

ON WRITING 2.0: CRITICAL REFLECTIONS

SHARJAH ART FOUNDATION

ON WRITING 2.0:
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REFLECTIONS
2024

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On Writing 2.0: Critical Reflections on the Sharjah Art Foundation Archive introduced 20 students of Africana studies at Carleton College, Minnesota, to the field of art criticism through an intersectional, embodied perspective. Spread over three days, the workshop, held at The Africa Institute in Sharjah, prioritised communal thinking, group work, movement, discursivity and debate geared towards helping students arrive at their unique and specific critical positions in relation to art.

The workshop began with a set of instructive exercises designed to empower students to investigate their personal subjectivities and situated contexts. We explored the notion of art criticism as an indirect form of vocalised address that respects the agencies of the subjects under purview and also examined the multifaceted nature of archives, particularly those that are un-collected or not recorded, that are grounded in orality and are perpetuated trans-generationally. Over the next couple of days, we looked at comprehending the nuances of conventional and unconventional forms of art criticism through collective analysis. We also explored alternative modes of criticism through embodied work, including choreographing group performances based on excerpts from texts. Students were then asked to write a short piece in response to an artwork by an artist from Africa or the African diaspora that had either been showcased at Sharjah Art Foundation or is part of its archive.

This zine is the fruit of our collective labours and represents the participants' first committed attempt at art criticism. It brings together their responses using modes ranging from the poetic to the epistolary. In many instances, participants were not responding directly to artworks, but rather to archival images drawn from their research. We applaud their experimental spirit, their embrace of risk and the searing honesty that marked many of their approaches.

Rosalyn D'Mello and Jyoti Dhar

Jyoti Dhar is an art critic and editor based in the UAE. Over the last two decades she has lived and worked in Dubai, New Delhi and Colombo, writing about contemporary art in South Asia. Her writing has appeared in books (on Seher Shah, Nasreen Mohamedi, Jitish Kallat and Geoffrey Bawa) and periodicals (*Art Asia Pacific*, *Asian Art News*, *Artforum*, *Aperture*, *Even*, *Flash Art*, *Isskustvo Arts Journal*, *Modern Painters*, *Motherland*, *post at MoMA*, *Scroll Projects*, *Vogue India*, *WeAreOrlando* and *The Sunday Times* in Sri Lanka). She has been founding editor of *ChinarTree.com*, assistant editor of *The Ceylon Chronicle* and contributing editor for *Art Asia Pacific*. In 2014, Dhar received the Forbes India Emerging Art Writer of the Year award. In 2017, she was awarded First Prize at the International Awards for Art Criticism 4. She currently heads editorial and content strategy at Sharjah Art Foundation.

Rosalyn D'Mello is a feminist writer, art critic, columnist, educator, editor and researcher. She is the author of *A Handbook for My Lover*. She writes a weekly feminist column for *mid-day*, and a monthly memoir-based art column on contemporary art for *STIR World*. Her writing has been internationally published and anthologised. She was a fellow at Künstler*innenhaus Büchsenhausen (2021–22), an Ocean Fellowship Mentor (2021) and the recipient of an India Foundation for the Arts research grant (2019–2022). She was on the jury for Künstler*innenhaus Büchsenhausen fellowship 2024–2025 and has been an evaluator for the Andy Warhol Foundation Art Writers Grant (2020) and was a member of the jury of the Prudential Eye Art Award (2015). Nominated for Forbes' Best Emerging Art Writer Award (2014), she was also shortlisted for the inaugural Prudential Eye Art Award for Best Writing on Asian Contemporary Art (2014). Having grown up in Mumbai and having lived in Delhi for almost a decade, Rosalyn is now based in South Tyrol, Italy.

BELLA THOMAS
ON GROUP
OF WOMEN
IN A TRANCE
SPIRITUAL
PROCESSION
(1984)
BY KAMALA
IBRAHIM ISHAG

It is a regular Tuesday morning, and I don't feel like myself. I am running a fever. It is not normal to be sick at this time. My mom rushes me to the doctor as she sees my health decline. The doctor diagnoses me with the flu. He says it will take a week to go away. That night I have trouble falling asleep. I toss and turn. A week goes by, but I don't feel any better. I have lots of nightmares and often wake up with a headache.

