كمال بلال طه

دارة الفنون
العنوان العام للعرض: "الملكلة".

المراجع:
- "الملكلة"، مؤسسة عبد الحميد شومان.

الإجمالي:

الإخراج الفني: محمد عفت.

الوصف الفني: بريشة اليد، على النسيج، 131 x 131 سم.
العربية الإسلامية، وبخلاف عن عمله السيرفيجراقي الذي بدأ قصيدة دونيس، إضا。

الدم، إذ كان الفنان قد استخدم ما يناسبه لصور الحركة، 
من خلال القصائد الموضوعة والرسوم الملونة والأفكار التجريبيات البسيطة على 
الجزاء، فإننا نرى النهاية من النواحي التي يجري منها مفرد يتيح تحولات 
الطيبات النجمية، يدل على أنداها تستمر.

ولا يزال الفنان على الإطلاق موضوع المفصل بشكل النجوم الثابت التي أنتجها بـ 
مختلف النقوش العربية الإسلامية، ولا يعده معتمراً ضمن مفاهيم النجومية 
كما أننا نرى عبر إطلاقاته هذه عن إمكانيات مرة مكسورة بنتائج أسلافنا 
النافذة.

لسان، ما هو استغلال أعماله السابقة، في كمال إلائه وفيها عبارة الفيدي أنشاء في رياض القطر، وهو نقوش الشكلية في تشكيل الحروف، ويزيد الشكلية في فترة، وهو نقوش الشكلية في فضاء، وهو نقوش الشكلية في زمن، وهو نقوش الشكلية في زمن، وهو نقوش الشكلية في زمن.

هذا المنهج، وضمن تلك المراحل، فإن الإنسان المثير يستخدم أقابيله ويتمكن الأثر.

وبذلك، يشاركنا اليوم وينشأنا مع الشاذ المضطرب من أي مكان كان. أما هو 
فيجيبي: "من باب الجليل في الدقة دخل العالم، ومن باب العدل فيها خرجت إلى 
المنفى.

وهكذا هم من ينصرف كسر، وله بنيه عن مكانة الرجلي، يستخدم الفنان، مرة 
المستقبل، من أفقي نفاته، يقوم بإعداد العيد، النشاط عليه والذي طالع لا ينكر.

ويتم كمال إلائه، بينما أوحد النماذج من السباع، هي محاولة نشاط الكمال، واستلتقياً النقاشة الأزمنة، والنواحي التي يعيشها التراكيب المسجل بين 
الحروف والآلوان، كما أن هذا التراكيب المنطوق الذي يستقل 
النقطة الأولى، الذي يجريه سهول من بنيته، فإنها رؤية، لما تجري من النواحي، التي 
تتطلب ما هو جزء روحية، متصلة بالذما، ثم تعود إلى الرغم، والانسلا 
لمبع تأملاته مع شبكية الأسماح الحتمي للعمل.

أما سلسلة الأعمال التي تؤلف هذا المعرض، فهي تحاول بداية ما تثار عن الرفاض 
والرفيق، وبذلك فهما في النهاية من النواحي من جذور الفن البيزنطي والفن
Watad al-Sunnah
1997
Acrylic on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.

Surrat al-Ard
1997
Acrylic on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.
تفصل

لبسه في، تجنب القلمات الداهمة بعد التصور، العكس لم يحدث أبدًا، ولكن ما دامت
الصور تدفق من الصور، والتصوير نبع من المراكز، فإن التصور والكتابة، إذا كانا
كلاهما، تؤدي الدورة ذاتها، غير أن الصور المحتفظة بتي يثير إلهام ذكرى. إنه...
لكن لا ترى إلى المراكز النظري، وهو هزء الأصوات الساحرة بين الأكلام والشلكل
البشري، إذا بدأ حزيناً في ضيع الفصول الأخرى على النحو ما ذكرناه.
في أفضل الحالات، ما هو غير حزناً يدعو الشاعر، للفصوص حول متلازمة مع...
الصور المرة، كما أن التعديل هذا لا يسعى إلى أكثر من تحسين أو استدامة بعض
الشاعرات المقنعة بالذكر، سواء كانت فريدة أو جمعية.

أعرف قليلاً أن عمل الإنسان ليس أكثر من تلك القدرة الطويلة بين مظاهر الزمن;
لا استعداد الأذين أو ثلاث من الغروب البسيطة والمعطية التي كانت أولى ما دخل تجليه.

