

FIFTEEN DAYS

15 DRAWINGS

15 PICTURES

in Tbilisi

DAY

~~GIORNO~~ ONE

Lots of ruins everywhere.

Graffiti's 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

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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 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
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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-facade 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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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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DAY TWO

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 adopting to the terrain, despite cracks and discontinuities.

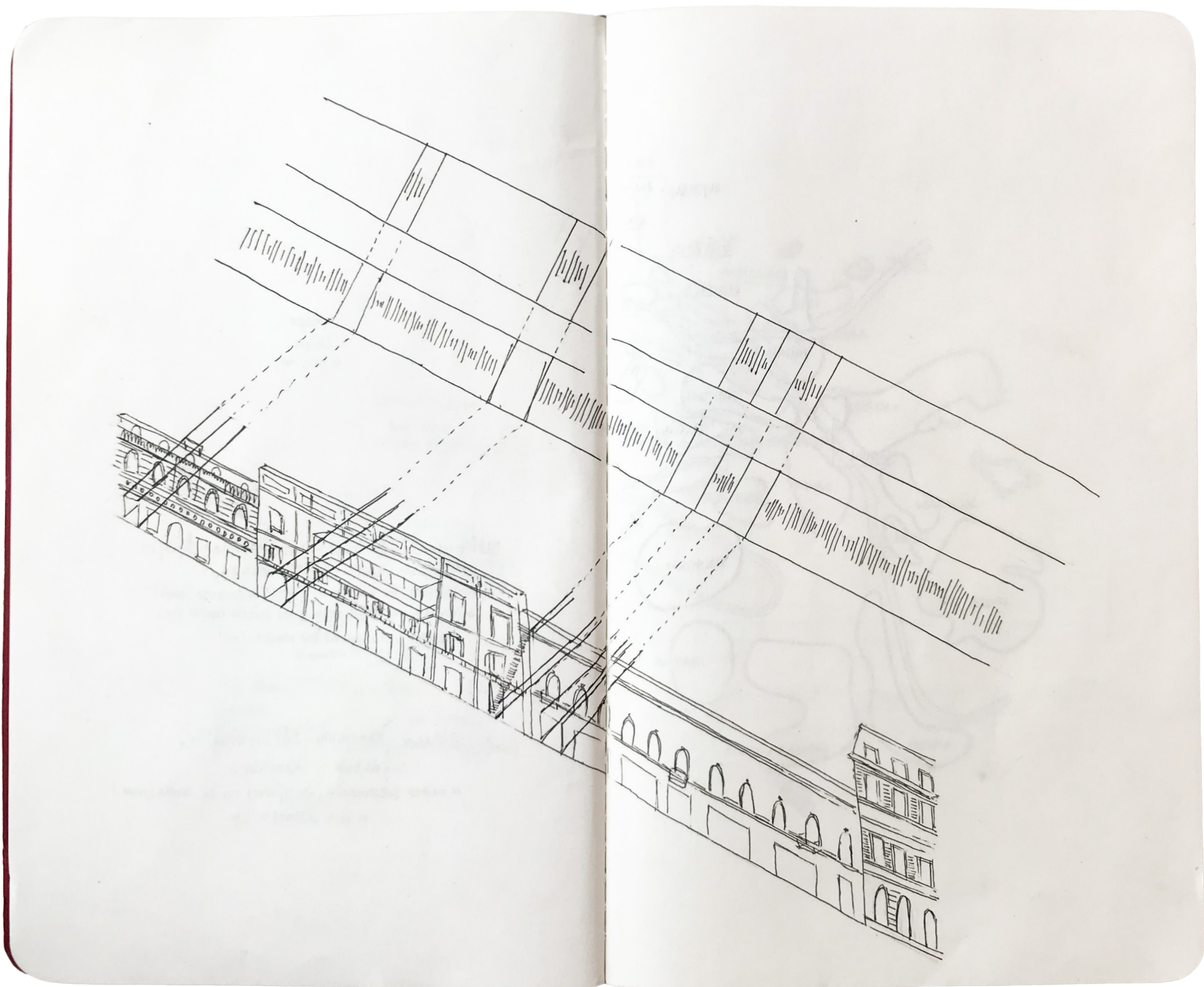
Ready on the city from the temporary office. Books are always the answer. Old pictures reveal a marvellous place; wondering where did it go...

How to define the polyphonic itinerary?

Recollecting the toponyms back as a larger map.

Refinding 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



Gamens under the olive tree
Can you experience a sense of presence in a
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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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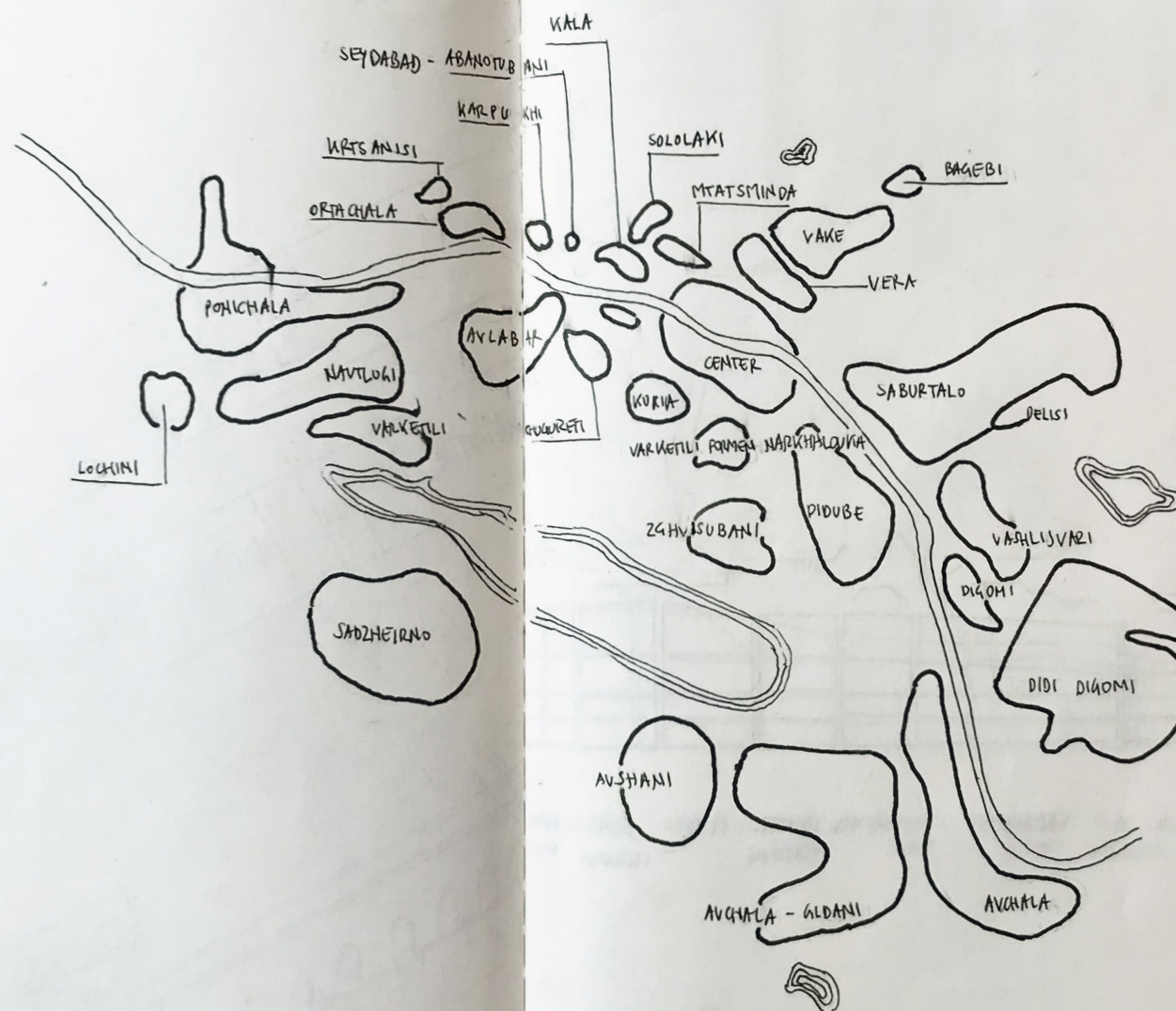
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Toponyms / Districts

