

**The**List Vol. 1



# **TheList** *Vol. 1.*

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**TheList** is your guide  
through the overload.

Transforming the mess  
into the message.

Curator **Emm Verheyden**

selects a list of places to discover,  
people to meet, objects of desire  
and food for thought.

Carefully selected from the best,  
sometimes obscure, always smart  
and beautiful magazines, blogs,  
Instagrams and online galleries.

# 01.

What better way to start a book that walks you through the globe, then with photographer **Sebastian Erras'** Instagram on Parisian Floors. This is exactly what Marcel Proust had in mind when he was going on about 'the real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes.'

Erras discovered beauty in these colourful mosaic floors found in in bistros, cafés, hallways and galleries all over Paris by just looking down. And in taking some amazing pics while wearing black Hadstone weave shoes, from Hudson, of course.

*@parisianfloors*





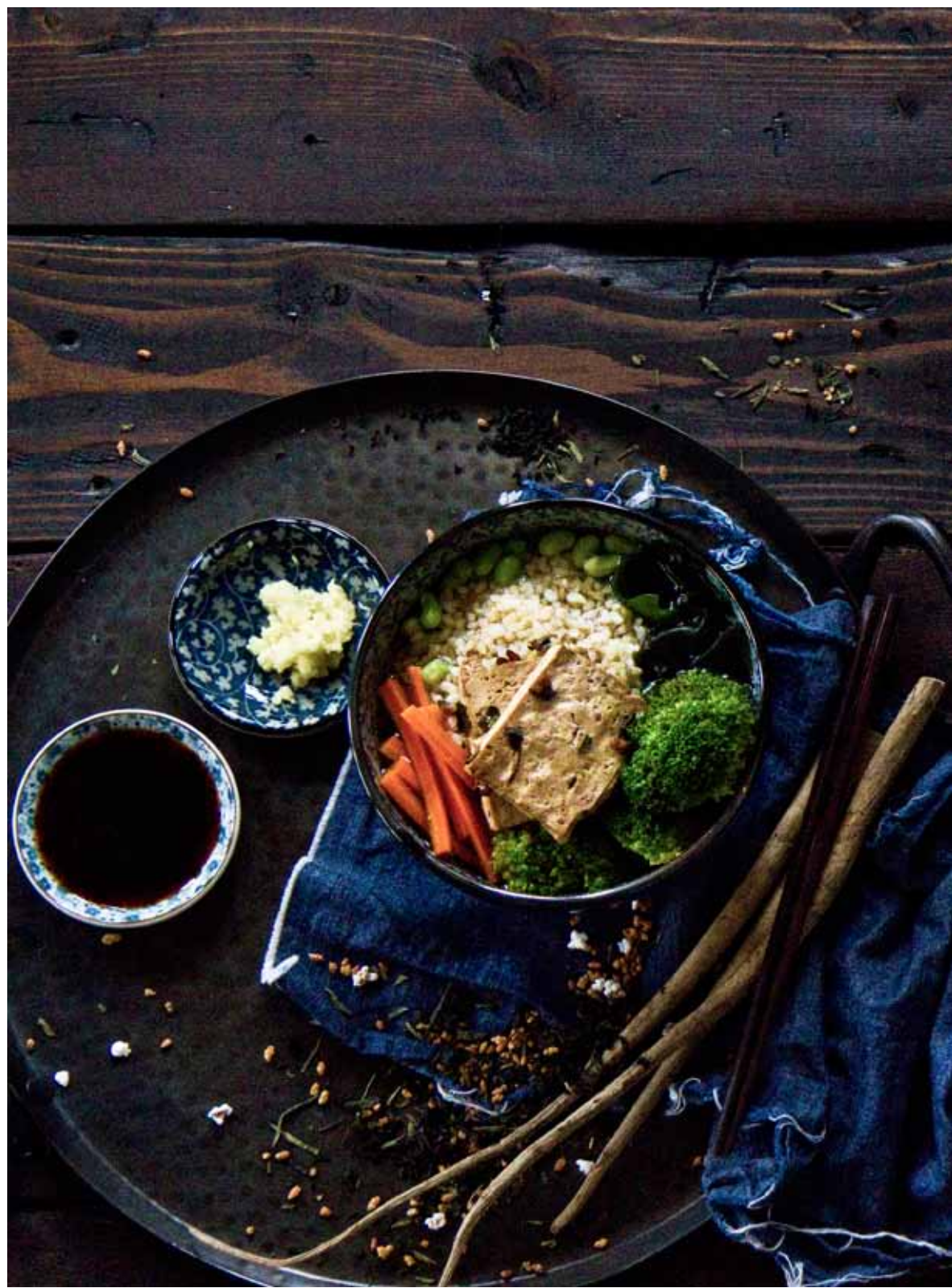
*Boulevard de Saint Germain.*



*Rue de Bretagne.*



*Rue Lamarck.*

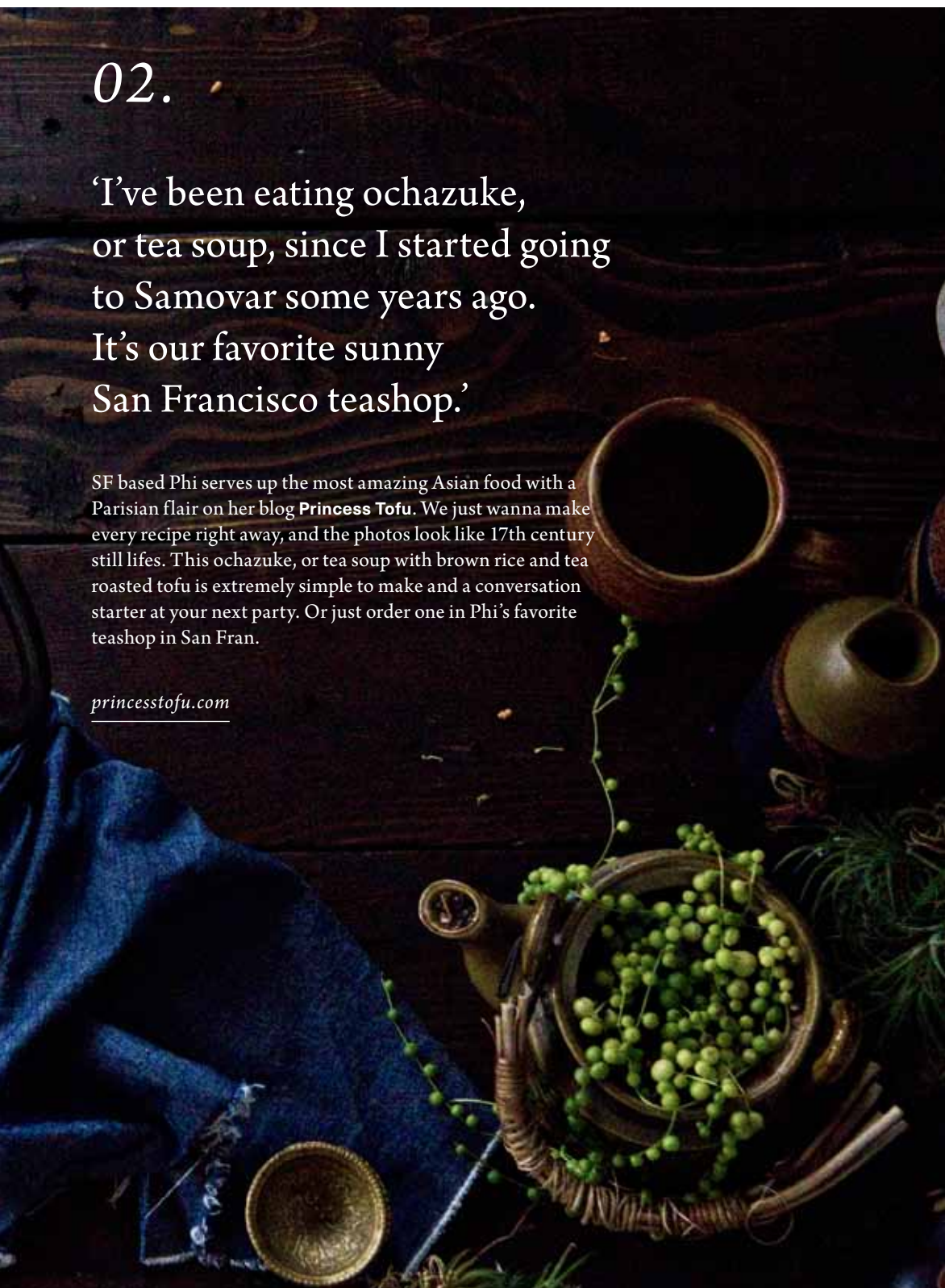



02.

‘I’ve been eating ochazuke,  
