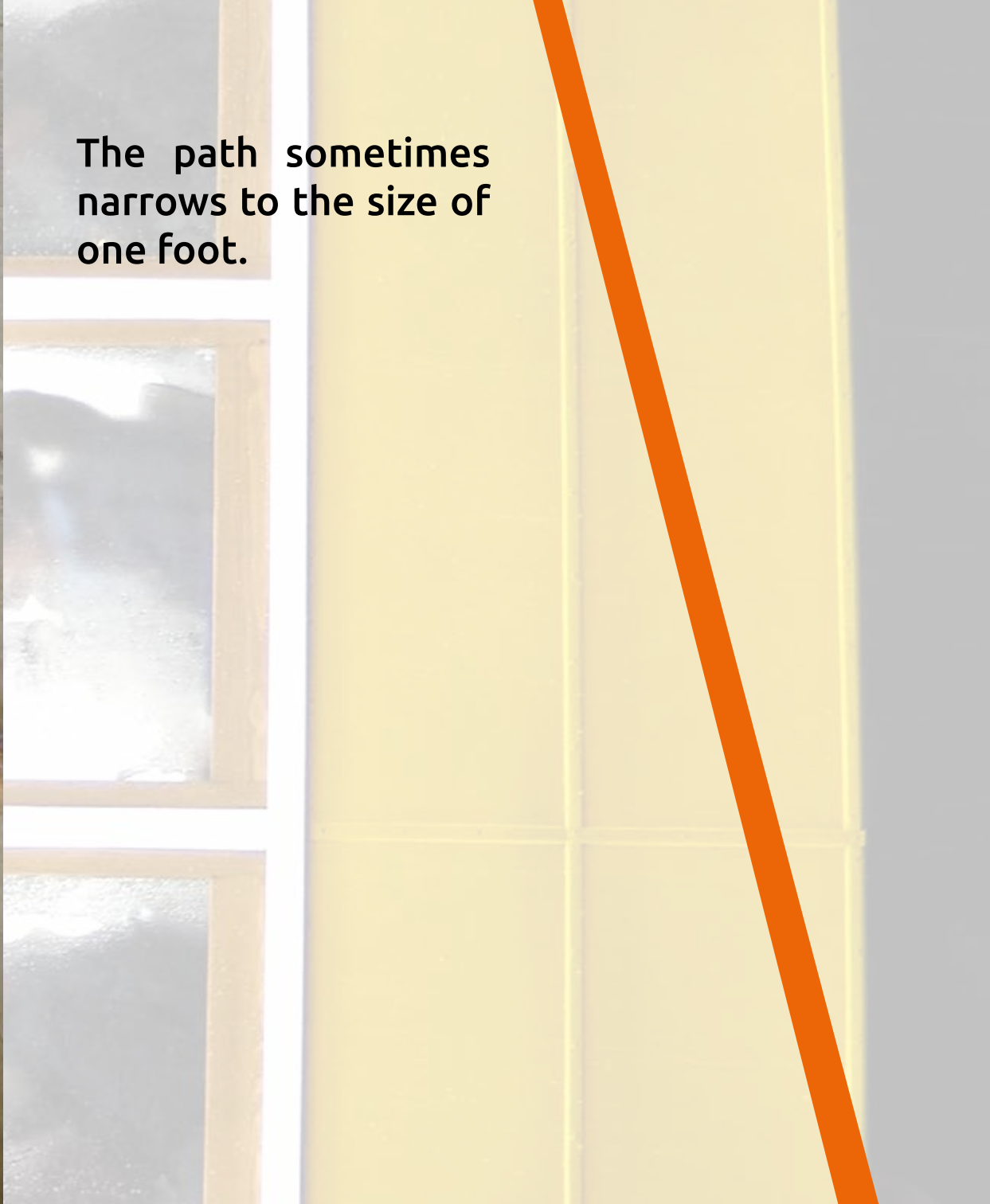


We go to visit Alfama,  
the oldest district of  
the city.





The path sometimes narrows to the size of one foot.