41.7053822, 44.7766980



DAY THREE

First day out alone in the city. The silence makes my hears 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;

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?

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

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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.

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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 bizantinian 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 street's 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 AVLABAR / METHEKI. Walls of palace of queen Daria have another structure in their texture.

Sharp contrast between new buildings and complete decay.

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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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

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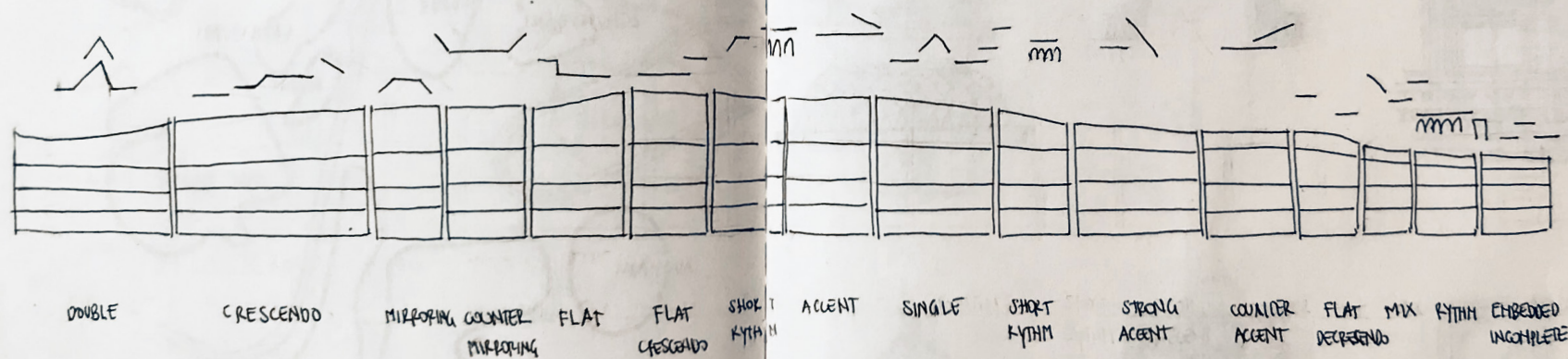
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Metheki Score along the Kura

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 ^{over}façades ~~hide~~ cover?

Looking for the FRACTURE

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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

I was searching for one adjective to describe Tbilisi. I thought about the idea of "episodic city", but can it really be called episode if every district, street and building seems to be an episode on their own?

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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The phenomenon of building-façades exhibited is reflected on the other bank of the river as well. I notice a variety of façades on their solid rocky grounding while I cross alone a bridge of cars.

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

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რუკა რუკა : map

კურა მტკვარი : the river of Tbilisi

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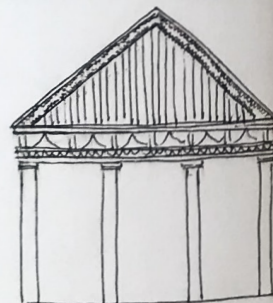
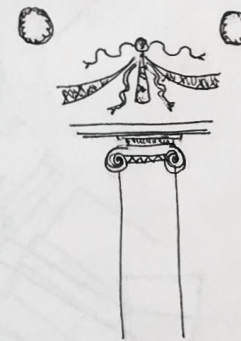
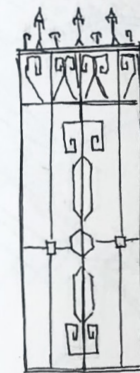
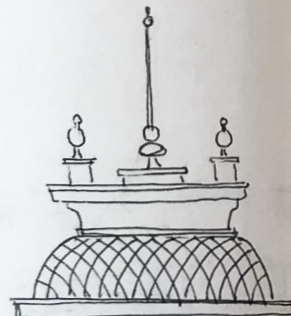
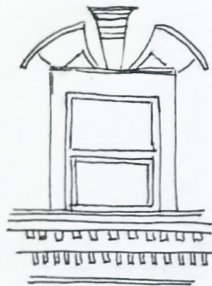
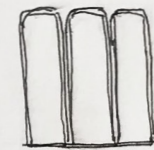
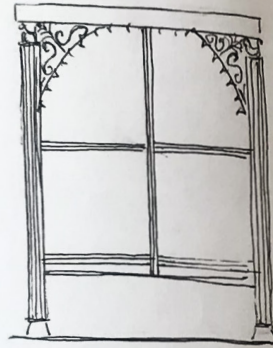
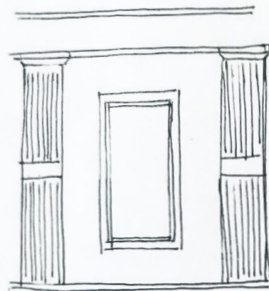
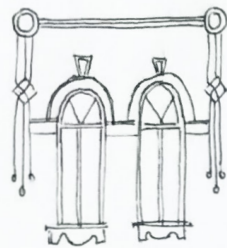
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რუკა რუკა : map

კურა მტკვარი : the River of Tbilisi



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.

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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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)

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

Along the river / the highway: undistinguishable sounds.

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

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Too majestic to lead to nothing. Out of tone.

Approaching the city: highscapes rise convolutely 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 underneath - 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

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Does / can a materiality expand its area of influence? How does it do it?

Episodic compactness of ABANOTUBANI.

Homogeneity? How much authentic?

