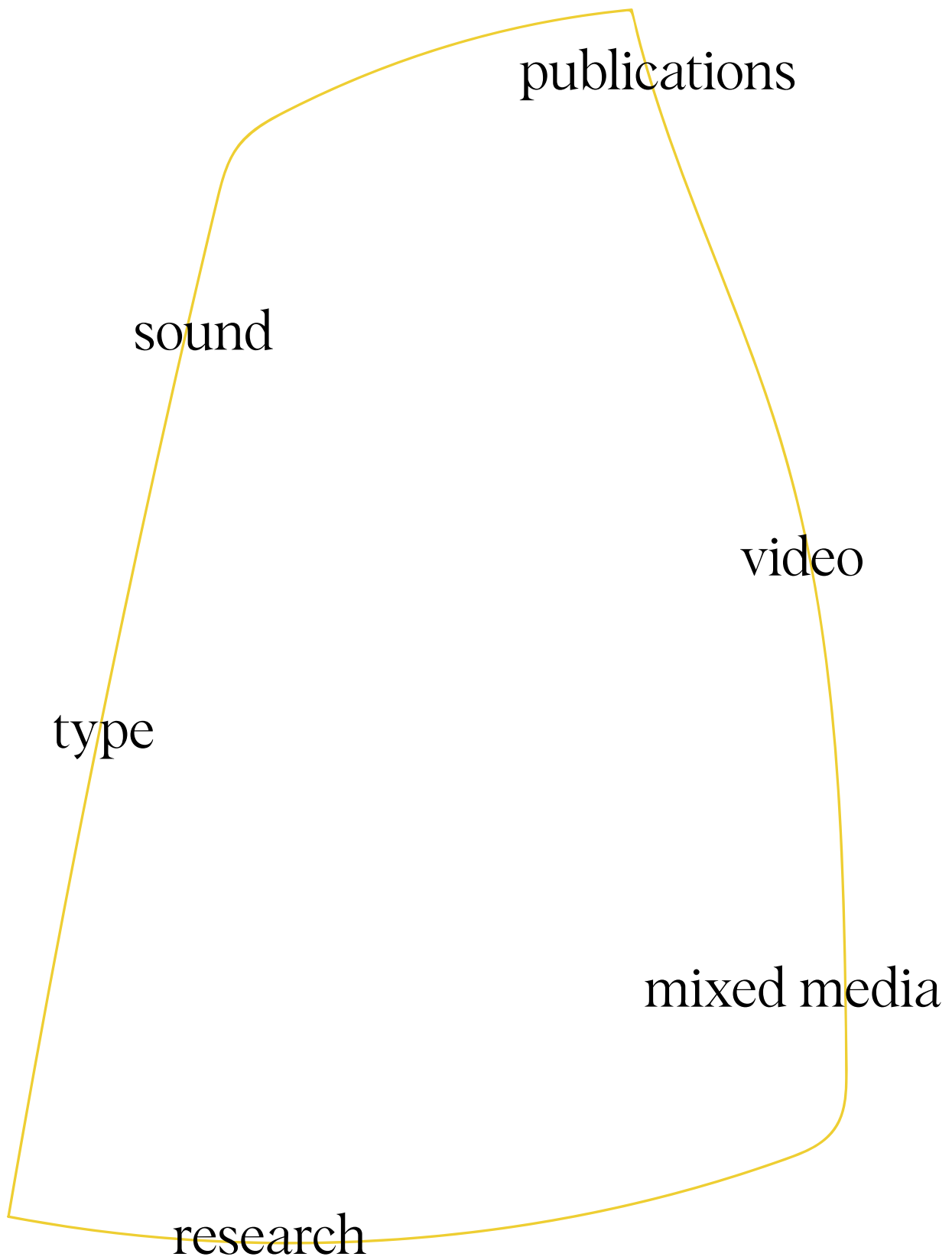
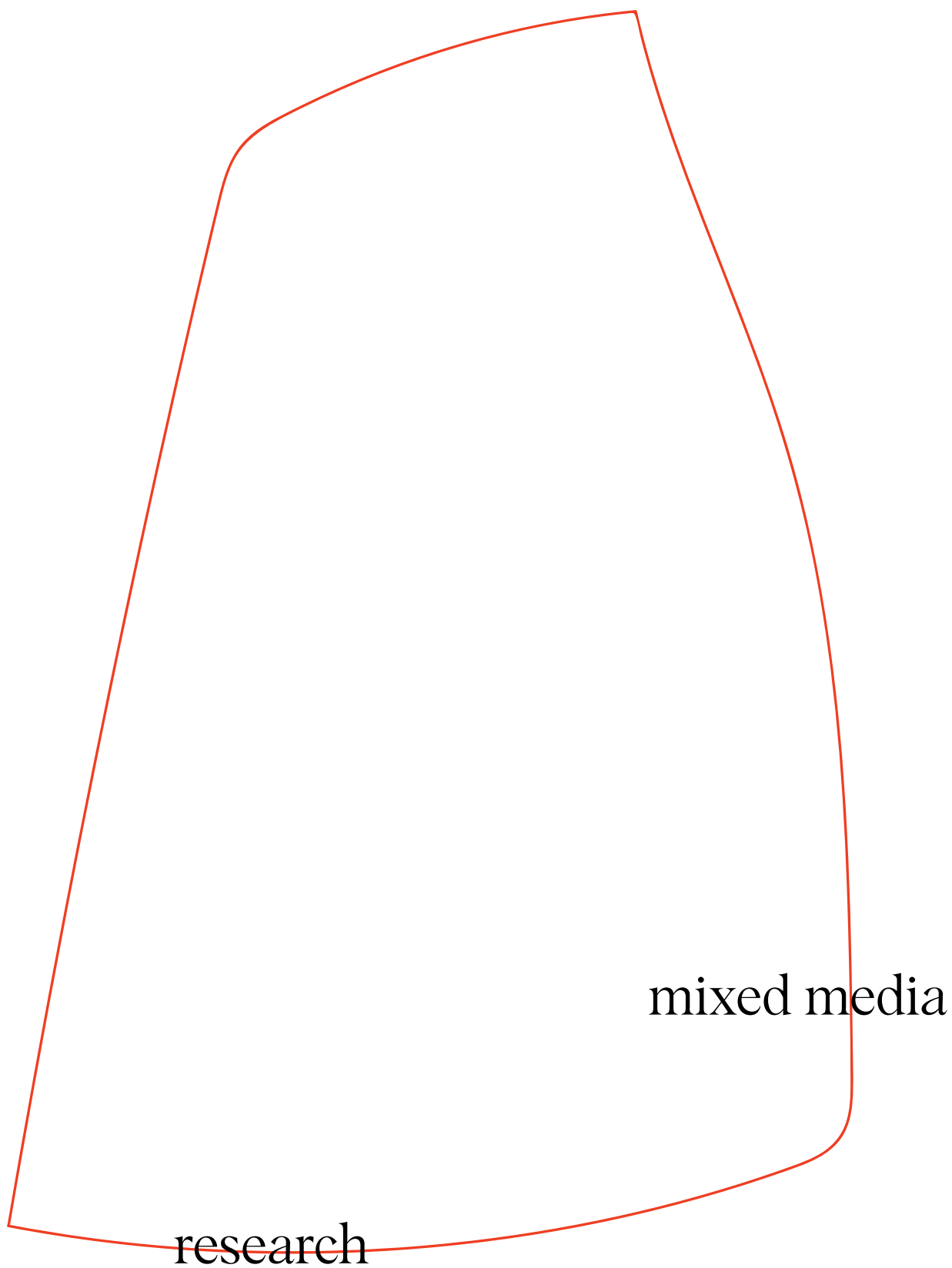


