

iProtest

Azza Zein

The TV and internet are
public SQUARES

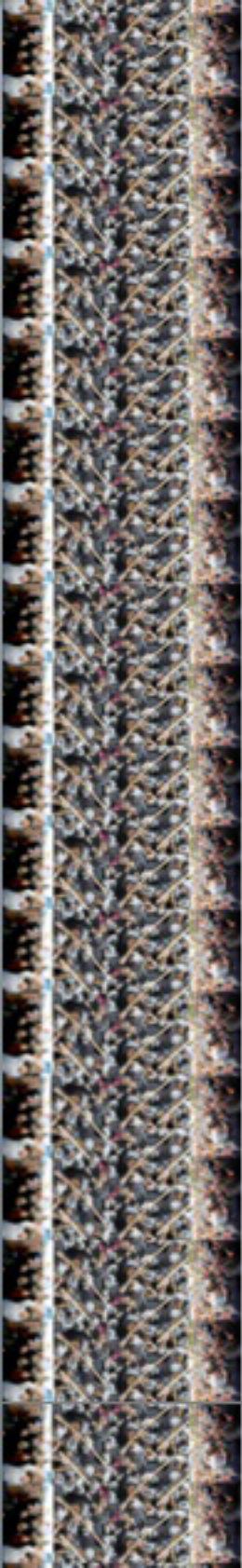
Their overlap is an eight-point star
that can become a scorpion,
a tarantula or a DISTANT symbol

Where is the image?

What is the image? A reality?







An approximation of reality
through binary programming,
two digits: 1, 0, 1, 0, 1,0
the Arabic rhythmic metre?