أُبي كامد

وقد بدأ لي أن الأيقونات كانت تزيد والليُّوند لم أفهمها، فالنساء إلى أنها كانت الأيقونة
أشبه بناحية، أنها كانت كل منا سكينة التبول إلى عالم داخلي، وأما بالنسبة إلى فقد
قبل لي أن المشاكل في الكلاك التي تقدم فهذه الحالة، قد يكون أباً للمستقبل، أي أن أرى
الكلاك أسيرين للدلاً، ونساء الأ 권اء، كان في أية الدلا، لكونه لم أفهم أن أرى
شيئاً بحالة غير منتشرة، وأشيئاً عوض في عندهن الأيقونات على طاولة الأيقونات.
أقرأ الكلاك، زوجها، كيف أنها هذه الأيقونات، فقد كانت يственные بعض السراخ من نوبة،...
الى النظر، ولا ذلك، إذا انتهى ما في لب من مصادر الأيقونات، لا يعتبر الأيقونة.

استنطاق
1997
Acricie on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.

آن كريستيان

القرن 20: 230 سنتاير
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي من الصورة.
حسن صاحب
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
تحت سطح بيئة مدرعة، وسط البيوت المجاورة في الباعة القديمة، كما تعلّمن على مكان... مشروع، أو أيد ما السبب الذي جعلنا على الدوام أن هذا البلد، الفيلق كان الوقوف الذي أخبر به أن يطرح نفسه نارياً في هذا البلد، فكان نارياً، وألا يذيل هذا. لقد كانراه أخيراً بحراً كبيراً، وقد يرمي من ثلاث ألود، من عبوراً بسلاج، هكذا، ولن نهاك، ذل، ملء نهر، نطاق، ما يمكن أن بئر البلد، لن أدخل أنه في لقاء، وحن، رأس أحياناً نارياً بحراً، أمره بسرعة أن ينقضي، وحلل سحر، ودمعاً، قد جلب هذه...nelll

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Isra’
1997
Acrylic on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.

Ascent
1997
Acrylic on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.
surface as in a pool or a mirror. I realize that the work is finished. Days or weeks
later, when I look back with surprise at what had actually been accomplished
before my eyes, I cannot help but wonder what images that particular surface
reflects from my memory.

Just below our roof, amidst our neighbors' houses in the Old City, we could also
see a walled rectangular place that must have once served as a water reservoir.
We used to call it Borei el-Amn (The Pool of the Fear). I do not know why, I
always thought that open space must have been the site referred to in the Gospel
of St. John as Bethesda Pool. According to legend, the waters of Bethesda Pool
had miraculous healing powers. People believed that an angel occasionally came
down to stir its waters. The first person to dip in it afterwards was healed.
For decades, a paralyzed man had never succeeded in being first because he had no
one to assist him. When Christ saw him lying there, he simply ordered him to
stand up, carry his bed, and walk. The miracle believed to have taken place led
to the man's condemnation by the city's Jews for having ordered the lame to take
up his bed on a Sabbath.

The place I used to believe was Bethesda Pool, was no more than a dry basin for
most of the year. Our time, I was soon to realize, was not one of miracles.
Refugee families from the 1948 war had swamped the houses surrounding the
site. Today, it seems that the pool's basin has expanded beyond Palestine's
borders to reach wherever the country's displaced continue to live. All around,
one sees the multitudes who have been maimed by the wars. Who can tell whom
not to wait for a miracle anymore?

Here, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in this little town in Southern France
where one can practically walk to Italy, I am away from all that I have come to
know in recent years and close to a place that reminds me of my earliest home.
The bells of St. Michael's Chapel marking the day's passage do not sound like any of
Jerusalem's bells but painting continues to come from painting. Here, as I
absorb the visual sensations around me, I recognize particular relationships with
my colors that are familiar in the light and air of the place. Outside one window,
I see the silver green of an olive tree against the lavender of a houganvillea. On
our neighbor's side, Lily and I are inundated by a flowering laurel and a jasmine
next to a cactus and a lemon tree, and below the window of my studio we can see
the old city's houses assuming the colors of Giotto's dwellings as their rooftops
descend among palm trees, black pines, and cypresses toward the ever-changing
blesses of the ancient sea. On top of this hill in Monten, I am on the roof of the
world.

Two particular French painters who escaped the worst wars this country had
seen in our time found their solace in this region. I realize now, perhaps as they
may have done then, that nothing remains after the wars except one's love for
beauty. Matisse and Bonnard however were at home in this place. As for me, in
the words of St. John Perce, here: "I shall dwell in my name."

