



Manal Al Dowayan
Ghada Amer
Lara Baladi
Wafa Bilal
Mounir Fatmi
Joana Hadjithomas
and Khalil Joreige
Khalil Rabah
Zineb Sedira
Hassan Sharif
Akram Zaatari

Summer Autumn Winter... and Spring
Conversations with Artists from the Arab World

Sam Bardaouil
Till Fellrath

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Between the spring of 2012 and the summer of 2013, curators Sam Bardaouil and Till Fellrath set out to document a number of in-depth conversations with a number of artists. These were friends of theirs who were increasingly frustrated with the expectations concerning the type of political engagement expected from them in response to the upheavals that have since been labeled the "Arab Spring." Conducted in Cairo, Beirut, Dubai, Paris, London and New York, the ten interviews in this book are reflective of an ongoing conversation that spans several years. They include five women and six men, all

established mid-career artists originating from Morocco, Algeria, Egypt, Palestine, Lebanon, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates.

These conversations serve as primary documents for the decades to come, shedding light on previously unknown personal aspects of their lives that underscore many of their formal and topical choices. Unhampered by thematic narratives and art-historical classifications, or by the overtly politicized readings of history and nations, these conversations offer the reader a candid encounter with these artists within the context of their individual and unique contexts.

Skira



Conversations with Artists
from the Arab World



Lara Baladi

Qabr Al-Zaman ('The Tomb of Time', 2010) is a shrine, a monument to Life and Death. It is the culmination architectural piece Lara Baladi built as part of a larger series of works entitled *Diary of the Future* (2007-2010).

In 2007, Baladi documented the period that preceded her father's death using the tradition of reading the future in Turkish coffee. This documentation - photographs of rivulets formed inside cups of coffee, printed on porcelain medallions and embedded in grey raw marble, *trompe l'oeil* paintings, a photomontage printed on a gesso-coated aluminum panel - adorns the walls of *Qabr Al-Zaman*.

Inspired by the cross-cultural custom of placing *ex-votos suscepto* ("from the vow made") in chapels in gratitude for the fulfillment of a promise, here, Baladi's *ex-votos* are the porcelain medallions, the ever-changing states of mind and shifting portraits of the people surrounding her father until his death, unfolding in chronological order on the walls. Upon entering the shrine, viewers find themselves in a contemplative state where time starts in the past and ends in an imagined future.

MY WORK

"The use of different iconographies combined in my collages or in my installations, gives the work a level of complexity that is found in language in general and in myths in particular. One must know the alphabet to read the text. One must recognize the archetype to transcend the narrative in the myth."

Sam Bardaouil, Till Fellrath *It is evident that Qabr Al-Zaman has a strong personal resonance in regards to your experience of loss. Yet, you have managed to create a physical space where the visitor can literally walk into your personal story and contemplate their own experience of loss. Would you say that this convergence between spaces or sharing of territories, yours and the other's is a recurrent concern of yours? Your work Borg el-Amal (The Tower of Hope) 2008-2009 comes to mind.*

Lara Baladi Everything about *Qabr Al-Zaman* is personal, yet nothing intimate is revealed. As the title indicates, it is a “Tomb of Time”. The work transcends the subject it originates from. It becomes an intermediary space between life and death, between the ephemeral and the eternal. While most of my works stem from personal experiences, they deal with larger socio-political subjects. *Borg el-Amal* was a two-story tower with no roof. The visitor entered and was immediately engulfed physically in the tower and simultaneously emotionally driven by the music, a Donkey symphony specially composed for the project, a sort of requiem for the poor, a requiem for the human condition in general, for the beauty found in pain. These liminal spaces, spaces of transition I create, mirror familiar inner spaces, these thresholds of waiting and not knowing our “next”, spaces we all inevitably experience in life. Even the works I produce that are two dimensional, collages and tapestries for instance, work in this way. By carefully selecting iconographies and combining visual elements that reference traditional and contemporary myths, I play with archetypes, which by definition are cross-cultural and cross-temporal.