or tea soup, since I started going  
to Samovar some years ago.  
It’s our favorite sunny  
San Francisco teashop.’

SF based Phi serves up the most amazing Asian food with a Parisian flair on her blog **Princess Tofu**. We just wanna make every recipe right away, and the photos look like 17th century still lifes. This ochazuke, or tea soup with brown rice and tea roasted tofu is extremely simple to make and a conversation starter at your next party. Or just order one in Phi’s favorite teashop in San Fran.

[princesstofu.com](http://princesstofu.com)





**Genmai Cha Soup with Brown Rice**  
(serves 2 very generous portions)

- 1 c brown rice, cooked.
- Your favorite toppings: broccoli, edamame, seaweed, roasted tofu (below), and whatever you like.
- 2 TB freshly grated ginger (freeze ginger for easy grating).
- Tamari (tamari is gluten-free and tastes better, use soy sauce if you don't have tamari).
- 6 cups of freshly brewed Genmai Cha.  
+ Serve soup in large bowls with a serving of rice and toppings. Add 1 TB of ginger per bowl and pour hot tea over everything. Add tamari/soy sauce to taste.

**Tea Roasted Tofu**

- 1/4 c tamari, 1 TB smoky black tea like Pu-erh, or Genmai Cha, 3 blocks of Tofu, sliced into 6 'steaks' per block.  
+ Preheat oven to 220 degrees Celsius. Brew tea in tamari by microwaving it for 25 seconds (it should be hot and bubbly). Allow tea to steep for 5 minutes. Strain (optional).  
+ Coat tofu in tamari and roast for 15 minutes. Flip tofu and roast for another 15 minutes. To reheat, pan-sear tofu in sesame oil until crisp or golden brown.



## 03.

If you are – like us – fed up with classic media’s craving for breaking news and the next big headline, you’ll be happy to discover **Narratively**.

Narratively is a platform devoted to untold human stories, focusing on slow storytelling, exploring one theme each week and publishing just one story a day. From geriatric inmates in the US, resuscitating a forest in British Columbia, DIY flip books as an alternative for Youtube, to white Manhattanites becoming mystical Muslims and Roy Hayek’s discotheque in Beirut.

[narrative.ly](http://narrative.ly)





## The record baron of Beirut.

By Melissa Tabeek

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*Through thirty-five years of sectarian strife  
and brutal civil war in the Lebanon, a former fighter  
and obsessive vinyl collector has provided  
a vital soundtrack of distraction.*