Kamel Boullata

Ellipsis
1995
Acrylic on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.

الرسوميات على الطين 1361

اكتبية على القلم 1361 2011
Representation is one thing and what it represents is another. St. John the Damascene.

Art does not render the visible; rather it makes visible. Paul Klee.

By the end of my first decade in the US, geometry, originally treating measurement of land, became central to my work. The square was the underlying unit in a grid upon which I constructed linear mazes and right-angled interfacing of Arabic words extracted from Christian and Muslim mystical expressions. Through these images I sought to propose an exercise of reading that is interchangeable with the sensorial experience of color. Creating images based on the grid soon reawakened the memory of some of the earliest drawings I had done as a boy, when Khalil Halabi first taught me how to trace all visible forms through the rigid structure of the grid. Apparently, the memory of filling up square after square with different hues of soft-colored pencils continued to reside as I stood at a terrible distance from the country of my birth. Within a decade, the linear rhythms of geometric words ultimately began to challenge me with questions of symmetry. Words based on the square totally disappeared, and the square itself became not only the subject of my work but also the vehicle by which I began to explore the illusions of symmetry. My explorations were chiefly carried out through the diagonal dissection of the square and by the process of its gradational doubling or partitioning. This simple system generated symmetries and proportional intervals of refractions that often reflected spatial and geometric relations in accordance with the Golden Mean, the ancient system of proportion devised to create harmony between two extremes. Nowhere did squares overlap in any composition. How could they meet without being repeated or squared to an ancestor’s eight-pointed star? Overlapping squares at 45 degrees within the circumference of a circle represented to them the convergence of heaven and earth; today, could two squares really meet when heaven and earth seem to be as distant from each other as the exile is from his native land?

Most people are principally aware of one culture, one setting, one home, one exile aware of at least two, and this plurality of vision gives rise to an awareness of simultaneous dimension, an awareness that to borrow a phrase from music is centrifugal. For an exile, habits of life, expression or activity in the new environment inevitably occur against the memory of these things in another environment. Thus both the new and the old environment are vivid, actual, occurring together centrifugally. Edward Said.

With full awareness of the risks looming along my way, I started delving into the realm of overlapping squares. In one year, while I was finishing a project inspired by the architecture of the Alhambra Palace in Granada, I filled up dozens of sketch books that I carried in my pocket everywhere I went. Some drawings may have been no larger than my thumb nail. Within the following two years, as I moved from my home in Rabat to one in Paris and from there to the present one in Menton, I continued to explore the metamorphosis of the most stable of all geometric forms and the one that since represented the equilibrium of the earth. Squares overlapped in the void. Some multiplied to two. Others seemed displaced against one another. In minute degrees the square rotated. Every little fraction of its rotation attempted to describe the circumference of a circle. But nowhere in any of the configurations was there a trace of a circular form. Instead, a horizon kept emerging behind them. At times, it stretched across the upper half of the work, at other times across the bottom half. A few decentered squares exchanged their positions above and below the horizontal line leaving traces of a shadow on it. A half square completing another’s tilt transposed itself in the opposite direction. One square appeared falling off the picture’s edge, another drifted slightly, still another was suspended over an evershifting ground. All seemed to float in a perpetual challenge to gravity.

The series of twelve paintings entitled ‘Surat al-Ard’ were the fruit of studies done in 1996. All were realized in the three different places where I have resided over the last two years. Six paintings take their titles from names associated with a specific site in Jerusalem. The titles of the other six have been borrowed from names associated with being in-between two opposite states or places corresponding to Jerusalem.

Nothing visible is understood by the sense of sight alone, save light and color. Al-Hassan ibn al-Haitham.

Water is the color of its container. Al-Junaid.

As much as a simple geometric form may be a product of discursive thought, color is from intuitive feeling. While the conceptualization of a certain form may be a reflection of a seen or imagined body, its color is its flesh and soul. Consequently, the process by which a line drawing is transformed into a color composition is one that develops, as it were, from a skeleton into a living entity of light. A viewer may measure the effectiveness of the fusion between form and color by the degree to which the structure of the skeleton had been turned into a body of light.