portfolio







title: from dish out
to therapy rugs

medium : tactile, drawing,
conversation

date : 2022-2024



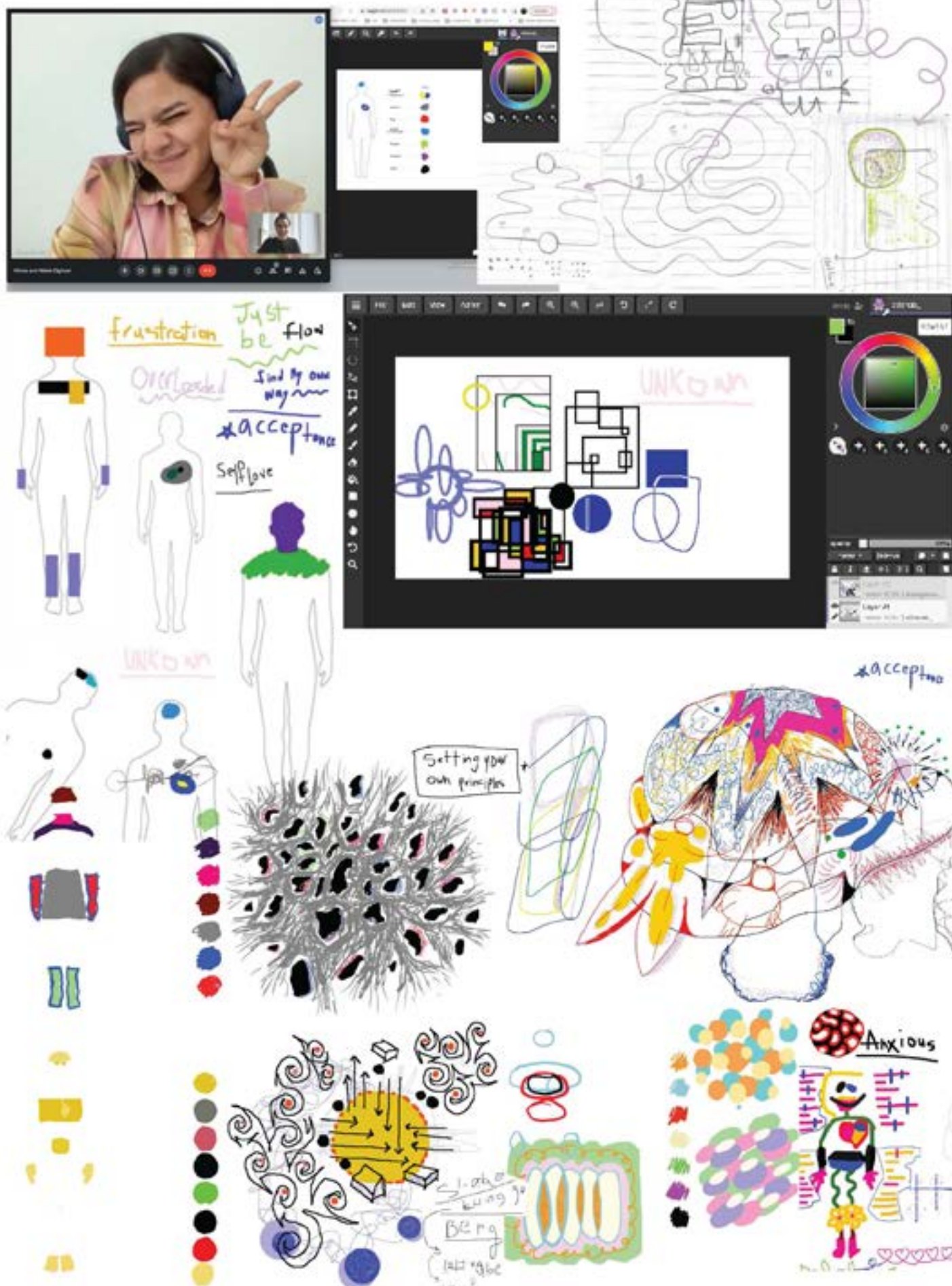
Therapy rugs is a body of tactile pieces, made collaboratively with people as a way to connect and process together.

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.



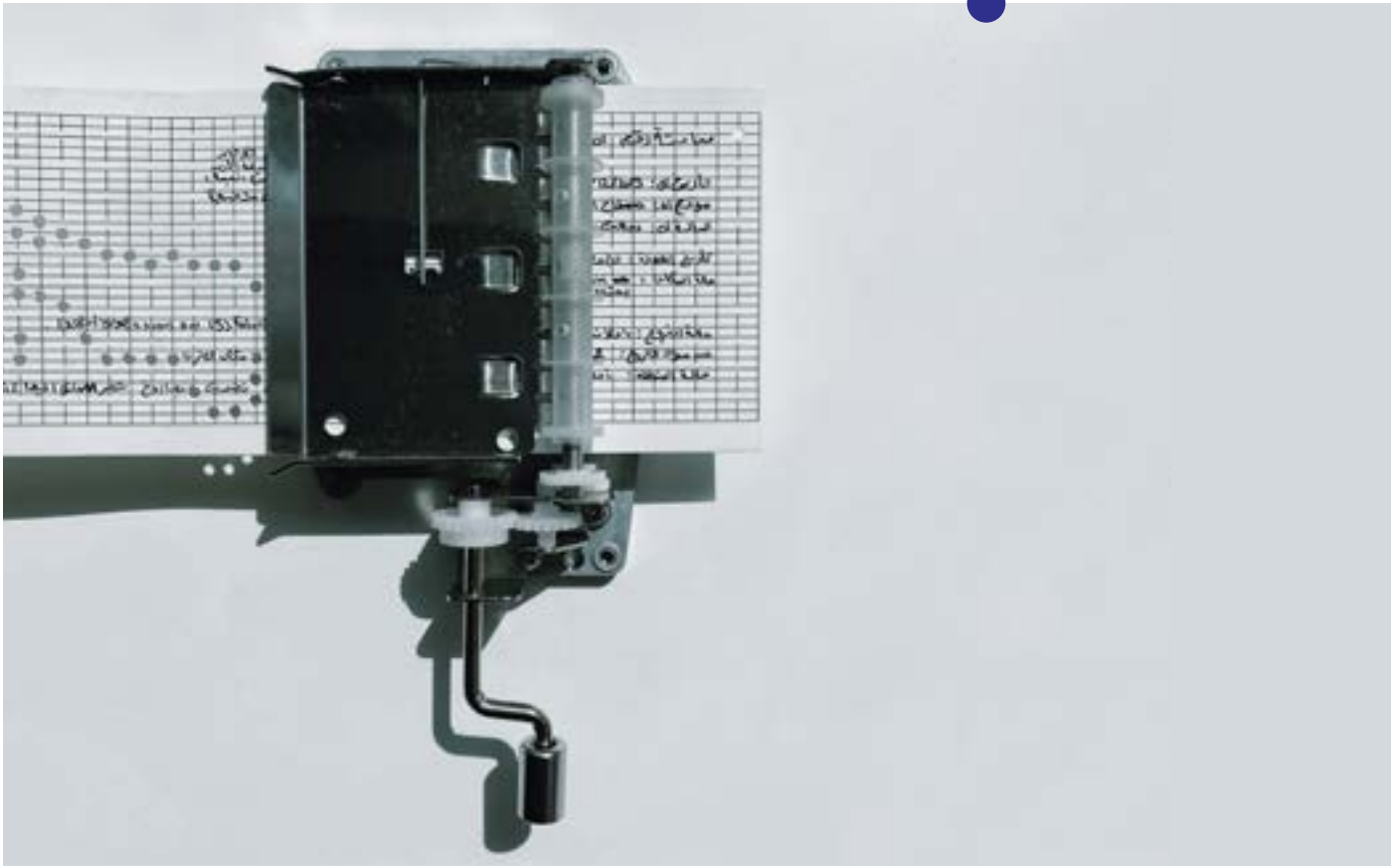
dish out process



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

medium : sound, mark,
music box, text

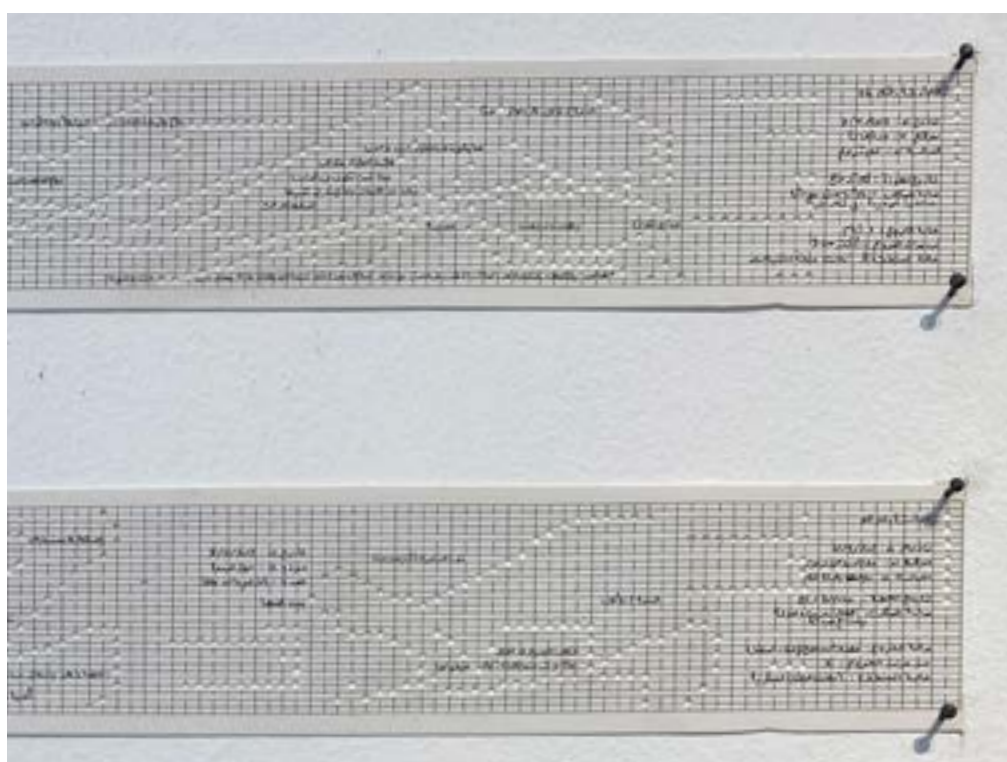
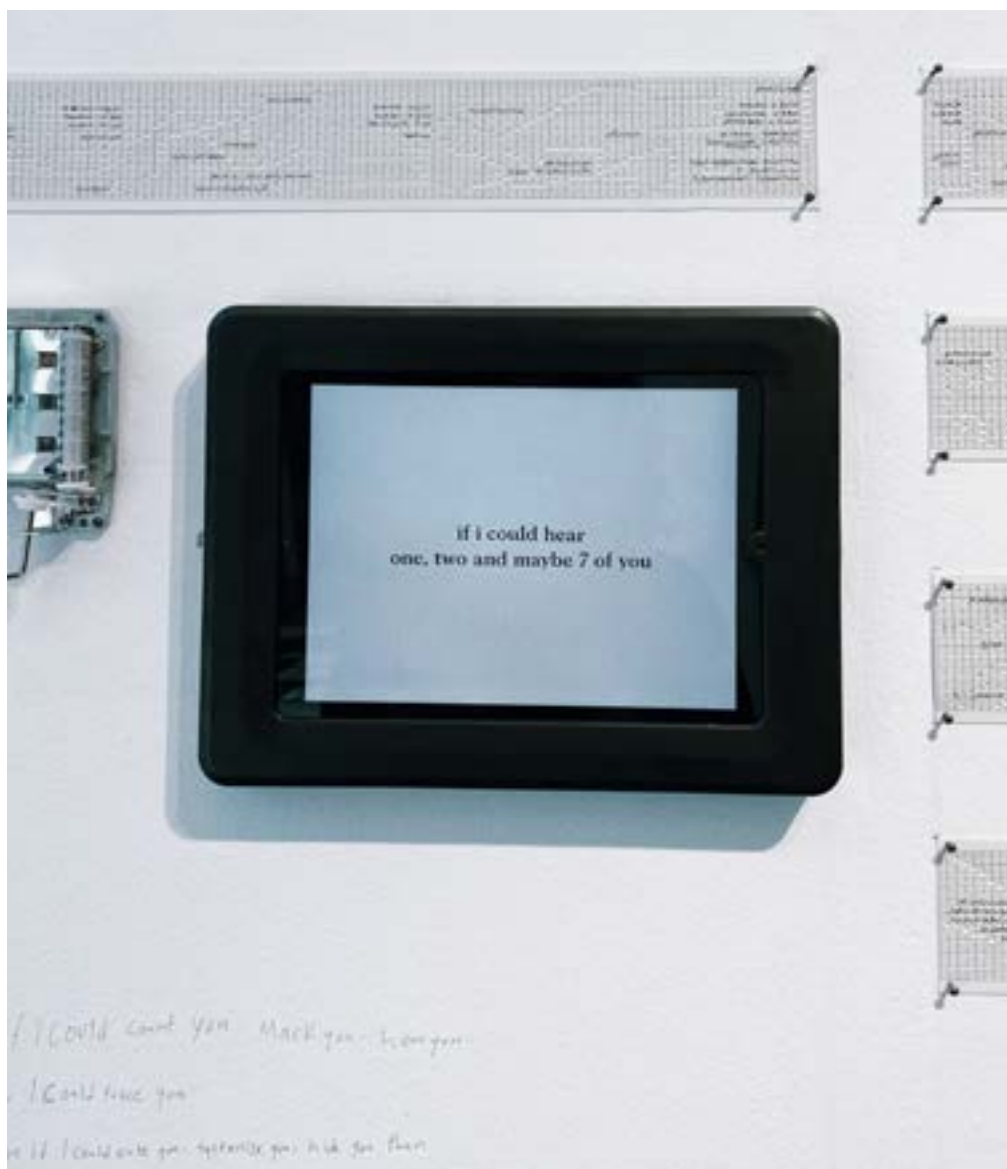
date : 2020



