

**ANACHAR BASBOUS**  
**FRAGMENTS OF THE BLACK MOON**

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## Fragments of the Black Moon The Veins of Concrete

Concrete, the grey and silent material, becomes here the language of echoes. Echoes of war and destruction, but also whispers of life and promises of rebirth. Each sculpture tells a fragment of history, between collapse and reconstruction, between death and hope. In its cracks, one discerns the scars of time. In its abrupt forms, the weight of memory. And yet, even in the raw hardness of concrete, tenderness emerges—a flaw where a flower sprouts, a light that pierces the dark. Concrete becomes flesh.

These works, both fragile and indestructible, translate the immutable cycles of existence. They embody the resilience of a world capable of rising again, even when all seems lost.

“Fragments of the Black Moon” is an ode to the strength and vulnerability of humanity. An invitation to contemplate the beauty that arises from the rubble, the life that clings, and the hope that finds refuge even in the deepest blacks.

Enter this space of contrasts, where the mass of concrete becomes a vessel of light, and where each scar whispers a story of survival and the promise of what is yet to come.

May these sculptures speak to you, not only of ruins and wounds but also of all that, in the silence of concrete, still beats fervently.

Anachar Basbous





## In the Darkness of the Silver River, the Black Moon

*A concrete block holds open a green door to an aging Beirut building. This block is a little jagged but still roughly smooth, with around half of its complete form remaining, and soft where it has broken unevenly in two. I have walked past this block many times, but today, encountering the work of Anachar Basbous, it catches my eye, the simple beauty revealed.*

From concrete, from what is most often overlooked, Anachar Basbous has created the new, harnessing a sensitivity that winds its way around accretive forms hewn from rough blocks, working back into his own walls, with a softness that comes from the porous insides of the material and finds its way out.

A form is created, not for lurking gently in doorways, propping open a door, routinely walked past and ignored, but rather, a form that takes the viewer completely, arrests from first glance.

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Concrete is ubiquitous, known as the most widely used building material in the world, existing in some form for thousands of years. The appeal is clear; it is durable, economical and strong, for many it is beautiful. In art as well as construction, concrete has become a material of some significance, a playful echo of the dominant aesthetics of the age, providing many artists from the British sculptor Henry Moore in the 1920s to the Columbian artist Doris Solcedo throughout the 1990s, with a unique and complex problem to explore.

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Anachar Basbous is renowned for his expertise with simple forms, technical excellence, his ability to shape raw material into the unexpectedly pristine, for charting a unique course within a powerful artistic familial legacy. He knows art, knows forms, knows the way to create. What he can do with materials is impressive and powerful, at times sensitive and gentle, but the territory that he has entered for this exhibition, his preceding qualities touched with a uniquely humble softness, this is new.

Each sculpture is unique and definite, character emerging slowly as the viewer looks, perambulates, discovers. Some forms take the eye with force, skill and technical excellence combining with a sensitivity and a power that cannot wait for the eyes to catch up. Other works take their time, are smaller, their distinguishing parts more subtle. A symmetry is carved from one, perhaps noticed by the sculptor and enlarged, but the mute simplicity remains, the humbleness is never overpowered, the material wins.

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You know this material. Almost everything everywhere seems to be made or un-made from concrete blocks, porous and full of holes, rough and often broken. It is as common to see these bricks broken into piles of rubble as it is to see them ready for building, half-built in long towers. They can be neat or disordered, but they are ubiquitous.

It has become common to see such grey mass at a distance as part of the destruction of war, homes, life. The material is piled and crushed, sheltering or destroying, and always in quantity, crumbled, re-made, in process.

The work touches earth and sky. Concrete blocks made sensitive, almost organic. There is a softness, a growth, harmony. The iconic spheres and hard-edged forms that Basbous is known for recede into the textured weight of permeable matter. Forms emerge – almost spheres, almost blocks, almos.

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Sculptures takes half of this exhibition, the rest is taken by large wall panels in relief, swirled rubble, carefully arranged parts, definite and poetic, ruined and complete.

*You are looking at a panel of grey concrete, looking from the sky, from the side. You are home, and you are a target, you are a landscape and you are home. You are found in a simple order, yet lost within the texture, surface. You wonder about this home, this feeling. It is heavy and dark and captivating, full of wonder and dreams.*

*You move through spaces built of one material or another; stone, wood, concrete, steel, do this without always knowing what you walk on, what you touch, without thinking about the way surfaces, elements, materiality, can be covered over, or left open to the elements, to us.*

In the darkness of the silver river, the black moon. This is a place to dream and the concrete heaves around the panels in waves.

