The Lisbon Atlas of Law and Entropy

Hosts **BUREAU A** Architects
HANGAR Centro de Investigação Artística
Guest **Jaspar Joseph-Lester**

1 Julie Westerman

[13:11] Emerging from Cais do Sodré, on an axis of entropy.
[13:19] The diagrammatic metro map and the city street plan coincide, pinched together at a metro station.
[13:35] My eyes have to adjust, moving from the murky light of the underground through a series of architectural spaces that change the balance of artificial and natural light.
[13:44] Sitting at the water's edge, eyes squinting against the glare, watching the ferry traces another map of shipping lines and ferry routes on the surface of the river, which itself traces the topography of the valley.
[14:11] Praça de São Paulo by a fountain engraved with Camara de Municipal, I sit watching the intimate interactions of what I suspect is a permanent group of impermanent residents drinking the afternoon away. Sitting on a bench nearby an elderly couple kiss.
[14:20] Now is there a law that says that you have to pick up your dog's shit! Calçada da Bica Grande.
[14:39] I have woven my way up a steep slope, navigating the unwritten laws of etiquette by not walking too close to the people in front and sitting on the unoccupied bench. From this isolated position I'm able to observe the boundaries transmitted by the various social groups. My peace is disturbed by some very bad guitar playing. I note that two policemen watch these unspoken laws that govern our social behaviour being played out.
[14:51] Surprised to find myself at the Museum of Pharmacy and feel that I ought to consider the laws of science.
[14:53] Trying to move north and find my way barred by a patio with a sign: PRIVADO.
[14:53] I go in anyway.
[15:03] Still going north, curious how the graffiti artists have tagged a vulnerable decaying building in an area on the cusp of change, marking it as a sick animal, like flies laying eggs on a carcass, Rua Luz Soriano.
[15:08] Now is the law of entropy moving a delicious little pastry from outside of me to inside of me, or does entropy happen a little further down the line? Rua da Atalaia.

7 Pedro Rufino

[12:37] Starting Point: Escola Básica Nuno Gonçalves
[12:48] Intersection 1. Road signage with exclamation mark, across the street from building with some open windows at the communal stairs.
[12:53] No. 10 has the only arched frame and entrance door.
[12:53] At Rua Mestre António Martins.
[13:00] Intersection 2. There is a private access 'Vila' with a gate; the housing inside looks illegal.
[13:26] Intersection 3. Escola Luísa de Gusmão. Closed on the weekend like any other secondary school.
[13:31] Intersection 4. Close by, at Praça das Novas Nações, there is a public exercise park for the elderly with quite a few machines and also a tiny slide for children. This is typical of many neighborhoods.
[14:03] Intersections 5-6. These are both the interior courtyards of two blocks. There's access from the street, but not public access. Maybe there is some other way through a couple of hotels in Almirante Reis avenue.
[14:18] Intersection 7. This one falls almost on Regueirão dos Anjos and in particular on RDA - an association which played a big role breaking ground for most of these new kind of cultural/social ventures in Lisboa. The Regueirão – a former canal – is situated at a lower level to the surrounding streets.
[15:16] Intersection 8. Public baths of Junta de Freguesia de Arroios under a public parking lot. Closed at weekends.