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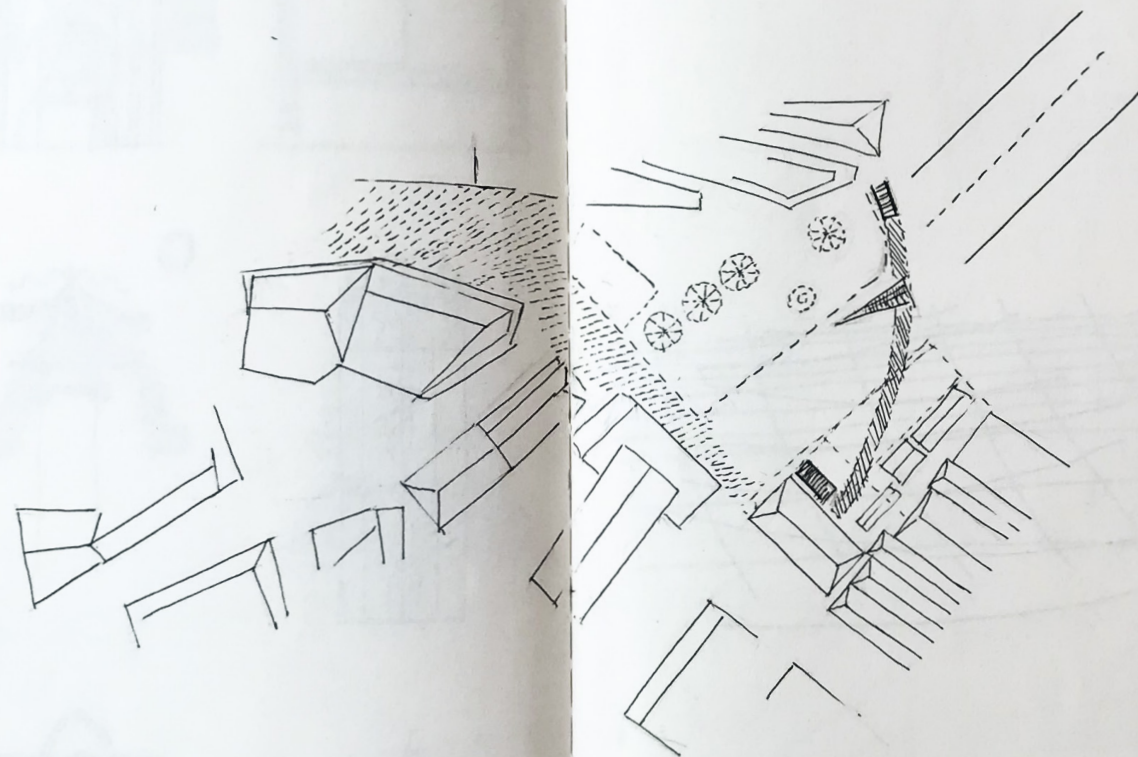
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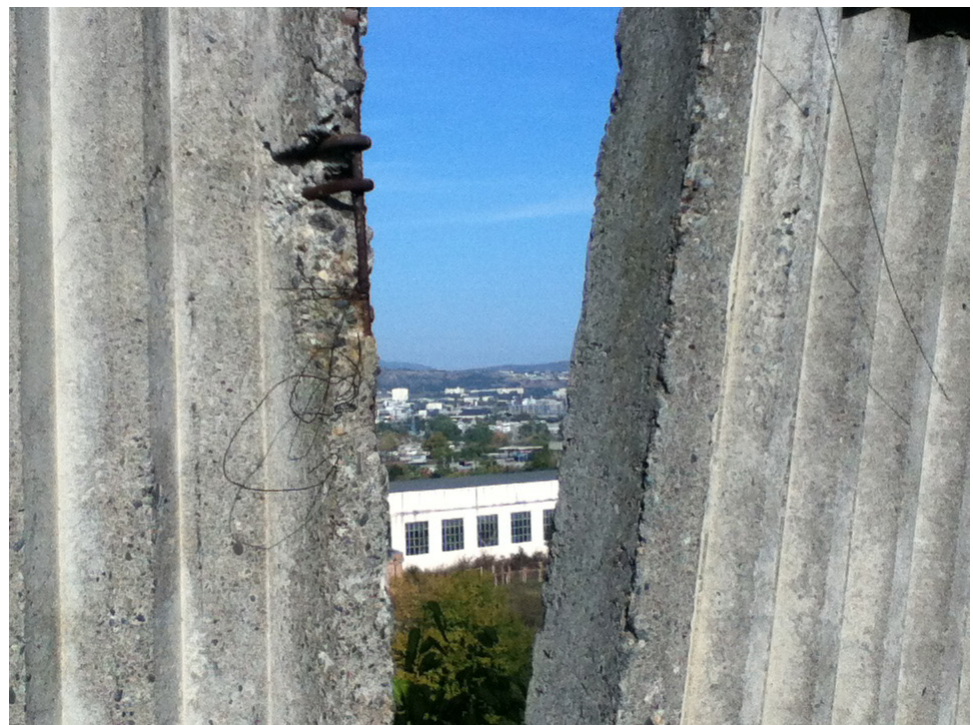
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Meidan then / Meidan now

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.

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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✓ 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 Metheki, now ethnographical museum. A symptom of polyphony!

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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. And 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...

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

In Metheki 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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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
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In Metheki 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.

River bank was the most dramatic change
during Stalinist time. De-connection
city-river.

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

Notational system !!!

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

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city-river.

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

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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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Theme of fake identity / authenticity.

Roman bath under the glass of the church in front of Abanotubani

Tbilisian typology: courtyard with communal space (pre-Soviet) → moving towards European during tsarist: introduction of facadism, while before the oriental

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Sasaplao 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

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Arthekko (oldest temple of the old 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