SB, TF *You began as a photographer, but gradually veered toward installation art. Can you tell us about that evolution? What inspired you to try something different?*

LB I started photography in New York during the summer of 1988. To make a long story short, a group of teenagers broke into my friend's house to party. One of them forgot a camera. The owner of the house, my friend's mother, was a photographer. She taught me how to use the camera and took us to see an exhibition by Robert Mapplethorpe. It was the first time I was exposed to what I found out was called “fine art photography”. After seeing this exhibition, I was hooked. I had been baptized into the world of photography. Photography drew me in because it enabled me to find an intimate space. It was a way to go inwards while connecting with the world. In 1996, I worked as a photographer on Youssef Chahine's film *El Masir* ('Destiny'). Working on the set was like going to school. The most important thing I learnt was that when you want to achieve something, you must simply go ahead and do it – past any obstacle. I admired Chahine's determination and commitment to making his film no matter how long, tedious and difficult the process was. He feared nothing. Most of all, I admired the extraordinary energy this man deployed on the set every day, in spite of his already advanced age. His self-confidence, the confidence he had in his ideas and the passion with which he worked, marked me. Chahine's leadership was unique. The fictional aspect of his work was also key for me. It showed me the multitude of possibilities that exist beyond photojournalism, beyond the mere representation of reality. Ultimately, I learned that there is no limit to imagination, vision or ambition.

When this experience ended, I was ready to push further my own passion for making images. My work evolved from black and white to color, from documentary photography to creating fictional narratives. Working with Chahine even transformed the way I photographed. I started to find my own voice.

The first body of work I made after this experience

was *The Eye of Mary Magdalena* (1998). This work anchored me in Cairo where I had returned one year previously. The work was about my relationship to Egypt and my genealogy, about obvious dualities I found in Egyptian society, which reflected my own inner conflicts; Muslims and Christians, private and public, virgin and prostitute, sacred and profane. But my work started to suffer from the lack of professional photo-labs available in Egypt. So the next step was to find strategies to bypass these technical limitations and continue to create with the tools that were available. My photographic collages, while going beyond the limitations of the photographic frame, emerged within that context. The fictional aspect of my photography reached a new dimension, where costumed characters evolved across the collages as if the fiction (a cinematographic film) had collapsed into one single picture.

I challenged myself with volume and conceived my first installation, *Al Fanous El Sehry* ('The Magic Lantern', 2002). The twenty-nine-meter in circumference eight-pointed Islamic star, which in Sufism represents the “Breath of the Compassionate”, hangs above people's eyes. Like its inspiration, the chandelier in the Mohamed Ali mosque in Cairo, it fills the space and lights it. The lantern invites viewers to circle around it. The circle is a symbol of Time, a continuous succession of similar yet different moments. As the pilgrims in Mecca walk around the Kaaba, the viewer of the *Fanous El Sehry* follows, anti-clockwise, the life cycle of a fake Barbie doll in negative images (medical x-rays). The doll is pregnant and gives birth to a baby that becomes a woman, again and again, each time a different persona, one time dancer, one time soldier on autopilot following society's rules, another time celebrity... This closed circuit is another take on the visual representation of the evolution of Man as depicted in most schoolbooks. It stands as a metaphor for the cycle of History: war-peace-war-peace-war, ad infinitum. *Al*

Fanous El Sehry was partly a response to the second Intifada.

Al Fanous El Sehry was triggered by a situation I found myself in a few years earlier while photographing downtown Cairo. The sleazy director of Theatre Miami in Talaat Harb street accused me of using an “x-ray camera” to take nude pictures through the clothes – as if such a thing was possible – of the actors and actresses in the theatre backstage. I spent the rest of the night at the police station. Although this was the first of many encounters with Egyptian police and the mentality of Egyptian men, little did I know that this unpleasant incident would change my life. I became an installation artist!

