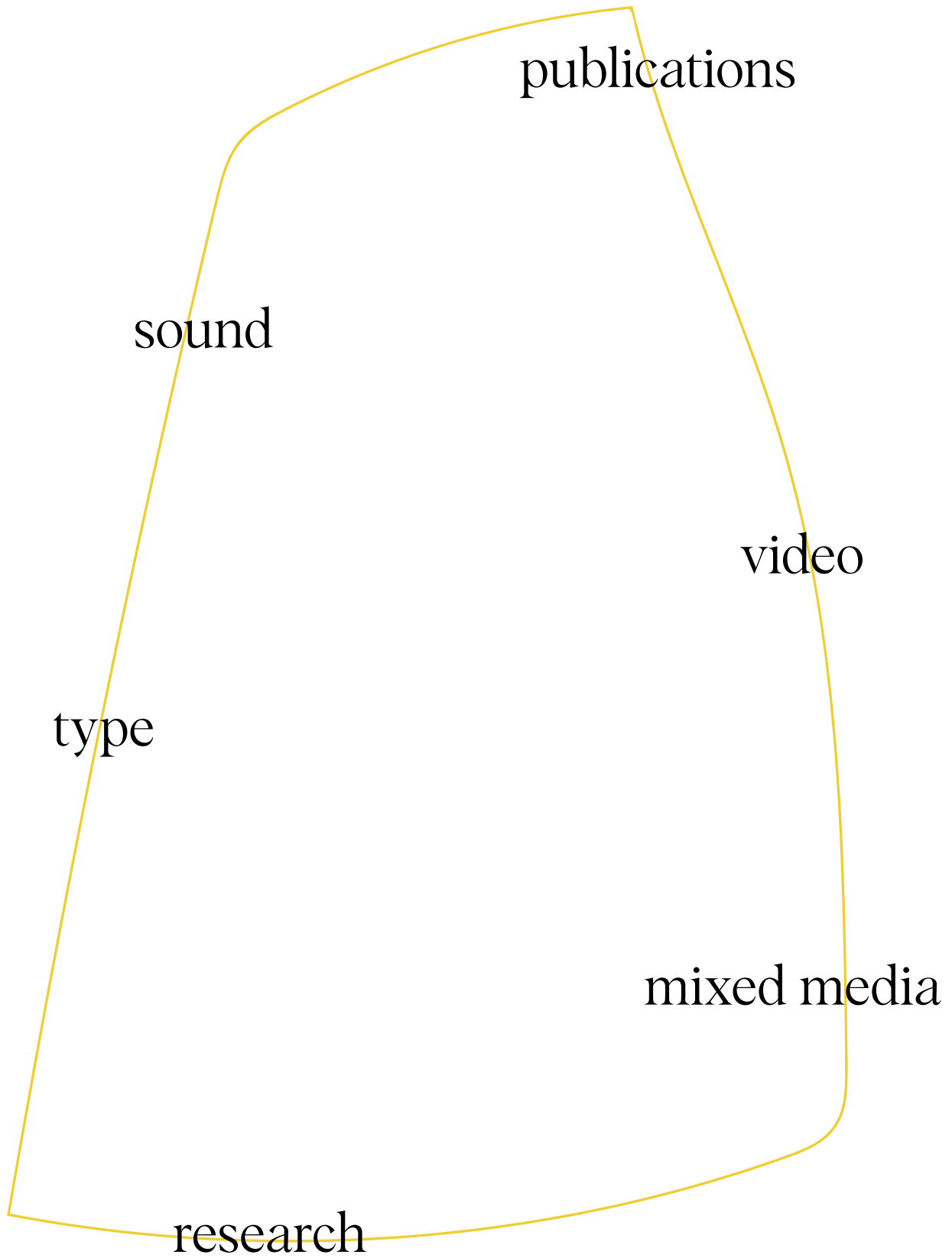
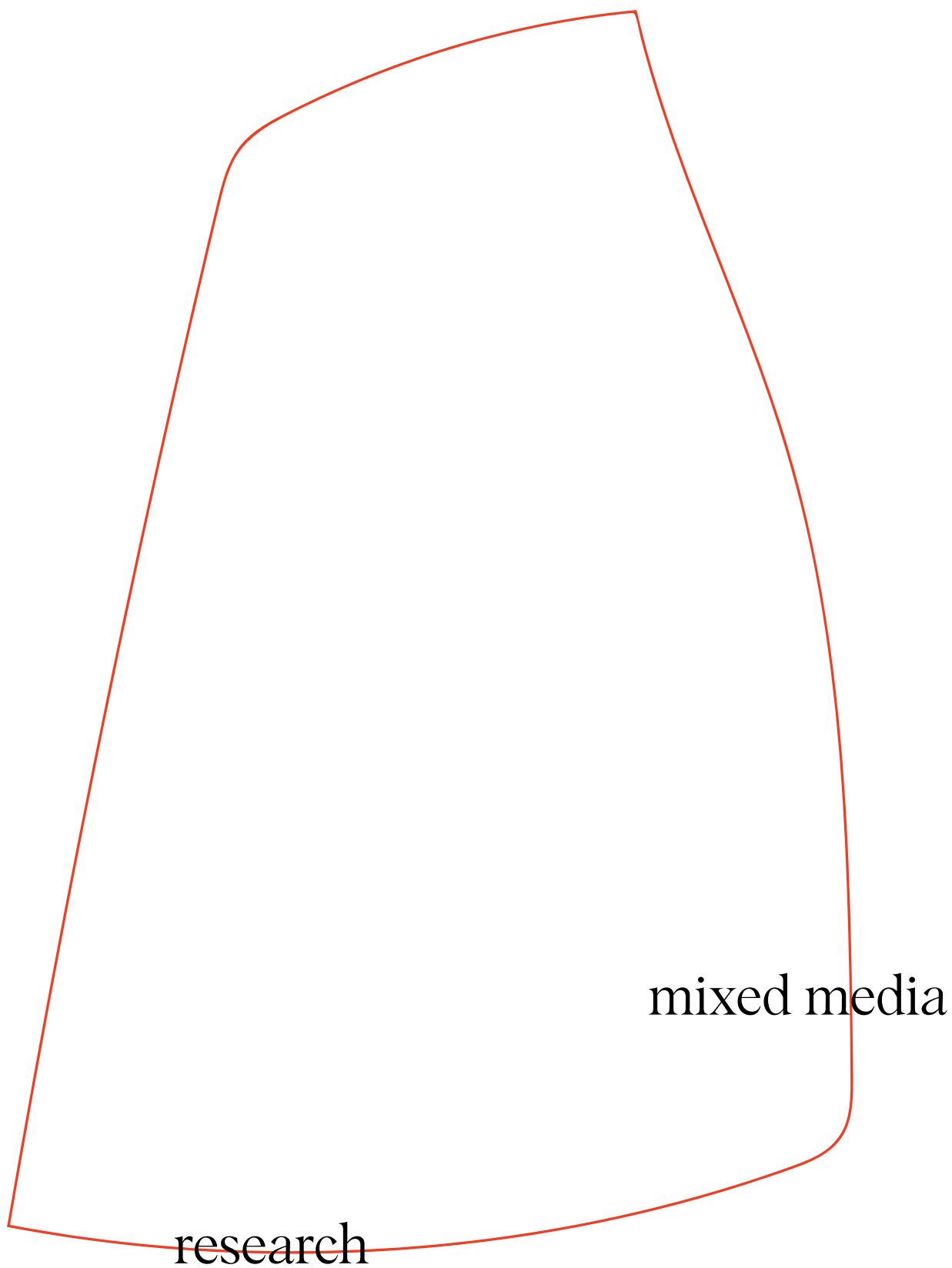


# portfolio







title: from dish out  
to therapy rugs

medium : tactile, drawing,  
conversation

date : 2022-2024



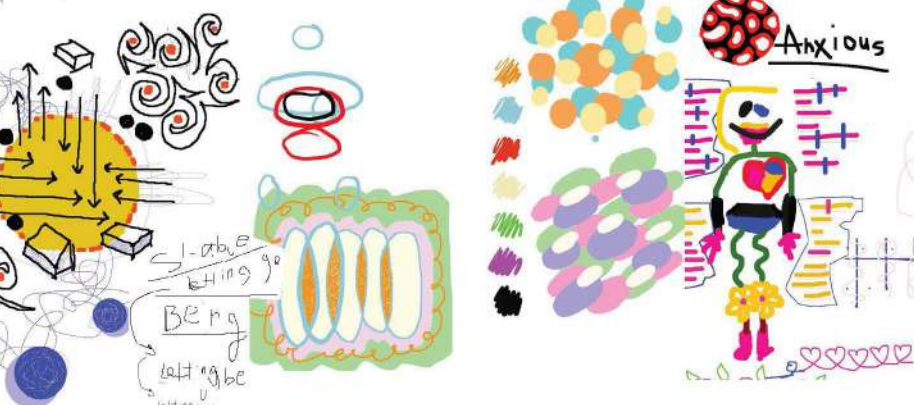
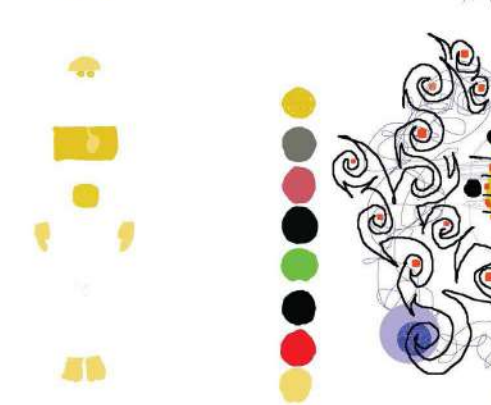
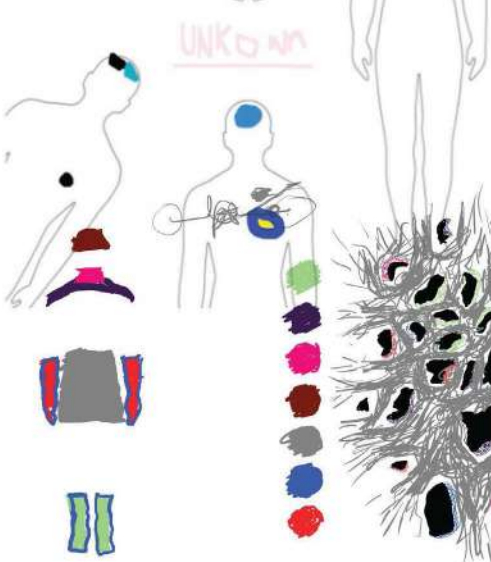
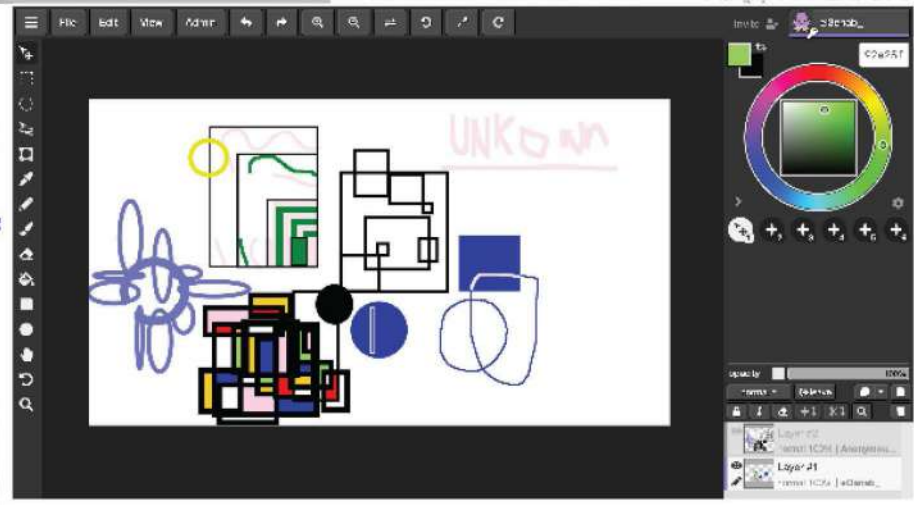
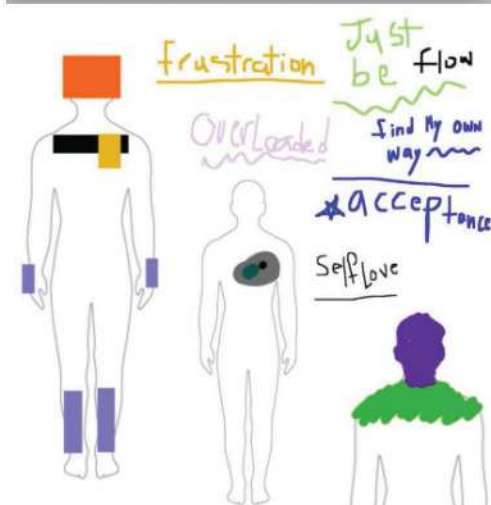
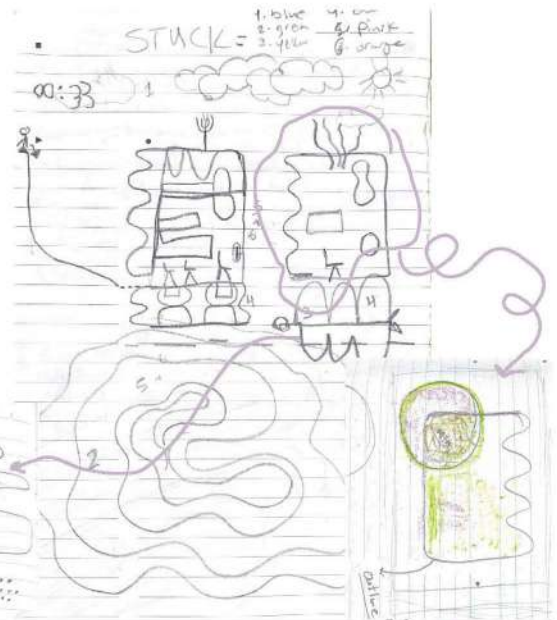
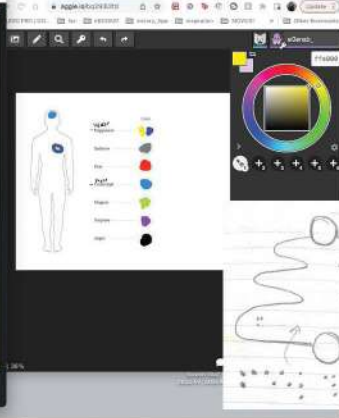
**Therapy rugs** is a body of tactile pieces, made collaboratively with people as a way to connect and process together.