Inside a nondescript building with a modest storefront on Beirut's Armenia Street sits a tiny music store, Super Out Discotheque, with a long history. The small space is packed floor to ceiling with outdated but still-functional audio equipment, from a 1970s-era reel-to-reel tape machine and stacks of cassette decks to giant wooden speakers that are more than twenty years old. Thousands of vinyl records, compact discs and cassette tapes are wedged into the shelves, juxtaposed with Christian idols – Virgin Mary statues, photos and several crucifixes – as well as reminders of the Lebanon's 1975-1990 civil war, such as the yellowed photo of Super Out owner Roy Hayek's brother, who died when his vehicle was hit with a rocket-propelled grenade in 1983. Roy Hayek is a garrulous guy with a lit cigarette perpetually either in his mouth or between his

fingers. He is always sharply dressed, thin black hair gelled back, with glasses perched on his nose and a fastidiously groomed matching moustache. On a Wednesday afternoon in May, the fifty-three-year-old music aficionado hums, sings and talks continuously while he burns CDs for his loyal customers. He swings back and forth in his weathered chair, moving from his computer to the wooden counter, the bell above the door ringing every few minutes with new customers coming in from the street. People come here primarily for Hayek's customized mixes and copies of his extensive collection of early- to mid-twentieth century Arabian music. His shop is a neighbourhood fixture now, as it has been since long before he took it over. For thirty-five years the space was his grandfather's pub, until it closed in 1965 after he passed away. Hayek's father wanted to

The Lebanon's brutal war destroyed much of its beautiful capital, leaving more than 200,000 dead and an estimated 17,000 more missing. Despite the fact that the Lebanon continues to be wracked by instability thanks to ISIS encroachment and spillover from the Syrian conflict, there are places such as Super Out that have survived, and even thrived.

continue a business there, so he converted the pub into a store selling Arabian sweets. In 1979, Hayek carried on the third generation of the family business by transforming the bar-turned-sweet shop into the music store it is today.

The Lebanon's brutal war destroyed much of its beautiful capital, leaving more than 200,000 dead and an estimated 17,000 more missing. During those fifteen years, the Green Line – a demarcation of the largely sectarian fighting – divided predominantly Muslim factions in West Beirut from the mainly Christian factions in the East. Once called the Paris of the Middle East for its cosmopolitan culture and world-class architecture, among other things, Beirut itself was severely damaged. Fighting between Israel and the Hezbollah in 1996 again resulted in the destruction of parts of Beirut, as did the devastating thirty-four-day war with Israel in 2006. Despite the fact that the Lebanon continues to be wracked by instability thanks to ISIS encroachment and spillover from the Syrian conflict, there are places such as Super Out that have survived, and even thrived.

This space, which originally dates back to the 1930s, has seen both the country's glory days and the destruction of its wars. Hayek talks fondly of the city's heyday before the civil war but angrily when it comes to politics. Hayek, who started fighting with the Phalange party – a Lebanese right-wing Christian militia – when he was fifteen, lost friends and family during the conflict. Christians are estimated to comprise about forty percent of the Lebanon's population, with Sunni and Shia Muslims and the minority Druze accounting for the rest, and alliances shifted frequently during the long civil war. The start of the conflict is widely considered to be April 13, 1975, when a Beirut bus was ambushed by Phalangist gunmen, killing twenty-seven Palestinian passengers. Hayek fought for about seven years. When Phalange party leader and president-elect Bachir Gemayel was assassinated in 1982, he put down his gun permanently. "For us, we lost the cause when [Gemayel] died. Our dream went," Hayek says. Since then, he has been solely focused on spinning records and selling tapes.

Hayek's prodigious record collection has provided a very good living for him, allowing him to pursue his passion in the neighbourhood where he grew up. Twice married and twice divorced, he enjoys his bachelor life, preferring to fill his days with smoke, conversation and the sound of music. He was just nineteen years old when he opened Super Out – a name he says is inspired by the word "output," referring to music equipment. Back then, he operated the store in between classes at university, where he was studying to be a civil engineer, and before fighting with the Phalange along the front lines of downtown Beirut at night.

"This was where Martyrs' Square was," Hayek says, pointing as he draws the old battle lines on a white square of paper. "We had a bunker in front of St. George's Church. We had another one on the Roxy [a downtown cinema used by snipers]." Downtown, since rebuilt, was then a battlefield. The unofficial front line was a no-man's land known as the Green Line, named for the bushes and other foliage that were left to grow wildly for years while the fighting raged. The heart of the commercial district where the upscale Beirut

Souks shopping center now sits was once the site of fierce battles.

