

REMAINS OF THI	E LAST RED ROSE
اء عبلي وجيسة الارض	رفسات آخر وردة حبر
سادری ABED AL KADIRI	عبدالة

GALERIE TANIT Naila Kettaneh Kunigk

REMAINS OF THE LAST RED ROSE رفات آخر وردة حمراء على وجسه الارض

عبدالـقــــادري ABED AL KADIRI

This catalog was produced in conjunction with Abed Al Kadiri's exhibition *Remains of the Last Red Rose* presenting the series *Nyctophilia* held at Galerie Tanit, Beirut from July 27th to September 25th, 2020.

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Remains of the Last Red Rose by Mariam Janjelo Flickers in the Dark by Amin Alsaden Arabic poems by Mariam Janjelo Design by Dongola studio | Assistant designer Andrea Hayek Photographic reproduction of the artworks by Kassem Dabaji & Laetitia Hakim

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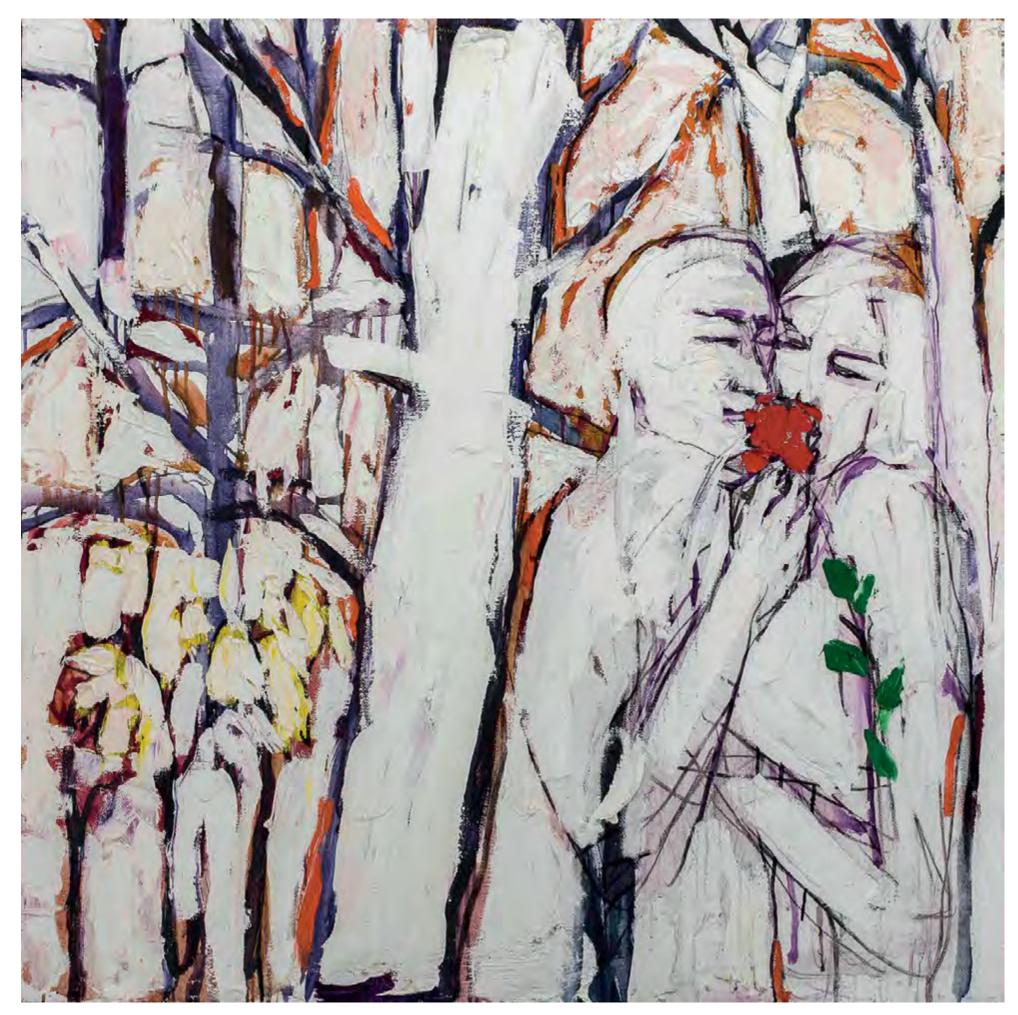
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"نحتاجُ الكثيرمن الصُّورِ الفوتوغرافيةِ معًا لنكتشف في أيّة غرفةٍ شنقَ هذا الحبُّ نفسَه تاريخًا منَ الابتساماتِ ورُفاتَ آخرِ وردةٍ حمراءَ على وجهِ الأرضِ ليصدِّقِ اللهُ أنّني سعيدة ".

مريمجنجلو

ممسكًا يد الظلمة، يقف عبد القادري على الحياد من كل شيء حوله، حياد الرؤية، حياد الموقف، وقتامة المشهد المصحوبة بعمق من أنضجته التجربة. يوقف الخارج بكل من فيه عن الركض داخل رأسه، يفتح صدره للعتم عائدًا لزيارة عالمه التخييلي وأرضه الغنّاء ولكن هذه المرة في اللّيل، سمير وحدته واستغراقه في التساؤل عن ماهية الأمان المفقود.

لقد أعفى القادري شخوصَه هذه المرة من السعي لإثبات أي شيء لهذا العالم المتداعي على نفسه. حرّرهم من وهج الألم ورماهم في عتمة اللاأدرية. بقدر ما هي حالكة هذه العتمة، فإنها ساكنة كالموت، وادعة كالسكون، ودّع امرأته الحزينة المجلّلة بالأسود وطفلها الغضّ، وأعادهما إلى حيث يريح صخب روحه أن يكونا، صورةً في إطار. كلما اشتاق أطلق عينيه صوبها، تزوّد منها بالقليل من الحبّ وأكمل طريقه، وحيدًا. الحب والفراق، الغربة في قلب الوطن، أرواح بيضاء تهيم وراء غلالة سوداء. ثنائيات يتناولها الفنان اللبناني في معرضه الجديد "رفات آخر وردة حمراء على وجه الأرض". حيث شخوصٌ وألوان تتلألأ خلف طبقة كثّة من الأسود بتدرّجاتٍ تتضافر فيما بينها لتَحيكَ للفنان ليلة الخاص.

يفاجئنا العنوان في سلسلته الجديدة: "نكتوفيليا" وتعني "عشق الليل"، وهي حالة نفسية تحلّ على الشخص فيهوى الجلوس في الظلام ويفضل الليل على النهار. يبدو الأسود مقيتًا للوهلة الأولى، ولكن وما أن نهعن النظر في الأعمال حتى تلتمع في أعيننا ومضة الواقع، تلك النظرة الباردة التي يعرفها جيّدًا من سحقت روحَه صعوبة العَيش، وفتّتت ورديّة خيالاته صراحة الحقيقة الجارحة بنصلٍ غير مرئيّ، ولكن له طعم الملح سواء في القُبَل أو الوداعات.

في معرضه الأسبق "أركاديا" ذي الألوان المزهرة والخلفيات المشرقة بالأبيض، جسّدت اللوحة الأخيرة منه قبلة حبيبين التحما في غابة ناصعة هي أقرب إلى فكرة الجنة، والتصقت بشفاهما وردة حمراء لا ينساها من شاهدها. الحبيبان ذاتهما والوردة نفسها، حملها القادري اليوم رفاتًا إلى سلسلة "نكتوفيليا"، نثرها في أرض سوداء، دارى حزن الحبيبين وراء غصون وأشجار معتمة، أطلق لعمق الأسود وصراحته العنان في فضاء ،اللوحة المفتوح على احتمالات الحياة الصعبة التي تواجهنا كبشرٍ فرادًى وجماعات في زمن الوباء والاقتتال.

