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Majd Kurdieh Returns Humanity to the Hearts

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

The child grows up. The oil on paper remains, drawings from the life of The Bride of Thyme. Here, “oil on paper and a brush” with which Majd Kurdieh draws his Fasaeen in two dimensions with no third except the written word, redirecting the work from its first primitive model to the world of comics without drowning in one of the two identities,

He is a young Syrian artist who abandoned the war and settled in Jbeil, Lebanon.

Majd Kurdieh is not yet 29 years old. But his young age did not prevent him from exhibiting a solo exhibition. He has held three exhibitions in his home country. Then he chose a permanent exhibition on Facebook. Many of his followers and subscribers share stories of Fasaeen and repost them as soon as the image is uploaded online. Through it – regardless of their affiliations – they search for their one truth: the human truth.

The artist has once again raised the connection between the plastic arts and the main issues, central issues, which have recently moved away from their sincere human goal and flowed into the narrow boats of trade and cheap investments. Absolutely a cry and a slap at the same time, rejecting the atomized artistic reality as well as man’s distance from his humanity. Redirecting the viewer’s compass to his common sense. To love, to renunciate violence, to an integrated relationship with all components of nature. All this through the words of two icons he created to convey this cry for common sense.

The two icons are Fasoon and Fasooneh, reminiscent of Naji Al Ali’s Handala. All events take place on the ground of this flat, white space, piece of paper. But they reflect images of the facts happening on the ground. It is from it and outside of it: from it

in presenting its problems and outside of it in presenting innate human solutions, and the solutions here are not solutions in their preaching sense at all, but rather reshaping the questions in their correct form.

In terms of the technical aspect, the Fasaeen take the lessons of two dimensional art from drawings of the first man in the Lascaux cave, through the Byzantine icons, all the way to comics and cartoon characters. Don't embrace it in all its details. She takes what suits her and throws away the rest. Adapting the compositional climate to the flat space according to the expressive whims of the artist's brush. It is distinguished from comics by the absence of the drawn word at the heart of the composition. Here the text acts as the third dimension.

Majd Kurdieh did not rely on the pen or any engravings, but instead chose the brush, dipped it in oil and drew on paper. With a decisive expression stroke of belonging. The line did not rob him of the palette's identity, but rather mixed it together, creating a world with multiple depths, crossing the relatively small flat space to the truer plastic human dimension. Fasaeen's palette is dominated by the blues of the Euphrates and the yellows of the sun, which includes their clothes, food, land light, and natural greens, while the red is almost absent.

The text also relies on the simple terms closest to children's letters. There are no rules of spelling here, where the word "Jiddan" means very, and "aslan" means originally. Fasaeen is written as it's pronounced, outside the of complex linguistic rules. Majd writes with all the space of the word, all the letters. He turns some around just as a child stutters over nearby letters and is happy to repeat them, so Samsh is of course Shams (the sun) and Samshiya is solar. Ironically, yes, he is the same Majd Kurdieh who recites hundreds of poetic verses by heart. The pre-Islamic era is closest to his heart. He brings it to mind and moisturizes his dialogue with it as if it were commas and periods. This young man who breathes poetry and passion for language, acts with the spontaneity of a child. As for the content, it is as big as the letters *love* with all the human depth it carries. It transcends barriers and borders. Spatial and temporal ones. The stories of Fasaeen transcend time and space.

This is what makes life possible, as the artist says. "Yes is becomes possible for a satirical artist, as history is in the hands of Fasoon.

As for the sky torn between its exclusive "owners", Majd snatches it up to return it to its original inhabitants: the birds.

But the young artist is not spared from Fasaeen. Here Fasooneh is narrating Fasoon who is buried under the dirt, hoping to revive him, considering that death is his hard game... while the flower appears not withered as always. Do you see it as a symbol of renewed life? Or hope for the resurrection of man? Or is it a rejection of the coarse death? There have been many children under the dirt. And the night must end. Tomorrow the sun will rise for the sake of every child... for the sake of those who have been displaced, for the sake of children without homes, the sake of love, and for the sake of remaining a human being.