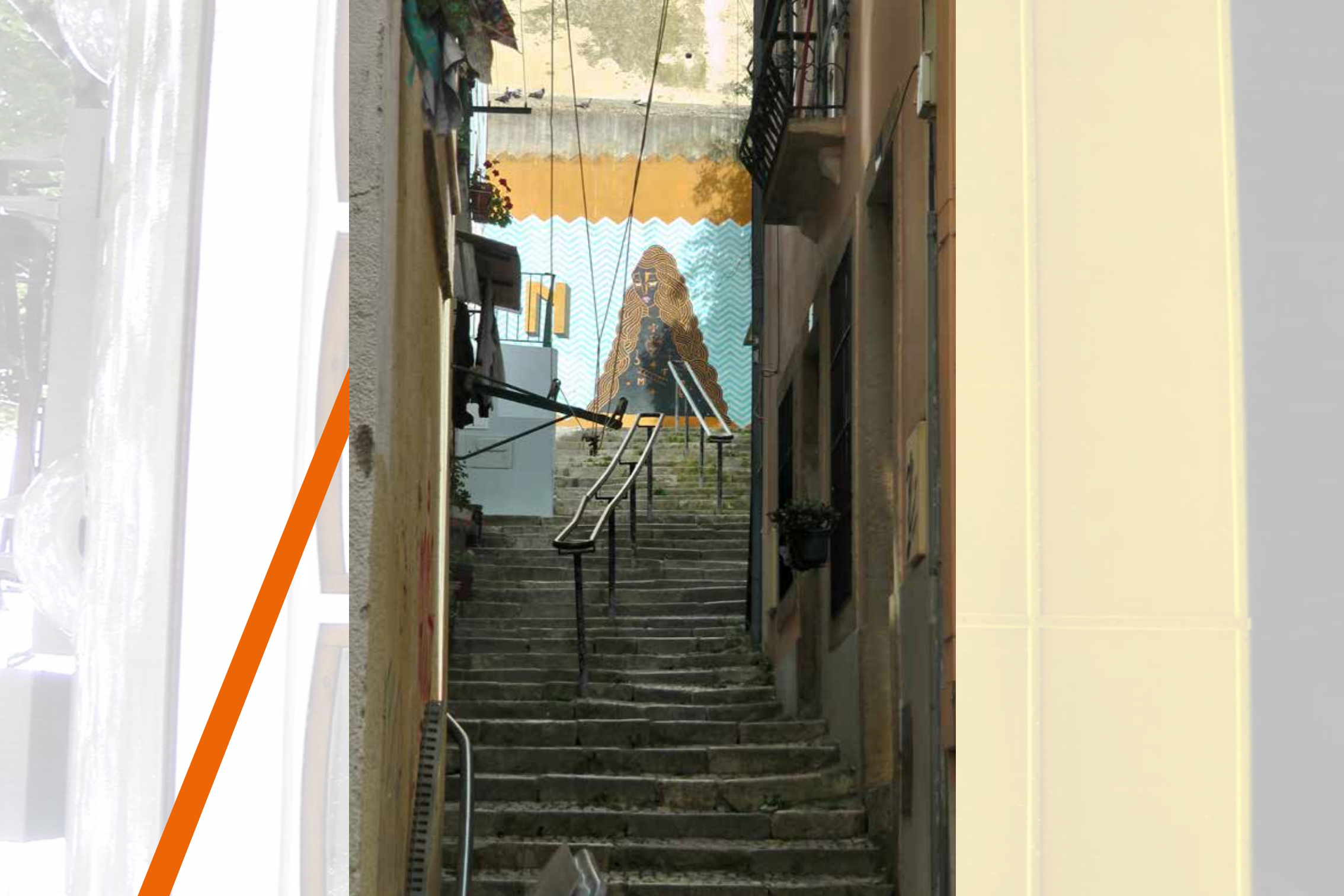


Somewhere out there  
looms purplish a tree,  
we want to touch it. It  
is quiet...