*I extended an open invitation through my Instagram account for individuals seeking a listening ear to participate in “dish out sessions,” where we discuss and identify a specific emotion they wish to work through. Using prompts, I then invite them to collaborate with me on a sketch, which I use as inspiration to create rugs.*

*The rugs i make are based on shapes and patterns extracted from these sketches. The goal of this project is to transform emotions into something tangible and tactile, but the true value lies in the space it creates for expression, reflection, connection, and creation. This is the essence of the role of art for me.*



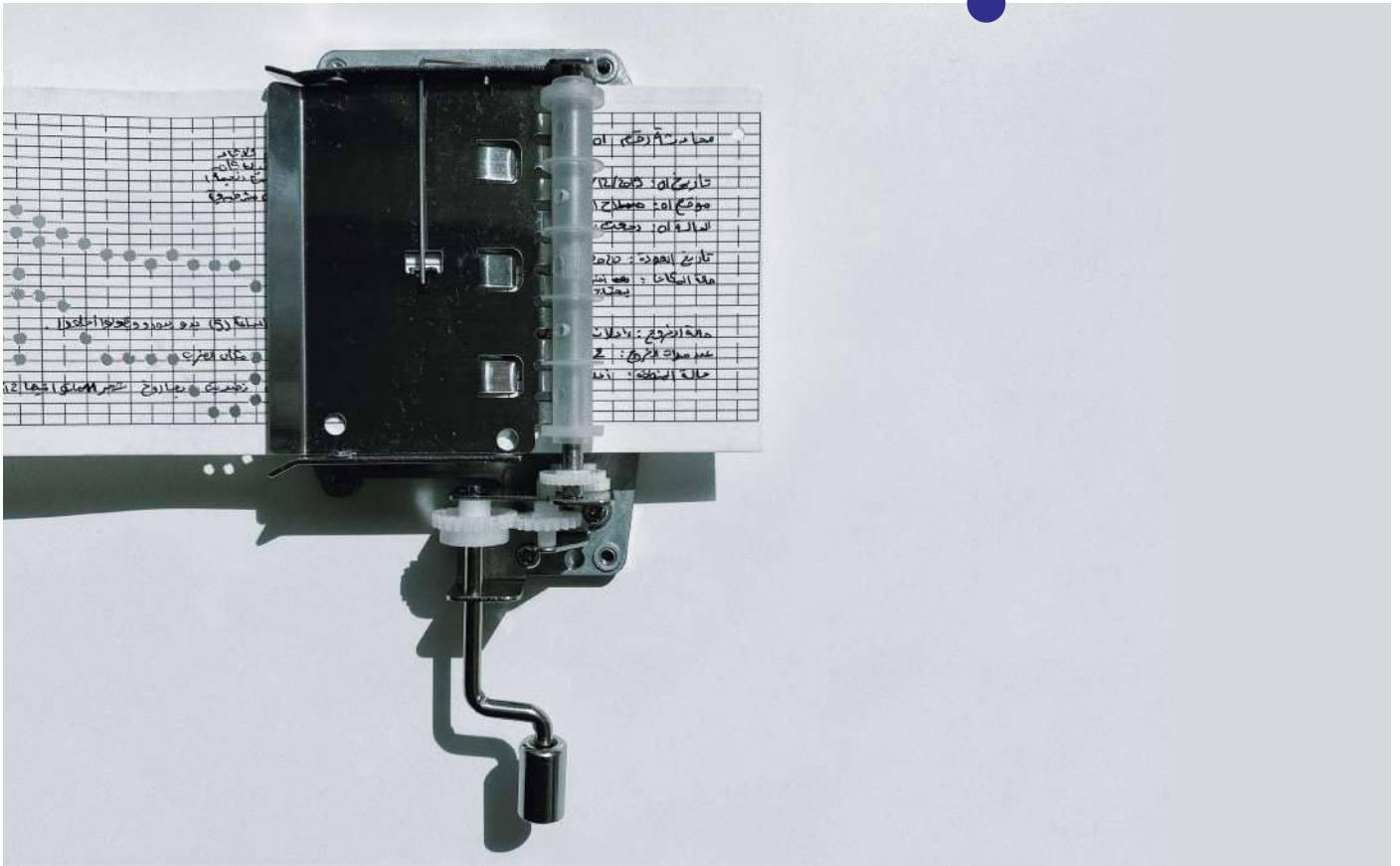
# dish out process



title : if i could trace you .....  
if i could hear you .....

medium : sound, mark,  
music box, text

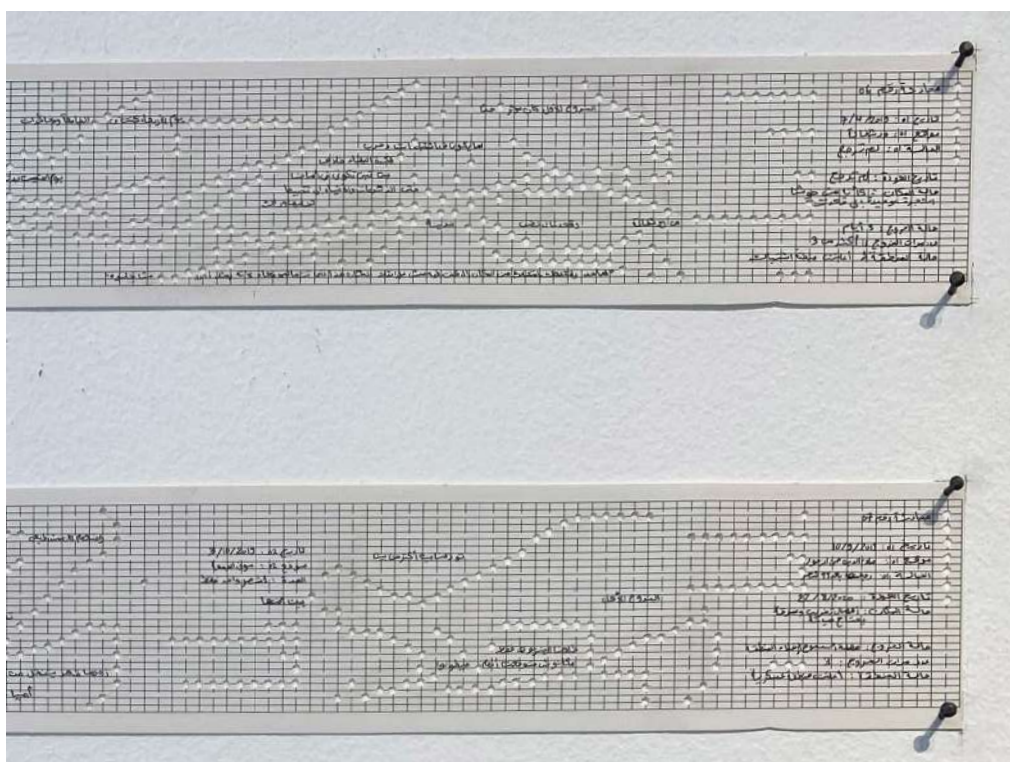
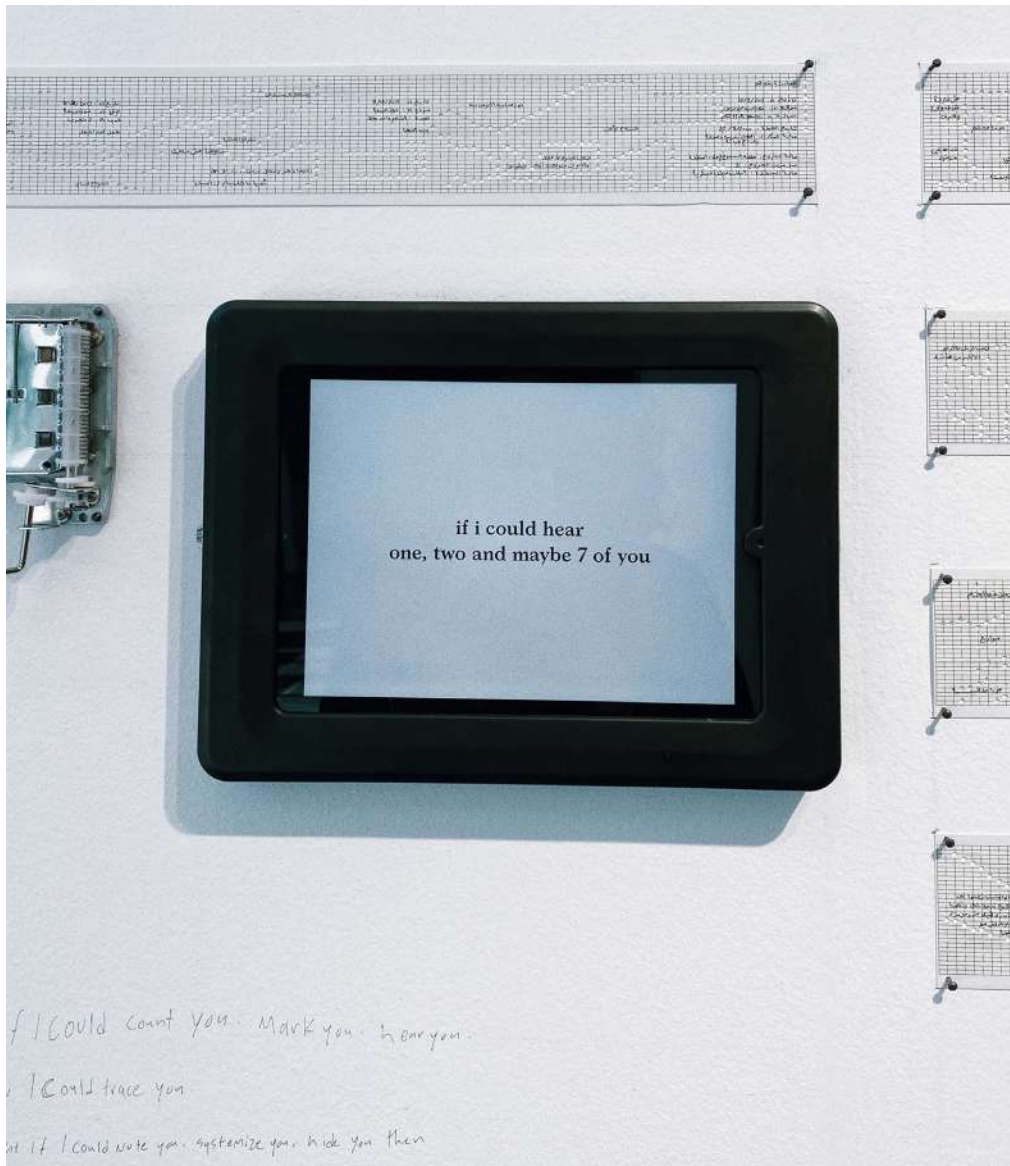
date : 2020



link : <https://vimeo.com/517857224/e4eb5c7e56>

*Exhibited as part of Art Dubai 2022, Speculative Links  
+ community-and-critique show at warehouse 421*

In this sound installation the sound generated is based on a system of information gathered and organized through a series of conversations with displaced Libyans, while maintaining the anonymity of the interviewees, the work incorporates multiple data points (time and date of fleeing, access to former residence etc.) entered as holes punched into a music box, the resulting repertoire of sounds becoming an intangible part of the work.



I thought if I could count you, mark you, hear you,  
then somehow I could trace you.  
Just as I thought if I could note you, systemize you, hide you,  
then somehow I could trace me.

When I started you were only 200k\*, I thought no way I could reach you.  
7 months later I'm still trying, but you went ahead and doubled on me,  
now I wonder if the 400k\* is even there. But it is....

One, two and maybe 7 of you were there for me to hear.  
Sorry I meant I was there for you to share.

I asked you what, when and where. You said here and there.  
For some it passed, for most it's still there.

You shared, I heard, so maybe your here and there  
could be a sound for them to see.  
Maybe then, as i play your here and now the traces of you  
could change your thereafter.

