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Majd Kurdieh: An Artist with the Heart of a Child and a Brain of a Philosopher

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The original article was written in Arabic and has been translated to English below:

In 1985, Majd Kurdieh was born in Syria to an opposition father. He learned about the revolution while walking, drinking the dream with milk, and knew the prison early, when his father was absent there for 12 years. The child grew up with his own revolution, his revolution against reality, with weapons made of paintbrushes and canvas flags. He roams the streets, alleys, homes, and hearts, searching for his first goal, his most delicious prey, to implement the only law of his revolution: stealing sorrows.

A few days ago, the first exhibition of Majd Kurdieh was launched in Cairo, entitled “Stealing Sadness.” The paintings were attended but Majd was not, but the audience, who lived with Kurdieh’s personalities on social networking sites, flocked from all directions and headed to Zamalek, to meet in the Sawy Culturewheel, Fasaeen and the gang, heroes of the fantasy world of Majd Kurdieh.

“Stealing Sadness”, or in an older sense: to give without anyone knowing about you, to feel for others, and to preserve your humanity in this brutal reality,” is how Majd Kurdieh explains to “Icon,” the subject of his exhibition, which is among several exhibitions he has held in countries. Arabic, but the idea of holding an exhibition in itself does not appeal to him. He says: “I do not care about the paintings on the wall. What matters to me is their impact on people, and this impact can be conveyed through exhibitions or social media. Visitors to the Cairo show attended the exhibition despite their prior knowledge of the paintings on display. But the aesthetics of art in reality remain different from its cold electronic state.”

Fasoon, Fasooneh, the elephant, the donkey, the mouse, the flower, and the sun, or as he calls it “Samsh,” are the characters of the Majd’s gang and the inhabitants of his drawings. He simply defines them as “boundless characters who belong to life

wherever they are found. I liked that their dramatic line was winding and intertwined like life in reality and not like the characters of stories and novels.", noting that the idea of creating this artistic world is the result of experience, failure, and development over time, explaining, "Ideas that come under pressure die quickly."

He draws with the heart of a child and the mind of a philosopher. Perhaps this is the closest expression to Majd Kurdieh's artistic state. He says: "I almost liked to have my own style, and I liked it to be unpretentious in crafting and easy in receiving." However, this childish world is naive in its appearance and profound in its messages at the same time. It makes you see that Majd is drawing the story of his life. Majd is there in every detail and personality. He is Fagoon, the elephant, the flower, and "Samsh." We find him stripping himself on paper, and stories, characters, and worlds emerge.

Majd Kurdieh explains, "Most stories, with the exception of ghazals, are about me, because the human soul contains a huge mixture of feelings, sensations, and values, all of which are in constant conflict, dialogue, and debate. For example, the character of the elephant whose heart is a fish made the heart a separate character from its owner so that it interacts and dialogues more freely."

Majd Kurdieh does not have a ready-made definition of himself that would be easy to present in a press interview, but he says: "If I knew who I am, I would not need thousands of pictures and words to search for the answer. But sometimes I am a rooster that cannot fly and fills the earth with its cries, and sometimes I am an eagle watching the world silently from above." the clouds".

The public's idea of complex and indirect visual art, and perhaps it is the idea of many artists themselves, we find imposes itself in comparison with what Majd presents of innate ideas devoid of complexity. He asserts that "every artist has his own vision. I derive my vision of the painting from the concept of Rhetoric in the Arabic language, brevity, density, and clarity are the honor and correctness of the meaning and not entering into repetitive platitudes, and with regard to directness, there is no direct art, otherwise we would have reduced all the poetry of love in history to the word "I love you," for example, but there is a difference between indirectness and hallucinations and hieroglyphs."

Majd Kurdieh explains that his artistic project is constantly developing in style, texts, and meanings, but he completely refuses to classify his works for children, stressing that children's literature is something he is not proficient in and does not like to delve into, and that he prefers that the stories remain in the form of paintings, leaving the recipient's imagination the freedom to create movement and sounds to be A partner in the art industry.