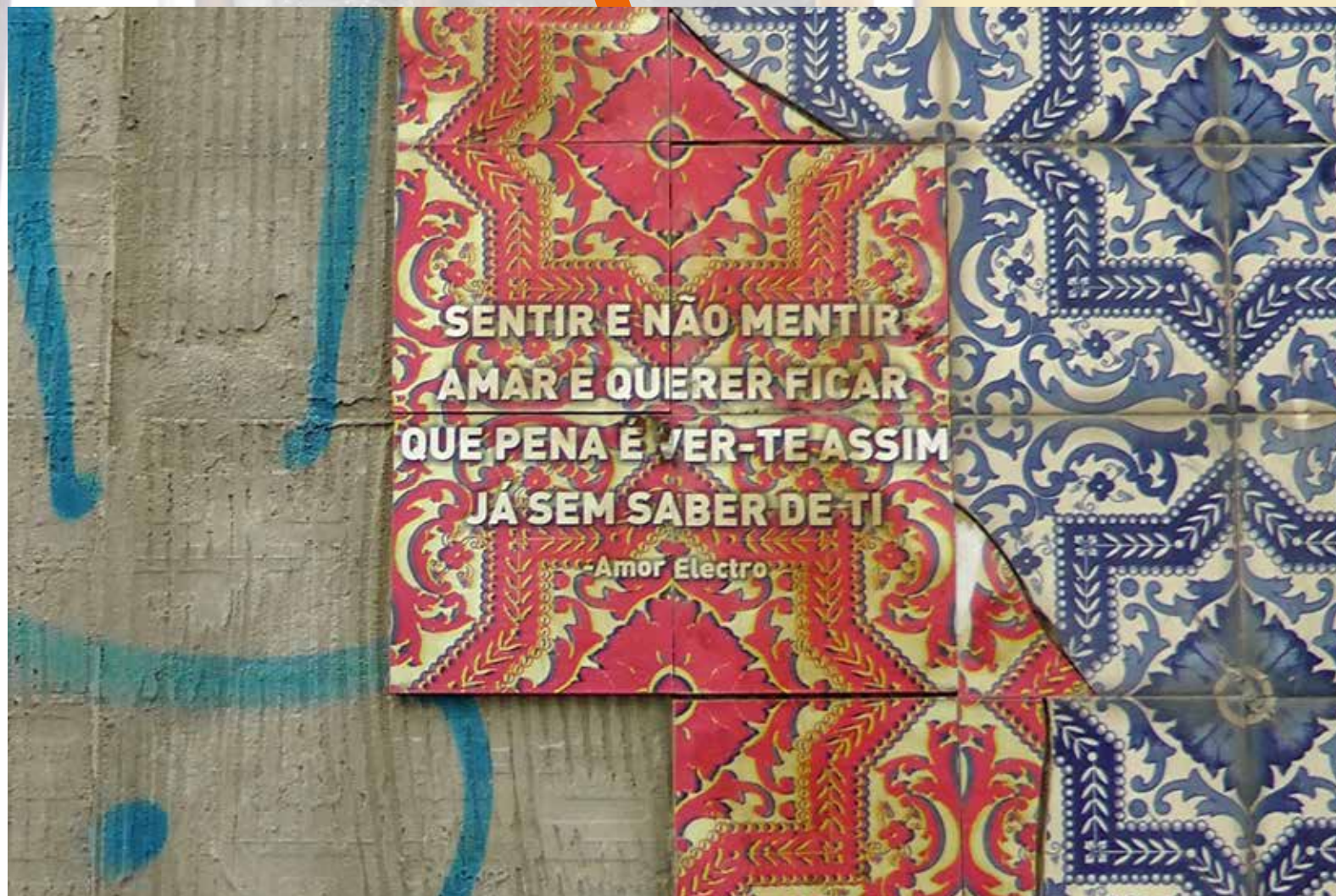






**...although** in our heads we hear a melody. It's fado. But it's not time for fado. No, what we hear is the forgotten poet's poem. Like a piece of wall, the memory of him disappears.