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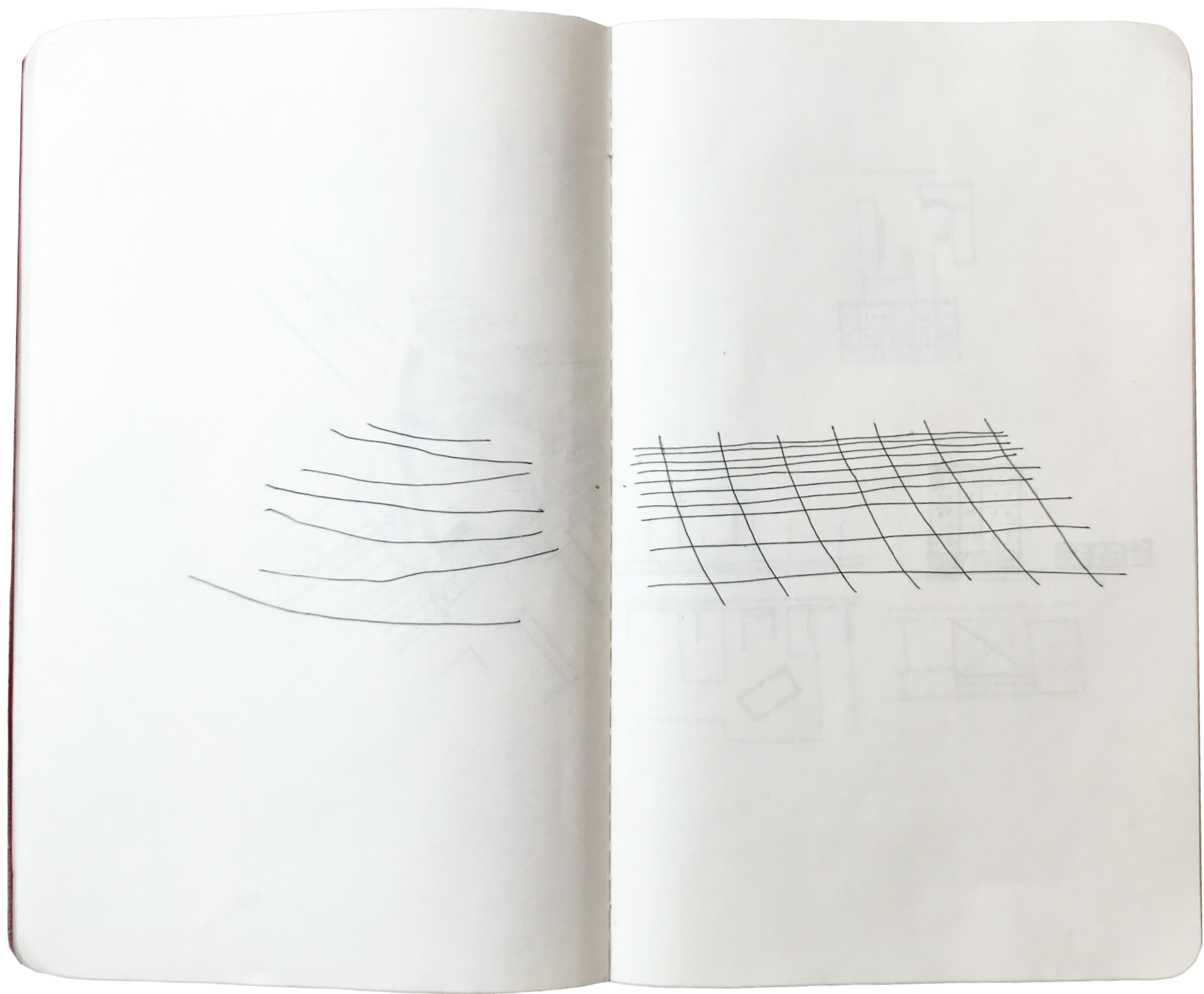
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Landscaping Grids

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

~~Refining~~ 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

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Courtyard as clash between the in and the
out

plane façades massive

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

Densification of the courtyard and
compare with the open in historical plans

thematic of classicist vs chopped off of
courtyards

Non correlation of front and back
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Cultivation of esthetic of façades and clash
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Difference front-back

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

Not juxtaposition but superposition

When things happen simultaneously

Unclear is rather interesting

courtyard as clash between the in and the out

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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 through 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

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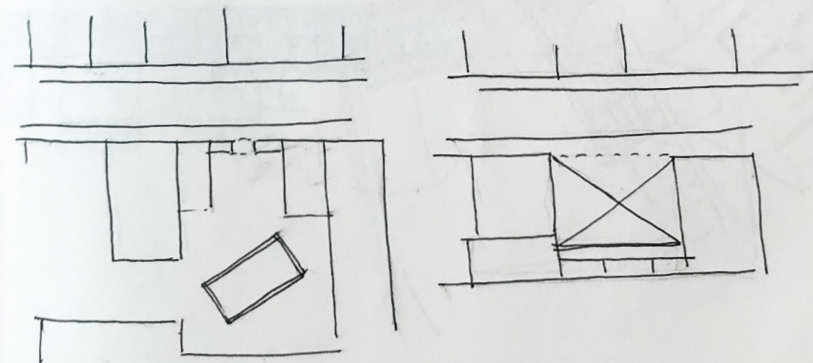
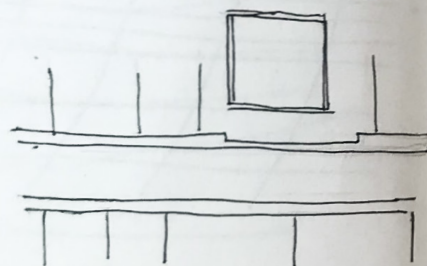
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Abacus of Spatial Clashes

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 outside 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?

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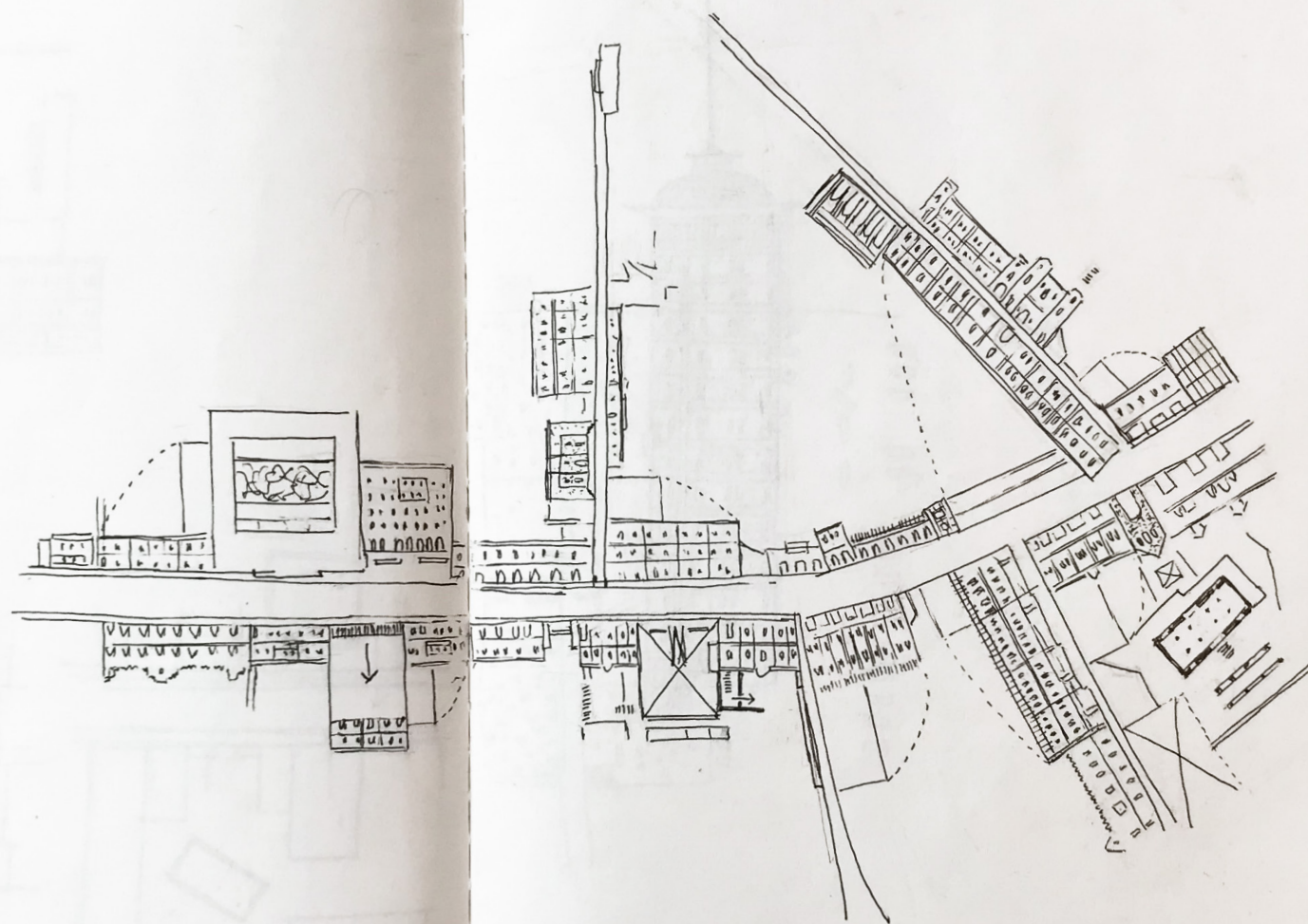
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In Neue Tiflis