TRIGGER POINT

2 Carlos Noronha Feio

[12:41] Departure point: Cais do Sodré
[12:50] This is where the west end of the city and its suburbs and neighbouring towns connect. The train line that starts/ends here moves westwards in an organised manner. It separates the river from the city. The old neighbourhoods are up on the hill, with their palaces, museums and hotels, as well as the developing business districts running alongside the tracks, where EDP (the biggest corporation of Portuguese origin) recently established their new headquarters, as well as their new state-of-the-art museum. The whole of the Cais do Sodre area is under construction in an attempt to beautify the city for its inhabitants and, mainly, for the tourists that are increasingly present and important to any urban planning decisions.
[12:59] Moving north through the São Paulo neighbourhood, where the crumbling Pombaline buildings, in their grid systems, are being slowly transformed into trendy destination of bars, clubs, dubious art and restaurants. A process of gentrification driven by its central location and cheap rents. A major drive by the Prime Minister, then mayor of the city, was to control the traditional drinking neighbourhood of Bairro Alto through imposing new closing times and traffic control, in an attempt to lower noise levels in the neighbourhood. Though run down, it already had the infrastructure to accommodate an influx of people, the area was ripe with strip bars, prostitution and drugs, it seemed like a natural move, from up the hill to down the hill, for people looking to have a drink and relax until later hours at night. Some of the recent developments went a tad too far and the top, with a street being branded as the 'pink street' and having its tarmac painted bright pink.
[13:04] Going up the hill in Rua das Flores.
[13:08] Had to shift to a parallel vertical section of the grid as in Rua de São Paulo (east-west) a very large building at the bottom of the hill divides the well organized baixa district from the much older neighbourhood behind the building.
[13:19] I've counted 5 buildings in full blown reconstruction between downhill and Largo do Barão de Quintela, where a 6th building is also being renewed. This building occupies the north side of the square, where the local fire station was, until recently, the tenant. In the middle of the square a statue celebrating José Maria Eça de Queiroz, one of the 19th Century's most celebrated Portuguese writers. Famous for books that would nowadays sound like a Venezuelan soap opera, where a couple, madly in love, realise that they are in fact brother and sister, and also for a proto-Monty Python work, The Relic, in which the bon viveur nephew of a pious old woman finds himself in the position of having to travel to the holy land as a condition of claiming his inheritance – only to come back and start a thriving business selling fake religious relics.
[13:29] At a new intersection of law and entropy: Praça Luis de Camões.
[13:34] This square was built where once the Palace from the Marquises de Marialva stood.
[13:34] This palace collapsed during the Lisbon earthquake of 1755.
[13:35] It was never rebuilt despite its owner's request.
[13:36] Instead a new public square was commissioned.
[13:41] To the east of the square, two magnificent churches face each other, while further along the Chiado square celebrates a mostly forgotten poet named Chiado. It is also home to the best-known of Lisbon's cafés The Brasileira ('the Brazilian woman') where another poet is celebrated with a statue comprising an empty chair and a table as well as a life size sculpture of the poet Fernando Pessoa. Sitting down in the chair and having your photo taken is the equivalent of going to Milan's Gallería Vittorio Emanuele II and twisting your heel on the bull's balls for good luck.
[13:42] Having your photo taken with Pessoa is not supposed to give you luck, as with twisting your heel on the bull's balls in Milan, but then again, imagine doing both activities in real life and trying to figure out which one, if you manage to do it and escape, might make you feel luckier.
[13:46] At the centre of the Camões square a sculpture of Luis de Camões was inaugurated in 1867. Camões is the quintessential Portuguese poet. There is a national holiday celebrating him, and his work is seen by the Portuguese as being on a par with The Iliad or The Odyssey.
[13:47] This national holiday is also known as the Day of Portugal.
[13:48] The Camões statue, according to Wikipedia, was the second of its kind in Lisbon. The second national-identity-building major public sculpture.
[13:48] The first being the equestrian statue of King Dom Sebastião.