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.

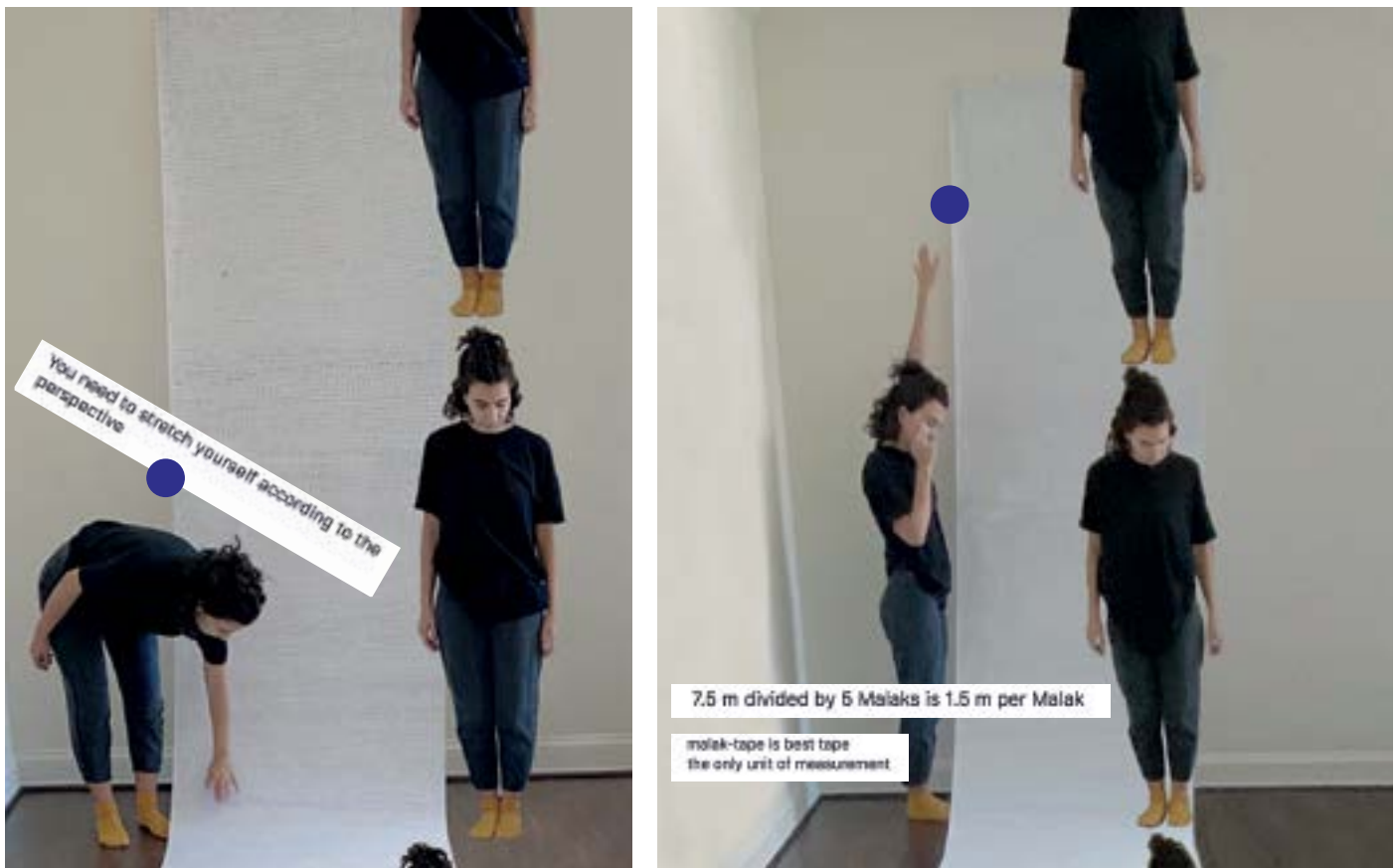
200k internally displaced Libyans as of Oct 2019*
400k internally displaced Libyans as of April 2020*



title: if i could count you

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

date : 2020



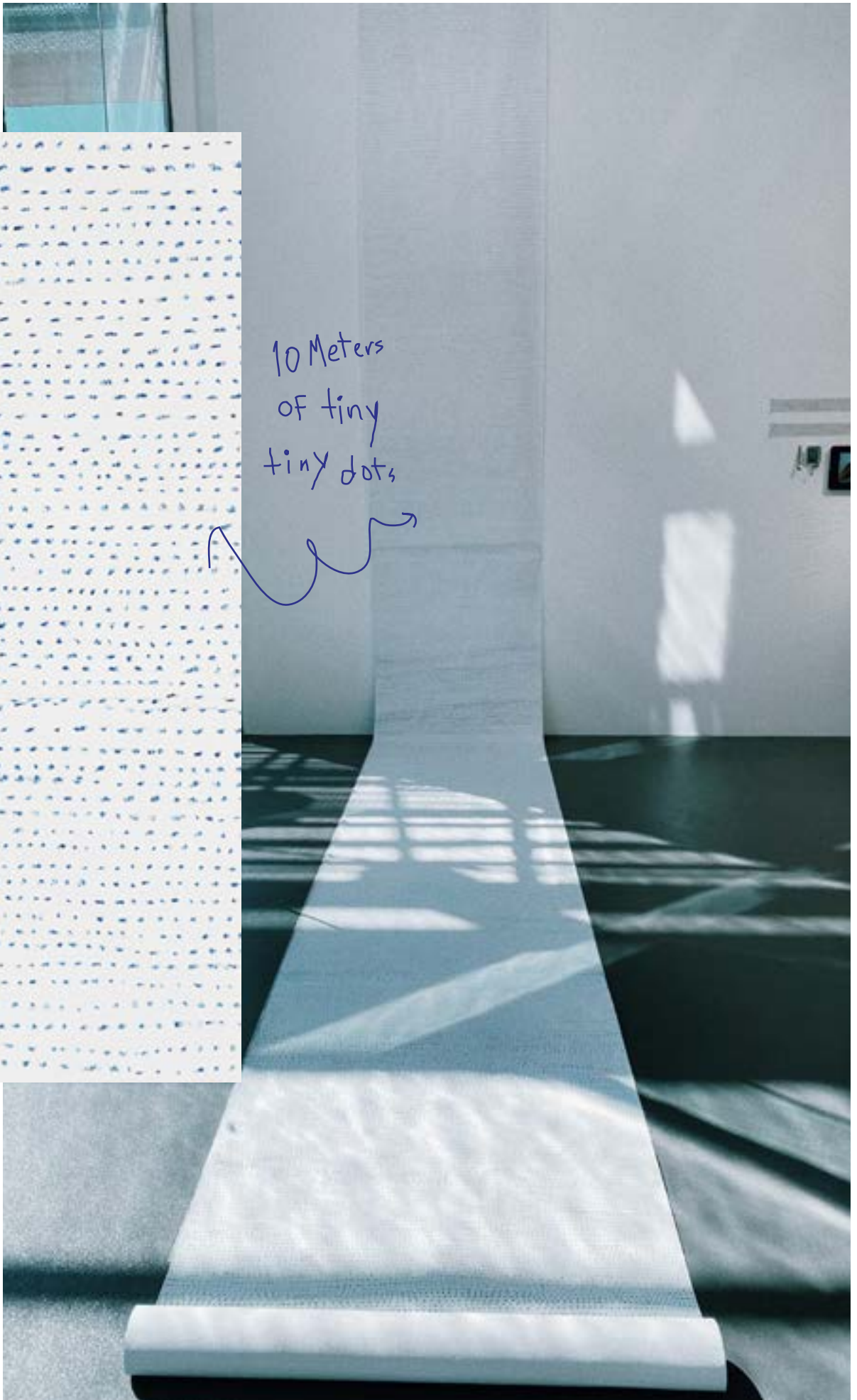
process link: <https://vimeo.com/516353252/2512f3d1d3>