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 / lost 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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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

alignment of the multiplicity

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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. They do

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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.

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

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DISSONANCE

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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REMARK: they build new churches in this city as they never have enough. ~~the~~ Tbilisians' 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

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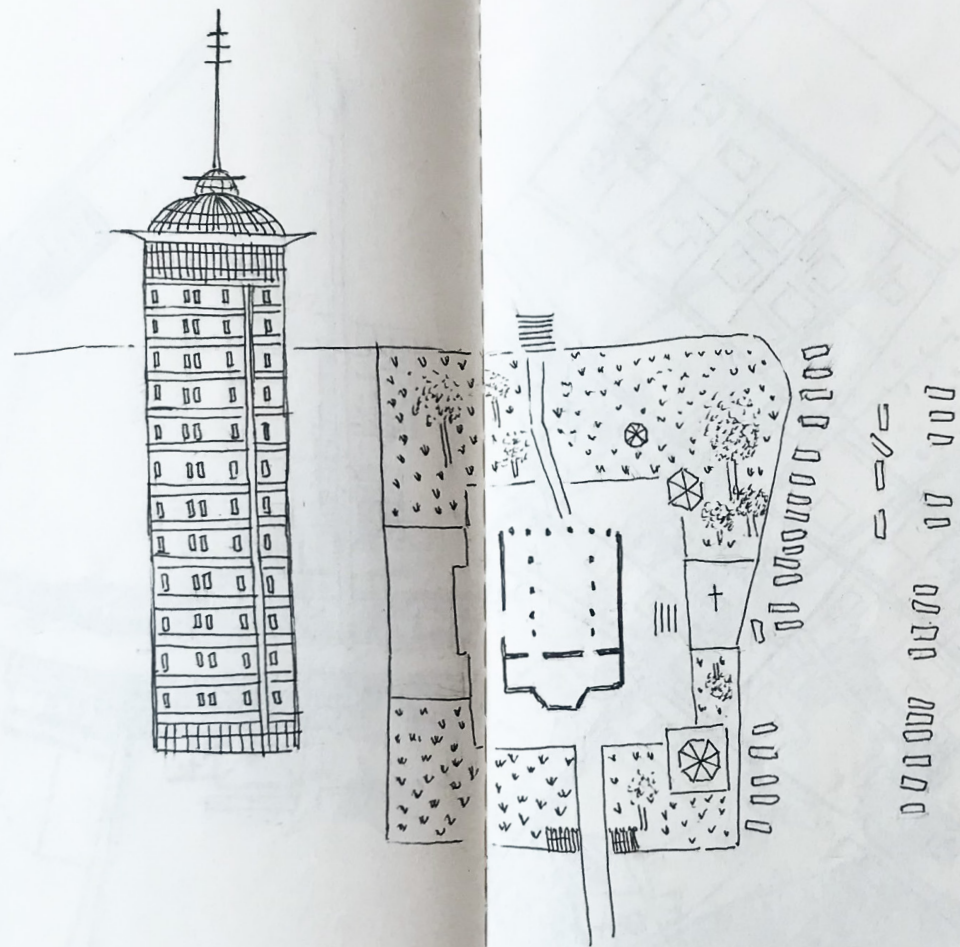
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Juxtaposing Dissonance

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 Sovietic agricultural grid.

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.

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

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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.

Went to check a couple of abandoned Soviet buildings. There's the beauty I was looking for. Even if abandoned or refunctionized real architecture still holds its quality.