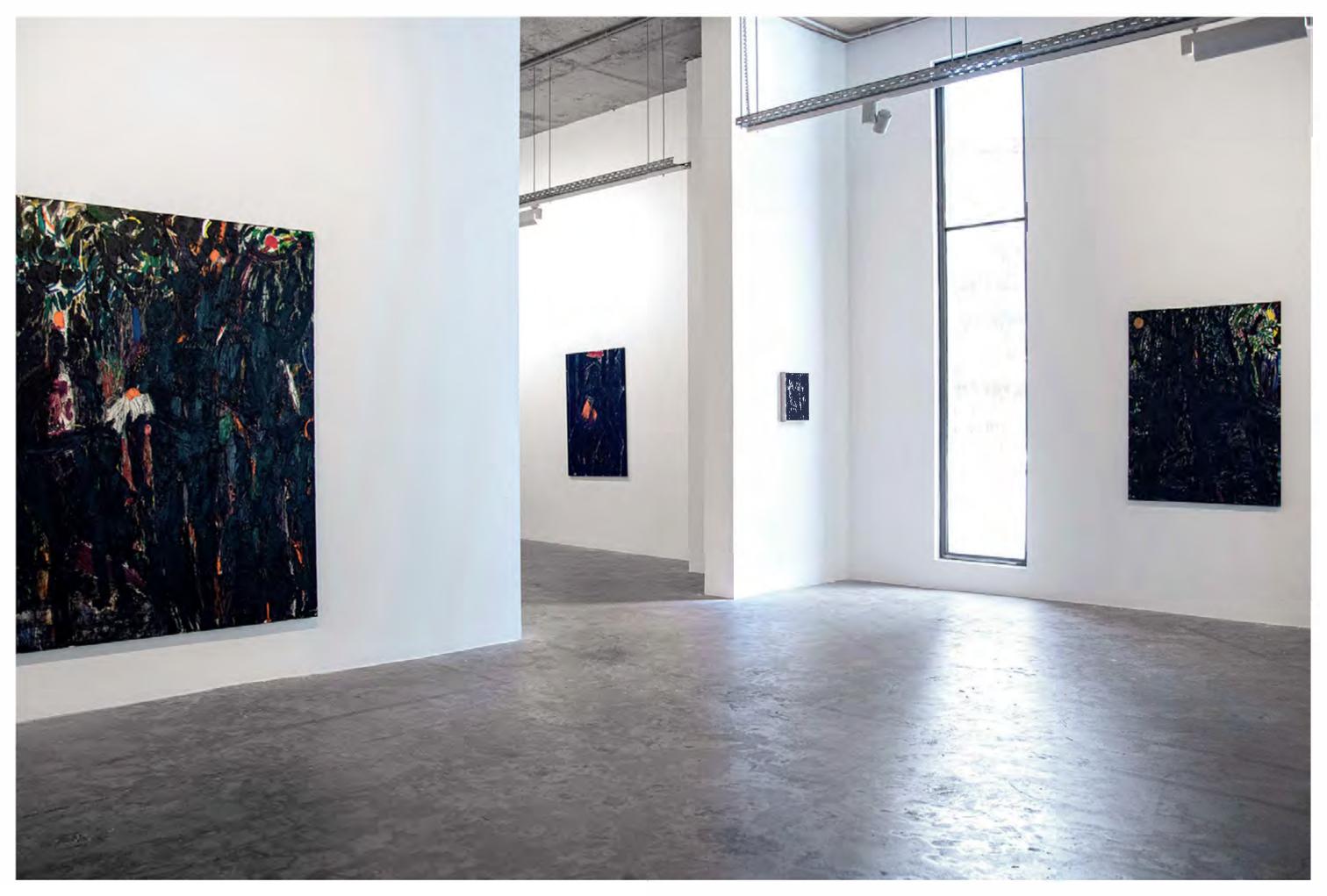
في العام ١٨١٩، اشترى التشكيلي الأسباني فرانشيسكو خوسيه دي غويا منزله «كينتا ديل في العام ١٨١٩، اشترى التشكيلي الأسباني فرانشيسكو خوسيه دي غويا منزله «كينتا ديل سوردو/ Quinta del Sordo» والذي تعني تسميته بالعربية «منزل الرجل الأصم» لأن ساكنه السابق كان أصمًا، ولما انتقل غويا إلى المنزل فقد سمعَه هو الآخر. تغيرت على إثر ذلك شخصيته تماماً كما تغير أسلوبه الفني، سيطرت الكآبة على الفنان جراء مرضه ووحدته والأحوال السياسية المضطربة في بلاده، فبدأ يرسم على جدران منزله وفي الطابقين الأرضي والأول- رسومًا يغلب عليها اللون الأسود والموضوعات المنقبضة التي تعبر عن حالة من الهلع والرعب.

سميت تلك اللوحات بـ «اللوحات السوداء/ The black paintings» وهي تخيلات وحشية قاقمة ومشاهد رهيبة. لم يعطِ غويا أي تفسير أو أسماء لتلك المشاهد المروعة التي ملأت بيته -١٤ لوحة-. لقد رسمها لنفسه، للتعبير عن استيائه في ليالي الوحدة والقنوط، على ضوء الشموع. وهكذا كان ذلك الأصم قادراً على سماع أصوات عصره الكسيرة ومنحها شكلاً ولوناً.

في تجربة القادري السوداء، لا تخفى على الرائي عزلة الفنان عند كل مشهد من اللوحات التي اتخذها دروعًا تحولُ بينه وبين الحقيقة القاسية. لقد انقطع بشكلٍ شبه كليّ عن العالم الخارجي لمدة تزيد على الشهور الستة، وانكبّ على تشكيل عالم «نكتوفيليا» المظلم. وحدة الطفل، ضيفُه الجديد اتّشح بالأبيض ولم يفارق حضن والده ويدَي أمه. كذلك وفي ربطٍ حسّاس واتصال قوي مع كافة أعماله السابقة، يداهمنا في «نكتوفيليا» سواد المطاط وغبار الرصاص الذي استخدمه القادري محورًا تلوينيًّا لمعرضه الأخير "شجرة الكاوتشوك"، لقد انتقلت الحلكة من لوحاته إلى شوارع بيروت، المدينة التي يحب، حيث بات الأسود دلالة على حرائق الاحتجاجات طلبًا لأبسط حقوق المعيشة، وخوف اللبنانيين من مستقبل لا يحتمل سوى لونٍ واحد: الأسود.

وحشة الطريق في البحث عن جذور العائلة والتي جسّدتها شجرته، انسكبت داخل البيوت الساكتة شروخًا في السقوف وانفصالات ذات لون واحد مرمد تحمله رؤوس مطأطئة في خلواتها ليلًا. لكأن القادري يستدل بسوداويته في التلوين إبّان هذه المرحلة، على اصطدام ذاكرة المدينة وأهلها من فيهم هو شخصيًّا، بجدار ضخمٍ من الصعوبات ذات المفارق المتعرجة، يصعب بعد سلوكه أن تبقى هذه الذاكرة المُعماة على حالها شابة زاهية.

خلف كلمة «نعم» أو «لا» حقيقة لا لونَ لها، داخل الوحدة والمنفى بلدٌ مزدحم من الأفكار والانطباعات. كلّ شيءٍ في عالم عبد القادري حمّالُ حالاتٍ لا أجوبة. ما وراء النزاع دومًا حبُّ دفين، كلما كانت مرارة الانفصال لديه أقوى ازداد معها اشتهاؤه للسلام. وما الخسارات الفادحة سوى جسرٍ يحاول العبورَ منه وإن خلسةً نحوَ نفسِه التي جرّحتها السعادة الوهم ربًا، وربًا أيقظها الألمُ بناقوسٍ من قوةٍ تتدفق على شاكلة فنٌ. من يناظر عينَي القادري ويعرفُهُ عن قرب، يرى بريقًا لا ينطفىء، قد يتعب أو يخبو أحيانًا لكنّه سرعان ما يستنهضه بمعرضٍ جديد، لكأنٌ هذا الشاب لا يرى من حياته سوى ذلك العالم الخاص الذي اختار أن يَلِجَهُ بشجاعة التخلّي عن كلّ شيء سوى الحلم. وعدم التشبث بأحد سوى بعناصر وشخوصِ أعمالِهِ الذين يشبهون أبطالًا خياليين يعيشون على متنِ كوكبٍ لم يطأهُ بشرٌ بعد.



