



THE MARKER

Aware, in the seclusion of my own thoughts, an eye, the observer, awake, willingly drowning... Going deeper, darker, sweeter, sweet in its darkness, raising questions unobstructed, uncut, free flowing and free falling...

And so the darkness came and spoke to the lizard as he was hiding for the night. She came to him in a whisper and told him to move... What came next was daylight. Unaware of the night that had passed, the lizard looked at the sun and grinned, then his dialogue resumed... asking about the measure and the weather, just two words that rhyme, one on top of the other, imagine, the grind...

When does the marker bleed? When you use it in need. So the lizard blinked an eye at this thought, looked at the sun for a moment still, confusion in his mind sent through his body a chill, the loss of a direction dimmed his will... What about the marker? He said why would it bleed? Why would you use it in need? Why the marker? Why bleed? Is it the marker that's a tool to express thoughts and feelings? Why a marker not a pen in this case?

Here is a set of mobile covers with a certain level of intensity that I have designed last year.

- Tech File:**
1. Brigitte Bardot (2m x 3m) Acrylic on Canvas
 2. Madonna (2m x 2.4m) Acrylic on Canvas
 3. Marilyn Monroe (2m x 2m) Acrylic on Canvas
 4. Monica Bellucci (2m x 3m) Acrylic on Canvas
 5. Angelina Jolie (3m x 2m) Acrylic on Canvas



2 So we think it's a turning point, some days are better than others, the shades in front of our eyes change color, and everything seems calmer...

Intensity in anger replaced by the calm of the night. Anger and hunger, washed away by the tide... To go far, to go distant from the turmoil in the mind. To find peace at heart...

Let's go for darkness, to a black state of mind. Let's go for weakness, to be what others want... Let's go for intensity, from blurred to sharp. Let's go for action while numbing the mind...

Why do we listen to our fears sometimes, and drown in our tears for a while... And pass our days like an endless sleepless night, why do we sometimes go blind?

Sometimes? Always! Do you sometimes think of yourself a year ago and shake your head and say to yourself, "Oh how blind was I?" And you think that today you are more aware than the days gone by, doesn't it follow that tomorrow

you will be more aware than today?

So, we spend our days becoming more and more aware, or so we think, and so we sink...

Aware of what? Of what's inside...

And what's outside? That too... Related to how we deal with the outside on the inside...

You dig? I do...

Things change... What things? Our perception of things, how we relate to them, how we react... True...

A part of a song comes to mind: "here's a world that is waiting between the living and the dead, here the flesh and its pleasures, are eternally wed"

Some things don't change... But also, all pleasures are in the mind. They start there, happen there, and end there... So, what happens in the mind? Everything... A point of view can change your life... It drags with it certain reactions, corridors of behavior... Ideas shape lives, what are yours...?



NEEDLES, BRUSHES | PIXELS & PAINT

KULTURE NEWSLETTER • ISSUE / 17 • WINTER 2011

• Jal El Dib Roundabout, Mallah Center, Roof [12th flr.] • Mobile: 03 68 94 66 • www.hadybeydoun.com • hady@hadybeydoun.com • circulation 10,000 copies.

REBIRTH



WOOD ART

Is it the irresistible draw of the forbidden... Or is it the amazing feel? Either way, the lure is undeniable. Art and tragedy more than often come hand in hand. It is tragedy that brings art about, like a volcano exhaling all its anger and fury, and it is art that causes most of the tragedy simply because it is closely related to time. Art escapes time, and time determines art. Not only does time determine art but also the ideas that come with time. The most potent of all ideas is the idea of self image. The way we see ourselves determines how we see the world. How the world sees us also depends on how we see ourselves...

Used and abused, empty and expired, worn out and trashed, consumed in a few minutes, these items go in and out of our lives so fast we hardly ever notice it until one day we find ourselves feeling just like that. What do we do? Some find the answer in a joke and take things light-heartedly, and some go a little deeper and find the answer spiritually.

