

WORKS
ON PAPER

CYCLES OF
COLLAPSING
PROGRESS
الدورات
الانهيار
التقدم

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This publication was commissioned by Beirut Museum of Art-BeMA.

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Cycles of Collapsing Progress/ Works on Paper

Edited by
STUDIOCUR/ART
in collaboration for Mexico with
the Anissa Touati Corporation

Publication design
-scope Ateliers

Printed and Bound at
-scope Ateliers

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Published by
Beirut Museum of Art- BeMA
&
STUDIOCUR/ART
on the occasion of the exhibition
**Cycles of Collapsing Progress at
the Oscar Niemeyer Fair of Tripoli**

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Cycles of collapsing progress

In the post-modern world, scientists affirm that since the beginning of the anthropocene era, our future decline will be caused by an impending ecological disaster due to global warming. If human beings, nature, and even history function cyclically, it is possible to think about the limits of progress and the costs that entails.

Collapse Of Modernism

The Rashid Karami International Fair (Tripoli, North-Lebanon) was conceived by the world famous Brazilian architect Oscar Niemeyer in 1962. Partially built by 1974, it remained unfinished as a result of the Lebanese Civil War, and partially abandoned afterwards as a result of the country's economical crisis and Syrian presence. This forward-thinking project, launched during the mandate of President Fouad Chehab, runs to 19 structures. Amongst those planned were the Grand Cover, a Space Museum, a Housing Museum, a Lebanese Pavilion and an Experimental Theatre. Having survived the turmoil of recent decades, the Rashid Karami International Fair has become a utopian symbol of the new Lebanese state, awaiting to fulfill its promises of a better future.

Envisioned as a place for leisure, commerce and art open to all publics, the Fair became obsolete before it was even finished, as it had offered a space for a non-existent idealized Lebanese society.

The publication *Works On Paper* is a project conceived in parallel with the exhibition *Cycles of Collapsing Progress*, held at the Rashid Karami International Fair (by Oscar Niemayer) and the Citadel of Tripoli in September-October 2018, and curated by Karina El Helou in partnership for Mexico with Anissa Touati Corporation.

Participating artists at the exhibition:

Haig Aivazian, Edgardo Aragon, Ali Cherri, Pablo Davila, Jose Davila, Lamia Joreige, Joana Hadjithomas & Khalil Joreige, Fritzia Irizar, Jorge Mendez Blake, Damian Ortega, Marwan Rechmaoui, Gabriel Rico, Stephanié Saadé, Roy Samaha, Jalal Toufic, Emanuel Tovar, Zad Moulataka

Works on paper include:

Artists:

Haig Aivazian
Gregory Buchakjian
Jorge Mendez Blake
Joana Hadjithomas & Khalil Joreige
Gabriel Rico
Javier Rodriguez
&
Bernard Khoury- Architect

Map of Ideas by Karina El Helou
Archives from L'Orient-le-Jour

Map of Ideas

The civilization of the umran hadari (urban civilization) marks the highest degree of progress people can reach, it is the culmination of population's existence. Umran hadari is the state to which the umran badawi ends, royalty for example and everything that marks human society have a time limit to exist, like every individual among the created beings. Reason and history teach us that in the space of forty years, the forces and growth of a man reach their last limit, nature suspends its action for some time, and then decadence begins. It is the same with the umran hadari; it is the term beyond which there is no longer any progress. When we have carried to the very limit of elegance everything connected with domestic economy, we yield to the pursue of our passions and habits that prevent it to maintain itself in religion and takes it away from happiness in the world. Civilization is the umran hadari, and luxury indicates the last term of the progress of a society, from then on the nation begins to be corrupted and fall into decay, as it is for the natural life of animals.

Ibn Khaldoun, 14th century

From its inception, the living organism contains the germs of death.

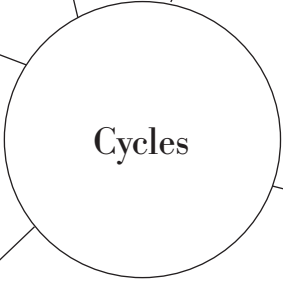
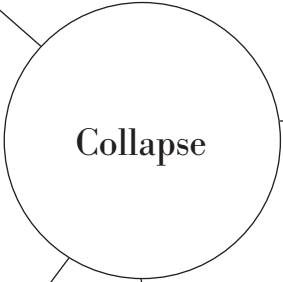
Ibn Khaldoun, 14th century

Most ideas of cycle, dualism, polarity, opposition, conflict, but also reconciliation of contraries were either discovered or clarified by virtue of lunar symbolism.

Mircea Eliade, 20th century

More than two hundred explanations have been proposed for why the Roman Empire fell. But we still don't know which of these hypotheses are plausible, and which should be rejected. More importantly, there is no consensus on what general mechanisms explain the collapse of historical empires. What is needed is a systematic application of the scientific method to history: verbal theories should be translated into mathematical models, precise predictions derived, and then rigorously tested on empirical material.

Peter Turshin, 20th century



Progress

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graph TD; P((Progress)) --- B1[On définit souvent la modernité par l'humanisme soit pour saluer la naissance de l'homme, soit pour annoncer sa mort. Bruno Latour, 20th century]; P --- B2[De même que les modernes n'ont pu exagérer l'universalité de leurs sciences- en arrachant le fin réseau de pratiques, d'instruments et d'institutions qui pavait le chemin menant des contingences aux nécessités-, ils n'ont pu, symétriquement, qu'exagérer la taille et la dureté de leurs sociétés. Ils se sont crus révolutionnaires parce qu'ils inventaient l'universalité des sciences arrachées pour toujours aux particularismes locaux et parce qu'ils inventaient des organisations gigantesques et rationalisées qui rompaient avec toutes les loyautés locales du passé. Bruno Latour, 20th century]; P --- B3[The progress of civilization which Ibn Khaldun describes are especially those which affect the forms of consumption: the pompous clothing, the luxurious foods, the refinement of pleasures, the relative sumptuousness of interiors, the development of the arts of pleasure. Ibn Khaldun hardly mentions any progress in the productive activities carried out in the production. (..) he repeatedly emphasizes that the increase in productivity results from a more extensive division of labor. Muhsen Mahdi]; P --- B4[Traditional man desires to escape linear march of events, empty of any inherent value or sacrality. The abandonment of mythical thought and the full acceptance of linear, historical time, with its terror, is one of the reasons for modern man's anxiety. Mircea Eliade, 20th century];
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Bruno Latour, 20th century

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Bruno Latour, 20th century

The progress of civilization which Ibn Khaldun describes are especially those which affect the forms of consumption: the pompous clothing, the luxurious foods, the refinement of pleasures, the relative sumptuousness of interiors, the development of the arts of pleasure. Ibn Khaldun hardly mentions any progress in the productive activities carried out in the production. (..) he repeatedly emphasizes that the increase in productivity results from a more extensive division of labor.

Muhsen Mahdi

Traditional man desires to escape linear march of events, empty of any inherent value or sacrality. The abandonment of mythical thought and the full acceptance of linear, historical time, with its terror, is one of the reasons for modern man's anxiety.

Mircea Eliade, 20th century





Fragments from the History
of Civil Aviation in Lebanon

GREGORY
BUCHIAKJIAN

L'AERODROME
A ETE INAUGURE
PAR S.E. C
AMBASSADEUR
HAUT COMMISSAIRE DE
EN SYRIE
S.E. F
ETANT PRESIDENT DE
EN PRESENCE D
DIRECTEUR DE L'AERON
REPRESENTANT MONS
MINISTRE DE L'AIR D



BEYROUTH

6 JUN 1939

EL DUANX

FRANCE

REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE

AU LIBAN

EDDE

REPUBLIQUE LIBANAISE

SIEUR ODTLIEB

AU MINISTERE DE L'AIR

GUY LA CHAMBRE

VERNEMENT FRANCAIS

Part IV, section 2b. The inauguration of Beirut Airport

On June 6, 1939, authorities of the French Mandate in Lebanon and Syria dedicated Beirut's airport. Built on sandy grounds in the southern outskirts of the city, it was equipped with a passenger terminal, air sheds and a control tower.

After World War II, as the development of air transport required larger structures, a newer airport was to be built in Khaldeh. In order to ensure its funding, the government decided to parcel out the grounds of the first airport on the real estate market. In consequence, after the opening of the new Beirut International Airport, on April 12, 1954, the previous one was immediately demolished. The commemorative plaque was dismantled and put aside. Ultimately, the plaque re-emerged, cut in two parts and converted in two table tops, being the only physical remains of Beirut's first airport.



Dr Eugène Cottard, Inauguration of the first airport in Beirut, 1939.
Stereography transparency, 4,5 × 10,5 cm.
Dr Eugène Cottard Collection.
Courtesy of the Arab Image Foundation, Beirut.

Previous pages:

Part IV, section 2b.

Two marble plates, two iron structures. Inscription:

“L'AERODROME DE BEYROUTH

A ETE INAUGURE LE 6 JUIN 1939

PAR S.E. GABRIEL DE PUAUX

AMBASSADEUR DE FRANCE

HAUT COMMISSAIRE DE LA REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

EN SYRIE ET AU LIBAN

S.E. EMILE EDDE

ETANT PRESIDENT DE LA REPUBLIQUE LIBANAISE

EN PRESENCE DE MONSIEUR ORTLIEB

DIRECTEUR DE L'AERONAUTIQUE AU MINISTERE DE L'AIR

REPRESENTANT MONSIEUR GUY LA CHAMBRE

MINISTRE DE L'AIR DU GOUVERNEMENT FRANÇAIS”.

Courtesy of Nada Habis Assi

**Part VI, section 1c.
Pan American World
Airways (later known
as Pan Am) offices**

On September 30, 1953, Middle East Airlines, general agents for Pan Am in Lebanon, commissioned Alexander Calder a mobile. The sculpture was to be suspended in the hall of the Pan Am building, designed by George Rais and Théo Canaan, assisted by Assem Salam on Assour (presently Riad el Solh) square. Calder arrived in Beirut on January 16, 1954 and stayed one month, using one of the unfinished floors of the building as a temporary atelier.

