

We left home...

but what is home

Exile is a very primordial fear, because in the past, if you were exiled from the tribe, that meant you were dead. Now, it's on a social level.

Jon Rafman



The work of Sara Badr Schmidt defies neat categorisation. Working with an eclectic range of materials and processes, connected by an insistent return to the multiplicity of identity, and an equally strong care for the artisanal, for craft and for the hand, she delves into her intimate world with the precision of a surgeon, the tenderness of a parent. This tension of precision and care grounds the work, leaving a space through which the viewer can climb. From where you begin, from your own journey, you can enter her world.

This is Badr Schmidt's third exhibition at Agial gallery in a relationship spanning more than twenty years. Our deep connection with this artist continues to enrich our pro-

gramming, as well as providing fuel for our understanding of home, of Beirut, and our place in the wider world. In fact, 'We left home' is perhaps Badr Schmidt's most ambitious project to date, taking personal stories and cultural myth, and re-imagining them, creating new connections that remix belonging for those who connect with more than one place, one way of being.

In a global world, place remains important, but how that is understood is always in development. Badr Schmidt takes the work of belonging as her centre, drawing on her experience as Lebanese, Swedish and French, of being continually a little outside, of leaving, of the way that place imprints itself in ways that should be impossible to decode – and yet that is what she does.

Don't imagine that the many threads woven into this story will reach a neat conclusion, a certain meaning. Instead, they are an opportunity to delve deeper into the emotional and thoughtful world of human belonging.

Seen through the eyes of this prescient artist, place, belonging, identity, in all of their complexity, gain intimacy and individuality while at the same time speaking to the broader social and cultural issues that they equally pertain to.

Where is your place in this unfolding story? This artist has a gift for allowing stories to unfold from every viewer, connecting the work of memory with that of tangible reality.

Beirut, February 2024

This project is about being torn from one's place.

This project is about the violence of war suffered in childhood and its repercussions on the construction of a being.

The resulting trauma is repressed, as the child always gives adults the impression of adapting.

Because of the war in Lebanon and my origins, I've been always on the move between East and West.

This project attempts to convey the emotion of being constantly forced to move away from one's environment, one's friends, one's home, of having fear inscribed in the very depths of one's being. You end up not knowing where you belong, while trying to fit in

and be accepted in a new place.

"We left home... but what is home" draws on personal experiences of the past to raise collective questions about events of the present, and attempts to understand the future. More and more people will be affected by displacement, whether due to war or natural disasters caused by global warming.

The artwork presented here explore both formalism and autobiographical themes to raise more universal questions about notions of intermediate states, identity and belonging. Their subject matter revolves around notions of uprooting and attachment. I consciously use materials from different spheres - fine art, literature, construction work and applied arts - blurring

the boundaries of perception between medium and material. My subjects are painfully political and reflexive, but I chose to treat them poetically and aesthetically, placing the personal within the universal.

This installation is being presented by galleries in Beirut, Paris and Stockholm, these cities having been the stopping-off points for the various journeys I made as a child.

This project took root in me when, a few years ago, my two childhood homes were destroyed. This loss suddenly made me realize that the physical materiality of these places was all the more important as the war had forced me into repeated departures throughout my youth. I realized the extent to which they represented two pillars, deep

points of attachment, whose foundations came to life on very specific lands. Their vanishing felt like yet another uprooting. The building in Beirut had been constructed by my paternal grandfather in the 40s. A true work of architecture, with unprecedented volumes and cedar woodwork typical of the region. The whole apartment was bathed in light, thanks to high ceilings and blown-glass doors. Through the kitchen window, we could see the port and the sea, before Beirut was disfigured by the proliferation of new buildings.

In Sweden, our family home was my summer home. Situated by the sea on a peninsula, its garden jutted out into the sea. It had been designed by my maternal grandfather in the 50s,

in a minimalist, avant-garde style of architecture. It has been imagined in osmosis with the exterior landscape of rocks, sky, sea, trees and the cry of seagulls. The exterior conversed beautifully with the interior.

These two houses were rooted in completely opposite locations, one in the south and the other in the north. Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea, Sweden and the Baltic Sea. However they shared transparency and luminosity. The day I lost them, I realized how fortunate I had been to grow up in such beautiful spaces. These two houses no longer exist, but they continue to inhabit me, as I am unable to inhabit them myself.

Paris, Beirut, Stockholm, 2023

In Sara Badr Schmidt's world, there are skies, lots of skies, beautiful skies that she holds out to us like so many questions. They sometimes carry words, nestled in their own deep blue, or they are streaked with clouds that undoubtedly veil secrets. These are travelling skies, captured in Beirut, Stockholm, Paris, or elsewhere, overlooking invisible and impalpable worlds. They seem light. They are serious, heavy with our ignorance, our hopes, perhaps our sufferings. Under some of these skies, there are ruins, bodies that weep ;one hears cries, dull blows, the whistling of bombs, followed by that threatening silence that does not speak of peace but of the anguish of waiting. Under others, there is a child with salty skin dancing on a beach, splashing joyfully, carefree little humans wriggling, insignificant and poignant.

When she photographs, paints, weaves a sky, Sara does not show us all these ghosts, neither the good nor the bad. But they are there. We

feel them.

All skies are similar, all skies are different. We would so like them to be the same, as a universal answer, we would so like to live under the same sky... But isn't that the most naive of our illusions? Sara, an essential artist, that is someone who digs close to the soul to express the inexpressible, seeks her own skies, those of childhood, those of innocence, those she has lost and that continue to haunt her. When she was little, she had two skies, two countries, two houses now destroyed, two cultures, two hearts that sometimes beat out of sync. She would go from one to the other, from the light of Lebanon where her family was rooted, to the Sweden of vacations where she welcomed squirrels in the drizzle and befriended snails.

She traveled like a migratory bird, seeking balance, resting on a current of air, reassuring herself with the idea that there she would find peace, forgetting that once one of her homes was found, the other,

immediately, would be missed. The madness of men has disrupted this precarious balance.

Look at this faceless little girl, doll in hand, sheltering under the dining room table. It's the image, so frail, so powerful, of «war,» this thing that, Sara says, sometimes falls silent but always leaves a taste of mold inside. It's the image of fear, which we don't want to admit, which we try to suppress, but which embeds itself in the depths of cells like a virus ready to awaken. It's the image of lasting trauma that overwhelms so many children under so many skies, but against which the little girl, one day, rebelled. She is seven years old, she has matured, and she discovers that, if Santa Claus does not exist, fear does exist, for adults too. Major revelation: she suddenly understands that such is the nature of men. That borders are first erected in minds. That beautiful ideas and generous words don't do much there. That, on the path to humanity, every generation must always start over. She attains this ultimate

lucidity without which there is no possible freedom: the awareness of the tragic.

Art is the only answer to this new state of mind, the only path to transcendence, the only quest for truth. My friend Sara, now a woman, will devote herself entirely to it, diving into colors and materials as into the warm waters of the Mediterranean. Look at this graceful cherry tree with its unreal hue exploding like a sunset, this enchanting pink, a rebellious color that dared to break away from red, symbol of blood and fire, to affirm tenderness and femininity. Is it a coincidence if this work of revolt is a call to sweetness and sensuality? Is it surprising that it is a tree? A tree has roots.

