

FIFTEEN DAYS
15 DRAWINGS
15 PICTURES

in Tbilisi

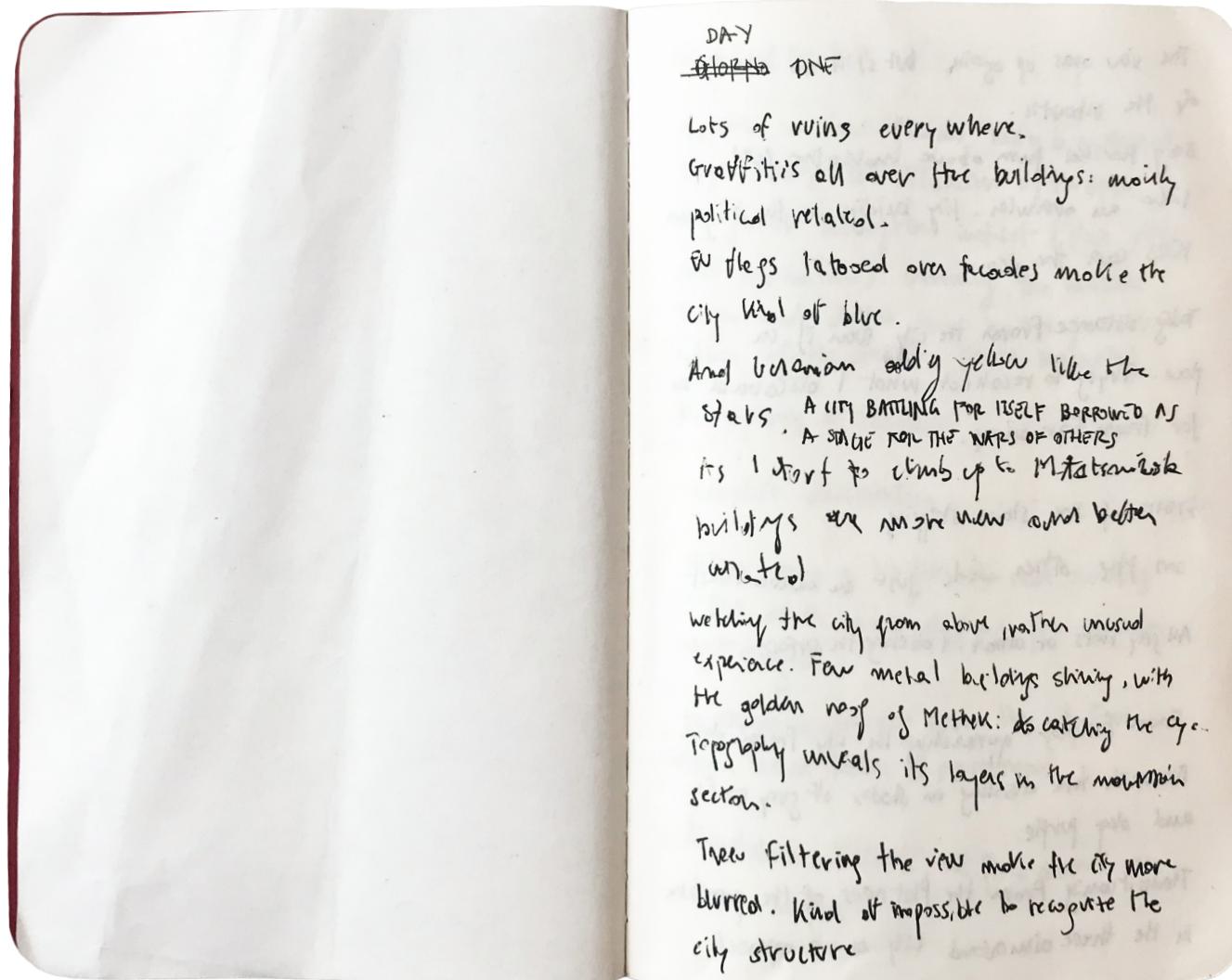
DAY
GIORNO ONE

Lots of ruins everywhere.

Graffitis all over the buildings: mostly political related.

EU flags tattooed over façades make the city look kind of blue.

And Ukrainian adding yellow like the stars. A CITY BATTLING FOR ITSELF BORROWED AS A STAGE FOR THE WARS OF OTHERS



As I start to climb up to Mtatsminda buildings are more new and better curated
Watching the city from above, rather unusual experience. Few metal buildings
shining, with the golden roof of Metheki do catching the eye.

Topography unveils its layers in the mountain section.

Trees filtering the view make the city more blurred. Kind of impossible to recognize the city structure

The view opens up again but still no clarity of the urbanistic.

Seeing Narikala from above makes me feel like an overruler. High buildings in the background, hills cover the Sea.

Taking distance from the city even if in place. Trying to reconnect what I discovered so far from far away.

we approach the end of the trip.

Tunnels a non-façade leading to a second layer reality. The dilatation of the space Open gates but often indirect (stairs, steps, road inclination). Unveiling the invisible

Deeper and darker tones in the façades rhythm of the street. (SHOTA RUSTAVELI)

Heterophony of façades

Complete disorientation

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RHYTHM of the stairs stepping
on the other side just an endless forest
All grey roofs or almost: flattening the surface

From funicular: approaching the city from above
Brownish tone dissolving in shades of grey roofs and deep purple.

Transitioning from the flatness of the panorama in the three dimensional city as we approach

the end of the trip

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MEIDAN seems a bit fake. No real surviving signs of the original polyphony. Yet Chardin might disagree

In NARIKALA, watching again the city from above. Weird feeling of reassurance.

Abanotubani, Metekhi, all place names are there in place

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Gardens make Narikala's alienation

Can you experience a crisis of presence in a place you have never been before?

Back down in the city, back to chaos, back to loss. Let's leave this feeling with a glass of wine (it smells like olive pâté)

For some reason the darkness of the night neutralizes the loss, as if it is acceptable to feel lost at night-time.

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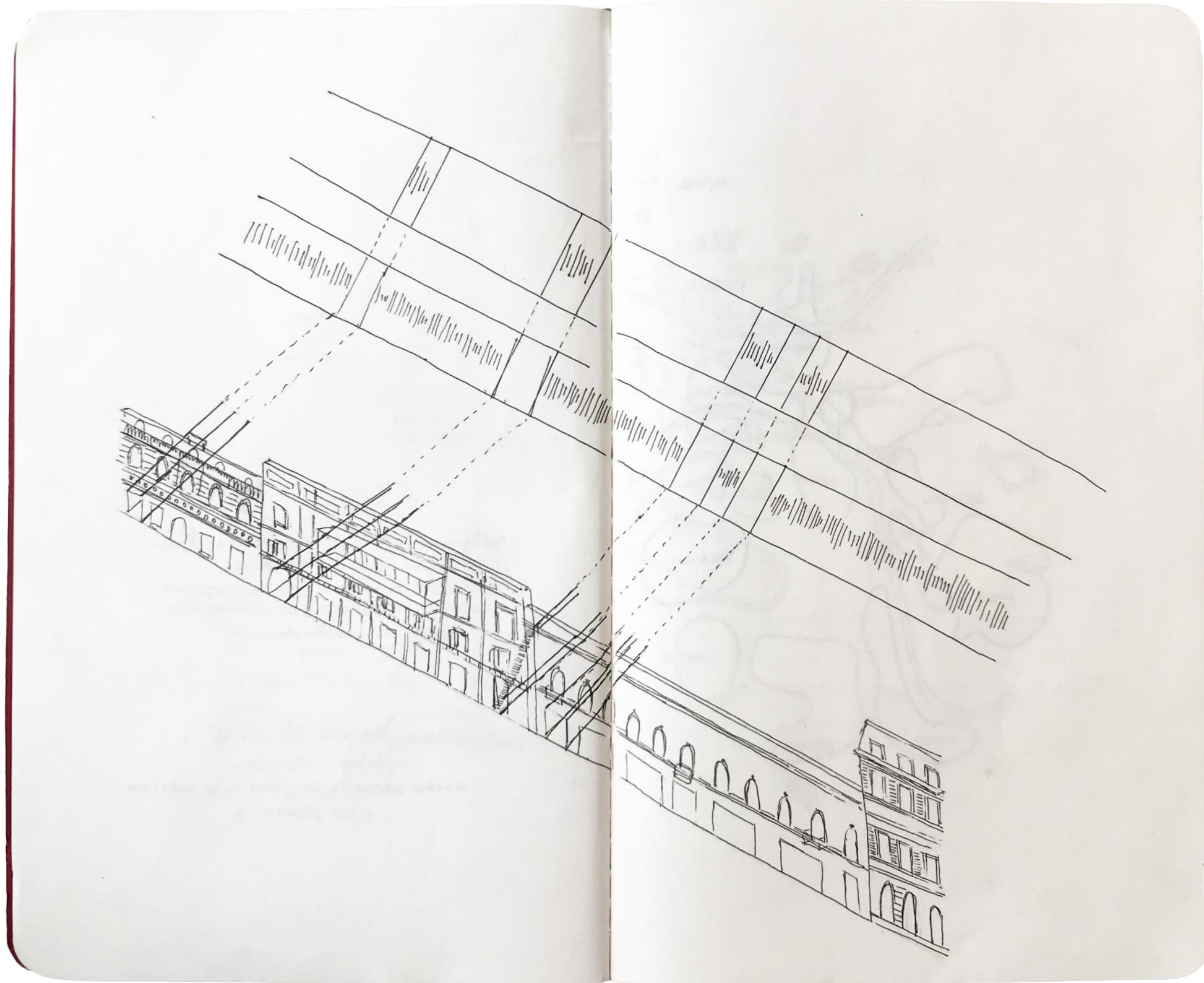
On the morning the city is lively. Lots of traffic expanding from the large avenues to the narrowest streets. The city keeps going up and down. The street surface seems a malleable material adapting to the terrain, despite cracks and discontinuities.

Ready on the city from the temporary office. Books are always the answer. Old pictures reveal a marvellous place; wondering where did it go...

How to define the polyphonic itinerary?

Recollecting the toponyms back on a larger map. Finding orientation through images, names, drawings: graph signs hold the identity of what I know and can refer to

Redrawing the city in a map of amorphous districts. Boundaries and edges emerge. Starting points of research



Facades Rhythm and Undertone

41.7033593, 44.7897886



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Comments under Mai: *What's happening?*
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Towards Vake buildings become higher and I need to keep moving my head up and down for traffic.

Despite topography, the city structure seems to acquire more clearness. It seems somehow more as a European suburb and therefore more recognizable

Heading to the supermarket ready for chaos. The city is vibrant, excitement is visible in people's faces and behaviour.

A McDonald's fills up of people after the protest. Lots of them are wearing European and Georgian flags around their neck as superheroes. There's no sadness in their faces. Rather a light nostalgia of a future that hasn't happened.