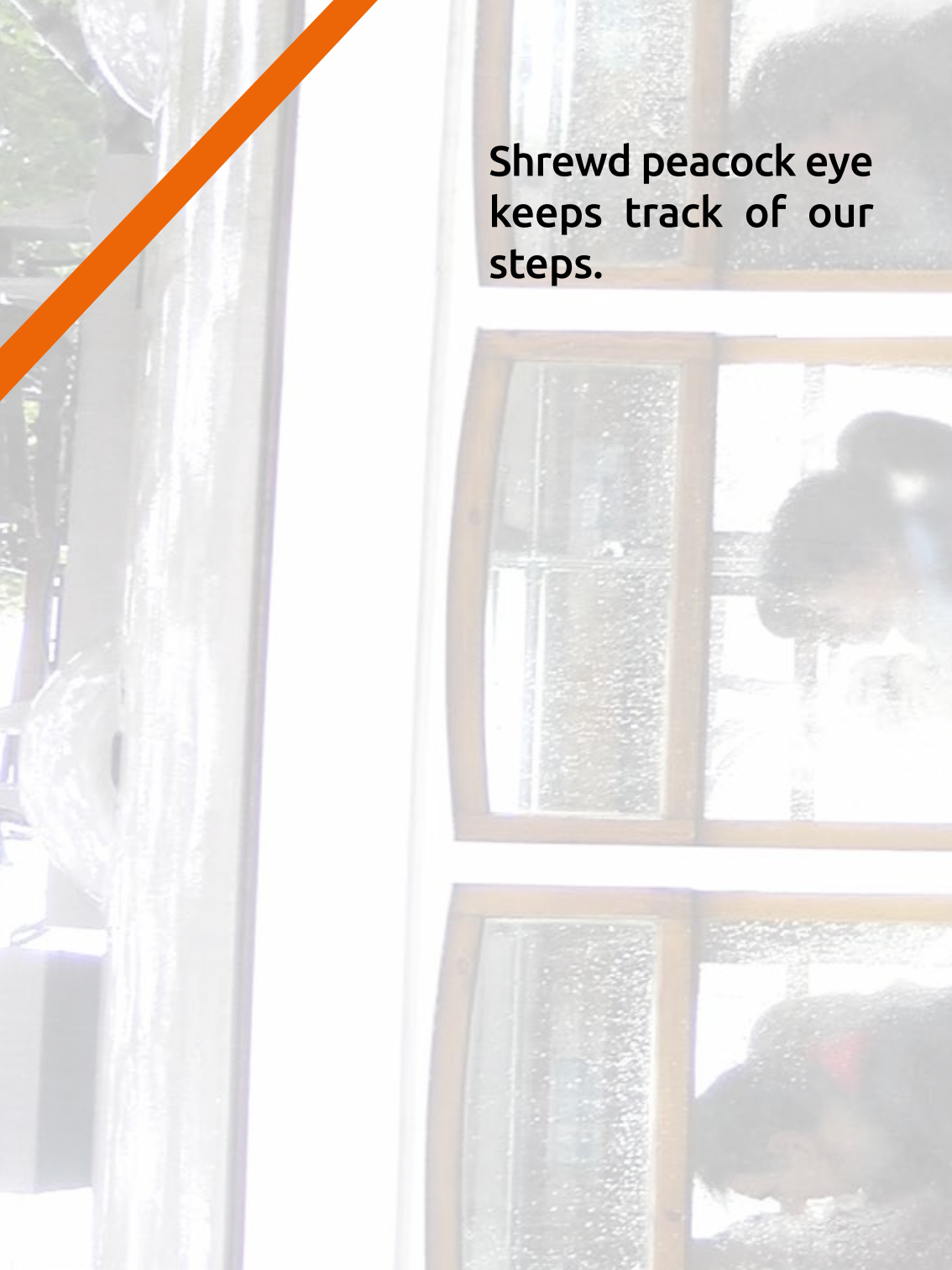
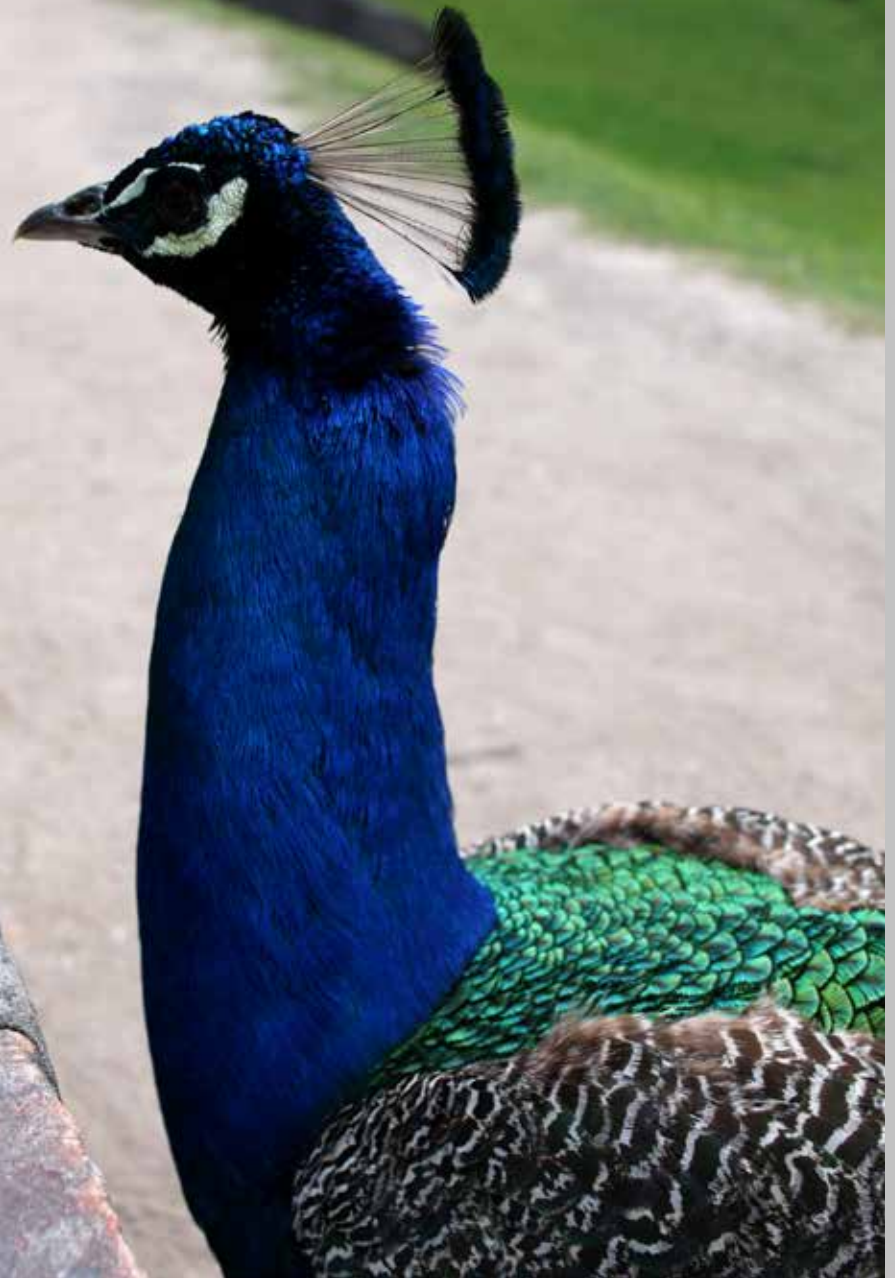
**SENTIR E NÃO MENTIR  
AMAR E QUERER FICAR  
QUE PENA É VER-TE ASSIM  
JÁ SEM SABER DE TI**