What better to oppose to the pain of exile? This is precisely what Sara Badr Schmidt tells us in her so sensitive works:

we need skies as much as we need roots. It would be wrong to think that our anchor and our inheritances pin us to the ground and constrain us to immobility. It's the opposite: our roots allow us to soar towards the sky. They are our landmarks when we take height. The little human needs two legs to walk: the individual and the universal.

Exiles are uprooted trees, lifted by arbitrary and often malevolent winds, floating with a feeling of a lack like a hole in the heart. But they also carry within them fragments of life, a place, smells, flavors, tunes of music, a mother's caress, a father's words, a friend's smile, a first kiss. The suitcase is more or less heavy, depending on the weight of loss, grief, and pain. But sooner or later, it must be set down, an attempt to take root elsewhere. We are all forced to resign ourselves to

it. Having become a woman, little Sara turned her nostalgia into works of art. She rebuilds her dreams and her homes with drawings, woolen pictures, painted canvases, mixing textiles, clay, bronze, concrete... We would like to travel in her landscapes, snuggle into her fabrics, absorb their secret softness, rediscover the salt of the sea, the warmth of childhood, the illusion of fetal tranquility. By some magic of the artist, her works are not sad. They speak to us of joy, innocence, and hope too.

Sara Badr Schmidt's art is a quest for the sensitive and the flesh that goes very far into the depths of our souls. To surrender to it is a chance and a liberation. And there we can find beauty, that mysterious thing that exists only in our gaze and in our emotion.

Paris, December 2023

*That year, I draw a pink and white cherry tree with all its colours of hope.
This cherry tree always accompanies me.* Sara Badr Schmidt

The morning I got back, I stepped from the plane to a quality of light already in my body, to air clear and striking, almost warm, the sun gentle yet shining my face. I looked up in a kind of prayer as I walked onto the tarmac. In this moment I was home.

Home sky, the kind that remembers you.

A piece of sky shouldn't have that clarity, a delineation, somehow bordered. But it does. Without tangible borders, yet the sky remains known. It's a home, sky, the air in your bones.

The beauty of this is how the sky moves even as it knows you, as it claims you, movement caught in the very feeling of home. Under the sky that is yours, the sky moves. Seen this way the idea of place is a little illusory, the very land slipping away at the same time as we are basking in 'our' sky. It is right to say we are at once at home and not at home. It is right to say

that this is not always easy, not always hard. The work of Sara Badr Schmidt deals directly with the intimate experience of dislocation, of changing place, of place changing us.

She describes her work as an attempt to "explain or at least try to make people feel what it means emotionally to have fear inscribed in one's DNA to be constantly torn away from one's environment, one's friends, one's home and finally not knowing where you belong while trying to be accepted." And yet, the answer to this question remains opaque. How does it feel to be torn, not accepted, unknown. Is this really

the question. Or is the question what comes after.

- For Sara, the quest for home is deeply personal, psychological, almost feral. Division seems rooted in her psyche. And yet in her insistent digging into the past, her work provides a document from the future, a reminder of the totality of such experience, the continuing effect of exile, at many scales and for many reasons, on the individual at every strata of their existence.

In a sense it is human attachment to land that she wishes to dispel. While the gap and split of her own exile is central, it is also clear that she considers this experience of movement to

be useful, marking an ability to shift, chameleon-like, between one place, context, and another. The defining quality of her experience is the attempt to move in the face of human expectations, of social life. Returning insistently to the psychological and physical borders that shutter and delineate human experience, she describes the specific experience of exile as intimately connected with this broader anthropology, noting:

*You need to have them under your skin,
these problems born of tensions,
you need to have smelled the smell of death,
heard the sound of war
to understand*

*that there is nothing to understand,
that man will always have borders in his heart and in his soul as long as they exist on earth.* But having established the significance and particularity of exile as a concept, she moves. Look at the snails. Small creatures, rendered in clay and bronze, formed in various states, some without shells at all, bodies soft and vulnerable, shell discarded nearby. It is a nudge to a possible future state, a symbol for home on the move.

- Conflict lies at the root of the work, an attempt for a way to see differently, to reach in and twist hard-felt beliefs, and to pull them out by the root, fin-

ding out in the process if they will grow anywhere else.

- There is not a photo, but there is a girl who draws, or has drawn. Charcoal on wood is elemental, could be rubbed away. It is scrap, ephemeral. Perhaps the artist drew as an adult, but the feel is young, fast and direct, a reminder of younger selves.

Here is a drawing from memory. a remembered place, a remembered event that we do not know. All we know is that it has become solid, it remains somehow, now here.

We left home, each of these images is titled. These diminutive and ephemeral drawings from 'then' are

connected to an adult world by the medium of luxurious rugs created 'now'. The rugs are silk, cashmere, wool. We are told they are knotted by hand. They have the same titles as their anchors; we left home, repeated again and again.

In the gallery the rugs are on the wall. A drawing alongside of each, we assume they came first, the initial spark now re-transcribed as rug, and we feel the soft weight of feet pressing. The lightness of the charcoal sketch, drawn on a wooden ground, in sharp contrast to the rug's weight. To weave is to inhabit tension, the tension of textile growing under the weaver's fingers. In the process of weaving the maker becomes part of the making, an embodied unders-

tanding of the time and space taken by the process, a soft weight anchored by domestic echoes. The effect is idiosyncratic, odd, the transience of the sketch reaching at an appropriate weight in its transposition to rug. The gap between sketch and rug is the experience of dislocation.

A rug is home, the particularity of textile, the texture of familiarity underfoot. It is a memory of where you walk.

And then, I think, a rug is also moveable.

There is, at once, the moment of imprinting, the continual afterlives of dislocation, the continual state of being in exile, and then there is the possibility of movement, lightness, of homing rather than home.

For Sara, the problem here is less the experience of dislocation, rather it is the social implication of being the outsider. She tells me, have you heard this, I can't remember where it is from "A bird in a cage thinks flying is an illness."

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A series of texts are inscribed on concrete tablets, personal stories from childhood, engraved on a material known for durability, strength, humility. These texts speak clearly to separation and return, highlighting the impossibility of the latter.

They chart the becoming of foreignness, of becoming an outsider. Heavier than textile, these stories are the heaviest. What if these words were

written on feathers, easy to lose among each other and the wind. I sense this possibility, underneath the concrete. Ask, what divides humans daily. She will say, it is the experience of exile, outsideness, at any scale. It is the experience of being cast out that creates division between people.

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Look to the sky, a world larger than human.

Borderless, a series of photographs comprising backgrounds of sky superimposed with small texts. Words of many languages placed on many skies;

*I have a dream, Arrabbiata
Lagom, Borderless*

We can only imagine the precise location of each piece of sky, the languages might provide a clue

but then, they might not. The borderless skies can speak many languages.

Memory is akin to sky, the edges felt, embodied, the borders arranged from the inside. You are your memories; they know you before you do. Home sky, yours and also always changing. A perfect paradox.

In the work of Badr Schmidt there is a continuing, a becoming, a gradual unfolding of impossibility explored through memory. At the same time there is a limitless quality in the lightness, the world, that could be possible, if thinking could be this light, this flexible.

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A large oil painting dominates one wall of the gallery. It is titled, Cherry tree, "the cherry

tree always accompanies me", she says. A luxurious rug lies at its feet, The cherry tree flowers. It is more than a shadow.

One more riddle, another impossible question:

what lies underneath and is more than a shadow.