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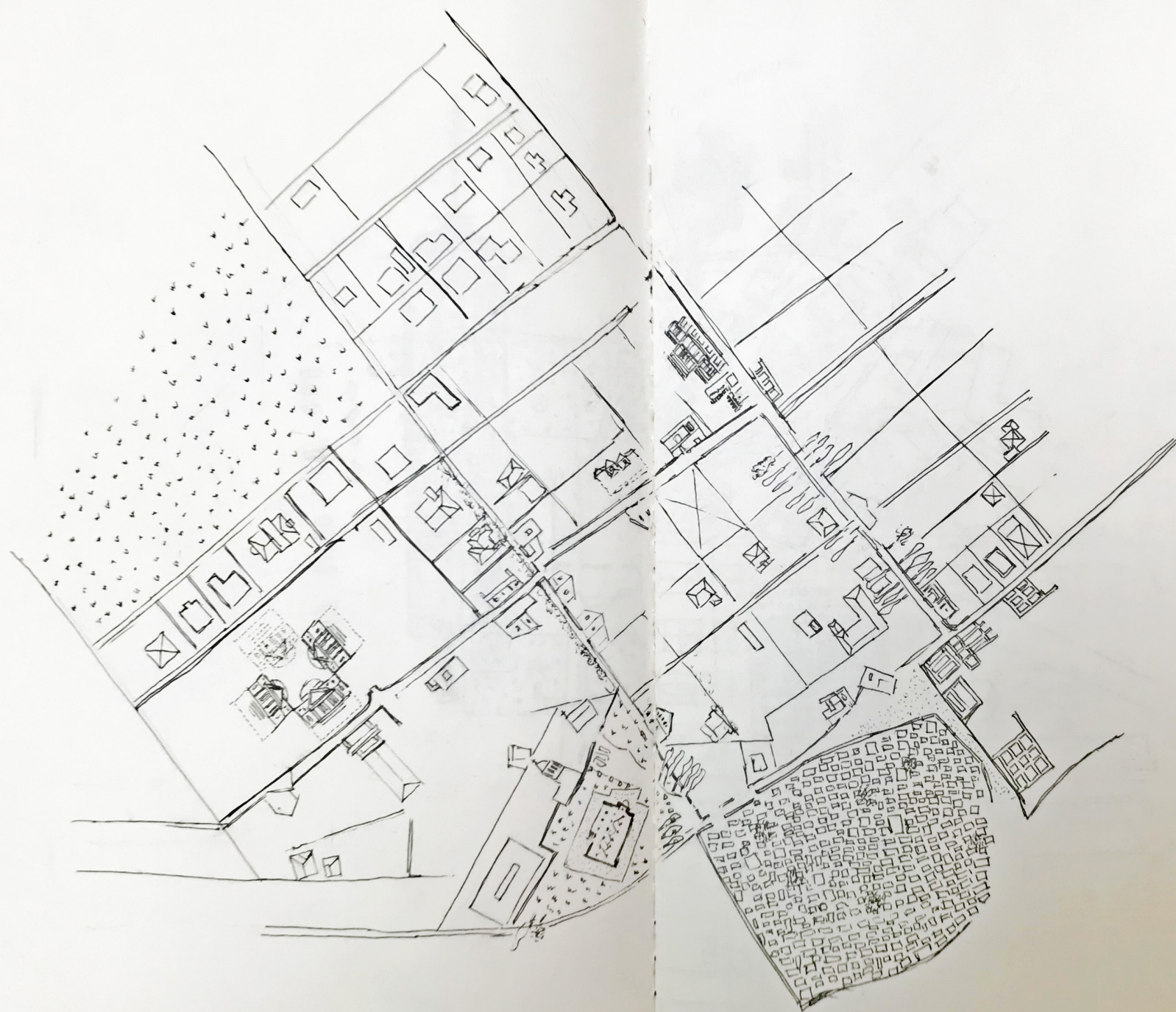
Reflection on the open-air ethnographic museum. The place is absolutely absurd. Architecture lives of its relationship towards the environment it's placed in. When transplanted, architecture loses all of its essence. Collecting architectures like objects in a museum is a pure act of violation. Therefore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

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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 interest 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.

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Found a potential spot in Suburbano. 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.

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A high wall closing the street beyond hiding the unclarity

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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)

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It's an action of abstraction, as the frame of a painting. Distancing 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

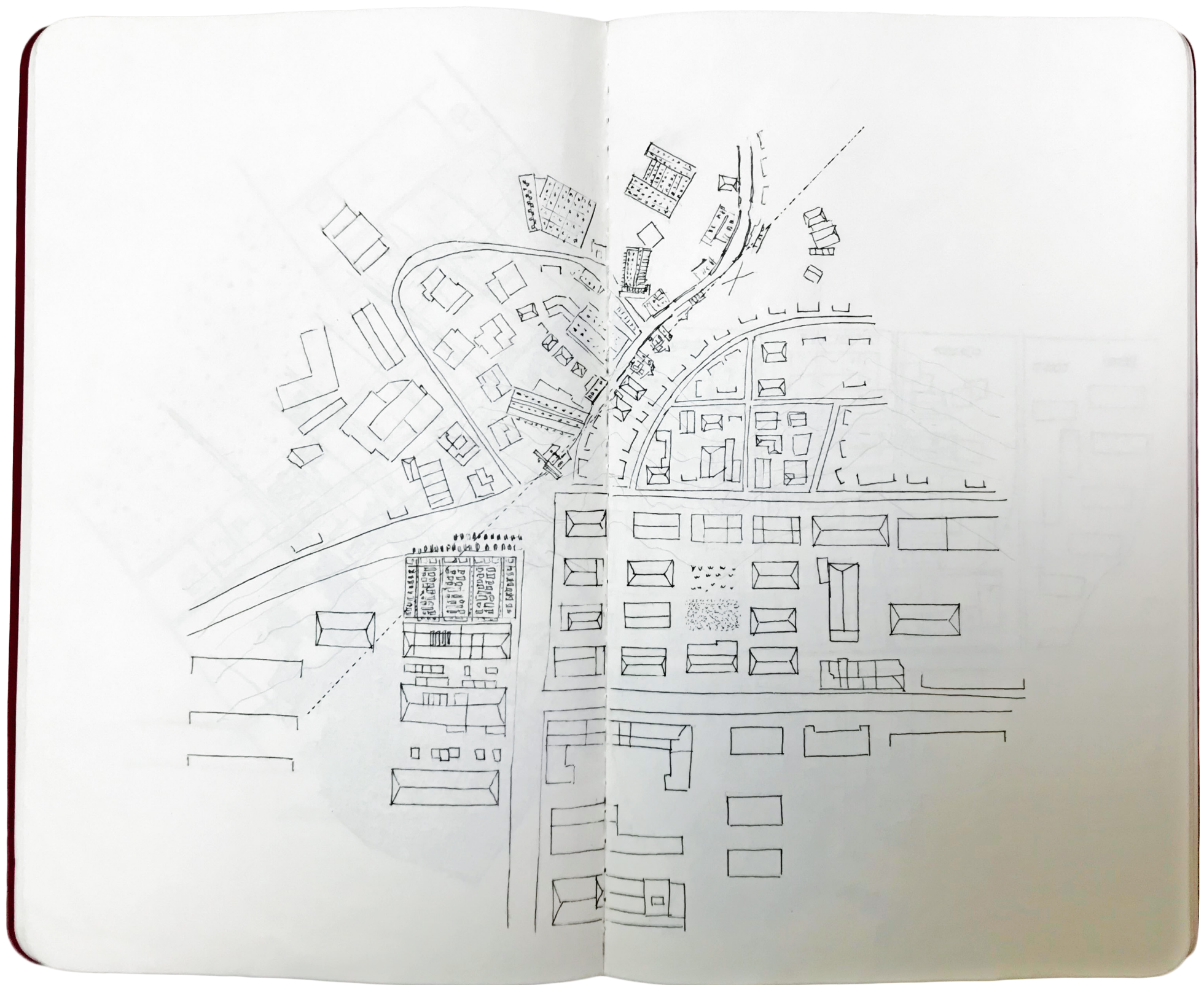
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In Suburtalo

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. Facing it a cross

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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Amazing view of the structure of the mountain in the back: a skeleton with muscles
Powerlines crossing the road, a different infrastructure