In an attempt to translate the minimal shifts of superimposed squares, the range of colors in each work is minimized. Applied in layers over thin layers through which the eye may continue to trace the preceding underpainting, colors begin to glow with the ambiguous interplay between opaque and transparent polygons. Balancing colors is no longer confined to the position of a certain color in relation to another but also in proportion to the transparent depth each color retains. An inner joy mounts when advancing and receding properties of geometric color shapes begin to act like the ebb and flow of a musical piece taking visual body. The sound of the brush thumping on the stretched canvas like a muffled drum echoes the shaping of geometric space. One understands how someone could have once said that Bach’s Passion According to St. Matthew was composed with ruler and compass.

As soon as they dry, colors should feel as fresh as spring water and as clear as glass. Once I begin to sense that I could almost plunge through the painting's
to have been the one from which Christ ascended into heaven became the center around which an octagonal ambulatory was constructed. Between 688 and 691 the Dome of the Rock was elevated around the rock believed to have been the one upon which Abraham brought Isaac to be sacrificed and the site of the Prophet Muhammad’s night journey into heaven. At the time, it never occurred to me that each of these three Jerusalem monuments sheltering a rock, the most elemental matter intrinsic to earth, had an identical building plan: one that was based on the rotation of two squares circumscribed within a circle and intersecting each other at an angle of 45 degrees.

Geometry is to the plastic arts what grammar is to the art of the writer. Guillaume Apollinaire.

During the early 1990s, I left the US, where I had been residing for the previous twenty-five years, to go to Morocco and Spain where I wanted to pursue research in Islamic art. After years of working on the exploration of the square, the eight-pointed star generated by two squares intersecting at 45 degrees intrigued me. The octagonal star not only seemed to be at the center of every arabesque I examined, but its configuration, depending on the proportional subdivision of its module, indeed formed the master grid of endless patterns. From the tiniest ornamental detail adorning a personal object to the most complex structures found in a monument, it was the same octagonal constellation, its derivatives, or its double or triple rotation within the circle that formed the underlying grid of the most complex arabesques. What was the secret principle of this master grid? How is it capable of generating all these enigmatic complexities of pure abstraction that continue to create unspeakable pleasure for the eyes and mind?

Image-making begins with interrogating appearances and making marks... If one thinks of appearances as a frontier, one might say that painters search for messages which cross the frontier: messages which come from the back of the visible. And this, not because all painters are Platonists, but because they look so hard. John Berger.

I was soon to learn that since antiquity, the square and the circle had been fraught with symbolic and philosophical connotations. The earth was often symbolized by the square for its four axes of spatial orientation whereas the form of the circle represented the heavenly sphere. The rotation of the square within the circle was often referred to as the squaring of the circle. In it, the perimeter of the square is virtually equal to the circle’s circumference. The geometric exercise sought to imply that the dimensions of the finite are able to express those of the infinite. It was through my research in Islamic art that I was finally able to retrace my earliest contact with image-making, by “looking hard” at the octagonal star made up of the intersection of two squares within the circle, I remembered Byzantine icons, whose motif embodied the meeting between earthly and heavenly bodies. This meeting was represented in the geometric shape of the mandala surrounding the figure of Christ in the icons depicting the Transfiguration, or Christ Pantocrator or Christ on the Celestial Throne. In each one of those themes the mandala had unfailingly taken the shape of two superposed quadrangles within a circular form.

Once I saw the link between the central motif in the icons of my childhood and the octagonal star that radiated with those mesmerizing arabesques evolved in Islamic art, I realized why all three monuments I could see from our Jerusalem shared a common building plan. By circumscribing the intersection of two squares within a circle, the ground plan of the Basilica of the Resurrection, the Church of the Ascension, and the Dome of the Rock sought to mark the divide between heaven and earth.

Only in the Dome of the Rock, however, the architectural expression of the convergence between the physical and the metaphysical realms was in itself a reflection of a historical meeting that made Jerusalem a city open for all its citizens and the rest of the world. This meeting, documented by different chronicles, took place between Caliph Umar Ibn Al-Khattab and Sophronius, the Byzantine Patriarch of Jerusalem. It was Sophronius who demanded that the caliph come to Jerusalem in person for the signing of the treaty that handed over the city to the Muslim Arabs. We are told, that he was the one who led the caliph through the city and who, legends claim, helped him smooth the debris from the sanctified rock under what has been considered for the last thirteen hundred years as Jerusalem’s central jewel. Is it any coincidence then that Islam’s foremost monument continues to mirror the visual expression of a perfect architectural marriage between Byzantium and Islam?