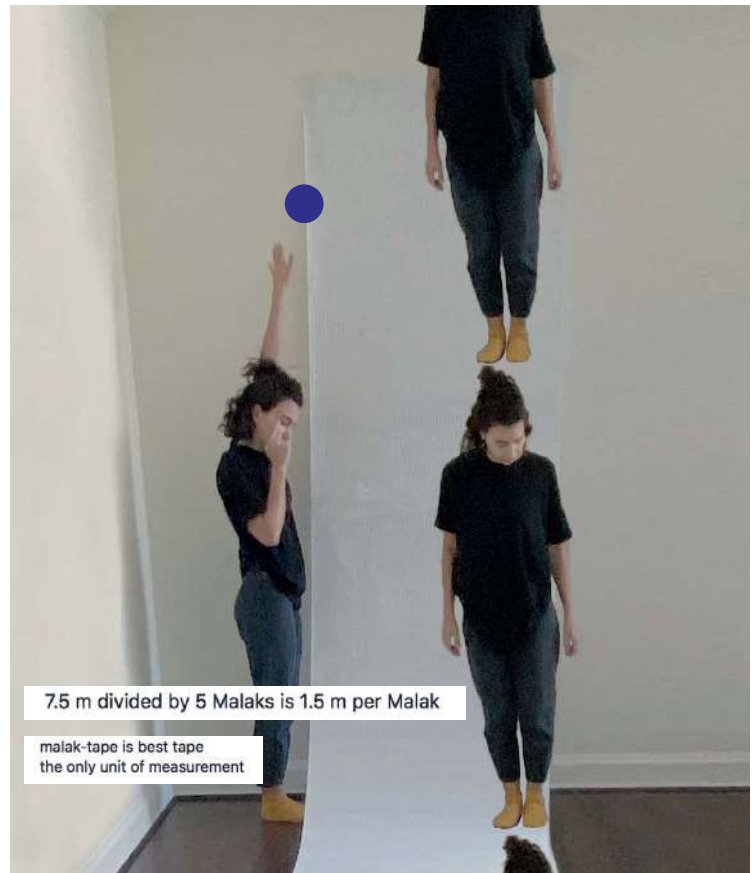
*200k\* internally displaced Libyans as of Oct 2019*  
*400k\* internally displaced Libyans as of April 2020*



title: if i could count you .....

medium : mark, scale, time,  
human scale, performance

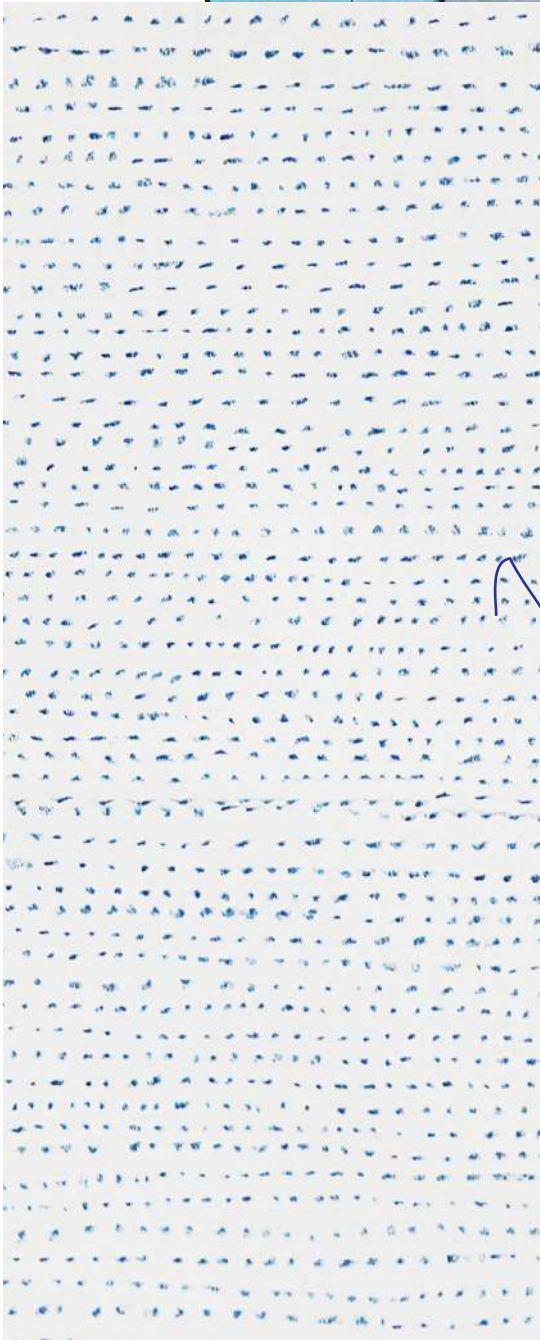
date : 2020



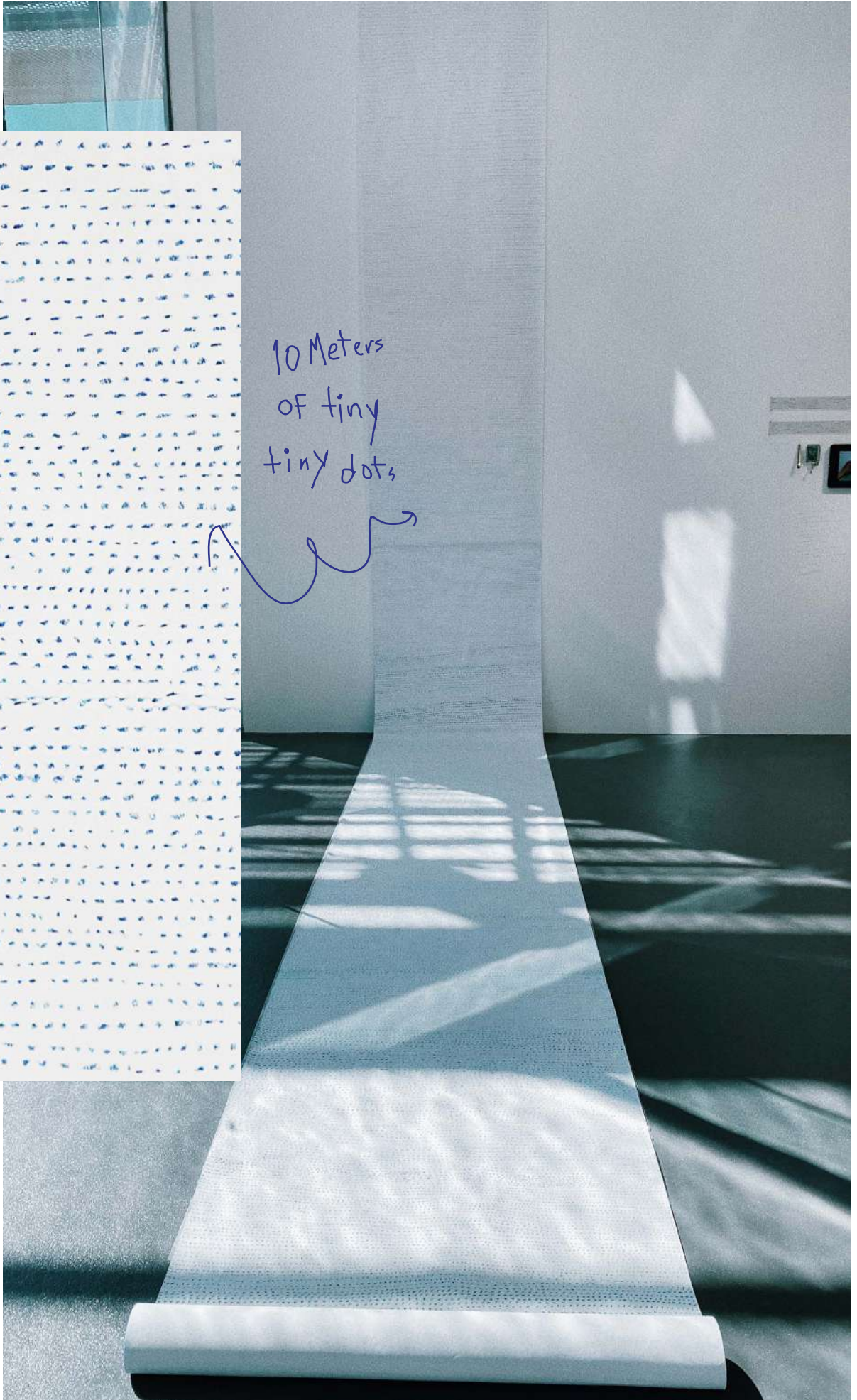
process link: <https://vimeo.com/516353252/2512f3d1d3>

*Exhibited as part of Art Dubai 2022, Speculative Links  
+ community-and-critique show at warehouse 421*

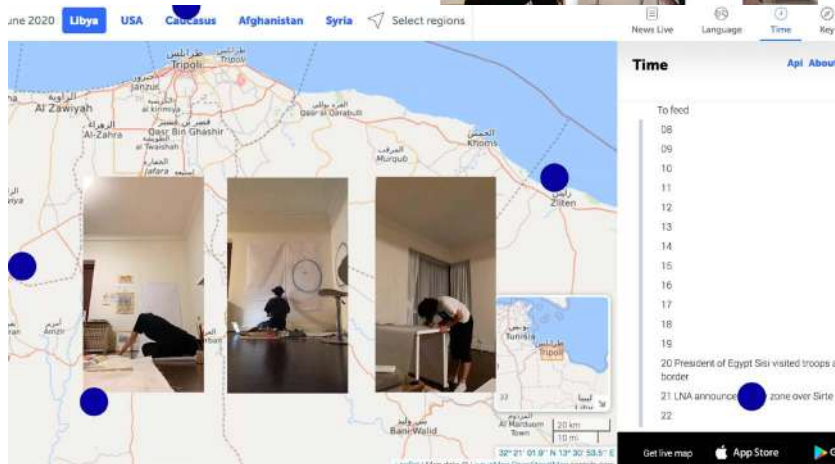
This installation extrapolates from individual to collective units of information. Through the work on paper, I am asking: How can we concretize data and register sudden change? Can shared moments of rupture be quantified? With this work I begin with the growing number of 400,000 Libyans internally displaced since last year as a primary data point. The sequence of dots represent this mounting figure – each session of mark-making completed in 40-minute slots. If I Could Count You is a **10-metre long** comment on the impossibility of counting constantly changing numbers. In an act that humanizes scale, the artist's body is used as an invisible means of measurement.



10 Meters  
of tiny  
tiny dots



# process



مؤلم وقت تقول لحد خليك في حوشك خوفاً من  
كورونا ويطلع مَهْجَر ويقولك رجعي لحوشي قبل  
وبعدين قولي stay home 🤒

$144 \text{ cm} \cdot 5 = 720 = 7.2 \text{ m}$   
 $0.92 \text{ m}$   
 $h \text{ } 720 \text{ cm} \cdot w \text{ } 92 \text{ cm}$   
 $144 \cdot 5 \text{ ( } 144 = 10,000 \text{ )} = 50,000 \text{ dots}$   
 Oct 2019 200,000  
 April 2020 400,000

2019 - 2020  
2014

Time is the indefinite continued progress of existence and events that occur in an apparently irreversible succession from the past, through the present, into the future.

It is a component **quantity** of various measurements used to sequence events, to compare the duration of events or the intervals between them, and to **quantify** rates of change of quantities in material reality or in the conscious experience.

06 محادثة رقم

Dates : horizontal  
Location / map : vertical  
number of conversation vertical

المين نسابة  
البيطل قراغندوز

الشهيد القائل

المزج الثالث

سداقها ومن الجمعيات  
قالت الوضع على ساحل  
جمعيه تحثي في مزلزلات

استقبلوا المير

ملفوظات

haar room **door** is not  
books ( paper )

her way of explaining  
to say it

she wanted

---

title : on the naughty list

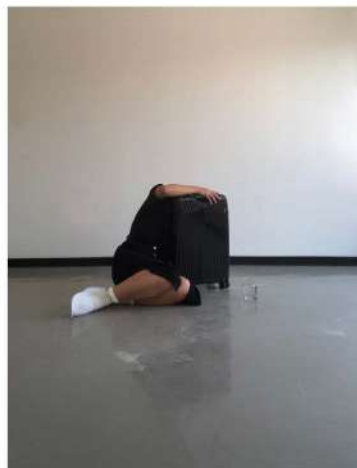
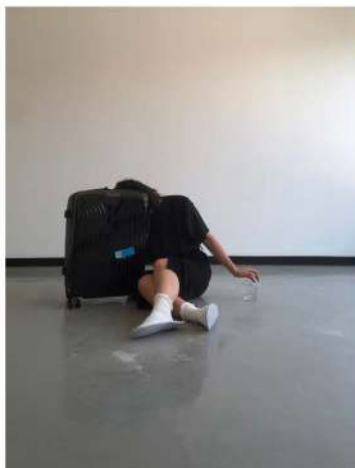
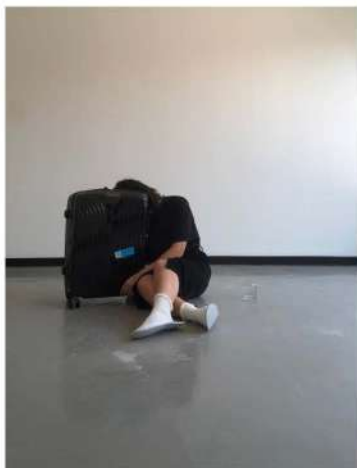
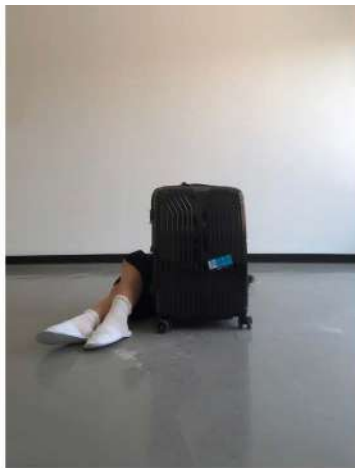
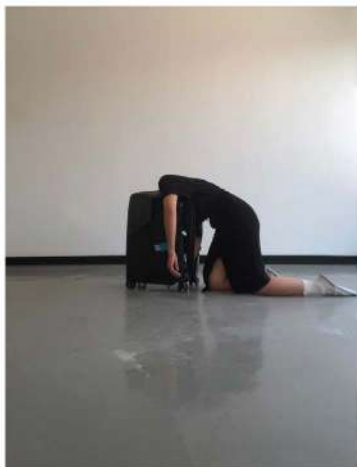
medium : stills from a  
performance

date : 2019



It's been a turbulent couple of years....