Flickers in the Dark

Amin Alsaden

In the dark, the three sat petrified and still. Clinging to the rusty handles of that rugged cavern, they were engulfed in an unforgiving, thick, tangible blackness; the round oculus above them shut tight. Marwan, Assad, and Abu Qais panted heavily, delirious in the stifling heat. Trapped in a water tanker at a border checkpoint, they were being smuggled from Iraq to Kuwait at noon under the merciless sun of a typical August day. Ghassan Kanafani, in his novella Men in the Sun, describes the arduous journey of these Palestinian refugees who traveled across the Arabian Peninsula, leaving unspeakable tragedies behind in search of better prospects in a booming country. The three men perished in that darkness as their smuggler dealt with mundane bureaucracy—a cruel death that only amplified the injustices to which they had been subjected. The narrative is Kafkaesque in the bewildering helplessness and grim demise of its protagonists, but Kanafani's tale is gripping precisely because it lacks any element of surrealism. Its sober treatment of a chain of outrageous yet ostensibly ordinary events raises questions about the many others who have suffered the same fate.

When Abed Al Kadiri started painting his previous body of work, Arcadia, over half a century after the publication of Men in the Sun, the artist had just made the reverse journey: moving from Kuwait back to his homeland, Lebanon. While his trip did not lack the comforts of contemporary travel, he was becoming acutely aware of the harsh realities endured by millions in the region, who suddenly found themselves dispossessed and displaced. By 2015, Palestinians were joined by scores of Syrians, Iraqis, Libyans, and countless other Arabs and Africans, now making their way through Mediterranean countries, to embark on an equally perilous journey across the sea, rather than the desert. The fate of the novella's protagonists may seem anomalous in comparison to the many refugees who lost their lives in the Mediterranean Sea as they sought peace and safety in Europe, but there are striking similarities. Both groups died on a journey, suffocating in darkness—many of the latter heart-wrenchingly sinking into the watery depths.

Arcadia was Al Kadiri's visceral response, at a time when the artist, like the rest of the world, was thoroughly worn out by the relentless barrage of news relaying the appalling calamities facing refugees fleeing various parts of Asia and Africa. Unlike previous works—for example those presented in the exhibition Ashes to the Sea (2016), in which the artist depicted the adversities experienced by fugitives during their treacherous passage across vast inhospitable landscapes—Arcadia was about liberating these people by showing them already settled at their destinations, in the kind of paradise they might have imagined (irrespective of whether they arrived there by dying). It was Al Kadiri's attempt to bestow a sense of dignity back to the representations of refugees, whose humanity and struggles were now reduced to either the newsworthiness of yet another misfortune, or to their perception as the source of an immigration "crisis" for Europe or wherever else they were headed.

If *Arcadia* was engendered by the apathy Al Kadiri developed due to recent tragic events, his latest body of work entitled *Nyctophilia* (a term that means an inclination toward darkness) is about a breakdown, about despair. These works were developed as the news continued to pour in, a time when optimism became more tenuous than ever. Even

for those refugees who made it, it became public knowledge that the humiliation and hardship they had to contend with were only the beginning of an extended traumatic journey: horrendous conditions at detention centers; refugee camps lacking the most basic necessities; and impossible obstacles to their movement and ability to earn a living, with many forced into illegal activities such as prostitution or the drug trade. In their newfound desolation, many have wished to return to the places they had escaped.

The eclipse of humanity that the asylum seekers had experienced back in their homelands, in other words, found its heinous mirror image in Europe, the promised land. Oppression upon oppression, gloom upon gloom. Dejected, the artist appears to have come to the realization that the only way to confront a catastrophe is by revealing its true colors, and these colors were overcast, dark. Indeed, the most evident unifying feature of *Nyctophilia* is the overwhelming use of the color black in the final, topmost layer, to the point of effacing much of what lies underneath. At first glance, Nyctophilia announces itself a revolt against representation: it is an exercise in concealing, one that demands a closer engagement, and requires comprehending both the use of the color black, as well as what the black obscures. The pupils of our eyes grow large when the light fades; in the same way, the black in Al Kadiri's paintings compels us to expand our field of vision to grasp the choices made in this body of work, to detect textures, attributes, and even hidden dimensions that we do not usually see.

Nyctophilia cannot be understood without reference to Arcadia. Both series are based on depictions of pastoral bliss, of figures inhabiting splendid natural landscapes—not exactly a vision of a heaven in an afterlife, but a utopian place on earth, the destination of many dreams. In contrast to the vivid colors, the lush vegetation, the crisp contours, and the overall euphoric tone of attainment in Arcadia, Nyctophilia is unsettling. Some of the features of that landscape remain, in a spectral, subdued form. But the luxuriant flora can no longer be enjoyed, the outlines are rough, and the atmosphere bleak. In Nyctophilia, the landscape has been set ablaze, leaving behind the burnt remnants of what could have been an ideal scene. If Arcadia is primarily about imagining an alternative pleasant future, in Nyctophilia the same scenes have been devoured by a pitiless fire, and submerged in darkness.

The color black in and of itself may not signify much here—white, or any other color, could have been as violent, and would have obfuscated as much (notwithstanding the racial connotations of the socially constructed term "Black," and the dreadful implications of this construct in the region and around the world, both of which may add another layer of appreciation to this body of work). The artist found gratification in the opulence of the color black, a color that combines and absorbs all other colors. Indeed, under that thick, all-consuming layer, a whole spectrum of hues can be discerned, suppressed by the dark coating. Indulgently applied, Al Kadiri's black simultaneously obscures and fine-tunes—it veils and even obliterates the elements behind it, while endowing others with sharper silhouettes. Black also evokes specific associations here, especially in terms of the loss of light. Etymologically, nyctophilia is the attraction to darkness, to the night. In the case of this body of work, however, one might as well speak of "nyctophobia," or the

extreme aversion to darkness, causing deep anxiety. The latter captures more accurately the emergence of these works, out of the artist's trepidations about how life, on autobiographical and collective levels, was growing increasingly dark.

The works can be seen to allude to Lebanon's mushrooming political crises, which have affected the supply of basic services like electricity, plunging the country into actual spells of darkness—now also a chronic problem in neighboring countries, such as Iraq, due to the destruction of local infrastructure following the 2003 American-led occupation (in Iraq, the recent predicaments of which are captured in other works by Al Kadiri, there is yet another dimension of darkness: the burning and looting of libraries and archives in the aftermath of the invasion, and the corresponding cultural and historical erasure). In today's Lebanon, it is also not uncommon to speak of "black days" to describe a darkening, combustible situation. It was from his vantage point in Beirut that Al Kadiri started painting this body of work, at a time when the plight of refugees—many of whom were Syrians fleeing the region—had become deeply distressing, with frequent tragedies taking place just beyond the western shores of Lebanon. To the east, fighting raged in Syria and other parts of the region, entire cities were being decimated, countless people killed or made homeless, and millions fleeing their homelands. And yet the loud violence of these devastating events were met with deafening silence from the mainstream media and a lukewarm political response not to mention the occasional accusations that European forces would watch harrowing accidents unfold in the Mediterranean with cruel indifference. It was a time of debilitating helplessness and deep despair, a time of darkness.

The darkness, therefore, conjures the incineration of people in the region, both literally and metaphorically, ranging from the victims of frequent suicide bombings, drone strikes, and other forms of warfare, to the destruction of familiar ways of living. Equally, darkness may refer to the looming wide-scale scorching of terrains due to climate change and increasing water scarcity. It also touches upon the changing intellectual and social makeup of the region; in fact, the harbinger of Nyctophilia was a lone painting—the artist's first blackened painting—produced in 2014 when Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi declared himself caliph of ISIS, an organization that was beginning to threaten vast swathes of the region. The threat of such terrorist groups is not only due to the atrocities they commit (which, through genocide of specific groups, is jeopardizing the social cohesion of this inherently multicultural region), but also stems from the intensifying polarization along extreme ideological lines that seems to be accelerating today. Thus, while the plight of refugees undoubtedly one of the most pressing issues of our time—has populated much of Al Kadiri's work to date, the focus on refugees alone could divert the world's attention away from the circumstances they are escaping, which cast a heavy shadow on the entire region.