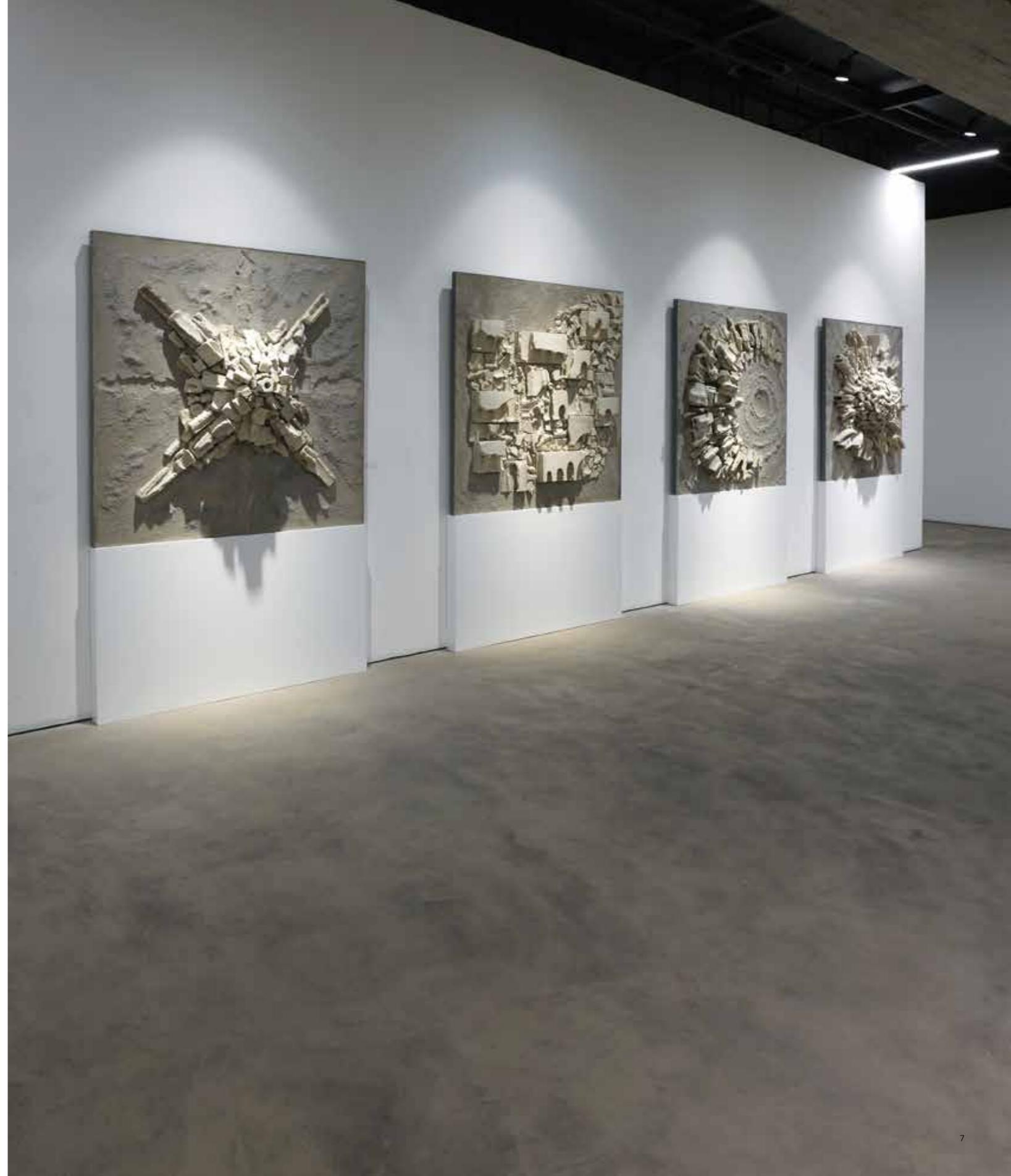
While the sculptures of Basbous hold a concern with formality, a faith in the material, form, that keeps lyricism at a distance, this resistance to symbol sees a shift in his wall-based works. Here there is a painterly poetic, a feeling of narrative, story. At times this too finds the resistance, a lightness of touch competing with the sheer weight of the material.

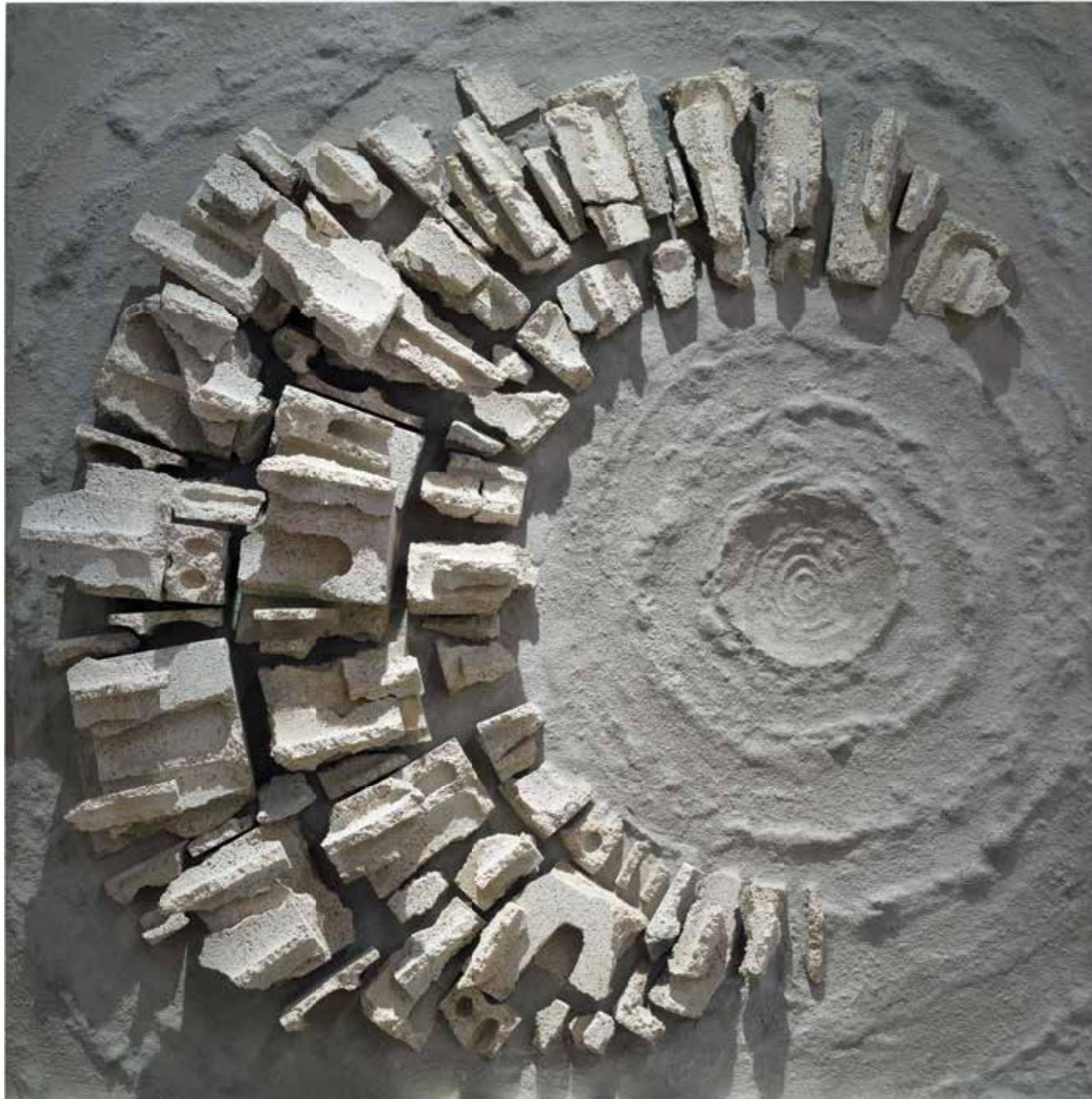
These works are in process, touching the moment between material and air, almost breath-like themselves. There is nothing between them, between us. They will take your breath, wound you, doing so in the softest demarcation of a line that is neither organic nor man made. This demarcation is life.