Some people take for granted the blessing of being free. Freedom of movement, freedom of choice it's a privilege for the few. You're born into it and even if you don't and you think you can get it, you don't realize the baggage that comes with it. Freedom was and will remain a privilege for the few.



# process



**Dear Applicant:**

This is to inform you that a consular officer found you ineligible for a visa under Section 212(f) of the Immigration and Nationality Act, pursuant to Presidential Proclamation 9645. Today's decision cannot be appealed.

To approve a waiver, the consular officer must determine that:

1. Denying your entry would cause you undue hardship
2. Your entry would not pose a threat to the national security or public safety of the United States.
3. Your entry would be in the national interest of the United States.

**Taking into account the provisions of the Proclamation, a waiver will not be granted in your case.**

However, you may reapply for a visa at any time. If you decide to reapply, you must submit a new visa application form and photo, pay the visa application fee again, and make a new appointment to be interviewed by a consular officer. If you choose to reapply, you should be prepared to provide information that was not presented in your original visa application, or to demonstrate that your circumstances have changed since that application.

**عزيزي طالب التأشيرة:**

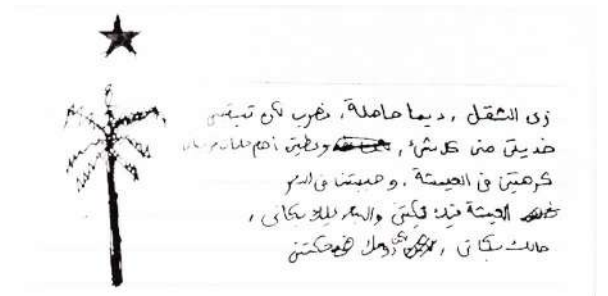
نود أن نعلمك بأن القنصل قد وجد أنك غير مؤهل للحصول على التأشيرة بموجب المادة F212 من قانون الهجرة والجنسية الأمريكية، استناداً إلى القرار الرئاسي رقم 9645. لا يمكن الرجوع إلى هذا القرار الرئاسي، على القنصل أن يقرر أن:

1. رفض دخولك سيؤدي إلى معاناة لا مبرر لها،
2. أن دخولك لن يشكل تهديداً للأمن القومي أو السلامة العامة.
3. أن دخولك سيكون في المصلحة الوطنية للولايات المتحدة.

مع مراعاة أحكام الإعلان الرئاسي 9645، أنت غير مؤهل للحصول على تأشيرة جديدة.

ومع ذلك، يمكنك تقديم طلب جديد للحصول على تأشيرة في أي وقت. ويجب عليك تقديم معلومات جديدة وتقديم صورة جديدة، ودفع رسوم طلب التأشيرة مرة أخرى، وتحديد موعد جديد لمقابلة القنصل. وإذا قررت إعادة تقديم طلب جديد، فيجب أن تكون مستعداً لتقديم معلومات جديدة في طلبك القديم، أو تقديم إثباتات أن ظروفك قد تغيرت منذ ذلك الوقت.

Thursday, Jan09,2020



Did you acquire Nationality by birth or by naturalization? \*



**Applicant Name : MALAK**  
**Application Id : ARED00274920**



Septimius  
@Hia885

ما خشيت طرابلس بالسلاح بتخش 45 دولة  
من غير تأشيرة يا مقررن

Translate Tweet



اخبار الكرامة الآن  
14 hrs · 🌐

جواز سفر دولة برقة  
راج يكون 45 دولة من غير تأشيرة مبدئياً  
الرئيس خليفه حقت

Did you acquire Nationality by birth or by naturalization? \*



Religion \*

Visible identification marks \*

Educational Qualification \*

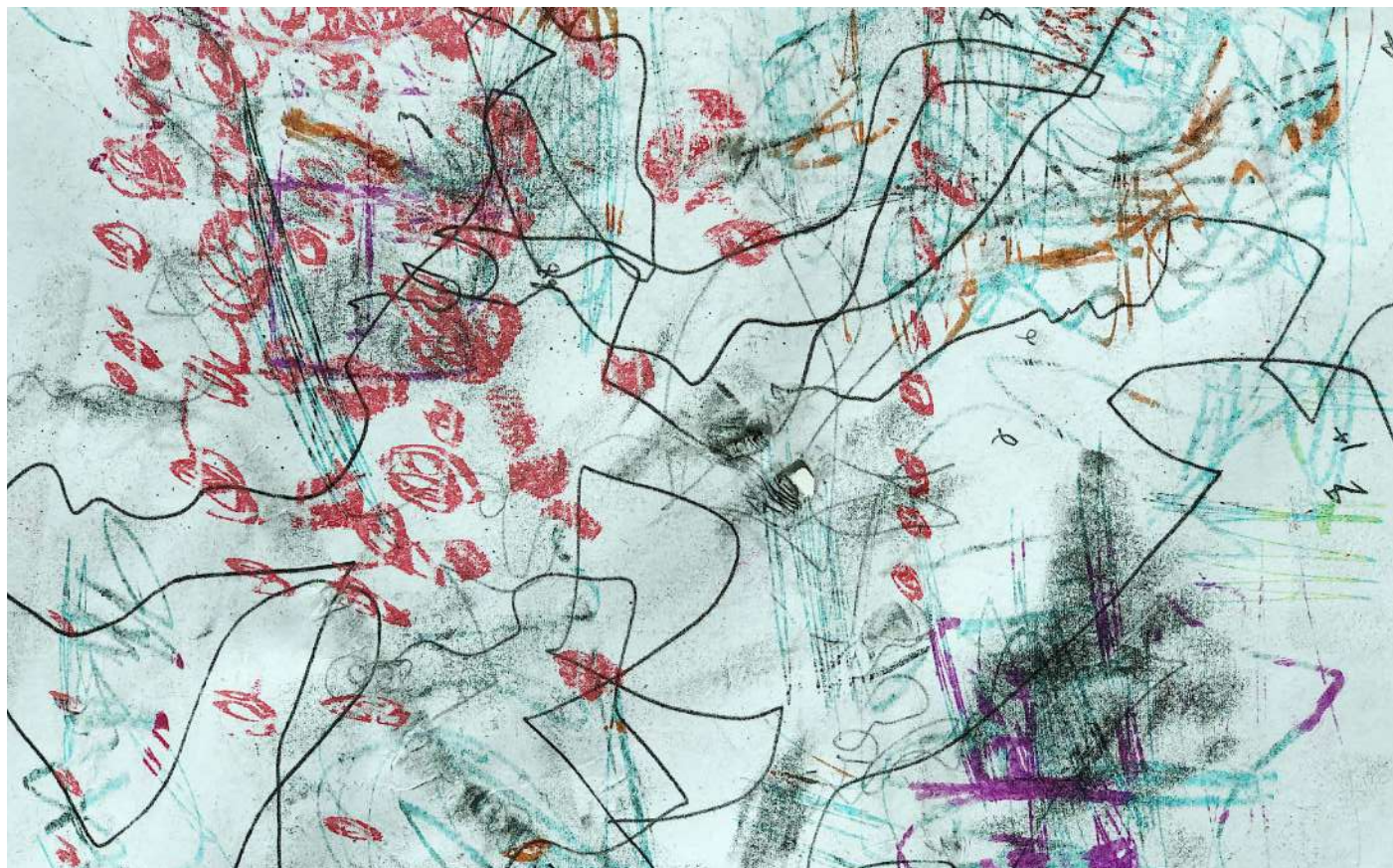
Nationality \*

---

title : a study of marks

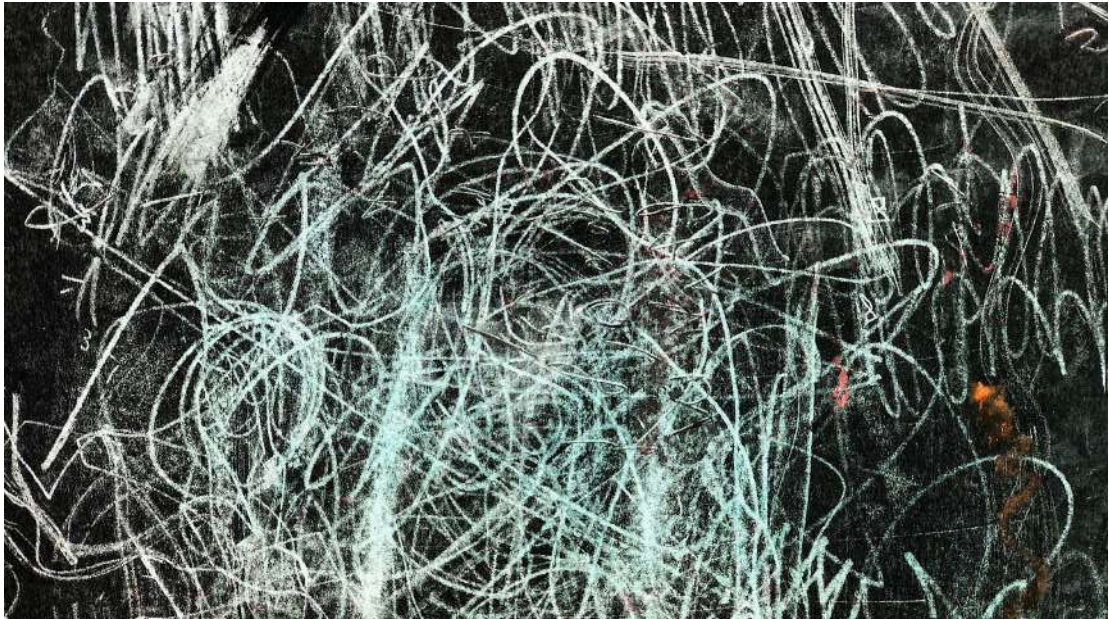
medium : drawing, systems

date : 2020



Lines, and dots. A system of transferring wounds and marks from places of conflict onto paper. Translating information from source images sent to me by people on the ground in Libya of property vandalism after the conflict of 2020.

An unfinished project, this study was born out of the need to document, collect and process.



# process

Frame 01 :  
كرهتونا في العيشة يا كلاب

numbers of bullets (3)  
numbers of words on the walls (5)

Frame 02 :  
إذا مريت من هنا صلي على النبي

numbers of bullets (5)  
numbers of words on the walls (7)

Frame 03 :  
جانت بركة يا كلب

numbers of bullets (68)  
numbers of words on the walls (3)

Frame 04 :  
إدخلوها بس.....

numbers of bullets (0)  
numbers of words on the walls (2)

Frame 05 :  
يا حيوان ممنوع

numbers of bullets (1)  
numbers of words on the walls (3)

Frame 06 :  
شوارعنا ينقصها الحب و الفن و أناس مبتسمة

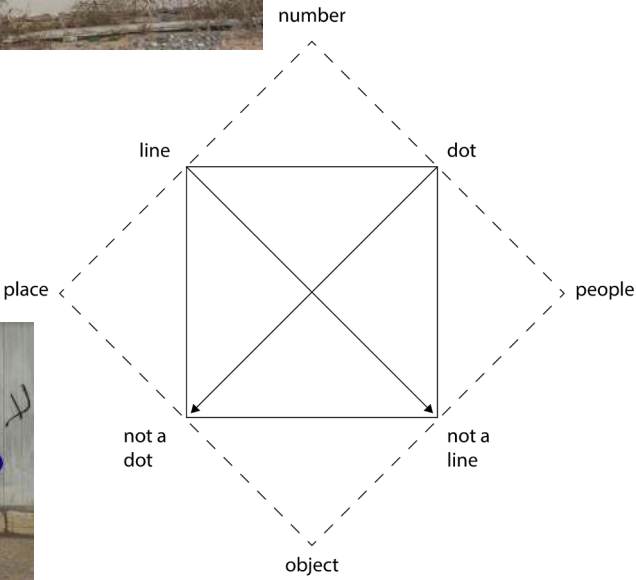
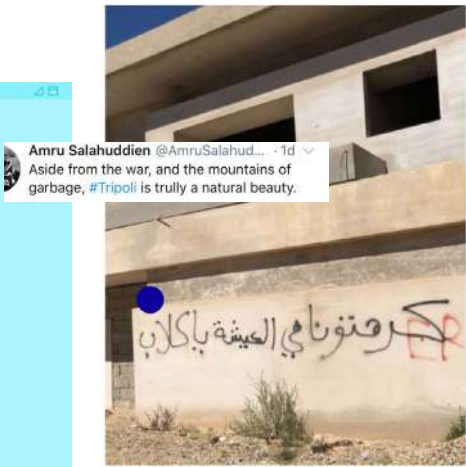
numbers of bullets (0)  
numbers of words on the walls (8)

Frame 07 :  
شحمة و مرآة " في القلب "

numbers of bullets (9)  
numbers of words on the walls (6)

Frame 08 :  
حبو بعض

numbers of bullets (2)  
numbers of words on the walls (14)