In the autumn of 1975, war spread in the heart of Beirut, Riad el-Solh square became a battlefield and the mobile disappeared. In 1991, Pan Am bankrupted. In the summer of 2014, 29 slides taken inside the Beirut atelier of Calder were proposed on Ebay. According to the seller, the photographs were taken by American diplomats.

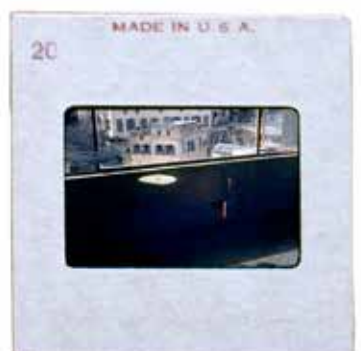


Unidentified photographer
Hall of the Pan American, 1956. Silver prints.
ACA, George Rais Collection.
Courtesy of the Arab Center for Architecture, Beirut.



Next pages:
Part VI, section 1c.
Unidentified photographer.
29 35 mm Colour Slides (1 slide with metal and glass mount, 14 slides with cardboard mount numbered in black, 14 slides with cardboard mount numbered in red),
5 × 5 cm each (approx.).
Courtesy of Dr Wassim Chemaytilli.





JORGE
MENDIEZ BLAKE

“Utopía (El no-lugar es un lugar real)” / Utopia (The No-Place is a Real Place) 2017-2018

Variable media

The first edition of Utopia by Thomas More was published in 1516. The book describes an unknown island whose inhabitants live in an egalitarian, peaceful and democratic society where private property, class differences or the vices of European society of the XVI century do not exist. Over time, the term - whose Greek etymology means «no-place» - has been used so much to describe idyllic places as perfect societies or unattainable values. The idea of modernity, which has been developing in the West for more than two centuries, has also been intimately linked to the idea of utopia, associated in this case with a point in the future that is

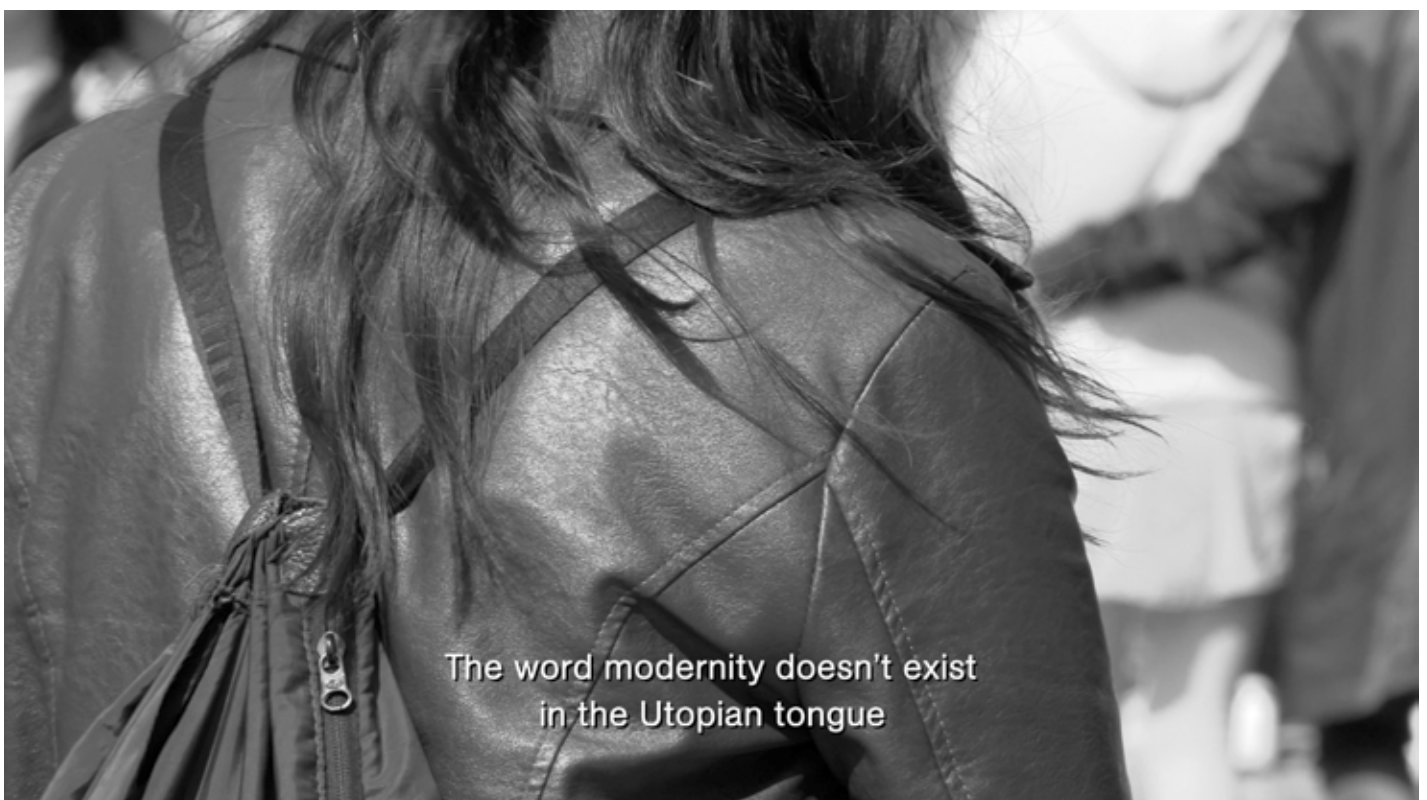
still promised to reach through progress and technology. From another perspective - perhaps more superficial - the term «utopia» has been used as the name of different hotels and accommodations around the world, in which the idea of utopia is associated with escaping the everyday life and retirement to an idyllic place full of well-being and pleasure. Traveling to locations in China, USA, Thailand and Greece, Méndez Blake has visited some hotels named «Utopia» with the intention of analyzing the architecture of the hotel, documenting the city and above all, writing a letter to Thomas More from a place that really is called «Utopia», converting the «no-place» into a «real place». Thus, using different media, Méndez Blake creates a complex narrative, associating the original text of Thomas More with the chronicles of fictitious trips to the island and reflections about modernity and contemporary society.



Front of Postal Card sent to KEH



Back of Postal Card sent to KEH



Caption of photograph goes here
With the name of the photographer
and the date it was taken on

Dear Thomas,

I'm writing from Utopia.

I arrived this morning, the boat journey from Veracruz was long but it's still the only means of transportation to the island. For centuries Utopians found a way to hide from the world, but recent GPS technologies (which is like a complex compass that sees everything) ended with the tradition of isolation and now they are receiving some visitors.

I plan to come four times this year and visit one part of the island in each one of the seasons. I have come to study some elements of this ideal society, specially how the common property has influenced architecture and the city.

The island has changed since you were here Thomas. I'm sorry to tell you that your beautiful hometown of Amaurot is gone and with her the idea of identical cities, the new cities have strong differences among each other, nevertheless, cultural values remain. Still, we don't have much information about them since not so many people have been able to come to this country after you lived here more than 400 years ago and wrote your book.

I'm in the western part of the island in a town called L, with narrow streets and water canals. I'm staying at the Spiritual Utopia Hotel, the room is dark, but warm in this cold winter; there are five rooms in two floors and a patio with a small fountain. As most L constructions, it is made with wood and tiled roofs.

Thomas let me tell you a few things about the world, you must be curious. You will be surprised but you have become a saint, yes, in the 400th anniversary of your execution (can you imagine that some countries still have death penalty?) pope Pio XI canonized you. So for the Catholic church you are now Saint Thomas More.

Your book about Utopia has become a classic and many thinkers have followed your ideas of a perfect society based on equality and common property. You don't know them but the list is long: Ruskin, Morris, Marx... all of them have dreamed of utopian societies just like you.

Since the XVII century men have tried to become "modern". This word has impregnated everything we do as a society, it is like a goal, a point to reach in the future of almost all of human endeavors: we have modern men, modern art, modern cities, modern technologies, modern religions, modern food, modern architecture... we even have coined the concept of "post- modern"!

But Thomas, let me continue my description of your beloved Island Utopia, which doesn't know the idea of modernity and has lived happily like that for centuries.

The particularity of this small city is the way they understand monuments and cultural heritage: Water is considered as the only monument. If you see a fountain or one of the dozen canals, the stone or marble used in the construction is considered to be only the container. The liquid is the real "monument" which exists since ancient times.

In the town of L people don't look at history as events to remember, but as a fluid matter. If you see a complex dam or canal, the beautiful walls and constructions are just there as secondary elements, Utopians look at water as we look at bronze.

The water that runs between the streets is considered as history running through the middle of your house. A network of memory canals witnesses the days gone, without specific personages or events to celebrate: An ever changing monument that celebrates everything and nothing.

It's winter in Utopia.

Dogs look for the sun.

Jorge Méndez Blake

Spiritual Utopia Hotel

March 2018

Dear Thomas,

I'm writing from Utopia.

I arrived to the city of K this morning. This time I came in a ship with a large cargo of paper. Utopians have realized they can use their gold to acquire nonrenewable goods and keep the island as untouched as possible.

Thomas, I wish that in one of the upcoming letters I could speak of something different, a change in the world or at least in my country, but until now I can only tell you that not much has happened since my last letter. Yesterday the taxi driver told me on the way to the pier that Veracruz was growing a lot, that it was becoming more and more "modern".

It's spring and this time I'm visiting the northeast part of the Island. K is a city close to the sea, isolated from the rest of the island by a chain of mountains that create a very stable micro weather. I'm staying in a wood cabin at Utopia Resort, next to the beach. This hotel has 36 cabins, half painted in blue and white, half in stone and natural wood.

There's a feeling of intense decay in the city, things look old, even abandoned. Lots of motorcycles make intense noise in the streets (motorcycles are like mechanical horses). I want to use the word ruin, but in a second look you realize that objects are in constant use and they have some kind of internal energy. This vitality comes from the amount of times that things have been used. The visual chaos is produced because of a practical reason: as there is no private property, objects are just left close to hand.

Since things are used by all the inhabitants when they need them Utopians don't believe in arts that are based in the idea of the "new", like design or fashion, in consequence, in the port city of K there's no seasons in clothing or new models of things. Objects serve their purpose and are only renovated when people ask for it, not when the market decides.

