
I’ve kept several small souvenirs from my childhood days that seemed insignificant. Yet whenever I look at them, their magnificent details bring back memories of past times. Good old days emerge in front of me all vibrant and vivid. Here I present some of the little souvenirs I’ve kept—that awaken the memory and revive it. Were it not for these vividly alive powers of recall, days gone by would be lost and nonexistent.

Many landmarks in life could be considered types of souvenirs: The pyramids, the Sphinx, old civilization’s constructions, and everything museums and libraries contain—all these (no matter how huge) are souvenirs that revive the past in our minds afresh!

*2*

It seems we don’t see much of what surrounds us in life because we don’t ponder on it. For example: has any one of us reflected on the beautiful scenery drawn on the palms of our hands?

*2*
It must have been an odd object to begin with.
Now the ghosts of its uses
Whisper around my head, tickle the tips
Of my fingers. Weeds
Reclaim with quick silence the beams, pillars,
Doorways. Places change, and a small object
Stands defiant in its placelessness.
Durable because it contains intensely meanings
Which it can no longer pour out.

Heroic / heroism / ملحَّمّ / بطوليَّ

Image of Yvonne Rainer’s 1965 work Parts of Some Sextets.
Photo: Peter Moore © Estate of Peter Moore/VAGA.

Worm image by Nile Sunset Annex.

صورة من عمل إيفون رينر “أجزاء من سداسيات”. 1965. الصورة لـ بيتر مور.
صورة دود لـ “ملحق غروب على النيل”.
Suddenly, worms, made famous in a certain novel, spread before me. Worms arranging themselves in rigid order into rows according to color and type to consume a corpse, stripping flesh off bone in a few minutes. Just one raid. Two raids, and nothing’s left except the skeleton. Worms that come from nowhere, from the earth, from the corpse itself. The corpse consumes itself by means of a well-organized army rising from within it in moments. Surely, it’s a picture that empties a man of heroism and flesh, thrusting him into the nakedness of absurd destiny, into absolute absurdity, into total nothingness; a picture that peels the song from the praise of death and from the escape into flight. Was it to overcome the ugliness of this fact that the human imagination—the inhabitant of the corpse—opened a space to save the spirit from this nothingness? Is this the solution proposed by religion and poetry? Perhaps. Perhaps.


Also see:
Video by Andeel, Did You Say Yes or Did You Say No? (9 November 2011): https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MSrf1n1ibMA

زوروا أيضاً: فيديو لـ أنديل، قولت نعم ولا قولت لأ؟ (9 نوفمبر/تشرين الثاني 2011): https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MSrf1n1ibMA
NO to spectacle
NO to virtuosity
NO to transformations and magic and make-believe
NO to the glamour and transcendence of the star image
NO to the heroic
NO to the anti-heroic
NO to trash imagery
NO to involvement of performer or spectator
NO to style
NO to camp
NO to seduction of spectator by the wiles of the performer
NO to eccentricity
NO to moving or being moved.

That infamous “NO manifesto” has dogged my heels ever since it was first published. Every dance critic who has ever come near my career has dragged it out, usually with a concomitant tsk-tsk. The only reason I am resurrecting it here is to put it in context as a provocation that originated in a particular piece of work. It was never meant to be prescriptive for all time for all choreographers, but rather, to do what the time honored tradition of the manifesto always intended manifestos to do: clear the air at a particular cultural and historical moment. I hope that someday mine will be laid to rest.

Yvonne Rainer, NO manifesto (1964) plus note about it from her memoir Feelings are Facts: A Life (MIT Press, 2004).

نص لـ إيفون رينير "مانيفستو اللا" (١٩٦٤) وملحوظة حوله من ذكرياتها "الأحاسيس حقائق: حياة" (أ.م.أي. بي. برس، ٢٠٠٤).
Copy / repetition / نسخ / تكرار
On the third night of the festival the writer knocked on the door of the simultaneous translation booth.

He said, “I want you to translate with less enthusiasm. Something about your voice annoys me.”

The translator yawned and rubbed his eyes.

“What?”

“Once again, although I’m sure you heard me, I want you to curb your enthusiasm a little bit during translation,” the writer said to him, standing his body up on his tiptoes for part of a second.

He does this occasionally, as if to emphasize his words with a sharp body gesture. Especially when he’s tense.