Looking back at that meeting which the world of today no longer seems to remember, I cannot help but think that Sophronius may have been the first native of the city of my birth to realize that the road to Jerusalem is in the heart and that only after one is capable of renouncing what one loves most can one best hope to recreate it.

Artistic creation is in fact fundamentally an act of generosity. Bridget Riley.

According to legend, as Christ was bearing his cross to Calvary, a woman called Veronica came forward from the crowds, and took off her veil to wipe the sweat from the face of the man from Galilee. It is believed that the image of his features was miraculously imprinted on the material later referred to as the sudarius. In none of the gospels was there any mention of such an incident or of the woman who, often appears in European paintings wearing a turban, in allusion to her Eastern origin. And yet, by the end of the nineteenth century, when Rome considered building a missionary school in Jerusalem to teach the city’s natives the fine art of European painting, the decision later reverted to building a church instead. The church built on the Via Dolorosa was dedicated to Veronica, whose name means true image - eueri icon. Had that school been built, it would have been the first institution ever to teach the European painting tradition to the Arabs of Jerusalem. But then, would my father have sent me there instead of sending me as an apprentice to the workshop of Khalil Halabi, one of the last icon painters in the Old City?
Visual expression is a language that is separate from that of verbal expression. One cannot give voice to the other nor can one be a substitute for the other. Painting proceeds from painting just as much as writing proceeds from reading.

For me, words have always come after painting. It is never the reverse. But since images flow from one’s imagination, the unfolding of which is bound to memory, both painting and writing have, in my case, been twin products of the same memory. It is the completed images, however, which reawaken my memory. Otherwise, why would a painting’s title, the only liaison between words and visual form, come to mind long after I put the finishing touches to a painting? At best, the title is a bridge that allows the viewer to negotiate an entry into the language of a painted image; it attempts no more than to sum up or evoke certain associations with memory, be they personal or collective.

I know with certainty that a man’s work is nothing but the long journey to recover through the delours of art, the two or three simple and great images which first gained access to his heart. Albert Camus.

As a child, the first contact I ever had with painted images came through Byzantine icons. A number of them were placed high up in a niche in the Jerusalem home in which I was born. One of them, probably belonging to the Jerusalem School of icon painting, had an Arabic inscription on it. Years later, I was able to decipher the name of a maternal ancestor as the man who had commissioned the icon.

Icons seemed to provide my parents with a strength I did not understand. For them, an icon seemed to be like a window through which each one of them could gain entry into their own interior world. As for me, I was told that the icon’s niche was the place where the angels left their gifts during the night preceding a church feast-day. As long as I could last, I would wait through the night to see the angel. All I could make out in the dark, was the light of the lantern flickering before the reticent colors of the icons. As for the images the icons represented, they always struck me with a certain mysterious awe that always left me speechless. Only now, I realize why I was told an iconographer does not paint an icon. He writes it.

From the vaulted roof of our home within the walled city, one had a splendid view of domes and cupolas, belfries and minarets. The closest and most majestic dome in our neighborhood was that of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulcher with its adjacent rotunda of the Anastasis Chapel, which we used to call in Arabic “Nas iddiriya” meaning ‘the nave of the world’. The farthest in the distance was the tower of the Ascension Church nestled on the Mount of Olives. In between the two sites, stood the exquisite Dome of the Rock.

All three sanctuaries were built on a site where a certain rock had been unearthed. Building on the Basilica of the Holy Sepulcher began in 327, soon after the rock of Golgotha was identified. Half a century later, the rock believed...
Sudarium
1998
Acrylic on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.

Hijab al-Anwar
1998
Acrylic on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.
Elaborated with remarkable continuity and patience, Boullata’s work is that of a surveyor, an artist of proportion and measurement. Behind this passion for geometry lies the tradition of icon-painting, which forged the beginnings of his artistic training, a tradition that has maintained a venerable continuity between Byzantium and the Arabo-Islamic civilization of the Middle East. Indeed, a correspondence necessarily manifests itself through this common heritage, where the contemporary artist leaves a trace of the secret of his initiation, of his voyage in the distant past.

But Boullata does not content himself with exploring this double tradition; he displaces it, as artist and as aestheteician. What I admire in his work is his ability to link his practice to a dynamic way of thinking that is always on the alert, in search of some unbelievable secret. He himself considers his work, its evolution in time and space, as a “portable laboratory”, so useful in the most difficult moments of exile.