My first impression was that everything needed an urgent renovation, but later I learned that precisely that way of seeing things was influenced by my western world perspective.

Thomas, how you must have missed Utopia's apparent abandonment when you came back to London in the way of becoming the most important city in Europe.

And I just wanted to modernize the city, the hotel, the infrastructure, the people... just as my taxi driver was bluffing about Veracruz.

It's spring in Utopia, but things remain the same.

Jorge Mténdez Blake
Utopia Resort
April 2018

Dear Thomas,

I'm writing from Utopia.

I arrived to the city of N this morning. This time I came in a ship with a large cargo of paper. Utopians have realized they can use their gold to acquire nonrenewable goods and keep the island as paradise.

Thomas, I wish that as one of the greatest letters I could give of something different, a change in the world at least in my country. But what now I can only tell you that not much has happened since my last letter. Yesterday the taxi driver told me on the way to the pier that Verocin was growing a lot, that it was becoming more and more "modern".

It's spring and this time I'm visiting the newest part of the island. It is a city close to the sea, isolated from the rest of the island by a chain of mountains that create a very strange micro weather. I'm staying in a wood cabin at Utopia Harbor, next to the beach. This hotel has 50 rooms, built in pine and water, built in stone and natural wood.

There's a feeling of intense decay in the city, things look old, even abandoned. Lots of motorcycles and cars are in the streets but they are like mechanical horses. I want to see the world, but in a way that you realize that objects are in constant use and they have some kind of internal energy. This vitality comes from the amount of times that things have been used. The value comes in produced because of a process. There is no private property, objects are left alone to last.

From things are used by all the inhabitants when they need them. Utopians don't believe in cars that are based on the idea of the "new", like design or fashion, in consequence, in the port city of N there's no seasons in clothing or new models of things. Objects serve their purpose and are only renovated when people ask for it, not when the market dictates.

My first impression was that everything needed an urgent renovation, but later I learned that precisely that way of seeing things was influenced by my western world perspective.

Thomas, how you must have missed Utopia's apparent abundance when you came back to London in the way of becoming the most important city in Europe.

And I just wanted to moderate the city, the hotel, the infrastructure. The people last night taxi driver was talking about Verocin.

It's spring in Utopia, but things remain the same.

George Michael Black
Utopia Harbor
April 2008

XXXX

A Space Museum

On the 28th July 1962, Oscar Niemeyer arrives in Beirut. Having recently completed the monumental Brasilia project in his home country, he is one of the most celebrated architects in the world. The following Monday, Niemeyer is received by the President of the Republic, Fouad Chehab, who had commissioned the International and Permanent Fair of Lebanon in Tripoli that Niemeyer is to design.

That same summer The Lebanese Rocket Society, a group of students engaged in space exploration at Haigazian University and led by their mathematics professor Manoug Manougian launch two rockets into space: Cedar IIB and Cedar IIC. The launches, made possible by the funds that Chehab had assigned to the society the previous year, were widely reported in the press. From 1960 – 1967, more than ten rockets were sent into the Lebanese sky and plans for a satellite were developed before the project was suddenly interrupted, and strangely forgotten.

These two projects, independent of each other are yet inextricably linked and find common ground within an almost hidden room beneath the helipad that stands at the centre of Niemeyer's fair. This structure was intended to be a Space Museum, 'bearing lasting witness to the evolution of the conquest of the cosmos,' in the words of its architect. And had it survived, it would have been one of the first of its kind. But both projects were suspended, halted in their tracks.

Could Niemeyer have designed this Space Museum with the intent of exhibiting The Lebanese Rocket Society's achievements? Both projects are animated by the same political desire for change, revolution, anti-imperialism, scientific knowledge and human progress, by the sense of being contemporary, of sharing the same time with the rest of the world. In reactivating them in the present, without nostalgia, the Space Museum and The Lebanese Rocket Society are brought together for the first time, in order to reflect on political utopias, modernism, failure and the dreams of science fiction.

JOANNA HADJITTHOMAS
& KHALIL JOREIGE

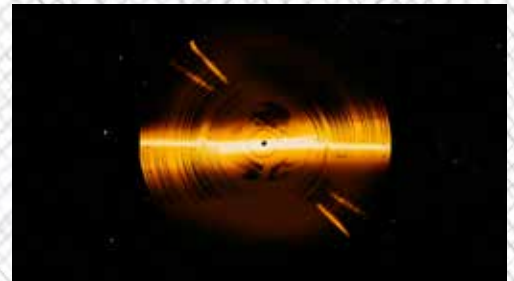
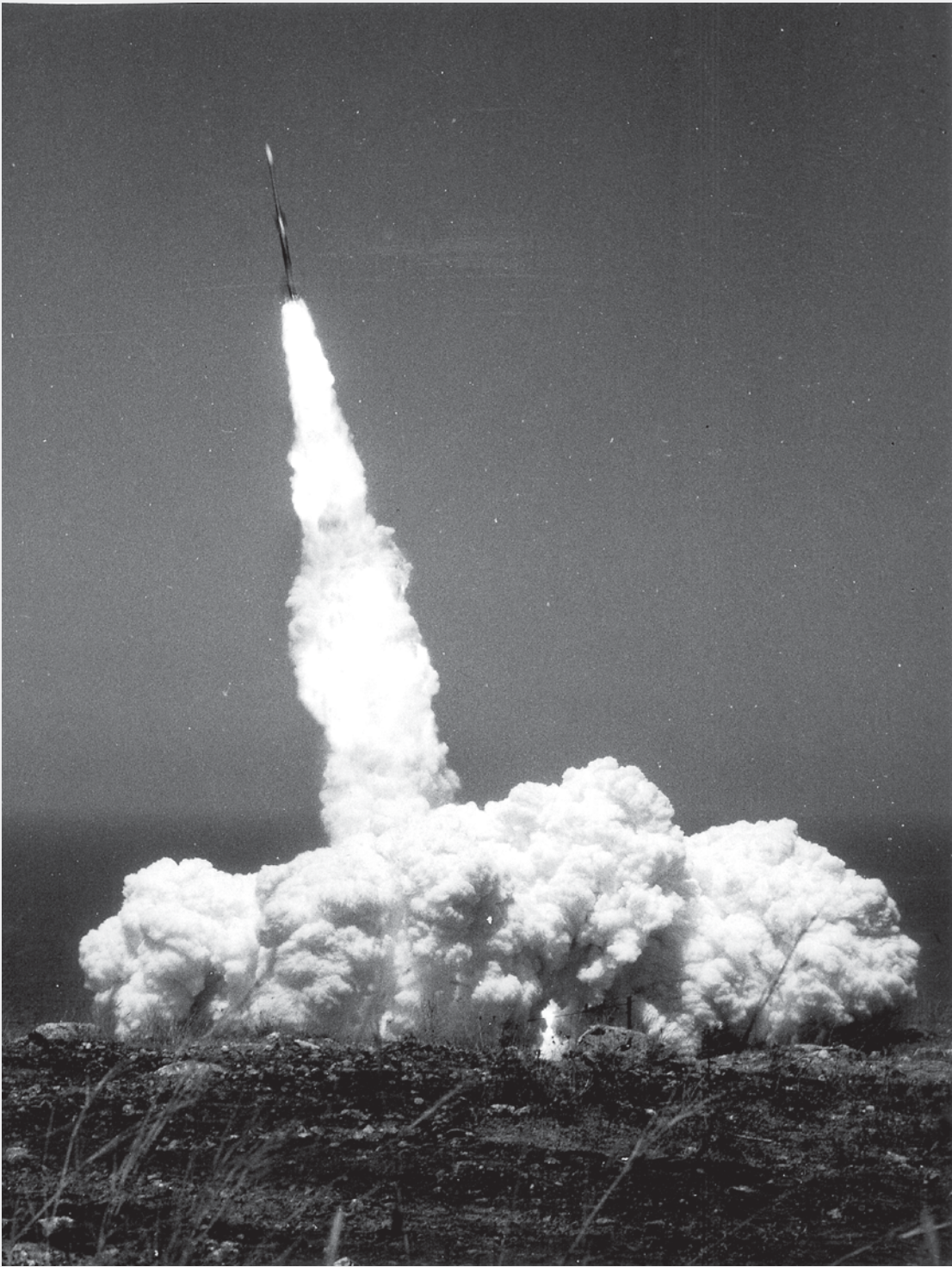


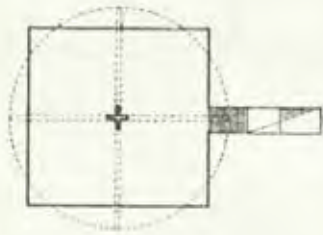




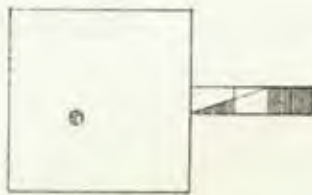
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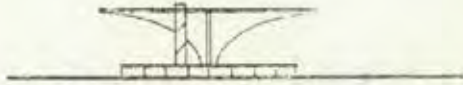
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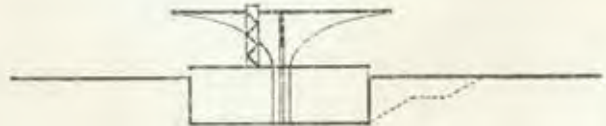
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Museu Espacial e pouso de helicóptero/
Space Museum and helicopter landing
apron

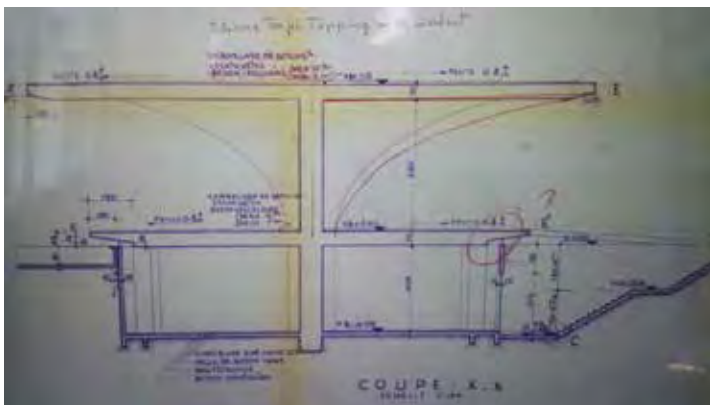
- 1 Exposição/Exhibition
- 2 Pilotis
- 3 Pouso de helicóptero/Helicopter landing apron
- 4 Fachada/Elevation
- 5 Corte/Cross section