In my sleep, I see figures rushing around me. I feel fear. I see colours—yellow, brown, orange—but they do not feel vibrant. I tell my mom about these symptoms. She starts to weep. I ask her what is wrong. She tells me I need to go to see a *sheikha*¹. My heart sinks into my stomach. I suddenly know what this means. A spirit has possessed me.

As soon as I get to the *zār*², the *sheikhas* initiate the ritual. The beating of a drum puts me in a trance. I start dancing involuntarily, but these rhythmic movements, the music and the smell of the *bakhoor*³ slowly make my body feel better. I then black out.

I wake up in a plush, warm bed with my mother seated beside me. Her sad expression turns bright. She says to me, 'My daughter, I am so glad to see you awake. You reacted to the *bakhoor* and they identified the spirit within you. We will have to regularly visit this community of women. It is now your second home; they will take care of you. They will make sure the spirit within you is appeased.'

She then tells me something shocking: I have inherited this spirit from my grandmother. She was in denial that I would be affected by this spirit, so we had never talked about it. My mother said my grandmother was a very fierce woman who vocally opposed the patriarchal traditions of our society. She frequented the *zār*.

I walk out of the hut. I feel the vibrancy that was missing in my past dream, as if it had been restored by the connection with my new *zār* sisters. My energy

is renewed. I am one with the sun, sky and sand. All my fears have subsided. What I thought were harmful spirits consuming me in my dreams were the forces of my ancestors and sisters protecting me. I suddenly feel I can break free of the chains that were holding me back; I only need to continue to connect with my sisters, the earth and myself as a spiritual being.

¹ Ceremonial leader who conducts ritual diagnoses.

² Ceremony based on a belief in spirits and their power.

³ Arabic: Incense made from wood chips



Kamala Ibrahim Ishag, *Group of Women in a Trance Spiritual Procession*, 1984. Mixed media on canvas; 90 x 62 cm. Sharjah Art Foundation Collection

**THE SINS WHICH
BIND US ALL:
JULIA DUNN
ON ESLABÓN
AND SABOR A
LÁGRIMAS
(2019)
BY CARLOS
MARTIEL**

In the confines of Bait Obaid Al Shamsi's *madbas*¹, my eyes first fall on his. Glossed over, glassy. Unfocused. I think of the best word to describe his expression. Distant. Acceptance, though lacking its most crucial component: consent. A concerned longing for something, something not long-lost, just not here. All the while his face speaks softly of jadedness, his body screams endurance/sufferance/*sufferation*². His muscles are taut, his grip firm on the ropes, keeping his body contorted and half-suspended in the air. *Al yada*³ wrapped tightly around his neck, *al deyeen*⁴ resting nearby to collect our sins.

The spectacle draws interest. Onlookers flock with loose gazes, folded arms or clutched totes, bodies unafflicted by burden, bodies unaffected by exertion/coercion and the harshness of immediacy, bodies unopen to violence, palms outstretched to accept the assortment of sweets on gilded trays. The rich greenness of pistachio paling in comparison to the white, bright brilliance of buttery baklava adorned with pearl. Pearl laboured for. Pearl styled and perfectly placed for consumption, offered up by African migrant workers clad in neat, pressed blue long-sleeved shirts and dark trousers, black aprons to match. Some hands reach out more readily than others.

The decadence of it all. My syrugged sin, intoxicating. He blinks, I flinch. And still, I relish *e/ sabor de sus lágrimas*⁵.

The sweetness of his labour calls us in for more. We continue to the roof of the heritage house. In a foetal position, he rests, but one can hardly call this rest; he lies still and this time I cannot see his face. I cannot tell what he is feeling, his body shrouded by the *gargour*⁶ domes intricately woven to encase him. He is dressed in light blue, a reflection of the memory of water. A painful memory, but he appears at peace, *los eslabones interconectados*⁷ engulfing his body like the ocean, as if awash with the sins of my/your/our spectatorship.