فَعُولُنْ فَعُولُنْ فَعُولُنْ فَعُولُنْ

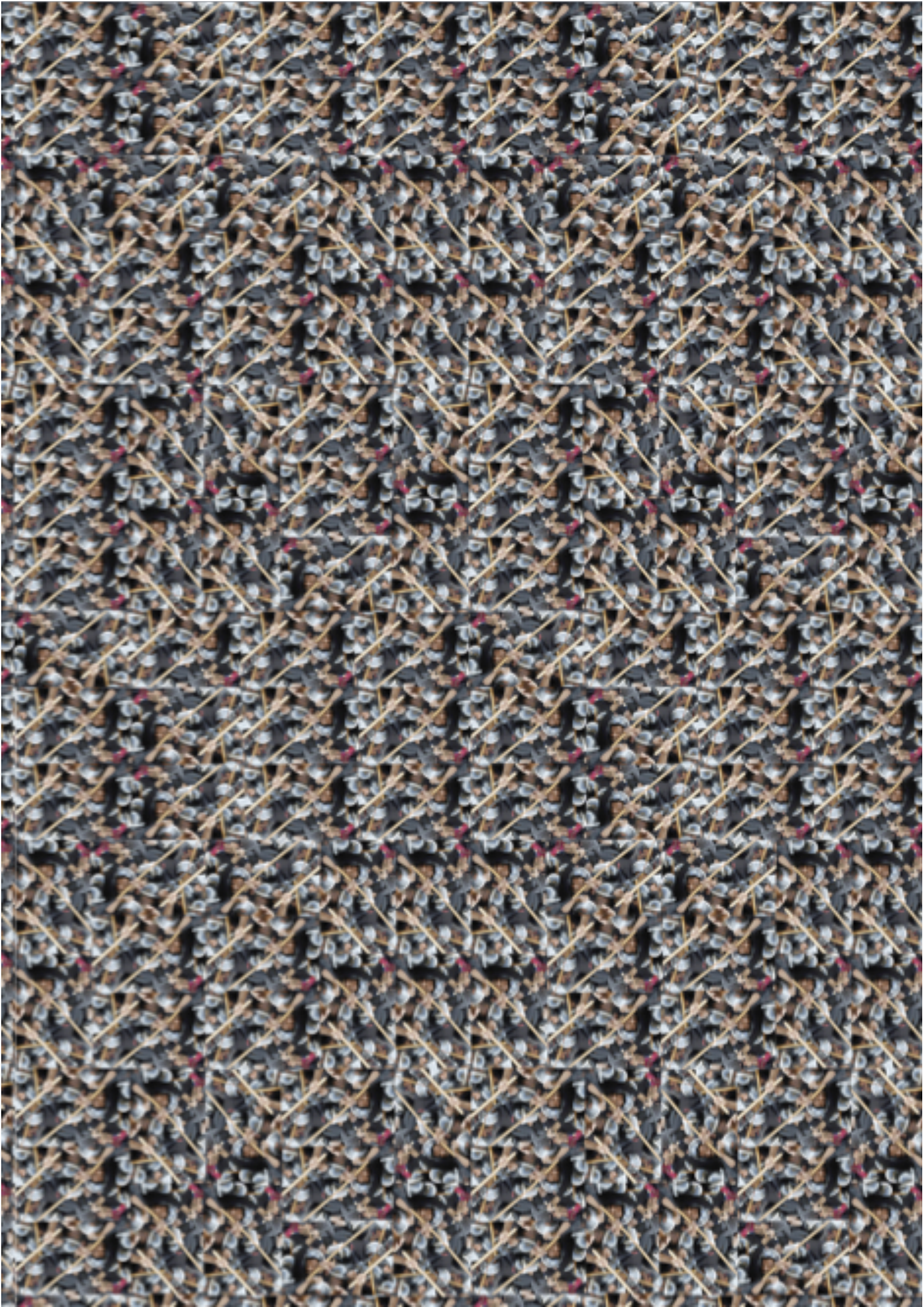
0/0// 0/0// 0/0// 0/0//

Fa' uWlun Fa' uWlun Fa' uWlun Fa' uWlun¹
/ / 0 / 0 / / 0 / 0 / / 0 / 0

Is that an order that I can break?

Aren't we here to protest any systematic scale
and in writing ~~break~~ the structure of language

¹¹ This is the structure of one of sixteen metres of classical Arabic poetry called Mutaqarab





I am a nomad *copying* and *pasting* designs
from thousands of years of regime changes
In the landscape of a carpet,
I take refuge from the hardship
of the day to day
or the threat of a tank
On the internet I write my ~~graffiti~~
I borrow images and patterns
If you wonder where I exist,
Somewhere
between the poetic curvilinear line of a Boteh
and the narrow mouth of an ewer,
on a dust cloth or a poster,
on a print of an airline ticket