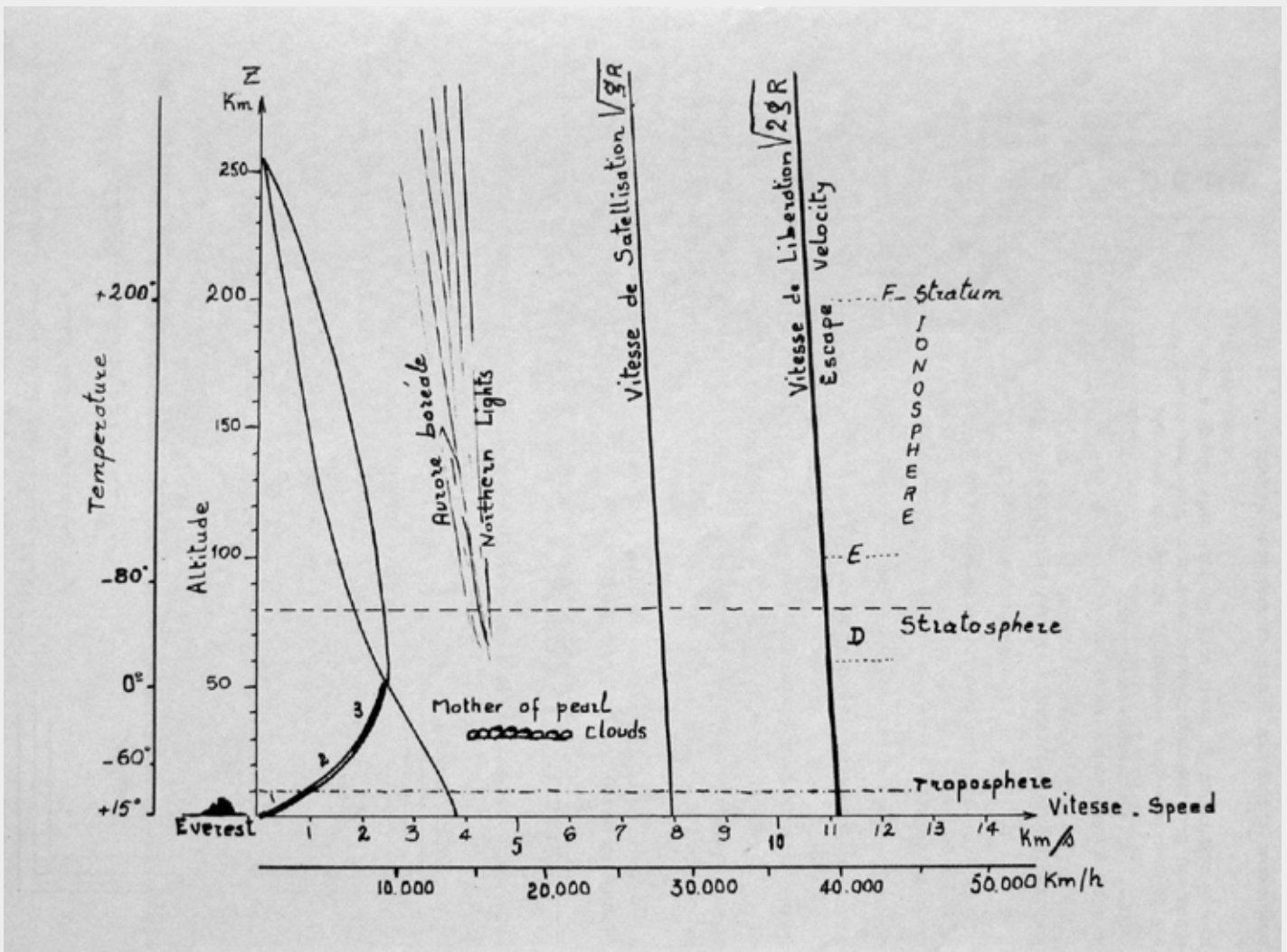


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XXX





Page 24: The helicopter landing apron and The Space Museum at The Rashid Karami International Fair, by Oscar Niemeyer. Photo by Joana Hadjithomas and Khalil Joreige

Page 25: The Lebanese Rocket Society in front of Cedar III, 1962
© archive of The Rocket Society, ARR

Page 24 and 25, below: Joana Hadjithomas and Khalil Joreige, Restaged, part IV of the Lebanese Rocket Society project, photographic print each 100 x 70 cm 2012
© The artists and Galerie In Situ – fabienne Leclerc (Paris).

Page 26: Stills from Oscar Niemeyer, un architecte engagé dans le siècle, a film by Marc-Henri Wajnberg
© Wajnbrose Productions

Page 27: Launch of Cedar IIA, 1961
© archive of The Rocket Society, ARR

Page 26 and 27, below: Film stills from animated section by Ghassan Halwani for the feature documentary The Lebanese Rocket Society: The Strange Tale of the Lebanese Space Race, by Joana Hadjithomas, and Khalil Joreige, produced by About Productions and Mille et Une Productions, 2013.

Page 28: Plans and drawings for The Space Museum, extract from Oscar Niemeyer, "Lebanon permanent international fair at Tripoli" modulo 30 (1962)
Launch of Cedar IIA, 1962
© archive of The Rocket Society, ARR

Page 29: Graph extract from page 6 from the bilingual booklet published November 22, 1962, on the occasion of Lebanese Independence Day for the launching of Cedar III. Notice the size of Everest bottom left.
© Haigazian Archive, ARR

Page 28 and 29, below: Inverted photograph of unknown rocket launch by The Lebanese Rocket Society, with red and black structural interventions
© Joana Hadjithomas and Khalil Joreige

Page 5 and 6, below: Sketches by Joana Hadjithomas and Khalil Joreige
Research and studio manager: Steven Daly

Page 30 and 31: Work in progress for Scenario for a museum, three possible narratives:
a) The Space Museum with elements taken from the animation of Ghassan Halwani in the film The Lebanese Rocket Society
b) The Space Museum based on documentation from the exhibition of The Lebanese Rocket Society at Haigazian University in 1965
c) The Space Museum with artworks by Joana Hadjithomas and Khalil Joreige related to the Lebanese Rocket Society

Sculpture in alabaster, copper,
Work in progress, 2018.
In collaboration with 3D printing,
Material Labs (Gilbert et Jad Debs),
Maïssa Maatouk.
© Joana Hadjithomas & Khalil Joreige



JAVIER M
RODRIGUEZ

What does my name mean to you?...
But when you grieve, say it
In the silence, sorrowfully.
Speak: that shall be my memorial,
A heart, where I live in this world...

A.S. Pushkin

And so the winter came. The first snow had fallen.

In the center of town, ploughs began to clear it away before daybreak and street-sweepers began their daily struggle which would go on for several months, almost until the very start of April.

Here, nearer the outskirts, **this light snow is still fresh** and more cheerful. It reminds you of the New Year, and seems to mark the beginning of the holiday. Day breaks late in November, and as they leave their houses, **people find themselves thinking:** 'Well, it's winter... another year gone by, and how fast it went!...' And when you glimpse the sun through the low clouds, the long street, with the tall white building among the wooded villas, with fences and sheds at the back of the courtyards, it appears inappropriately elegant, as though in the wrong place.

But now there is a new, wintry silence in the street, and each sound seems light, open and vibrant. And for some reason, you feel it's time to start a new life.

There are women selling artificial flowers and branches of fir at the entrance to the cemetery. It is not the first time that the policeman on his beat has seen them and he tries to ignore them. He stands near the frosted window of the flower shop looking at the late asters behind the pane.

There are people going in through the wide-open gates of the cemetery, **with spades and trowels wrapped up in rags.** **The living come** here on their days off to tend to the dead.

'Yes!... Is that you, Mum?'

'Yes, yes, of course it is - who else? Why are you calling? Has something happened?'

'I'm just phoning, that's all!'

'**Has anything changed?** Are you doing anything at all?'

'No. I'm getting my thoughts together.'

'And what's wrong with your voice? Are you ill?'

'My tonsils, I expect. Nothing serious. **A few days ago, I couldn't say a single word.** Dumb. Besides, words can't say everything that's on your mind! They're too weak. You know, I dreamed about you last night. I was really young... When did Father leave us?'

'What?! Why do you want to know all that?'

'And the fire? When did the bam at the farm bum down?'

'Wait... I really... I wish you'd stop jumping about! By the way, Liza's died.'

'What Liza?'

'You know, Elizaveta Pavlovna! Liza! She and I worked together at the printing press on Valovaya Street!'

88 Have you ever told your children about your love? About what you call love? With whom do you find it easier to talk about this? With them, or with strangers?

89 Do you know how to forgive?

She is sleeping on a rickety bed; the trimming reaches down as far as the floor. Her face is covered with freckles and her light brown hair strewn out on one side. She sighs often, and trembles in her sleep. Her arms are calm and light. It is dark in the hut, but I have been awake for a long time, and my eyes are used to it.

A narrow little stream loops round the village where we are staying. The stream is overgrown with alder; the mist, which rises above it, blends with the pale field of buckwheat beyond the depression into which **the stream flows.**

There is not a sound from outside. And this silence evokes a quiet and joyful sense of calm. **Her thin, careworn face is pale;** the lines beneath her eyes make her look older, **defenseless and painfully dear to me.** The darkness lies on her face, and it seems that even when she is sleeping, she keeps an ear open in the hostile silence of a strange house, persevering in her burdensome and thankless task of keeping me from the dangers that she imagines dog my every step.

I can hear voices. ‘The penniless girl and the guttersnipe have to be surprised - that is how to deal with them. You really didn’t know? You must surprise her into admiration, into a deep sense of shame that such a lord could fall in love with so lowly a creature...’

The words were measured, **slow, sometimes spoken in an unnatural drawl** and sometimes they were distinct and unpleasant.

‘...It is truly marvelous that there always are, and always will be, swine as well as masters in the world; then there will always be a maid to wash floors, and there will always be a master; and that is precisely what happiness in life depends on...!’