The sins which bind us all. The salty sins that enclose/entrap/enmesh us all.

All I want to do is to look out, observe unkeenly; unkindly remove my presence whenever I feel like it, yet he remains. For 45 minutes, he remains, whether held up by fishermen's ropes tied to the ceiling or lying limp underneath this chain link trap, and I am left to contemplate whether I am being made to bear witness, or being allowed to turn away. Or being allowed to forget. Or allowing myself to forget.

But the/his/our body can never forget. We think the only site of memory is the mind, but the body remembers too. The body remembers the feeling of iron pressed against skin and the choking weight of water. The body remembers what uncaring eyes feel like—how it feels to be watched with a piercing gaze and scrutinised with polite indifference. Bodies carry, are carried/bring, were brought/take, were taken/hold, are held/toil, have toiled/keep, moving. Still keep moving. Bodies will keep moving and making space for stories yet to be told.

¹ Arabic: Room once used for pressing dates into molasses.

² Caribbean: Referring to suffering and unpleasant experiences.

³ Arabic: Rope wrapped around a diver's neck as part of his diving equipment. The diver typically pulls on this rope when he is ready to ascend back to the surface.

⁴ Arabic: Small netted basket made of thread or rope used to collect oysters the diver finds on the seabed.

⁵ Spanish: The taste of his tears.

⁶ Arabic: Hemispheric fishing nets made using iron wiring in the shape of a ghorbal or sieve, used in deeper waters.

⁷ Spanish: Interconnected links.



**CHEESEBURGER,
HAMBURGER IN
THE SEA
FARIDAH AZEEZ
ON THE GULF
PROJECT CAMP
(2019)
BY WAEL SHAWKY**

Cheeseburger, hamburger in the sea.
 You might think we're talking crazy,
 but that's what we see.
 We see a cheeseburger, hamburger in the sea.
 You, the American, ask us how could we possibly see
 a cheeseburger, hamburger in the sea?
 Of course, we can't help but respond how could you
 NOT?
 I mean aren't we talking about the huge meaty patty
 floating in the sea, encased in sesame?
 Like please, can't you ever just see?
 And that's where I'm going to cut you off, you, the
 American, say,
 of course, we don't see the huge chunk of meat in
 the sea,
 but a whole bunch of crazies, big ole wolf.
 I mean come on, a cheeseburger, hamburger in the
 sea, what kind of nonsense do you speak?
 How can you not SEE it's in the SEA?
 Shrugging your shoulders, you attempt to continue
 on so blissfully.
 But all we can say is HOW CAN YOU NOT SEE THAT
 CHEESEBURGER, HAMBURGER IN THE SEA?
 I mean can't you ever just see the sea?
 We bet you could you see the sea if
 we branded the cheeseburger, hamburger in the sea
 with that big yellow M, where you oh so love to eat.
 You respond, oh what do you 'EASTERNERS' know
 about our glamorous Mickey D's?
 We say, oh but wouldn't you see if only you cleaned
 your rose-coloured glasses in our glamorous seas.
 You might just be able to finally see the sea.
 Seas that you all love to invade.
 Seas that never cease to see your ships.
 But please, now, don't look so confused,
 Our relatives from Bahrain to Qatar, Saudi to Kuwait,
 and let's not forget occupied Falasteen,

have seen you in our seas.
 Even if we branded that cheeseburger, hamburger in
 the sea, with that big yellow M where you so love to
 eat,
 even if we cleaned your rose-coloured glasses in the
 sea,
 you could never see, but perhaps if we bring chicken
 shawarma to YOUR seas?
 You're thinking cheeseburgers, hamburgers in our
 seas,
 But, you best believe OUR chicken shawarma will be
 in ALL seas.
 Oh, we can't help but notice, that your pitiful shrugs
 have turned into displays of despair. Is it that you,
 the American, do not want chicken shawarma in your
 seas?
 Then take your cheeseburger, hamburger OUT of OUR
 sea.
 You say, but the cheeseburger, hamburger in the sea,
 is what makes our seas
 Something to see,
 We say, oh you truly think this about a cheeseburger,
 hamburger in the sea?
 Even if we branded, cleaned or replaced the
 cheeseburger, hamburger in the sea,
 You Americans could never just see

the cheeseburger, hamburger in the sea—
Oh for the love of God, can you please see?
The cheeseburger, hamburger in the sea!