[13:49] Who accordinf to myth will re-appear one day and lead the country to new glories and salvation.
[13:50] King Dom Sebastião vanished in the Portuguese conquest of northern Africa in 1578.
[13:51] Oops, my mistake, the statue is of King Dom Jose I.
[13:51] Totally different King.
[13:53] This sculpture has intended to receive merit of an artistic kind due to the technical knowledge required to produce it. It is also the first public work in Portugal dedicated to someone still alive.
[13:54] Moving onwards and into Bairro Alto.
[13:55] Now with a much earlier closing time for its bars.
[13:55] This is a quaint neighbourhood.
[13:56] Cobbled roads, small buildings with tiny flats and curious in the extreme. Old ladies at the windows gazing at everyone passing by.
[13:57] This is one of the only neighbourhoods that survived the earthquake.
[13:58] The position up on the hill protected it from the tsunami resulting from the earthquake.
[14:00] Walking in Rua do Norte (north street), my path just got blocked going north. I now need to turn east or west.
[14:01] West looks more neighbourly, east nicer, more polished with churches and ecclesiastic museums, with an amazing view to the north.
[14:02] I choose west, with its tiny, narrow cobbled streets. There is a strong smell of urine that baffles me as I walk along, still moving uphill.
[14:03] Hit another intersection.
[14:03] Choosing north, continuing uphill through Rua da Atalaia.
[14:04] The fabric of the city is here mixed up.
[14:06] All the buildings are old. No doubt some have benefited immensely from Airbnb, as well as other 'emotional' incentives to clean and fix up the city.
[14:07] The street veers left and hits Rua da Rosa. I make the decision to turn right, maintaining a northerly direction.
[14:09] I can just about see the end of the road. Beyond the building, right in front of where Rua da Rosa meets with the east-west Rua Dom Pedro V, there is nothing.
[14:10] Well, there is a cliff without road access from where I stand.
[14:10] I turn westwards.
[14:11] Here the city becomes undoubtedly wealthier.
[14:11] Embassies, palaces, and grand garden squares.
[14:12] A Moorish palace to my right transformed into a Department Store.
[14:13] As are several other palaces here.
[14:18] In the garden square giant trees with straggling roots show their presence. They are old and not indigenous to Lisbon. As I walk down the road, to my right is the grand but impoverished Natural History Museum. The museum gardens betray Portugal's past colonial exploits, many botanical specimens from distant lands. They are a show of force, a mode of exposing existing power relations. These trees are too mature to have been gathered in a world based in diplomatic efforts between equal peoples and nations. They are an inheritance of Empire.
[14:19] They are centuries-old, and from all over the world. They were gathered to show to the public the wonders of the Empire.
[14:20] Both to act as propaganda, as well as to be studied.
[14:20] Are they of any use to us?
[14:20] I can imagine someone saying.
[14:21] Further along is Largo do Rato, my final destination.
[14:22] I pass through another nation-building institution.
[14:23] The office of the attorney General (nice palace with its own grand gardens, hidden from sight by an approximately 7-metre-high stone wall).
[14:24] Rato is an important point of convergence in the city.
[14:24] An urban planning disaster (in my view) where several major arteries meet.
[14:25] To the north is the headquarters of the socialist party, the current party in power, a pink palace.
[14:26] To the east, a large avenue leading to Marques de Pombal, the main roundabout of the city, named after the dictator who rebuilt the city after the earthquake of 1755.
[14:28] The Marquês de Pombal statue on the roundabout crowns the main avenue of the city, the Avenida da Liberdade ('avenue of freedom'). To my west, one more giant church. Lisbon seems to have an endless amount.
[14:29] At the bottom-right corner of the Church's Palace, there is a police station. I wonder if the police need to pay rent to the church.
[14:30] Or if they are forced to go to Sunday mass in exchange for the space.
[14:31] South-east there are two roads, one leading to another beautiful public tropical garden.
[14:31] The other is much smaller and leads to the national assembly.
[14:35] A humongous neo-classical building growing from the middle of tiny little buildings in a totally unorganised neighbourhood still with very high levels of poverty.
[14:36] Not sure what that means in terms of power projection.
[14:36] Just saying, just putting it out there.