Memory is not good at distinguishing actual experiences from imagination, or even from passages read in books, so that when I suddenly hear old man Karamazov’s hoarse and ghastly voice, I cannot say whether I have dreamed it up, read it, or overheard it.

She suddenly begins to cry in her sleep, as if she can hear what I hear. At first it is silent, then sobs come, the whole body shaking; jumping upright, she wails bitterly and despairingly, holding now her cheek, now her throat, to ease her breathing. Then she wakes up.

‘What a dream I’ve had! Oh, what a dream!’ I calm her, then I eventually fall asleep and have a dream myself. It is as though I am sitting in front of a large mirror, whose frame has dissolved in the darkness, melted into the log walls. I cannot see my face in it. **But my heart is full of anguish and fear** before the irreparable disaster that unfolds.

Why did I do it, what for, how could I have so wantonly and with such little talent destroyed what I had lived for, and without the least grief, or any pangs of conscience? Who demanded this of me, who abetted me? Why? Why this disaster?

The area reflected in the mirror is lit with candles. **I raise** my head, and see in the warm, golden darkness someone else’s face. **Young, beautiful** in its insolent and direct stupidity, its

**Javier M Rodriguez,
born in 1980,
lives and work in
Guadalajara, Mexico**

As most of Rodriguez practice, the use of copper plates to reproduce images or text is yet another mean to materialize the image movement. They are time based pieces and they function through simple chemistry as an old Daguerreotype to slowly develop an image through time. In this particular series of a movie script (Tarkovsky's The Mirror) been transcript into metal, on a starting point there's a poem visible as just some words have been oxidized by Rodriguez to create a personal narrative from the text. But it's a poem that will be lost in time as the entirety of the remaining text will catch up with the oxidation decay (in around eight years) and the original narrative would emerge. There are two simultaneous stories existing on the same plane and a two-act structure that requires actual movement in matter to be completed.



**Original artwork based
on the movie script**

A WHITE, WHITE DAY
Script by Andrei Tarkovsky
and Aleksandr Misharin
Translated by William Powell
and Natasha Synessios.
These pages are print reproductions
from the original artworks.

Previous pages (left):
Javier M. Rodriguez
And so the winter came, 2018
Copper plate, epoxic lacquer,
valchromat and wood.
39 x 30.5 cm
Ed. 1/3

Previous pages (right):
Javier M. Rodriguez
The stream flows, 2018
Copper plate, epoxic lacquer,
valchromat and wood.
39 x 30.5 cm
Ed. 1/3

The Prodigal Son

At the beginning, myths and legends explained life through the major natural cycles and legends. Daily life was therefore punctuated by annual rituals to activate those cycles, mainly related to agriculture and solar or lunar calendars represented by corresponding deities. The cosmogony was also considered through the prism of legends, gods and myths.

This intervention proposes man as a center in which his practical and mystical knowledge gravitate around him.

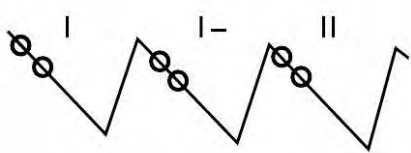
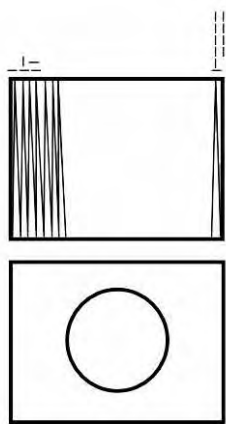
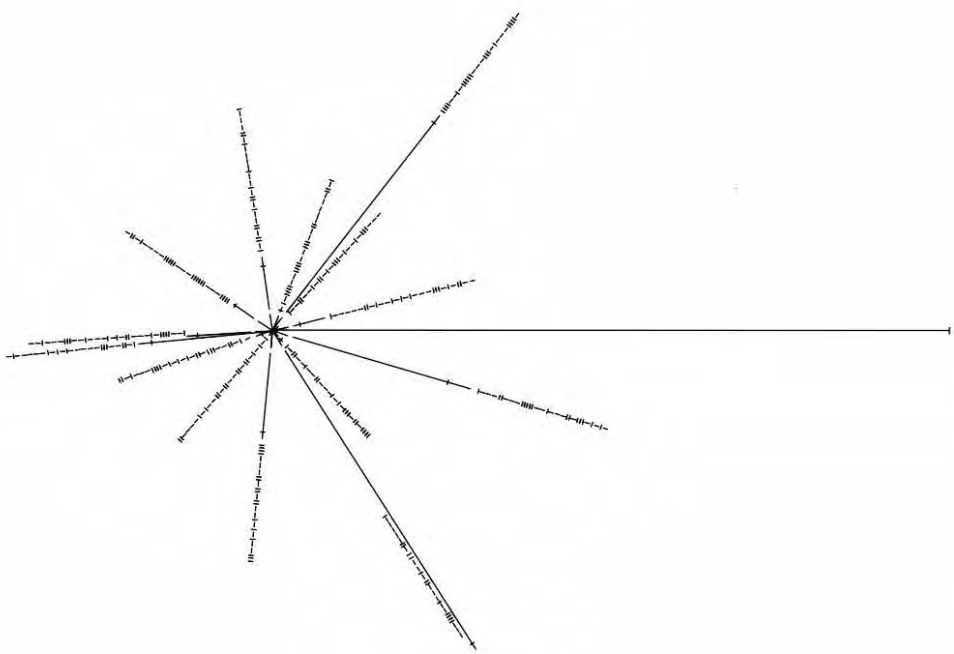
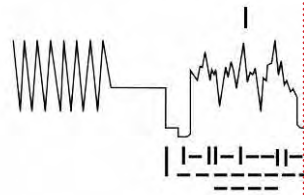
The title of this piece refers to the ability to decipher divinity through knowledge, in it I suppose the possibility of observing the night sky in two geographical points on planet Earth (Lebanon and Mexico) as a meeting point and principle for an aesthetic dialogue in which the two cultures can coexist and complete each other.

From the historical point of view it is indisputable that the ancient cultures that flourished in the territory that we define today as the Middle East and Mesoamerica, they could see the same stars in the sky, the difference was only the names with which they were named, for example the Pleiades the Olmecs called them "Tianquiztli" which means -the market- and the Sumerians called them "Mul-Mul" which means -The stars-, like these we can find many examples.

This practical fact postulates heaven as a channel through which all human connect with others, which through its observation can be defined at the same time and therefore our life cycle and it is through this absolute influence that the stars have had and will continue to have on the human that influence, so I decided to take them as the basis for this piece.

In this piece, the symbolism is very important and it is related to the projection of human in the heart of the very center of the cosmos, postulating him as "The prodigal son of creation" which has access to celestial knowledge and through which he acquires the ability to the creation of new knowledge and matter.

GABRIEL
RICO

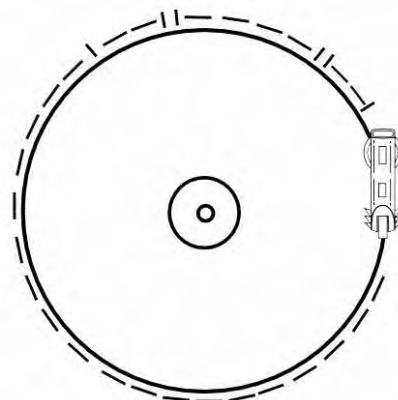
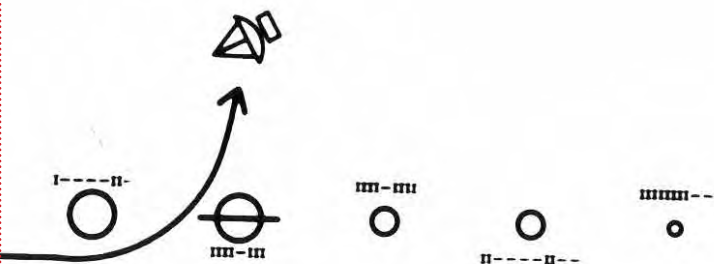
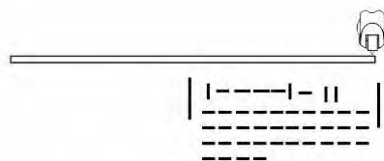
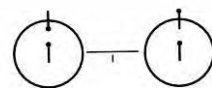
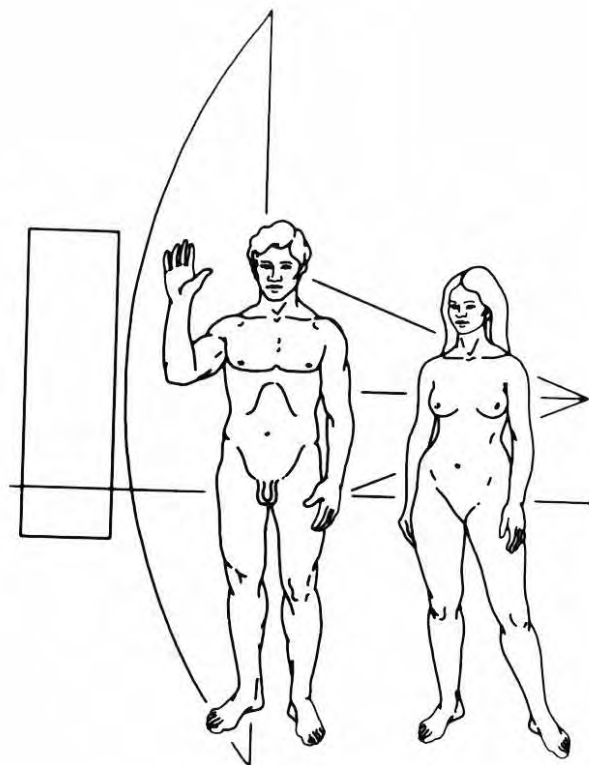


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L'Orient-Le Jour est le seul quotidien libanais d'expression française, né le 15 juin 1971 de la fusion de deux journaux, *L'Orient* (fondé à Beyrouth en 1924) et *Le Jour* (fondé à Beyrouth en 1934). Il est présidé par Michel Eddé.