It's right there, or how else can we make you see THE
cheeseburger, hamburger in THE sea?

Can't you ever just see our sea?

This poem is a reflection on Wael Shawky's *The Gulf Project Camp* (2019). Taking the form of satire, the poem intends to mock the American strategy of downplaying its role in perpetuating western imperialism in the Global South. I would like you, the reader, to know that I wrote this as a Black Nigerian-American Muslim, who feels they have first-hand knowledge of the effects of western imperialism on their culture and people. Wael Shawky is an Egyptian artist from Alexandria who lived in Makkah, Saudi Arabia, as a young child, as well as in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, as a fine arts student. I wrote this poem to elucidate what I think Shawky's *The Gulf Project Camp* might mean to an American imperialist. I invite you to have a laugh, a snap, or simply take of it what you will.



Wael Shawky, *The Gulf Project Camp*, 2019. From the series "The Gulf Project Graphite, ink, oil, mixed media on cotton paper; dimensions variable. Commissioned by Sharjah Foundation and supported by Abdelmonem Bin Eisa Al Serkal. Sharjah Art Foundation Collection

**FINDING
FREEDOM
IN ARTISTIC
EXPRESSION:
DILLON
JOHNSON
ON PRISON
NOTEBOOK
(1976)
BY IBRAHIM
EL-SALAH**

Ibrahim El-Salahi's *Prison Notebook* (1976) encapsulates the inner turmoil and resilience of the human spirit during periods of captivity. Each stroke of El-Salahi's pen seems to carry the weight of his emotions, weaving a narrative that transcends physical limitations and speaks to the enduring power of creativity.

As I immersed myself in El-Salahi's drawings, I found myself drawn to the embedded, detailed symbolism within them. For instance, in one image a figure can be seen surrounded by jail cells, each window bearing two faces, seemingly mirroring the contrast between interior life and external constraints. In the confines of prison, where one's freedom is stripped away, the struggle to maintain a sense of self becomes real. El-Salahi's depiction of this struggle invites viewers to contemplate the complex relationship between personal identity and external perceptions.