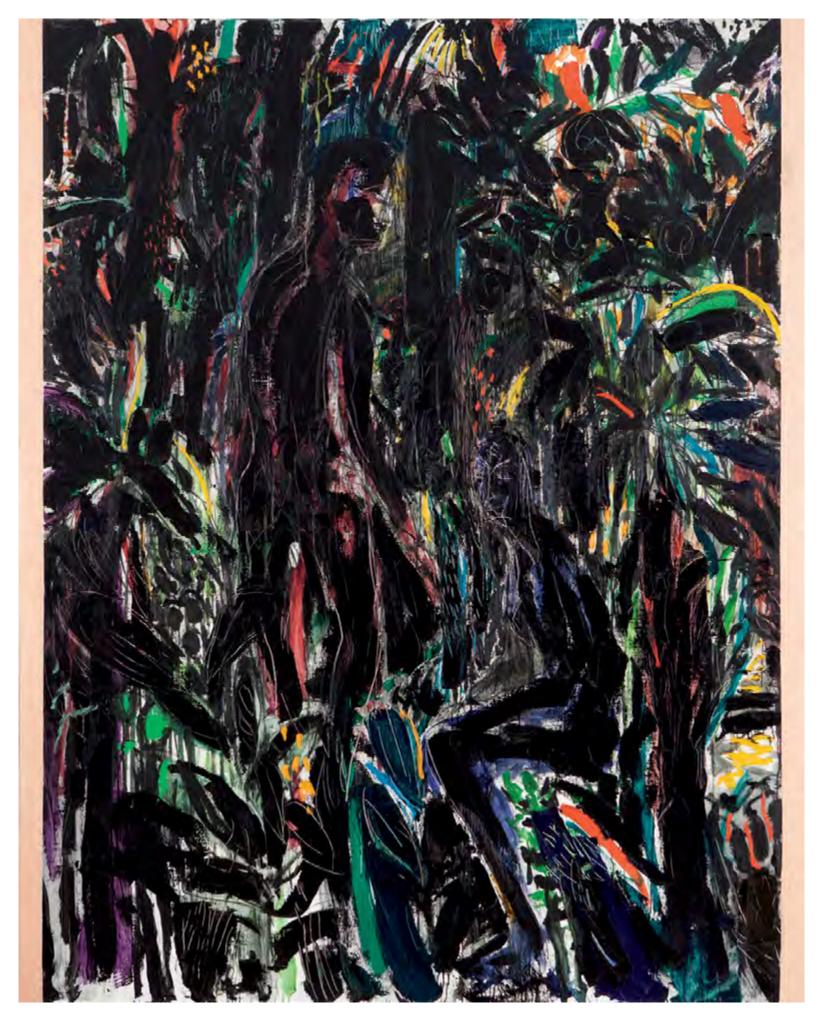
Formally, *Nyctophilia* suggests other avenues through which the works may be understood. Unlike the peripatetic nature of displaced populations that initially inspired this body of work, it is important to note that the subjects in Al Kadiri's works are restful. The artist paints mise en scènes of repose—deliberately staged to suggest a series of underlying narratives, however impenetrable to the viewer these may be. His subjects are not fleeing, and his compositions cannot necessarily be described as dynamic. These are not scenes of grand actions, of excited revelry, or of spirited mobility. They also do not unfold on open landscapes or vast spaces. The figures are seen in confined, idyllic settings—which in many cases are figments of the artist's imagination, implying some distant, other landscape with tropical flora. The viewer

peers into these scenes just as visitors see tableaux at a wax museum. The figures appear slow, frozen, stuck. There is an overwhelming sense that the subjects are not simply resting, but waiting, pausing indefinitely. These are places where time has slowed down, suspended, where action has been deferred.

If Arcadia depicts scenes of paradise, Nyctophilia is about a purgatory—or, perhaps, what happens after going through an inferno. Nyctophilia does not simply depict scenes of paradise; this is paradise lost, paradise charred. Akin to Kanafani's stark realism, there is an emotional detachment mixed with inconsolable grief in Al Kadiri's representations: they show the rawness of brunt or darkened scenes, without flourish—there is no flame, smoke, or ashes, just like there is no source of light or direct reference to what might have clouded the view. Deeply melancholic, the works point to an occlusion of something cherished, perhaps a way of life irretrievably lost. In their interlude, the figures are trapped under the black paint, a thick and heavy imprint of despair, of disappointment, separating them from fulfillment.

The artist's mise en scènes are not, however, simply nocturnal, do not explicitly reference the tribulations of the region, and should be read as more than mere manifestations of despair. There is a deliberate tension in these works, a series of embedded contradictions that cannot be denied. Rather than condemning the subjects to inexorable darkness, there is a soft glowing light seeping in between the cracks of black paint—a twilight that may end in either darkness or brightness. While the reference to refugees and regional upheaval is unmistakable, given the relationship between *Nyctophilia* and *Arcadia*, in the latest body of work the deeply personal blends into the geopolitical, and one's growing alienation within familiar surroundings meets the experience of those displaced in faraway lands. The reading of the work oscillates between these divergent realms, confounding the viewer, and opening numerous possibilities of interpretation.

The cracks in the top black-colored layer signal that the artist has not given up. The title, Nyctophilia, is not used cynically, and it is not about suggesting Al Kadiri's or the region's predisposition to darkness. Instead, Nyctophilia is about a reconciliation with darkness, an acceptance of its reality. Therefore, the overwhelming blackness may only give the impression of despair. The top layer ostensibly obliterates what is underneath, but through its cracks, the works can still be seen teeming with details, with vibrant colors, and with intimations of a sustained existence despite the odds. The anguish of these scenes may recall what John Berger described in his essay "Undefeated Despair," in reference to the Palestinian experience—a concept that can now plausibly be extended to the rest of the region. Berger characterized this despair as one that embodies a bold attitude toward the world, one anchored by fortitude that lacks apprehension, devoid of resignation, and without a whiff of defeat; an attitude adopted by the destitute who courageously persevere to share intoxicating intervals of peace in between otherwise grueling moments of existence. Al Kadiri's scenes are profoundly emblematic of the spirit of resistance and the startling resilience espoused by the region's communities, and perhaps the artist's own subliminal optimism: under the charred landscapes flickers the promise of inextinguishable life, joy, and hope.



الوحدة

أن تذيب زرقة الليل في كأس تشرب غير آبه من أيّ ثقب فيك قد يتسرّب الكلام تبسط صدرك تحت نعلي حلم يمرّ مثل صيّاد على رؤوس أصابعه لئلا يوقظ الفريسة. النظرات الساهمة من وراء النافذة جسر تعبره الشمس لتصل إلى مواعيدها الكثيرة وتتأخر عليك.

Loneliness

is to melt the blue night in a glass
you drink carelessly.

Speech may leak from any hole in you.

You spread your chest under the soles of a dream
like a fisherman who walks on the top of his fingers
Lest he awakens the prey.

Looking astray behind the window,
a bridge crossed by the sun
to reach its many appointments,
and be late for you.

زيارة غير رسمية

Unofficial visit

تدخلُ الحب معصوب العينيْن

You enter love blindfolded

And the pupil is a dungeon

that not embraces all this light.