This is not the first time he’s confronted his translators.

The last time he traveled abroad they chose a sophisticated translator for him, a tall handsome young man, and at the beginning of any encounter the audience thought the translator was the writer and the writer was the translator. They didn’t hesitate for a moment, the minute they saw him they grabbed his hands and shook it vigorously, and the son of a bitch would smile slyly and was in no rush to correct the mistake. The writer thought seriously about asking the organizers to replace him. But in the end he pitied the young man—didn’t want to get him fired and cut off his income.
He survived a week of humiliations, occasional looks that were seemingly contemptuous from his translator, and at other times empathetic looks—but the kind of empathy that isn’t much different from contempt in the end.

But this time … it’s strange. He decided that he would not expose himself to a similar humiliation—he insisted to the festival organizers that the translator was to sit in a closed booth far from the audience and they could listen to the translation through headphones. He relaxed a bit once he met the translator when he arrived: he was a very normal person and not particularly attractive.

Despite all this, the people gathered around him after the reading and shook his hands and patted his shoulder and congratulated him on his performance. As for the writer, who is supposed to be the center of attention, there were a few older women who got close to him very shyly and rained on him questions and stories about the loneliness and boredom they suffer from on a daily basis.

And when he knocked on the door of the translator he had really had enough. No. He did not have to put with all this.

The translator scratched his head and said: “But what a strange request. Don’t you want people to admire your words?”

“Yes, of course, don’t be silly. But I don’t want them to admire your delivery.”
“I don’t understand you, my delivery is your delivery, no? Did I ever mention to you that I’m one of your biggest fans? I’ve observed you well. I watched videos of you before you came. Even the way you move your hands when you speak, I’ve memorized it and I use it while I’m sitting in the cabin. All this is reflected in my performance, even if the audience can’t see it.”

To prove what he said, the translator raised his right hand to head height and started shaking it like a bird wing. The writer stood in his place, his mouth gaping. The moment he saw the other copying his hand gestures he had a frightening hallucination: he felt like he was looking in the mirror, a mirror of flesh and blood. True, the translator was short, bald and fat like him, and there was no difference between them in age…

After a few seconds, or minutes, or even hours of silence, he pushed himself and gathered the last bit of energy he had and said:

“Listen to me. It’s my reading and I’m free to do with it as I please. So when I ask you to do a bad translation then you do a bad translation, understood?”

But he didn’t calm down for the whole night and he couldn’t close an eyelid. And when the alarm clock rang he had decided what he had to do. He went to the festival administration and told them he would read his texts from the translation booth.

*Mirror* by Mahmoud Tawfik, short story from *Blu* (Dar Merit, Cairo, 2013).

STURTEVANT: Repeated—
HAINLEY: Exactly.
STURTEVANT: The same show.
LOBEL: Is that one year after the other?
STURTEVANT: Yes.
HAINLEY: Yes.
STURTEVANT: Yes.
HAINLEY: Sixty-nine and ’70.
LOBEL: So it’s the same show—
STURTEVANT: Exactly the same show.
LOBEL: —the following year. [Laughs.]
STURTEVANT: The following year, yes. [They laugh.] Yes, very strong show.
HAINLEY: Strong, and it’s so strong, you can do it twice. [They laugh.]
STURTEVANT: You can do it twice, yes. Well, it was a very good way to demonstrate the power of repetition, you know, in a very simplistic way.
HAINLEY: And I just wonder, in terms of process, as something that goes on in addition to the physical process of making a work, how would you talk about the scene, the moment—
STURTEVANT: You mean what was going on around us?
HAINLEY: Exactly, as part of process or concept.
STURTEVANT: Well, firstly process because it’s part of the creative process, so it’s very important. Then, yeah, because that must have been—at that time, things were really shifting from interior to exterior, or at that time, you would call it up to the surface. And so—and then all the mass—all the images were from mass society. Mass—what do I want to say?
LOBEL: Mass media?
STURTEVANT: Mass media, or mass—
LOBEL: Or mass culture?
STURTEVANT: Messy mass. [They laugh.] So this is very surface. You’re really going to the outside, and then all the collectors were very much into that, so then you had all those artists that were involved with the outside. And so the work became—it was still about beauty, but it was not about anything very profound other than, which is profound, a reflection of the society that we were surrounded by.
LOBEL: Speaking of which, can you say anything about the title of the Galerie J show in 1966, which was America, America? Because […] you’re really thinking through the kind of, for me, the possibilities of this kind of process and practice. And to have it in Paris and call it America, America – it seems significant to me.
STURTEVANT: Well that’s because it was all the works. I had Oldenburg; I had Lichtenstein—
HAINLEY: Wesselmann.
STURTEVANT: Wesselmann, and George Segal and [Frank] Stella. That’s America, baby. [laughs.] I did all that work when I was down in the south of France. I had a studio in the south of France, and so it was on the street level in an old part of Antibes and there was a—it had a big window and because it was open, some guy—[laughs]—I’m sure I told you this story. So some guy stops by and he says are you Jasper Johns? [Hainley and Lobel laugh.] Because I was working on the Flag, and I said, “Yes.” [Hainley and Lobel laugh]. He said, “Oh.” “Here I am.” So I told that story to Jasper and he hated it. [They laugh.] He hated that story.