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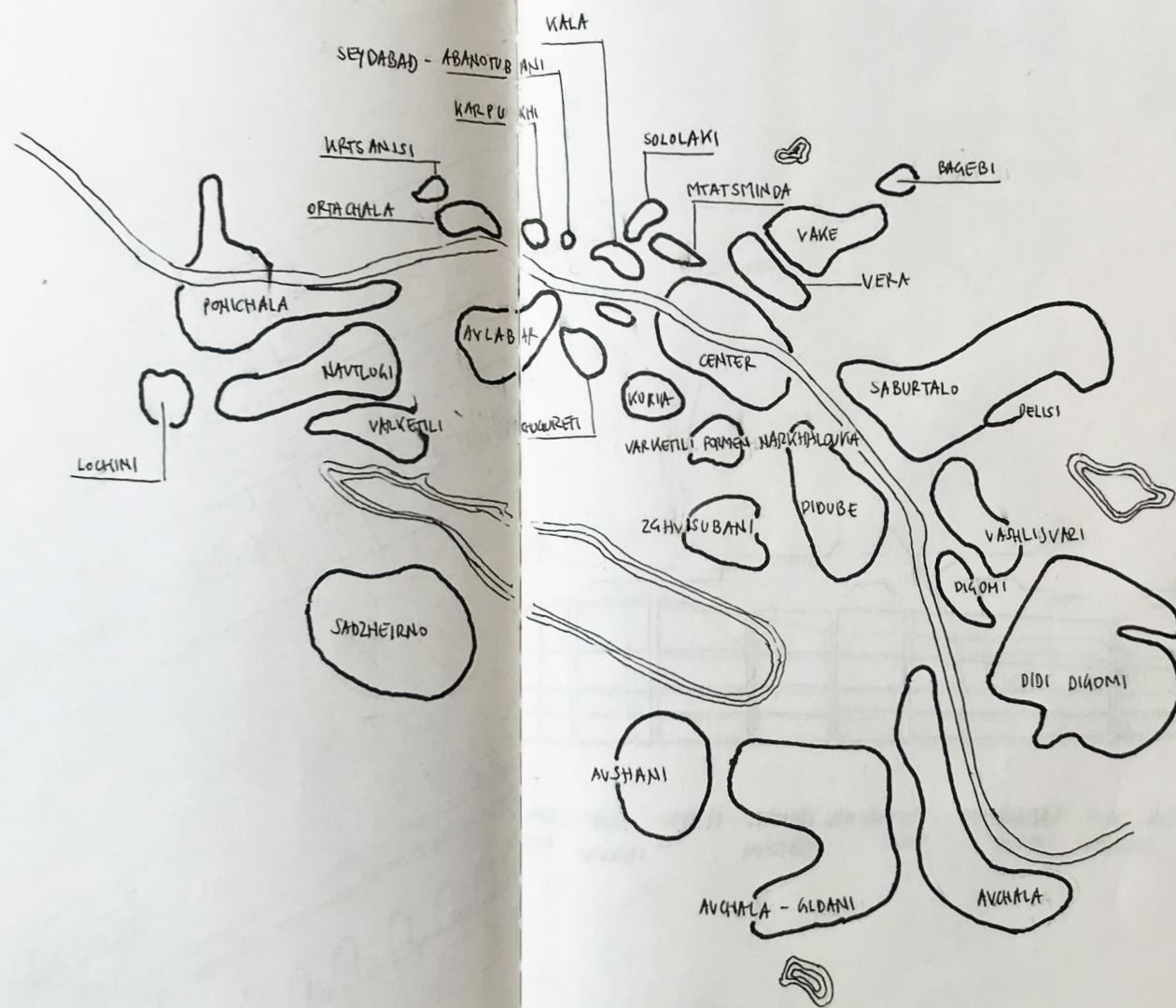
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Waiting for the protests to start in half an hour.

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Toponyms / Districts

41.7053822, 44.7766980



DAY THREE

First day out alone in the city. The silence makes my ears more sensible to external sounds.

My instinct guides me in the place where memories are stored. Walking along the main avenue the two sides appear different: on the right the heterophony of commercial façades of the first day;

DAY THREE

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My instinct guides me in the place where memories are stored. Walking along the main avenue the two sides appear very different: on the right the heterophony of commercial façades of the first day; opposite to that a long series of representational buildings with mixed styles, borrowing ornamental elements from every culture.

The two sides are almost completely autonomous: no crossing lines allow me to switch freely from one side to the other if not at the end of the

opposite to that a long series of representational buildings with mixed styles, borrowing ornamental elements from every culture.

The two sides are almost completely autonomous: no crossing lines allow me to switch freely from one side to the other if not at the end of the street.

In the silence of a museum thoughts emerge questioning my knowledge so far.

Can I really talk about ethnicities? How do they differ from traditions?

St. ALEXANDER DUMAS

In Abanotubani trying to capture old pictures of places in the now.

street.

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Listening to music while doing the exercise helps me abstract

How did the minaret of Juma Mosque switch position? How authentic is what I see?

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Where did the district / street become Arab? Is there any point? It seemed rather fluid to me or I just didn't notice any break point. I'll come back to that.

Dominant smell of sulphur at King Erakele's baths. The colour of the stones on which water flows indicates its presence.

A materiality I have never seen
An architectural typology of which I ignore the belonging
But the most striking feature is its perfect blending with the city levels
Approaching the river for the first time after crossing it. A little sanctuary with
basantinian icons.
Same construction system as in Narikala

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Everything seems to be concentrated here.
Walking on the roofs of the baths which
blend in with the streets topography becoming
something as a path or square. People and
dogs sit and rest in this micro-landscape
of square bricks of 20 cm (rather unusual
dimension). Who does this place talk
about? Which are the elements that

characterize it?

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In AVLBAR / METHEKI. Walls of palace of
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Sharp contrast between new buildings and complete
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Avlabar street pure desolation

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Those building which seem stable and safe enough to be inhabited?
Or those which show clear signs of being inhabited?
Which is the selection element?

Getting use to cross the street under and not above

Doing today's exercise from the Metheki bridge towards MEIDAN (Tartar square).

of the city. A catalogue of types and materials. Almost an abacus. Could be the data for an Artwork by Ikeda. Unrelated notes on a solid deep undertone (the rocky structure on top of which they sit).

Looking to historical pictures and matching them with the existing reality set a new range of reference points in the city. Made it back to the Air Bnb with no Google maps.

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Doing today's exercise from the Metheki bridge towards MEIDAN (Tartar square). Only the background can be used as data to georeference. Almost nothing remains. No sign of the voice of the Muslim minaret. The void fills the absence of it. How can it? Isn't it a paradox in itself?

Along the Kura. An impressive urban (?) front. Façades exposed to the other side

of the city. A catalogue of types and materials.

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The disorientation of last days seems to be vanishing slowly.

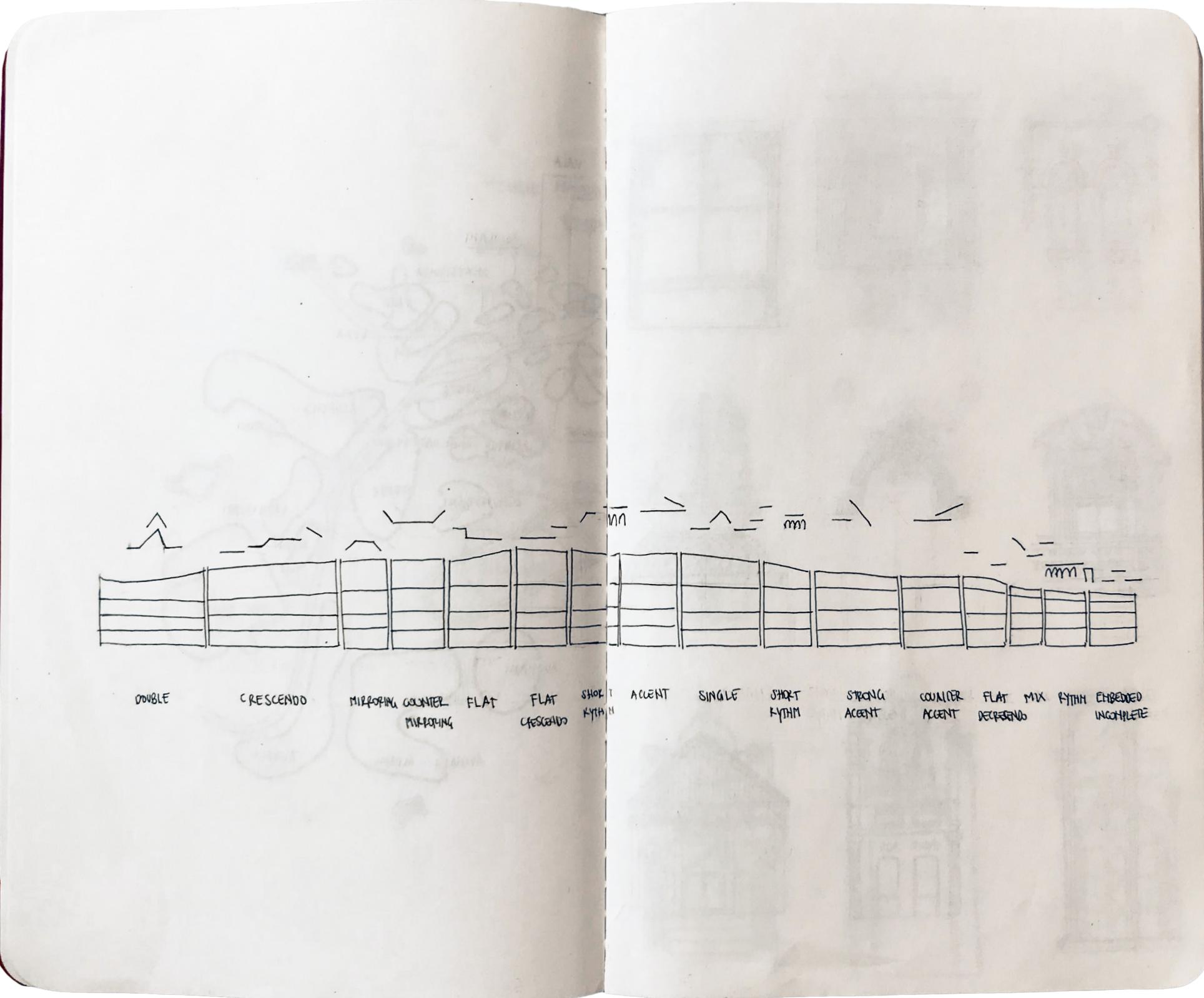
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Metheki Score along the Kura

41.6874555, 44.8101378



DAY FOUR

Up early in the morning. Moving.

The city from a taxi. Isolating the noise except for a tiny opening of the driver's window. The traffic is very chaotic, sometimes seems unregulated or just badly planned

Google maps and my notions combined back for orientation.

Main street of Neue Tiflis has its own character. Neo-classical / fake buildings but different ornaments emerging. A well curated pavement.

The phenomenon of back-stores continues here. But if it wasn't for writings in Arab and Georgian I would tell I am in a Europe middle-European city!

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A new district, a new city; couple of streets forward, another one! And again, and again and again...

A new view spot for the city. Just one story high. Not much is visible, surrounding buildings cover the scene. In the background, couple of landmarks.

Next stop: Neue Tiflis. Looking for past signs.

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Tbilisi or Vienna? I couldn't say

Trees along the street just as a Parisian boulevard. A city in a street, but what do those Alpinian façades ^{over} hide?

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The stadium as well could be considered a sign of fracture, but because of its typology it seems to have all the right to be there without disturbing.

The skeleton of an abandoned building site on my way to the office is the best piece of architecture I've seen today

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Searching again an underway to cross the street. Its becoming my nightmare.

Made it to the office after a Dantesque journey.

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Still don't have an answer to that.

Still searching for a common undertone.

Lecture time at the office. Long day of thoughts-over-layering.