In fact, there is new growth. Living moss emerges from porous cracks, concrete holds the seeds of the new, regeneration. The softness of the blocks is an echo of the growing moss inside. Strange, how that can be. Soft and soft, the most exposed, the least forgiving, we forgive.

These works have the capacity to remind the viewer of the simple building blocks of life, the growth of what has been and what is yet to come. In their subtle balance of the aged and the new they provide a moment of poignant reflection, a liminal space from which to see from the outside in, from above or from below. For a moment, in this shifting perspective, the onlooker can become a stranger to themselves, seeing anew, yet remaining inside, and somehow, right at home.

Amy Todman  
Beirut, 2025

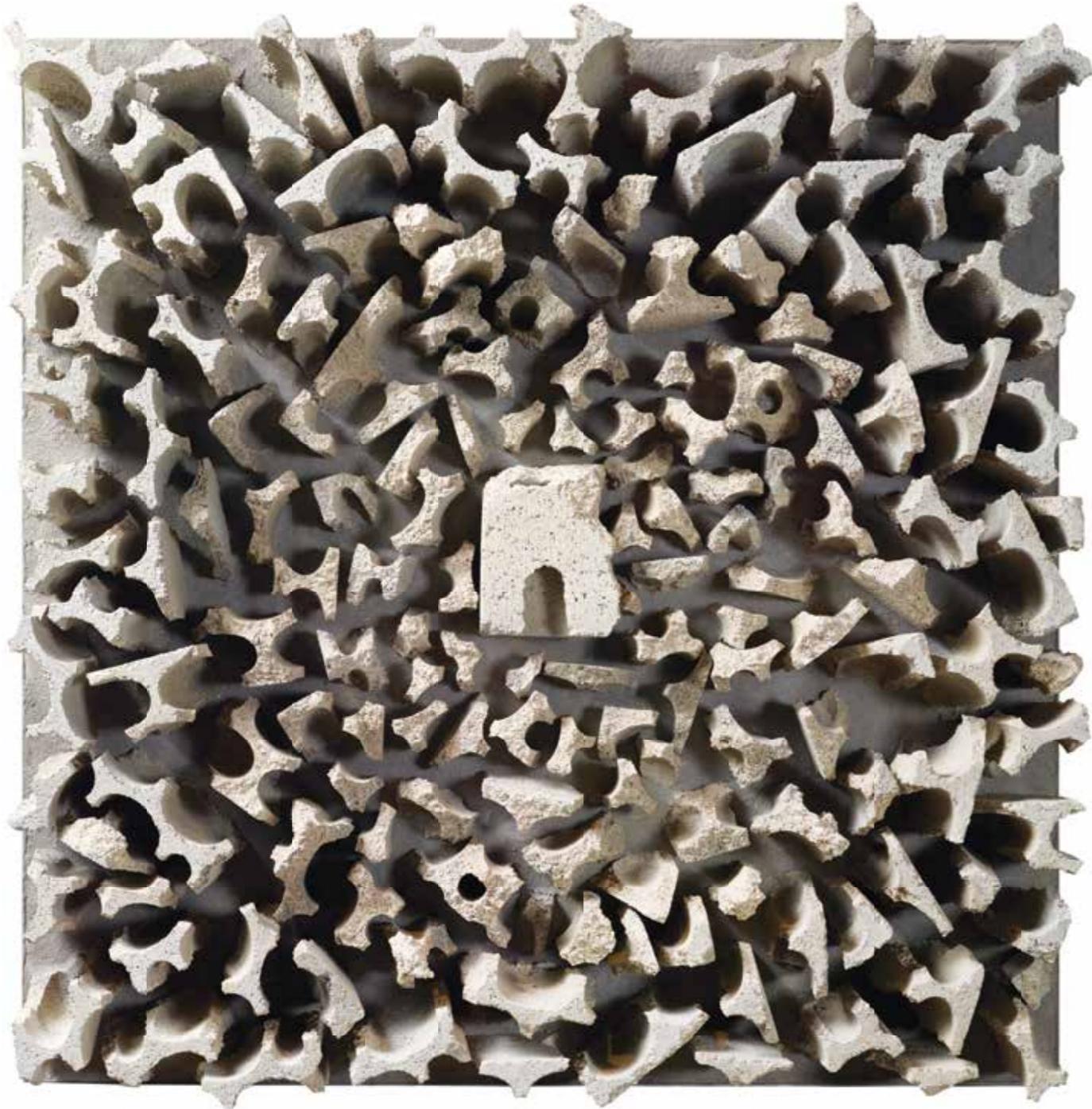




