

The first space is the Museum of Modern Art at the Opera House in Zamalek:

The museum remained closed for years.

Due to numerous objections, the decision was made to open it to the public amidst ongoing maintenance.

What can be done?

What can be done here and now?

I am working on the project while I am under stress and frustration from the current context.

I start to build a fantasy of a moment when a group of artists decides to gather and do nothing... They sleep, a collective sleep, that is the only thing that currently resonates with me.

I walk through the museum, searching for sleep within the paintings.

Now, I am writing the invitations. I am stopped by the language. The mere act of naming things is very confrontational. I'll try to write the invitation in a language that makes it possible to exist, without being noticed.

But what's the point of a protest if it doesn't catch anyone's attention?

Something in me knows that it takes 10 minutes or less for them to decide which department will handle this case.

I've outlined 14 possible paths.

I start discussing with different people the methodology of a collective sleeping moment of protest. It is easy for us to speculate their reactions, but our awareness lacks remaining methodologies we can use or resort to.

What can be done here now?

The idea encourages me to test our ability to organize ourselves. Salma suggests using inflatable pillows—entering with them deflated, then inflating them inside as a way to bypass security inspection at the museum entrance.

If we managed to sleep in the Museum of Modern Art, what would we dream of?

An Instagram account starts to exist filled with photos sent by various people sleeping in the museum. It brings me joy whenever someone sends me traces of their sleep—those imprints their bodies leave on the museum floor.

As I walk through the museum, I search for remnants of sleeping spots. I can't always tell if these traces belong to someone who responded to my invitation or if they're from one of the workers who managed to steal a couple of minutes to rest. I stumble upon the imprints of two bodies lying side by side. I lie down next to them, we become a gathering of three.

The Museum of Modern Art is a space that resonates with cultural practitioners and artists. If something were to happen within its walls, it could ignite conversations among the scene.

Isn't it ironic how organizing a space for rest can be so exhausting?

The essence of the invitation is to create a moment of collective action. But do we really need to create an invitation with the purpose of gathering within a confined space, beyond the boundaries of everyday actions and moments?

The second space is Heliopolis Public Library:

Aside from the reading room, the library offers various activities such as courses, educational workshops, and cultural seminars. Throughout our time at the library, the majority of workshop attendees were children.

I was curious about the knowledge within the library beyond material knowledge and the tangible resources that qualify for the job market. I contemplated the knowledge that a place like the Heliopolis Public Library could offer us if we truly listened to it.

I thought about the possibilities if the invitation to practice active listening was extended to the children attending the workshops, as well as to the employees and workers in the library.

I am intrigued by the idea of a game that doesn't necessarily have a learning objective or promise usefulness. It would truly be a "game" without right or wrong, gain or loss.

I envision a set of cards, a card-swiping game, where we exchange cards with each other and chat. I laugh at the thought of the library director swapping cards with a student attending a math class.

I get excited thinking of the conversations and interactions that might happen due to this game.

I take a break and head to the reading hall in the library. I open a step-by-step book on how to use Microsoft Word. The information enters my mind, but I'm not sure what to process.

Each card has a character. While being in the library, I sense the presence of Suzanne Mubarak and Farouk Hosni as ghosts haunting the space. I begin sketching the ghosts in the space.

How can the game attract people to play? Should there be a prize for specific actions taken? But wait! What happened to the no-winning or losing game? Why can't I think of a game that someone could play without any stakes?

On another day, we had an appointment at the Bayt Al-Sinnari. I sat in the courtyard, observing a group rehearsing for a play. The play consisted of individuals of varying ages—the youngest being around four years old and the oldest in her thirties. They were supposed to perform a synchronized movement on Layla Elkebira Operetta, an almost impossible challenge.

The director struggled directing this diverse group, with different abilities and ages, to move uniformly according to the operetta's lyrics. They kept trying syncing their hand movement from the right to the left for over an hour and a half, while the director shouts at them every second.