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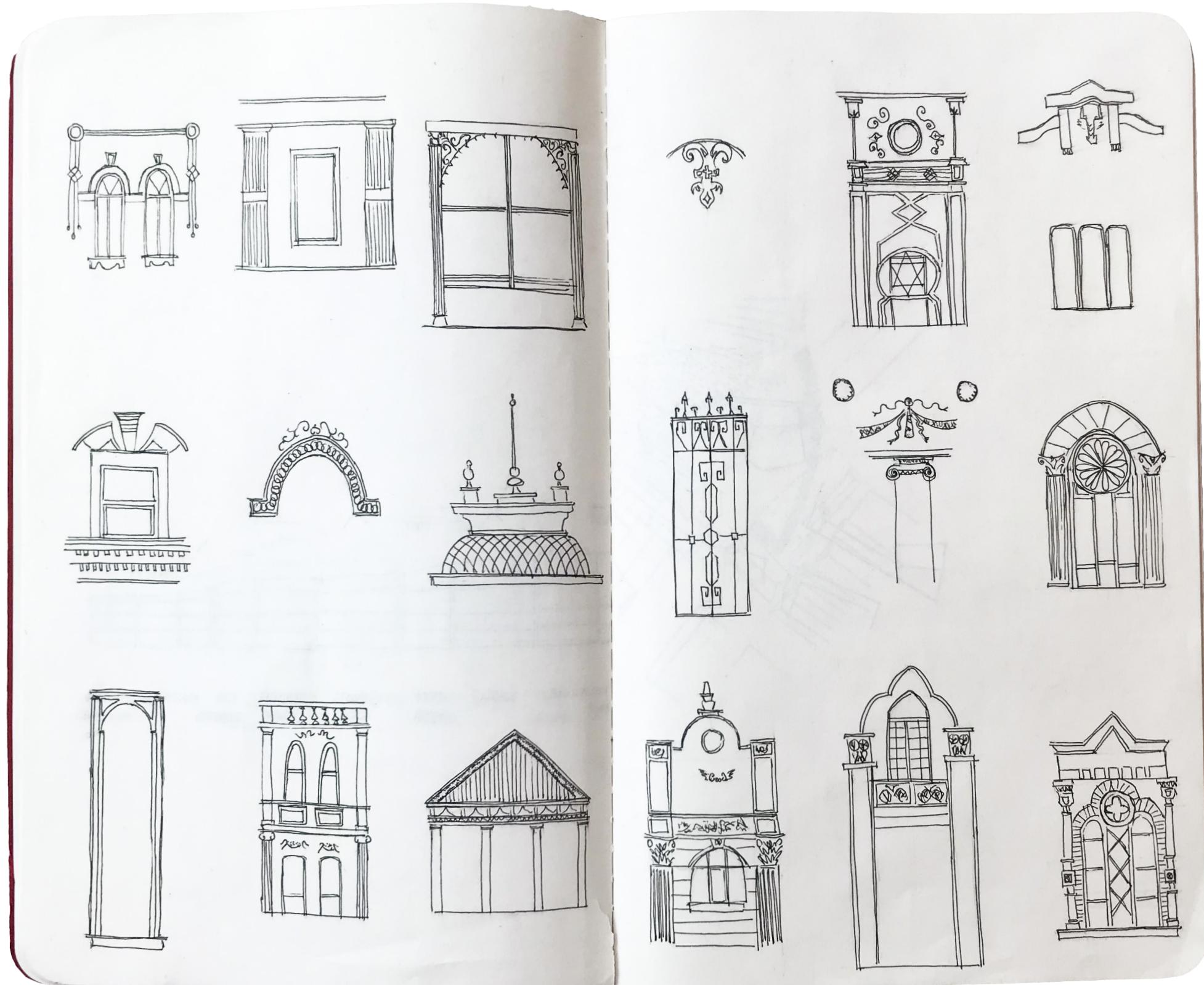
RUK'A რյցօ : map

KURA ՋՇՋՋՈՒ : the River of Tbilisi

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Neue Tiflis: a Symphony of Ornaments

41.7126064, 44.7819870



DAY FIVE

Early morning. The temperature outside at this time of the day is sensibly lower, but the air sensibly fresher, more pleasurable to breathe.

Small Russian church across the coffee place where I'm having breakfast. The vibrant green of the roof sets a deep contrast with the white tone of the facade.

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Down to the metro. Stairs are very steep.

They bring me in the belly of the earth like Verne. Air is barely breathable.

Heading north with the metro to experience the transition to the city.

And then, we went out and see the light (still from the metro)

The trip is very loud and busy.

From the main road we deviated into an unpaved street. Constructions seem completely unregulated. A little mountain village in the outskirts. Pointy smell of burned wood.

In an abandoned football field a cement gate on a gaze. The infinite beyond.

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The dystopia of three cows eating the grass growing near the train-line and a man watching after them.

Along the river / the highway: undistinguishable sounds.

Crossing the river. Two nostalgic columns highlight the gate to an lost magnificence.

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Too majestic to lead to nothing. Out of tone.

Approaching the city: highscapes rise convolutedly on the left bank. Highway noise is becoming unsustainable.

Views are hazy to the left bank.

The shape of the city doesn't allow for air change.

Programme underearth - Soviet period.

Idea of climate, culture of the underground

The second line

Road, River, Metro, train lines and their in-between

Densification tradition: allegro and allegrissimo

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Polyphonic is not everything goes along, not just beauty.

Postcard: protagonist that maybe switch to another one.

Spatial organization in plan of how things are related: ensemble / imprint (what existed maybe still influences what is present)

Presence of old trees / greenery + squares

Program underneath → soviet period.

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Episodic compactness of ABANOTUBANI.

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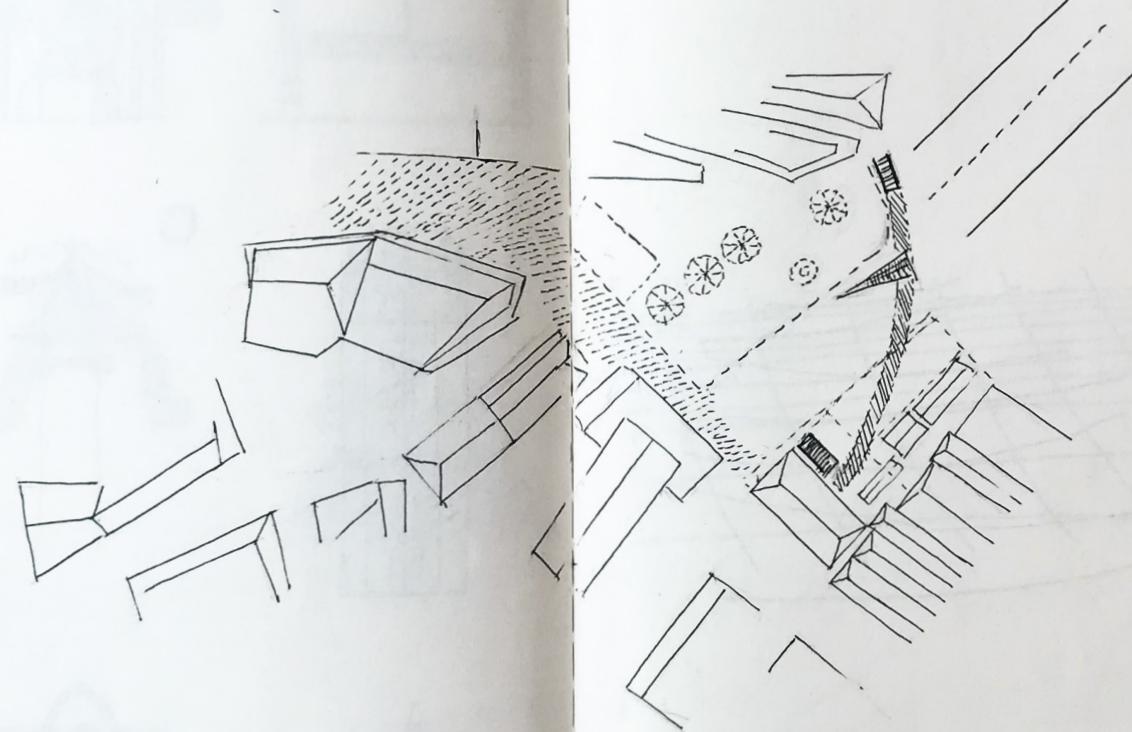
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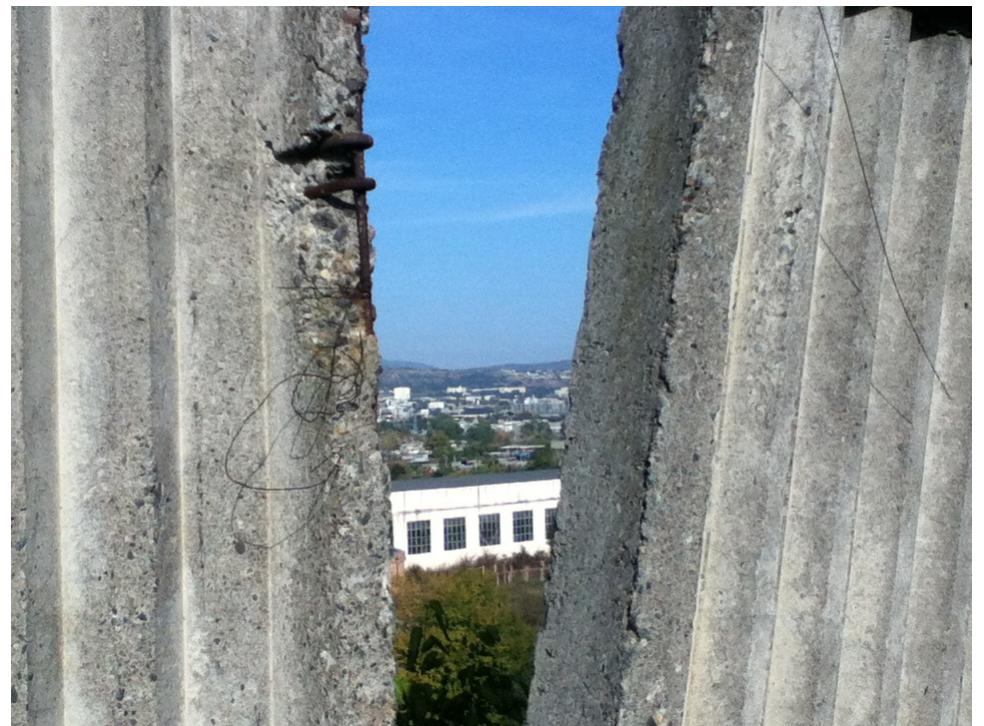
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Meidan then / Meidan now

41.7724024, 44.7904826



DAY SIX

Meetings day - first going to university

Noisy metro, once again.

The Metro passage under DIDUBE gradually transforms into an open air bazaar. Clothes, fruit, artisanal articles, a bit of everything seems to be sold there.

Day six

Meetings day - first going to university

Noisy metro, once again.

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Small unregulated structures host the market. The only law to apply is exchange.

Small lecture at university. DARBAZI house type: very interesting typical construction built around a wooden roof.

The one in Metheli, now ethnographical museum. A symptom of polyphony!

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Georgia from Georgia during Soviet time. Devastating view. SUNY 19th century development, Tiflis article : SEARCH !
Shifting of nationality in the 19th century. Change of road names, squares ...
Area left to Kala mainly built by Armenians.
Cemeteries; Armenians, Jews...
Include contemporary view: modern construction M²

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Start taxi: drive to the Chronicles of Georgia.

Crazy traffic made it very dull.

The very first impression is a feeling of severeness. I would have expected a more aulic place.

The lightplay of shadows is quite interesting though.

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Looking down is the north of the city. Soviet building blocks east and west and the mountains in the back. An then... the sea. The man made sea. The artificial nature, but how fascinating, how blue.

Despite its flatness, despite I can see its limits, despite its name, so much relief from its viewing...