-Amor Electro



We climb the stairs.

Shrewd peacock eye  
keeps track of our  
steps.

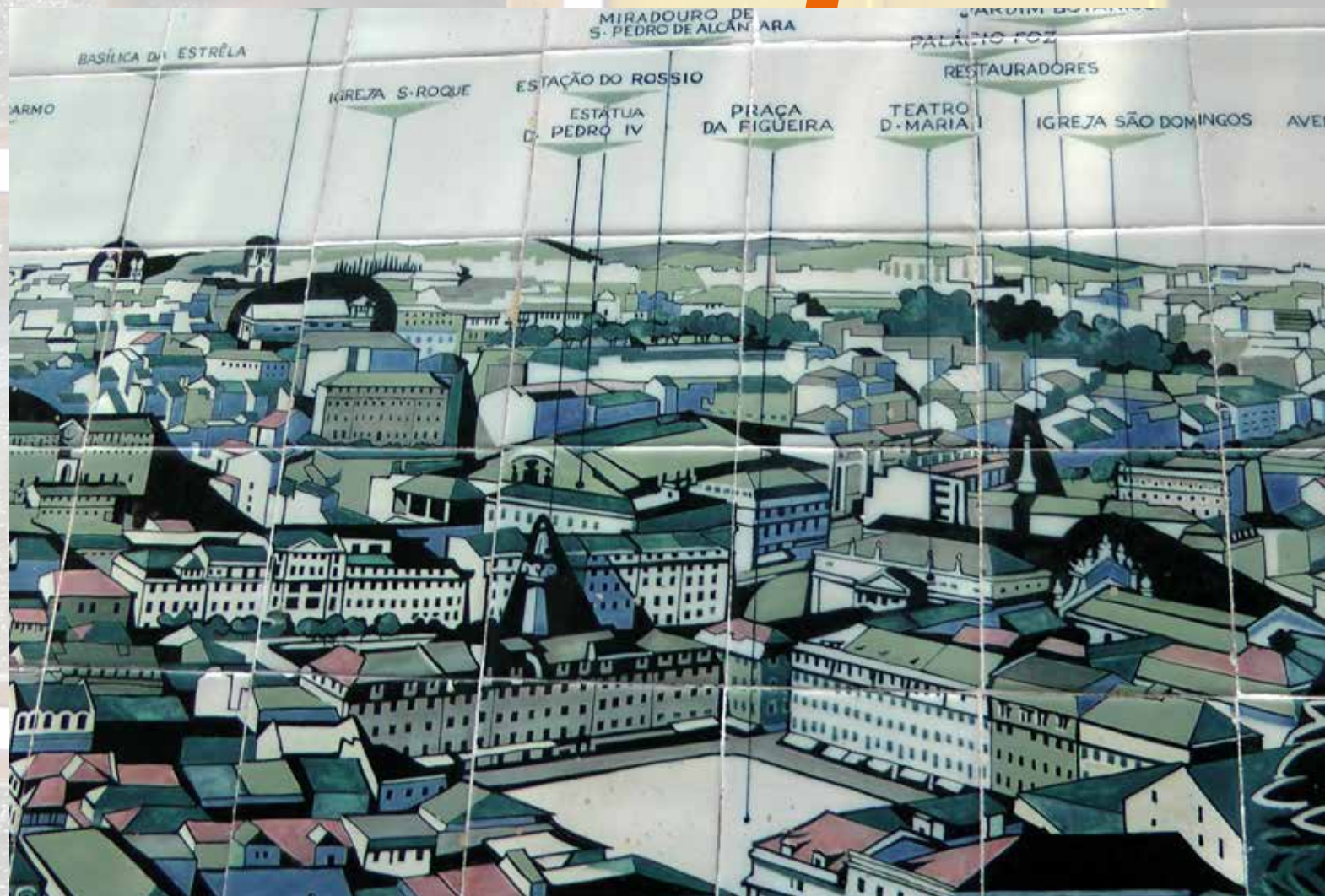








Now we know that up there, on the walls of the old castle, there is poetry.





It is this view. View of Lisbon. Now it is Lisbon which is looking at us. We stand at the top looking at each other...