This is my interpretation of a state of mind I went through during the past several years. They stand as a testimony to our relentless struggle in search of internal peace and balance despite hardships that make us feel as worthless as an empty can thrown out on the street flattened by the wheels of time yet retaining its bright colors and message.

TECH FILE: Size: 30cm diameter x 50cm height | Weight: 17kg. on average | Surface: Wood | Paint: Urethane | Finish: Glossy



THE MUNDANE AND THE MAGIC

Who said that such a single use small item can't be made into a useable piece of work? Raw metal designed, cut and curved to shape, then welded in place. Suffed and painted with silver and rust. A shining piece of metal in the dust. The dust made by our FMCG world that has turned everything into a number, including us. That same part of an item serves as a door standing between our brainwashed thirst and the thirst quenching beverage stored inside. Untouched, this Soda Pop Top is a can lid cover that locks in fizz and freshness for days. It is our guarantee for quality. Once opened it automatically becomes trash. We throw it away without thinking twice about it. But if we do think twice about it, we can come up with a magnified and fortified version of a disposable item and turn it into something else. The idea here is to turn a trashed worthless piece into art that no longer goes unnoticed wherever it is placed. It somehow turns a single use item into a functional metal sculpture that you can sit on or admire from a distance. A testimony to our fast moving, disposable, mass consumer oriented world of today. A solid piece of metal that remains standing unmoved in the middle of a river of trash turning our country and planet into a waste land.

TECH FILE: Weight: 20Kg. | Size: 43cm x 62 cm | Material: Iron | Paint: Urethanes | Finish: Semi Glossy



LIFE AFTER LIFE

WWW.HADYBEYDOUN.COM

FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN HIDING THE CONTENT BETWEEN THE LINES. THE SUBTLE RIGHT IN BETWEEN THE BOLD, THE RENEWED TRASHED ITEM IS NOW BACK WITH ATTITUDE. ATTITUDE IS EGO, EGO IS LIKE A GAS TANK WITH A HOLE IN ITS BELLY, NO MATTER HOW MUCH GASOLINE YOU POUR INTO IT, IT WILL ALWAYS ASK FOR MORE. THE TIRING PART IS THE PROCESS OF CONSTANTLY TRYING TO FILL IT UP. AT ONE POINT YOU RUN OUT OF NEW THINGS TO FEED THAT EGO, AND, USING MORE OF THE SAME OVER AND OVER AGAIN CREATES A MONOTONY THAT OPENS THE DOOR TO A COMPLETE SENSE OF APATHY.

A state of apathy means a state of uninterest in anything around you. It looks like a swamp, a place where nothing moves except for the flies feeding on rotting decaying matter. A state of apathy is never unconscious of itself. It judges the self way too severely. It is aware that it is crumpled, used and abused. It feels old and useless and it hates itself for being in such a state, helpless, alone, left in the dark to consume it from the inside out.

When the ego dislikes its own self, it automatically dislikes the whole world and everything around it. It retaliates, it becomes aggressive, it tries to hide its shame by attacking others at the slightest provocation. It wants to say to itself and to the whole world: Eat Shit!



CONCEPT, LAYOUT AND DESIGN BY SKIN DEEP® HADY BEYDOUN. ALL ARTICLES HEREIN ARE THE OPINIONS OF THE AUTHORS. SKIN DEEP® HADY BEYDOUN, AND WHO MAY REPRESENT IT AND WRITES IN IT ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY PROBLEMS THAT MAY ARISE FROM BEING OFFENDED BY READING THESE ARTICLES, COMMENTS OR TECHNIQUES WHEN MENTIONED. THIS NEWSLETTER IS COPYRIGHTED AND REPRODUCTION OF ANY PART OF IT IS EXPRESSLY FORBIDDEN, UNLESS WRITTEN PERMISSION IS GRANTED BY THE EDITOR IN CHARGE.