Your hands like bars on your face

قضبان خلفها ظلّ أشعث

and behind a shaggy shadow

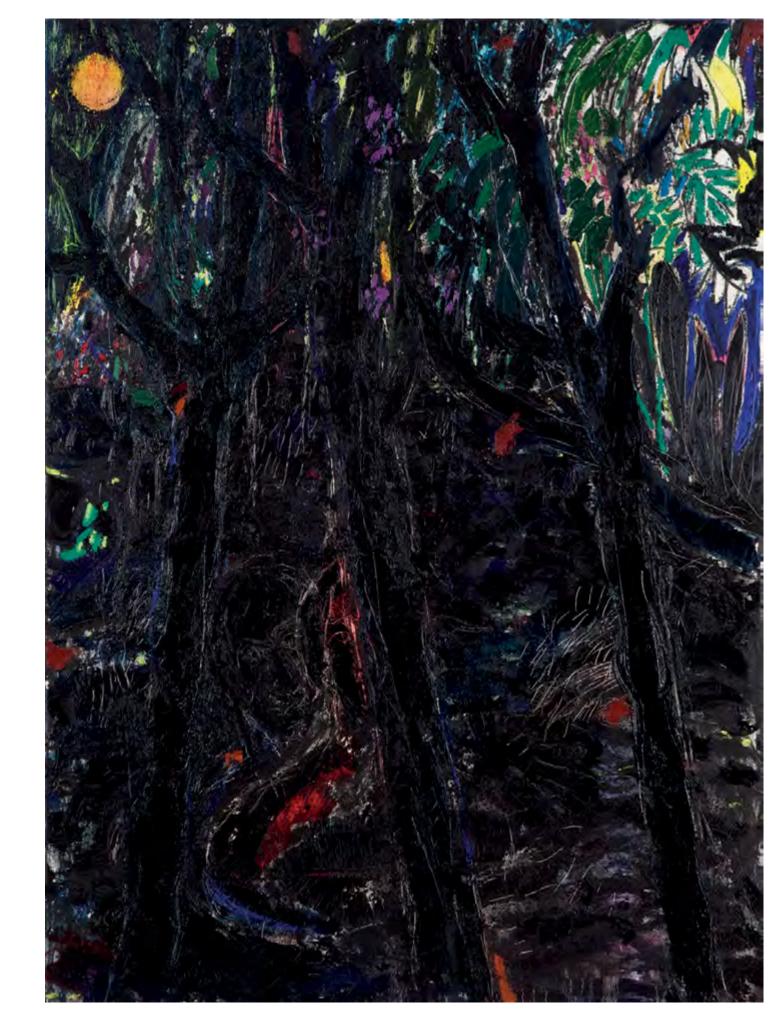
لزائر زادك معه علبة تبغ وقبلة.

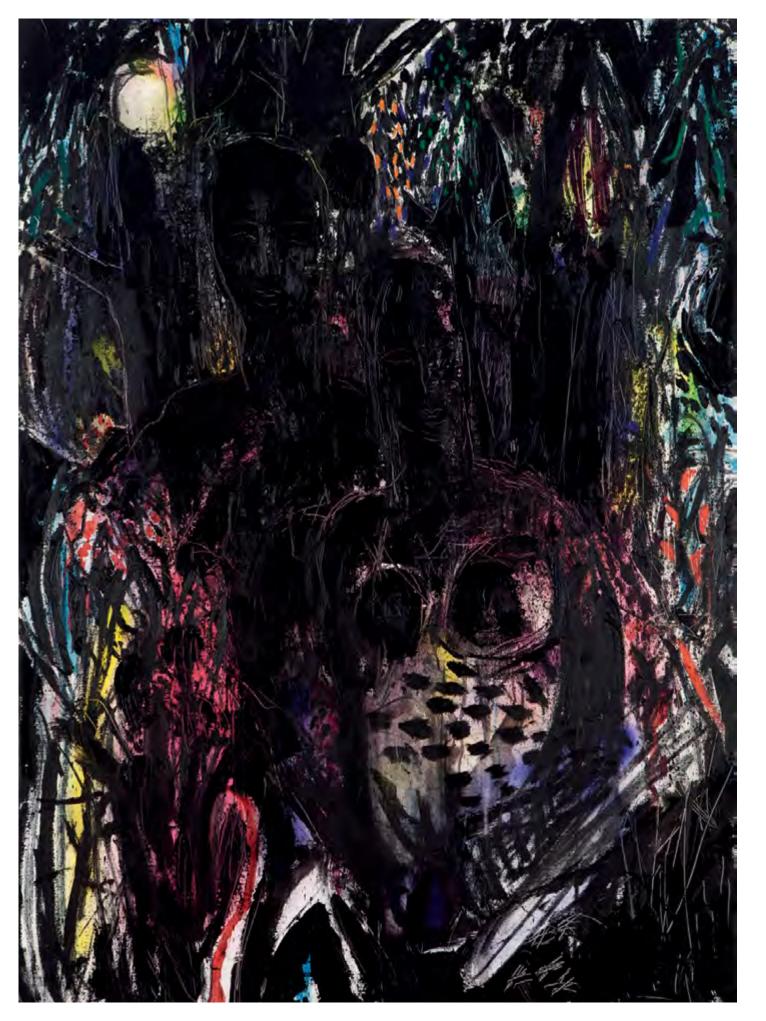
of a visitor with whom you share a pack of tobacco and a kiss.

عشر أصابع أكلتها ولم تكفك

The ten fingers you ate were not enough

. To count how many times killed you were of dreaming.





تضامُن

Solidarity

نَعَم أنت

اقتربْ أيُّها العالمُ المِسكين come near poor world,

أَفْرِغ رُعبَكَ الأصفرَ في جَوفي

رُجّني مثل حصّالةٍ رخيصة

لتُخرِج خمسَ قُبُلاتٍ تسدّ بها جوعَك.

الحبُّ نادلٌ مَطرود

دَلَق قهوتي على وَجهِ الصُّبح وَأَخذ يقِّلب في فَواتيرِهِ خائفاً.

وَأَنا فِي الخارجِ انتظرتُه طويلاً

فقط لأتأبّط ذراعَه وَهضي

صديقَين قَديَين.

You...

Yes you

empty your yellow terror into my inside.

Shake me like a cheap piggy bank

to let five kisses meet your hunger.

Love is a fired bartender.

He turned my coffee over the face of the morning

and began to check his bills in fear.

I have being waiting outside for a long time

Just to get his arm down and go

as two old friends.

نعتاق

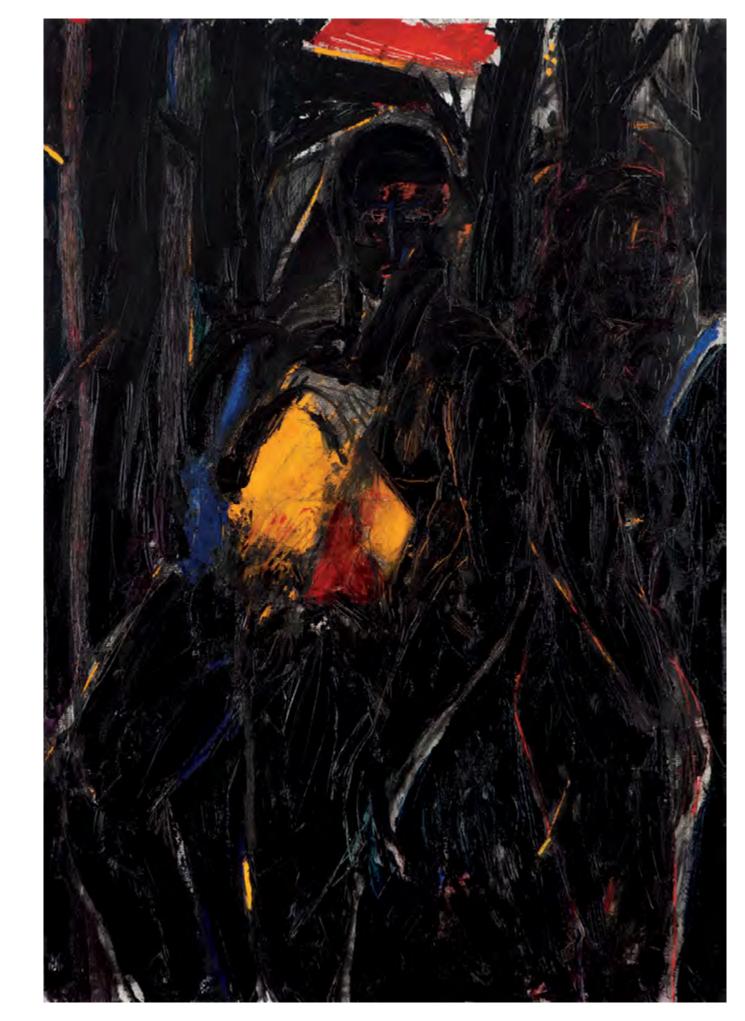
لتشتريه وتحررني.