Hayek switches seamlessly from seriousness to laughter as he reminisces about the lighthearted side of being a young man during the civil war. He recalls how he and his friends used to hang out in front of the sandbag-stacked music store in order to monitor who was going in and out, a sack of green fava beans and Heinekens between them. The young fighters used the shop as a place to hang out and rest between battles, listening to music while they talked about girls and drank coffee and whisky. In those days, they listened to classic rock – Eric Clapton, Carlos Santana (one of Hayek's favorites), Genesis and Roy Buchanan.

Super Out Discotheque has survived years of civil war and conflict within Lebanon.

"We used to sit on the wall [across from the store] wearing our uniforms with Heineken doubles in our hands. The Heineken double [an extra-large can] was a trend back then," Hayek says with a smile. After finishing, the men would set up the empty cans and use them for target practice. The lack of electricity and long power outages

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during the war caused many other shops to close, but Hayek's father worked at Lebanon's state-owned electricity company headquarters, Electricité du Liban, across the street. Through his father's window in the electricity building he got the power he needed to keep Super Out open. Despite the turmoil, business for Hayek was good. He would close up shop at seven p.m. every night, and with all the business, he was able to buy a brand new Nissan off the lot within a couple of years.

Hayek started off with only 100 vinyl records and a couple of pieces of equipment, including the reel-to-reel tape player he bought and the recorder that he still uses today. He was a shrewd entrepreneur when it came to acquiring his collection, driving north to the coastal city of Jounieh, a dangerous trip during the civil war, in order to pick up new records from the port there. He bought from Beirut's port when shipments came in from Europe, and had a direct connect to Paris through an airplane steward friend who would collect records from Hayek's sister in France and fly back with them in tow. Even today, though he has more records than he could ever

need – about 12,000 – he still has “spies”, as he calls them, who are his extra eyes and ears in his eternal search for certain records throughout the Lebanon. Though there are a few other longstanding record stores in the city, Hayek has never considered them competition. His ability to procure difficult-to-find records and provide a consistent source of music to people looking for distraction and fun amidst struggle has always been his strongest selling point.

In an era of online pirating, this self-proclaimed luddite shuns the Internet and still holds on to self-made mixes, though he has evolved from tapes to CDs. Hayek says his refusal to use the Internet mostly stems from the short period of time when he first got online and was constantly barraged by email to send people songs. After a virus wiped out 80,000 songs that he had personally recorded from vinyl records six years ago, he shut down his Internet connection for good. Hayek worships the quality of music above all, dismissing MP3s altogether, believing the only truly clean and real sound comes from a vinyl record. Despite his lack of a presence on the web, his neighbourhood joint is never empty, with ciga-

rette smoke, tunes and discussion perpetually filling the space. The stools on the other side of Hayek's glass counter are nearly always in use. His nearly unmatched collection of vintage Arabian music, copies of which he sells on burned CDs, is still the primary draw. Some cassettes are for sale, but the vinyl records themselves are strictly off the market.

Famous Lebanese musicians such as Wadiah el-Safi and Ziad Rahbani have been here over the years, and Hayek has worked with Endemol, the producer of the Arab version of "The Voice." In the past, singers used to come into his shop to make copies of their records – a cheaper option than booking studio recording time – so they could distribute to them to radio stations to be broadcasted.