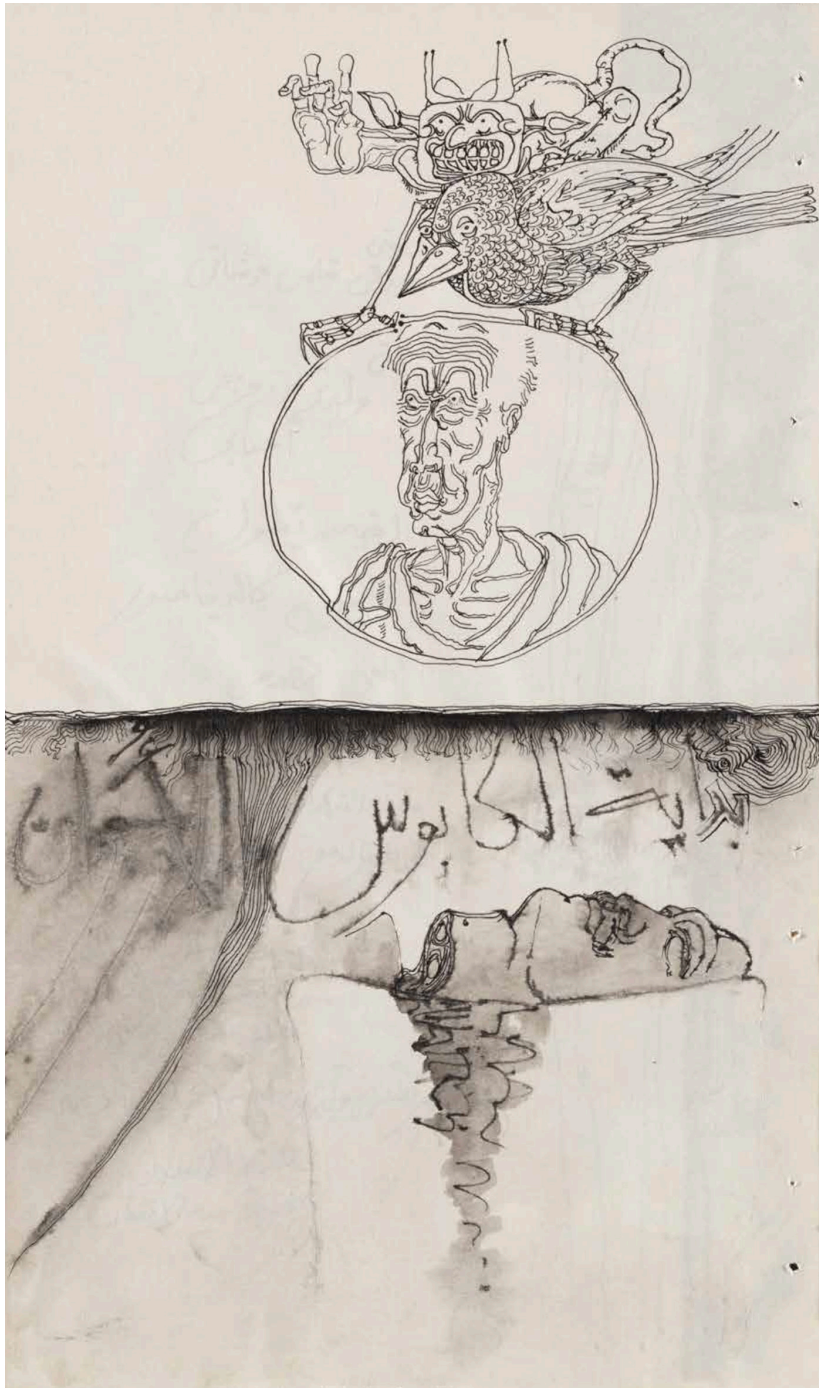
In another drawing, a handcuffed figure hosts a serene bird upon their knee in a striking juxtaposition of symbols of bondage and freedom. The uncaged bird evokes hope and resilience in the face of adversity. The accompanying words—'And peace will permeate the heart'—allude to a sense of inner tranquility amid turmoil, suggesting that even in the darkest of times, one can find solace within oneself. El-Salahi thus invites us to consider the transformative power of faith and self-reflection in overcoming fear and uncertainty.

For El-Salahi, creating art can be seen to be a means of psychological escape—a way to reclaim agency and assert humanity in the face of oppression. It prompts us to reconsider the broader implications of art as a tool for resilience and survival, particularly for marginalised communities facing systemic injustices.

Prison Notebook also serves as a critique of the political climate in Sudan during the 1970s, shedding light on the persecution and suffering experienced by many around the artist at the

time. By intertwining personal narrative with sociopolitical commentary, El-Salahi addresses the human cost of political upheaval and reflects on the legacy of resistance.

As I contemplate my own trajectory and academic pursuits, I am inspired by El-Salahi's ability to transcend his circumstances through art. His work challenges me to explore the intersection of creativity, resilience and social justice, offering a better understanding of the human experience in all its complexity. As I continue my pedagogic journey, I carry with me the lessons learned through El-Salahi's work: the importance of empathy, introspection, and an unwavering belief in the power of creativity to enact change.



Ibrahim El Salahi, *Prison Notebook*, 1976. Paperback, 111 pages, 39 ink on paper drawings; 28.7 × 17 cm. Published by Sharjah Art Foundation and Museum of Modern Art, 2018

WHITE MARE
TIM ABBOTT ON
UNTITLED (1972)
BY AHMED
MORSI WITH
GRATITUDE TO
'HOWL' (1956)
BY ALLEN
GINSBERG

What arrogant horse chiselled out of pale granite,
 watches on high, while people are embarrassed,
 abused and tortured?