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To the right more grids, more city
structure towards which I feel as I
was the one ^{who drew} drawing it. Visualizing in
perspective what I have always seen
in plan. From abstraction to a subjective
point of view -

Crazy traffic jam ! 45 minutes to cross the city. Unbelievable.

In Methki is the only place where the river is held from shifting by the stone walls. That's why they built the first bridge there.

When reconstructing, the foundations would be kept and built on top. Adding in a new paradigm rather than redoing what there was.

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River bank was the most dramatic change
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city-river.

Correlation steepness - prestigiousness of the
land from 1900's (opposite before).

Notational system !!!

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Accessibility in post-Soviet city almost 70%

Where can you arrive without encountering obstacles as private spaces?

Reconstruction of parts of the old city from the 1970's in Soviet time (example of bathhouses)

would focus to on the inner facade and courtyard.

Ivani houses typical houses destroyed, but the Tbilisian yard still exists. Ivani houses with flat roof

Public space for economy inside the yards (iezos ?)

Trend of combining small plots in concrete blocks.

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House of the government in Rushtaveli avenue, other destroyed church

Sasapiao before Isani: Georgian for cemetery

Bazaar destroyed in Soviet time

Meidani is only one of the main markets

District in old town (ICOMAS organization) Badghemi (?) district [Betlemi micro-district]

Think of an axis or a cut of the city to use to research

Mapping the construction of the identity of certain ethnicities and their projection of the image of the city

How the city would look

House of the government in Rushtaveli avenue, other destroyed church

Sasapiao before Isani: Georgian for cemetery

Bazaar destroyed in Soviet time

Meidani is only one of the main markets

District in old town (ICOMAS organization)

Badghemi (?) district [Betlemi micro-district]

Arthekho (oldest temple in the city)

Synagogue in the old city

-from the Ubani meeting

BAKU symphony

City as a cacophony of voices

Also the failure of the street construction

in the north is a leftover of the

polyphony

Think of an axis or a cut of the city

to use to research

Mapping the construction of the identity of certain ethnicities

and their projection of the image of the city

How the city would look

Arthekho (oldest temple in the city)

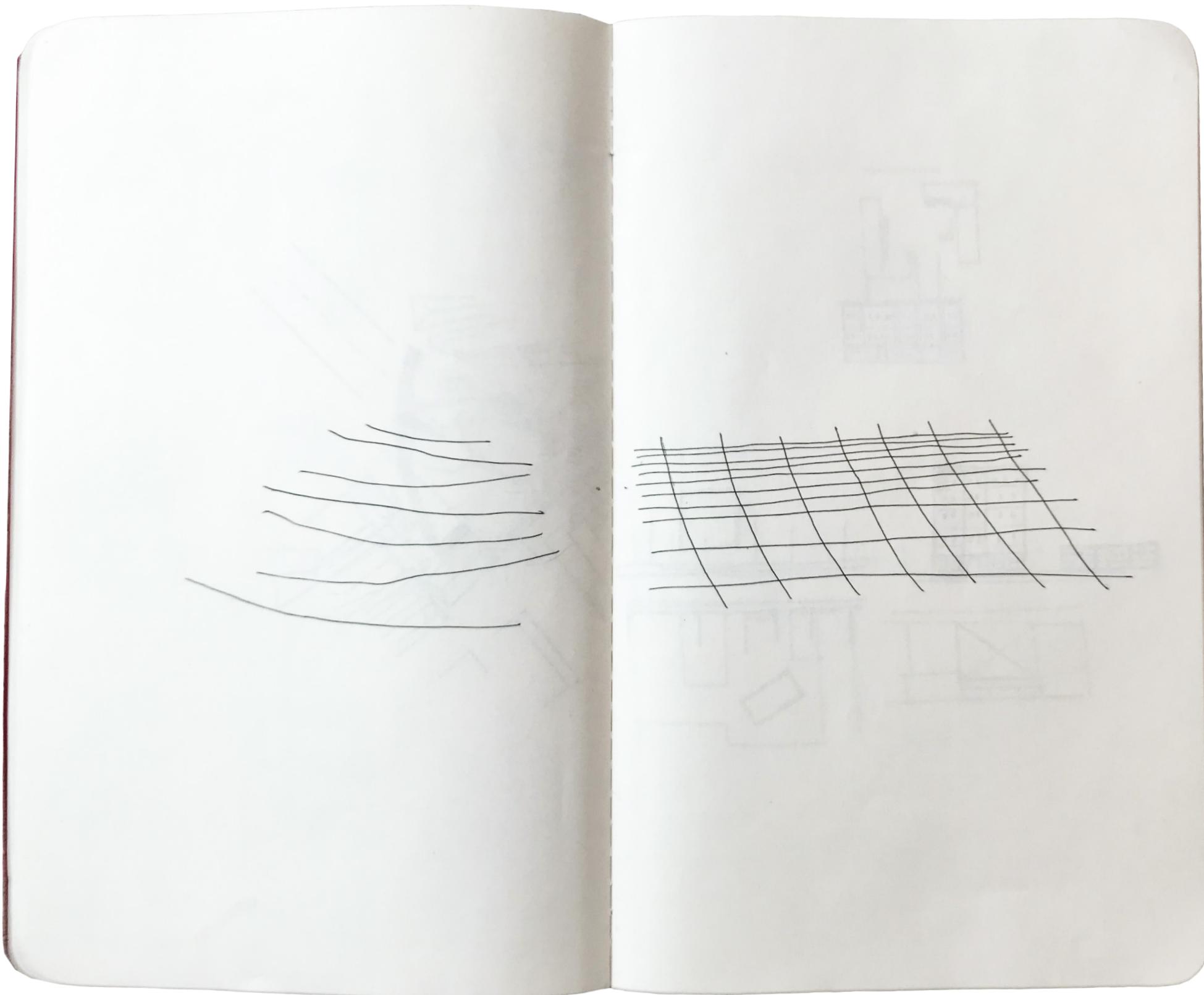
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Landscaping Grids

41.7705680, 44.8113740



DAY SEVEN

East west organization

Rectification of the river: Russian institute on the river

Interest in the backside in Neue Tiflis and courtyard

Choose the moments where things meet

~~Refring~~ Reversing logic

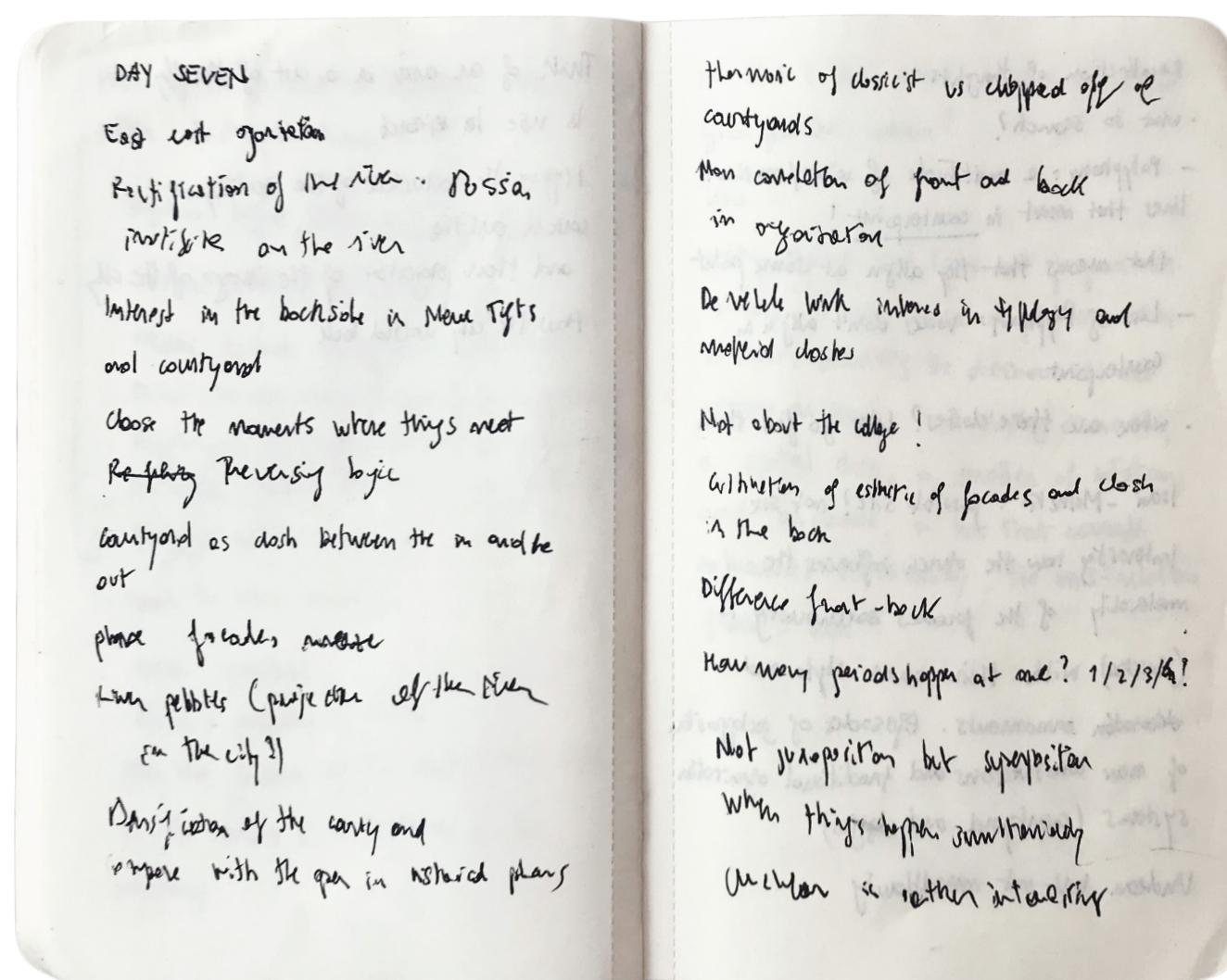
thematic of classicist vs chopped off of courtyards

Non correlation of front and back in organization

Derivable link interest in typology and material clashes

Not about the collage !

Cultivation of the aesthetics of the façades and clash in the back



courtyard as clash between the in and the out
plane façades

River pebbles (projection of the river in the city ?)

Densification of the courtyard

Compare with the open in historical plans

Difference front-back

How many periods happen at once? 1 / 2 / 3 / 4 ?

Not juxtaposition but superimposition

When things happen simultaneously

Unclear is rather interesting

Recollection of thoughts:

. what to research?

- Polyphony: a multitude of voices / musical lines that meet in counterpoint!

that means that they align at some point

- Loss of polyphony: voices don't align on counterpoint

. where are these clashes? Let's go find them

Now that I know what I need a where

Good question: where?

Crisis...

Walking though Neue Tiflis and perpendicular streets. I can sense maybe something is there. Describing the dissonances and reasoning on them: two clashing dimension, a spatial clash, a matter of rotation and an enclosure, a loss that ~~reveals~~ introduces disharmony, the miss-relation front-back.