The Necklace of Light  
Concrete | 150x150 cm | 2024



The Blast  
Concrete | 150x150cm | 2024



Glow  
Concrete | 150x150 cm | 2024



Our Migrant Homes  
Concrete | 150x150cm | 2024



A New Big Bang  
Concrete | 150x150 cm | 2024

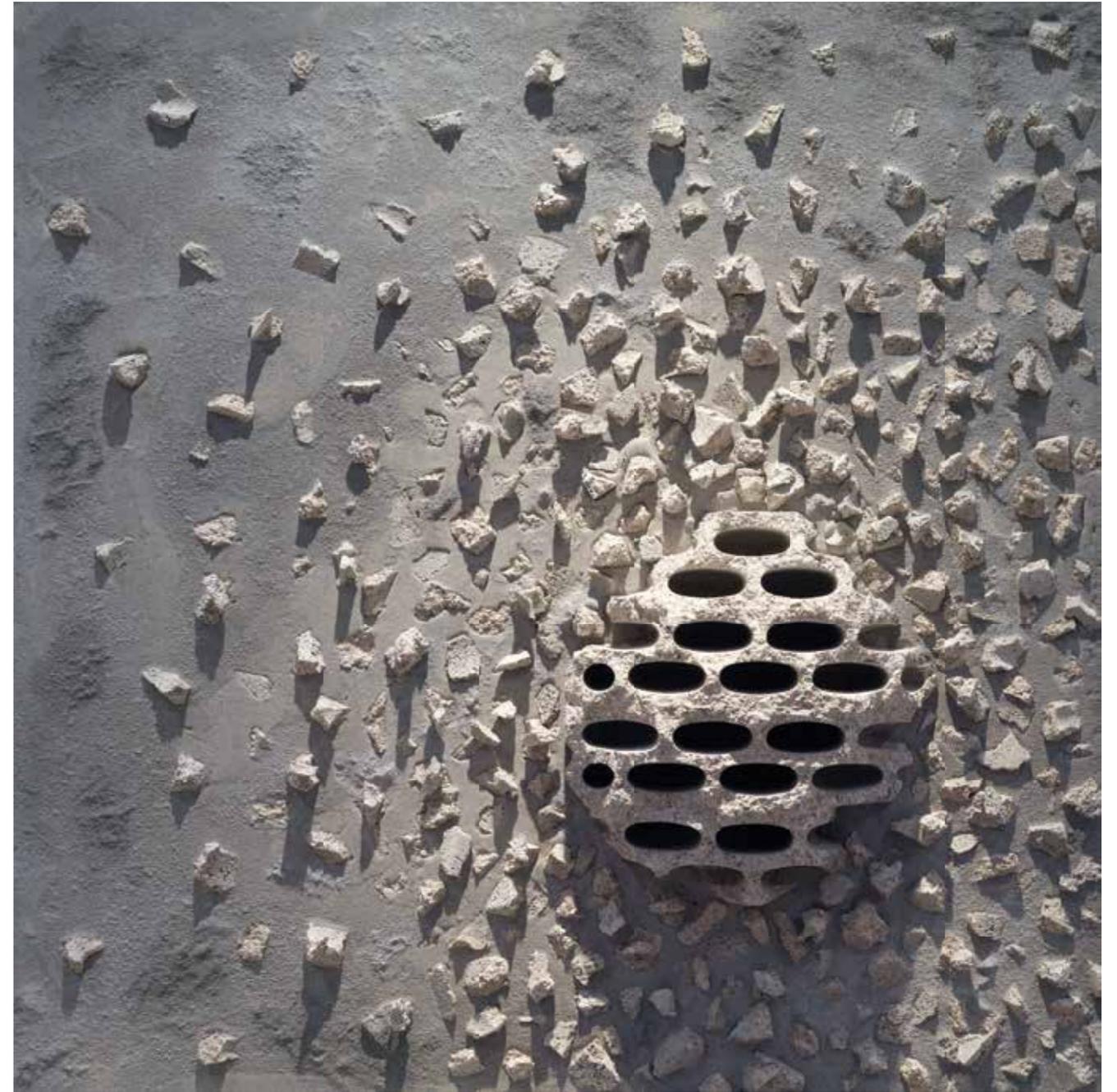


The Target  
Concrete | 150x150cm | 2024

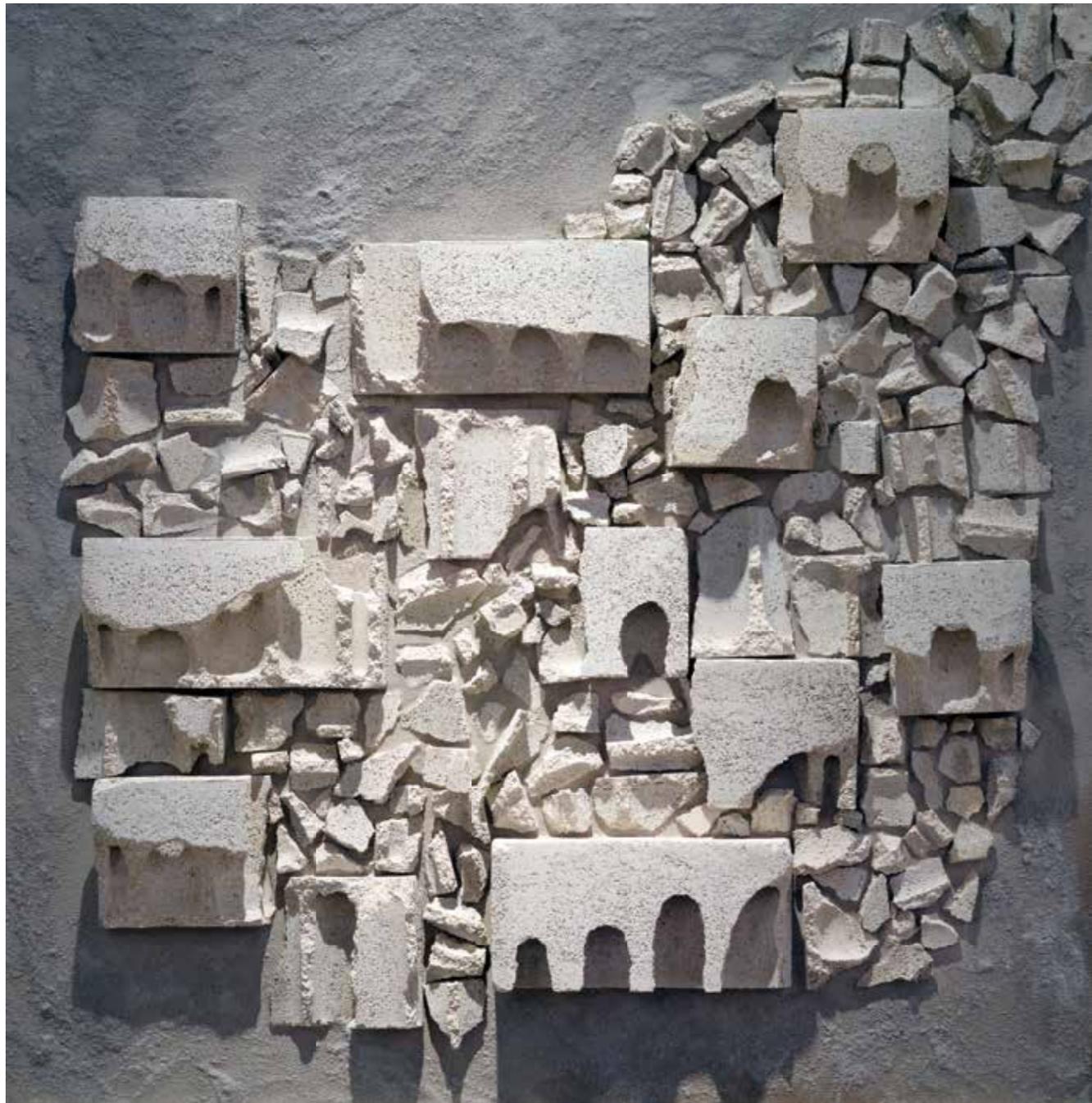




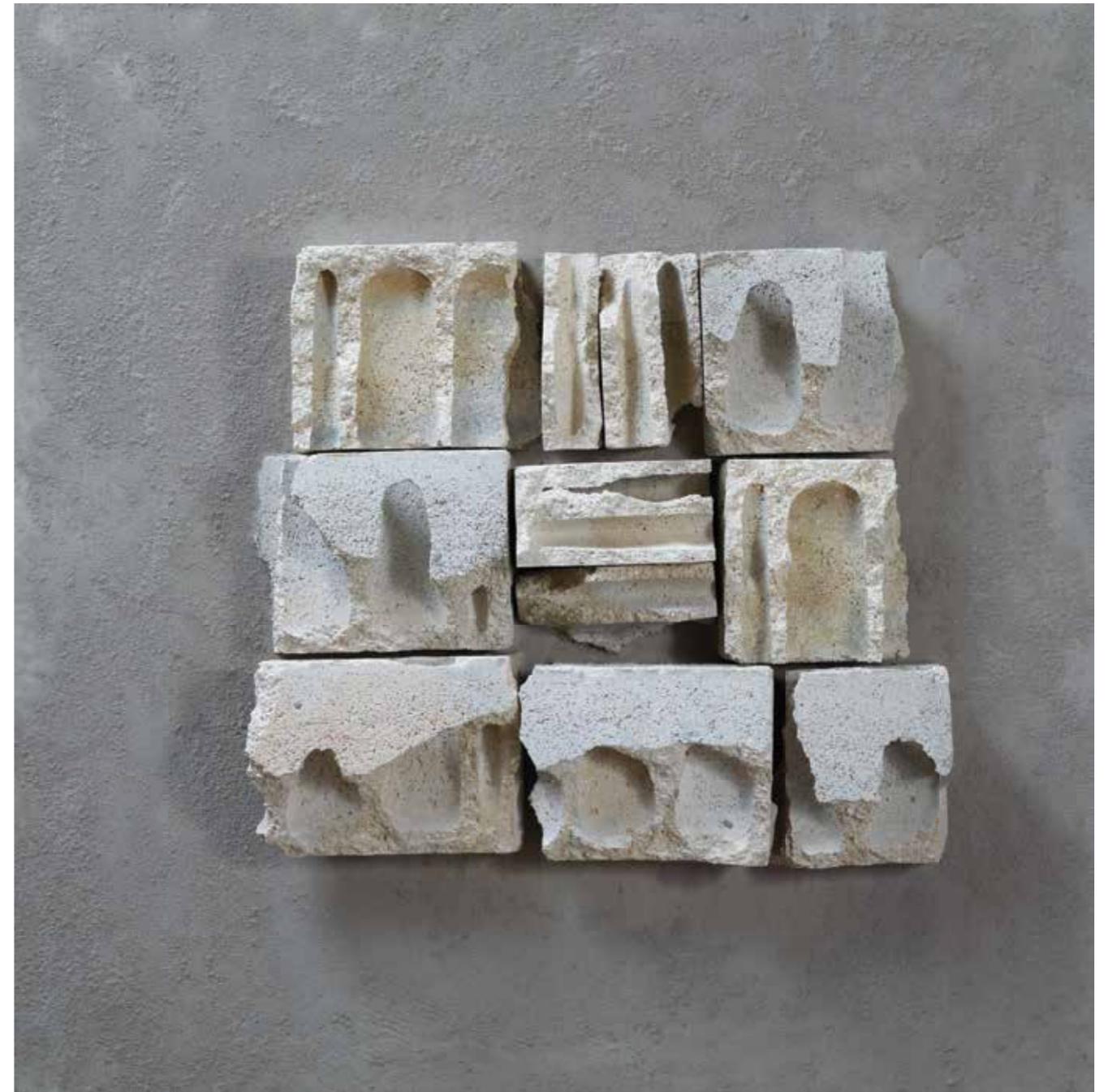
Black Moon and the River  
Concrete | 120x120 cm | 2024



Bees Revolt  
Concrete | 120x120cm | 2024



Black Moon and the River  
Concrete | 150x150 cm | 2024



Our Stamped Houses  
Concrete | 120x120cm | 2024



Gazes of Ashes  
Concrete | 100x100 cm | 2024



Morning Star  
Concrete | 100x100cm | 2024



In this space, the floor appears shattered, covered with shards of concrete, remnants of a world in ruins. Here, everything could evoke the weight of disaster, the memory of collapse. Yet, amidst this mineral chaos, three forms emerge—unlikely and vibrant. These sculptures, born from the same fragments, rise like trees, like plants, a life defying the inert.

They embody a force of regeneration, a silent resilience. Each piece of concrete that forms them carries both the traces of the past and the promise of renewal. They converse with the ground that surrounds them to reaffirm that every collapse contains the seeds of rebirth.

This sculptural landscape raises questions: what do we do with the ruins that mark our lives? How can we, from fragments, reinvent new forms, new narratives that rise? These works invite us to reflect on the profound connection between destruction and creation, on the dialogue between the ephemeral and the eternal.