The Semiotic Square

---

title : fireworks and bubble wrap

medium : stills from a  
performance

date : 2019



“To enjoy fireworks you would have to have lived a different  
kind of life”  
\_naomi shihab nye

# process



to enjoy  
fireworks  
you would have  
to have lived  
a different kind  
of life |



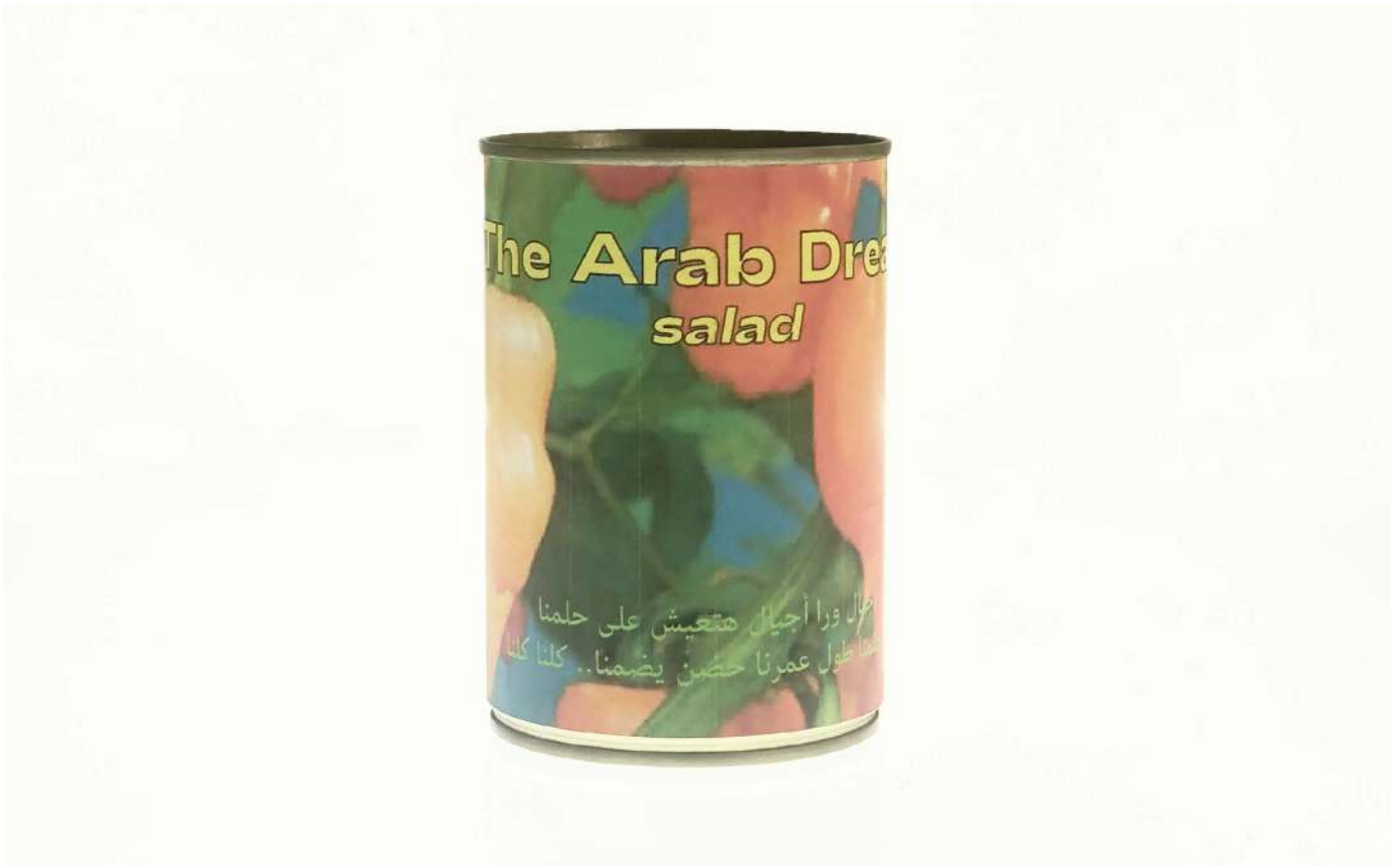
Before you know what kindness really is  
you must lose things,  
feel the future dissolve in a moment  
like salt in a weakened broth.  
What you held in your hand,  
what you counted and carefully saved,  
all this must go so you know  
how desolate the landscape can be  
between the regions of kindness.

---

title : The Arab Dream Salad

medium : metal can filled with air

date : 2020



The Arab dream is a title of a song that got famous in the year 2000 during the second intifada. It's a song almost every Arab knows, it was our version of "we are the world". Now 20 years after, the dream gets fuzzier and fuzzier.

A salad is an expression of chaos. And so why not package it and sell it, like every cause. The Arab dream was and remains "a salad".



# process

## العربية السعيدة

هذه المقالة تعتمد اعتماداً كاملاً أو شبه كامل على مصدر وحيد، رجاء مساعد في تحسين هذه المقالة بإضافة مصادر مناسبة. (ديسمبر 2018)

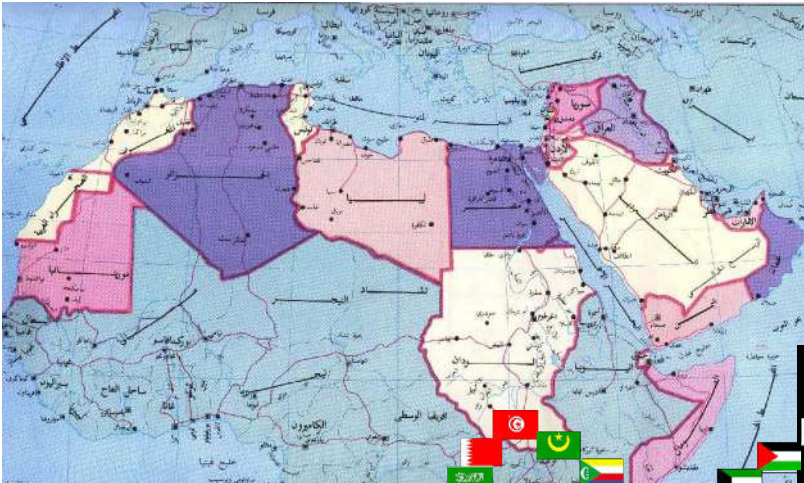
العربية السعيدة هو اسم لاتيني استخدمه الجغرافيين لوصف الجزء الجنوبي من شبه الجزيرة العربية في غرب القارة الآسيوية.<sup>[1]</sup>

الاسم [عدل]

أطلق اليونانيون والرومان على اليمن منذ قديم الزمان اسم بلاد العرب السعيدة (باليونانية: Εὐδαίμων Ἀραβία، وبالياتينية: Arabia Felix) ويأتي هذا الاسم بالمعنى اللاتيني بالعربية المثمرة وكذلك يحتمل معنى العربية السعيدة والعربية المحظوظة والعربية المباركة. والعربية السعيدة هي أحد التقسيمات التي قسم بها الرومان الجزيرة العربية الواقعة حالياً في غرب آسيا بالإضافة إلى الصحراء العربية والعربية البترانية.



بعد 20 عامًا من عرض الأوبريت.. هذا هو شكل نجوم «الحلم العربي» الآن



ومهما تعالت صور المعاناة العربية في

هذا الأوبريت ،

فلا يزال هناك أمل ...

ولا يزال الحلم مستمراً ...

أجيال ورا أجيال ...

ان الانجازات العظيمة تبدأ برؤية ...

او حلم وتنتمي بحقيقة او واقع .

كانت لي رؤية ... زرعتما حلماً ...

خاض ... وجاء الميلاذ ...

وطننا العربي  
منبع الاصاله  
والحرية

مسابقة الحلم 2020

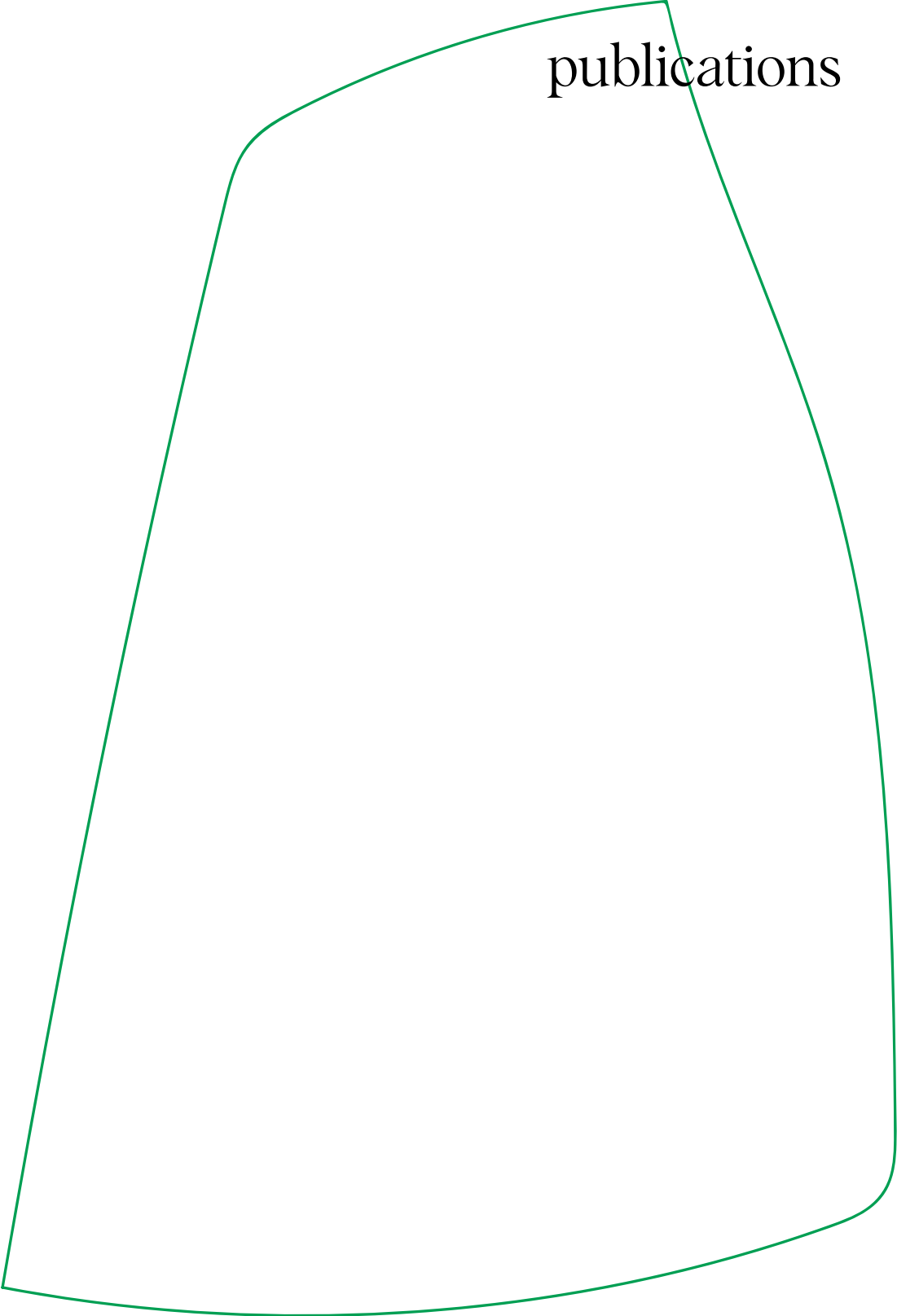
الحلم



- حلم الشخص : رأى في نومه رؤيا
- حلم الشيء / حلم بالشيء : رآه في نومه
- يحل أحلاماً بعيدة عن الواقع : يتصور ، يتخيل أحلاماً بدأ لك حلم به وعنه : رأى له رؤيا
- حلم الصبي : أدرك وبلغ مبلغ الرجال
- حلم الجليل حلمًا : نزع عنه حلمه



اجيال ورا اجيال هتعيش على حلمنا. ده حلمنا طول عمرنا حصى بضمنا.. كلنا كلنا



publications

---

title : shot through the skin

medium : photography,  
mixed media

date : 2022



Publication: Until We Meet by The Locale Team  
Exhibiting the book at the Afrophon' book fair in Arles, France.

shot through the skin, is a series of mixed media images that i shot as part of a collaboration publication with The Locale Team. Bringing together six artists from Sudan and Libya.

The series is inspired by a woman's experience in public spaces in Libya. Using bodies and foam sheets to mimic feelings of discomfort and distress. Then overlaying the images with other materials and scanning them over and over in an act of catharsis.