3 Miguel Santos

[14:02] Starting Point: Praça do Comércio. Law is the square.
[14:03] The law is made of straight lines, the grid has no time for topography, flattened entropy.
[14:04] Walking north along the grid, a tourist looking for entropy in the urban grid
[14:05] The picturesque as entropy-'lite'. There is no time to waste.
[14:09] The grid and the law, the erasure of entropy.
[14:11] People prefer walking in straight lines, change in direction a last resort to avoid collision.
[14:17] In the grid, in the law, the representation of entropy is good business but there is no space for real entropy.
[14:18] Looking up at the roofs, plants are growing from cracks in the walls.
[14:19] Nature is entropic, no straight lines outside of the human law, no straight lines in nature.
[14:21] The law has no time for hills, it doesn't appreciate topography. Flat land and deserts are easy to control, change becomes more regulated.
[14:31] Climbing stairs, feeling the entropy.
[14:35] There are more old faces at the top, outside of the grid.
[14:43] Old cafe, happy tourists ordering frozen Moroccan sardines and sangria. The utopia that is represented in the travel guide becomes the law on the streets of central Lisbon – regardless of the impossibility of fresh sardines for all the visiting tourists and sangria being a Spanish affair. Long live the law, long live the travel guide, the line, that human aspiration, is always straight.
[14:49] Looking east, the law is on top of the hill. Castle, old monastery. Perspective gets distorted.
[14:50] Big brother is killing you.
[14:51] Train station, hidden passage, old memories.
[14:55] Palm Trees cut down, bust of politician still standing.
[14:59] The laundry cannot be hung out to dry in public, only in the back, in private. The facade preserves itself, the law rules.
[15:05] Walking up to the hospital, no tourists but impossible to understand the various languages being spoken.
[15:07] The entropy is in the diversity of the locals, migrants or the creative power of entropy, paraphrasing M. Serres.
[15:12] Open doors to the street, entropy as its own law.
[15:13] Laundry hangs on the facade, not in the back. The laundry is done is public.
[15:16] Old walls, new graffiti.
[15:18] Allotments hidden in the city. Hanging from a roof, the tree faces the street but the food is hidden.
[15:32] Unexpected smell of the forest, it drifts across a wall, the tree tops can be seen. The smell fills the area.
[15:36] An A4 sheet of paper is glued to a metal door belonging to a garage, offering the services of an international lawyer, areas of expertise: refugee protection, asylum law, protection from human trafficking. Accounting services also on ofter.work in