Untitled  
Concrete | 240x40x20 cm | 2024



Untitled  
Concrete | 150x150x150 cm | 2024





Untitled  
Concrete | 150x150x150 cm | 2024





Untitled  
Concrete | 170x180x140 cm | 2024

Untitled  
Concrete | 93x50x50 cm | 2024







The Three Graces / The Shelter  
Concrete | 95x95 cm each | 2024

The Cosmic Void / The Lost Hour Hand  
Concrete | 95x95 cm each | 2024

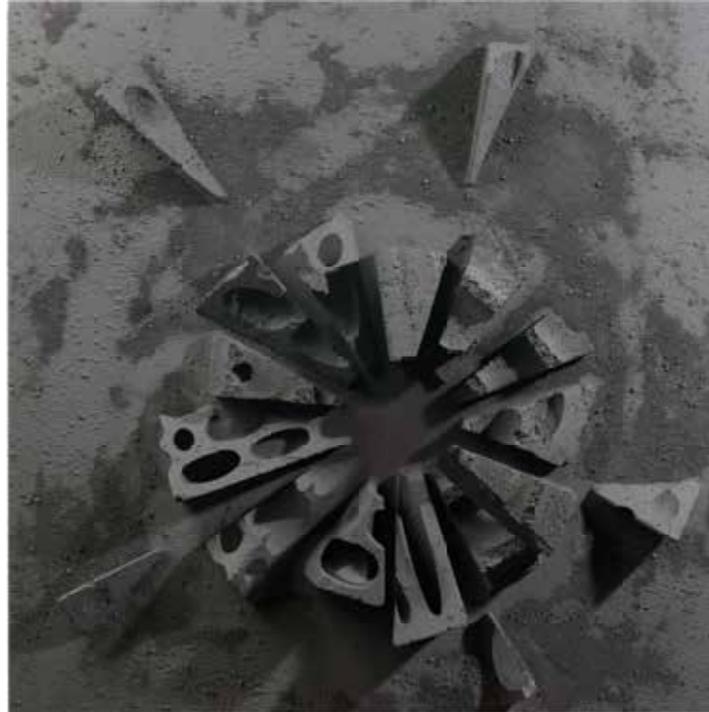
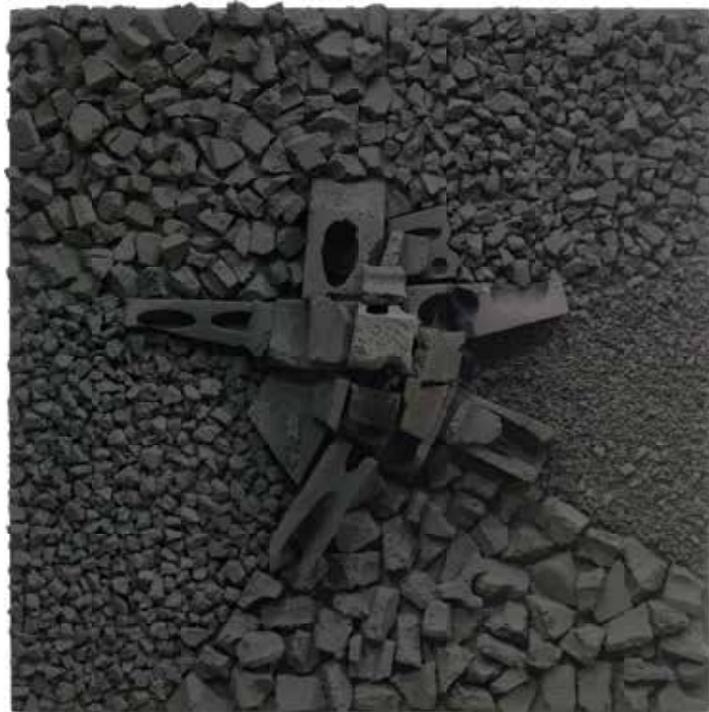


Butterfly Resurrection / Citadel of Tomorrow  
Concrete | 95x95 cm each | 2024

The Final Roar / Architectural Euphoria  
Concrete | 95x95 cm each | 2024

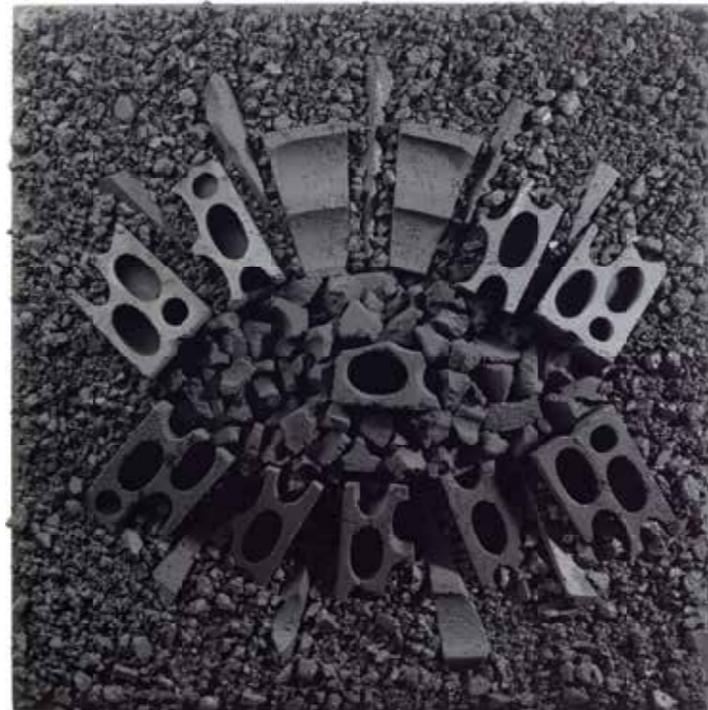






Citadel of Tomorrow / Bullet Kiss  
Concrete | 95x95 cm each | 2024

Night's Pillar/ Bullet Kiss  
Concrete | 95x95 cm each | 2024



Across the Sea of Stars / Kohl  
Concrete | 95x95 cm each | 2024



Our Arteries/ Floating Stars  
Concrete | 100x100 cm each | 2024



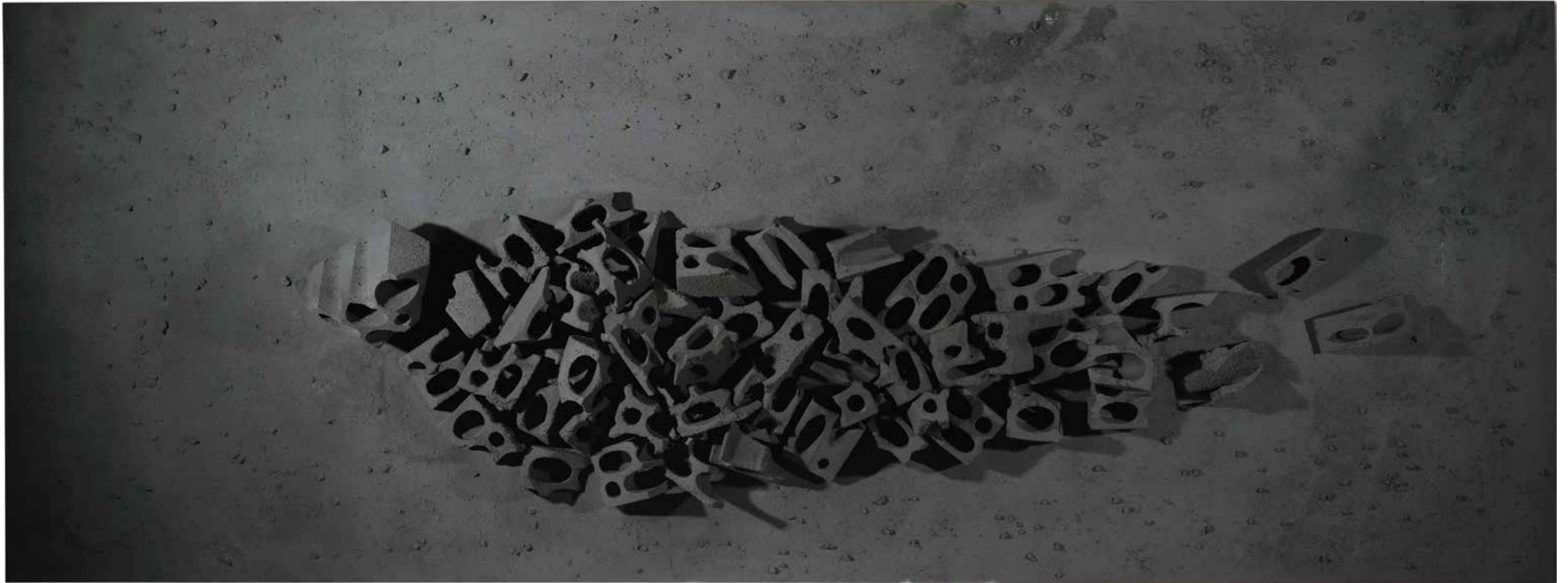
Untitled  
Concrete | 90x90x90 cm | 2024