SB, TF *No matter what media you work with, you always produce work that is multilayered and complex.*

LB It is complex and multilayered, yes, but always accessible. It is important for me that above all my audience here in Egypt – which includes people without formal art backgrounds, without the knowledge of the sophisticated and often convoluted and jargonistic language of contemporary art – can understand my work, as much, if not more directly, than the art professionals themselves. The use of different iconographies combined in my collages or in my installations, gives the work a level of complexity that is found in language in general and in myths in particular. One must know the alphabet to read the text. One must recognize the archetype to transcend the narrative in the myth. But then again and because of the nature of the language, the work always remains open to interpretation. Most people, young, old, from various social backgrounds can thus find or create meaning for themselves by projecting their own history onto my work.

SB, TF *Unlike most artists, you embrace Photoshop and view it as an essential tool. Why?*

MY LIFE

“In such a volatile context, the question of identity is pressing, more than relevant, and obviously addressed to every Egyptian not to me only.”

LB I don't know if I view Photoshop as an essential tool but I certainly embrace its capacities to alter and/or create images when I need to. It is not as much about Photoshop as it is about working with the tool that is best suited for a project. Since I moved away from classic documentary photography, I have experimented with many mediums and many art forms, creating software for installations, architectural constructions, performing the *Donkey Symphony* with the Kamera Orchestra in Kiev, etc. In the case of Photoshop, and especially with the *Diary of Future* series, I used, with the assistance of a Photoshop Master, Ahmad Ammar, Photoshop with the

meticulousness of a seamstress sewing her own wedding dress by hand, layer upon layer, like a modern Penelope weaving repetitiously until Ulysses' return. The large scale “magic lantern”, *Al Fanous El Sehry* also refers to the history of the moving image, only here mixing modern digital technology (Photoshop) with the skills of the iron forgers still to be found in the Boulaq workshops of Cairo. Not only is Photoshop a tool for manifesting an idea but its use is part of the reflection embedded in the installation. The combination of iron and digital, traditional and contemporary mediums, mirrors a reality of the world as it is today, particularly evident in a city like Cairo.

SB, TF *In the context of your cultural background, you often describe a longing to fit in somewhere. It seems to apply also to the formal context of your work. You are always trying to reinvent, to change. Can you talk to us about this?*

LB I have never made these associations but it is interesting to think about the correlation between my multiple identities and the fact that I use various mediums in my work. Having no roots is my strength. It has enabled me to live in any environment and gave me great freedom; “le salut est dans le mouvement”. This expression, “salvation is in movement” is almost a motto for me. When I embrace that state, I can replace habits with curiosity and fear with love of adventure. The same applies in my work.

SB, TF *How Egyptian / Lebanese / French do you feel? Who are you? You are so involved in the community here yet you are an outsider...*

LB I never felt like an outsider in Egypt, on the contrary, Cairo is where I feel most at home but some people refuse to see the Lebanese-Egyptian community I belong to as an integrated part of Egyptian society. I am Egyptian Lebanese but in the end I am the accumulation of all my experiences wherever they took place.

SB, TF *And you also blend in physically almost anywhere.*

LB Yes! I can also be Pakistani. In Karachi, people were convinced I was Patan, from the North. I blended in better than I do in my own country. In Egypt, I am always asked if I am Spanish, Italian or Lebanese...

Identity is part of my work although it is not a fundamental aspect of it. It is a challenge to deal with this issue while evolving as an artist in an art world obsessed with shows about identity, Arab women, the Arab world versus the West and every other cliché you can imagine. My work, aims to show how fluid and fused these categories are. In my earlier work I played with this idea by making it unclear where things were located. I found myself more comfortable looking at the essence of being rather than at identity in the socio-political sense.