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Isani - Metheki: possible site? not sure

Interesting how the church influences the materiality of the façades surrounding it (bricks) with their own style and decoration ornaments. Episodes of juxtaposition of new constructions and traditional organization systems (courtyard and loggias)

Unclear but not mindblowing

Now that I know what I need a where

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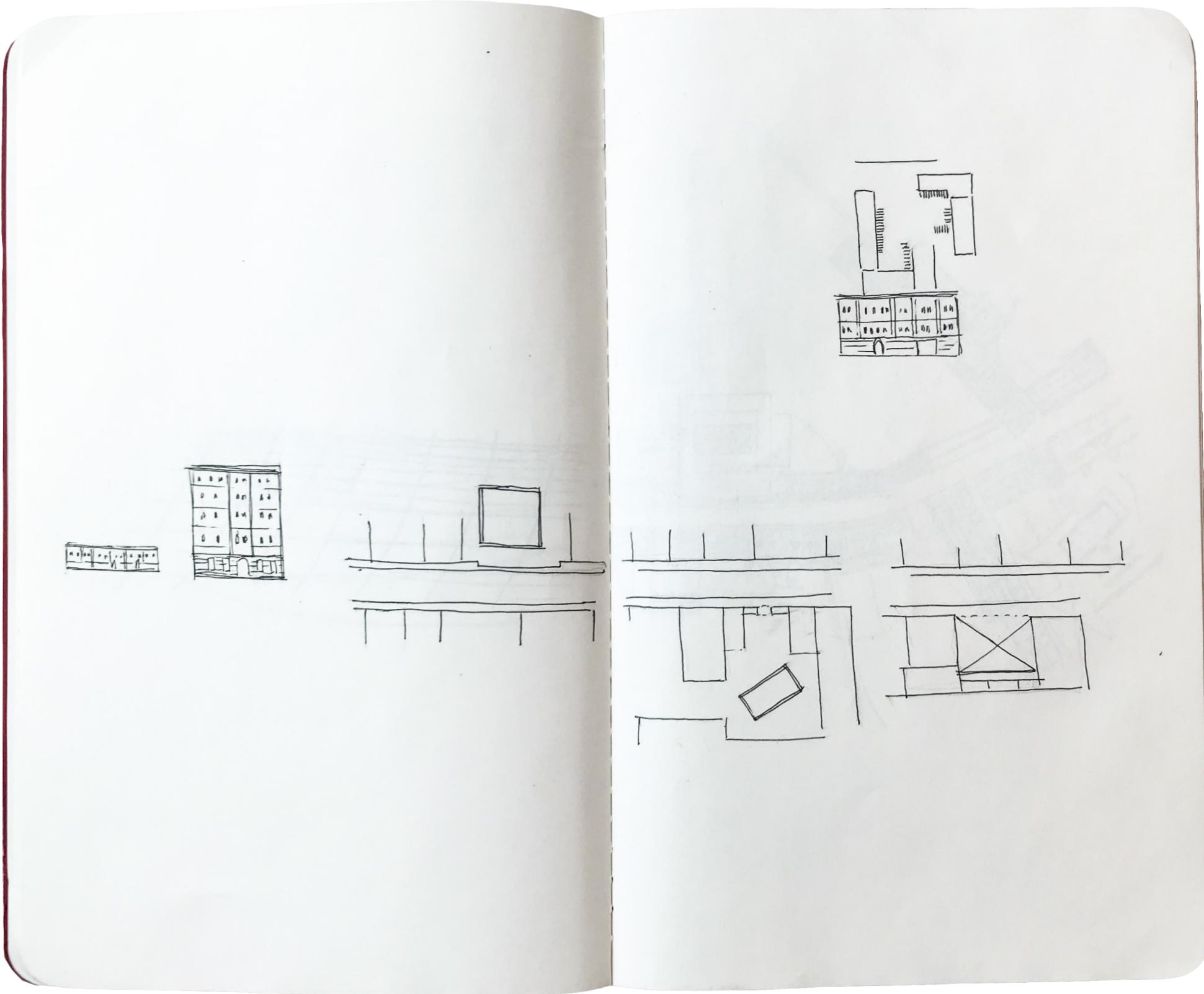
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Unclear but not mindblowing



Abacus of Spatial Clashes

41.6917153, 44.8128220



DAY EIGHT

Day started lots of hours ago, but I don't recall much of the 6.00 am taxi drive back from the club.

It's Sunday and that's perceivable. People gather at every church. Religiosity seems to be very much perceived.

Too late to continue drawing
things become less noticeable to the eye, but more to the body
~~Need~~ after light spots to continue drawing something
I'm too dependent on my sight for this
look
Mission withdraw - or better postponed to tomorrow
to be continued

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Half a day lost on recovering energies

Time to go out and re-explore
Returning to the same site but in another day, other mental and physical conditions, other ideas

What is there new to discover?
How to select what to draw? How much to draw?

To continue drawing

things become less noticeable to the eye,
but more to the body
~~Need~~ after light spots to continue drawing
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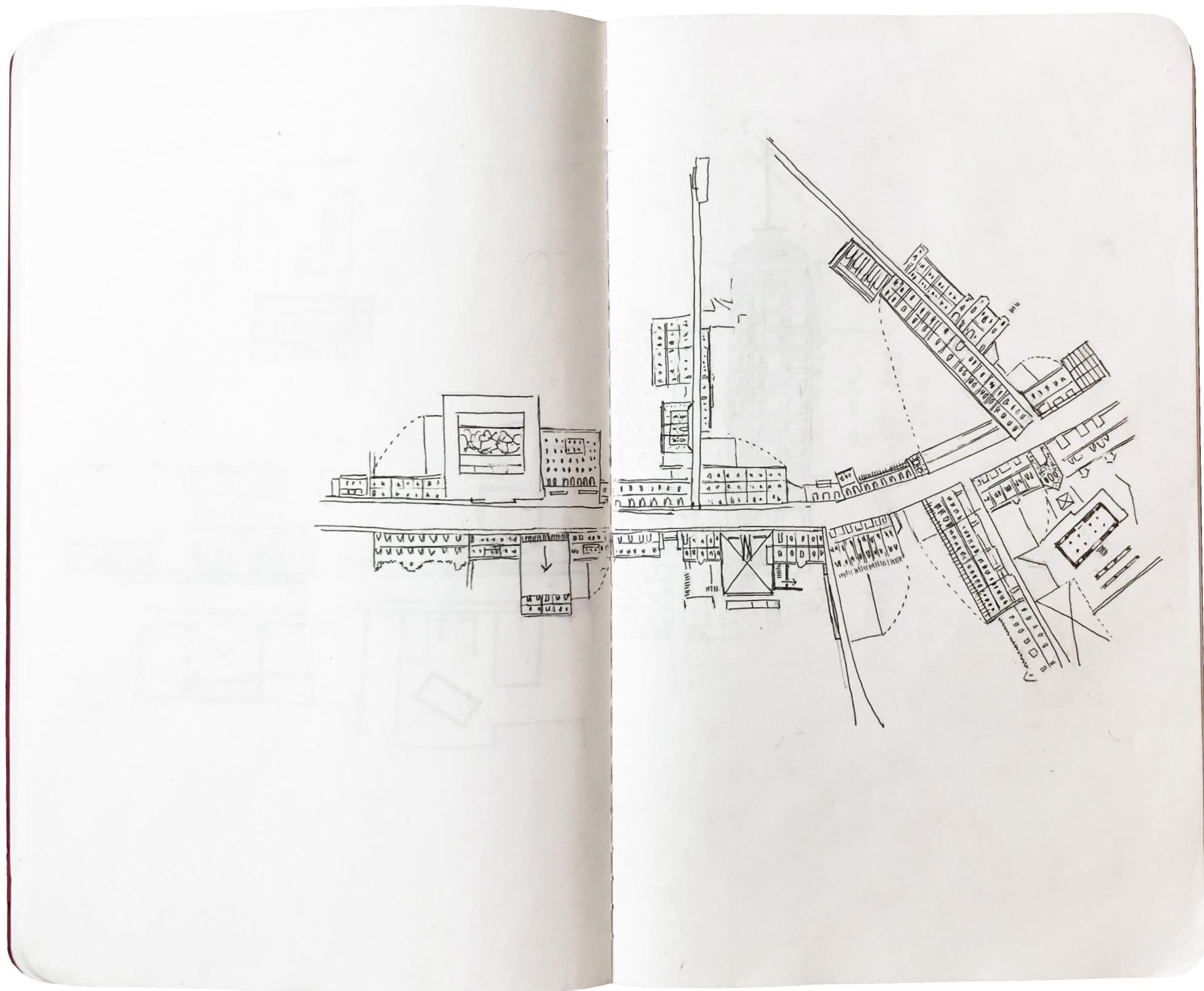
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In Neue Tiflis

41.7046054, 44.8012044



DAY NINE

It used to be polyphonic and now is gone

Church convincing example

So the loss of polyphony suppose that there was an original polyphony and not heterophony or monophony

Steep hilly site with representational buildings and Georgian traditional houses
- volumetric *

alignment of the multiplicity

3. this alignment is now unclear / loss because of clashes

Those will be my three fundamental paradigms!

Urban structure=undertone / harmony

This harmony has to allow a multiplicity of possible way of settlement (2+) over time

what stays in the rule of the game? what introduces new rules?

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steep hilly site with representational buildings
and georgian traditional houses → volumetric +

A topographical condition and how different settlements interacts there

* geography as the disturbing factor

Went home to have lunch and organize ideas.
What do I have to look for?

Episodes where:

1. I can identify more than 2 voices (multiplicity losses)

2. I can identify an original harmony / counterpoint

alignment of the multiplicity

3. the alignment is now unclear / loss because of clashes

Those will be my three fundamental paradigms!

Urban structure = undertone / harmony

This harmony has to allow a multiplicity of possible way of settlement (2+) over time
what stays in the rule of the game?
what introduces new rules?

Searching for clear undertones / harmonics spread all over the map

I should come up with 5 examples at least.
let's set this goal

New site today: hope to be lucky! Fingers crossed.

Brief out of topic remark on the bus-trip.
Everyone here seems deeply religious. By the

A topographical condition and how different settlements interacts there

* geography as the disturbing factor

Went home to have lunch and organize ideas. what do I have to look for?

Episodes where:

1. I can identify more than 2 voices (incorporating losses)

2. I can identify an original harmony / counterpoint

Searching for clear undertones / harmonics spread all over the map

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Brief out of topic remark on the bus-trip: everyone here seems deeply religious.

They do multiple cross-signs. Every time they spot a church from the bus windows (usually between 3 and 5). It makes me wonder if doing the same way multiple times they start to interiorize the position of those religious buildings. the remark is valid beyond generations.

First spot was rather delusional. Homogeneous character of favelas type constructions in a rigid grid clearly agricultural at its birth.

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First spot was rather delusional - Homogeneous character of favelas type constructions in a rigid grid clearly agricultural at its birth. Disturbing elements: topography, few new constructions and high rising buildings in the background. Things don't seem to have lost any communal tone though. A dog barking too much makes me understand that I'd better move. Except for it, nothing really screams to be out of presence

A patchwork of materials back facade: the perfect example of polyphony, and an aesthetic one ! On the front facing the street the facade is very homogeneous, but additional balconies ~~br~~ introduce another polyphonic materiality. The second spot just appears to be total chaos. Constant changes of scales and types, extreme densification of ~~former~~ plots once military settlements

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Starting to feel a slight feeling of anxiety that I don't have too much time left to find other examples,

A site of pure cacophony. You can't identify strangeness where there's no sign of an original clarity to refer to

Then, out of nothing, a church. I wouldn't call it a ~~less~~ of poly case of my interest though.

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It surely has its own logic in terms of organization of its little complex in the fenced off open space it occupies. It surely clashes with a high tower topped off with an Eiffelian structure on the one side and a parking lot on the other. However the underlying unclarity of the whole spot suggests me that's not what I'm looking for.

DISSONANCE

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DISSONANCE

REMARK: they build new churches in this city as they never have enough. ~~too~~ Tbilisian's arms must be very trained and muscular.

The palace of Rituals is off the list - even if only from outside. Delusional if I can say.

I imagined it very more white. It's probably inside however that the magic reveals

This city is so chaotic that sometimes I still question if I'm not searching for

something that doesn't exist.
Maybe it was just an unlucky day.