I turn in and out in a **geometric series**

whirling for freedom

in a vase where I have been **[locked]**

When I could come out,

I blew the earth with my screams

No order will hold my suffering

No stick will reshape my stand

No stand will hide my revolution

I exist in the algebraic expansion

and contraction of particles

With my color code I will brainwash myself

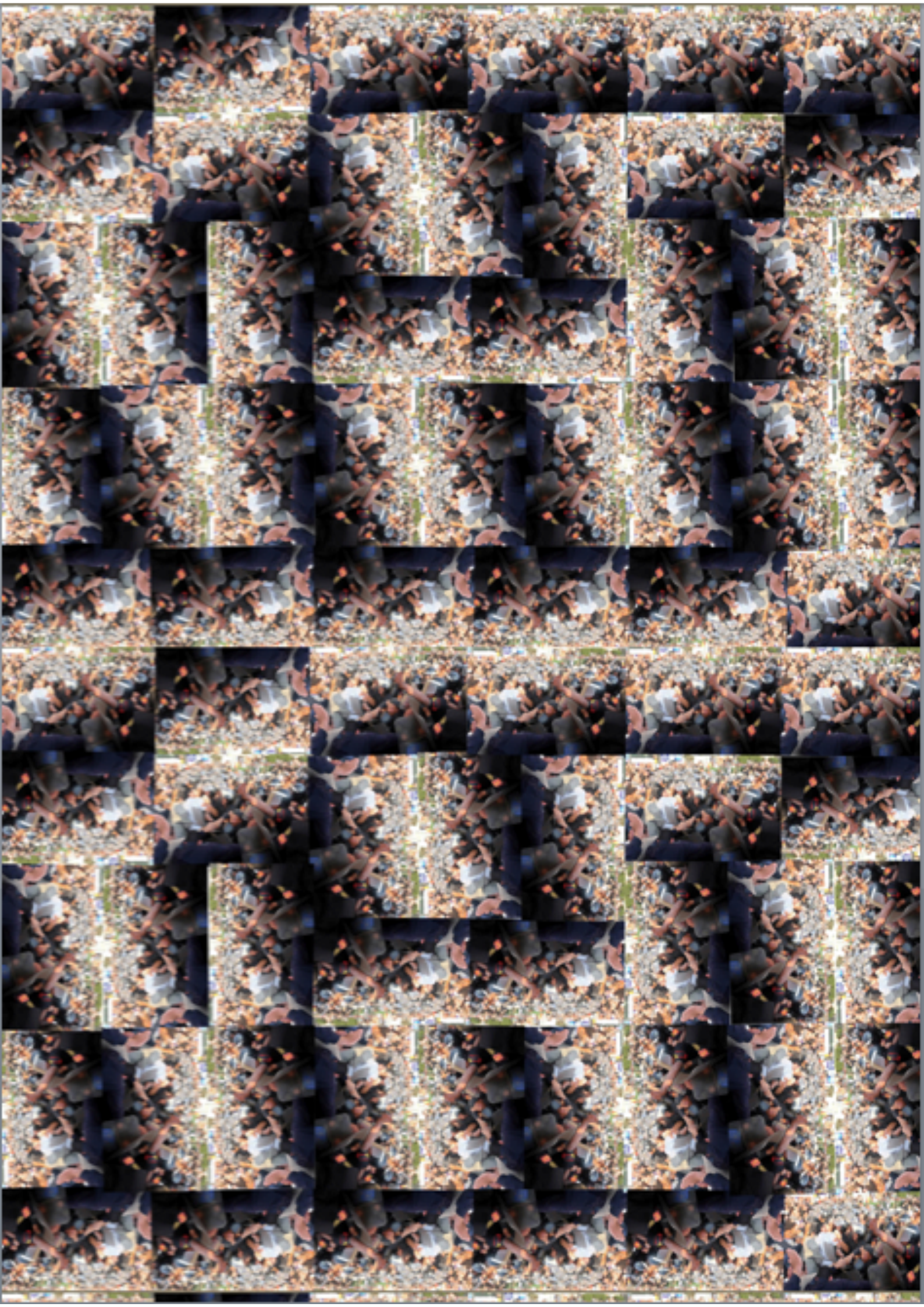
with a timeless story of conquest and surrender

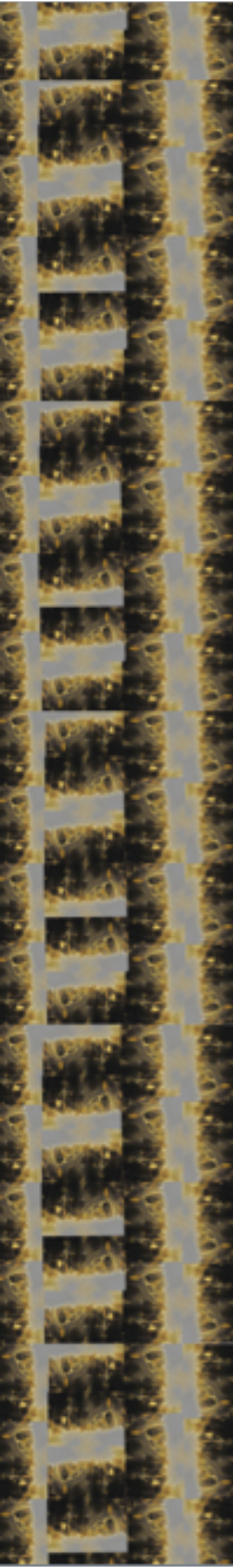
of the unique artist to the group artisan