SB, TF *What was it like when you decided to settle in Cairo? How good was your Arabic at that point?*

LB For many years, every time the plane landed in Cairo, I felt reborn. All the smells, the sights and sounds of the city were familiar to me yet also foreign; it was emotionally intense and overwhelming, like a love affair.

Cairo always felt like home. My grandmother's house and garden till this day hold my happiest childhood memories and those of several generations before mine. In 1997, I moved back to Cairo and traveled across Egypt to the most remote villages hardly speaking Arabic. I did my most wonderful documentary photography then.

I re-learned Arabic throughout the years by engaging with people I photographed but it was only when the revolution started that my non-existent reading skills became a serious handicap. I could barely understand the political signs that the protesters were holding in Tahrir Square. In retrospect, the shock of the revolution forced a new level of consciousness on all

of us. Far from being an outsider, I, like most Egyptians, found myself engaging with Arabic using a whole new spectrum of political language that had been so long suppressed it had almost disappeared from daily language. This was the immediate consequence of a newly acquired freedom of speech and most of all regained sense of identity.

SB, TF *Did you feel like an outsider when you moved to Cairo, or totally part of the society? Did that change after the revolution?*

LB There was never such a question as whether or not I belonged to Egypt when I returned. My family's history is interlinked with that of Egypt's and so is mine. I wanted to reconnect the dots and understand my roots. By extension, my personal investigation opened the way to a larger question, that of the place of Christians in Egypt. One of the first photo-documentary essay I did was on Egypt's Christian communities, especially the minorities, the Greek-Catholic, the Protestants and the Melkites, which my family is a part of, these are minorities within the larger minority of Coptic Christians. Immediately after the fall of President Mubarak, the first emotion people expressed in Tahrir, was the sense of belonging to Egypt: “Ana Masri” (“I am Egyptian”) was written everywhere, on T-shirts, on badges, on stickers, on the walls... Open, proud chests were the symbol of regained Egyptian dignity. But very quickly, the Egyptian revolution slipped from patriotism to neo-nationalism (Egypt has always been famously nationalistic), from a radicalised form of nationalism into a xenophobic - doubled with a misogynistic - state, ruled by the Muslim Brotherhood, from a neo military conservatism / liberalism into a fascist state. And now Egyptians are re-embarking into an era of renewed patriarchal regime, thus repeating the same old psycho-politico-pathological pattern.

In such a volatile context, the question of identity is

pressing, more than relevant, and obviously addressed to every Egyptian, not to me only. It is in fact one of the core issues that surfaced since the beginning of the revolution. Defining and redefining one's identity, one's political identity and finding one's space, is part of the process of this on-going revolution that Egypt has been experiencing, a crucial necessity in a country that is today divided and pretty much lawless.

SB, TF *During the revolution, you shared a collective experience and seemed to really embrace it. How did you connect with others during that time?*

LB On January 28, 2011, I joined the people in Tahrir as a regular citizen. Soon I began to be involved proactively. Serendipitous encounters in the square bore fruit in the form of an online radio station, which we called *Radio Tahrir*. Simultaneously, in the first days of the revolution, just as the YouTube video *Tiananmen-Cairo Courage in Cairo* went viral, a friend posted on Facebook a speech Jean-Paul Sartre had delivered to an audience of striking French autoworkers 40 years earlier. As the political tension grew, more and more images and videos of a packed Tahrir Square were uploaded. They echoed footage from other uprisings across the Middle East and North Africa, as well as a vast array of past social movements. It was as though Sartre was protesting with us in Tahrir. Processing it all at the time was impossible.