Through the glass  
I wished I could break through  
Maybe then you won't have a view

They were all ignorant of you

Violated  
Stripped away  
Displayed  
**Gazed at** but not even seen

The weight of your stare, burns through  
The smell of burnt trash, with a dash of sea salt  
The noise of the crowd, don't silence you

I see you, I see right through you

I feel the lump in my throat  
The shiver through my skin  
I wished I could jump out of my seat, crash through the glass and gaze down at you  
Maybe give you a lesson too

You look old enough to have a daughter or two  
Does that change a thing for you ?  
Or do I have to be a baby blue for you to see through ?



title : shot through the skin

medium : type, mixed media

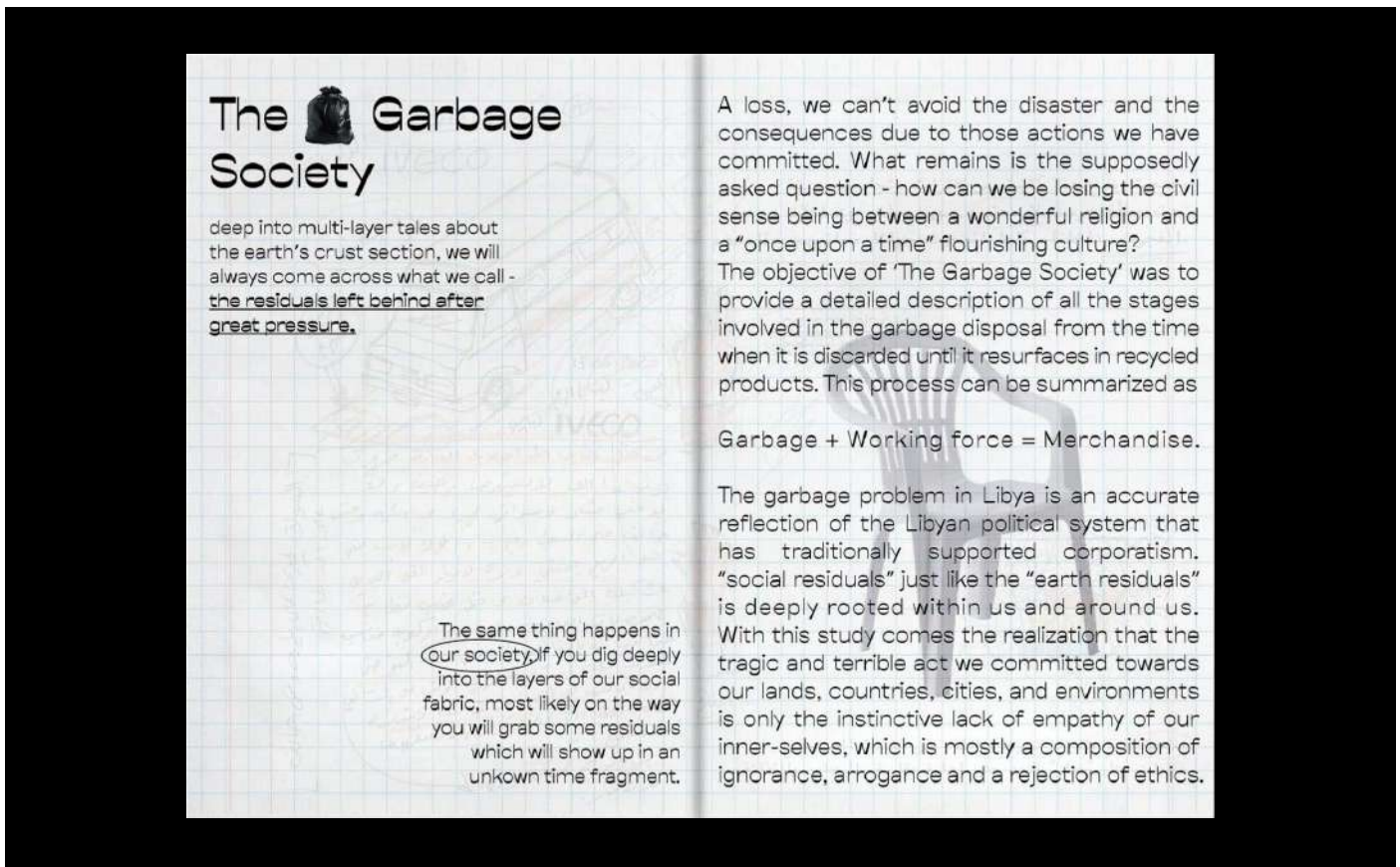
date : 2022



title : Kashkoul

medium : photography,  
mixed media

date : 2020



Publication: Kashkoul of collective resistance by WaraQ art foundation

Kashkoul is collabortion between myself and 4 other artists. In this first edition we wanted to navigate and document the ways our resilience is still being shaped and re-shaped through what we live and witness under the civil war, political chaos and social isolation.

We asked several questions through the publication. How do we live as a society? How do we coexist? And most importantly how do we cope with our ongoing situation ?

perceiving the  
unseen

ما افعلنا؟  
كل شيء فخر لنا؟

WHAT HAVE  
DONE

تجاربنا؟



ليس هناك  
ليس هناك  
ليس هناك  
ليس هناك

ماذا؟ من مجرأ  
Is it every + five?  
+ five  
+ five

أن تكون انسان...  
قلت لا شيء علي أي حال...

ليس هناك  
ليس هناك  
ليس هناك

what have we done  
will be forgiven  
how do we go back  
it's not my fault

its bigger than me  
is it even true

being human is hard

its too late now

its not us  
not us  
not us  
not us



its the system  
thats

أه الكرامة



هذا أكبر من حجمي



stem  
broken



هل هذه حقيقة؟  
ليس خطأ

هل هو خطأ؟

هل سيغفر لنا؟  
will I be forgiven?

ماذا فعلنا؟  
what have we done?

هذا أكبر من حجمي



أن تكون انسان صعب...  
being human is hard...

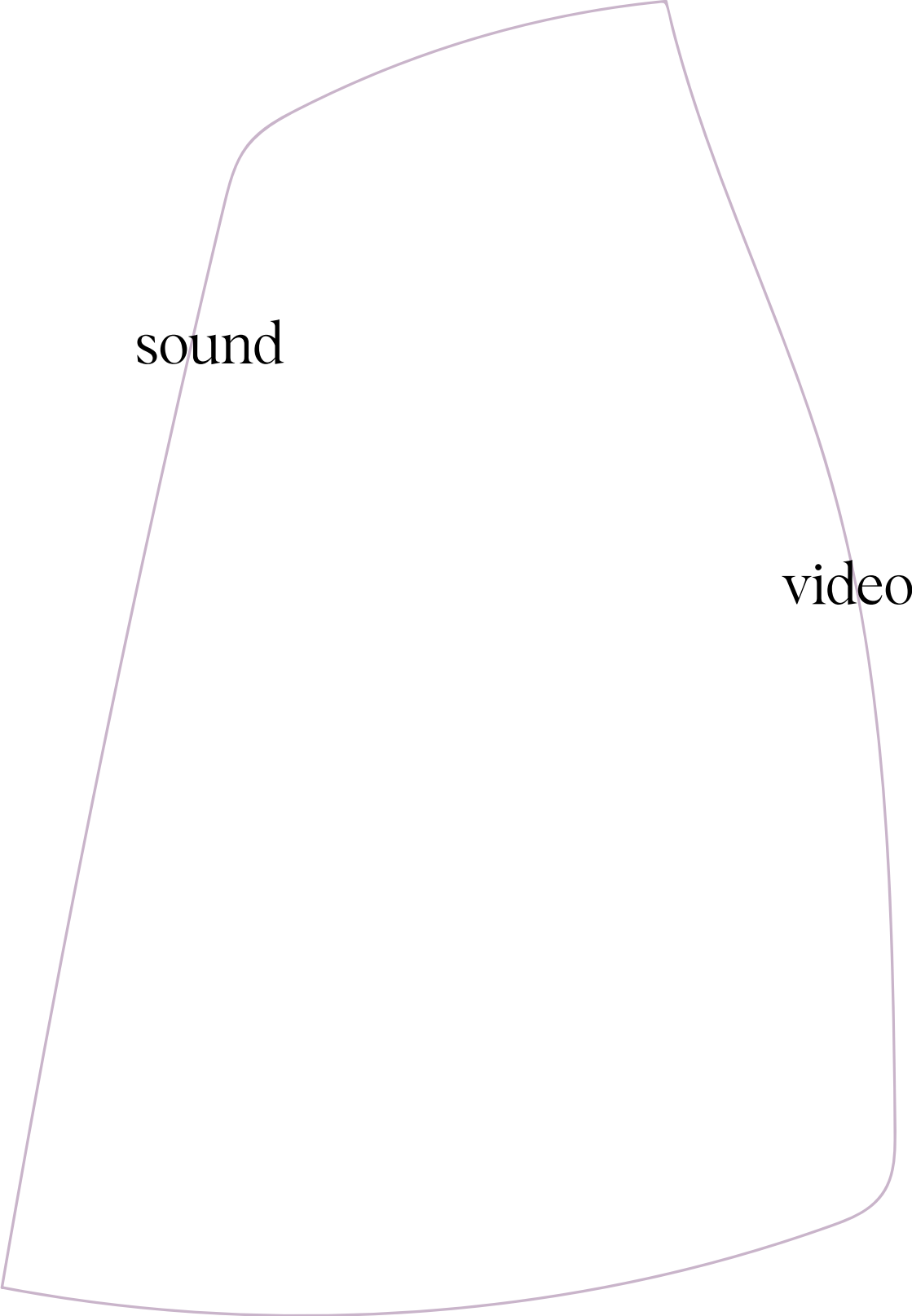
إن كوفيد... أعطني بعداً عنه وعن المنزل  
أقطن هنا حيث رائحة الكحول تملأ الجو  
تساعدي بعض الحبوب على التماسك  
أصبح قناع الأكسجين رفيقي اليومي

أستمع للأخبار المملة عنه، أحبتي (حلوا) بلا وداع  
أوه كاترين أنت لا تعلمين أن كوفيد هنا لا شكل  
إلا مزيداً من الهلع... حيث الاقتتال اليومي، الكهرباء  
المقطوعة وطوابير المراقبة وأخبار العملة والمعدل  
لا يضيف (للموت) سوى مزيد من الترتب والحزن بمعنى وكيف



وتبقى القاعدة ثابتة لا تتغير في كل رواية  
يوجد شخص يذبح المشجعة  
أنتم هناك تواجهون كوفيد بعباسك الأكسجين  
أما نحن يا كاترين... نحارب بالمرموقين





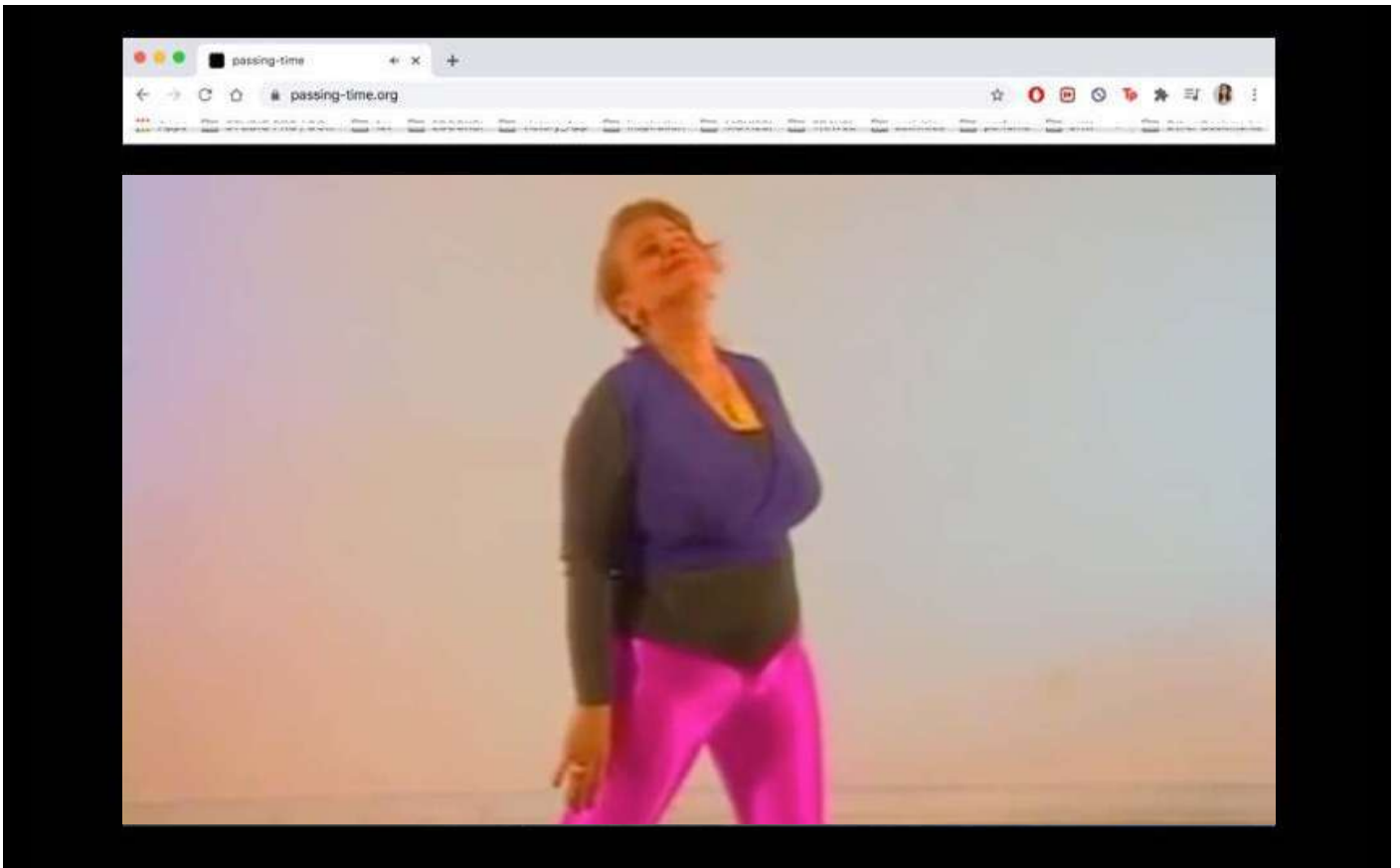
sound

video

title : fight it like the best  
belly dancer

medium : video, sound

date : 2020



link : <https://vimeo.com/404241263>

*Exhibited as part of passing-time collective online experiment.*

The dance of war against an invisible threat. Fight it like the best belly dancer out there is a collection of sounds documenting a set of events during a period of anticipation during the height of the pandemic. A commentary on the social injustice that was highlighted during the global lock down of 2020.