Journal de qualité

L'Orient-Le Jour a ouvert ses colonnes aux plus prestigieux penseurs, chroniqueurs, écrivains et journalistes du Liban moderne. **Étendard de la francophonie**, il a comme mission principale d'être le relais d'une information **indépendante et de qualité** pour tous les francophones ayant un lien avec le Liban et le Moyen-Orient. Michel Touma, Ziyad Makhoul et Émilie Sueur en sont les rédacteurs en chef. *L'Orient-Le Jour* défend depuis sa création les mêmes **valeurs démocratiques, le pluralisme, l'ouverture vers l'autre et le dialogue des cultures et des religions**. Il décrypte l'actualité, les enjeux et les **problématiques libanais et ses prolongations dans la région** d'une façon unique et professionnelle.

Avec un contenu riche et une diffusion ciblée, ses articles et dossiers s'affirment d'emblée comme **le meilleur rendez-vous de l'actualité libanaise et du Moyen Orient**. Il offre également à ses lecteurs un panorama de l'actualité en continu et en direct sur son site Internet lorientlejour.com ou sur ses versions **App et mobiles**.

Un journal indépendant

Financièrement, le journal ne reçoit aucun argent politique, il n'appartient pas à un groupe politique. Il vit de la vente des journaux, des abonnements papier et en ligne, et de la publicité. Éditorialement, les journalistes défendent librement leurs opinions à travers leurs éditoriaux. Les actionnaires sont demandeurs d'intégrité, d'objectivité et de rigueur, tout en respectant une totale liberté d'expression.

Source d'avenir

Voilà quatre-vingt-quinze ans que *L'Orient-Le Jour* continue de transmettre aux générations futures les valeurs démocratiques et la liberté d'expression dans le cadre d'une culture francophone toujours vivante, diffusant les mêmes valeurs que Georges Naccache, Michel Chiha et Charles Hérou défendaient. *L'Orient-Le Jour* est une vraie « *Source d'avenir* » enraciné dans l'histoire avec ses journalistes ténors, mais résolument tourné vers l'avenir avec une équipe jeune et dynamique qui sait s'adapter aux nouvelles technologies de l'information et de la communication.

Un groupe de presse diversifié

Le Commerce du Levant

L'Orient-Le Jour est le principal actionnaire du mensuel économique *Le Commerce du Levant*, une référence économique au Liban et dans la région.
www.lecommercedulevant.com

L'Orient-Le Jour Junior

Un magazine mensuel qui s'adresse aux jeunes Libanais âgés de 12 à 16 ans, il est offert avec *L'Orient-Le Jour* le dernier lundi de chaque mois, puis remis en vente à un prix très accessible.
www.lorientjunior.com

L'Orient-Littéraire

L'Orient Littéraire est distribué avec le journal tous les premiers jeudis du mois et disponible sur
www.lorientlitteraire.com

**L'ORIENT
LE JOUR**

L'Orient

LE PLUS FORT TIRAGE ET LA PLUS FORTE VENTE DES JOURNAUX DU LEVANT

Fondateurs : Gabriel KABBAZ Dim. 29 Juil. 1962. 39ème année. No. 11.260. Prix 25 P.L.
Georges NACCACHE Beyrouth, Rue Trablos — B.P. 488 — Tél. 25.02.20. (4 lignes groupées)

Directeur :
Georges NACCACHE

Arrivé hier à Beyrouth

M. OSCAR NIEMEYER (CRÉATEUR DE BRASÍLIA) S'EST RENDU AUSSITÔT À TRIPOLI

pour élaborer,
sur place, les
plans de la Foire

Oscar Niemeyer, 54 ans, considéré comme l'un des plus grands architectes du monde, est arrivé à Beyrouth hier matin, à bord du S.S. « Achilleus », sur l'invitation du gouvernement libanais, afin d'élaborer les plans de la prochaine Foire Internationale de Tripoli. Il a été accueilli par M. Bolivar de Freitas, ambassadeur du Brésil au Liban, et M. Amado Chalhoub, directeur de la Foire. Lundi, il sera reçu par le Président Chéhab, à Zouk.

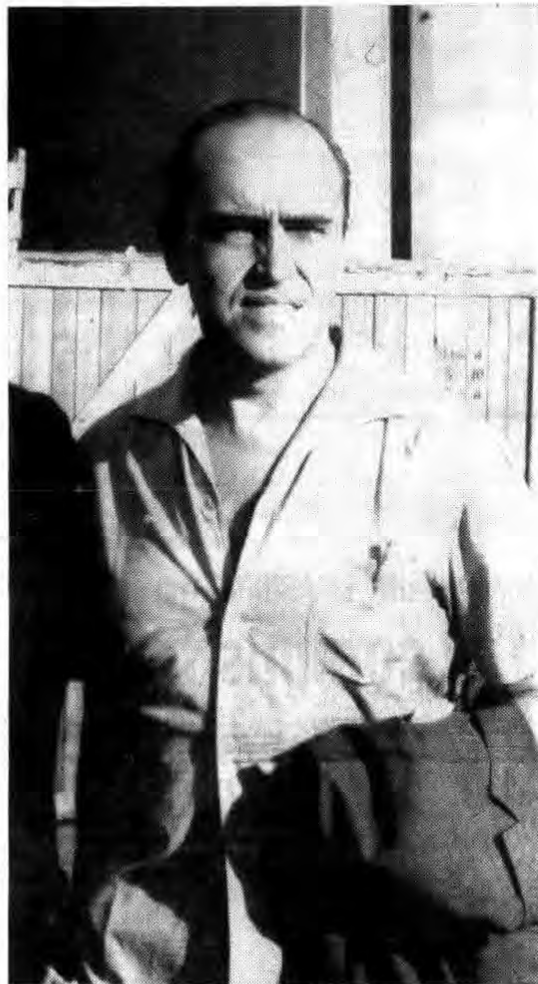
Niemeyer, qui est une des « gloires nationales » du Brésil, a accordé, il y a quelques mois, au correspondant de « L'Orient Littéraire » une interview exclusive où il définissait le métier d'architecte, tel qu'il le conçoit.

« L'architecture c'est le complément de la vie, et la vie c'est ce qui importe avant tout. Je suis en faveur d'une liberté plastique presque illimitée, qui, au lieu de s'assujettir servilement à des raisons techniques ou fonctionnelles déterminées, constitue une invitation à l'imagination, aux choses nouvelles et belles, dont l'audace et l'esprit créateur puissent surprendre et émouvoir, et qui permette — quand il le faut, — une atmosphère d'extase, de rêve et de poésie... »

Au sujet de Brasilia, il affirme :

« Ce que j'ai cherché à faire, c'est une œuvre d'art. Il se peut que je me sois trompé mais je trouve que ce que j'ai fait est beau. D'autres, surtout ceux dont l'opinion compte énormément pour moi, sont du même avis. Je pense surtout à Le Corbusier, mon grand maître, et à Jean-Paul Sartre, mon ami... »

« ...Certains secteurs de l'architecture contemporaine s'insurgent contre ma conception de liberté plastique. Ce sont les esprits timorés, ceux qui se sentent plus à l'aise parmi les règles et les limitations, qui ne leur laissent aucune fantaisie, aucune contradiction, aucune dérogation aux principes fonctionnels qu'ils adoptent et qui les mènent, passivement, à des solutions qui deviennent vulgaires à force d'être répétées ».



M. Niemeyer photographé, hier matin, à son arrivée à Beyrouth.

VEND. 8 NOVEMBRE 1963

Grande - Bretagne Australie réservent 18.000 mètres carrés à la Foire Internationale de Tripoli

« La Foire de Tripoli est appelée à connaître un grand succès. D'ores et déjà, et alors que les travaux d'aménagement de la Foire viennent de commencer, la Grande-Bretagne et l'Australie ont fait connaître leur intention de louer un terrain d'une superficie de 18.000 mètres carrés pour y aménager leurs pavillons », a déclaré hier M. Amado Chalhouh, directeur de la Foire. « Nous pensons que plus de soixante pays demanderont à participer à la Foire », a ajouté M. Chalhouh.

Un crédit de 4.690.000 livres a été prévu dans le budget du ministère des travaux publics de 1964 pour l'exécution des travaux de construction des routes internationales.

Article from L'Orient Le Jour archives
Published on Novembre 8th 1963
Title: "Grande-Bretagne Australie réservent 18.000 mètres carrés à la Foire Internationale de Tripoli"
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Photograph from L'Orient Le Jour archives
Photographed on 15 Juin 1965
"Foire de Tripoli" n°1622
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Photograph from L'Orient Le Jour archives
Photographed on 15 Juin 1965
"Foire de Tripoli" n° 16221
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Photograph from L'Orient Le Jour archives
 Photographed 28 décembre 1966
 "Niemeyer à la Foire" n-16214
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PIASTRES

DIRECTEUR : JEAN CHOUEIRI
 REDACTEUR EN CHEF : EDOUARD SAAB

4e ANNEE No. 1087 MARDI 21 MAI 1968

DIRECTION: Rue de la Banque du Liban
 Tél.: 250560 B.P. 2488 - BEYROUTH



Foire de Tripoli: C'est la foire

Malgré la diligence déployée par le CEGP nul n'est pressé d'en finir sur le chantier de la Foire de Tripoli. Chaque jour de retard et chaque million supplémentaire profitent, bon coup plus en effet, à quelques grosses élémments du cru après l'expansion du Liban-Nord. La situation aujourd'hui, est la suivante: le bâtiment principal, dont le gros œuvre est à peine achevé, s'élève de hasard, et joue dans tous les sens: une partie des travaux est à refaire, on envisage d'autre part de procéder, après coup, à l'expropriation d'un nouveau lot de parcelles d'une superficie de 400.000 m2. C'est la perspective de 10 à 15 millions de frais supplémentaires et imprévus.

NOTRE PHOTO: La passerelle géante et la rampe d'accès à la Foire. A l'extrême gauche l'héliport.