مثل هواء خفيف أمضي ولا أنظر خلفي من فوق عمود إنارة مطفأ أحصى مع بائع العلكة غلّته، وأساعد ماسح الأحذية في تلميع صور المارة. قلبي لؤلؤة في جوف سمكة نافقة، داخل زورق صيد رطب ومثل كسرة خبز مبتلة أنام على نفسي، أخرج من الأفواه على ظهر أغنية وأدخل بين الأرجل مثل جرو هجين في نزهة، أعرف لون الأرصفة عند المطر وأحفظ حوار غريبين لبعضهما قبل أن تعلنهما المصادفة زوجا وزوجة. ديدان الأدراج المعتمة أحصنتي، والشفاه طرقاتي الوعرة. إننى مندفعة دوما مثل لكمة، مستعجلة لأموت قبل الجميع، فالشمس تنتظرني بفستان أسود باعت ضفائرها في الحرب

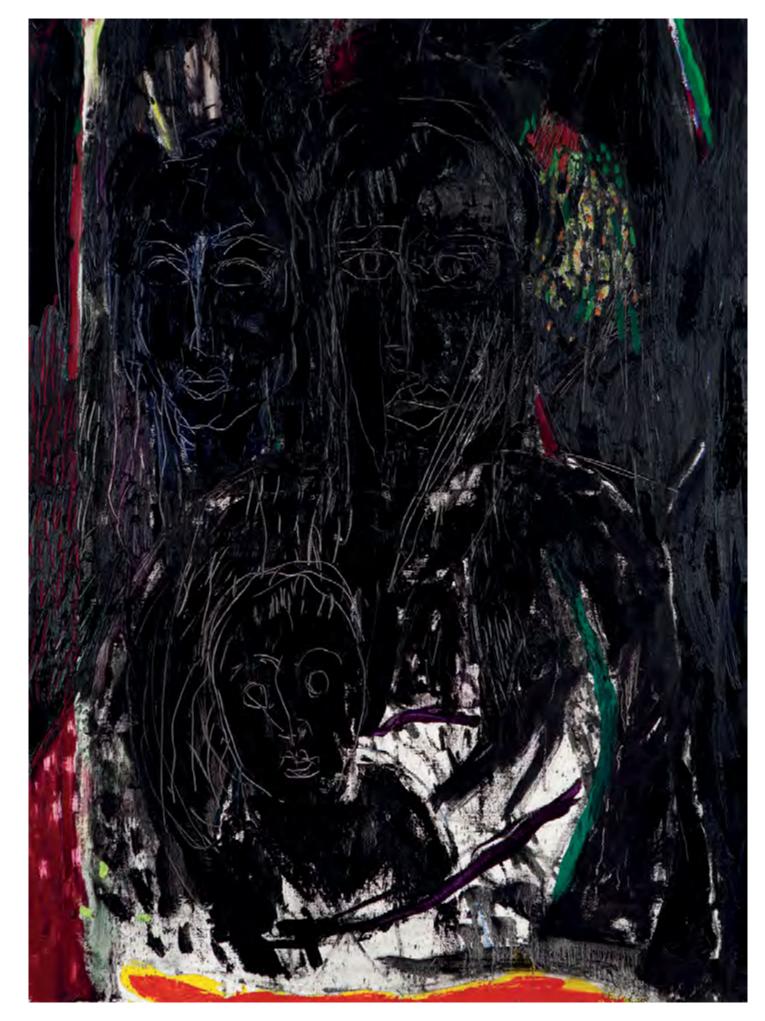
Release

Like light air, I go and don't look behind me. Above an extinguished lighting pole, I count with the seller of chewing gum his yield, and help the shoe-cleaner polish the pictures of passers-by. My heart is a pearl in the hollow of a dead fish, inside a wet fishing boat. And like a watered piece of bread, I sleep on myself. I get out of the mouths on the back of a song, and enter between the legs like a hybrid puppy in a picnic. I know the color of sidewalks in the rain, and I learnt by heart the conversation of two strangers before coincidence declared them husband and wife. The worms of dark stairs are my horses and lips are my rugged roads. Always impatient I am like a punch, to die urgently before everyone. The sun awaits me in a black dress

It sold its braids in the war to buy it and set me free.









Scene no. 5 2018 - 2019 | oil and charcoal on canvas 130x160cm

انتظار

تثقب الملل برأس إبرة يفيض أمامك كدولاب مطاطي مطعون، يد بعيدة. لا تميزعمرها ولا شكل أصابعها تشحذ على رقبتك عصا كمان مقهور. أنت عبارة عن 1,035,158,400 ثانية!

تدقّ صدرك بيدك مفجوعا، وفي وجهك يتسع بؤبؤان كبيران يراقبان المرور الملكي للمنطق. رما يجب أن تكفّ فورا عن الدهشة

فقط لملم الأرقام وافردها داخل فراشك البارد

رقمان اثنان سيطفوان على السطح

هما عمرك الحقيقي.

Waiting

You perforate boredom with a needle tip

And it overflows in front of you as a poked rubber cupboard,

A farfetched hand, does not recognize its age nor the shape of its fingers,

Sharpen on your neck a forlorn violin stick.

You are like 1,035,158,400 seconds!

Beating your heartbroken chest with your hand,

And on your face, two large pupils

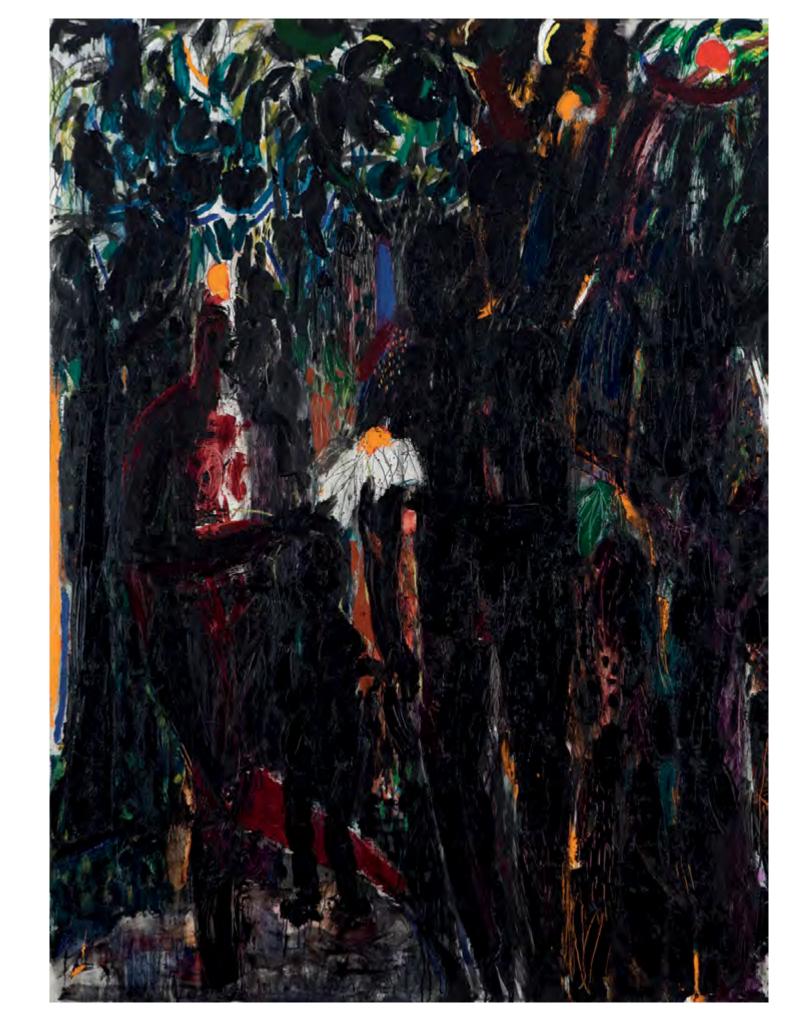
Watching the royal passage of logic.