Beirut, December 2023

The essential privilege of the exile is to have, not just one set of eyes but half a dozen, each of them corresponding to the places you have been... There is always a kind of doubleness to that experience... the more places you have been, the more displacements you've gone through, as every exile does. As every situation is a new one, you start out each day anew.

Edward Said ¹

It is no surprise that the rug is the privileged medium through which Sara Badr Schmidt expresses her artistic vision. Badr Schmidt's rugs are not sterile artworks on the wall, nor are they banal floor coverings, but rather they are floating islands that invite inhabitation and interaction: sitting, lying down, reading, conversing, reflecting. A rug delimits space; it is the marking of place, an act of grounding. At the same time, it represents impermanence, as it can be rolled up, transported, and rolled out again somewhere else. The rug is an instrument in the act of boundlessness, boundlessness that does not cut you loose from everything,

but rather allows you to be transported and land, lightly but firmly, in another place. In Foucault's concept of heterotopia, he equates rugs with gardens: "The garden is a rug onto which the whole world comes to enact its symbolic perfection, and the rug is a sort of garden that can move across space." ² It is the act of moving that interests us here. Carpets are physical metaphors (from ancient Greek, meta-pherein: to carry over, to transfer) of transposition, of dislocation. The carpet is a movable garden, a transposed place, a rolled-out scroll of memory, a plan of resettlement – all essential acts of the exiled self.

Sara Badr Schmidt's rug creations are sometimes commissioned by a client for a specific space, taking into account the physical context of light, colors, views, or furnishings. Other textile works are freer, more intimate and spontaneous, where the language of abstraction communicates a moment in time and place. In rug-making, the gestures of drawing, writing, and painting are translated into weaving, and instants of thought are quite literally given texture and depth, by other hands. In Badr Schmidt's textile works, words and figures are often woven into the composition, multiplying readings (when one speaks the

language) and undermining abstraction with arresting literalism. The combination of languages concrete and abstract provokes readings on different levels, and the deceptively simple escapes easy explanation. In the exhibit "We left home... but what is home" the physical manifestation of language is woven in wool or silk, imprinted on concrete, or painted onto canvas, freezing a memory in a very tactile way and inviting us to touch it.

When you are removed from your first language and first

culture, as Edward Said optimistically observed, you start out each day anew. Adaptation is not erasure, loss of native speaking is not silence; you slowly become comfortable with the voids between what you have known and what you will become. Powers of observation are sharpened, memory is not the past but a constantly mitigated present. The flat luminosity of the Mediterranean Sea, the deep cool blue of the Baltic, declinations of green and brown and yellow and pink in the landscape; heavy stone, lighter tiles, fine wood detail-

ling, crisply painted surfaces, fragile or expansive pieces of glass; steps, trees, doors, locks, odors of dampness and dryness, or of the kitchen after dinner. The dispersion of spaces, stairs, and rooms, moving through them, resting, interacting. The play of light and shadow; street, entrance, garden; creaks, bangs and far-off voices. You build yourself a home in your mind, as best you can. Like a snail, you carry it with you.

Paris, March 2024

¹ Edward Said, "The Voice of the Palestinian in Exile" *Third Text* 3(4), 1988.

² Michel Foucault, "Of Other Spaces" *AMC*, 1984.

Writing about the place that came to be a non-place; writing about the confines of memory, about the call to transmit, to convey... that kind of writing is in its essence a form of healing.

To break taboos that declare the purposelessness of places when they disappear; the agony of separation, of rupture, of estrangement...

To give a name to that agonizing sense of being in a place other than home, both immediate and raw...

To give a name to an emotion: "Laila", a mother, my mother; a

caress, an embrace; the insistence of a smell of a home lost. "Laila", or the beginning of it all, the hand that molds, the "shelter". Yet, shelters in our aching memory convene scent of fear, gunpowder in the conforming colors of darkness.

But "Laila" is not one. She is many. The bitter cut in a sea of transfigured nostalgia; a space in denial; totally out of consciousness; an entire past annihilated.

In her there is salvation, beauty, love, and life. And in the non-place there is noise, chaos, and a lust for nothingness.

The unknown is not confined to

a specific place. It expands into collapsing nations or is itself an ongoing national collapse. How does investing in a place make sense when, at any point, it can become none?

Most of us, I fear, hang torn between one home to be and another, that is us.

In the fields of circling doubts, no Supreme Court may triumph over infinite sorrow.

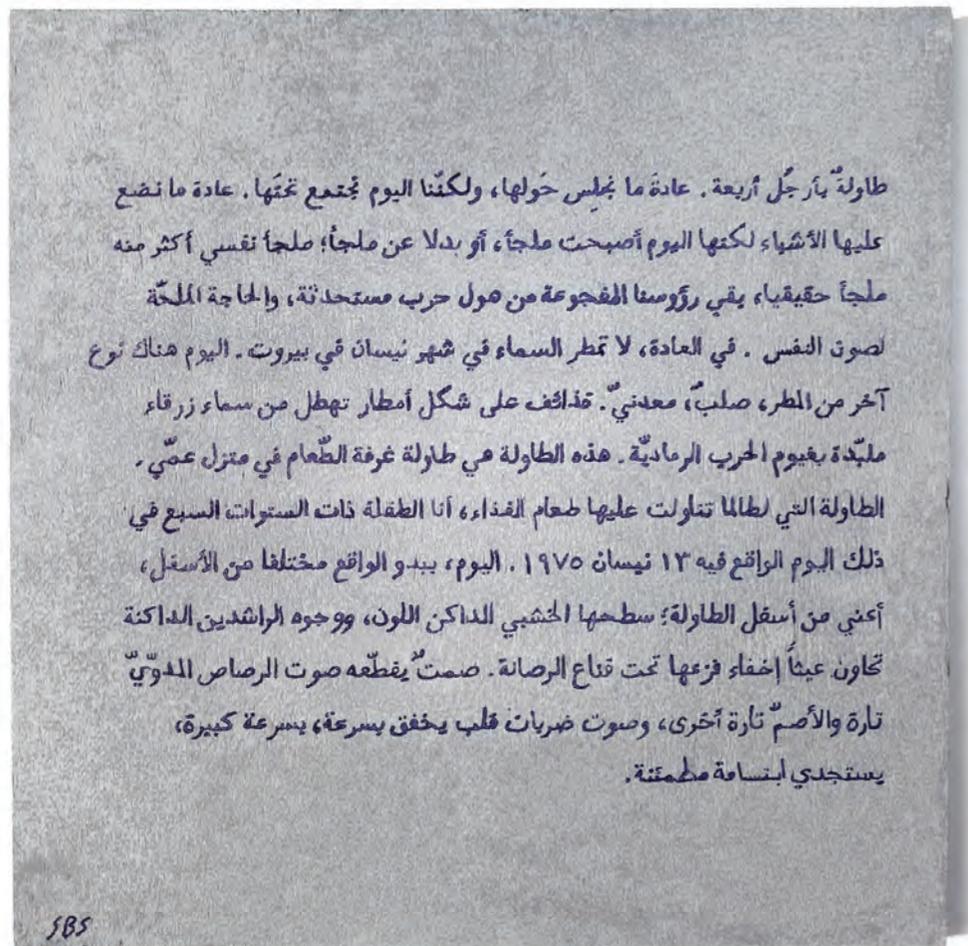
Beirut, December 2023

The texts of my artworks are deliberately written in the three languages that have accompanied me since childhood: French, Arabic and Swedish. It is a process I use to recall the impact of a language. In the case of a mother tongue, its melody can be a refuge, awakening a feeling of familiarity and well-being. A foreign language, on the other hand, can generate frustration by constituting a barrier to integration when you don't know it, and symbolize an unknown world.