In an attempt to keep track of it, I set about documenting, gathering and organizing, in chronological order, videos, articles and photographs related to the events and debates unfolding on the ground, while also collecting material on major events taking place around the world at that time. I also researched and amassed footage that resonated with Tahrir Square and everything that followed, from historical footage (of which the Sartre speech is an example) to philosophical discourses, to banned cartoons, to political satire... I called this on-going

archive *Vox Populi*. During the summer-2011 Tahrir sit-in, there was much screaming and shouting into microphones on stage. Diffuse information floated about but with no focus. In all this noise, I felt a strong need for imagery in the square. Yet again, serendipity brought me together with people with a similar impulse. I co-founded *Tahrir Cinema* with the non-profit Egyptian media initiative Mosireen. I fabricated a screen with an old plastic banner and bits and pieces of wood, I borrowed equipment from the Townhouse Gallery of Contemporary Art and together we organized, in Tahrir, day by day, the program and the screenings. It was an immediate success. We showed, shared, and exchanged films on the revolution, recalling and reflecting on the events unfolding since January, not only in Cairo, but also in Alexandria, Mahalla, the Canal cities, etc - Suez in particular fought hard and a lot of blood was, and still is shed for the revolution. We invited journalists from *Al Masry El Youm* to share their experiences on filming the revolution, we asked the activists of the *No To Military Trials* campaign to screen testimonies of the violence inflicted by the army on civilians. We created a space where filmmakers could tell their stories to the people in the square and where in turn, people could respond. Every evening, the atmosphere around the screenings was unique.

SB, TF *What impact did Tahrir Cinema have?*

LB Between the summer heat, the political tension and the violence of the previous months, people were angry and ready to explode. *Tahrir Cinema* became an oasis within the oasis of freedom that Tahrir Square was then, a platform for discussions and exchange. We sat together - men and women, young and old, villagers, lawyers and street kids and more. As soon as the screen lit up a corner of the square, the faces in the silence glowed revealing the mesmerized expressions of the people in the

audience. *Tahrir Cinema* was humbling, an invaluable and unforgettable experience.

Tahrir Cinema inevitably contributed to the continuing process of collecting and archiving footage on the revolution. Ultimately, both *Tahrir Cinema* and *Radio Tahrir* countered official media propaganda by offering different perspectives on the political situation, particularly the role of the army. These were my strategies as a citizen/artist during the revolution. Beyond the confines of artistic discourse and museum spaces, these projects were born spontaneously on the spur of the moment, self-evidently. While the eighteen days had been a collective intake of breath, now we were all holding it. This was the core, turning point of the revolution. Today, the demands of the revolution have yet to be met.

Two years later, *Alone, Together... In Media Res* ('in the midst of things') emerged as one of the first pieces derived from the archive I have continued to build. This visual commentary, a 42-minute, three-channel video installation, weaves video excerpts together to narrate and reflect on many of the questions raised during the Arab uprisings. These revolutions signaled the beginning of the unraveling of a major historical period, in the middle of which, I, like *Alice in Wonderland*, fell into a hole: except mine was the YouTube hole. Similar to *Al Fanous El Sehry*, *Alone, Together... In Media Res* attempts to recognise patterns within historical processes, and find that innate quality that impels human beings to pursue freedom.

SB, TF *Many female artists, even if they are not overtly feminist, grapple with femininity and female sexuality, but you don't seem to touch these issues.*

LB While I identify with being an Arab and with being a woman, I reject any definition of myself as a female Arab artist. It does no more than state the obvious in a way that reveals little or nothing. However, since the revolution, although I don't

MY WORLD

“In the last two decades, I lived an extraordinary time watching and being part of a developing regional art scene and most of all I lived a revolution! I have absolutely no regrets. I would not have wanted to live these years anywhere else.”

