



AGAMA ART PUBLISHING & AGENCY



B U I L D I N G S

ABUJA

BUILDINGS

Created by
SUSA RODRÍGUEZ-GARRIDO
in collaboration with
IFEANYICHUKWU O. EZE
RUTH MAHOGANY UTSU
OLORUNYEMI KOLAPO



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Susa Rodríguez-Garrido
Ifeanyichukwu O. Eze
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ABUJA BUILDINGS

Transcorp Hilton Hotel
Sheraton Hotel
Nicon Luxury
Federal Ministry of Education
Federal Ministry of Defence
Nigerian Communications Commission
Revenue Mobilization Allocation and Fiscal Commission
Federal Ministry of Women Affairs
Federal Ministry of Transportation
Ministry of Foreign Affairs
Federal Ministry of Finance
Federal Ministry of Justice
Petroleum Technology Development Fund
Petroleum Products Pricing Regulatory Agency
NNPC Towers (Nigerian National Petroleum Corporation)
National Mosque
National Christian Centre (National Ecumenical Centre)
Radio House
Labour House (Nigeria Labour Congress)
Cyprian Ekwensi Centre for Arts and Culture
International Cancer Centre
National Space Research & Development Agency
Central Bank
World Trade Centre
ECOWAS (Economic Community of West African States)
Sinoki
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Velodrome

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

GLOSSARY

WELCOME

Creating this book was an idea that I had thought about since I arrived in Abuja in 2018. I was very fortunate to meet Eze (Ifeanyi), a Nigerian photographer, who also shared my passion about buildings. Following conversations about capturing the most iconic buildings of Abuja, we embarked on the task and found ourselves driving around Abuja every Saturday morning taking pictures.

It has been a great way of discovering the city and going to places that I would have never visited if it was not for this project. I find the buildings here to be very original and somehow chaotic. It seems to me that no design or architectural rules have been applied and that any expression of creativity is valid for a building to be constructed in Abuja.

Personally, I found this very refreshing although possibly not practical for a modern city, but this may have contributed to the design of the most outrageous buildings that one can imagine.

While I was putting together this book with Eze's photographs, I was confined in Spain due to the coronavirus, the lockdown was in full effect and my father, Emilio, contracted the virus.

He was taken to hospital and seven days later sadly died. It was a complete shock and very hard to accept. As with many people with a family member affected by this virus, we were not allowed to visit him in his final days and we were not there when he passed away.

It was an extremely challenging time and being occupied really helped me, so I feel that this book is a tribute to him and therefore, it is dedicated to him.

Susa



05

FEDERAL MINISTRY OF DEFENCE

*D*o you know the reason I pen this,
It is for persons whose lives are
betrothed to service.

Soldiers with courage so hefty,
Mounting this ship,
Sailing it to safety.

For persons with souls sold
To the cause of entering the
cold zone.

Here lies for you a structure,
Rugged and sturdy,
Rhythmic like the footsteps of the
force men,
Matching steadily across a field.

**Soldier go, soldier come,
Barracks go dey.*

*Sunshine abi na rain fall,
This una building go 'tay.

When you go ashore,
Anchor this ship house safely,
And remind us not to go about
our businesses,
Without applauding a
soldier's bravery,
For many have bled for our sake,
For us, force men have
sacrificed greatly.



08 | FEDERAL MINISTRY OF WOMEN AFFAIRS

Mother's cylindrical pot,
 Rich with stew and beef stock,
 Sitting on firewood, steaming hot,
 With no handles to lift it off.
 A silent but resounding tale,
 Of how the impossible is her forte.
 Salvaging hopeless situations,
 This, she can do all day.

Mother's cylindrical can,
 Sitting under her wooden bed,
 Housing the countless jewellery
 it can,
 Here, her ornaments lay their head.
 A silent but resounding tale,
 Of the numerous virtues within her,
 The pearls hidden and kept away,
 The possibilities that lay untapped.

**Iro, mother's wrapper,*
 Covered in cross hatched design,
 Tied gracefully around the hips,
 That served as corridor into this life.
 A silent yet resounding tale,
 Of the temporary inn above it,
 The nine months incubator,
 In which we both hid.

Hers, mine, is a tale of completeness,
 of roundness,
 It is on this premise multi-dimension
 is founded;
 That our physical fragility should
 never leave us grounded,
 Our possibilities are barely
 two dimensional,
 They are well rounded.

13 | PETROLEUM TECHNOLOGY DEVELOPMENT FUND

Rightly portrayed,
A funnel tucked into the barrel's mouth,
Pour in some oil directly for the citizens' use.
Encamp by the barrel, round and about,
Proceeds from its sale channelled for tuition dues.

To my people, oil is not just a word for lubricant,
It is a synonym for wealth.
It is a reminder of the resources buried inside our land,
That which only a few hands can get.

If academy paves way into the barrel's purse,
It is a joyful thing for all.
The wealth from our land funds a worthy cause,
Skills acquired beyond the nation's four walls.
We advance in knowledge; potentials are nursed,
Alas! Ineptitude is forestalled.



'Allahu Akbar,'
Allah is great!

The *muezzin's voice resounds through the city,
Summoning the people of faith.
Come to the house of worship,
Come to the house of prayer,
Kneel and seek absolution,
And inner peace from the Maker.

The dexterity of the Creator's sovereign hand
Is manifest throughout the earth.
In the moon, in the stars,
In all four corners,
Like the position of the *minarets.

The golden dome - the *Qubba*,
The *qiblah* wall pointing to the direction of
the *Ka'abah,
The calligraphy beautifully written on the wall,
All point to the greatness of Allah.

Majestic abode of Islam believers,
Come in reverence to the Holy One
and prostrate,
Find wisdom in the words echoing from
the *Minbar,
'Allahu Akbar,' Allah is great!

NATIONAL
MOSQUE

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ABUJA BUILDINGS

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Let us end on this note,
That all of life is some form of velodrome.
Unending cycling; watch the wheels roll,
Until each person expires and
heads home.

Businesses struggle to outrace each other,
Competition sure keeps the
wheels running.
Everyone wants to be the best runner,
But the rat-racing medal considers
no one worthy.

Nigerians - don't our bodies ache?
Don't we tire from this arduous race?
Bums sore from constant rubbing against bicycle seats,
Legs spinning so fast - we own
hurting knees.

Should we not consider wearing a
thinking cap?

Like the seeming depiction of this
velodrome's roof.

We just might find that there is a gap,
And reveal to ourselves areas to improve.
Hard and fast, we all cycle,
But we are stuck in a track - in the same loop and circles.
Motion doesn't always take us
somewhere new,
Movement and progress are not always members
of the same crew.

VELODROME

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