STURTEVANT: 2. «America, America», معرض في جاليري جي، باريس، 1966

هينلي: كنت أود أن أعرف، من حيث المسار، بينما يحدث شيء بالإضافة إلى المسار المادي لصناعة العمل، كيف تصفين المشهد، هذه اللحظة—
STURTEVANT: تعني ما يحدث حولنا؟
هينلي: بالضبط، كجزء من المسار أو المفهوم.
STURTEVANT: حسناً، المسار أولًا لأنه جزء من المسار الإبداعي، ولذا فهو شديد الأهمية. ثم، أجل، لأنه كنا بلا شك—في ذلك الوقت كانت الأشياء تتقلل فعلًا من الداخلي إلى الخارجي، أو في ذلك الوقت كنت تستدعياها إلى السطح. وهكذا—
LOBEL: الإعلام الجماهيري؟
STURTEVANT: الإعلام الجماهيري، أو جماهيري من حيث—ما الذي أريد قوله؟
LOBEL: أو الثقافة الجماهيرية؟
STURTEVANT: الإعلام الجماهيري، أو جماهيري من حيث—
LOBEL: بل تتجه بشكل جماهيري؟
STURTEVANT: جماهيري متجمهر، [يضحكون.] هذا سطحي للغاية إذاً. أنت تتجه إلى الخارج حقًا، ثم أحبب تأثيره الجمع كلهم بالأمر، ثم أصبح لديك كل هؤلاء الفنانين المهمين بالخارج. وهكذا أصبح العمل—كان لم يزل عقليًا بالجالس، لكنه لم يكن معيّنًا بأي شيء بالعمق سوى، وهو أمر عميق أيضًا، انعكاس المجتمع الذي يحيث نداً.

STURTEVANT: هذا لأنه ضم جمع الأعمال. كان لدى أولدندروج، وكان لدي ليشتشتاتين—
HAINLEY: وسلمان.
STURTEVANT: وسلمان وجورج سيجال و[فرانك] سيتلا. هذه أمريكا يا عزيزي، [ضحكون.] أنجزت العمل كله عندما كنت في جنوب فرنسا. كان لدي ستوديو في
LOBEL: [...] one of the things I want to put on the record, because I think it’s something I had totally missed until Bruce pointed it out to me, and it gets back to the issue of copy, although in a much more pointed, technical way, is the catalogue to your 1973 Everson show, which, when I saw it originally, I saw it as a photocopy, and I thought, oh, someone Xeroxed this very poorly. And then, Bruce corrected me and said, “No, the catalog was actually printed.” Am I getting this right? The catalog was—HAINLEY: —Printed to look like a Xerox copy.

STURTEVANT: Well, it was a Xerox copy that I absolutely insisted had to be printed.

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STURTEVANT: Well, it was a Xerox copy that I absolutely insisted had to be printed.
LOBEL: I’m just saying that it was another way of thinking about this discourse around copy.

STURTEVANT: Copy? What was another way?