I don't see the beauty in this chaos or of this chaos. This makes it difficult to me to concentrate on findings

Look in the tiling / pavement as an indicator of change
Spot before the staircase on the walk

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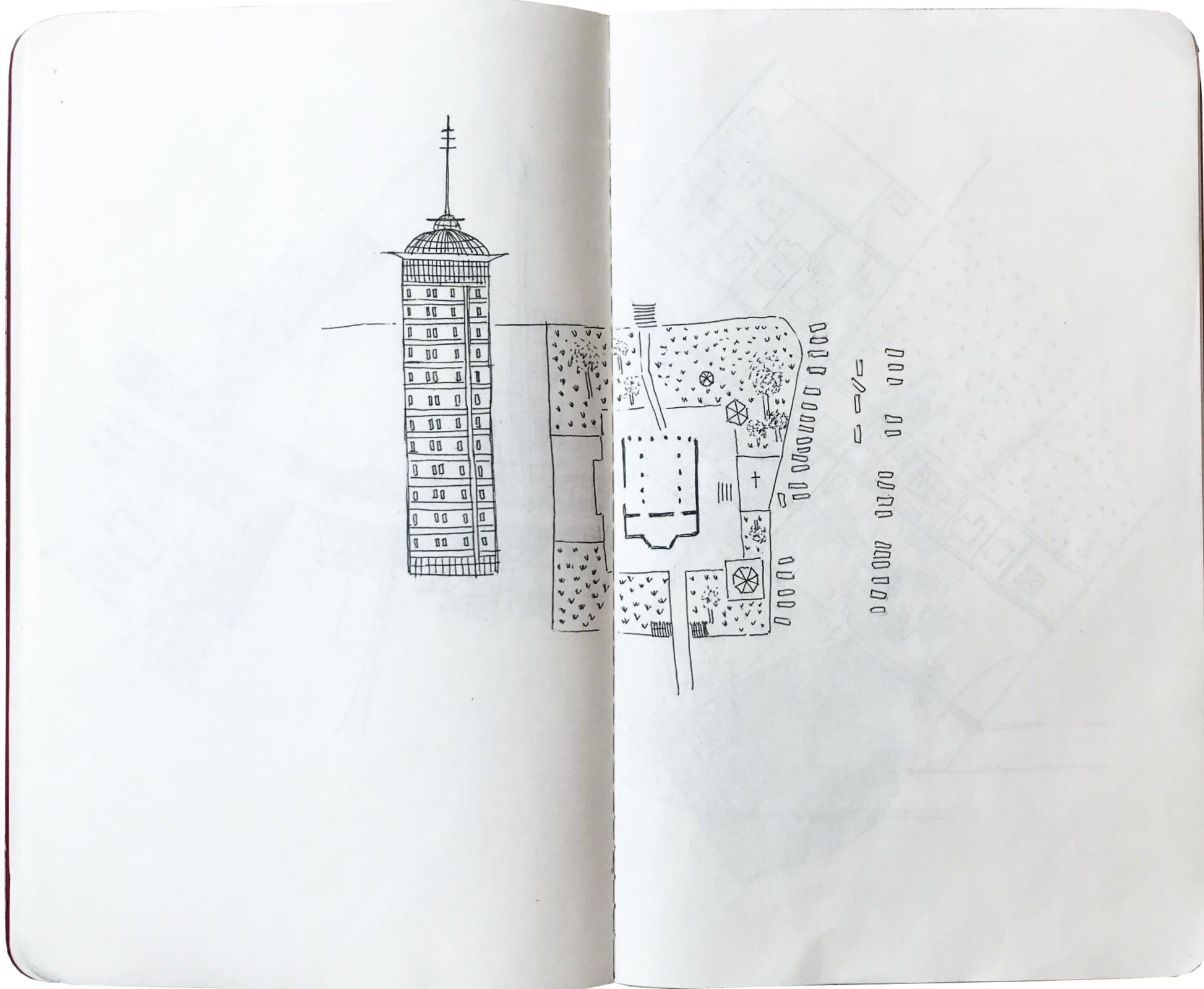
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Juxtaposing Dissonance

41.6866069, 44.8349466



DAY TEN

A very long bus trip standing to reach the edge of the city in Dighomi Dachas. The cut of the windows allow me to see just the ground floor façades revealing a surprising homogeneity of commercial spaces.

Jumping off the bus it's raining with the sun. I reach by feet the edge of the Soviet agricultural grid.

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All plots are now built and fenced off by walls. Behind that, a polyphony of fake architectural types.

(softer) Another fence gates the cemetery, but its structure appears clashing and outside the other logic. Next to it, the construction

I keep walking and meet a church. The fence is replaced by cubes but only on the secondary road. A new pavement suggests more permeability, which seems out of tone, considering that the church confines with two streets.

On the front entrance a parking lot and a small green area.

of a new estate.

I keep on walking and meet a church. The fence is replaced by cubes but only on the secondary road. A new pavement suggests more permeability, which seems out of tone, considering that the church confines with two streets. On the front entrance a parking lot and a small green area.

In the background, majestic view of mountains fading in the cloudy sky. Houses, castles, villas, Palladio's Rotonda: if that is not polyphony...

And then this total unclarity: cemetery-church-building site

The aesthetics of the fakeness in one place

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The aesthetics of the fakeness in one place

Walls delimiting the plots allow for everything to happen inside. When the walls are not there, the space becomes unclear. When the typology changes completely, there's clashing.

Reflection on the open-air ethnographic museum. The place is absolutely absurd. Architecture lives of its relationship towards the environment it's placed in.

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Reflection on the open-air ethnographic museum. The place is absolutely absurd. Architecture lives of its relationship towards the environment it's placed in. When transplanted, architecture loses all of its essence. Collecting architectures like objects in a museum is a pure act of violation. Therefore this place murders the architectures it collects.

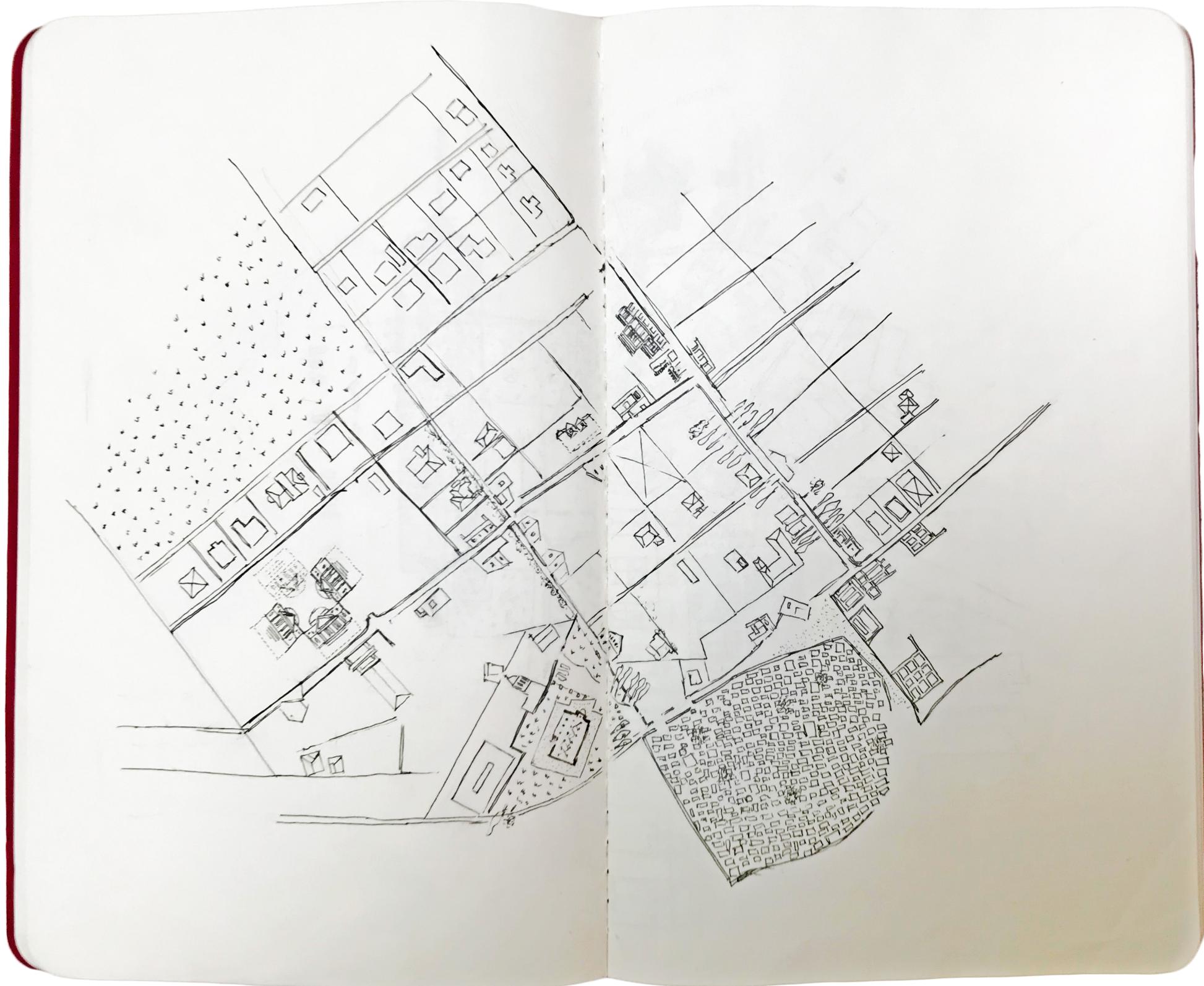
Confronting the dystopia of the copy in Dighomi Dachas with the dystopia of the displacement. Unsure of which of the two is the wrongest

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In Dighomi Dachas

41.7111760, 44.7875074



DAY ELEVEN

Didn't hear the alarm in the morning.

Need to plan the day and to do it quickly and efficiently!

Spent the rest of the morning looking for a spot combining my three rules on maps*

Taking new distance towards the city

* both Google and historical

and an urban structure of villas more influenced by the topographical conditions.

What interests me the most is however the coming together of a third plot where the two melodies seem to meet unclearly and therefore can be considered as a new logic which contrast with the harmonious meeting of the other ones.

DAY ELEVEN

Didn't hear the alarm this morning.
Need to plan the day and to do it quickly and efficiently!

Spent the rest of the morning looking for a spot combining my three rules on maps & taking new distance towards the city

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Unsure if that's the "right" way of doing but it seems to work for now.

Found a potential spot in Suburbalo. Heading there now. Excited to see a new zone

On the bus. Starting to think I'll be nostalgic of this place once back

The new spot is a complete jump of scale compared to the previous two. Two main structures meet in counterpoint: one rigid Soviet

apartment block grid and an urban structure of villas more influenced by the topographical conditions.

What interests me the most is however the coming together of a third plot where the two melodies seem to meet unclearly and therefore can be considered as a new logic which contrast with the harmonious meeting of the other ones.

Had to walk a long way up before finding a spot where to start drawing.

The reminiscence of a cableway, the introduction of an ideal line that clashes completely with the rest of the unstructured logic. A lost linearity could be the switch of the day
A high wall along the street beyond hiding the unclarity

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A high wall closing the street beyond hiding the unclarity

Once found what I needed, I had the immediate instinct of stopping drawing and run back home to draw the map properly.

Maybe it was a rush decision. But instead of going home I thought of visiting the former Archaeological National Museum (the place is now abandoned)

It's half past four, The autumn light is very gentle on the city. The entrance of the building frames a magnificent view.

communication is often a problem.