You can find English translations on the loose leaf included in this book.



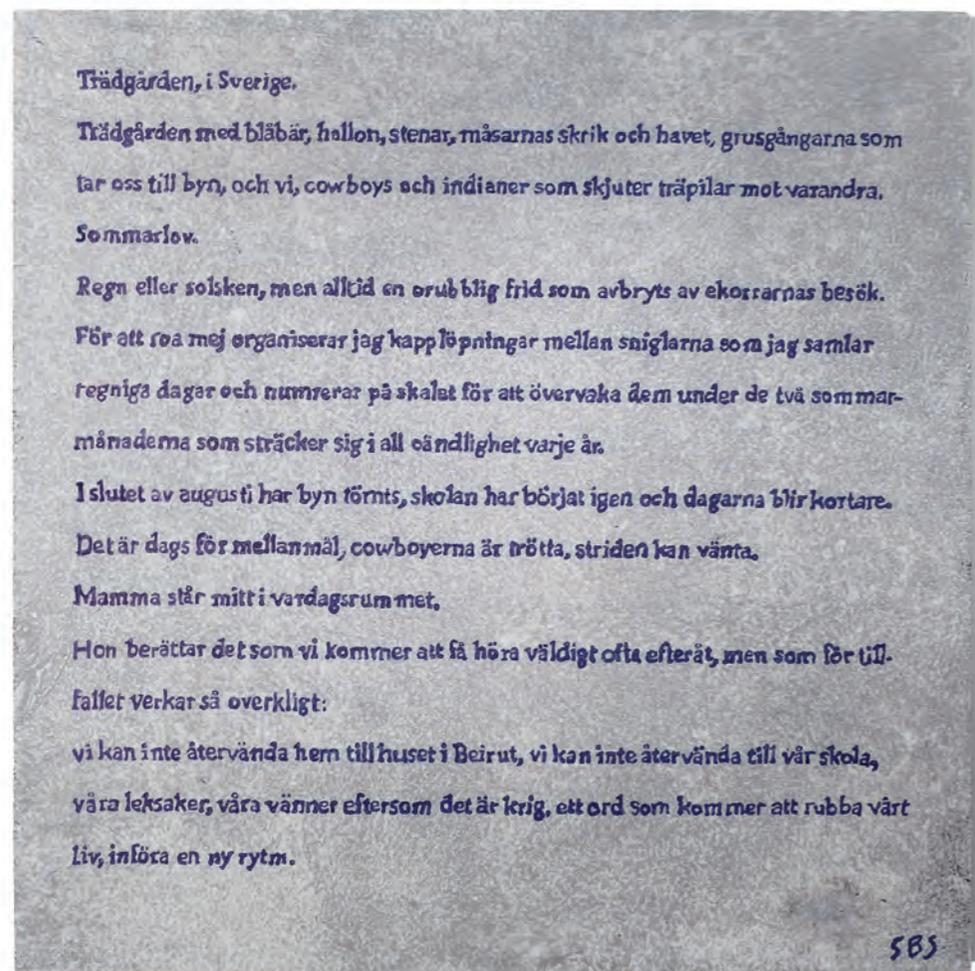
chalk on wood - 14 x 12 cm



ink and mixed-media on wood - 20 x 20 cm



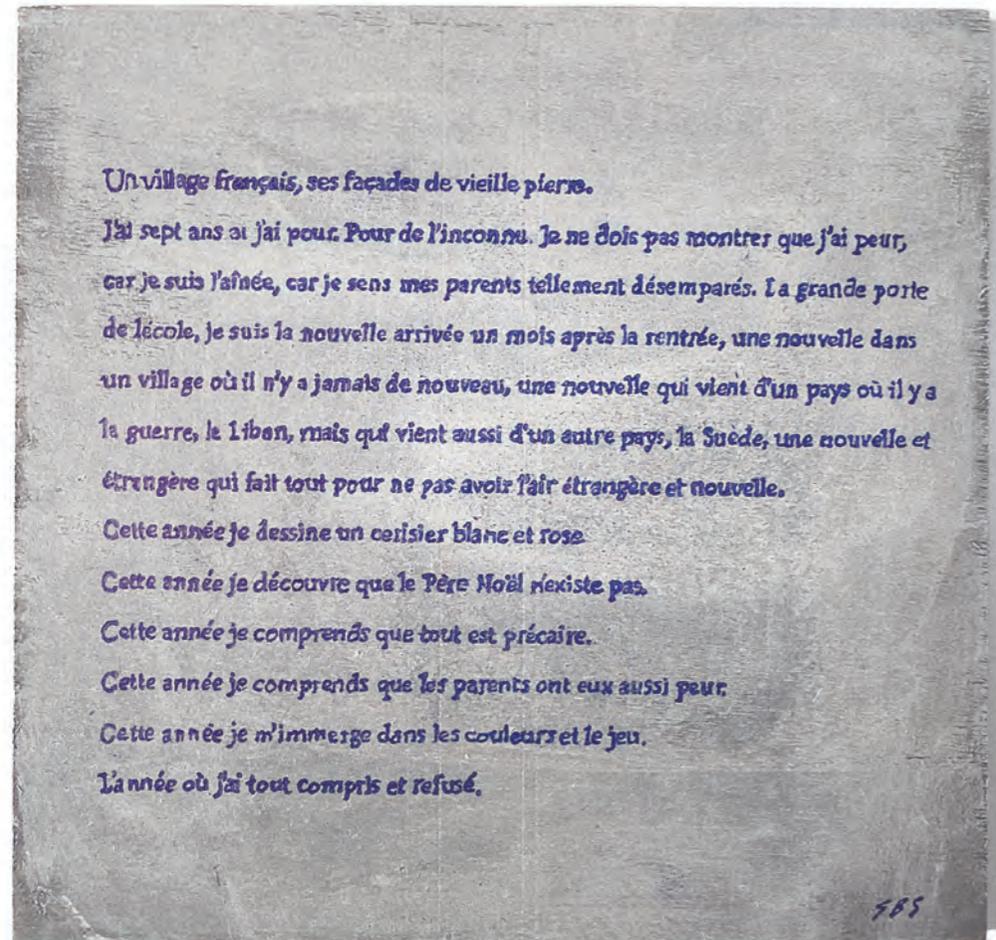
textile work, hand knotted, silk, cashmere and wool - 100 x 100 cm