Untitled  
Concrete | 55x55x55 cm | 2024



Untitled  
Concrete | 40x40x40 cm | 2024



Lying in the cold silence of concrete, the sculpture takes the form of a body, frozen in an eternal posture. It is not just a skeleton but an allegory of destruction, of what remains when life fades, when structures—whether flesh or stone—yield to the inevitable.

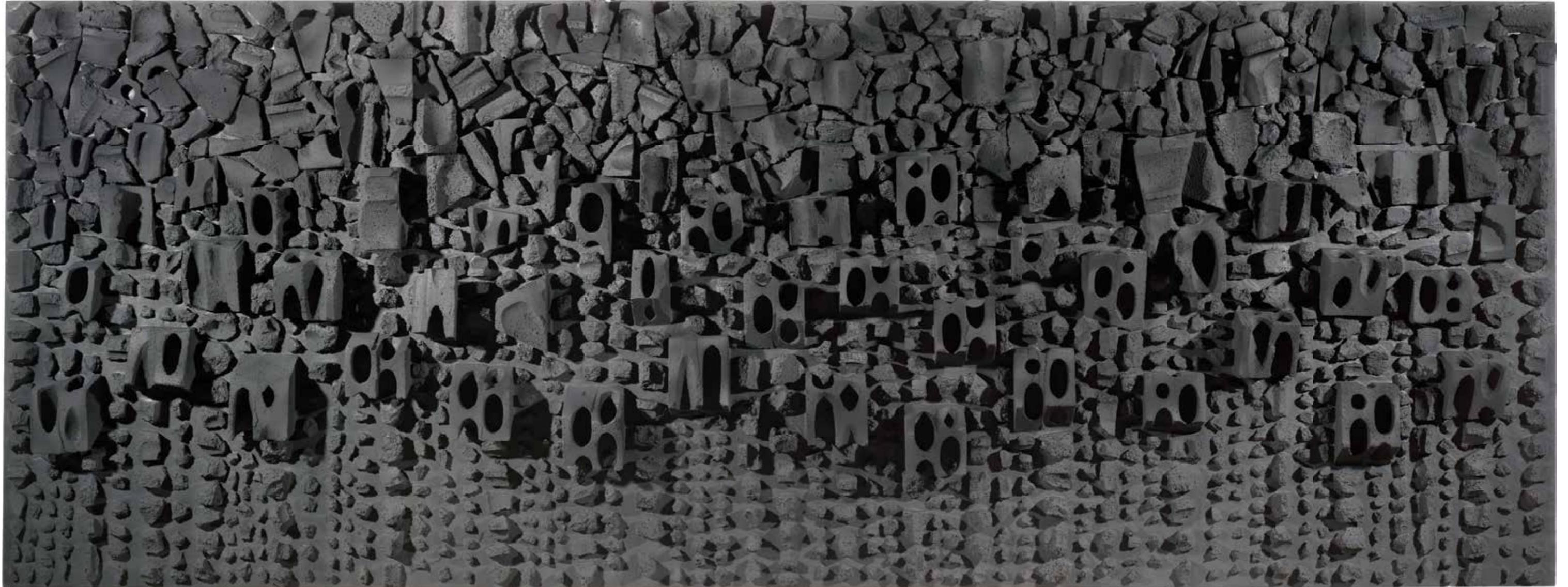
Concrete, raw and unyielding, here speaks the language of bones. It evokes the solidity of a building and, at the same time, the fragility of a world in decay. Just as bones support a living body, concrete builds cities; but under the wear of time, both break, reducing to dust. The sculpture, draws a disturbing parallel between the skeleton and ruins. Both bear the memory of collapse—a house crumbling, a body giving way.

### The Body

Concrete | 120x320 cm | 2024

The reclining posture, almost peaceful, evokes a departure, a journey to an unknown elsewhere. Death, here, becomes a passage, and concrete becomes the tool of a new beginning.

And in the stillness of the body, a tension remains: that of a fragile balance between destruction and hope.



The sculpture unfolds—a frozen rain of stone, a cascade of concrete blocks suspended in vertical descent. They fall as if torn from the sky, fragments of homes adrift in the weightless moment before collapse. A storm of architecture, caught between the heavens and the earth, between construction and ruin.

Each piece, a memory of something built. A foundation, a shelter, a dream. But in their downward flight, they speak not of destruction alone, but of the inevitable rhythm of existence. To rise, to stand, to hold—until time, patient and unyielding, calls everything back to dust.

The Rain  
Concrete | 120x320 cm | 2024

This rain does not weep; it tells the oldest story. The story of birth, of growth, of disappearance. Houses fall like leaves in autumn, like waves retreating to the sea, like echoes fading into silence. Yet even in the fall, there is no true end—only the promise of what comes after.







At the heart of the Roman arena, a vast circle of stone that has witnessed bloodshed and echoed with cries, a concrete sculpture stands—or rather, collapses. It depicts seven small stones, precariously balanced, toppled as if by the hand of an invisible player. This fragile and raw assembly, frozen in concrete, evokes a childhood game—the simple joy of building and destroying, where each fall calls for reconstruction. But here, under the heavy gaze of the ancient stands, this innocent game takes on a dizzying depth.

These seven fallen stones, remnants of a forgotten game, are more than just blocks; they embody innocence in the face of tragedy, carefreeness in the face of the inevitable. They whisper that within every collapse lies the promise of a new balance. In the circle of the arena, where destruction and spectacle converge, they remind us that even the most fragile life, like the simplest game, holds a profound wisdom—the wisdom of always rebuilding.