**And she greets us with  
a funny emoticon.**

**Away from us, the statue of Jesus blesses us.  
Bless Lisbon and us.**

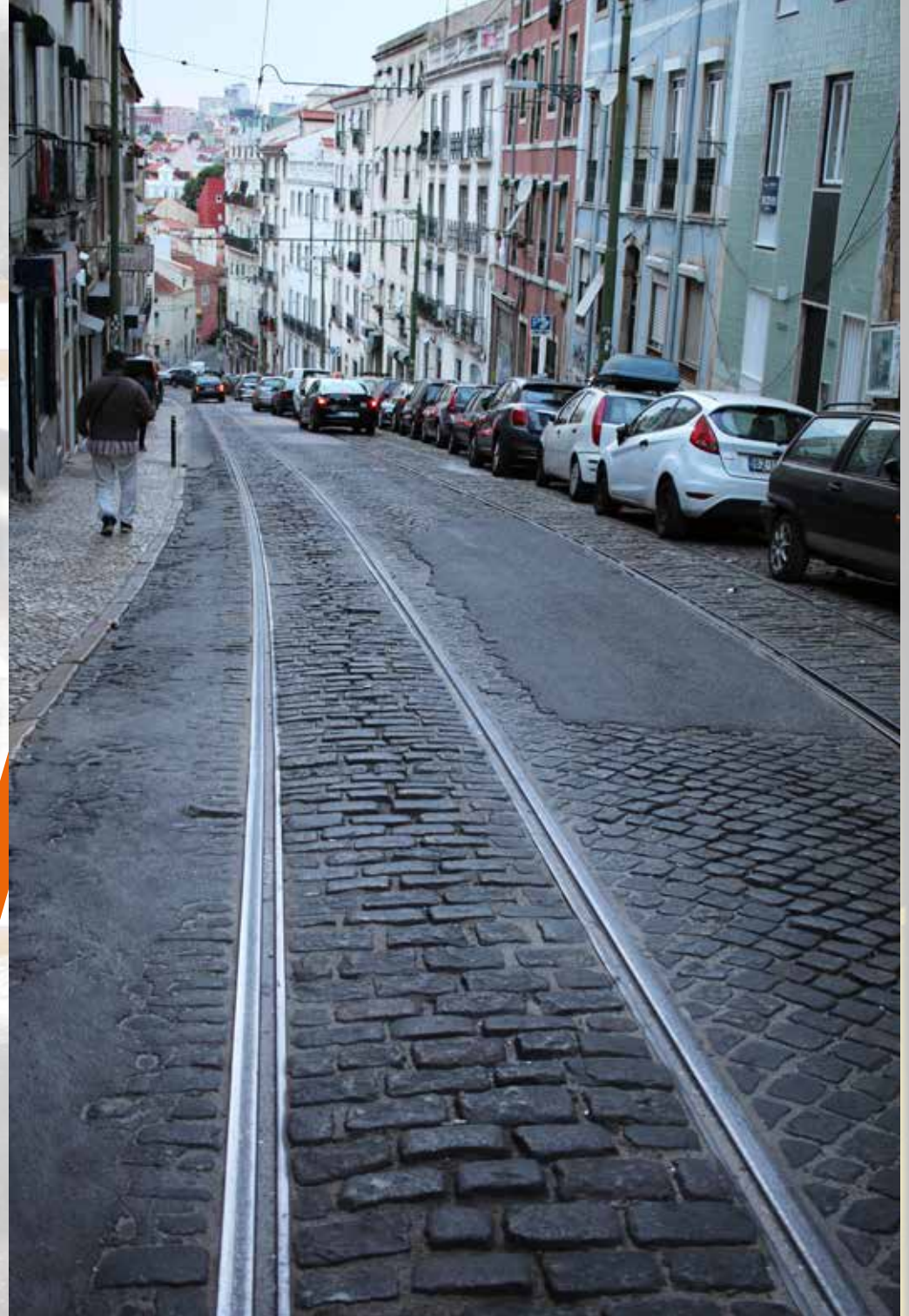




**Sé**



**We're moving on. The tracks seem to have no end. We say goodbye to Alfama.**



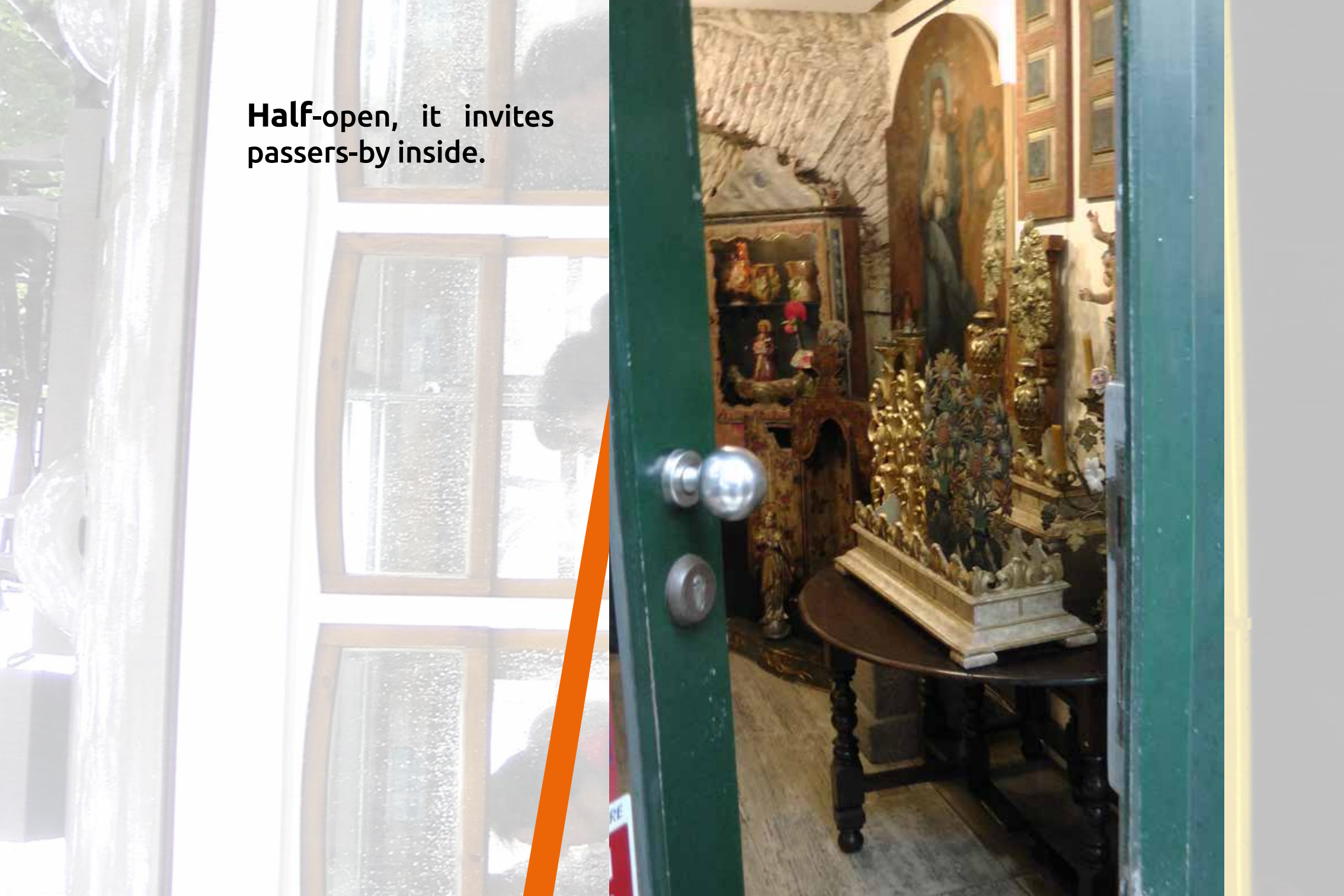


Another door ahead of us...





**Half-open, it invites passers-by inside.**





Colombine is looking at us from the exhibition. Does Saint Anthony accompany her? We do not know if they are actors of the comedy dell'arte, if we can recognize who hides behind the wooden figures.

Meanwhile, the rain is getting stronger. Another door leads us to the Se Cathedral.





# Terreiro do Paço



Line 28 is an intricate spider web. We feel caught in this network of traction and stops. There are no more tourists with us anymore.

The tram was deserted.



Riders in cloaks are rushing somewhere in the distance, and we wander leisurely. An empty pavement means it's raining harder and harder.





Finally, we hide in cloisters.







**Empty quay does not  
make us sad at all.**



Here our journey is over. Where will line 28 take us next time?





concept | Ana Josué  
Agnieszka Kowalska-Owczarek  
Kinga Zajdel-Karasińska  
text | Kinga Zajdel-Karasińska  
translation | Stanisław Goldstein  
wording | Ana Josué  
photographs | Agnieszka Kowalska-Owczarek  
Kinga Zajdel-Karasińska  
graphic design | Agnieszka Kowalska-Owczarek