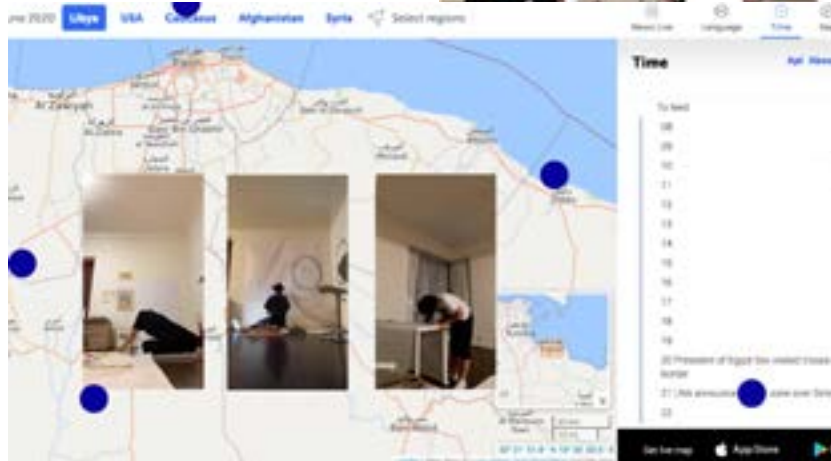
*Exhibited as part of Art Dubai 2022, Speculative Links
+ community-and-critique show at warehouse 421*

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

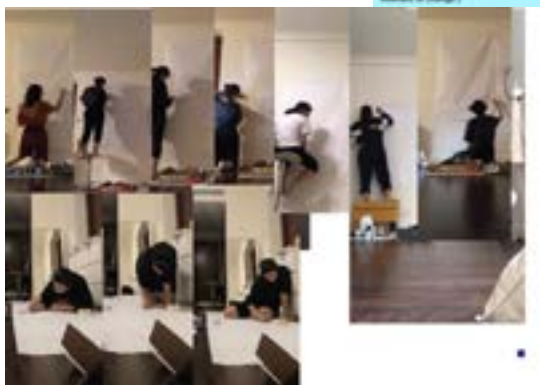




مؤلم وقت نغول لهر
كورون وپنلغ شهجر
وبعدين قولې
norme

$144 \text{ cm}^2 \cdot 5 = 720 = 7.2 \text{ m}$
 0.02 m
 $7.200 \text{ cm}^2 \approx 52 \text{ cm}$
 $144 \cdot 5 \cdot (564 = 10,000) = 50,000 \text{ dots}$
 Oct 2019 300,000
 April 2020 400,000

 2018 - 2020
 2014



It is a convenient quantity of interest. (Measurement used to measure weight, to distinguish the location of points on the number line from, and to quantify rates of change of quantities is material mostly to the continuous experiment.)

[illegible]

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



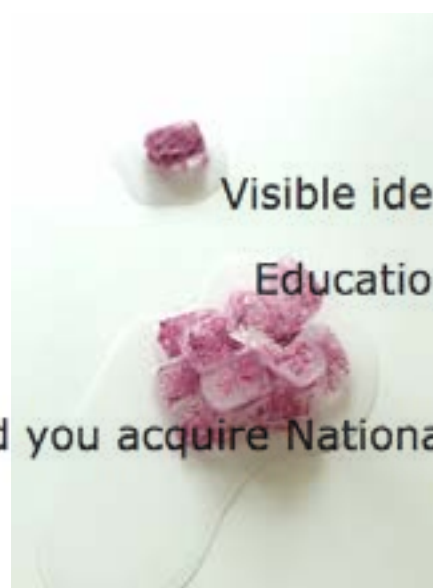
Did you acquire Nationality by birth or by naturalization? *



Applicant Name : MALAK
Application Id : ARED00274920



Did you acquire Nationality by birth or by naturalization? *



Religion*

Visible identification marks*

Educational Qualification *

Nationality *

title : a study of marks

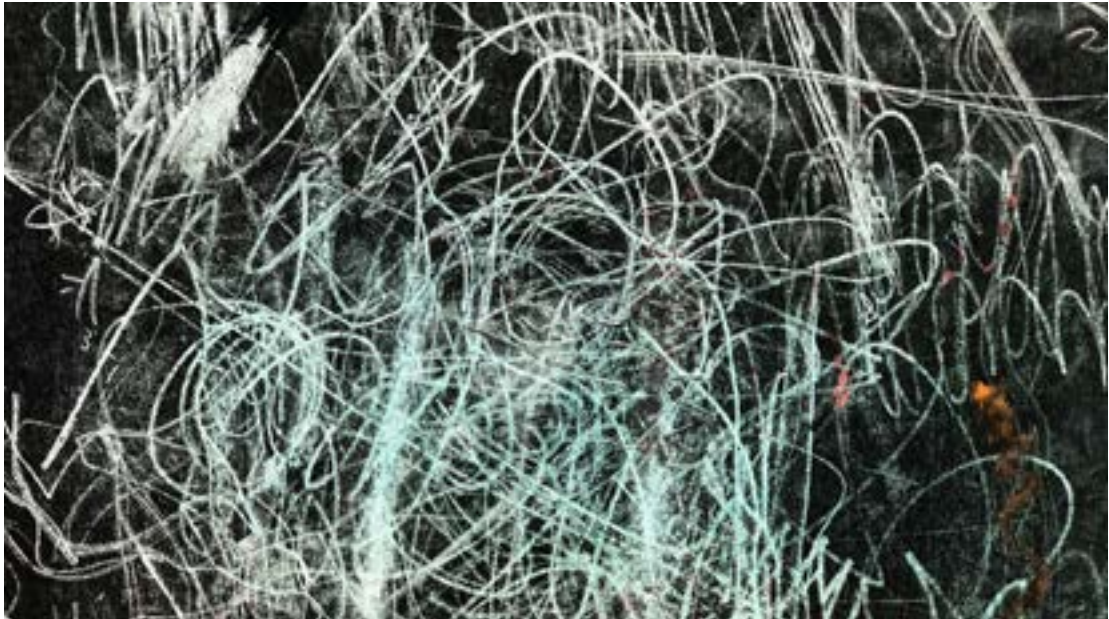
medium : drawing, systems

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

0340

Frame 01 :
كرويتونا في العيشة يا كلاب

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

Frame 02 :
إنا مريد من هنا صلي على النبي

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

Frame 03 :
جائك بركة يا كلب

numbers of bullets (58)
numbers of words on the walls (3)

Frame 04 :
...إبتلوها بس...

numbers of bullets (3)
numbers of words on the walls (2)

Frame 05 :
يا حيوان متنوع

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

Frame 06 :
شوارعنا بتقصها الحب و الفن و الناس ممتعة

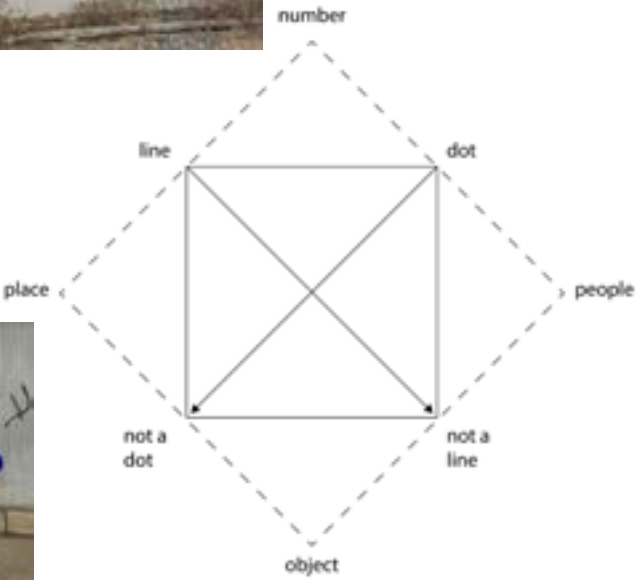
numbers of bullets (3)
numbers of words on the walls (8)

Frame 07 :
شجرة و مرآة " في القلب "

numbers of bullets (9)
numbers of words on the walls (8)

