

## RE DESIGN TO ©

Tripoli / Hammam Ez-El-Dine - Ania Naghi

I chose a dying organism in the old urban tissue of Tripoli, Hammam Ez-El-Dine (800 years old), and covered it with a skin, symbolizing its own graveyards, its own tombstone and its own memorial. But at the same time I postponed its death, temporarily, in order for people to realize its threatening, and finally take action to preserve this one memory.

- *Why a hammam?*

Because more than any residential building it holds inside a common memory of a forgotten custom: public bath.

- *Why a hammam?*

Because it lies in a very strategic location surrounded by heavy traffic.

- *Why a skin?*

Because it symbolizes the aging process and it can take any fluid shapes.

- *Why glass?*

Because it is - transparent - delicate - sharp and lethal. Glass, like so many other things, can be harmful if touched, and protective if respected.

- *The purpose:*

A reaction to the disturbing and sudden change people become aware of what they have lost; nostalgia played its part. It is the protector I created for something I could not protect, by covering it, but transparently, for I still need it, still want to see it, and then again, determined to live it...

**WE HOLD WITHIN US SACRED MEMORIES THAT SEEM TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE US. OUR DUTY IS TO KEEP THEM ALIVE BY FREEZING THEM, OR PROCRASTINATING THEIR OWN DEATH.**

The evolution of thoughts can be concerted, and the one of ideas can be materialized.

Nevertheless, this matrix of ever changing aspects and metamorphosing shapes might not lead us to a serene ending. Never minding the time we all spend on working hard to procrastinate some real images, in order to make them transparent, discriminating, and even spiritual...

I started with regular art work, a painting. What's behind it? Where do those words, coming from decades, lurk? Why doesn't this cope, that somebody made me wear (my grandfather), seem to be able to leave me? Do I have to bear that cross I never chose anyway? This is what's tormenting me. This is the murder scene I was forced to witness, and this is my matrix. Isn't it ironic that those factors and elements living, and those who take that life away, are more or less the same?

We ought to know how to keep them alive, within us, by knowing that nobody's dead before he's alive...

The question is how? My answer would be postponing their death, or maybe by freezing them. He wrote me those words then...yes a few seconds before his death, he was still alive, but I couldn't even delay the unavoidable for a few more seconds. Let the souvenir of his death prevent the death of his souvenir...this is what's all about. This little object I possess is worth a tremendous value, it has its right on me, which I'm badly determined to respect. They are being developed into many images, merging into memories, hanging on quiet desperation that is fading before a monument breaking every rule. Well it might be harmful if touched, but blessed if respected.

It's in fact the protector I created for something I couldn't protect. When described, it felt complicated, but still, I'm not drawing in despair, for I'll clutch at the smallest straw, to be able to materialize an abstract idea, by covering it, but transparently, for I still need it, I still want to see it, and then again determined to live it... Here's my task, and my little work before your eyes. Do admire it for it keeps inside my scared memories. It's fragile; because it's made of glass...and so are we!