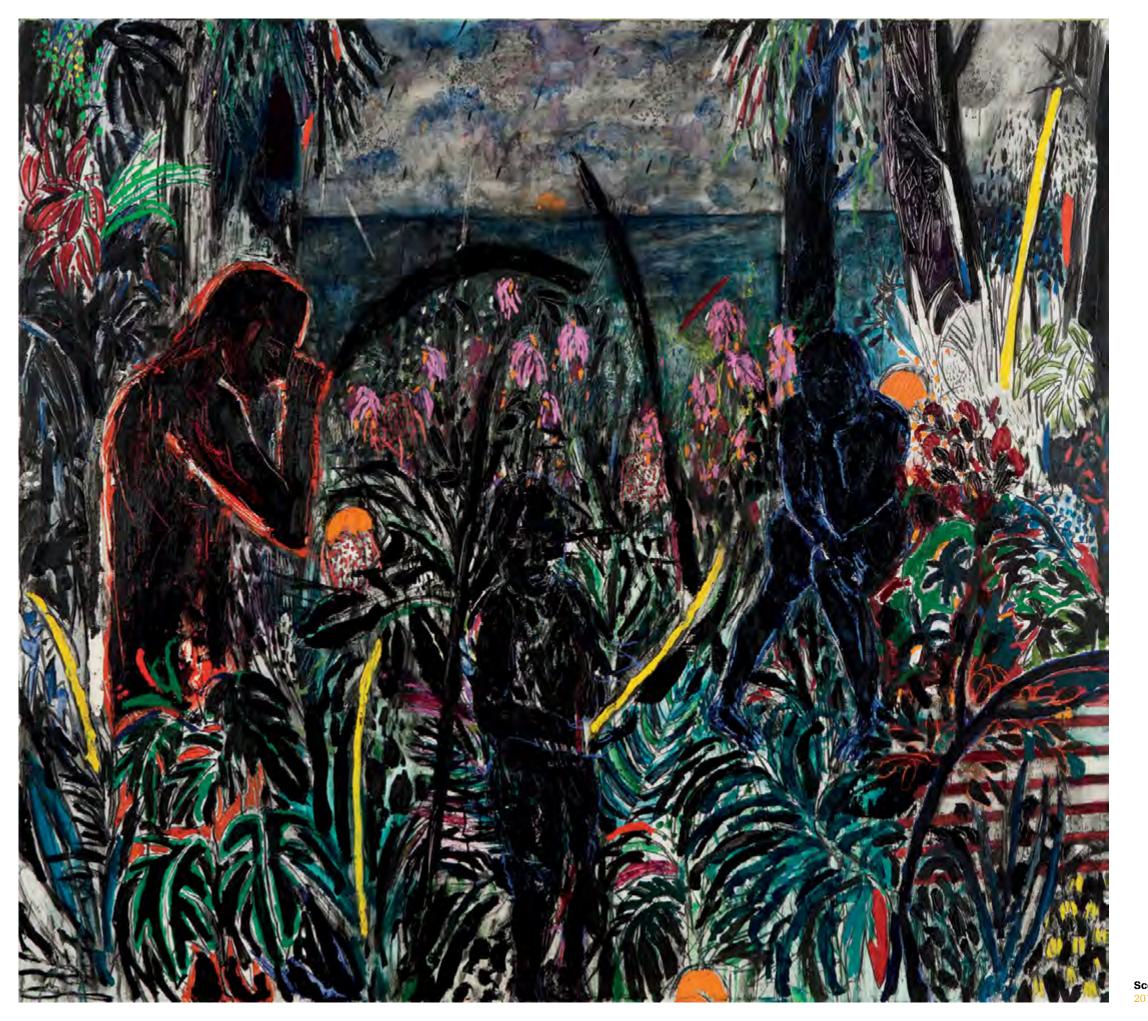
Perhaps you should immediately stop being surprised.

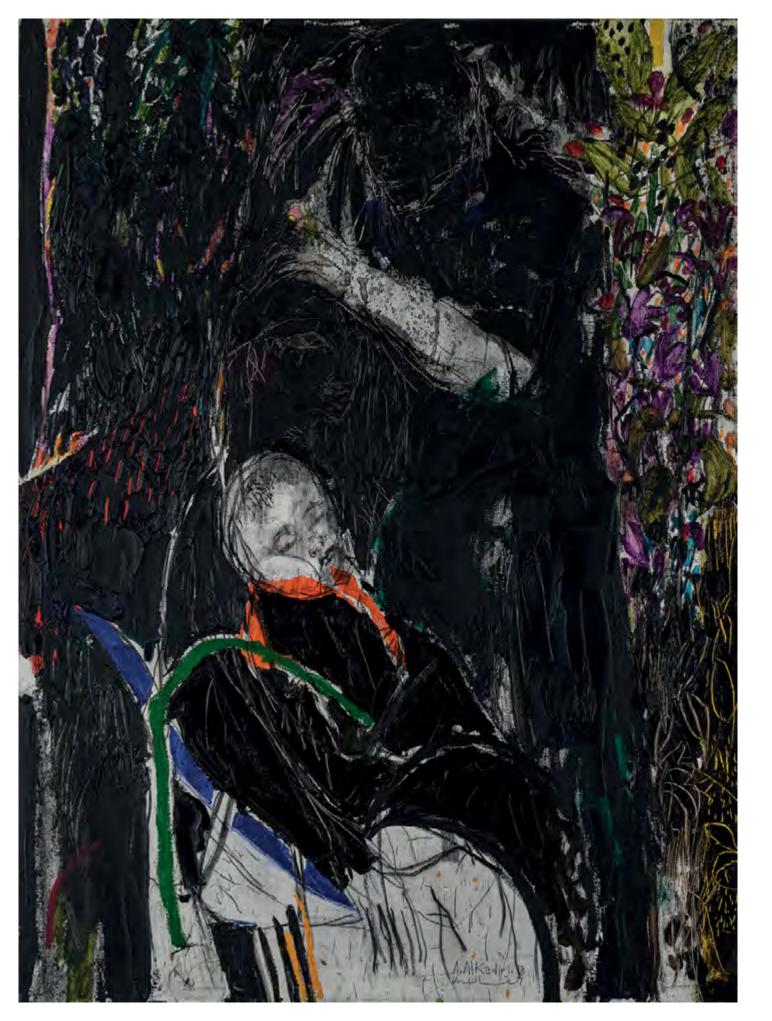
Just grab numbers and spread them inside your cool mattress,

two numbers will float on the surface

They are your real age.