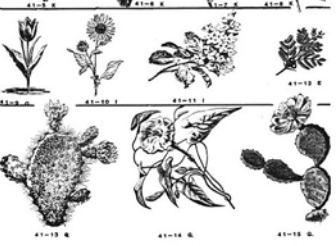
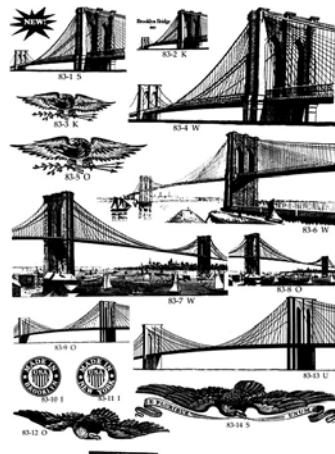
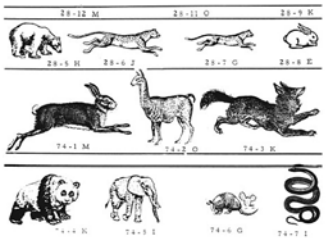
Hayek is visibly agitated when asked about the recent changes in the area, as his neighbourhood is being quickly transformed, building-by-building, into a fashionable bar and restaurant strip. The neighbourhood, Mar Mikhael, is the new "it" place, and Hayek is incensed with the results. "Everything changed. We used to know every neighbour. Now, everyone is a foreigner. New people come in. A lot of companies have moved

into the residential area... They ruined everything. Everyone is drunk on the streets."

One customer, Marlene Bustros, who lives in the neighbourhood, agrees with Hayek. "Sometimes I can't think of the life we used to have," says Bustros, who has lived in the area for over thirty years. She is a frequent customer who comes in not only for the music, but for the company. She and Hayek joke for hours, with him frequently doing his trademark "moose ears," waving his fingers with his thumbs at his temples while he sticks out his tongue. "I came in for one [CD], now I have nearly eighty," Bustros says.

One thing that has changed for the better, Hayek says, is that while only Christians came here during the civil war, Muslims and others drop in these days.

Even amidst the current instability, it is business as usual at Super Out. As long as Hayek is around, there will always be good company and Arabian coffee on Armenia Street. "There was always coffee on the fire," he says, "Even to this day, it's still on."



## 04.

You latté-slurping, vinyl-sniffing lot know how to appreciate a broken business model, so a sarcastic Irish guy selling rubber stamps in the East Village should be good news, right?

Even if you're not into rubber or don't particularly need a stamp, be sure to hurry your denim clad ass down to **Casey Rubber Stamps** on your next trip to New York. And don't just Instagram the guy, buy stamps!

*322 E 11th St (between 1st and 2nd avenues)*

*[caseyrubberstamps.com](http://caseyrubberstamps.com)*

05.