Frame 08 :
حيو بعش

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

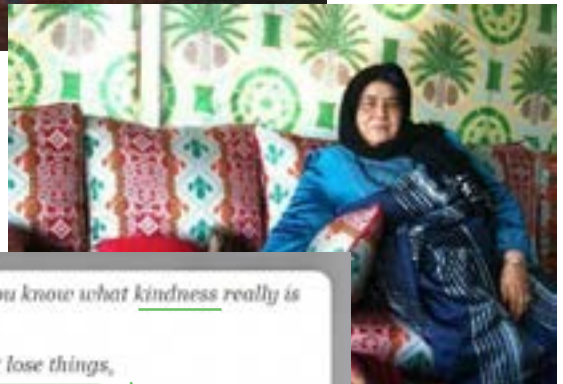


“To enjoy fireworks you would have to have lived a different
kind of life”
_naomi shihab nye

process



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

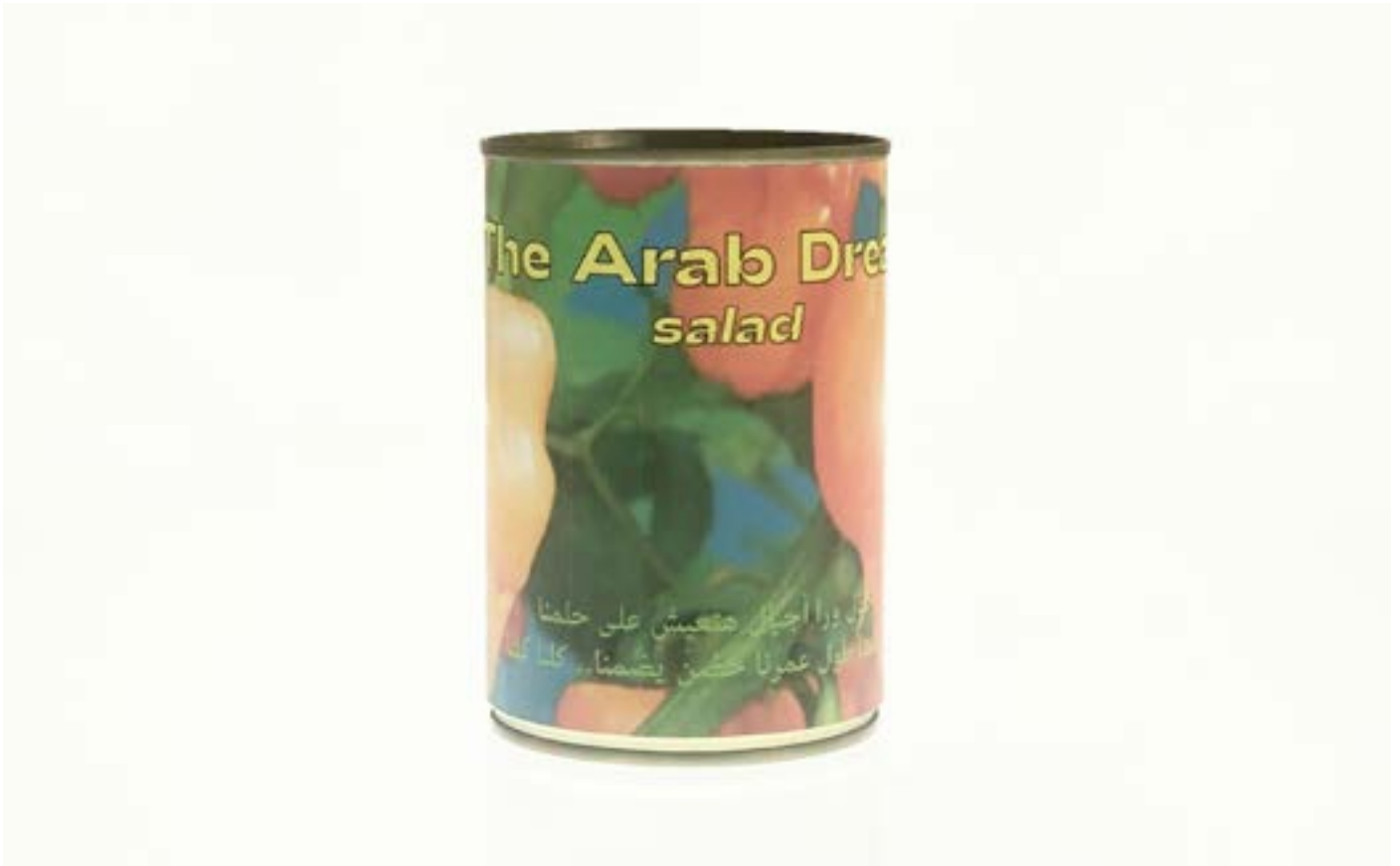


Before you know what kindness really is
you must lose things,
feel the future dissolve in a moment
like salt in a weakened broth.
What you held in your hand,
what you counted and carefully saved,
all this must go so you know
how desolate the landscape can be
between the regions of kindness.

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 تعدّ اختياراً كاملاً أو شبه كامل على مصر وجهه وجاء ماعدا في تشرين هذه المقالة بأصالة مساهمة (ديسمبر 2018)

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

الاسم [عدل]

أطلق اليونانيون والرومان على اليمن منذ قديم الزمان اسم بلاد العرب السعيدة (باليونانية: Εὐδαίμων Arabia، وباللاتينية: Arabia Felix) وبكفي هذا الاسم بالمعنى اللاتيني بالعربية المشفرة وبذلك يستدل معنى العربية السعيدة والعربية المخطوطة والعربية المبركة، والعربية السعيدة هي أحد التسميات التي قسم بها الرومان الجزيرة العربية الواقعة حالياً في غرب آسيا بالإضافة إلى الصحراء العربية والعربية النثرية.



أجيال ورا أجيال ...
ان الإنجازات العظيمة تبدأ برؤية ...
او حلم وتنتمي بحقيقة او واقع .
كانت لي رؤية ... زرعتما حلماً ...
خاض ... وجاء الميلااد ...

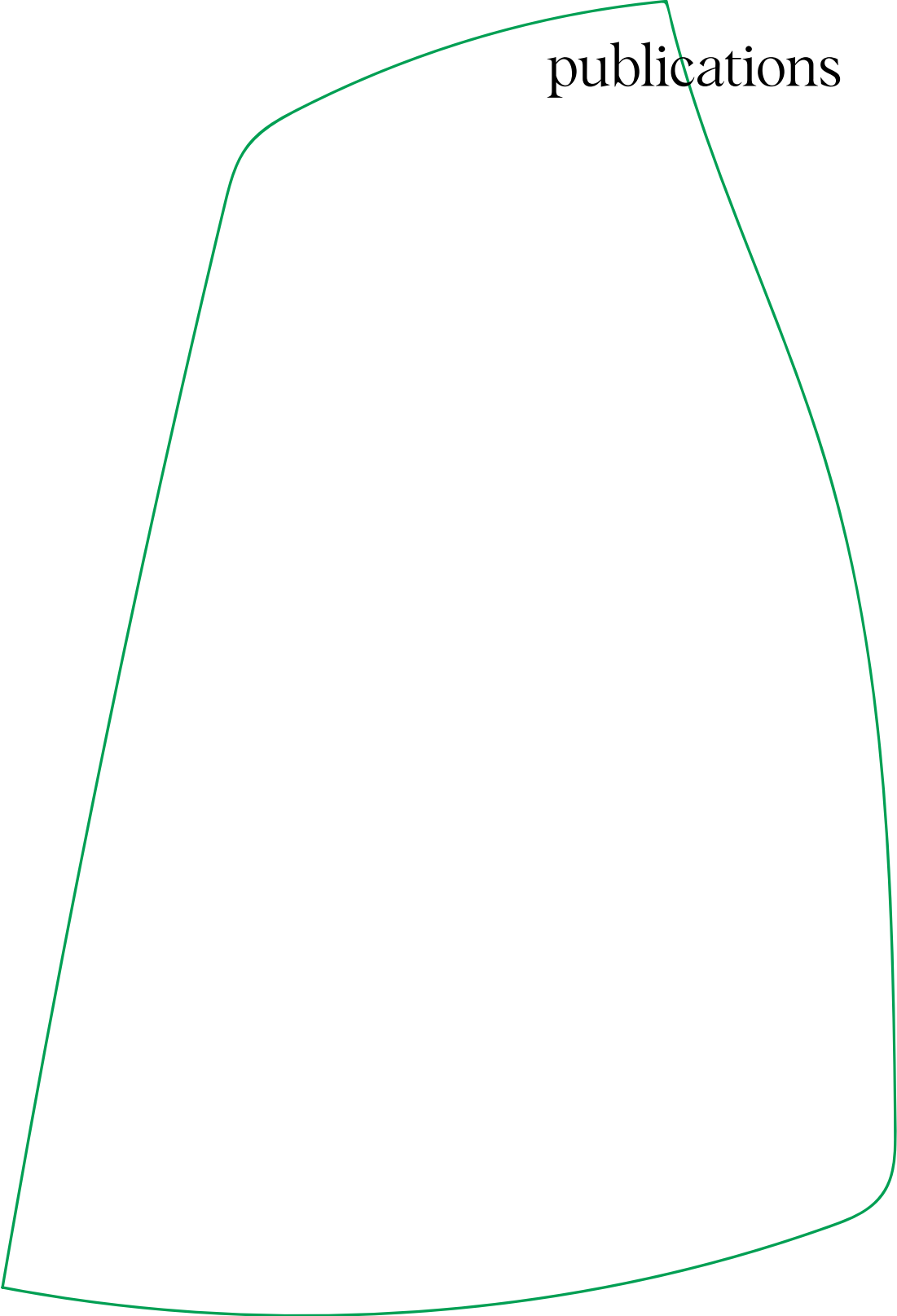
وطننا العربي
منبع الإصالة
والحرية

ومهما تعالت صور المعاناة العربية في
هذا الاوبريت .
فلا يزال هناك أمل ...
ولا يزال الحلم مستمراً ...