4 Jaspar Joseph-Lester

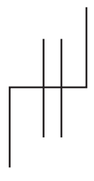
[13:43] Starting point: Museum do Fado.
I eat some crisps in the entrance of the museum. I am told that there is no eating allowed. I stand in the doorway and that seems to be OK. I continue to eat my crisps while the lady on the desk tells me about Fado music.
A CCTV camera points down at the bottom of Largo do Chafariz de Detro.
A bollard sunk in the road is ready to rise no to prevent cars from passing.
The American tourists in the café (street number 32) are talking about William Blake while drinking spirits and beer. Five men and one woman talk about the weak and the strong. It is the woman's birthday, and the men are in the US army: '271 or 281'. One of the men says to someone in the group, 'you smell like street moss and crab apples'.
[13:52] Rua do Terreiro do Trigo: the trees line one side of the street casting a shadow over the pavement. The road is straight but my path is blocked at the end by a Bar.
[14:00] I continue west but have to avoid the Trigo Latino Bar which has faded black canvas sun shades near house number 4. I am standing still on the pavement, my passage blocked by the Bar, and I start to feel I have been standing in one place too long. A man approaches me and asks if I speak English.
[14:08] Rua do Cais de Santarém, Campo das Cebolas: A big archaeological dig is fenced off with light metal mesh. In some places the fence is doubled.
[14:10] The fence prevents me from crossing the road. I am penned in. The road is being dug up. I wait for people to pass by and then make my way through the narrow passage.
[14:12] Campo das Cebolas (47): The mesh is covered over with green netting. Maybe to stop the dust but also to hide the building site from view.
[14:13] Number 6a: The sign outside the Bar has been recently updated: Gin Tonics 5.00 euro, Mojito 4.50 euro.
[14:17] Mais Segurança Lisboa: There is a larger area of pavement outside the Jose Saramago Foundation.
[14:36] Rua do Comercio: There is a very straight road running west. At Rua da Prata I turn north. I pass the policia station, where a policeman is standing at the door. A sign next to the main entrance has a poster for a concert of Fado at the Colisen dos Recreios. I continue north.
[14:40] At the junction of Rui da Conceicao there are two policemen. I am texting and looking at street signs. The policemen tell me to get off the road.
[14:51] Rua da Vitoria and Rua da Prata: Casa Teen has gone out of business. All that is left of the shop display are silk drapes, which once provided a backdrop for luxury goods. There are mirrors angled to reflect displayed goods from behind. The words 'Melhor Preco' are written on the window. The rusty shutter is down, and there are empty display cabinets on both sides of the interior. 158 Rua da Prata.
[15:02] 200 Rua da Prata: Low quality souvenir goods, no sign. Large air conditioning units are attached to the shop front. Cheap sunglasses, snow storms, cans of 7 Up in the window. Lots of budget bags in the window. 276 Casa da Borracha. Brown paper covering the Windows. The shop has closed down.
[15:06] Praça da Figueira: Walking north takes me to the base of a statue, A Dom João I. I pass the left side of the statue. Moving off course but quickly retaking my position once I pass the statue. Someone has written 'skate and destroy' on the base of the statue.
[15:10] There is a big white tent ahead of me. I am in the centre of the square heading north. I pass through the tent. There is a stall with baby clothes and hats, another with smoked cheese and wine. Someone says 'hola'. I am on the other side of the tent but blocked by tables. People stare up at me as I stand texting while facing north.
[15:16] The smell of food is replaced by exhaust fumes from buses. Hot engines tick over, tourist coaches stack up behind each other. I walk through a small gap between two buses. The back of one bus is stained from the engine fumes. I am on the north side of the square facing Pensao Beira Minho. I start walking east.
[15:25] Rua Dom Duarte: I head back north. Tall palm trees rise over the houses ahead. Brown dying leaves are hanging off the lower branches. I look at a line of buildings that interrupts my walk north. The fronts of the buildings are all black from engine fumes. The glass is broken on the top window. Grass is growing out of the guttering along the roof. I turn around and see the Hostel Mundial facing the old buildings with lines of air conditioning units under each on the hotel windows. The 1980s looks down at the 1900s.
[15:29] Rua de Barros Queiros: I stop for a slice of pizza at pizza Alif Kebab. But then decide against it. The cold interior has a large flat screen blasting out daytime TV.
[15:34] Rugs on the floor with old magazines for sale. A catalogue Armas Famosas shows faded guns on the front cover. Someone tries to sell me some weed.

5 Susanne Prinz

[12:27] Starting from Rua dos Sapadores.
[12:30] At a plaque commemorating the participants from the 'Regimento de Transmissões' in the uprising of the 25.4.1974. Installed 25.4.2016 – law is always defined by the victor.
[12:33] Crossing the road lawfully.
[12:37] Entering Estrella Douro – private property. Am I trespassing?
[12:44] Following a walk of fame down R. Josefa Maria surrounded by poetry on the walls I cannot read and music from behind walls that block my view.
[13:06] Entropic frenzy at Convento da Graca: hundreds of people leaving church, people crowding around the cafes, moving in opposite directions, construction barricades, Tuk-tuks and eco tour cars.
[13:55] Rua das Pedras Negras/Travessa do Almada: extreme order in cartography, less so in physical geography. Again, countless people coming out of church down the hill. Disappearing into the side streets. Like a liquid dissolving into other liquids according to some mysterious rule.
[13:55] Beautiful uniform houses along both streets.
[13:59] Entered the house without a number (opposite nos. 35-37). In Pedras Negras the basements have been excavated and show a completely different architectural footprint to the house above.
[14:00] No one seems to be stealing tiles from the front of houses here. Nothing amiss, grids and patterns are in perfect order.
[14:20] Ferry station Terreiro do Paço: void field with two orderly line of cars in both directions in front of an official looking building. Crossing the no-trespassing line to look into the ancient ferry house. It is clear that many have done this before.
[14:33] If following the roads awaiting developments heading towards Santa Appolonia you will stray unwittingly into a military zone. It is used as a parking space and young couples with prams are inside. Some people can enter whereas others can't. A guard will tell you politely. I consider who can? What are the rules?
[15:48] Rua Barroso Queirós: Dead Palm Trees behind ruins. The tall cranes indicate where new buildings will soon rise up on sites once occupied by the city's earlier architecture. Floor plans are latent, invisible spatial parameters containing specific structures that govern movement and sequences of movements. With each construction the habits and rituals of those that will eventually inhabit the buildings are updated and redefined. But ultimately traces of older patterns of life will remain.