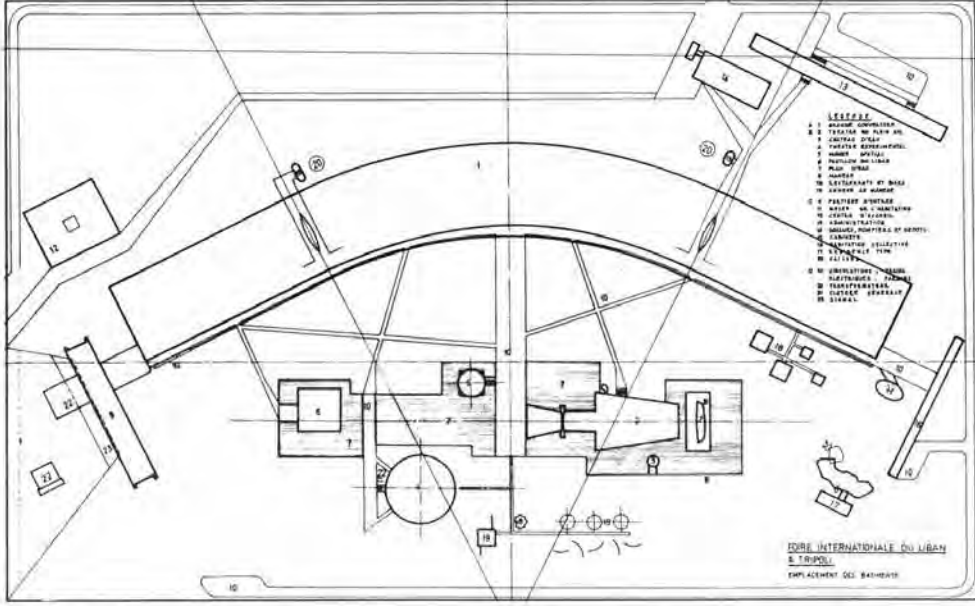
(Voir notre enquête en page 21)

Article from L'Orient Le Jour archives
 Published on May 21th 1968
 Title: "Foire de Tripoli: C'est la foire"
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Photograph from L'Orient Le Jour archives
Photographed on 21 Mai 1968
"Foire de Tripoli" n-16218
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Le plan de la Foire de Tripoli. A l'extrême-gauche, le portique d'entrée (9) et le centre d'accueil (12). C'est ensuite la grande couverture (1) qui abritera les pavillons étrangers. Au milieu, en bas, le gigantesque plan d'eau (7). En émergence: le pavillon du Liban (6); le musée spatial et l'héliport (5); le théâtre expérimental (4); et le théâtre de plein air (2). A droite, on a les bars et restaurants (18); l'exposition de l'habitat (11, 16 et 17); et les locaux administratifs (13 et 14).



FOIRE DE TRIPOLI:

On ne tue pas la poule aux œufs d'or

On ne tue pas la poule aux œufs d'or. C'est pourquoi la Foire de Tripoli, malgré les efforts du C.E.G.P., n'en finit plus de se construire et, paradoxalement, de s'étendre. Chaque mois de retard et chaque m2 supplémentaire profitant beaucoup plus à telle et telle «légumes» de l'endroit qu'à l'expansion du Liban-Nord.

Les travaux de la Foire seront achevés, sauf nouveau contretemps, en 1971. Depuis plus d'un an, le chantier de la grande couverture, futur siège des pavillons, est interrompu: les entrepreneurs avaient négligé le problème de l'étanchéité et mal calculé le coefficient de dilatation. L'auvent ayant une portée de 685 m, les intempéries y ont causé des dégâts importants: murs lézardés, suintements, chevauchements à l'emplacement des joints.

Sans aller jusqu'à dire que tout est à recommencer dans le bâtiment principal, il n'est cependant pas moins qu'il faut entreprendre d'importants travaux de réparation, lesquels seront prochainement adjugés à une seule société de préférence.

Sur les lots II (théâtre de plein air, théâtre expérimental, musée spatial, pavillon libanais) et C (portique, centre d'accueil, administration, etc.) les travaux de gros œuvre se sont poursuivis normalement (encore qu'il y a un retard de près d'un an) et l'on entreprendra dans quelques mois les opérations de finissage qui nécessiteront un an et demi environ. La réalisation aura coûté 22 millions de LL.

Une ellipse au lieu d'un parallélogramme

Tout ne sera pas fini pour autant. En effet, conformément au vœu de M. Oscar Niemeyer, architecte brésilien de renommée mondiale, créateur des plans de la Foire, l'Etat envisage de procéder à l'expropriation de 400.000 m2 entourant le quadrilatère qui abrite les bâtiments. Ceux-ci sont compris actuellement dans un rectangle de 500.000 m2 environ. M. Niemeyer estimant que la configuration des lieux est de nature à porter préjudice à la Foire et à faire obstacle éventuellement à son extension future, les responsables entreprendront l'expropriation de 4 arcs de cercle dont les cordes coïncideraient avec les côtés du parallélogramme délimitant actuellement la Foire.

Avec ces nouvelles expropriations, l'Etat en aura approximativement et dans la meilleure des hypothèses (celle où les intéressés ne se montrent pas trop gourmands) pour 10 millions de LL de dépenses supplémentaires, ce qui portera à 42 millions de LL le coût de l'entreprise.

Conciliations et réconciliations

Malgré les appels répétés du C.E.G.P. à la raison, les observateurs avisés ont la nette impression, en visitant le chantier de la Foire, que les autorités ne sont pas vraiment pressées d'en finir. Il est notoire, sur place, qu'il n'y a pas de coordina-

tion entre les différentes entreprises chargées de l'exécution et que les bureaux de surveillance requis passent le plus clair de leur temps à concilier et à réconcilier les différents adjudicataires.

La question la plus angossante — elle se pose avec d'autant plus d'acuité que la période d'enthousiasme est révolue — est la suivante: le profit que tirera Tripoli d'une entreprise aussi vaste est-il en rapport avec les sommes investies dans l'opération ?

En admettant même qu'une exposition industrielle permanente contribue plus qu'un jardin public ou qu'un

- DANS LE BATIMENT PRINCIPAL, TOUT — OU PRESQUE — EST A REFAIRE
- IL FAUT 10 MILLIONS DE PLUS POUR DE NOUVELLES EXPROPRIATIONS
- L'EXPOSITION RISQUE D'ETRE UNE PROUESSE POUR RIEN

parc d'attractions à l'essor économique et touristique du Liban-Nord, on n'est pas moins amené à s'interroger sur les points suivants:

— que fera-t-on à Tripoli, d'un théâtre de plein air entouré d'un étang où croassent déjà des myriades de crapauds ?

— Leur nombre et leur bruit strident ne feront qu'augmenter quand le marécage actuel sera remplacé, dans le site agréé de la Foire, par

un gigantesque plan d'eau. Il y aura là de quoi décourager les tragédiens les plus fous et les divas aux trilles sublimes.

— que faire en outre pour un manège d'enfants, d'une tente de béton armé dont le sommet culmine à 20 m. du sol ?

— Et d'un musée spatial permanent... ?

— Et d'un deuxième théâtre — qui n'échappe pas au plan d'eau — et dont la

sofite, à moins que ce ne soit l'enceinte, pivote autour d'un axe central ?

La foire pourra être une réussite sur le plan architectural; sur le plan de la rentabilité, même à très longue échéance, tout indique qu'elle sera une proesse pour rien.

De bons débuts

La Foire de Tripoli est un vieux projet. En 1960, un décret donne naissance à un Conseil d'Administration spé-

cial chargé de la gestion future de l'entreprise, laquelle est rattachée au ministère de l'Economie nationale.

Les premiers temps, tout va pour le mieux. En effet, les deux premiers lots de la grande couverture étaient achevés aux dates prévues: 25 juillet et 25 novembre 1964. On ignorait alors qu'on aurait des déboires avec l'étanchéité, dès les premières pluies.

Le troisième lot de la couverture, adjugé le 20 juillet 1963, devait être achevé en principe en mai 1965.

Il n'en fut rien: son raison des intempéries.

Même chose pour les locaux administratifs et récréatifs mis en chantier en 1965 et dont le gros œuvre avait dû être terminé fin 1967.

Physionomie d'une Foire

Projet particulièrement ambitieux, la Foire comporte les bâtiments suivants:

— A l'Ouest, en entrant, le Portique d'accueil, qui, par ses proportions et l'ampleur de ses travées, est un parfait exemple d'architecture contemporaine liée aux traditions de l'habitat local. A proximité, un centre d'accueil comprend, salons de coiffure, restaurants et salles de séjour destinées au repos des visiteurs.

— A gauche, la grande couverture, dalle de béton de 685 m de long et 70 m de large, qui abritera les pavillons étrangers, lesquels seront loués aux différents pays désireux de participer à la Foire. Participation problématique, s'il en est, jusqu'à nouvel ordre du moins.

— A droite, un miroir d'eau de 22.000 m2. Sur lequel sont bâtis, le pavillon libanais (1.225 m2), entouré d'arcades; le restaurant surplombant les locaux récréatifs de la Foire; un terrain de jeu; la garderie d'enfants; un théâtre expérimental qui se présente comme une vaste coupole blanche pouvant abriter plus de 1.000 personnes; le théâtre en plein air pour 700 à 800 spectateurs, séparés de la scène par un plan d'eau; un musée spatial enfin construit autour d'un axe central et dont

la terrasse, parfaitement plane, réunira l'héliport.

— A l'extrême - droite, terminant l'Exposition, le secteur de l'habitat. Il s'agit d'un musée qui offrira un panorama complet de l'évolution de l'habitation à travers les Ages. Il y aura là, un exemple d'immeuble collectif, construit sur pilotis et divisé en appartements du type «duplex» avec jardin

intérieur. Il y aura aussi une villa aux lignes épurées, type de l'habitation individuelle.

— A l'extrême gauche, les locaux administratifs.

— Entre un bâtiment et l'autre, un petit troufeuil qui fera le tour de la Foire.

— Que de bonheurs à la fois pour Tripoli.

A. A.



Gigantesque dalle de ciment reposant sur un axe central, l'héliport servira de plafond à un musée spatial. Véritable prouesse architecturale, cet édifice réussit à paraître d'une légèreté aérienne. (Photos SAM)



Une tente de béton armé, sans autre couverture que la porte d'entrée, abritera le manège destiné aux enfants (photo du haut). Se mirant dans l'étang aux crapauds (photo du bas), le pavillon libanais, entouré d'arcades. Au deuxième plan l'héliport et le portique d'entrée. Tout à fait à l'arrière, la masse du pavillon des Nations.