- حلم الشخص : رأى في نومه رؤيا
- حلم النبي : / حلم بالشيء : رأى في نومه
- حلم أحلاماً بعيدة عن الواقع : يتصور ، يتخيل أحلاماً ما هذا لك حلم به وعنه : رأى له رؤيا
- حلم الصبي : أدرك وبلغ مبلغ الرجال
- حلم الملك حلاً : زعم عنه حله





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

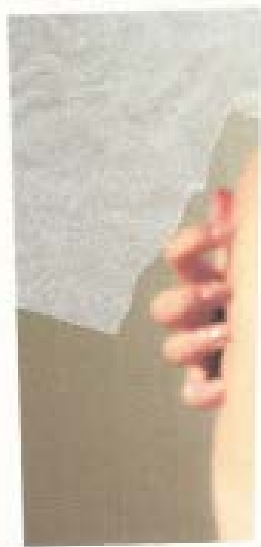
You look old enough to have a daughter or two
Does that change a thing for you ?
Or do I have to be a baby blue for you to see through ?



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 ?

periodizing the
unseen

ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا

WHAT HAVE WE
DONE

كل ما افعلنا



كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا

كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا



كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا

كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا
كل ما افعلنا

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 sy
thats

أول ما افعلنا



هذا أكبر من حبيبي



stem
broken

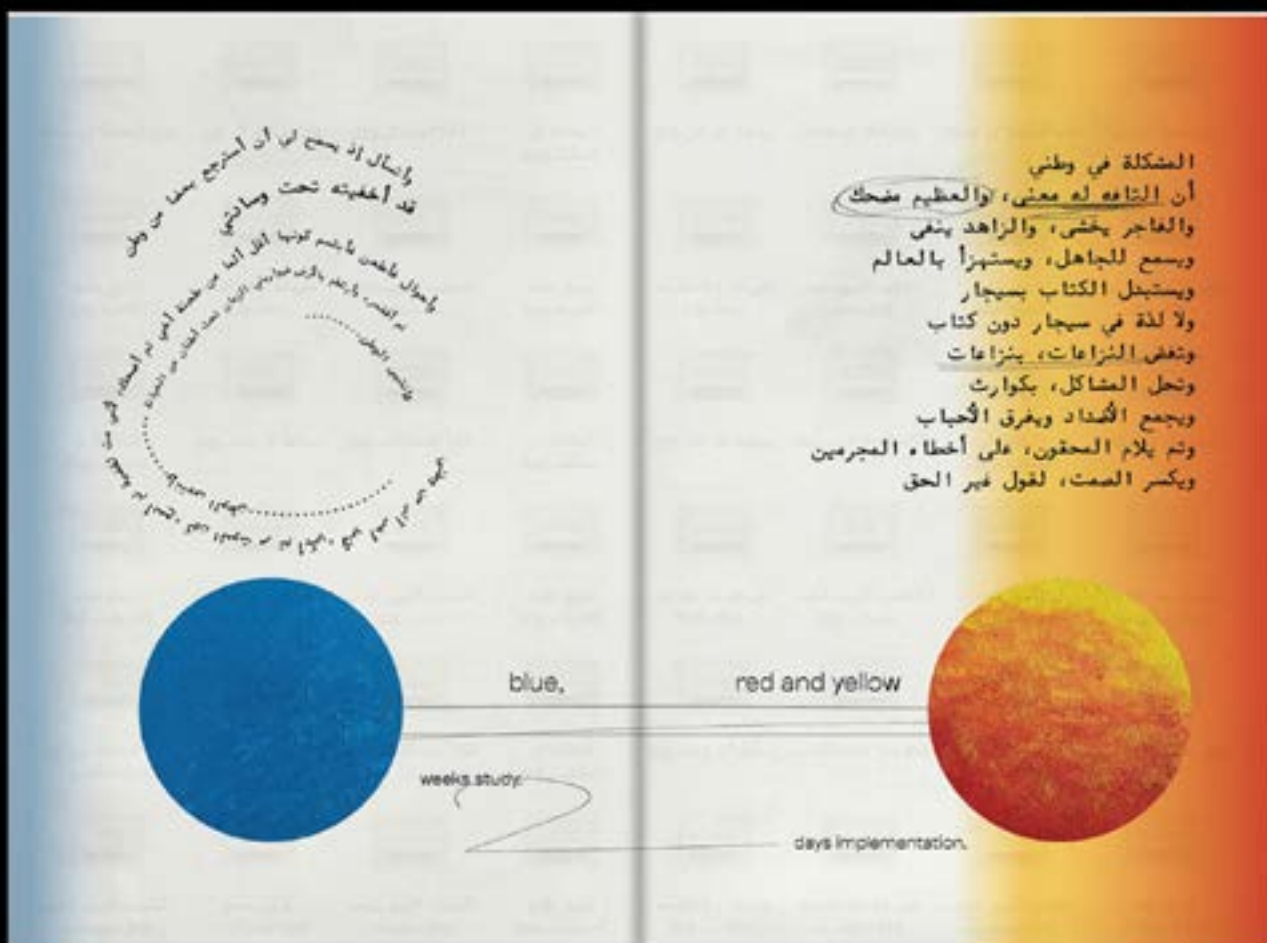


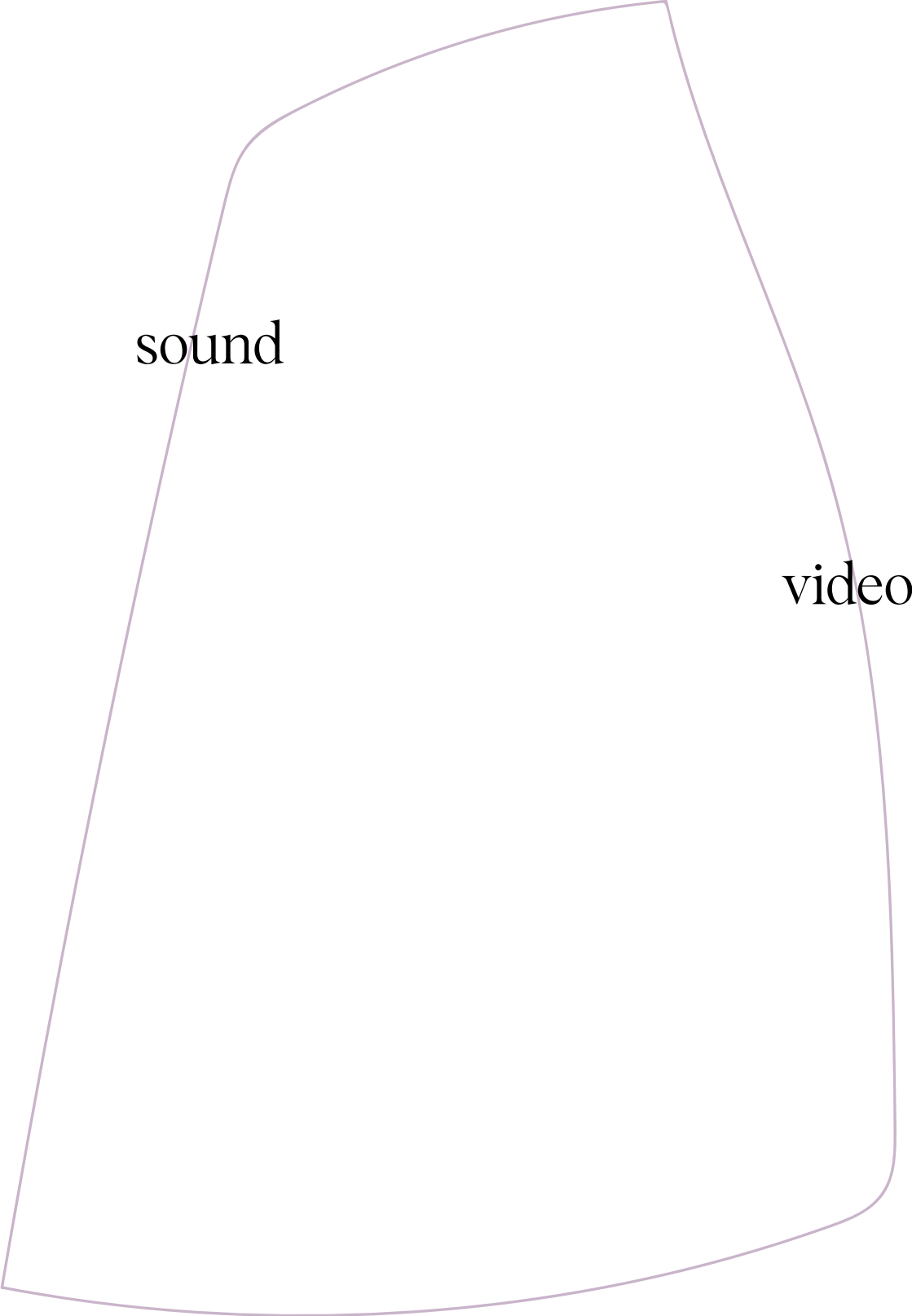
إن كوفيد... أغلبي بعداً عنه ومن المنزل
أفطن هنا حيث رائحة الكحول تنقل الجو
لما عرفت بعض الحبوب على الشاكة
أصبح قناع (كوفيد) يغطي البوصي