It took us two hours for the lady in her thirties to protest and asks: "why is this okay?" The director got offended and left the rehearsal. However, some of them continued organizing themselves. Three performers volunteered to coordinate simultaneously while maintaining their movements. Each person focused on their choreography, following the operetta's lyrics, and they laughed whenever someone deviated from the agreed-upon movement.

Mahmoud arrived for the workshop and watched the rehearsal. He comments that they were quite light hearted.

I managed to convince the library management to introduce the game to the space. The game failed, no one showed interest in playing it.

The third space is Bayt EI-Sinnari in Sayyida Zeinab:

As soon as we enter the house, on the right, there's a wooden table measuring 200 cm by 80 cm. A group is asked to lift this table and move around the house.

During the recording, I'll ask you to move with them.

First, I'd like to welcome you and thank you for reaching this point. You'll be part of the tour as we explore Bayt al-Sinnari. We'll move together with a group that will carry the wooden table located on our right as we enter the house.

I want to remind you that during the recording, you can take a break at any time, and of course, you can stop being part of it whenever you like.

Now, I invite you to decide whether you'd like to walk and carry the table with them or just walk alongside.

A group learns that the corridor leading to the entrance of the house amplifies sound.

"Al-Mushahara" is a type of envy, specifically related to breastfeeding. When a woman gives birth, it is expected that for a week, no man with a beard should enter her presence, and she should not see raw meat or eggplants. In an article titled "Al-Mushahara: Justice and Injustice in Infertility," Hania Sholkamy provides a review of the notorious Al-mushahara and thinks of it as a calendar specific to women that recognizes the transitional liminal stage they are in.

Considering that you are not already carrying the table, I invite you to lift it now. The table is 200 cm long and 80 cm deep, made of mahogany, and quite heavy! Do you feel its heaviness?

However, you won't be lifting it alone; you'll have a group with you to lighten the load. So, I'll modify the request and ask you to lift it with one hand, and we'll continue moving inside the house.

"Al-Muaddada" refers to a woman who is paid to mourn in someone's funeral. Often, the emotions of the Muaddada are considered performative rather than genuine, driven by financial motives.

In the book "For the Living and the Dead" Elizabeth Wicket argues that despite being a performative act, it does not mean it is not a sincere one.

She presents it as a limited opportunity for women to express their emotions publicly. The Muaddada may not necessarily mourn the deceased directly but may be retrieving harsh emotions she herself has experienced. Through this practice, it helps the deceased's family cope with grief and adapt to their new social role.

We are the ones who translate actions into weight and value:

Soft

Tender

Delicate

Shocking

Twisted

Noisy

Disgusting

Recklessness

A group that is carrying the table enters one room, that leads to another room, and finally a third one. The size of the room decreases each time. They notice that sunlight enters through glass openings in the ceiling, warming the place. The warmth and the effort of carrying the table makes them sweat and feel the humidity in the room. They suggest redistributing the roles of carrying the table among themselves.

With your hand, the one not carrying the table, translate each sentence into a movement. Perhaps move your hand gracefully, as if it's hanging in the air. The important thing is to move it according to how you feel the sentence.

Now, let me tell you the story of the ascent of the El-Sinnari to power for the second time.

Now, I invite you to lie down on the ground. Make yourself comfortable, find a cozy spot. If you still don't feel like doing that, lean against the wall or even remain standing in your place. The goal is for you to be in a relaxed position.

Now, if you feel like it, close your eyes. Take your time if you'd like.

Listen to the footsteps...

The sound of footsteps, perhaps the sound of footsteps from people walking beside you, or people who were here and left.

As you listen, start humming with each step.

It could be the sound of footsteps from people still on their way or others returning. Perhaps it's the sound of footsteps from the group carrying the table, moving around you.

I'll leave you to listen and immerse yourselves in the footsteps.

Now, take a moment to feel your body. Start feeling different parts, feel your head if it's resting against something, or move your fingers a little bit.

Take a breath.

When you feel ready, open your eyes.

You are here now.

A group is asked to carry the wooden table on the right as we enter, but they decide not to carry the table.

In the end, I want to thank you for being part of the tour.

Tell three, seven, or nine friends that you carried the table. See where the conversation takes you.