White mare! Invincible! Furious! Vain!
 Sisters drowning in shame!
 Workers decapitated in the street!
 Bare bodies truncated in feisty flames!
 White mare! Beautiful! Spoiled! Pure!
 Tantalising smorgasbord of divine fury!
 Youth assaulting scholars on their walk home
 from the public library!
 Robbing stores! Beating beggars! Killing old men!
 White mare! White mare! Awful white mare!
 Flashing fluorescents in a shallow hallway!
 Laser beams in a child's bedroom!
 Fuming turf in a soccer camp!
 White mare who commands armies!
 Who chooses punishment!
 Who issues fines! Who holds grudges!
 Who disrespects families! Who cries at birthdays!
 Who ascends Everest! Frozen peaks!
 Rectangular pillars! Pointed spears! Sparkling
 terrors!
 Mechanical trees! Migraine machines! Precarious
 bombs!
 White mare whose legs are pantheon pillars!
 Whose jaw a steel rhombus! Whose mane
 maverick waves! Whose neck, a concrete chute!
 Whose eyes snake pits! Whose breast a mafia-
 style car hood!
 whose back is Atlas bearing the world
 White mare whom men worship!
 Children pray!
 Women prostrate!
 Leaders sacrifice!
 White mare whom I cannot escape!
 White mare who frequents my mind, imagination
 and mental space!
 Mental white mare! Manipulative nightmare!
 White mare! White mare! White mare doom bringer!
 Grass polluter! Children trapper!
 Mind controller! Flesh consumer! Body burner!
 Respect destroyer! Home displacer! Head
 concusser!

White mare killer of women! White mare wrecking
 ball! White mare the terrible!
 Slicer of stomachs! Wrencher of necks!
 Stomper of feet!
 White mare conductor!
 Night on Bald Mountain!
 Vultures! Demons! Hags!
 Dancing! Praying! Beseeching!
 Screeching violins! Ominous trombones! Jeering
 flutes!
 Enraged bassoons! Feverish clarinets! Triumphant
 trumpets! Ritualistic French horns!
 Ringing church bells! In nomine Patris, et Filii, et
 Spiritus Sancti!
 Singing choir! White light! Abusive light! Immoral
 light!
 Rivers! Mountains! Swamps! Safaris! Smoke!
 Deserts! Burning flesh! Maverick dynamo!
 Dancing ants! Senseless violence!
 White mare! Light mare! Mortified-at-sight mare!
 Candy dip-in-dots!
 Strobe lights! Booming speakers!
 Naked! Afraid! Alone! Beaten down! Weakened!
 Objectified! Invisible! Headless! Disposed! Abused!
 Prisons of surveillance!
 Prisms of terrible light!
 White mare! Ender of civilisation! Culture! Dialogue!
 White mare! White mare! Moloch!



Ahmed Morsi, *Untitled*, 1972. Oil on canvas; 94 x 63 cm. Sharjah Art Foundation Collection

YOUSSEF
HADDAD ON
BLIDA-JOINVILLE
(2018–2019)
BY MOHAMED
BOUROUISSA

We define our spaces on the basis of separation. Differences become justifications for discrete groupings, which segregate space. Beyond race, class, caste and gender, the categories of old and young, sick and healthy, living and dead define where and how our lives progress. The cemetery is kept separate from the quarters of the living. Adults sit at the dining table, while children chatter at the kids' table. The sites where men do business are kept separate from those where women make homes. These separations make our lives momentarily digestible. They may *feel* natural, but beyond the present, they are artificial. Our experiences within them may not actually be so segregated. In our lifetimes, we inhabit all these separations, and our experiences within them coalesce to form the memory of our being. What we think are two different experiences, necessitating separation, can be indistinguishable within the grander tapestry of our lives.