The Arena

Concrete | 120x320 cm | 2024



The childhood game of “Seven Stones” embodies a profound duality: the cyclical dance between construction and destruction. Played by two teams, one aims to demolish a vertical stack of stones with a ball and rebuild it under pressure, while the other defends, striving to prevent reconstruction. This simple yet intense game reflects life’s perpetual struggle between order and chaos.

In its essence, the game parallels the dynamics of war. The act of knocking down the stones is swift and forceful, symbolizing destruction, while rebuilding amid resistance requires resilience, unity, and

perseverance. Like war, it represents a contest for control, where triumph for one side comes at the cost of the other, underscoring the fragility of stability.

The sculpture Seven Stones captures this tension, blending the innocence of childhood play with the weight of human conflict. It stands as a reflection on creation and destruction’s eternal cycle, a testament to the resilience needed to rebuild in the face of opposition.

Seven Stones  
Concrete | 120x320 cm | 2024



Untitled  
Concrete | 135x190x80 cm | 2024





Untitled  
Concrete | 158x155x20 cm | 2024



Untitled  
Concrete | 162x40x40 cm | 2024



Untitled  
Concrete | 162x40x21 cm | 2024



Untitled  
Concrete | 162x40x21 cm | 2024



Untitled  
Concrete | 180x190x120 cm | 2024

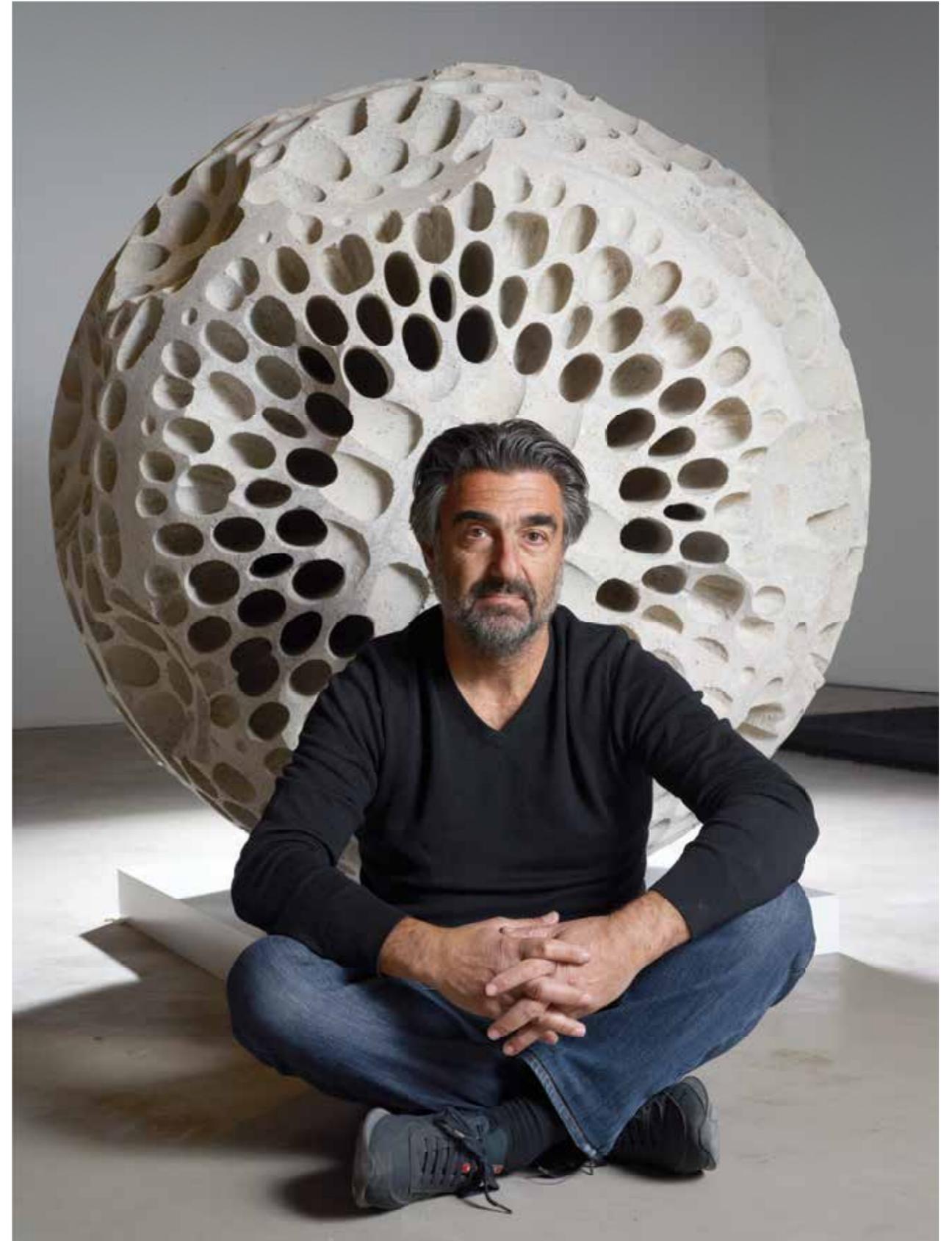


## About the Artist

Anachar Basbous was born in 1969, Lebanon and lives and works in Rachana, Lebanon. After graduating from high school in Beirut, he moved to Paris to attend the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Arts Appliqués et des Métiers d'Art (ENSAAMA), where he studied architectural wall design. In 1992 he returned to Lebanon, opening his own sculpture workshop in Rachana and dedicating himself to stone, wood and metal sculptures, as well as wall sculptures.

Recent solo and group exhibitions include; Saleh Barakat Gallery, Beirut, Lebanon (2018); Lumieres du Liban, Institut du Monde Arabe, Paris, France (2021); Between shadows and lights, Art installation /Art in motion, Ixsir, Lebanon (2022); Artcurial Sculptures Monaco, Claude Lemand Gallery, Paris, France (2023); Anima Gallery, Qatar (2023); Bonhams / Claude Lemand Gallery, Paris, France (2023).

His sculptures can be found in public and private collections across Lebanon and the rest of the world (Canada, France, Singapore, United States, Jordan, Kuwait, Qatar, Spain, Sweden, United Kingdom, the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates). In addition, his works have been acquired by the Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris and Christies, London.



SALEH BARAKAT GALLERY

صالون البركات

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Design by Carol Chehab

Photography by Mansour Dib

Printed by Salim Dabbous Printing Co. sarl

February, 2025

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