أصبح للأخبار العملة هذه أجرتي (زحلون) بلا دفاع
أيه كاترين أنت لا تعلمين أن كوفيد هنا لا غفل
إلا مزيداً من البؤس - حيث القتل في البوصي (الكوفيد)
الخطوط وطوارير السراقة وأخبار العملة والمعدل
لا يضيف للصوت سوى مزيد من الترفيق والجفر يمشي وكيف



وأبلى القاعة ثابتة لا تتغير في كل رواية
يوجد هنا بعض الحبوب
أنت هناك تواجدين كوفيد يواكب الكوفيد
أنت نحن يا كاترين... تعاربه بالرمولين





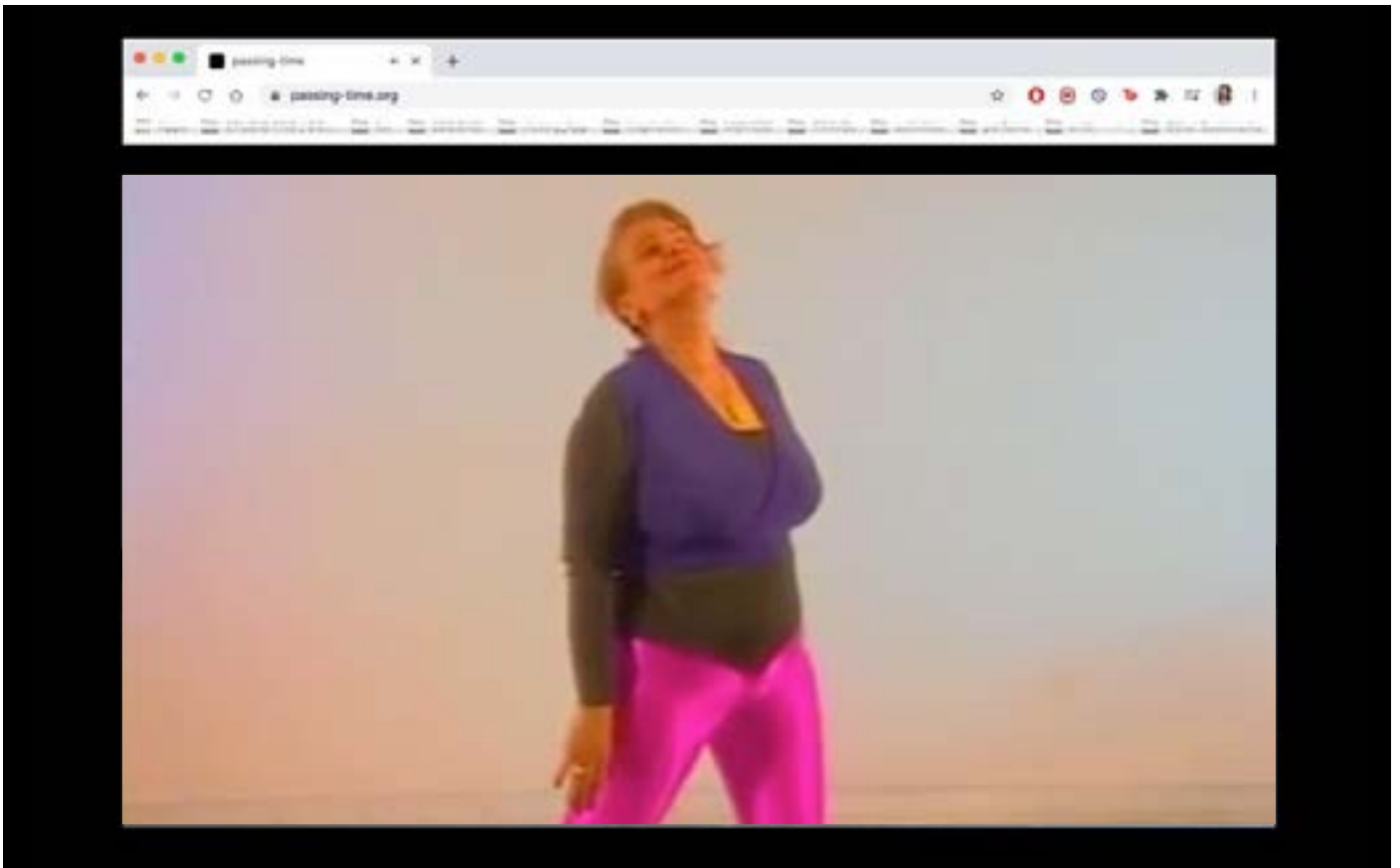
sound

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 styl

RAQIA HASSAN'S WORD

Dear , Friends , Colleagues and Belly Dance Lovers.

"I dedicated all my Life for this Art 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.

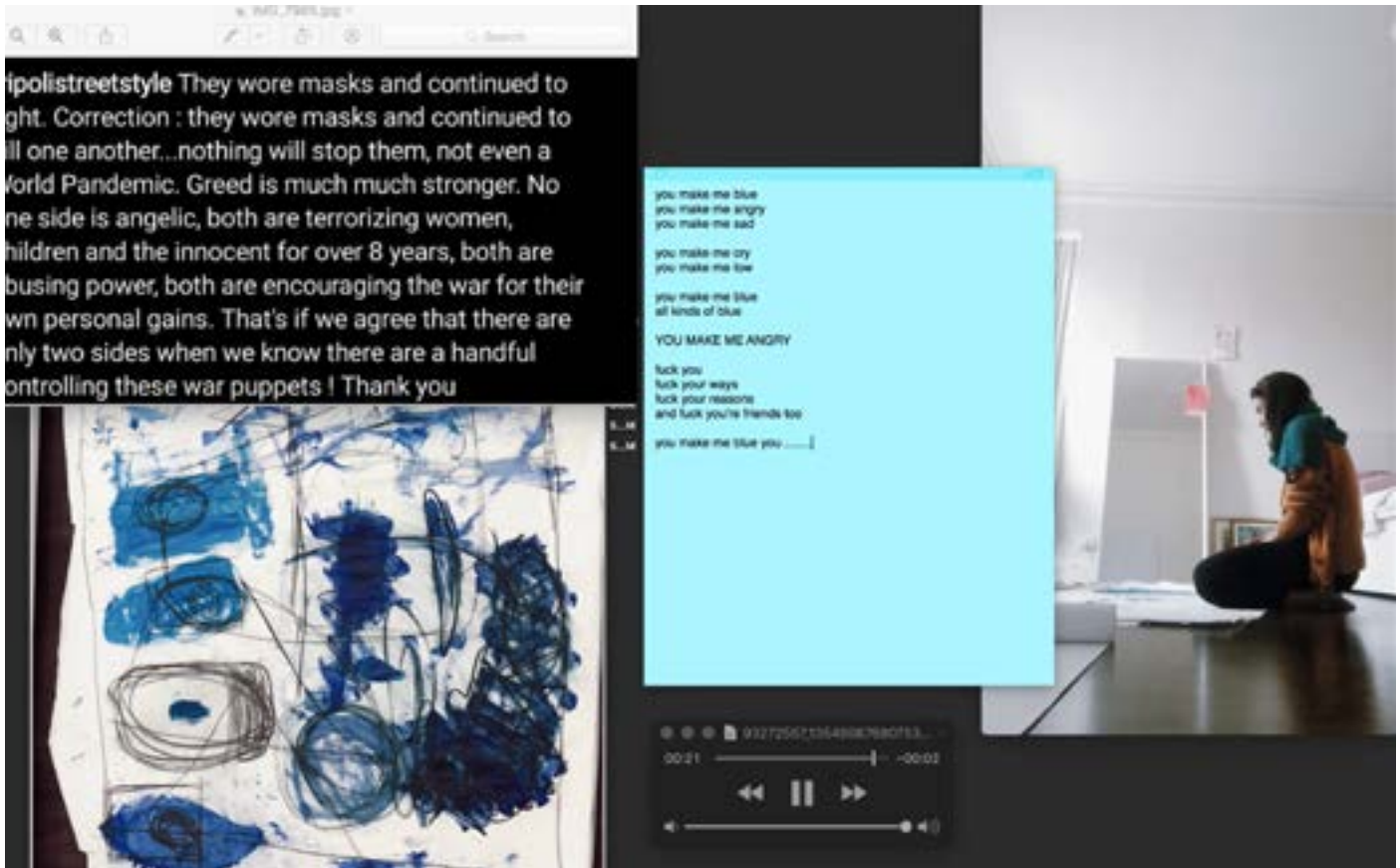
Having found a community of sleep-talkers that share their sleep-talking snippets. I collected sound bites of vocalized dreams and visualized them to produce this video installation.