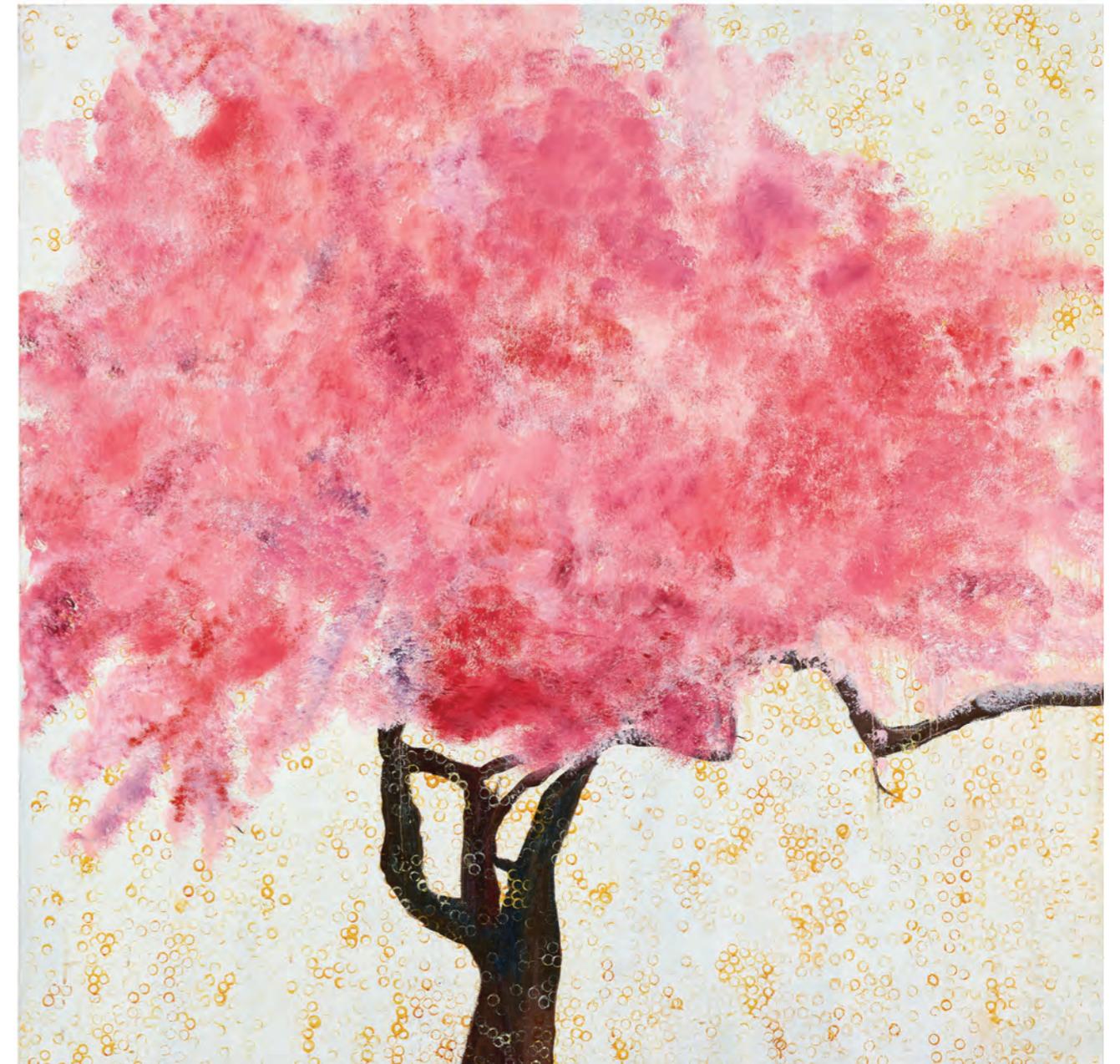
ink and mixed-media on wood - 20 x 20 cm



textile work, hand knotted, silk, cashmere and wool - 100 x 100 cm



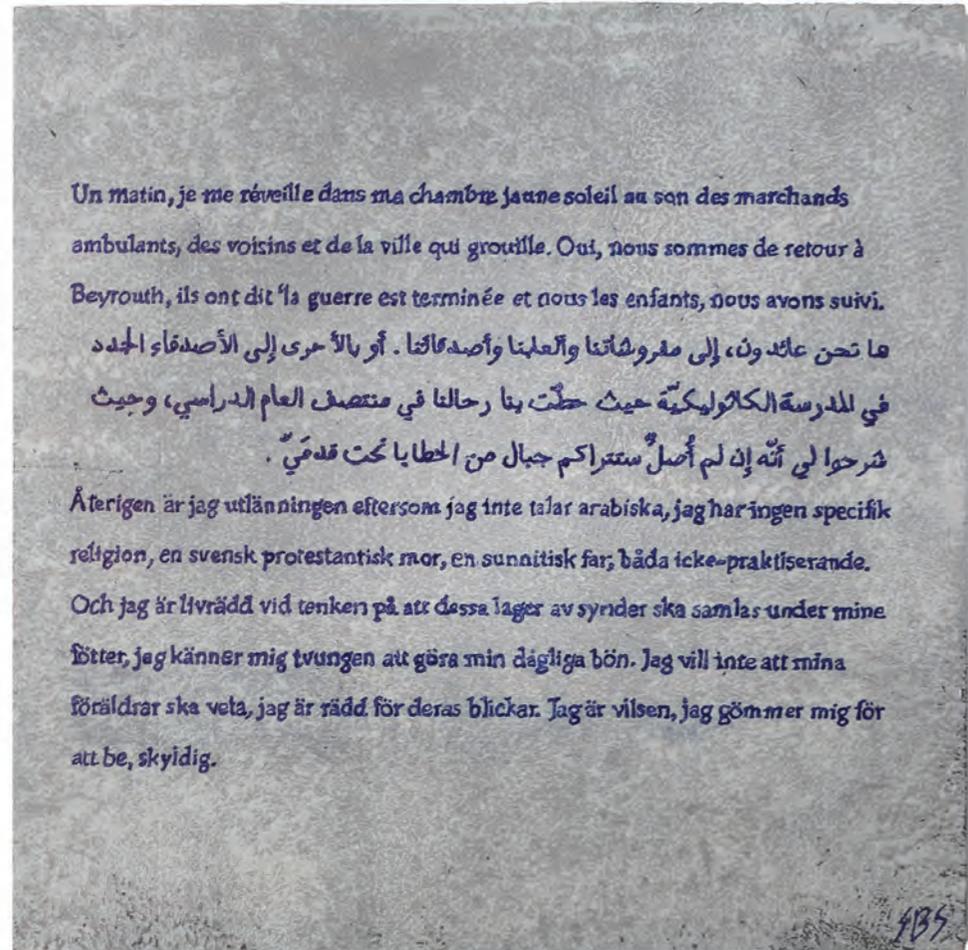
ink and mixed-media on wood - 20 x 20 cm