# process

amrusalahuddien On the way back from the frontline, after a fierce fight, the boys were listening to loud Egyptian Mahraganat (music), laughing, enjoying a ride in the empty streets of #Tripoli due to the curfew.

We were 4 in the backseat, I jokingly told them " #corona says hi!", Abdullah then said "Let Corona come, it will not amputate my legs or chop my head off, it leaves you in one piece". \_\_

#everydaymiddleeast #everydayafrica #everydayeverywhere #coronadiaries #libya



| Overall Style                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Videos Examples                                                                                          |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Raqia's style is grounded and lifted at the same time (which she may achieve by keeping the legs straight rather than bent); she uses sharp accents, but always moves softly and gracefully. She uses a very big variety of movements. Her hip and belly movements are quite internal. | 2011 live performance at an international raqs sharqi festival (Marhaba Belly Dance Festival Rome, 2011) |



"I dedicated all my Life for this Art with passion"

Table 34 – Raqia Hassan's style

RAQIA HASSAN'S WORD

Dear , Friends , Colleagues and Belly Dance Lovers.

"I dedicated all my Life with passion and Great Effort to Reach what I am now ..."

Also you can be like me one day with My help and our Great Teachers you can reach the top .

| Laban analysis                   |
|----------------------------------|
| Light and heavy at the same time |
| Sustained                        |
| Indirect                         |
| Free flow                        |

---

title : Ever Dream This

medium : sound, video,  
data collection

date : 2019



link : <https://vimeo.com/338458347>

*Exhibited as part of Jameel Arts Centre's Youth Assembly, Dubai*

Through this piece I wanted to explore the possibility of trying to capture the collective dream state of a number of people. To tie it together in a narrative and paint a collective picture of those foggy years we spend sleeping.

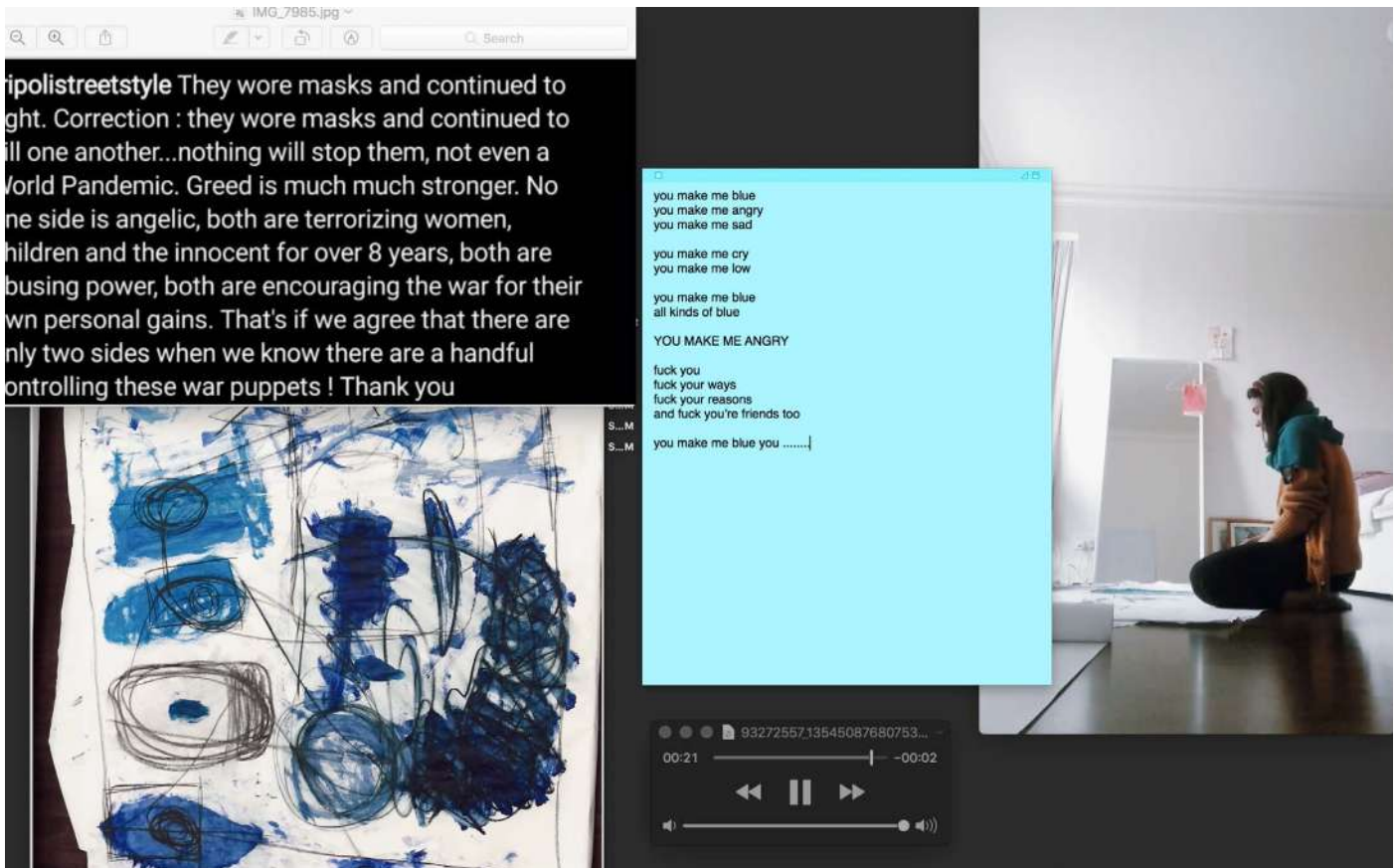
Having found a community of sleep-talkers that share their sleep-talking snippets. I collected sound bites of vocalized dreams and visualized them to produce this video installation.



title : you make me blue

medium : video performance,  
mixed media

date : 2020

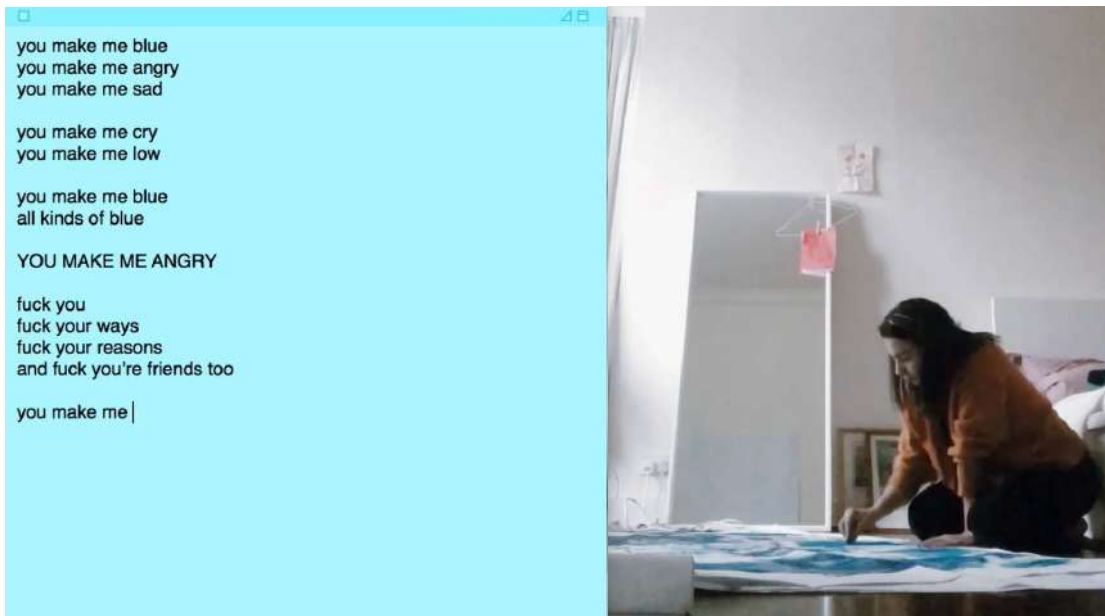


Video performance of a painting, with text and sound from real footage shot in Tripoli, Libya 2020 during a home invasion.

You make me blue is an act of catharsis.  
A question to self.  
And a way of processing.



**tripolistreetstyle** They wore masks and continued to fight. Correction : they wore masks and continued to kill one another...nothing will stop them, not even a World Pandemic. Greed is much much stronger. No one side is angelic, both are terrorizing women, children and the innocent for over 8 years, both are abusing power, both are encouraging the war for their own personal gains. That's if we agree that there are only two sides when we know there are a handful controlling these war puppets ! Thank you



you make me blue  
you make me angry  
you make me sad  
  
you make me cry  
you make me low  
  
you make me blue  
all kinds of blue  
  
YOU MAKE ME ANGRY  
  
fuck you  
fuck your ways  
fuck your reasons  
and fuck you're friends too  
  
you make me |



YOU MAKE ME BLUE  
- FOR ARTIST  
20/04/2020

# process

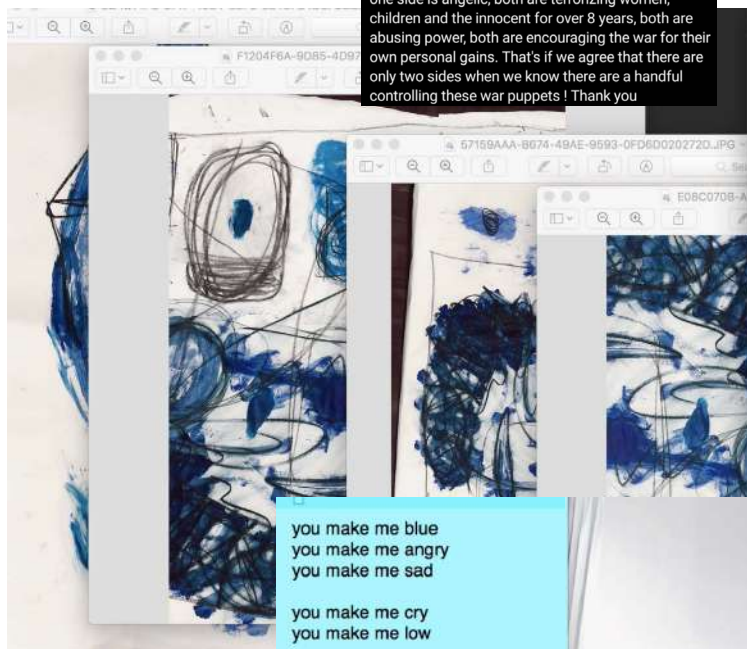


But it was nice to think about how life would be beautiful again once the war ended

it would be nice  
really nice  
really really nice  
will it ? |

tripoliststyle They wore masks and continued to fight. Correction : they wore masks and continued to kill one another...nothing will stop them, not even a World Pandemic. Greed is much much stronger. No one side is angelic, both are terrorizing women, children and the innocent for over 8 years, both are abusing power, both are encouraging the war for their own personal gains. That's if we agree that there are only two sides when we know there are a handful controlling these war puppets ! Thank you

I don't want to be a pessimist and I wish I can stop spreading the negative vibes, but my reality fails to impede these thoughts. If this miraculously ends. However way it ends, we are going to be left with so many mentally and emotionally damaged folks.



you make me blue  
you make me angry  
you make me sad

you make me cry  
you make me low

you make me blue  
all kinds of blue

YOU MAKE ME ANGRY

fuck you  
fuck your ways  
fuck your reasons  
and fuck you're friends too

you make me blue you .....