LOBEL: Making the catalog like—

HAINLEY: Printing it rather than allowing it—

STURTEVANT: No, no, no, because I don’t think trying—no, I don’t think that was based on copy at all. This is because this was based on the dynamics of repetition, which is nothing to do with copy. And so, repetition is—you have to—repetition is displacement; repetition is difference; repetition is—what else is repetition? Repetition is pushing the limits of resemblance and limitation—repetition is—it has some other factors or dynamics. So it’s not like—it’s not like saying you repeat. See, the interesting thing is, for instance, Andy Warhol repeated, but he did not do repetition. And his brilliance really lies in the fact that he was—because repeat is surface. You’re just talking about the surface. He managed to take repeat and make it into a very, very dynamic thing. So I mean, for me, that’s where his brilliance lies. But repetition has nothing to do with repeating. So I think that’s a basic premise that people do not—

But I’d like to get off this copy nonsense, if we could, because for me, that’s really a finished subject. And I don’t care whether they think it’s copy or not. You know, we’re moving ahead anyhow.

Excerpts from an interview with Sturtevant conducted in 2007 by Bruce Hainley & Michael Lobel at the Archives of American Art, New York.
Fluid / سائل

صورة لـ "ملحق غروب على النيل".
Flow sail color
Tunnel tongue
Venter light
Surface of an end
Gender

Fluidity of a venter
Image hose
Dust
Contact
March class
Cell bawl
Chamber negation
Sign
Feminine device
Weight image sound
Influx gravity
Wound
Site liquidity
Title membrane
Commodity
Repulse
Tower indication

Body template
Device
Pact mass
Sail
Dust arousal
Line picture

"View of Paved Land", poem by Mo Maria Sarkis

Flow sail color
Tunnel tongue
Venter light
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Repulse
Tower indication

Body template
Device
Pact mass
Sail
Dust arousal
Line picture
Stagnation self
Temporal
Combination convergence
Fluid alteration
Production
Entry plantation group

Collection cut title
Consumption opinion suppression
Path
Perception norm
Interior eye
Modesty
Interference negation
Objection infraction
Dialectic
Stone
Eye
Delight germ
Archaeological mixture
Menstruation
Scene
Eye tongue
Gender
Kind sun
Domain area
Gap range fracture
Tear
Jump section
Displacement branch share
Dismissal

Copyright Mo Maria Sarkis, all rights reserved by the artist.
Untitled: upturnedhouse was initially shown in New York, where it was installed in a very ad hoc way. This process had to be radically changed when it was agreed that it would be shown in the Carnegie. All its failings exploded into reality. The challenge was to retain its haphazard character, but to construct it as a permanent object. It was as if my love of the conflicting nature of making and un-making were being meticulously scrutinized as a badly told lie—I felt like a criminal whose devious activities were on trial. It was all for good, though; I have been giving my ways of making and un-making a tougher, mental acknowledgement. My works are now being shown more than once—something I do not have much experience with, since in the past my works have been shown and then destroyed, with some materials being salvaged for future use. Making more permanent works has made me more resilient and purposeful about my building and re-building methods. It can be gruelling, and yes, the resulting works are hard won, not necessarily always in a good way. I’m still hanging onto an uneasy relationship with whether the works are ever finished or not, because it generates excitement and uncertainty. I never know if more should be added or removed. I don’t doubt what I am doing, but I want the freedom to change my mind and to be able to undo today’s job tomorrow, regardless of whether it turns out well or badly. I want a fluid thinking process to be realized in the material reality of the work itself, to try and narrow the gap between thought and action.

Phyllida Barlow, excerpt from conversation with Vincent Fecteau in Bomb.

The Actor and the Camera

My attention was drawn to this sentence by my friend Mohamed Reda in one of his film reviews: “It is not permissible for anyone to take the full attention of the camera, it is the camera that decides who to give its attention to.”

This is certainly worth thinking about. Theoretically, the spontaneity of a performance requires that the actor ignore the existence of the camera recording their performance. In reality however the camera imposes its presence, its motion, and its relationship with the actor standing in front of it. It’s a complex relationship defined by the director’s formulation of the individual shot in relation to the scene in general. Reda describes the relationship between the actor and the camera based on the idea that the camera leads the actor and not vice versa, but what he doesn’t touch upon is that regardless of who is leading—the camera or the actor—the camera is supposedly always absent in the viewer’s eyes, and the actor always remains the central focus of the frame. The relationship between the camera and the actor, whether the camera gives or takes attention, is to be decided by the absent and present director behind the camera. Yet the distinctions remain: Does the camera express the actor’s emotions? Or does the actor express their emotions in front of the camera? Will the moment feel spontaneous or contrived depending on the type of actor—whether they embody their character’s internally or externally? For the actor remains in constant need of the camera, while the camera claims not to disclose its presence or mobility and relies on the actor deliberately

