





Seeking for inspiration we headed for a sunny stroll around Mtatsminda district.

Tbilisi, judging by the cracks and tilted angles of its walls, is in a constant risk of collapse: kamikadze loggias, abusive reconstructions, poor maintenance, have all put under pressure most of the living spaces around town.

The city is facing an urban dilemma: to renovate? to demolish? to reconstruct and gentrify? to build new and unarmonious buildings? to create eco monstrosities on its periphery? Alternatives vary but so far the solutions seem short sighted and bidemensional while the issues like mobility or waste management have not been properly addressed.

We dived into wall patterns, we tried and seek refuge within their laberyntic lines: a continuous, unambiguous journey on the outershell of a city that struggles.

Are the romantic conmforts enough warning to us to take good care of her?

The visual stimulus enough not to transform the surfaces into the trendy wallpapers of the future? When all will crumble where are the remains going to rest?

What are we gonna miss from Tbilisi? After all the chairs will be gone: the walls will take down the balconies and crush the vines.

