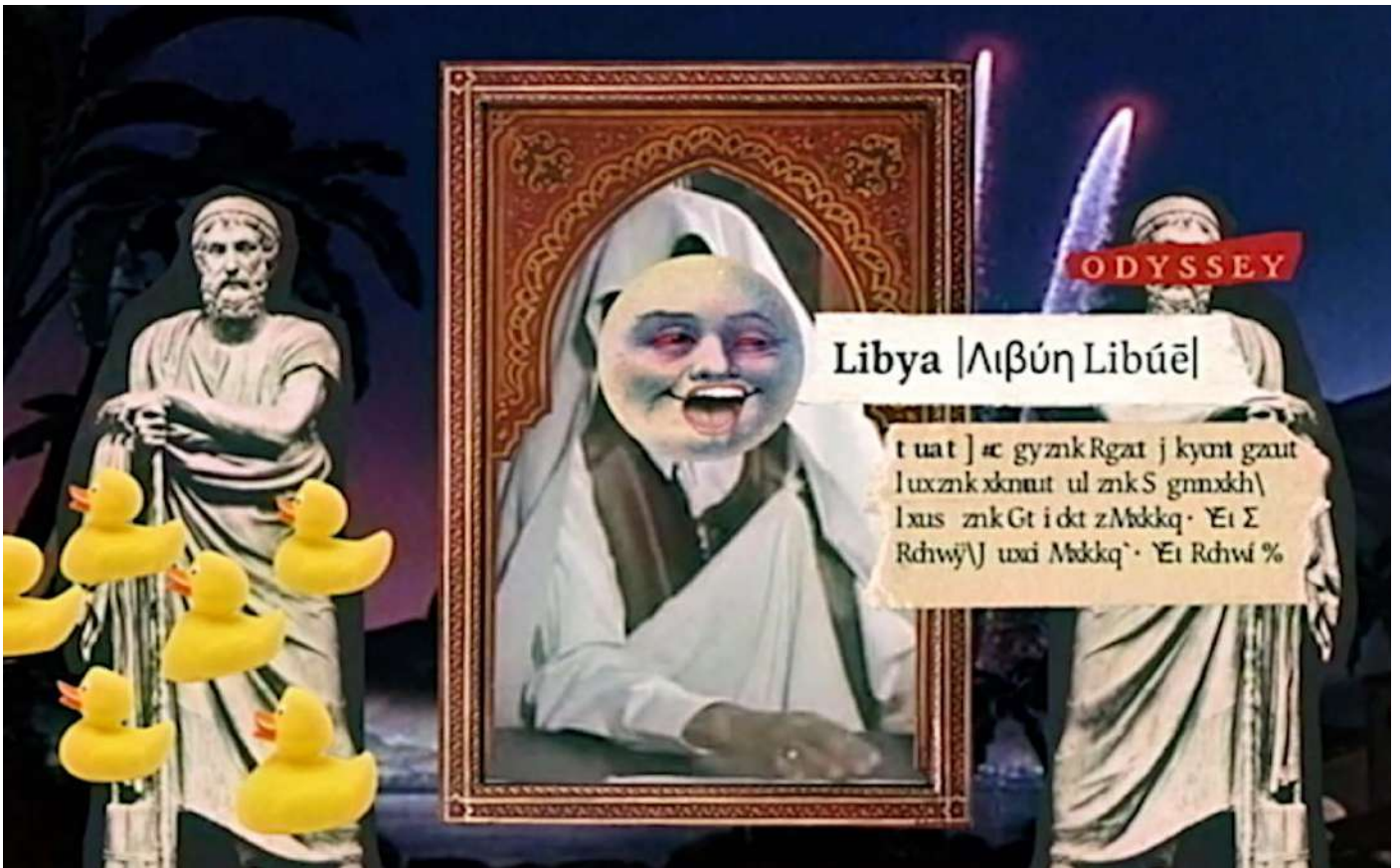


YOU MAKE ME ANGRY  
- for AREJ  
20/04/2020

title : Wale Ndetro  
ولي نديترو\*

medium : video, sound, collage

date : 2016-2019



link : <https://vimeo.com/265880824>

*Exhibited as part of Retracing A Disappearing Landscape in partnership with the P21 Gallery, London, UK*

Wale Ndetro (libyan slang meaning reversing) Is an ongoing personal research about home, memories, and the history of Libya. Through this piece i'm trying to dig through our social fabric over the years, in hopes of understanding what is home?

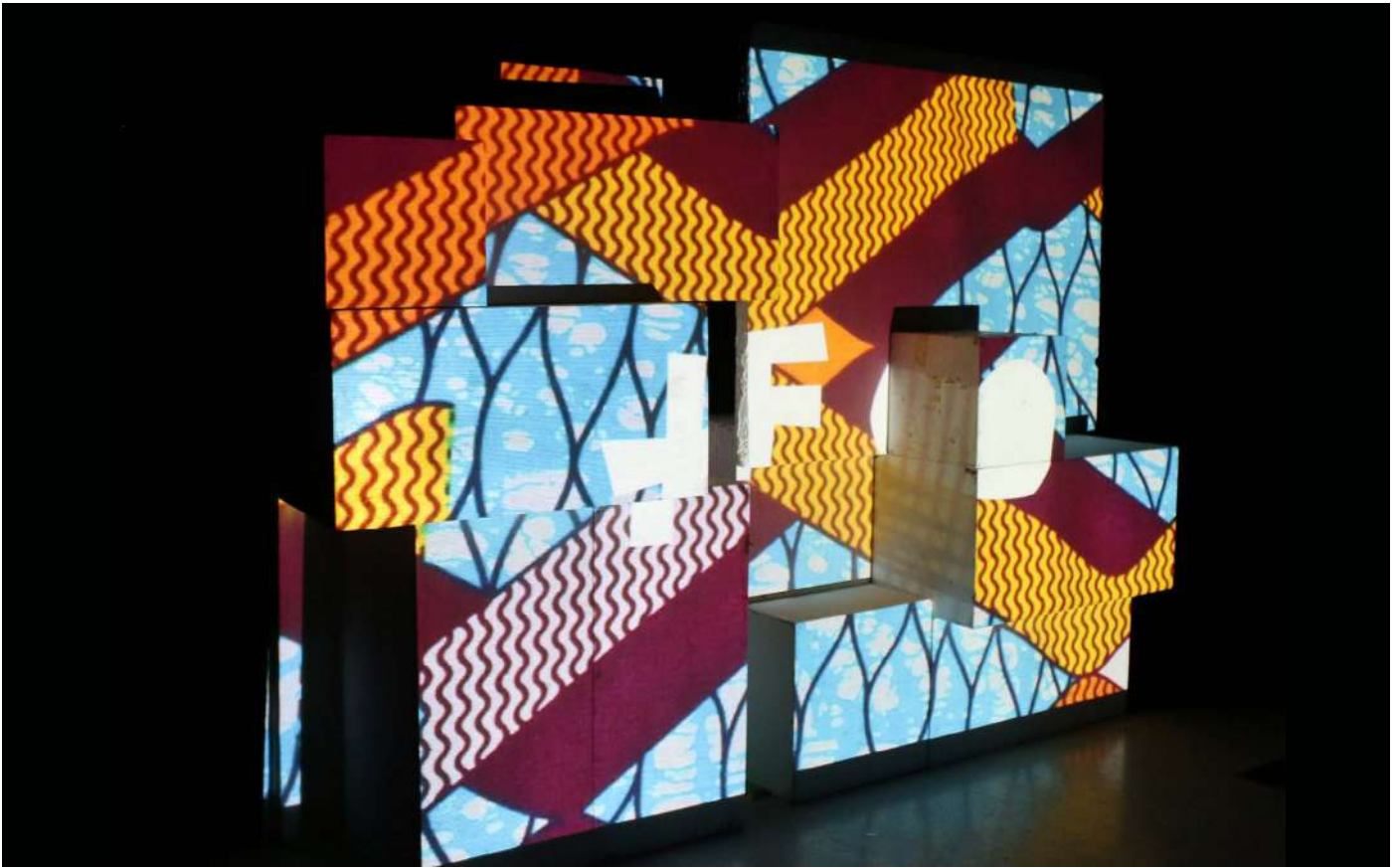


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title : Tofouti

medium : video installation,  
sound, collage, text

date : 2018



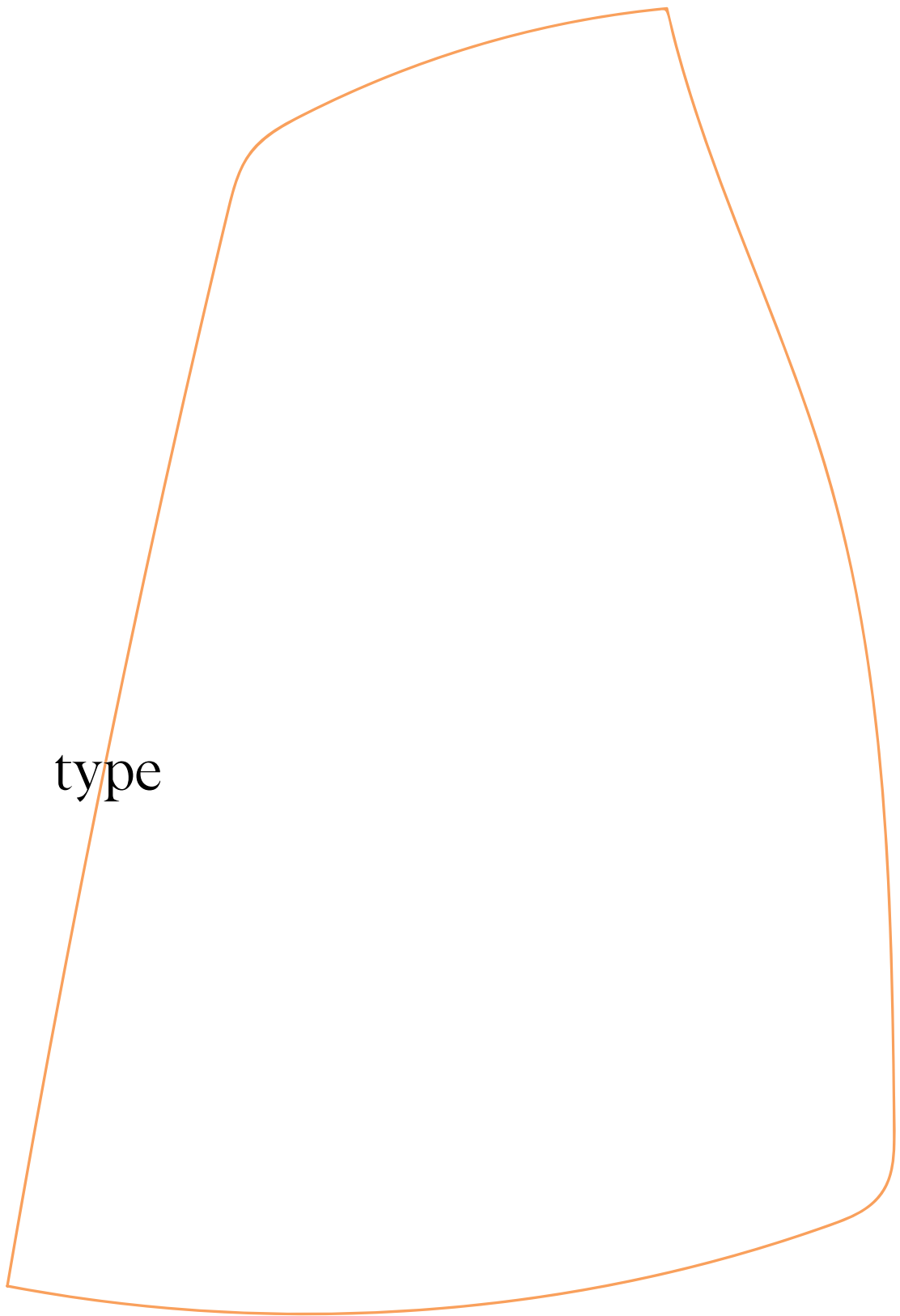
link : <https://vimeo.com/307084185>

*Concept in collaboration with Tasneem Karamallah.  
Video and script by Malak Elghuel.*

Tofouti is a video installation, projected on a physical structure. The video is a mixture of video collage and archival footage. The challenge of this project was writing a satirical narrative that connects a painful past and a disappointing present.

The intention of Tofouti was to show how hate can continue to spread when you let fear govern.





---

title : open

medium : text

date : 2021

*vomit  
came out of me like vomit  
spat the words out  
just wanted it out of me*

*felt light  
ohh so light  
open  
one  
whole*

*felt like me*

artwork 01

---

title : it was one, two  
and four of you

medium : text

date : 2021

*it was one, two and four of you*

*it takes all of you*

*one never saw  
two never told  
three never even coughed  
but four was the fall*

*it takes all  
one, two and four of you*

*inhale ...  
exhale ...*

*but if four didn't cause the fall  
if one did see  
if  
if  
if*

*would i be here ?*

*it takes all of you  
it takes all of me*

*one, two and four  
step  
step, step  
step, step, step, step*

*we're getting there  
but it takes*

*step  
step, step  
step, step, step, step*

*you see it  
they hear it  
i feel it  
but all would fall*

---

title : lost in translation  
but found in between

medium : text

date : 2022

*shopping lists*

*trains*

*busses*

*kisses and steaks*

*i cry with no tears*

*one hour i'm feeling on top of  
the world*

*the next i'm in a world of my  
own despair*

*a crippling terror nesting inside*

*the sound of the machine  
spinning loud*

*and i look around*

*shopping lists*

*trains*

*busses*

*orgasms and fries*

**Passage** is the action or process of moving through or past somewhere on the way from one place to another.

this passage is for you  
for those who were outnumbered  
for those who marked your streets  
for those who crossed your path  
and for those who you trapped

this is a journey to cure me from you.

hisham said "return and you will face the absence or the defacement of what you treasured. but leave and your connection to the source will be severed. you will be like a dead trunk, hard and hollow.

and so what do you do when you cannot leave and cannot return? "

trapped in between ?  
in between because of you

because of you, i from the land in between  
because of you, i am blue

i am angry, i am sad, i am low  
because of you, i am blue

all kinds of blue

it was carmen who sang  
they stole your land

how much you ask ?  
as big a number as the Libyan grains of sand

wait...  
lotus you say ?

they ate it too, not one, not two but  
a million and two  
and i lost you...

i lost you for those seeds of blue

because of you, i am sad  
and i cry too

but as Catullus said goodbye  
and you bid your victims bye bye

bodies washed ashore  
their numbers buried down below

like gravity, you pull me low  
but who cares about down below ?

you made me leave  
made them leave  
but never for long

what now ... ?  
what do you do when you cannot leave  
and cannot return?

trapped in between ?  
in between because of you

so what now ....?  
what will you make of me ?

but you know, maybe,  
just maybe its not about what you make me do...  
but what i can make of you...

In the end as Hisham said all that remains are  
numbers, the measurement of distances,  
the quantity of things, and you...



contact me



+44 7984 333132

+971 5537 81139

[malak.mkelghuel@gmail.com](mailto:malak.mkelghuel@gmail.com)

[vimeo.com/malakelghuel](https://vimeo.com/malakelghuel)

[instagram.com/el3enab\\_/](https://www.instagram.com/el3enab_/)