لفت إتيانى جملة كتبها صديقي محمد رضا في نقده لأحد الأفلام «لا أحد يجوز له الانفراد الكاميرا. الكاميرا هي التي تُفردة به». هذه المقطعة تُستدعي الوقوف أمامها طويلاً، خاصةً في علاقة الممثل مع الكاميرا. نظرياً تلقائية الأداء تتطلب أساساً تجاهل الممثل وجود الكاميرا تسجل أداءه، بينما واقعياً الكاميرا تفرض وجودها وحركتها وعلاقتها بالمثل الذي يمثل أمامها. هي علاقة مركبة تحددها صياغة المخرج للقطة على حدة المشهد كله في الإجلاس. وصف رضا لعلاقة الكاميرا بالمثل على أساس أن الكاميرا هي التي تقوم الفعل وليس العكس، ولكن ما لا يتطرق إليه رضا في مقولته هو أنه سواء الكاميرا تقوم الفعل أو الفعل يقود الكاميرا ففي كلتا الحالتين المفترض أن الكاميرا هي الغائب دائماً في عيون المشاهد ويظل الممثل محور الكادر على الشاشة. متي تتجه الكاميرا لتنفرد بالممثل أو يتجه الممثل ليُفردى بالكاميرا يحدد المخرج الغائب الحاضر وراء الكاميرا، والظروف تُظل بين هكلاً تم تعبير عن مشاعر الممثل، أو الممثل يعبر عن مشاعر أمام الكاميرا، وهله تنزل تلقائية اللحظة حية أم تصبح مفتعلة إذا كان الممثل من النوع الذي يعيش الدور داخلياً وخارجاً؟ فهو يظل في حاجة ملحة للكاميرا التي تدعى أنها لا تظل وجودها أو حركتها صادرة معتمدة على تجاهله لها، بينما المخرج لا يستطيع تجاهل إمكانياته ويسعى أن تقوم بعملها علناً في مراقبة أداء الممثل.

فلنتفق إذن أن هناك كاميرا تصور ممثلاً في تخيل واقعي للدراما، وأن هناك ممثلاً مجتهداً يبدو واقعيًا أمام الكاميرا ومخرجاً يسعى لخلق لحظة واقعية بمفردات وأدوات لغة سينمائية. الثلاثة - الكاميرا والممثل والمخرج - في لحظة إبداع، تغاضى فيها عن سواء الممثل انفرد بالكاميرا أو الكاميرا انفردت به، ففي كلتا الحالتين أصبح ما حول الممثل والكاميرا ضابئاً أو بل أبهية. هذا الانفراذ المطلوب من المخرج هو مثالية تشكل جملة مفيدة بالشاهد والضحية وال ключية. الخلاصة أن المشهد على بعضه واللغة بالتحديد هو الممثل على الشاشة يفرده الباقي في الخفاء والعلاقة.
ignoring its existence. The director however cannot ignore the camera’s abilities and insists on it openly performing its role in accompanying the actor.

Let’s imagine that there is a camera shooting an actor in a realistic imaginary drama, a diligent actor who seems realistic in front of that camera, and a director behind the camera who strives to create a realistic moment using the elements and tools of a cinematic language. The three points—camera, actor, and director—are in a moment of creation, and whether the actor or the camera imposes their presence becomes irrelevant to us, for in both cases what surrounds both actor and camera has becomes hazy and unimportant. This act of isolation required from the director is like a sentence shaped by punctuation. The bottom line here is that the whole scene, and specifically each single shot, is the actor alone on screen—everything else is hidden. The relationship between the actor and the viewer at this moment of connection becomes special and specific.

This might be reading too much into an off-the-cuff quote from Reda, too much of an invasive philosophical musing for a simple critical observation. Yet it is an attempt to represent the actor’s relationship with the camera at the moment when they face each other. A relationship that could equally lead to moments brilliant or absurd.

“They will not allow me to take the cats you think?”

“No cats,” said Carmella. “Institutions, in fact, are not allowed to like anything. They don’t have time.”

“What shall I do?” I said. “It seems a pity to commit suicide when I have lived for ninety-two years and really haven’t understood anything.”