consider myself a feminist, my concerns about the barely hidden misogyny bubbling to the surface across the world have been amplified by the use of sexual abuse as a counter-revolution tool in Egypt, and by consequence my position in relation to women's rights has changed. Expressions such as, “we are returning to the dark ages”, were recurrent in everyday conversations in Cairo and on social networks especially during president Mohammed Morsi's one-year presidency. These fleeting statements reflect a deeper fear that we are returning to a time in which social hierarchies and systems of

power are policed through sexual repression, harassment, and control. The policy of sexual repression that men live by consequence, creates a closed circle in which people descend into a spiral of mutual oppression. One could see my work *El Horeya Gayya Labod* ('Freedom is Coming', 2013), comprising a larger than life-size (2.40 meter-high) chastity belt, as a straightforward response to the increasingly mediated sexual repression and oppression of women promoted by reactionary religious movements particularly prevalent in the Middle East. If only it were that simple. As a cultural tradition and device of sexual control, the chastity belt first appeared in ancient Egypt. The Pharaonic version was simply a string tied around a slave's waist, signaling her sexual unavailability while also reinforcing her social status as inferior. Today, the chastity belt is commonly associated with European medieval culture. The brutal period from which it arises is a shocking reminder of how history is repeating itself. The rape and sexual abuse, of women and also of children and men, is used systematically to control dissent and defiance the world all over. In such an oppressive atmosphere, the need to erect a shield is obvious. The chastity belt becomes both an agent of repression and protection against such abuse. A French seventeenth-century chastity belt is the model for my leather and iron sculpture. As an artwork it addresses not only notions of freedom but also the question of boundaries. The title of the work is a direct reference to a piece of graffiti painted on one of the walls erected against protesters by the Egyptian army in November 2011 following the Mohamed Mahmoud street clashes. The sculpture is large enough to engulf a human being, and in so doing becomes a cage. It is a prison made of iron, a substance that is obdurate and resistant to change, resonating with how people can become trapped by the historical circumstances of their era. What we're experiencing now, especially in Egypt after the revolution, is a full-on counter-

revolution and an extreme resistance to the possibility of an entirely new world. Liberals and secularists are becoming the minority, finding it necessary to hide and protect themselves. Ultimately, the belt represents this greater danger, this loss of freedom at large for women but also for men.

SB, TF *You moved from London and Paris, two epicenters of the art world, to Cairo, where comparatively few artists are practicing and there is little infrastructure for exhibiting your work. Yet, you've had a successful career. Do you think it matters whether an artist lives at the center or the periphery of global commercial/creative hubs? Might have you been even more successful if you'd stayed in London or gone to New York?*

LB There was no doubt when I moved to Cairo that this was where I needed to be. Whatever the outcome on the long run would turn out to be, I felt that unlike in the West, where the art scenes was saturated, in Egypt I could be a sort of pioneer in the field of photography that seemed to have lost its glory. Cairo offered me the possibility to develop my voice first as a photographer than later as a visual artist, it allowed me to contribute to the cultural changes that were taking place in the Arab world. There were many initiatives sprouting and an increasing critical mass. I was lucky to be one of the first artists to show at the Townhouse Gallery of Contemporary Art when it opened. It immediately set me off on the road to build an international career. I became part of a new and fast growing generation of Arab artists. I participated in the creation of the Arab Image Foundation in Lebanon of which I have been a board member since. Who knows where I would be today if I had stayed in Paris or moved to New York instead of Cairo? What matters is to look ahead. Egypt gave me so much and continues to. In the last two decades, I lived an extraordinary time watching and being part of a developing Arab art scene and most of all I lived a

revolution! I would not have wanted to live these years anywhere else. In reality, I have all these years been based in Egypt but I also spent a lot of time elsewhere, in Japan, Pakistan, Spain, India... I produced most of my works in Cairo but also had tapestries made from my collages in Belgium (*Oum El Dounia* and *Sandouk El Dounia*, 2000-2001). I experimented, thanks to Factum Arte in Madrid, with several printing techniques (gesso coated aluminium, acetate prints laminated on mirror polished stainless steel, lenticular lens prints). More recently, in Lebanon, I worked with the leather designer Johnny Farah to make the leather part of my chastity belt. In Paris, with Bastien Brenot, a master in computer graphics, I have created my most recent work, a video installation, *Don't Touch Me Tomatoes & Chachacha*