In this sense, and these circumstances, the exile invents the arrival of his territory, his land; he participates in the promise, the sharing with any hospitable viewer, wherever he or she may come from. I can hear Boullata telling me, “I was born in Jerusalem: from the Jaffa Gate I entered the world, and from the Damascus Gate I went into exile.”

You have to imagine that far from this land, the painter in exile practices an art of distance, inventing this disputed yet implausible promise. Boullata works with a few carefully selected principles: purity of form, autonomy of geometrical and ornamental powers, series generated by the combination of signs, colors, letters, and numbers. A systematic combination that at first glance disturbs, or easily seduces, but these are optical effects that are somehow mystical, inviting the viewer’s contemplation to pause and let the oniric underpinnings of the work fall into place.

The series presented here dialogues and struggles with the art of the mosaic, which marks a kind of return to the roots of Byzantine and Arabo-Islamic art. Unlike the silkscreens Boullata made to accompany Adonis’s poem Twelve Lanterns for Granada, where he draws on architecture corresponding to the ornamental niches of the Alhambra, the mosaics, the verses carved into the palace walls, here we are confronted with the singular mise-en-scène of a star-like polygon in perpetual asymmetry.

He never reproduces this motif as such, in the traditional form that is so familiar to the different Arabo-Islamic arts. Rather, he places it in motion, in series, in technical metamorphosis, as if he were searching in these permutations for the reflections of a broken mirror in the Ancestor’s sleeping gaze.

In his earlier series, he remained faithful to the linear stability of color, letters, and numbers; he maintained his visual control over a formal space that was indeed saturated, but refined by his passion for geometry, which lends itself to a very pensive contemplation in the face of a labyrinthine calligraphy. In the new series, the letter is no longer there; it has turned into an invisible alphabet, given way to an equilibrium of proportions, the precision of relationships, a precision that vibrates in place of rhythm.

This ideal, contemplative world, these new mandalas created by an artist who has transformed his exile into an oniric technique producing reverie out of a game of permutations and substitutions, is disturbing in many respects. Some will see it only as empty decoration, others, the artificial reproduction of antiquated models (of Byzantine and Arabo-Islamic art). But I believe that the powers of ornament still inhabit the visual imagination. These powers are either repressed or, as Matisse has shown us, internalized by the artist.

The “ornamental”, the “geometric”, the “decorative” are all notions that should be rethought in the context of the imaginal, which weaves our sensory perception of what is called the world. A world that is also the Elsewhere, where the viewers (ourselves) are the guests of the artist, here and now.

Abdelkebir Khatibi
**Surrat al-Ard**, which literally means “the navel of the earth”, is the Arabic title given to the series of twelve acrylic paintings in the present exhibition. The title is borrowed from the term used by medieval sources, which referred to the Rock of the Noble Sanctuary in Jerusalem as the omphalos of the earth.

Commissioned by the Abdul Hameed Shoman Foundation in 1996, the series was realized in 1997 and 1998.

*Homage to Sophronius*

1997

*Acrylic on canvas, 131 x 131 cm.*
Kamal Boullata was born in Jerusalem in 1942. He studied at the Fine Arts Academy in Rome (1961-65) and at Washington's Corcoran School of Art (1966-71). He lived in Washington, DC, from 1988 to 1992. In 1993 and 1994, he was the recipient of a Fulbright Senior Scholar Fellowship to conduct research on Islamic art in Morocco. At present, he lives and works in Menton in Southern France.


Selected Solo Exhibitions:

1993  Nasr Gallery, Damascus.
1991  Dar America, Rabat.
1990  Cough Hansen Gallery, Memphis, TN.
1987  Hanes Art Gallery, Chapel Hill, NC.
1985  Lindenberg Gallery, Nijmegen.
1985  Ras Gallery, Utrecht.
1983  Thomas Evans Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC.
1983  Dar Gallery, Washington, DC.

Selected Group Exhibitions:

1996  The Right to Write: Agnes Scott Gallery, Atlanta, GA.
1995  From Exile to Jerusalem: Al-Wadi Gallery, Jerusalem.
1994  Self and Other: Triangles Nahibank Foundation, Casablanca.
1991  Seven by Seven: Foundry Gallery, Washington, DC.
1990  Arab Art: The Last Four Decades: Alid Gallery, Washington, DC.
1982  Contemporary Palestinian Art: Metropolitan Museum, Tokyo.


Kamal Boullata

Surrat al-Ard
A series of twelve paintings

October 14 - November 14, 1998

Darat al Funun
Abdul Hameed Shoman Foundation
Amman