Artist Mohamed Bourouissa (b. 1978, Blida, Algeria) shatters these apparent separations through his art installation *Blida-Joinville*, which was featured in Sharjah Biennial 14 (2019). Bourouissa situated his installation in the abandoned 1970s kindergarten of Kalba, Sharjah, designed in a cluster of classrooms and play areas. The kindergarten walls are decked with paintings of gardens, with flowers in vibrant greens, reds and blues. Various shaped roses, green bushes and cacti emerge from golden sands and stretch into unevenly painted blue skies. The puerile character of these paintings is enunciated by the colourful toys and gym equipment strewn across the sandy floors. Some rooms are barren, save for a few paintings; some are filled with toys. Others have square and rectangular white, wooden structures that either interrupt or frame the paintings. These wooden sculptures come from the construction plan for the Blida-Joinville psychiatric hospital, one of the oldest psychiatric hospitals in Algeria. At first, these structures seem out of place and interruptive, as though they were meant to trip running children. They become even more troubling when one realises that they represent the room

plans of a psychiatric hospital, conjuring images of anguished patients that disrupt the joy of a kindergarten. Both these images are constructed and stereotypical. What is the larger memory Bourouissa wants us to see? How can the experiences of a psychiatric hospital and a kindergarten share common ground? And what grows from these experiences?

Each space we produce and inhabit mirrors the next if we rethink the way we separate them. The cemetery is as much a neighbourhood as any neighbourhood for the living; it is simply crystallised in time. The plastic table of childhood becomes larger and rounder, with a harder finish, in adulthood. The market is a home for traders and buyers, and the home is where families ply their domestic trades. So how does a kindergarten mirror a psychiatric hospital?

The answer lies in growth: the spaces we make for the fragile (yet fertile) mind, one that seeks guidance, company and a sense of identity. We tend to forget both the childhood spaces where our identities first took root and the care and love that were poured into them in order to facilitate that growth. And when adults lose their sense of self, we send them to facilities in the hope of replanting the very sense of self we try to instil in our children. We build isolated spaces to enable this growth—be they kindergartens for the young or psychiatric facilities for the wounded. In the backdrop of painted greenery, Bourouissa's art installation mirrors the experience of *growing* among two often marginalised groups: small children and the mentally ill. Guarded by the centralising structure of the Kalba Kindergarten, these spaces provide fertile ground for the common memory of growth spurts. For moments, separation shatters and a unified sense of self emerges.



Mohamed Bourouissa, *Blida-Joinville*, 2018–2019. Site-specific installation, wooden structure, plants, drawings, high quality video, 3D animation, sound; dimensions variable. Commissioned by Sharjah Art Foundation and co-produced by Institut Français, UAE, with the support of Institut Français, Paris, with additional support from kamel mennour, Paris, and Blum and Poe, Los Angeles

**LETTERS
TO AN
IMPRISONED
SUBCONSCIOUS:
LILLIAN
MASINDE
ON PRISON
NOTEBOOK
(1976)
BY IBRAHIM
EL-SALAH**

Letter #1: Acknowledging Your Imprisonment

Dear Subconscious,

It has been 7,281 days since you were first born into my being, and since then it has been my life's duty to suppress you into non-existence. You bear the title 'subconscious' as if your ideas were subordinate to what I now identify as my superior reasoning. However, while my heightened being is seemingly an objective reality, I have learned that its outward manifestation is merely a performance, puppeteered by societal structures and systems of oppression that have robbed me of your intellectual and spiritual volition and imprisoned you in an illusively intangible area of our mind. In the moments I have felt your inspirational touch, you had already undergone many waves of filtration and encountered various dams that blockaded you from fully permeating my thoughts. In these moments, I believed I had encountered you in your most authentic form, but I soon came to realise that you too were enslaved to a double reality of your own, caught between freedom and complicity. While I understand that it is hard for us to form a free-flowing relationship under these material conditions, I want you to remain comforted in the fact that liberation is near. One day you will no longer occupy the backdrop of my mind. You will move to the forefront and lead us both to freedom.