“You might escape to Lapland,” said Carmella. “We could knit a tent here so you wouldn’t have to buy one when you arrived.”

“I have no money, I could never get to Lapland without money.”

“Money is a great nuisance,” said Carmella. “If I had any I would give you some and we would take a holiday on the Riviera on the way to Lapland. We could even gamble a little.”

Even Carmella had no practical advice.

Houses are really bodies. We connect ourselves with walls, roofs, and objects just as we hang on to our livers, skeletons, flesh and bloodstream. I am no beauty, no mirror is necessary to assure me of this absolute fact. Nevertheless I have a death grip on this haggard frame as if it were the limpid body of Venus herself. This is true of the back yard and the small room I occupied at that time, my body, the cats, the red hen all my body all part of my own sluggish bloodstream. A separation from these well-known and
loved, yes loved, things were “Death and Death indeed” according to the old rhyme of the Man of Double Deed. There was no remedy for the needle in my heart with its long thread of old blood. Then what about Lapland and the furry dog team? That would also be a fine violation of those cherished habits, yes indeed, but how different from an institution for decrepit old women.

“In case they lock you up in a tenth-storey room,” said Carmella lighting a cigar, “you could take a lot of those ropes you weave, and escape. I could be waiting down below with a machine gun and an automobile, a hired automobile you know, I don’t suppose it would be too expensive for an hour or two.”

“We would you get the machine gun?” I asked, intrigued at the idea of Carmella armed with such a deadly artifact. “And how do they work? We never succeeded in operating that planisphere. I must suppose that a machine gun would be more complicated.”

“Machine guns,” said Carmella, “are simplicity itself. You load them with a lot of bullets and press a trigger. There is no intellectual manipulation necessary and you don’t have to actually hit anything. The noise impresses people, they think you are dangerous if you have a machine gun.”

“You might well be dangerous,” I replied alarmed. “Supposing you hit me by mistake?”

“I would only press the trigger in case of absolute necessity. They might turn a pack of police dogs on us in which case
I should be obliged to shoot. A whole pack of dogs is quite a large target, forty dogs at a distance of three yards would not be difficult to hit. I could always tell you apart from an angry police hound.”

I could not feel quite happy about Carmella’s argument, “Supposing there was only one police dog chasing me around and around in circles. You might easily hit me instead of the hound.”

“You,” said Carmella stabbing the air with her cigar, “would be swarming down ten storeys on your rope. The hounds would be attacking me, not you.”

“Well,” I said still not quite convinced, “after we had left the exercise yard (it would be an exercise yard I suppose, surrounded by high walls), littered with dead police dogs, what would we do then and where would we go?”

“We would join the gang at an expensive seaside resort and go on tapping telephone wires for horse race winners before the bookies pay out.”

Carmella was off on a tangent. I made an attempt to bring her back to the point of our discussion.

“I thought you said animals were not allowed in institutions. Forty police dogs are surely animals?”

“Police dogs are not properly speaking animals. Police dogs are perverted animals with no animal mentality. Policemen are not human beings so how can police dogs be animals?”
This was impossible to answer. Carmella ought to have been a lawyer, she was so good at complicated debate.

“You might just as well say that collie dogs are perverted sheep,” I said eventually. “If they keep so many dogs in an institution I don’t see what difference a cat or two would make.”

Leonora Carrington, excerpt from The Hearing Trumpet (1976).

This glossary project, commissioned by Mophradat, was developed by Nile Sunset Annex (NSA) between 2016 and 2018 working with cartoonist and writer Andeel and translator Ziad Chakaroun. NSA selected art-related words that have a twist when translated between Arabic and English, and found, created, or commissioned a text in both languages that relates to the selected word. NSA’s process was intended as self-educational and the glossary, rather than being prescriptive, questions the terms and their uses in both languages. As NSA described it, “the conversations that arise in attempts to find common ground or agree on the significance or etymology of certain words can be a space of potential.”

Nile Sunset Annex (NSA) emerged out of the context of Cairo’s art scene at the beginning of 2014. Among other things, NSA has hosted regular exhibitions of other artists’ works in Cairo, produced publications (in a broad sense of the term), made art objects, and experimentally collected art. Small, self-funded and reliant on collaborators’ mutual enthusiasm, it is self-evolving.

www.nilesunsetannex.org