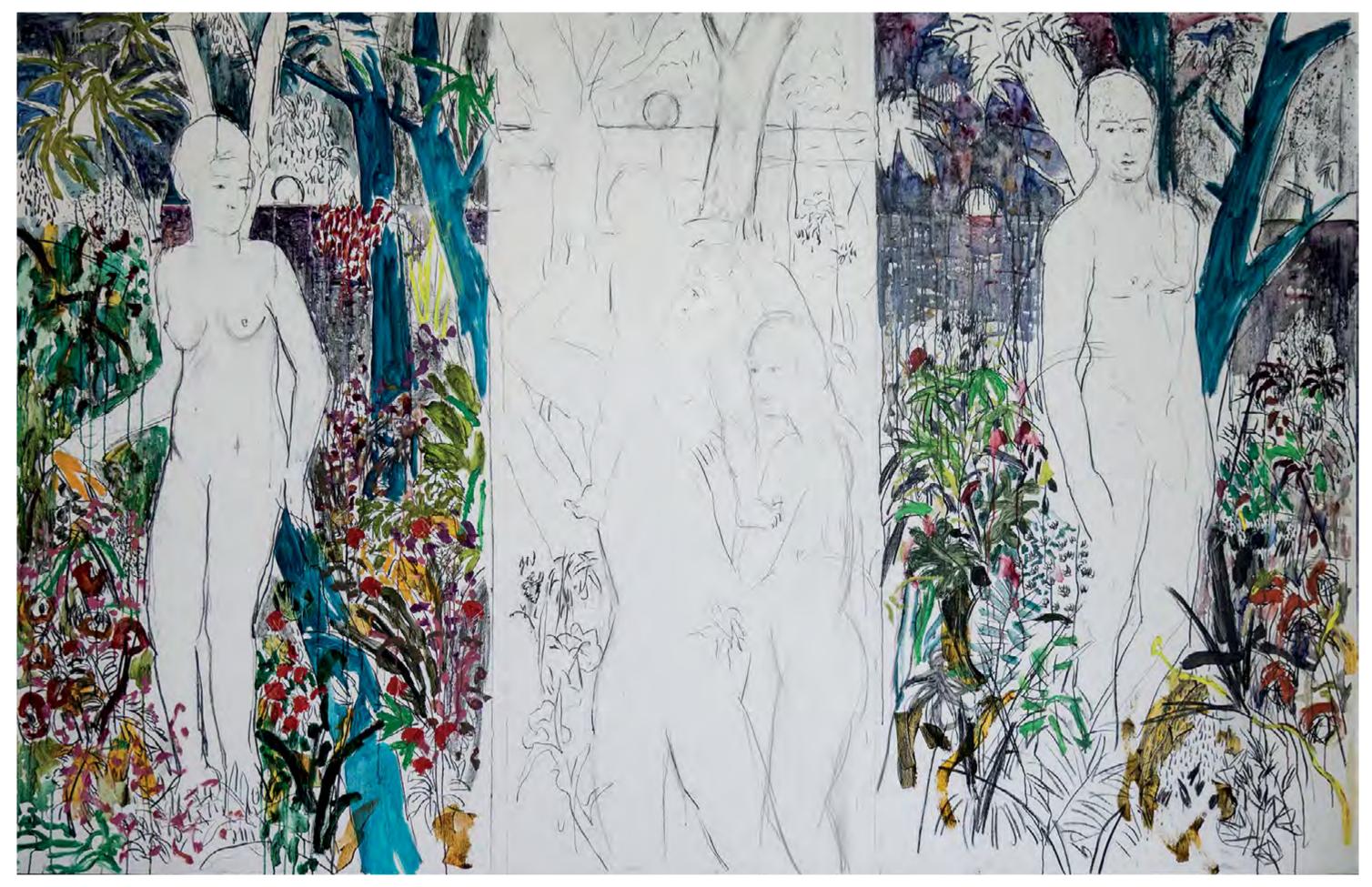




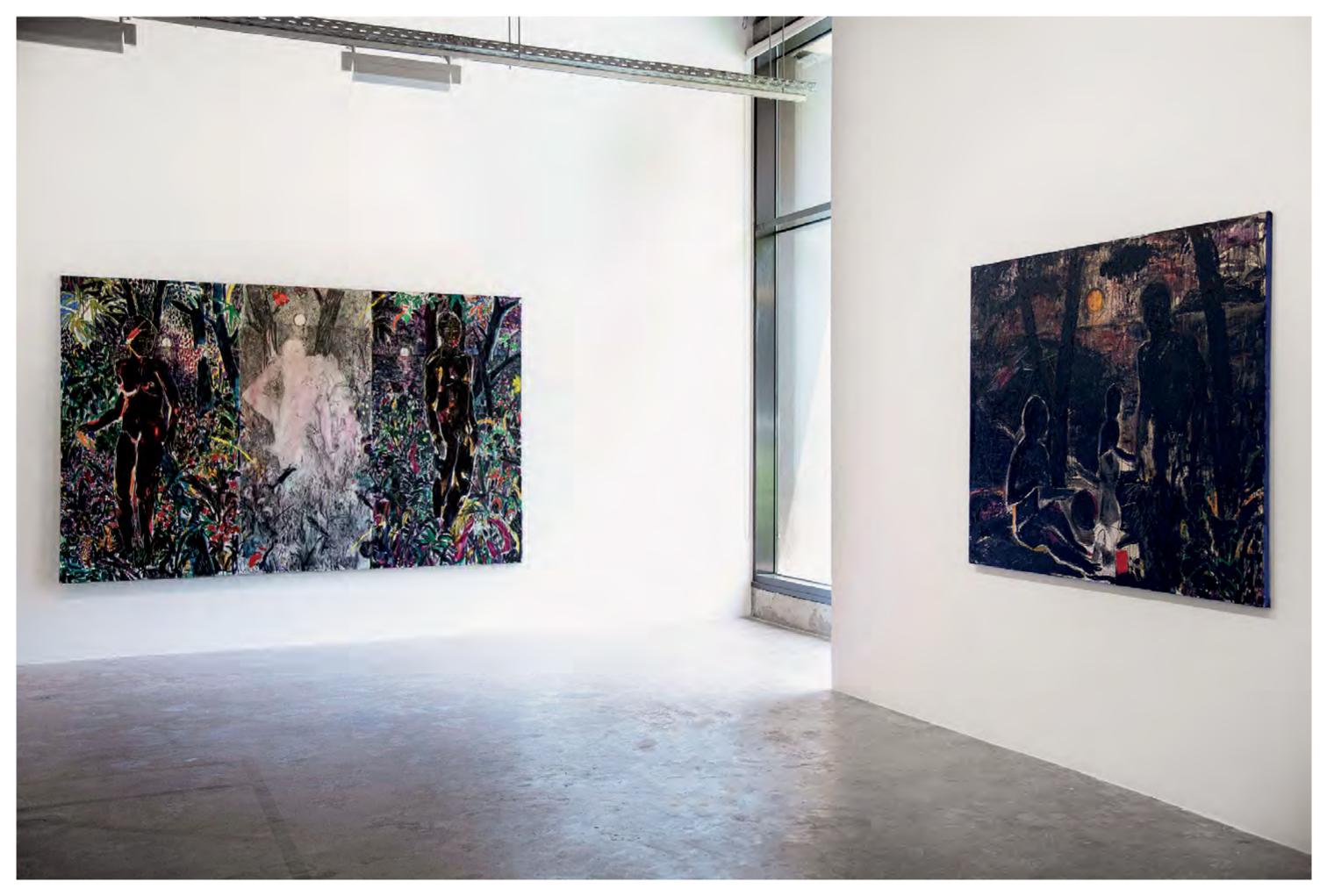














ABED AL KADIRI

BIOGRAPHY

Born in Beirut, Lebanese multidisciplinary artist and Curator Abed Al Kadiri double majored in Arabic Literature and Fine Arts. His work focuses on the deprivation of freedom in society by analyzing contemporary issues of violence, cultural heritage, migration and belonging.

Al Kadiri's solo exhibitions include Abu Ghraib (2006); In the Corner (2008); Identity Turbulences (2011); Al Maqama 2014 (2014); Ashes to the Sea (2016); Arcadia (2016), Al Maqama Al Mosuliya (2017); The Story of the Rubber Tree (2017-2018). Al Kadiri has also participated in several group exhibitions regionally and internationally including Istanbul, Paris, Basel, Cambridge, Budapest, Abu Dhabi, Bahrain, Qatar, and Beirut. His work can be found in private and public collections in the Middle East. In 2017 he was awarded the Sursock Museum's Jury Award at the 32nd Salon d'Automne.

In 2006 Al Kadiri moved to Kuwait and worked as an art critic, before establishing the FA Gallery in 2010. He was appointed as the Director of Contemporary Art Platform (CAP) Kuwait from 2012-2015, a leading non-profit arts institution in the Middle East. Al Kadiri curated numerous exhibitions and developed an extensive exchange programs with regional and international institutions and museums. In 2015, Al Kadiri left his position at CAP and is currently residing in Beirut.

In 2017, he co-founded Dongola Limited Editions, a leading publishing house that offers unconventional perspectives on artist's books.