oil painting on canvas - 150 x 150 cm



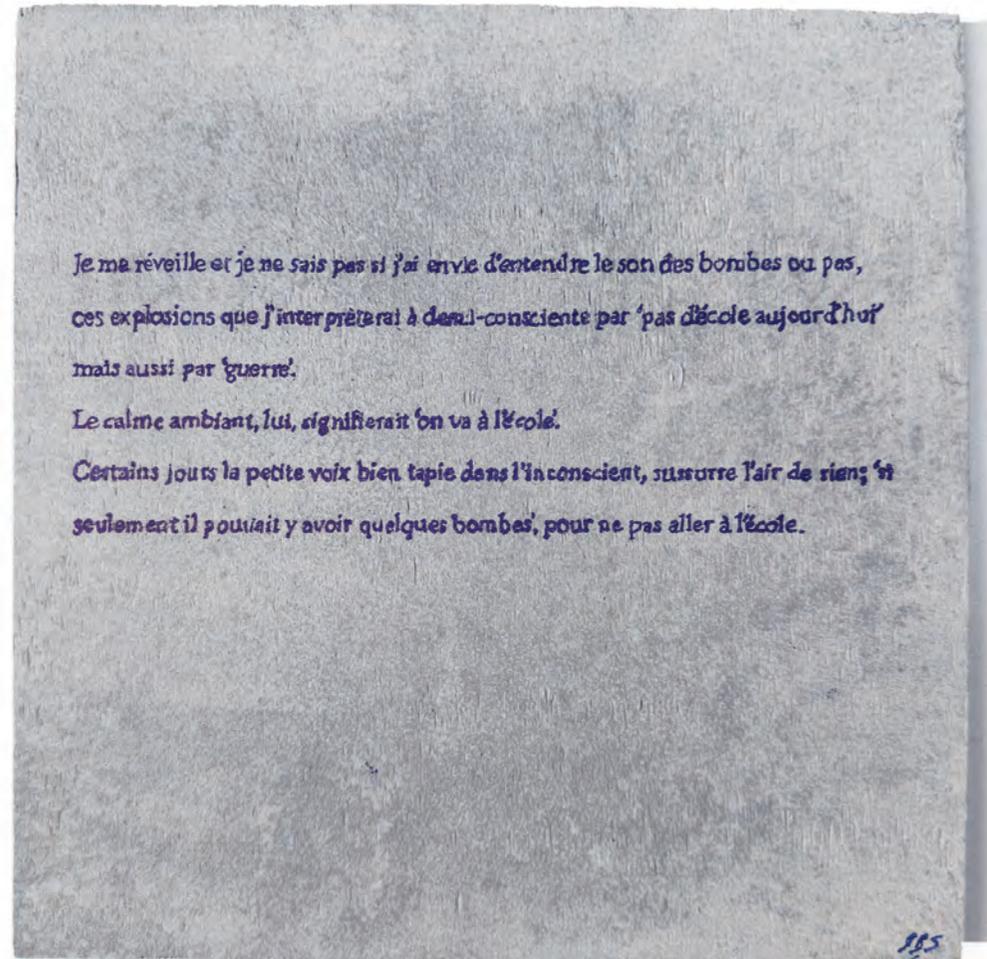
textile work, hand knotted, silk, cashmere and wool - 190 x 190 cm



ink and mixed-media on wood - 20 x 20 cm



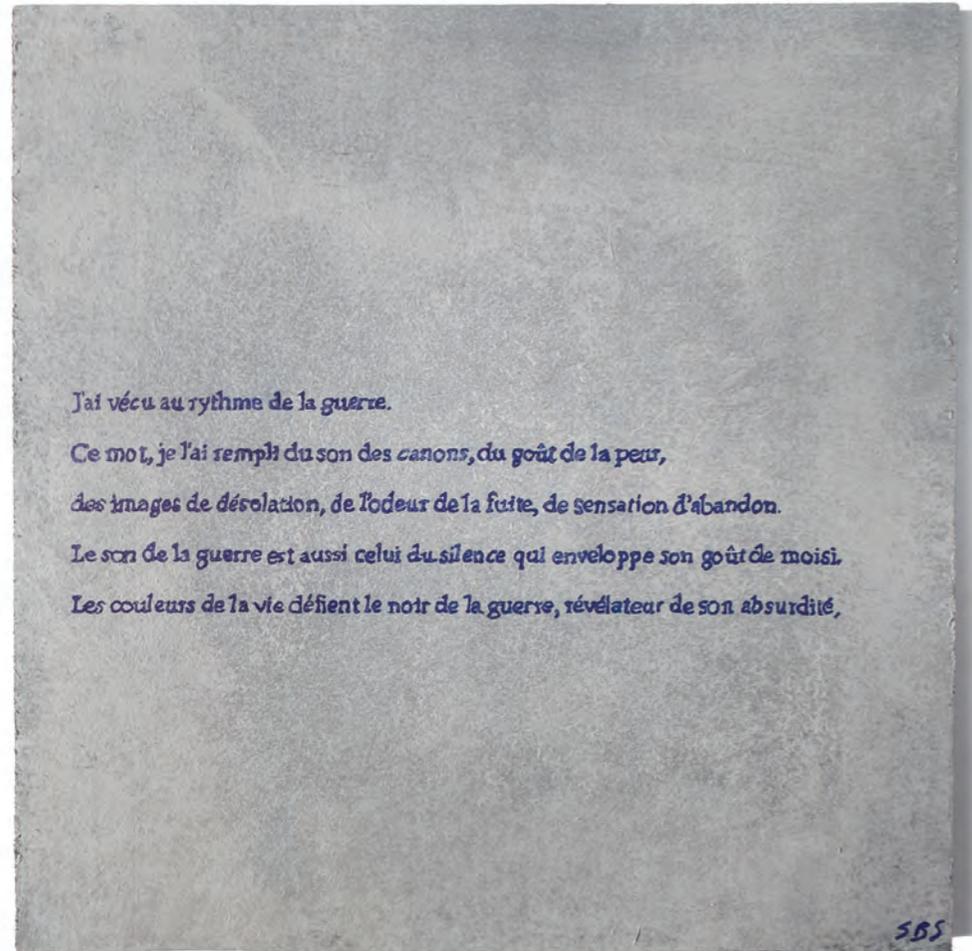
textile work, hand knotted, silk, cashmere and wool - 125 x 125 cm



ink and mixed-media on wood - 20 x 20 cm



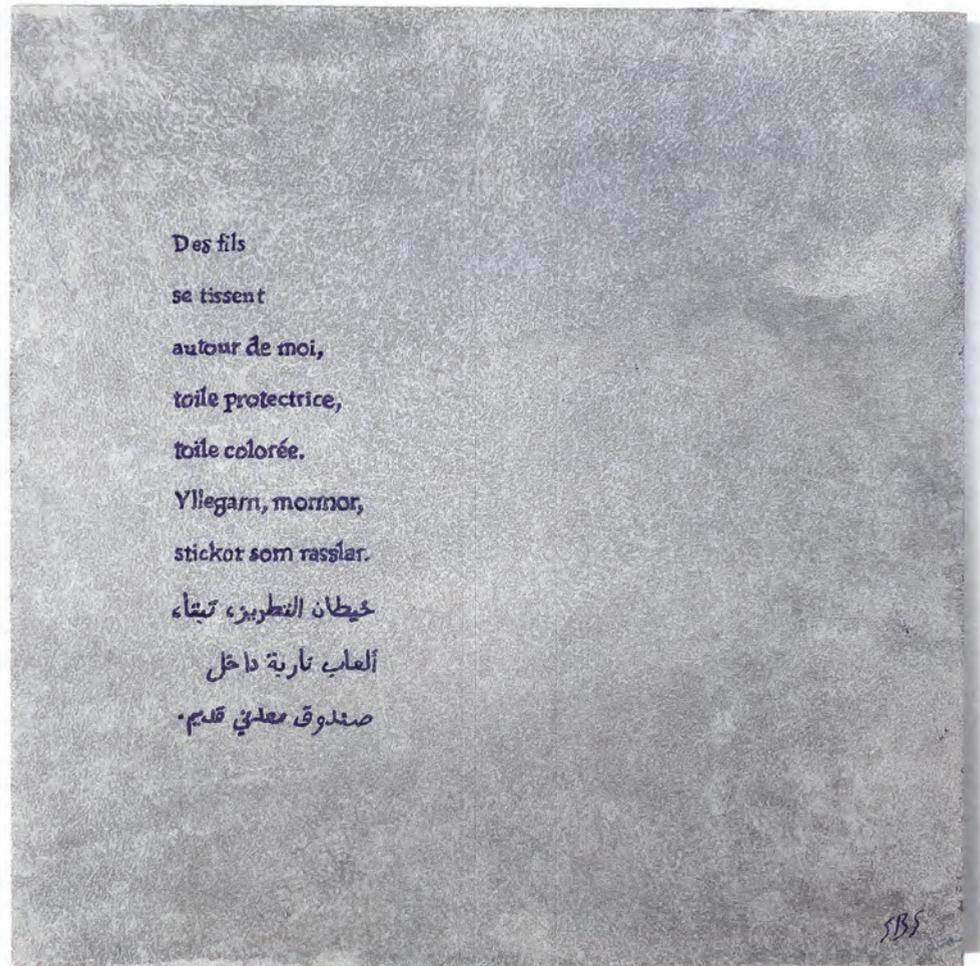
textile work, hand knotted, silk, cashmere and wool - 100 x 100 cm