City at night confirms to seem less dispersive than at day

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It's an action of abstraction, as the frame of a painting. Distanciating again from the city. A unique relationship.

Step by step: approaching the aulic and becoming part of it

Drive at night and sneaking into Soviet buildings. Met couple of people, but

communication is often a problem. City at night confirms to seem less dispersive than at day

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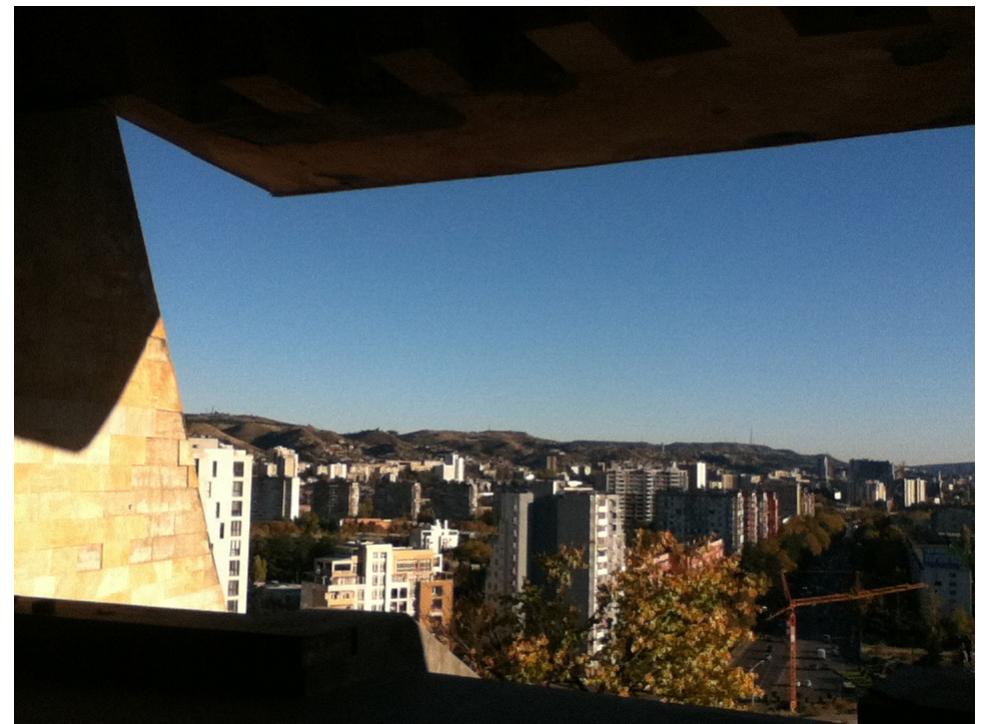
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In Suburtalo

41.7635403, 44.7669271



DAY TWELVE

Third Air Bnb switch: I've never moved so many times in my whole life in just one city.

In search for new examples to discover, the original idea of crisis of presence comes back in the discourse. That's the point of loss of the structure keeping polyphonic voices together.

The strangeness : the unclear

Death to the corridor street

A bigger road doesn't interrupt the city structure. A little gorge crashes in the system and it borders a cemetery with its own directionality

Another power pole just in the middle of tombs - dissonance. That's the potential element I'm looking for!

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In site. Appropriation of building facade is the feature to stick out the most

Amazing view of the structure of the mountain in the back: a skeleton with muscles in the back: a skeleton. In the mountains powerlines cross the road, a different infrastructure

Smooth transition into different typologies - juxtaposition

Death to the corridor street

A bigger road doesn't interrupt the city structure. Power is the road

A little gorge crashes in the system and it borders a cemetery with its own directionality

Another power pole just in the middle of tombs - dissonance. That's the potential element I'm looking for!

Closing the space through a fence, for the space of the living as the area for the dead scale changes, streets become tighter but there's still a structure!

One axis and a micro-city self constructing for each grave, a little table and a sit. The setting to reconnect

SLIGHT FEELING OF NOSTALGIA OF A TIME THAT IS NOT OVER YET

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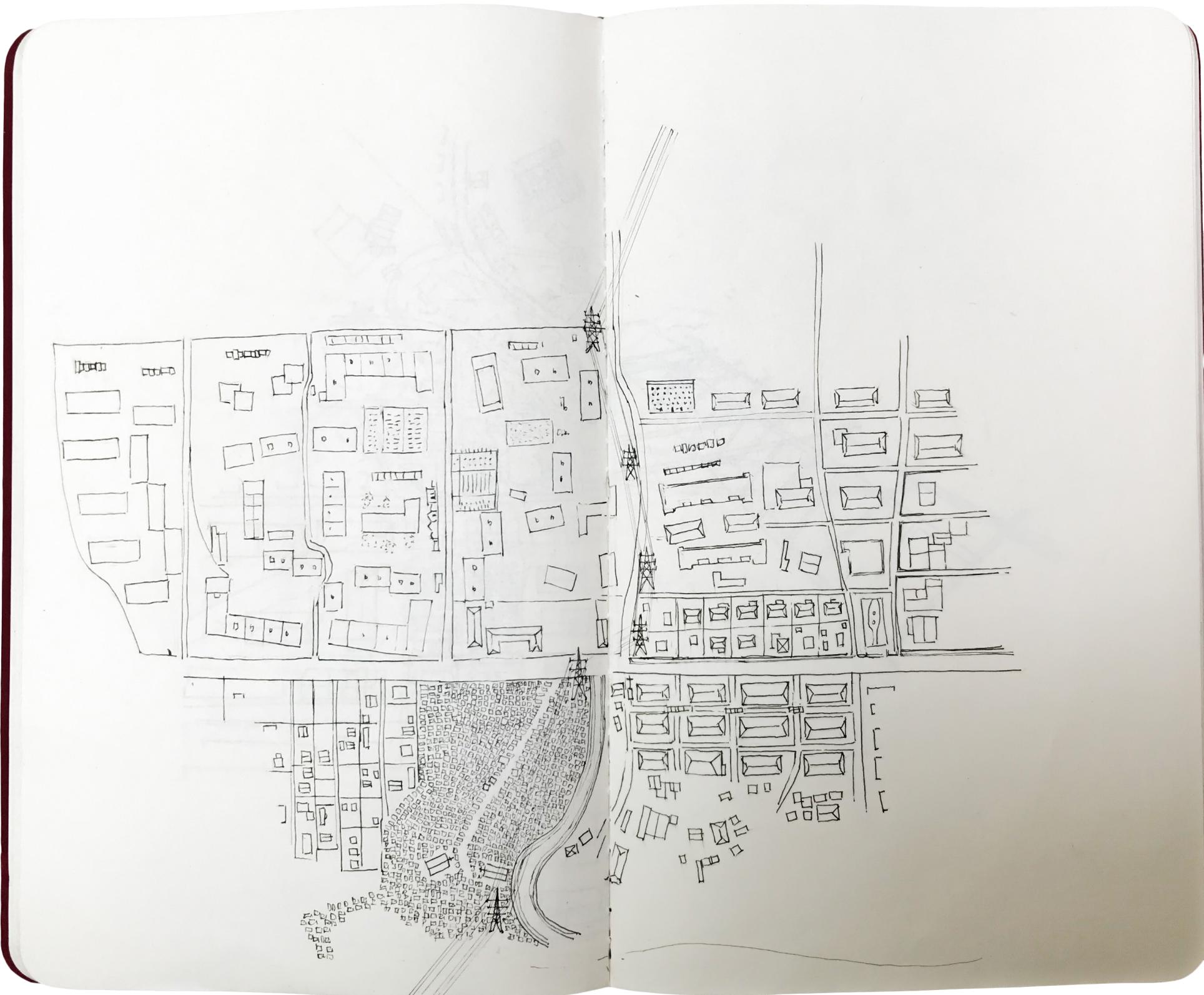
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SLIGHT FEELING OF NOSTALGIA OF A TIME THAT IS NOT OVER YET



In Navlugi

41.6624260, 44.8965968



DAY THIRTEEN

In the morning the livingroom of the new house has a beautiful light coming in.

This Georgian light in early November, so beautiful and bright

Going out of the city for the first day since I'm here.

One of the coolest drive ever done.

Just an amazing landscape.

fading passages and stairs consumed by water and usage

Moments of reflection and surrounded by pure beauty.

On the trip back I already feel I'd miss this moment.

By far the best day since here, the best I've felt in a while

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Can't not ^{notice} see gas pipes and electric poles since yesterday. Would have never notice them before.

Mountains, colours, light, pure beauty...

The silence of the non-city

Just a gentle ambient music of the Kura river

Total disconnection to the urbanity / complete relief

One rocky surface craved in... feeling

passages and stairs consumed by water and usage

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DAY THIRTEEN 2

Feeling alive and fulfilled by being with myself as we climb up an unposed mountain

Not gonna quit until the top.

The hope goes on always better we goots we say.

Paradise from the top of the world: reached the top of the city, walking on the mountains back home that night the low light of 4:00 pm and the shadow. It feels like nearly the edge of something important.

Can't not see gas pipes and electric poles since yesterday. Would have never notice them before.

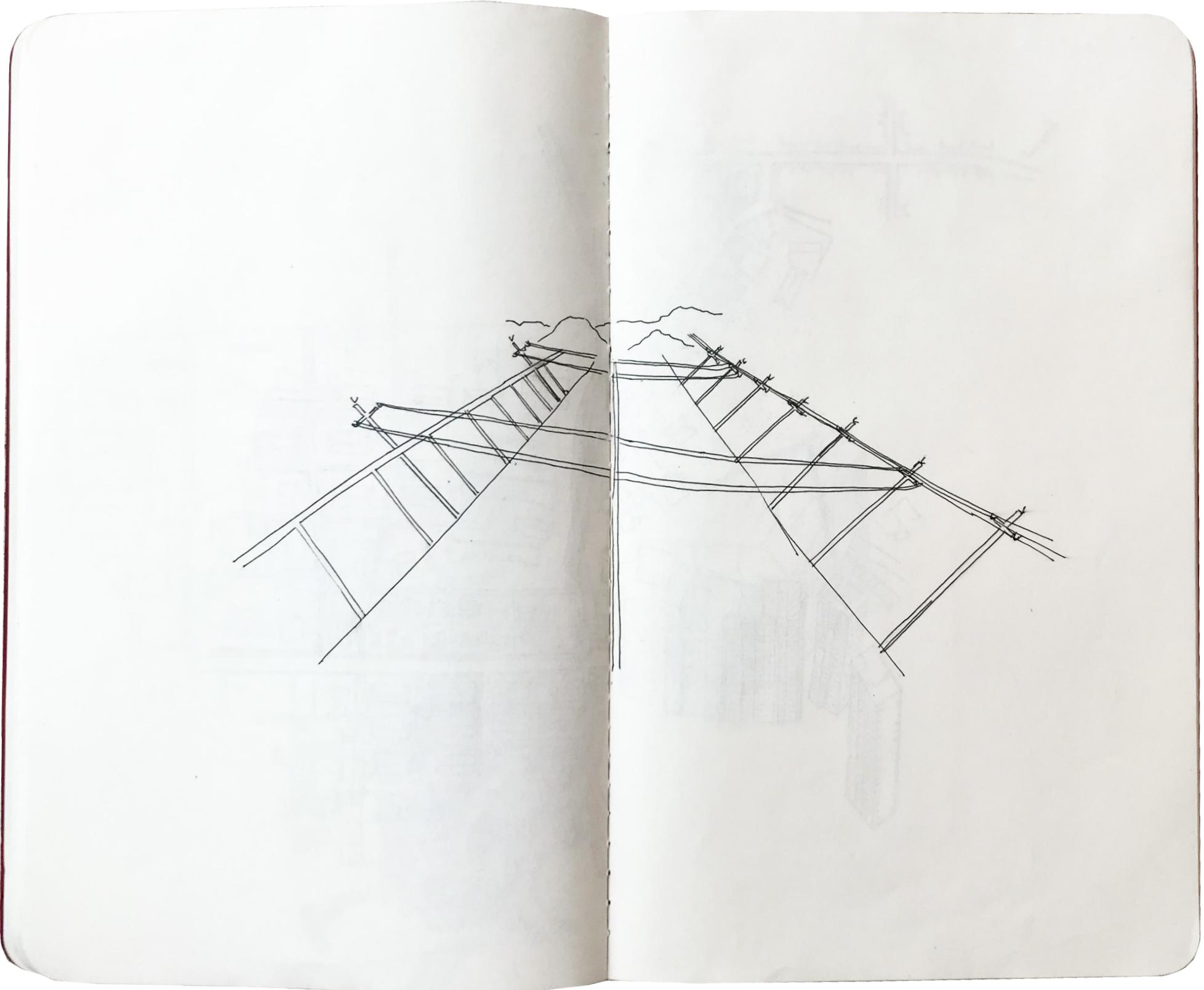
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The silence of the non-city

Just a gentle ambient music of the Kura river

Total disconnection to the urbanity / complete relief

One rocky surface craved in...