5 John Wainwright

[14:08] Starting at Mercado de Sapadores.
Estacionamento reservado a utentes com licença mensal.
[14:11] Corner with Caminho de Baixo de Penha.
Abandoned buildings – private space converted to public – car park and path cutting through. In dust we trust. Pink dog. Anarchist white van opposite.
Expolsos do B(A)R.
[14:18] Walking up Rua Penha da França.
[14:20] Squat at no. 75 Rua Penha da França.
RACISTAS & FACISTAS FORA. Next to Sporting Clube de Penha. Ninguém é illegal (by junction with Rua Augusto Jose Viera). Renovated apartment block.
[14:28] Walking past end of Rua do Triangulo Vermelho – steps down, fallen leaves. Pigeons in tree, birds in cage. Building supplies shops next to abandoned buildings.
[14:33] Opposite Praça Antonio Sardinha – well-maintained gardens with children's play area. Overflowing recycling bins.
Building shrouded for renewal.
[14:36] Escola Secundária Dona Luísa de Gusmão. Barbed wire fence – keeping in or out? Geometric tiles Querudium 2005 renewal.
[14:40] 193 (Rua Penha da França) Proprieada Privada. Parque de éstacionamento Reservado a Inquilinos de SCML.
[14:41] Abandoned boots in parking space.
[14:46] Corner of Rua Penha da França and Rua Cidade de Manchester – Building/rebuilding. Corrugated fencing (out/in again).
[14:49] Atençao ao Fecho electrónico des pálpebras.
[14:53] Sujeito a reboque. Protegido central de alarmes.
[14:58] Corner of Rua Cidade de Manchester and Rua Cidade de Cardiff – balcony spaces/"gardens"/Campeões de Europa 2016.
[15:01] Rua Cidade de Manchester – steps down. Vota 180° banner.
Surveillance by old lady from window.
[15:08] 28 Aviso sob termes de Dereito-Lei no. 555/99 de 16 de Dezembro – more abandoned shoes on doorstep.
41 flowers + white ribbons/teddy bear/newly weds. Lamppost opposite, graffiti: 'Kill the cops.'
[15:11] Opposite end of Rua Cidade de Manchester between Rua de Moçambique and Rua Newton. Walled-off space between houses – Pencil graffiti, 'Fuck the Buff(A).'
[15:17] Left onto Rua de Moçambique, looking into Rua da Guiné) brutalist concrete flats with symbols:



[15:20] Turning into Rua de Angola.
[15:24] Junction Rua de Angola/Rua do Zaire. Excavating pavement. Tap tap tap to replace cobbles. Funerário Cristã dos Anjos Lda.
[15:29] Corner Rua de Angola/Almirante Reis/Febo Moniz)
Crumbling building. Publico sign.
Bloco de Esquerda poster. Nem sanções Nem Chantagem. Policia – checking texts while leaning on car.
Another AntiF(A) white van.
[15:35] Along Febo Moniz, past Rua Francisco Ribeiro (Ribeirinho) Street at lower level (Reguerão dos Anjos), steps to side. Setting out tables to reclaim street space for dining Recreativa dos Anjos. Steps down, graffiti: 'Occupy DezTurkey'.
O meu corpo a minha festa.

[15:40] Underpass no traffic. Anti Suoboda. Stop ISRA "HELL"
Hanging out washing at rear of buildings.
Little girl playing in street