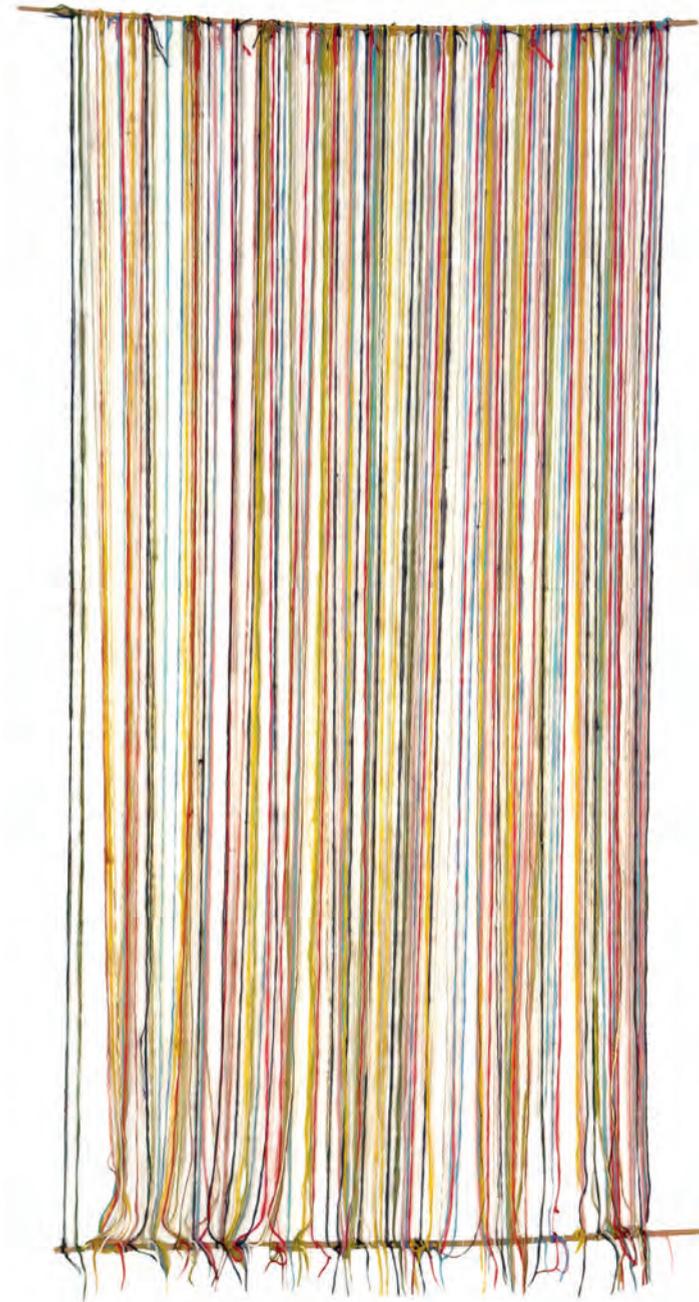
ink and mixed-media on wood - 20 x 20 cm



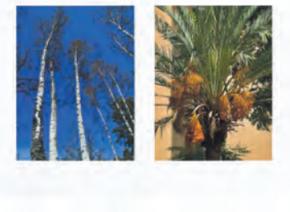
ink and watercolor on paper - 180 x 100 cm