Smooth transition into different typologies - juxtaposition

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Closing the space with 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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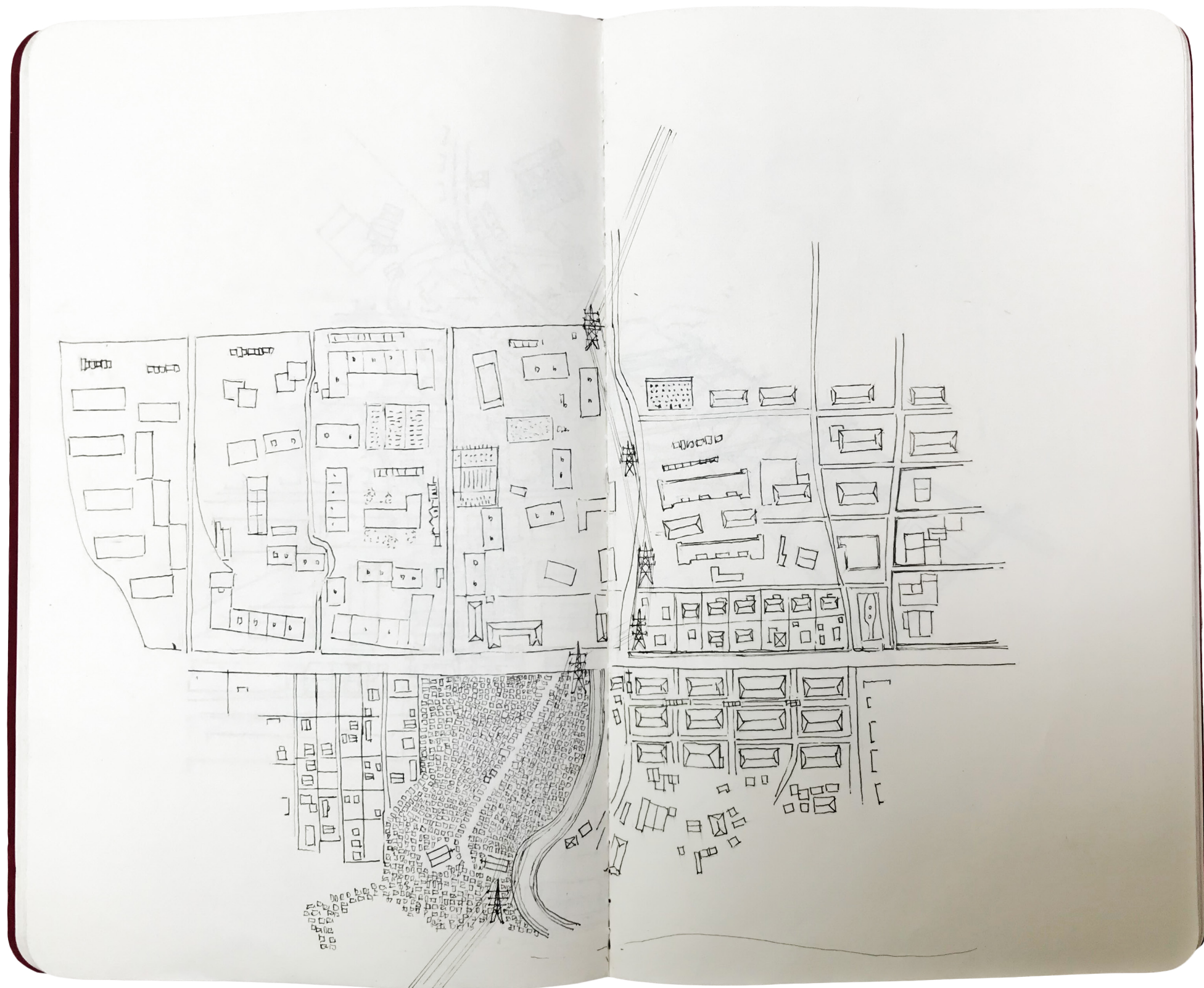
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In Navtlugi

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 ~~see~~ ^{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
has a gentle ambient music of the Kura river

Total disconnection to the urbanity / complete relief

One rocky surface moved in ... foraging

passages and stairs consumed by water and usage

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~~DAY THIRTEEN 2~~
Feeling alive and fulfilled by every view
angle as we climb up an unimproved mountain

Not gone quite until the top.

The hope food is always better we got us going.

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

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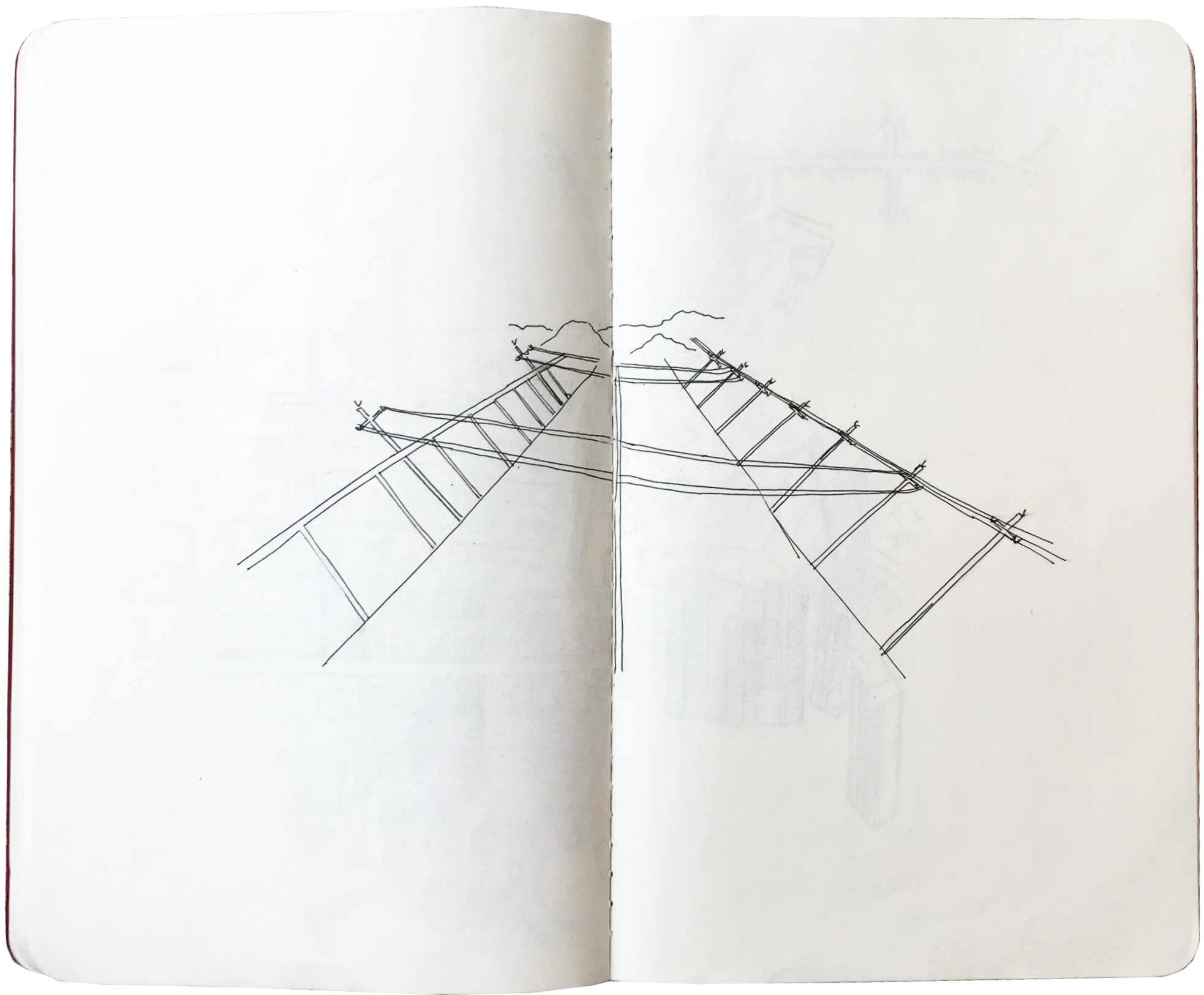
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Elements from a Drive

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 the 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.