Beirut

THIS IS FURNITURE. One barrel taken, another is given back in full color and a message. A trashed item renovated. It is like rebirth, like life after life, because death is simply an illusion. Death is static and nothing is static in the universe, not even the most solid and dense material is static. Everything is in constant motion at a sub-atomic / electronic level.

Now, where do we go from there? We come here. Right here to the now, and what do we do now? we **Revolt**. we **Rebel**. we **Resist**. And it is an internal revolution i am talking about. A revolution is the revolt of one idea against another. In order to move from a state of tension into a state of peace one has to pass by a state of friction.

Friction: The rubbing together of two things. The friction between the head of the match and the matchbox causes a spark. A spark is created when two or more ideas rub against each other. This spark causes a fire, and a fire has to consume in order to burn. It consumes oxygen and matter. The oxygen is time and matter is a body of ideas transforming: from wood into soot, from stone into coal, from fuel into gas: from discontentment into contentment, from questioning and doubting into trusting, from refusal into acceptance.

Rebirth: To transform the self from one state into another is to go through a state of revolt and rebellion. Revolt and rebellion against the old self; the old self being a body of ideas that has to be broken down, consumed by the fire of change and eventually to be shaped again in a new form.

This is **Life After Life**. The metal barrel had a specific function and that was to store 50 gallons of liquid and transport them from one location to another. After a certain amount of time, when the liquid inside the barrel has been consumed and the barrel drained, what remains is the empty shell, left to rot out in the sun and rain. Our job is to take this used and abused barrel and give it another function;



to give it another kind of life, life after life. A new form. A renewal of the mind, a rebirth on the inside which causes a change on the outside.

What ideas and thoughts we have been given in our early days can serve us for so long, and then they become old and rusty, dusty and squeaky. And one day we may find ourselves looking for a way out, an escape because we find ourselves trapped, like an animal in a cage. Trapped, in a cage of ideas, our mind becomes the raging animal and the ideas become the bars that make the cage.

Rebellion, Revolution, Resistance, these are all elements of anger, anger is friction, friction is heat, heat is fire, fire is change, **Change Is Never A Constant**.

But how to capture the motion of change in a snapshot, to freeze that moving action in a solid shape, to transform motion into non-motion, to freeze time? It would be very easy to take a picture of a moving object or person, or to take snapshots of a living creature at various stages of its life, from cradle to grave and observe them, or to take still pictures of an angry person, but in all that, there is no rebirth.

Rebirth comes all in one: It is the same barrel that has contained 50 gallons of liquid that has now changed its physical function into a chair. This is only the small part of rebirth. The bigger part is the statement and state of frozen change this physical object portrays:

The fire of change is symbolized by the visual statement in bold. The rusty wear and tear is the old deteriorating state that has caused the fire. The glossy shiny surface is the renewed state of mind. The changed function is the renewed self.

The whole mix of the old and new is the snapshot of a motion now frozen. It is the same entity remolded in such a way that shows the old and the new all at once, the old function and the new function, the old deteriorating state and the new shiny glossy state all at the same time, and the agent of change, the war of ideas in bold. That old hulk is repainted in bold colors with streaks of rust, wear and tear under a shiny glossy surface with a brand new function.

* Take a city, for example our beloved war torn Beirut with its old beautiful residential buildings renovated now as commercial stores and offices. It gives you a sense of rebirth; the old has been renewed while retaining the original form, with the function changed. However what is left trapped underneath its glossy surface is the rusty dusty squeaky human being who has rebelled against his own self and remodeled his appearance leaving his interior frozen in its stagnant deteriorated state. Not only that, but he has remodeled the beating heart of a city and trimmed down its many functions into one: From a metropolitan feel into one huge open shopping mall.

TECH FILE: Size: 95cm x 60cm | Surface: Metal | Paint: Urethane | Finish: Matt | Upholstery: Leather / Rabbit Fur | Foot Rail: Stainless Steel