Lara Baladi

Baladi is internationally recognised for an expansive body of work that crafts physical and psychological environments for audiences, a process that simultaneously creates a context and an experience. Baladi applies investigations of myths, archives and personal narratives to multiple expressions and a range of mediums that include performance, architectural installations, photography, collage, tapestry, perfume and sculpture, often culminating in a monumental conclusion. Works that have emerged out of such trajectories include *Don't Touch Me Tomatoes & Chachacha* commissioned by Dior (Paris, Grand Palais, 2013, Museum of Sculpture, Shanghai, 2014), *Roba Vecchia (Ragman)*, a life-sized kaleidoscope first exhibited at the Townhouse Gallery of Contemporary Art (Cairo 2006), as well as *Oum el Donia* ('The Mother of the World') commissioned by Fondation Cartier pour l'Art Contemporain (Paris, 2000) for the exhibition Desert. *Qabr al Zaman* ('The Tomb of Time') commissioned by Mathaf: Arab Museum of Modern Art (Qatar, 2010) became the final expression for *Diary of the Future*. Her work *Borg el Amal* ('Tower of Hope'), an ephemeral construction and sound installation, won the Grand Nile Award at the 2008/2009 Cairo Biennale. In 2012, she collaborated with the Kiev Kamera Orchestra to perform the *Donkey Symphony*, *Borg el Amal's* sound component, at the first Kiev Biennial. In 2003, she received a fellowship from the Japan Foundation to pursue research in Tokyo on anime, and in 2010, took part in the VASL residency program in Karachi, Pakistan to research

(2013) commissioned by Dior for an exhibition on the theme of Miss Dior. Today, what matters is the present and where to go to from here. The question of geography at this point in my career is a very different one than it was twenty years ago. Then, I needed to position myself geographically. Now I need to continue to expand my horizons regardless of where the commercial and creative hubs are. I will develop and produce my next project at MIT University's (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) Open Documentary Lab from which I received a fellowship for the Fall 2014 and Spring 2015. Regardless of the Geography, what drives me is to research subjects and develop ideas, to produce my art where it seems most appropriate.

representations of paradise in popular iconography. Within her artistic practice, Baladi is active in socially engaged projects. She has been a board member of the AIF (Arab Image Foundation) since its creation in 1997. She curated several projects including the artist residency *Fenenin el Rehal* ('Nomadic Artists') in the Libyan Desert in 2006. During the 2011 Egyptian uprising, Baladi accumulated a massive digital archive -named *Vox Populi*- of Youtube videos, photographs and press articles, which documented the events on the ground and around the world. The artist co-founded two media initiatives in Tahrir Square as a result of this archive: *Radio Tahrir* and *Tahrir Cinema*. The growing archive has resulted in a series of works including *Alone, Together...In Media Res* and *Don't Touch Me Tomatoes & Chachacha*. For the Fall 2014 and Spring 2015 Baladi received a fellowship from the Open Documentary Lab at MIT University (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) to produce her next project, Archiving a Revolution in the Digital Age also born from the wealth of content generated on and about the Egyptian revolution. Her archive, *Vox Populi* will serve as a case study and model to create an architectural frame for other archives on Arab Revolutions, occupy movements and more historical events. Her works can be found in a number of institutional and private collections including Fondation LVMH, Mathaf: Arab Museum of Modern Art (Qatar), Bulgari (Italy), Chase Collection (New York), Fondation Cartier pour l'Art Contemporain (Paris), Kamel Lazaar Foundation (Tunisia), Pori Museum (Finland), among others.

Lara Baladi

Qabr Al-Zaman ('The Tomb of Time')

2010

Architectural installation comprising photographs
printed on porcelain embedded into grey marble
and digital montage printed on gesso-coated aluminium
350 x 350 x 300 cm

Courtesy of the artist and Mathaf, Arab Museum
of Modern Art, Doha

Installation view from *Told Untold Retold* at Mathaf,
Arab Museum of Modern Art, Doha, 2013