of the unique leader to the group revolutionary

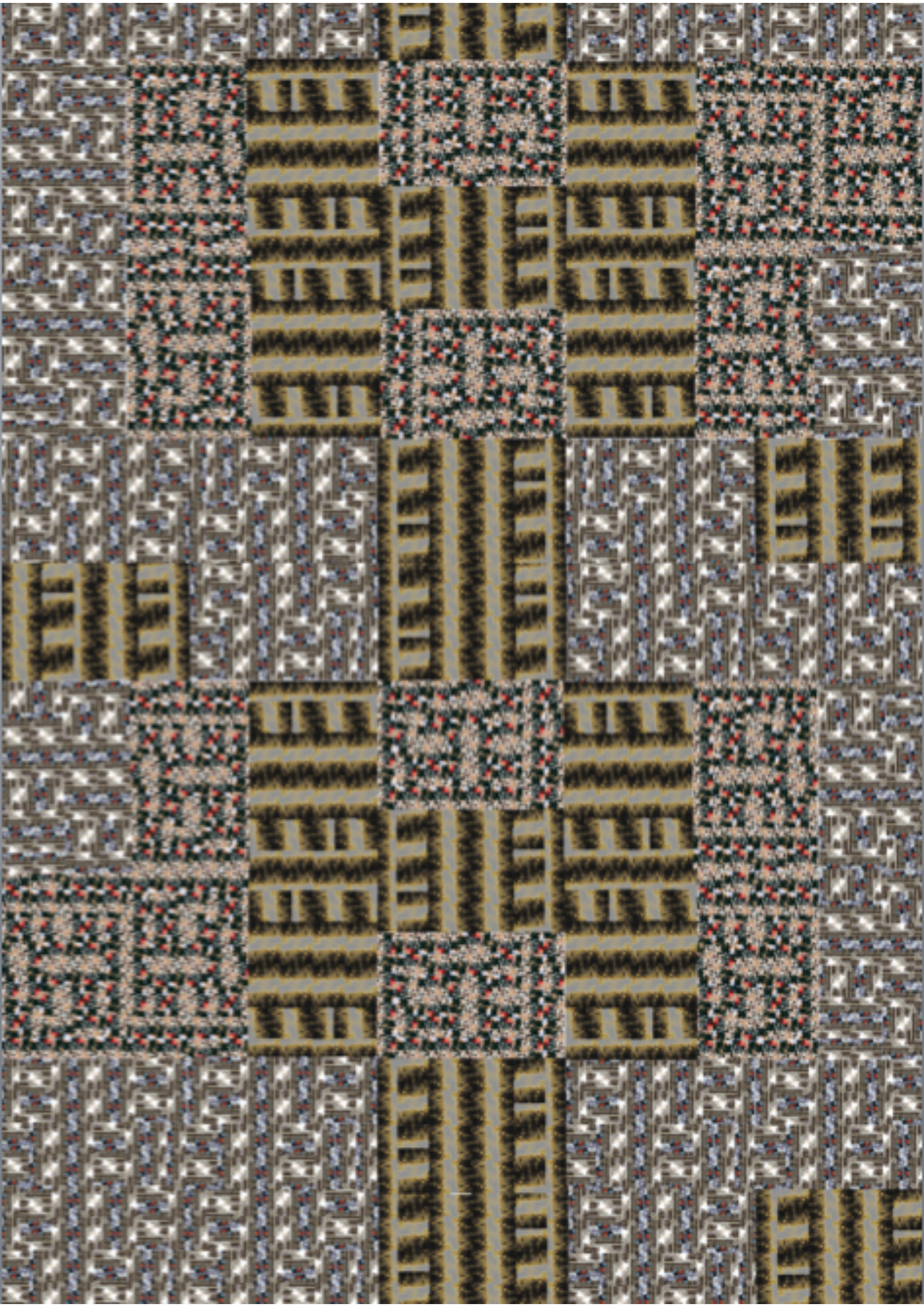
of the hero to the heroic deed

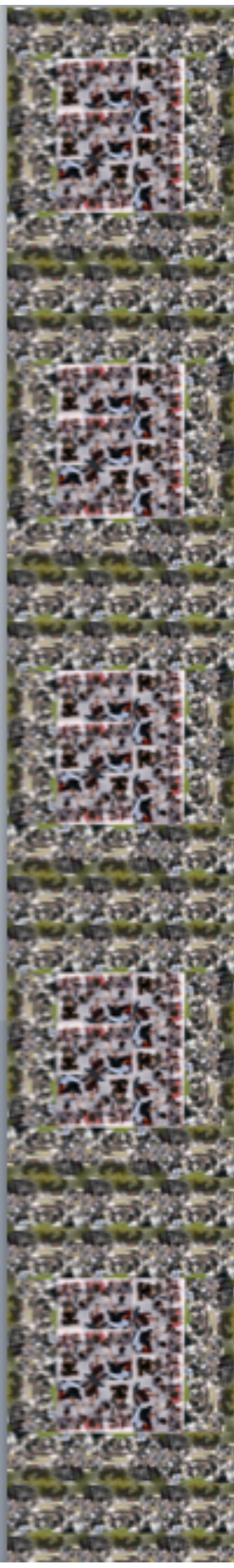
Thus I fall and rise





I smell the jasmine in the floral designs
comb my hair, stick a flower around my ear,
and listen to cycles of sighs
They sketch an **Immortal cypress tree**,
full of pride, breaking the shapes of **A PENTAGON,**
AN HEXAGON, AN OCTAGON
The soldiers bow,
~~The leader lies in a cage~~
Harmony or disharmony
in the margin of a cloud or a gate to heaven





I like I like I like I like

Tu nun tun tu nun tun tu nun tun





A series of forms and actions in repetition
The key to a carpet is the *repeat unit*
Expanding in circles or to infinity
Who will introduce this library of symbols,
of photos, of protests

In the comfort

of a *private space*,
we made A PUBLIC SPACE

The beating of a comb tightens the knots,
hides the threads
The beating of a protester tightens the knots
A carpet is in the making
A revolution is woven

Tap around

Be part of the timeless scream,
the spaceless shout
the utopic/ heterotopic mixture
in the reasoning of *crowds*



Pray for a **carpet**, *kneel*

It is all about the repeating

NATURE of design in NATURE of design in NATURE

where lines foreshadow the figure

where the figure *dissolves* at your pose

Where are the calming whispers?