title : you make me blue

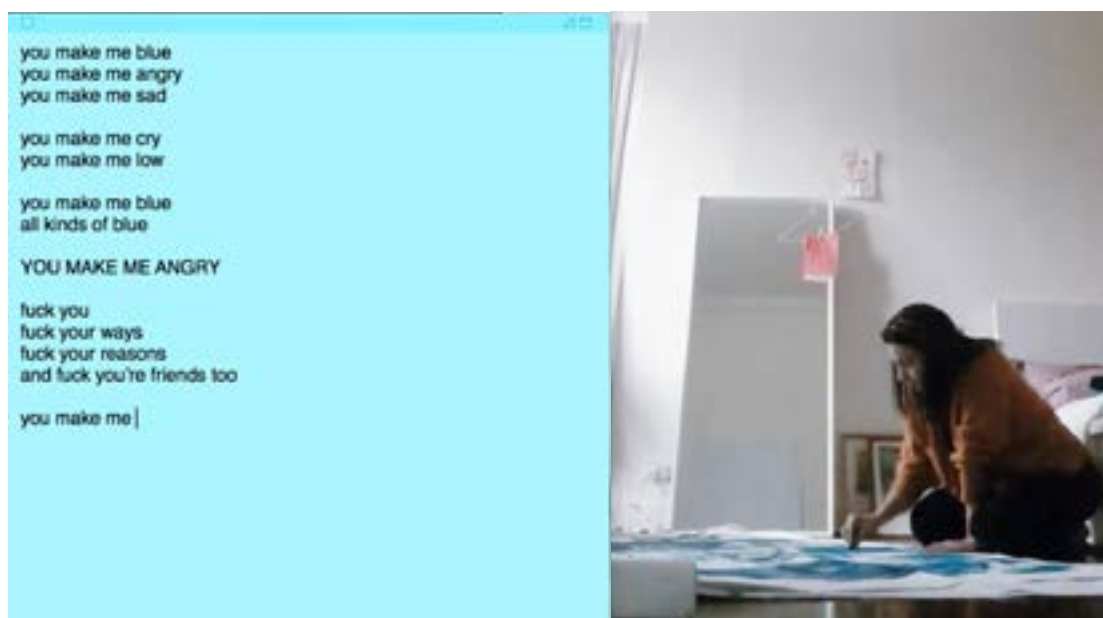
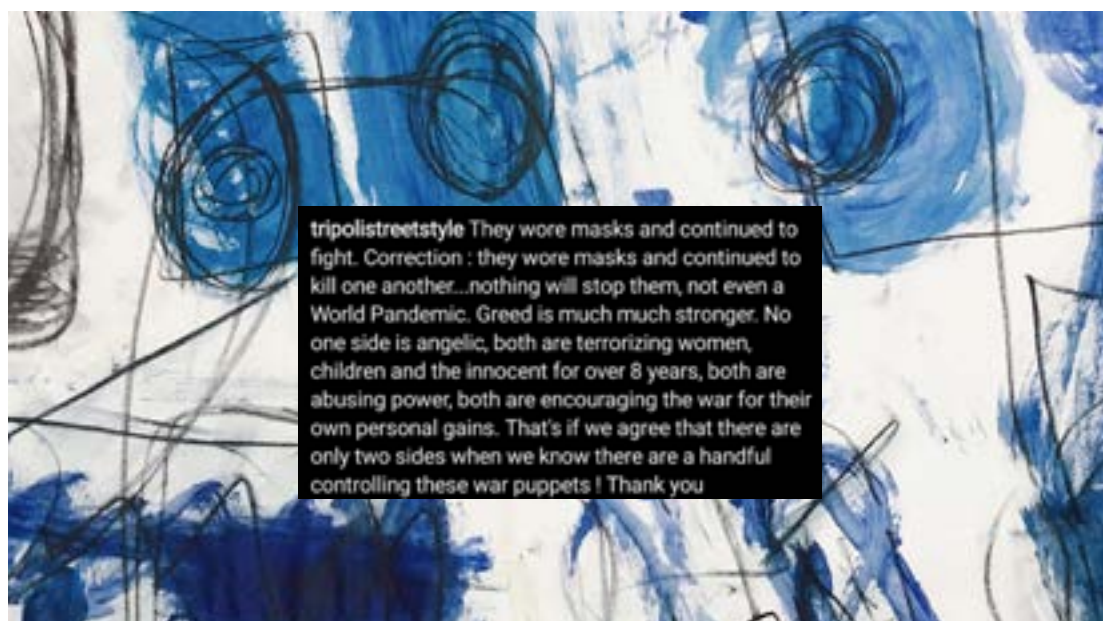
medium : video performance,
mixed media

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.



process

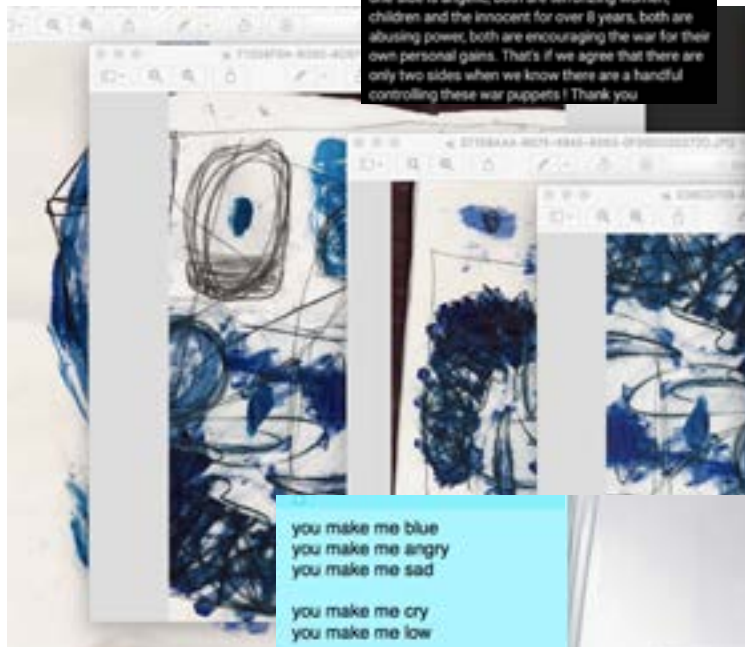


it would be nice
really nice
really really nice
will it ? |

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

tripolastreetstyle 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 mentality and emotionally damaged folks.



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?



title : Tofouti

medium : video installation,
sound, collage, text

date : 2018



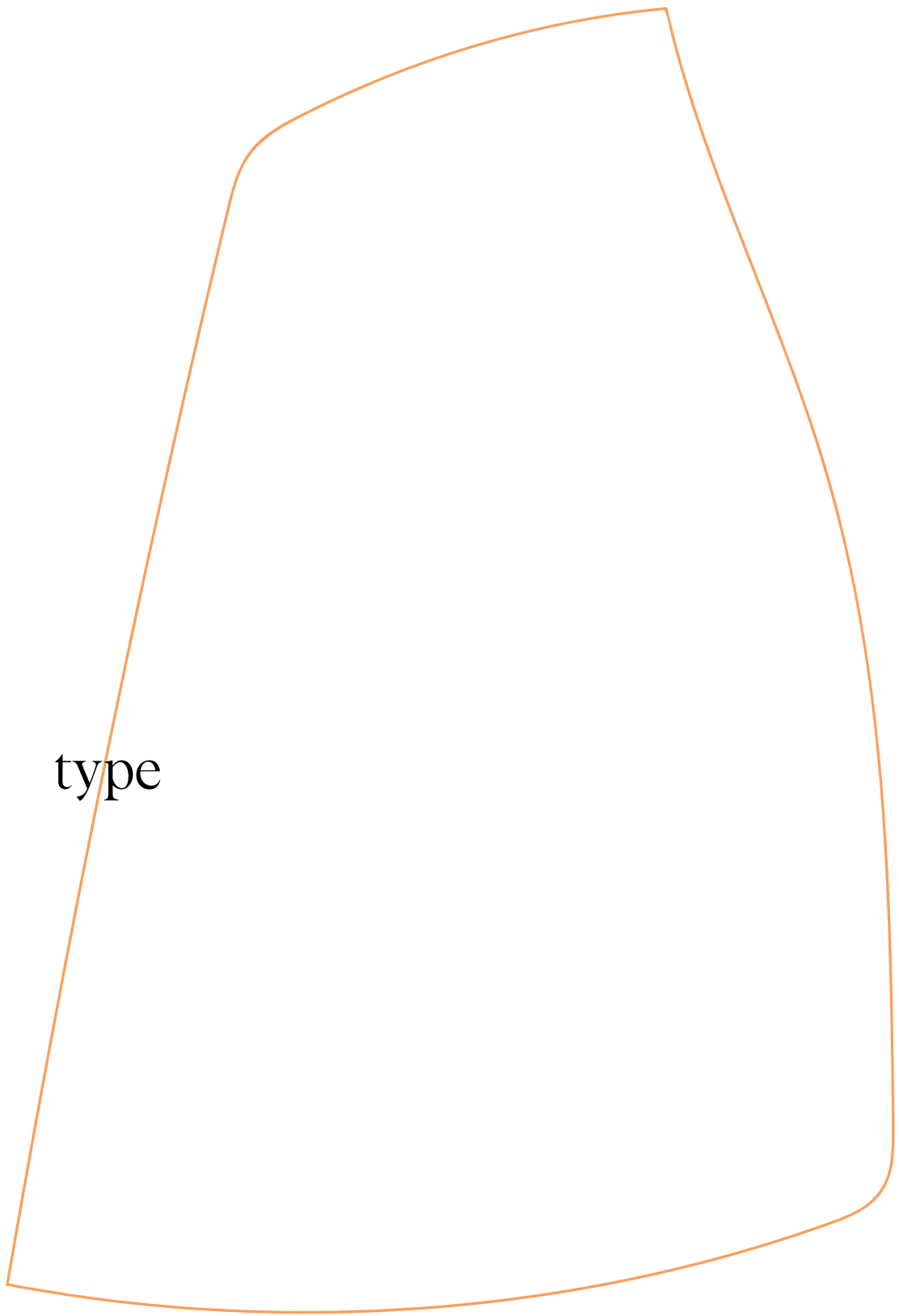
link : <https://vimeo.com/307084185>

*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...



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