Elements from a Drive

41.9673920, 44.2073388



DAY FOURTEEN 1

One more to go

Feel a slight pressure to use time wisely, although it's already 12:50 pm...

Trying to spot a potential fifth site. Even if I'm not sure about it, I'll give it a try
Coffee, reflection, time.

than integrated with the rest.

After a turn, a perpendicular street closes off the structure and binds the topography.

If there's any multiplicity in the site, it lays in the strategies used implied to deal with the terrain. However no breaking point really emerged.

DAY FOURTEEN 1

One more to go

Feel a slight pressure to use time wisely,
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Trying to spot a potential fifth site. Even if
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A curved path of highrise buildings adjusting
their orientation to the topography

Then a little stair passage, almost in
the woods - rapid immersion in another
dimension

The one street structure is structured by a
dead end street. Its isolation from the
rest of the city due to topographical issues
makes it look like a little town rather

than integrated with the rest.

After a turn, a perpendicular street
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If there's any multiplicity in the site, it lays
in the strategies ^{implied} used to deal with the
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emerged.

Another cemetery, another odd: a sulphur tub
abandoned in the graves.
Seeing it like from above, maybe for the
last, new perspective...

DAY FOURTEEN 2

A curved path of highrise buildings adjusting their orientation to the topography
Then a little stair passage, almost in the woods - rapid immersion in another dimension

The one street structure is structured by a dead end street. Its isolation from the
rest of the city due to topographical issues makes it look like a little town rather

Another cemetery, another odd: a sulphur tub abandoned in the graves.
Seeing the city from above, new perspective...

DAY THIRTEEN

In the morning the living room of the new house has a beautiful light coming in. This georgian light in early November, so beautiful and bright

Going out of the city for the first day came from here.

One of the coldest drives ever done.

Just an amazing landscape.

Can't ~~not~~ ^{notice see} gas pipes and electric poles since yesterday. Would have never notice them before.

Mountains, colors, light, rare beauty...

The silence of the morning

Just a gentle ambient music of the leaves

Total disconnection to the urbanity / complete
relief

One rocky surface moved in... feeling

passages and noises concerned by water and usage

Moments of reflection and surroundings by pure beauty.

On the trip back I already feel like this

the moment.

By far the best day since here, the most I've felt in a while

DAY FOURTEEN 2
Feeling alive and fulfilled by every view angle as we climb up an unpaved steep

as we climb up an unpaved terrain

Not gonna quit until the top.

The hope for an always better view gets me going.

Reportage from the top of the world: reaching the top of the city, walking on the mountainous light line that divides the low light of 4:00 pm and the shadow. It feels like reaching the edge of something important.

DAY FOURTEEN 2

Feeling alive and fulfilled by every view angle as we climb up an unpaved steep terrain

Not gonna quit until the top.

The hope for an always better view gets me going.

Reportage from the top of the world: the top of the city, walking on the mountainous light line that divides the low light of 4:00 pm and the shadow. It feels like reaching the edge of something important.

DAY FOURTEEN 1

One more to go

Feel I might preserve to use fire with her, although it's already 12:30 am ...

Trying to spot a potential growth site. Even if I'm not sure about it, I'll give it a try.
Coffee, vegetables, rice

A mixed path of higher and lower density
then according to the topography

Then a little Stein passage, almost in
the weekly - egot immerses in another
dimension

The one great advantage is shared by a dead and inert. Its isolation from the rest of the sky due to topographical (say) motives it looks like a little town rather

then integrated with the rest.

After a rain, a perpendicular streak
comes off the surface and looks like
topography

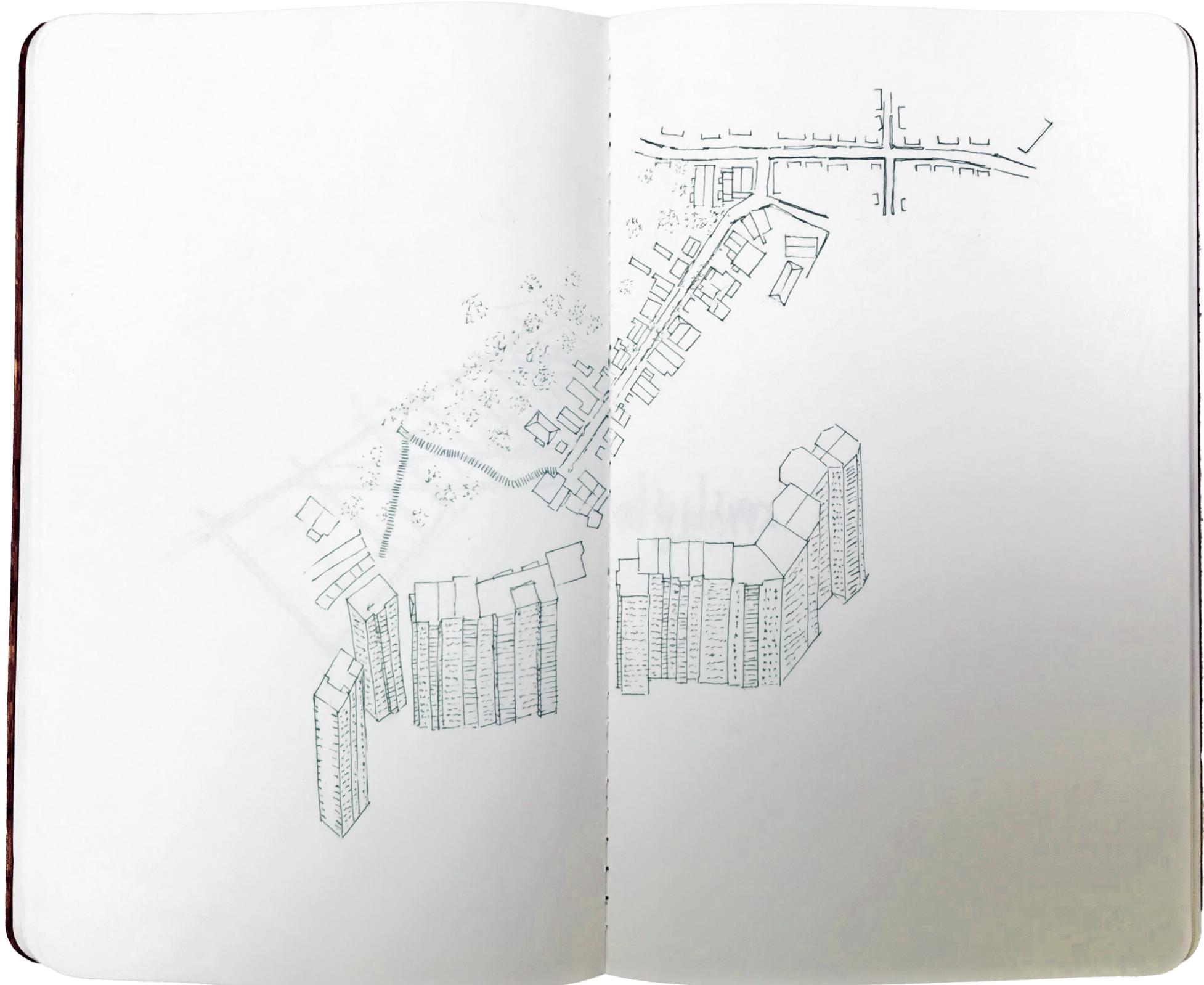
If there's any multiplicity in the site, it lies in the strategies ^{used} to deal with the terrain. However no clearly ~~part~~ really emerged.

Another comedy, another odd: a sulphur tank abandoned in the groves.
See if it's like your stone, maybe for the last, new perspective....

de

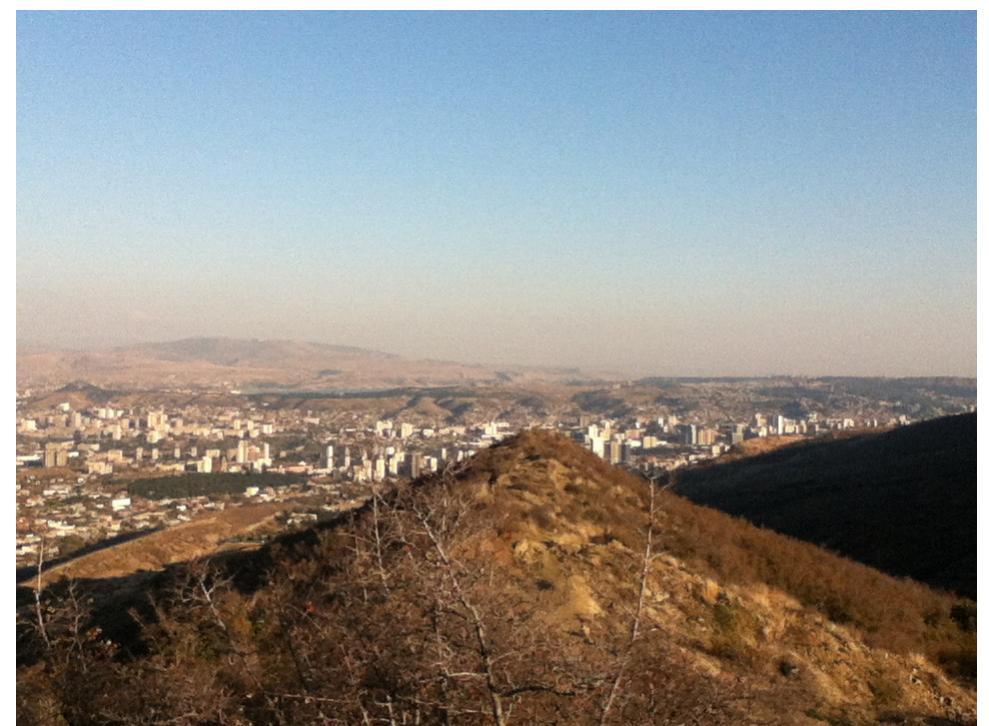
WY 200000 M 3

City conquered.



In Vake

41.70598150 44.7457487



DAY FIFTEEN

Today is my last day in Tbilisi.

It feels wrong to write this sentence.

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Trying to come up with a grand finale

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But, apart from that, I'll miss all the rest.

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დასტან რული

The End

41.6970715, 44.7993191