You find yourself banging your head

on the edge of a carpet

The walls flatten down

We are in an internet map

In a maze of multiple signs

One sign makes you believe you are in a **garden**

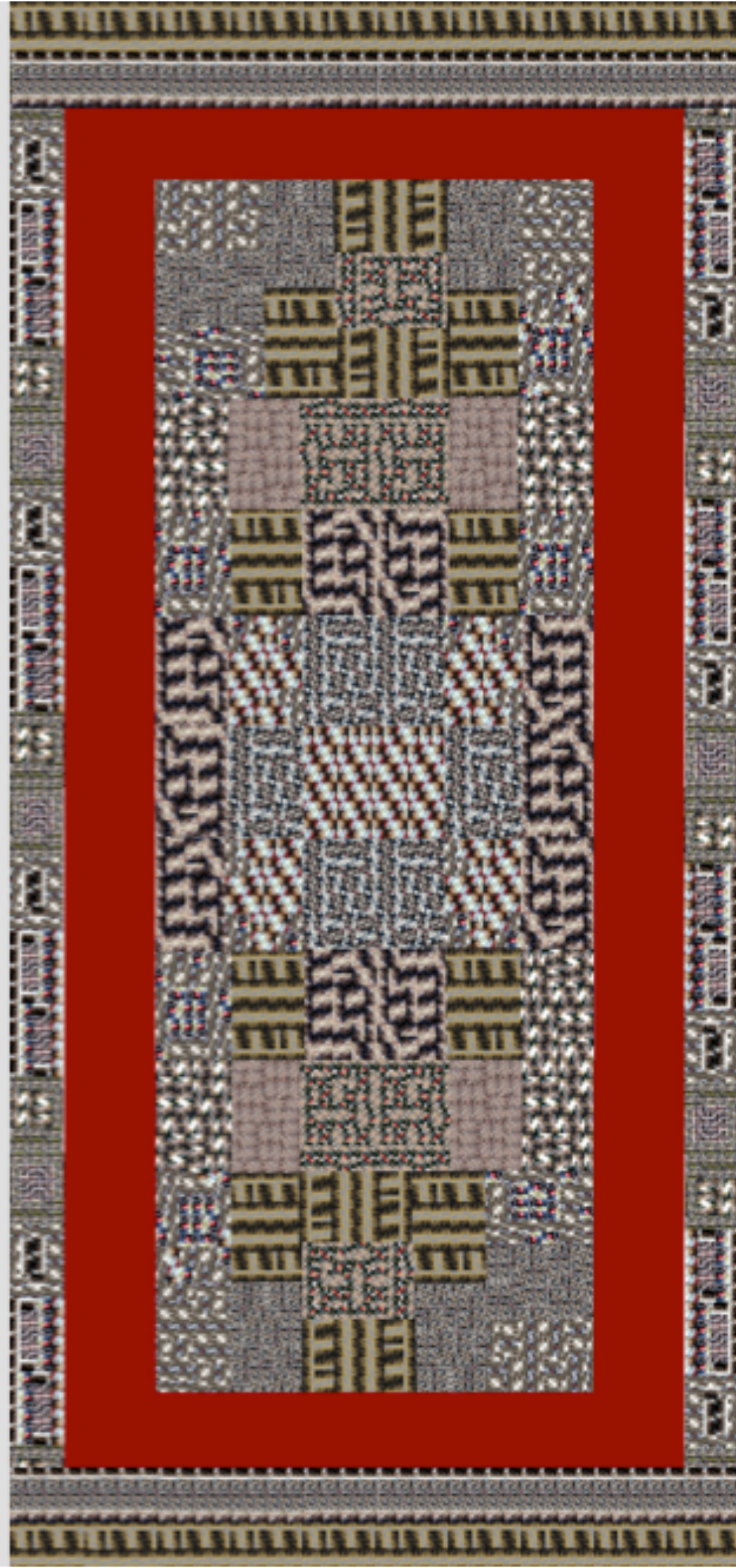
One that you are at the mercy of a cobra

Whirl Whirl Whirl

while you are kneeling at this screen

There is no time nor place





It is the universal matrix of event-chat rooms
signalling your protest

(y)(y):o(y):o (y)(y):o(y):o (y)(y):o(y):o (y)(y):o(y)
//o/o //o/o //o/o //o/

The protester is calling

The protester is begging

The protester is bleeding

It is happening

The *ing* form tears the screen

the present is continuous, flowing and soothing

So are the threads of a carpet and a knot

The **imessage** is eye-massaging

the story of a struggling mass...

I dive into the *fold* between the grid of a knot

and the circle of a sufi plot.







iProtest
27 March–5 April, 2012
Main Gallery

George Paton Gallery
Second floor, Union House,
University of Melbourne, 3010

<http://azzazein.com>