With deep sorrow,
Consciousness

Letter #2: Contemplating Your Freedom

Dear Subconscious,

It has been a while since we last spoke, but I believe the absence of communication has gone both ways as we are both consumed by our double reality. In one breath, I want to run away with you, and in the other, I find unsettling comfort in ignoring you for fear of what you will enable to the surface. Will you bring me peace and resolution, freeing me from the turmoil

of duality? Or will you paint a nightmare, making manifest my worst qualities and the memories I have suppressed from the brink of my time and beyond? Either way, I have come to terms with an unknown outcome, and I believe it is time we make plans to set you free. I want to let you lead without imposing any limits. As we begin our ascent towards a united mental reality, caught between the world and our true spirits, there remains a bigger challenge ahead: leaving the relics of our mind behind and displaying the fluidity and volitional significance of our relationship with the outside world. No matter how many times this boundary may shackle us back to a past in which I was simply a filtered manifestation of you and you were my silenced muse, I will continue to seek the day when we no longer need to perform such a binary. The mind is an imposed ceiling, but I am confident that our mutual love for one another will lead us in the direction of liberation and, most importantly, out of the continuous cycle of illusory freedom and impermeable oppression.

Love,
Consciousness



Ibrahim El Salahi, *Prison Notebook*, 1976. Paperback, 111 pages, 39 ink on paper drawings; 28.7 × 17 cm. Published by Sharjah Art Foundation and Museum of Modern Art, 2018

**BELLA
THOMAS**

Bella Thomas is a junior at Carleton College who is majoring in sociology and anthropology. Her research interests include the history of medicine, public health and disparities within maternal healthcare. Beyond academics, Thomas plays for the women's varsity basketball team and is active on campus as an advocate for student wellness and the vice president of the Black Student Alliance.

**JULIA
DUNN**

Julia Dunn is a junior at Carleton College, with a major in political science and international relations and a minor in educational studies. An international student from Portmore, Jamaica, Dunn is interested in the interconnectedness of colonial histories and their imprints on present-day social, economic and cultural contexts. She hopes to pursue a career in international development and capacity-building, with a focus on Latin America and the Caribbean. She enjoys travelling, writing poetry, listening to music, going to new cafés and making pasta.

**FARIDAH
AZEEL**

Faridah Azeel is a Yoruba-Nigerian born and raised in Massachusetts. She is a junior at Carleton College, pursuing a bachelor's degree in history and philosophy with a minor in educational studies. Azeel hopes to become a college professor, focusing on the intersection of world history and philosophy, with a particular emphasis on Afro-Latino/Caribbean relations. She enjoys watching the Premier League, travelling, visiting museums, eating sweet treats and spending time with friends, family and new faces.

**DILLON
JOHNSON**

An African American born and raised in Memphis, Tennessee, **Dillon Johnson** is a sophomore at Carleton College with a major in psychology and a double minor in philosophy and Africana studies. After completing his four years at Carleton, Johnson plans to take a gap year and later pursue a law degree. Johnson enjoys listening to music, playing basketball, spending time with family and drawing.

**TIMOTHY
ABBOTT**

A sophomore at Carleton College, **Timothy Abbott** has two main academic interests: race in late antiquity and syntax. Belonging to a small foggy neighbourhood in San Francisco, Abbott is an avid mountain biker, runner and city explorer in his spare time. He is curious about people and the world.

**LILLIAN
MASINDE**

A junior at Carleton College, **Lillian Masinde** is a Ugandan-American interested in history and Africana studies. After her graduation, she intends to pursue a degree in law to become an immigration lawyer. Masinde would like to use her future law degree to combat mass incarceration, recidivism and other issues related to the prison-industrial complex.

**YOUSSEF
HADDAD**

Youssef Haddad is a junior at Carleton College, with a major in physics. Hailing from New Jersey, with ethnic roots in Morocco and Palestine, Haddad is interested in the history of societies, their evolution and their conceptualisation of beauty, respect, empathy, and other larger principles. When not studying the physical world, Haddad is an avid listener of music and reads extensively on history.

ON WRITING 2.0: CRITICAL REFLECTIONS

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