ink and mixed-media on wood - 20 x 20 cm

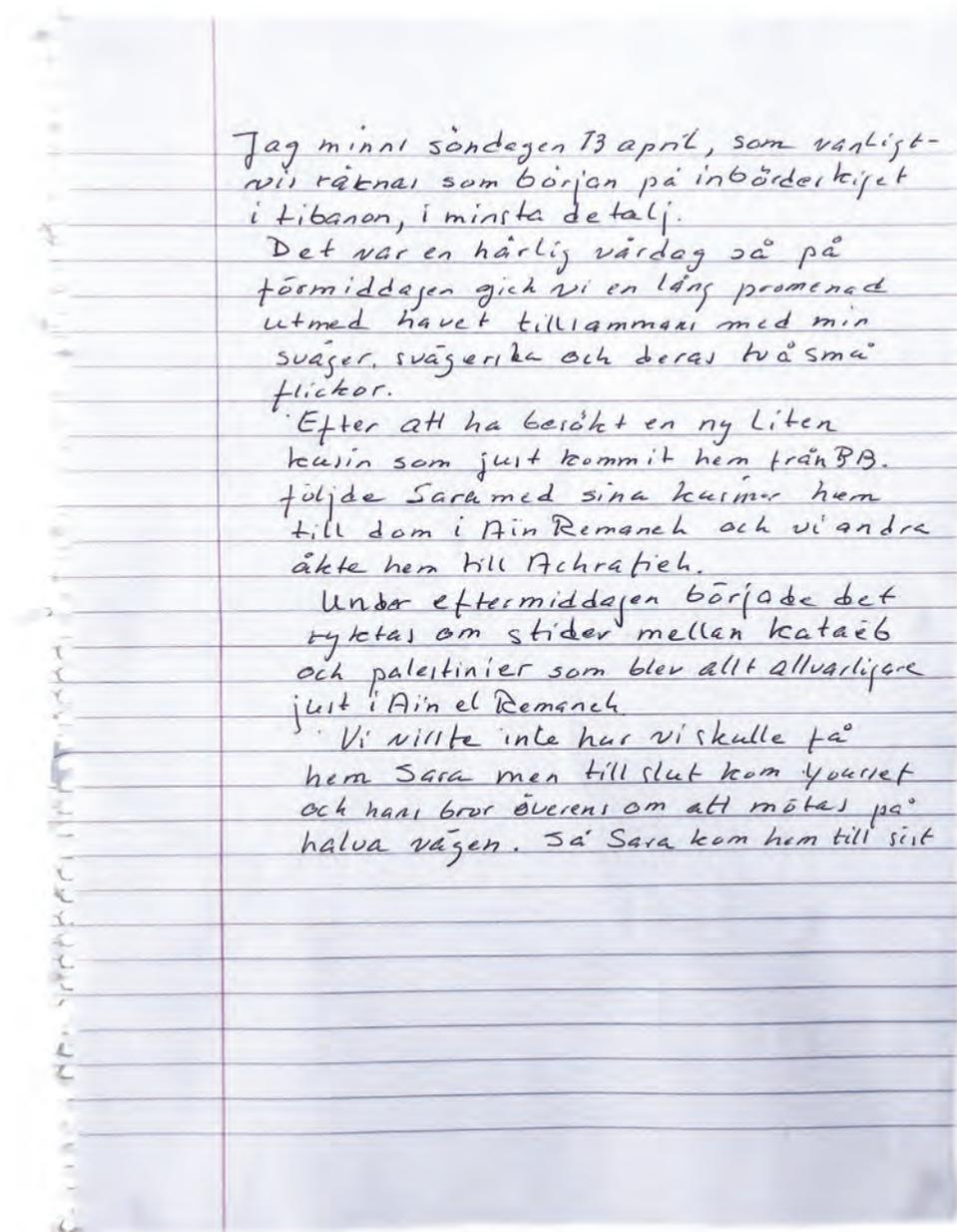


cashmere, silk, wool, linnen and metallic fiber - 110 x 220 cm



English Translation

I remember Sunday, April 13, which is usually considered the beginning of the civil war in Lebanon, in great detail. It was a beautiful day so in the morning we went for a long walk along the sea with my brother-in-law, sister-in-law and their two little girls. After visiting a new little cousin who had just come home from maternity, Sara went with her cousins to their home in Ain el Remaneh and the rest of us went home to Achrafieh. During the afternoon there were rumors of clashes between Kataeb and Palestinians that became more and more serious in Ain el Remaneh. We didn't know how to get Sara home but eventually Youssef and his brother agreed to meet halfway. So Sara finally came home.



excerpt from the diary of Christina Badr, the artist's mother



I have a dream, New York, USA,
April 2005



Borderless, Jezzine, Lebanon,
July 2003



Sawa (together), Beirut, Lebanon,
February 2012



Allégresse (joy), Paris, France,
June 2010



Témoin (witness), Paris, France,
January 2015



Smultronställe (secret garden), Gotland, Sweden,
August 2016



Blunda och lyssna (close your eyes and listen),
Dalarö, Sweden, August 2010

photos printed on Hahnemühle Fine Art paper - 24 x 13,5 cm

Mapping the memory I - 59°7'59.016"N, 18°24'23.004"E



mixed-media on paper and canvas, 120 x 120 cm

Mapping the memory II - 33°53'20.18"N, 35°29'39.91"E



mixed-media on paper and canvas, 120 x 120 cm



The two places were two pillars, deep points of attachment, whose foundations came to life on very specific lands.

Beirut, Lebanon

35°29'39.91"E

The entire apartment was bathed in light, thanks to high ceilings and blown-glass doors. A Persian rug covered the living room floor.

The Sky

The sky was the link that took us from one end of the world to the other.

Dalarö, Sweden

59°7'59.016"N

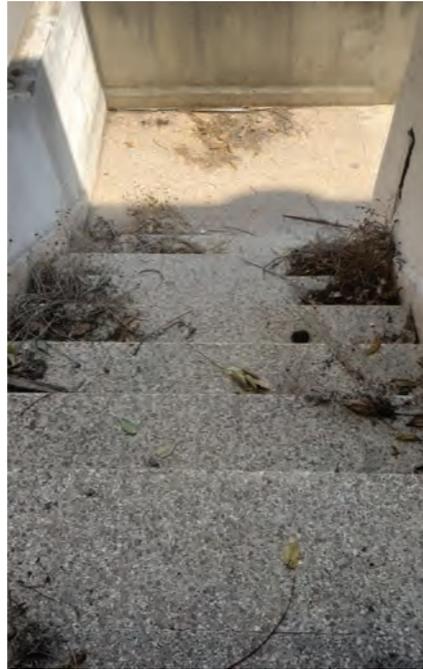
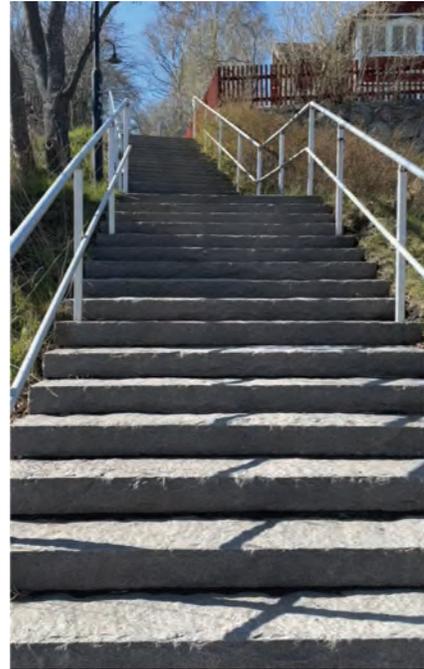
The house was situated by the sea on a peninsula, its garden jutted out into the sea. It has been imagined in osmosis with the exterior landscape of rocks, sky, sea, trees and the cry of seagulls.



mixed-media on paper - 62 x 41 cm



bronze with patina - 8 x 5 x 5 cm



video - 60 seconds



video - 30 seconds



Born in Stockholm, 1968.
Swedish and Lebanese, living in Paris.

2018-2024 - Fiber works, in situ projects for private collections.

2021 - Private Choice contemporary art and design curation, group show, Paris.

2017 - Borderless-Il était une fois un tout petit pois, solo installation, Agial Gallery, Beirut.

2016 - Borderless-NY, Florence Deniau Stephan Gallery, group show, New York.

2016 - Borderless-Milan, solo show, Nuova Galleria Morone, Milan.

2015 - Oltre La Cena, group show, Expo 2015, T.ART, Institut Français & Fondazione Stel-
line, Milan.

2015 - La ruée vers l'art, group show, Galerie Vanessa Suchar, Paris.

2013 - L'Echappée Belle, group show, Grand Palais, Paris.

2012 - Borderless-Beirut, solo show, Agial Gallery, Beirut.

2010 - Art Paris, group show, Galerie Vanessa Suchar, Paris.

2008 - Parcours Saint-Germain, group show, Once upon a time, Paris.

2008 - Renaissance, solo show, Galerie Langlet, Paris.

2006 - Mickey dans tous ses états, group show, Artcurial, Paris.

2002 - I Want, solo show, Strange Fruit space, in collaboration with Agial Gallery, Beirut.

2001 - Zupa Inglese exhibit at Artishow in partnership with the British Cultural Center,
Beirut. Designed and laid out the exhibit, contributed works.

1997-2002 - Artishow collectible object gallery, founder and artistic director, Beirut.

1997-2002 - Artiline, creation of a line of collectible objects.

1996 - Table Rase, exhibition of contemporary Lebanese designers and artists at the Beirut
French Cultural Center. Designed and laid out the exhibit, contributed works.

1999 - Circuit Invisible, solo show, French Cultural Center, Beirut.

1993-2003 - One-Off graphic design studio, founder and artistic director, Beirut.

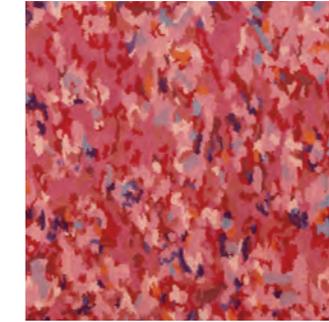
1993 - Femme Magazine, artistic director, Beirut.

1992 - Revue Noire, assistant artistic director, Paris.

1986-1992 - Education : ALBA School of Fine Arts, Beirut - E.F.E.T., Paris. Valedictorian.



The weaving of the textile works was made possible by the extraordinary skills of Nepalese artisans. All the colors are custom-made, and the weavings have a density of 300,000 knots per square meter.



This book was designed by Sara Badr Schmidt and is an integral part of this project.

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Home is not where you were born;
home is where all your attempts to
escape cease.

Naguib Mahfouz