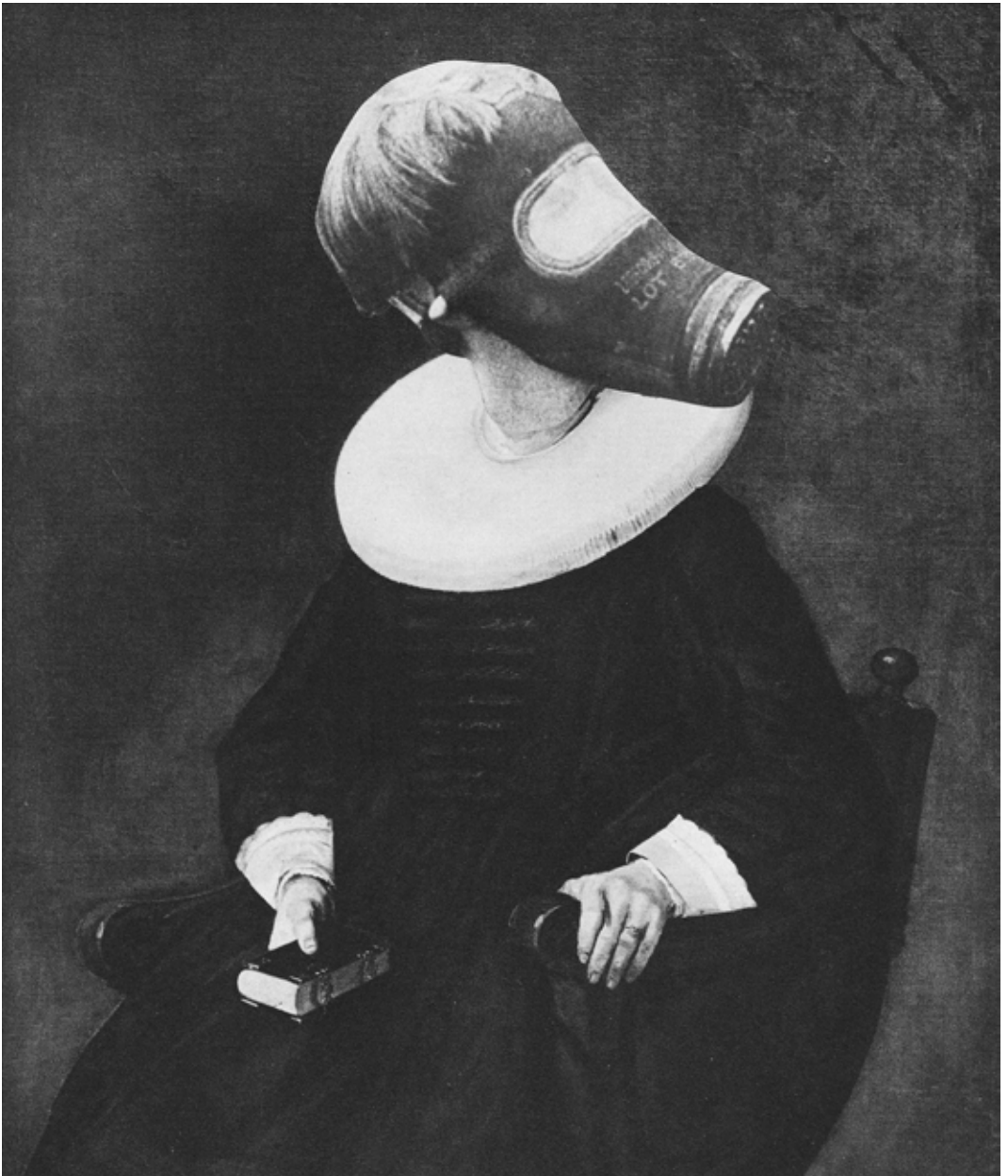
You Can Now Send Your  
Enemies a **Jar of Farts**.  
The service even allows  
you to select the type  
of fart (crispy, airy, or juicy),  
and write a custom note.

[sendajart.com](http://sendajart.com)

**Will this change the way the West communicates?**

We think so. The revenge-by-mail business promises to be bigger  
then pickled wieners by this afternoon.





## 06.

Smart thinking, but totally unrelated.  
Turn the page to discover why we get all excited about  
the work of UK-based **Irina and Silviu Szekely**.



*And then it follows that I travel coming from  
the sea between two mirrors.*



*Bent knee of the effective witness diffused  
in his streams of paper.*

Irina & Silviu Székely are photographers and cut&paste collage artists based in Monmouthshire, Wales. ‘We are enthusiastic sceptics and disengaged deconstructors,’ says Irina when we ask them about their collaborative collages. ‘Cortázar once said: You don’t ask a jazz musician, “But what are you going to play?” He’ll laugh at you. He has a theme, a series of chords he has to respect, and then he takes up his trumpet or his saxophone and he begins. It’s pretty much the same with our collage work: there’s the silence, the dim light, the uneasiness of not knowing... And then we just begin, scissors in hand, those thoughtless and playful motions of images and shapes, a micro-symphony of unpredictable combinations and distortions. An effortless process that is temporarily disengaging us from the surrounding reality.’ Looking at their work, their shared passion for Satie seems logical. ‘There is this beautiful tale by Satie from 1917 that we really love: “I had once a marble staircase which was so beautiful, so beautiful, that I had it stuffed and used only my window for getting in and out.”’

[deuxbricoleurs.tumblr.com](http://deuxbricoleurs.tumblr.com)

[irinasilviu.com](http://irinasilviu.com)



*The aquadermique horse,  
Bataille knows why.*