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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.

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 closes off the structure and binds the topography.

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

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

DAY FOURTEEN 3
City conquered.

A curved path of highrise buildings adjusting their orientation to the topography
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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.

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

One of the coolest drive 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, woods, light, pure beauty...

The silence of the non-city has a subtle ambient music of the trees.

Total disconnection to the urbanity / complete relief.

One rocky surface moved in ... foraging

passages and hours consumed by water and usage.

Moments of reflection and surrounding by pure beauty.

On the trip back I already feel like Mrs. Mamat.

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

^{DAY FOURTEEN 2} Feeling alive and fulfilled by every view angle as we climb up an unpaved steep mountain.

Not gonna quit until the top.

The hope for an always better view gets me going.

Reportage from the top of the world: reached the top of the city, walking on the mountainous ridge 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.

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Reportage from the top of the world: the top of the city, walking on the mountainous ridge 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 a slight pressure to use time wisely,
although it's almost 12:30 am ...

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

A weird path of higher technology ~~object~~
than elsewhere in the topography

Then a little stone passage, almost ~~in~~
the weeds - rapid movement in another
dimension

The one great structure is surrounded by a
dead end street. It's isolation from the
rest of the city due to topographical ~~isolation~~
makes it look like a little town rather

than integrated with the rest.

After a run, a perpendicular street
closes off the structure and ~~leaves~~ the
topography

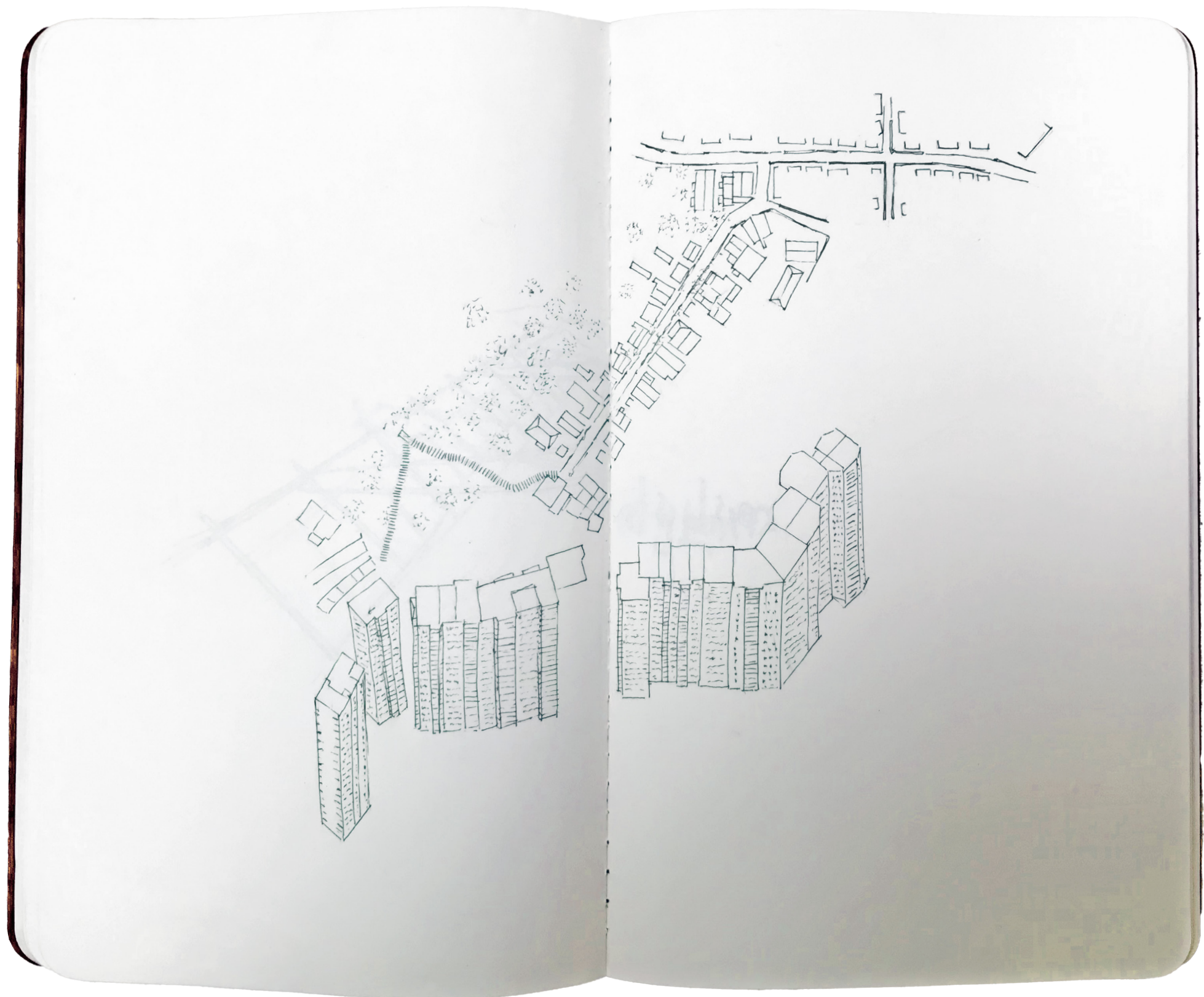
If there's any multiple city in the site, it lies
in the structures ~~used~~ ^{intended} to deal with the
terrain. However no broad point really
emerged.

Another anomaly, another odd: a square block
abandoned in the groves.
Seeing the city from above, maybe for the
best, new perspective....

DAY FOURTEEN 3
City conquered.

DAY FOURTEEN 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.

Few bus drives around the city, sometimes through new streets, most times through streets I've been walking a hundred times in these days. A very strange feeling. Wouldn't know how to describe it

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A last, disorienting, visit at the museum of fine arts. There is too much stuff in it

At the airport, last thoughts

Trying to come up with a grand finale

I won't miss the smog, the fumes, being stuck in the traffic in a taxi to cross the city. I won't miss searching for the underpassage to go to the other side of the street. I won't miss running away from barking stray dogs nor the dullness of Georgian food. I won't miss the horrible taste for fake architectures.

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

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დასასრული

The End

41.6970715, 44.7993191