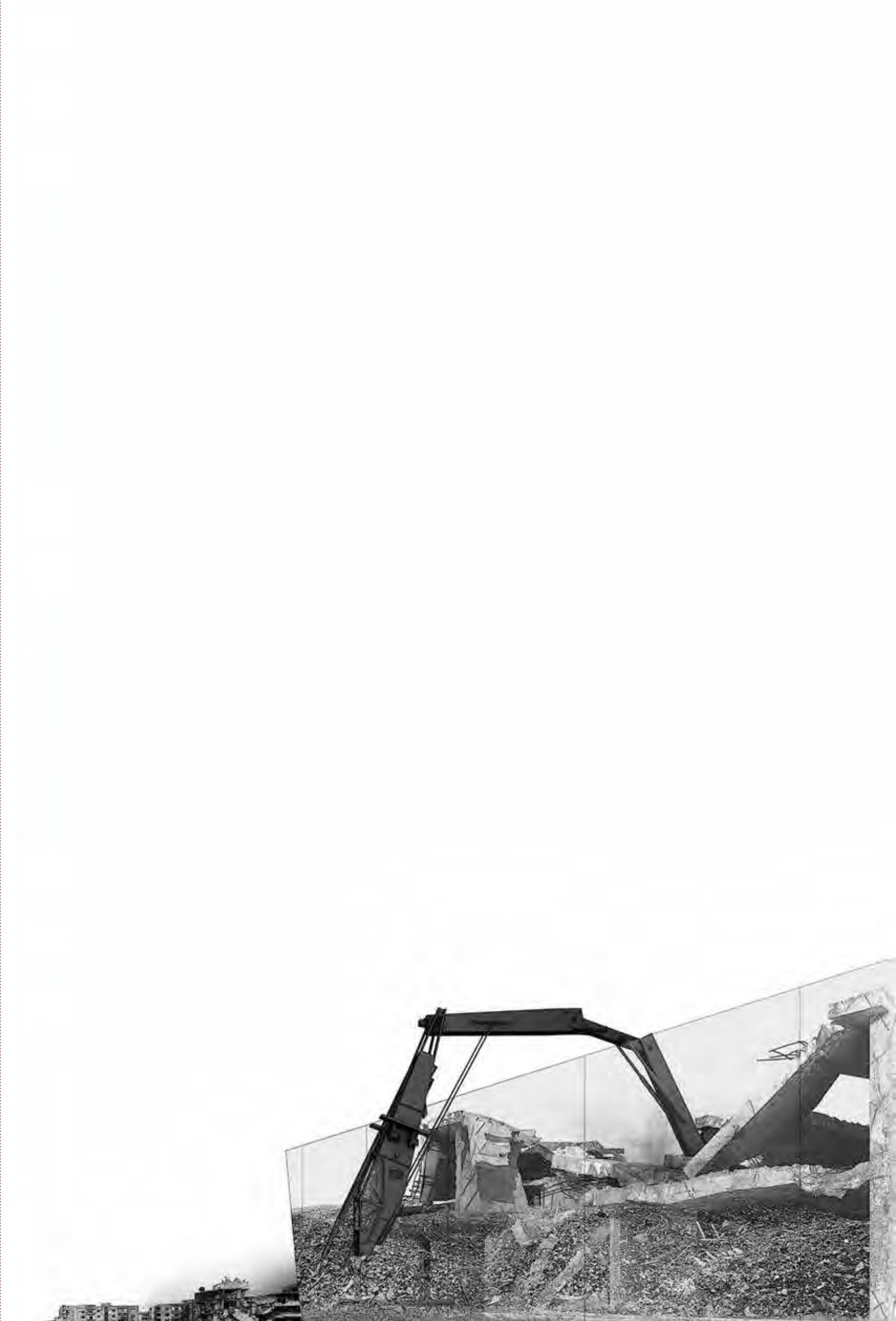
EVOLVING SCARS

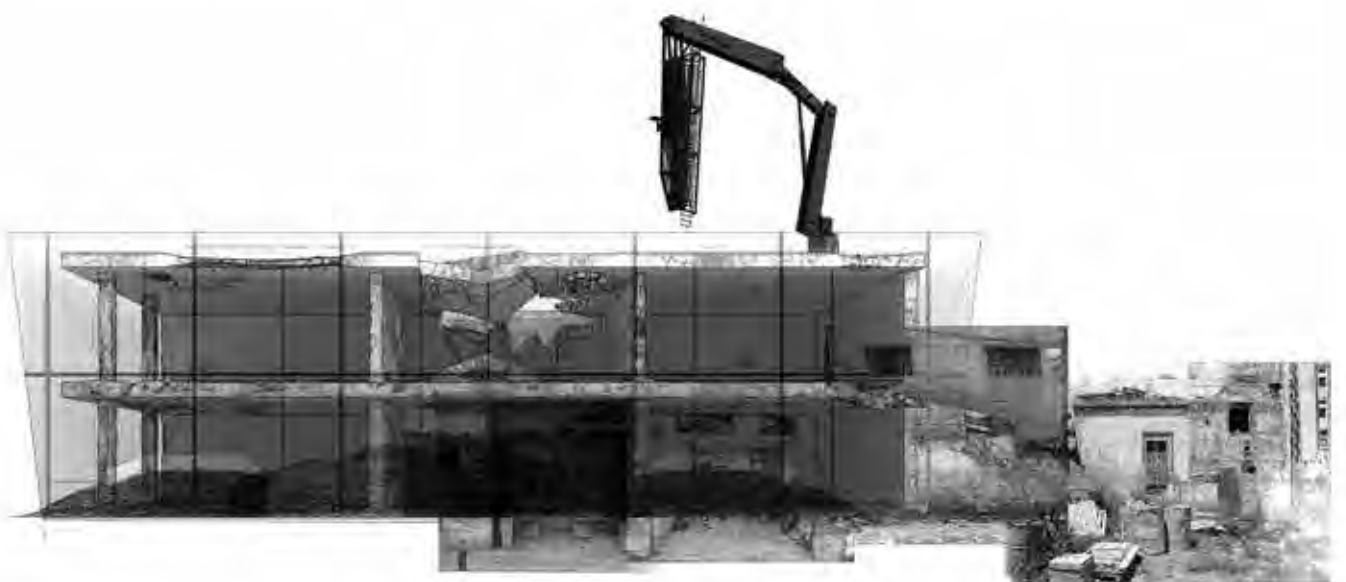
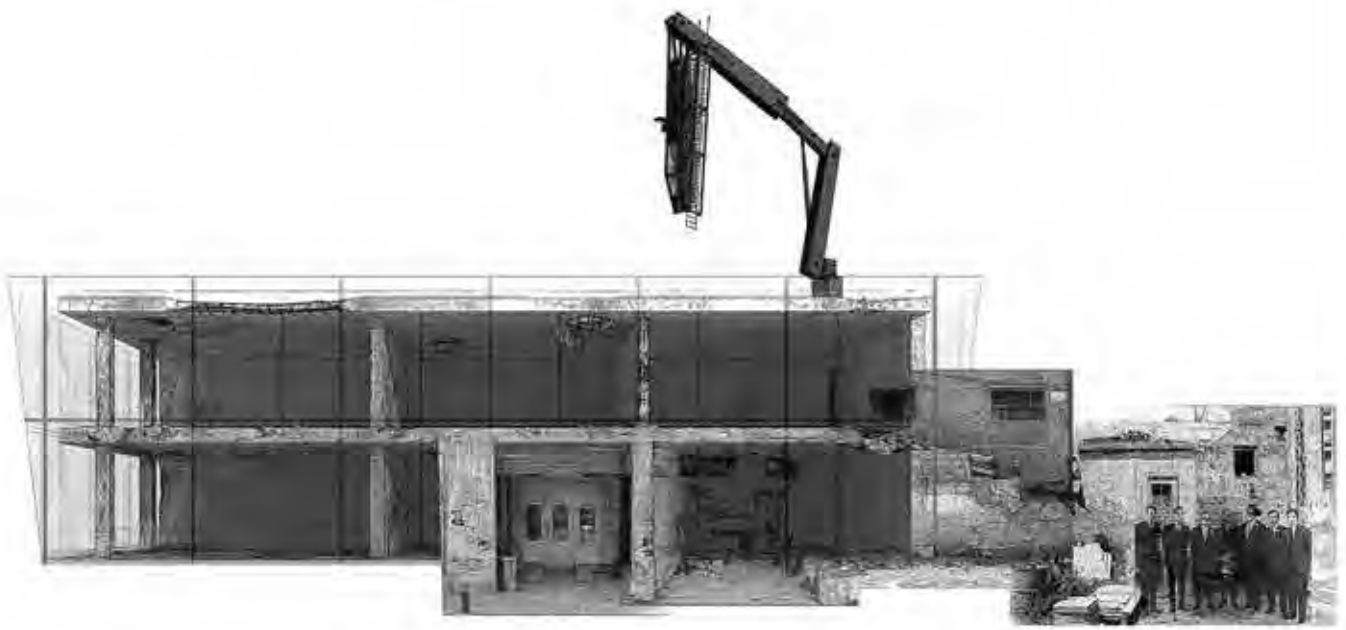


In 1991, as the newly proposed plan for the rehabilitation and re-construction of the Beirut Central District was being implemented, we proposed to turn the process of demolition of war damaged buildings in the city into a collective architectural experiment. Our proposed scenario “Evolving scars” was, first of all, a political act in opposition to the adopted conventional urban planning methods. The project consists of a temporary transparent skin that is implemented around the outer periphery of a ruin and a “memory collector” that deploys itself within the perimeter of the ruin while collecting data.

The intensity of collecting information is translated by the gradual demolition of the existing edifice. The “remains” of the ruin are collected and contained within the transparent peripheral membrane.

The method and rate of demolition becomes a consequence of the intensity of collecting information. The process ends with the complete demolition of the ruin, the physical saturation of the transparent peripheral membrane and the saturation of the memory collector. The proposed concept did not project the city into hypothetical future, nor did it propose the erection of physical structures in the city. “Evolving Scars” was instead an attempt to translate the demolition of buildings into an ephemeral architectural act.





II.VIII



