

Asma Belhamar

عندما رفضت

When *The* Window Refused

النسافذة أن تطير

To Fly , *And* The Arch

وقرر القوس أن يحمل السماء

Decided To Hold
The Sky

Curated by Duygu Demir

ASMA BELHAMAR

*When the Window Refused to Fly,
and the Arch Decided to Hold the Sky*

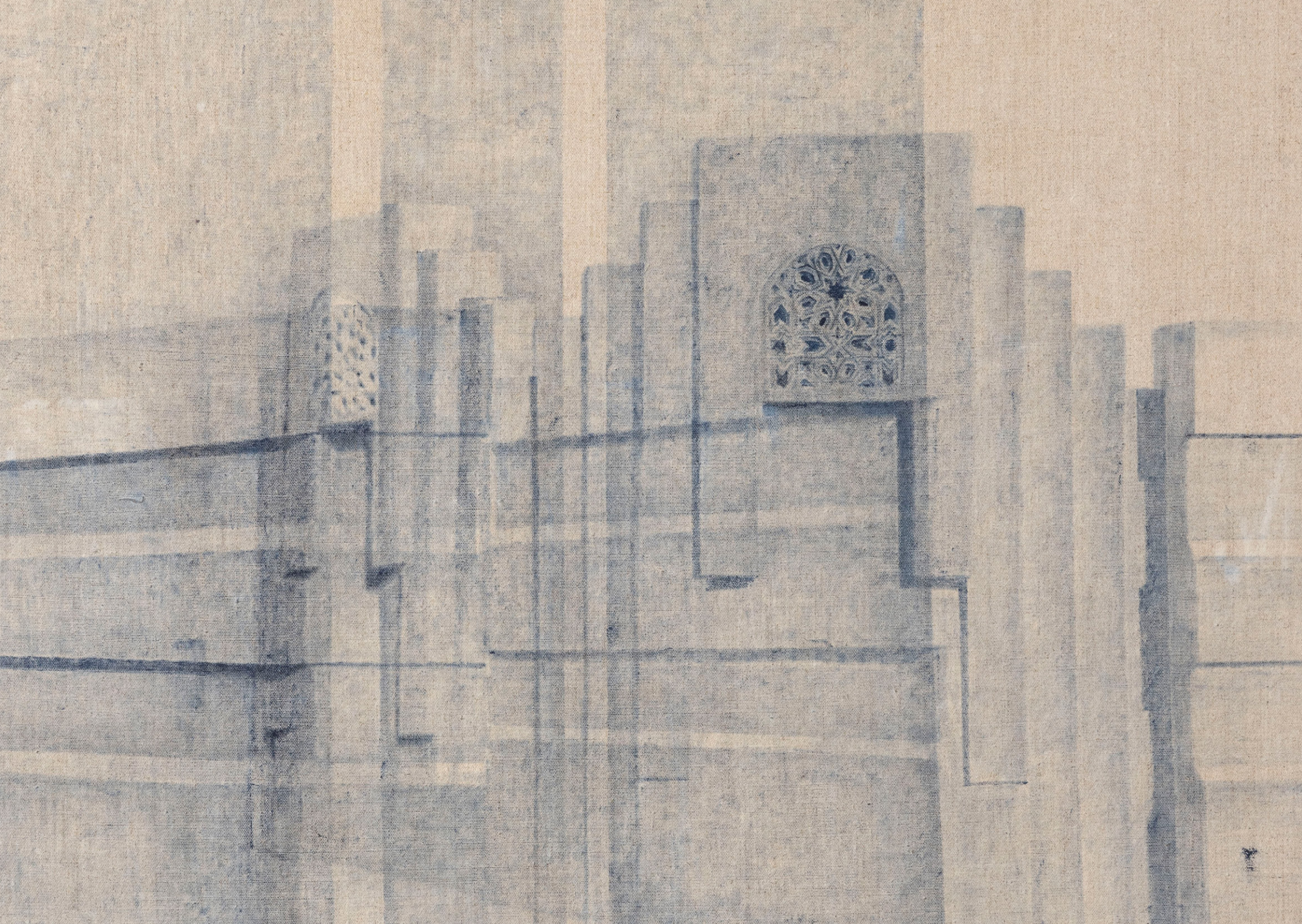
Curated by Duygu Demir

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A Conversation About Dreaming in Concrete

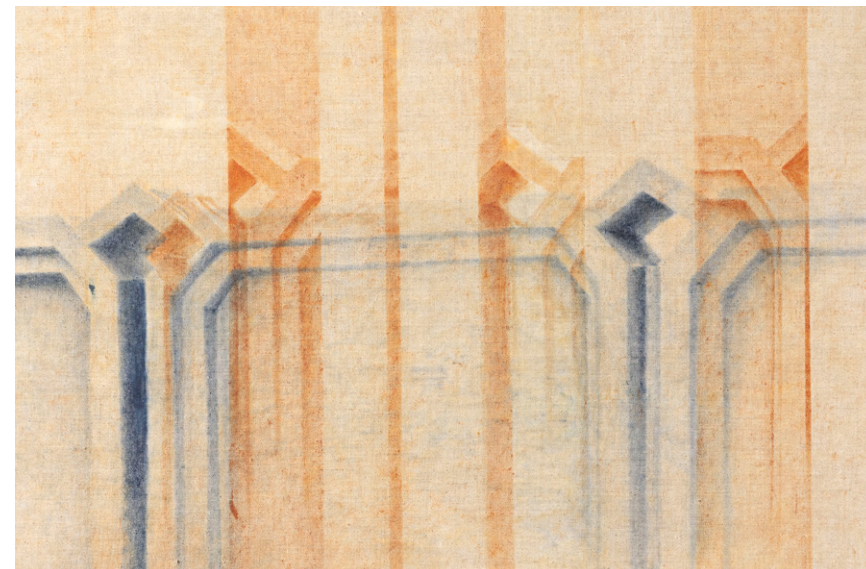
Asma Belhamar and Duygu Demir

Duygu Demir: *Asma, before we discuss the exhibition in detail, I'd first like to ask you about your interest in architecture. Your work heavily relies on architectural elements, such as balustrades and balconies. Architectural motifs and building materials serve as both your subject matter and medium. I suspect this stems from your childhood in the United Arab Emirates, which allowed you to witness the rapid urban transformation of the country and the multiplicity of architectural form and language that is appropriated and re-purposed here.*

Asma Belhamar: My relationship with architecture began simply as a result of growing up in the UAE during a time of constant change. Buildings appeared, shifted, or disappeared before memories could settle. Witnessing the speed of this change, I found myself drawn to the small details that houses retained—in balconies, fences, breeze blocks, and open courtyards—all of which shaped how the neighborhoods actually *felt*. These everyday elements became my earliest means of reading the city.

I also noticed how architecture naturally enters our language. We *enter* conversations, *build* trust, *construct* sentences. These expressions taught me that building is not only a physical construct; it also shapes how we think. This is why Martin Heidegger's essay "Building, Dwelling, Thinking," which you recommended, resonated with me. His idea that building and dwelling are acts of caring for a place felt very close to the Arabic concepts of "إنشاء – إنباء – تعمير." While all these concepts relate to construction, each carries a different nuance: **Binaa** (بناء) denotes the basic act of building a structure; **Inshaa'** (إنشاء) indicates creation or bringing something into being; and **Ta'meer** (تعمير) conveys the idea of developing, inhabiting, or giving life to a place. Conceptually, to evoke the ideas of French writer Georges Perec, the concept of *building* refers not only to the physical act but also to the process of *creating meaning and making a space livable*. "Ta'meer" aligns most with this idea, since its meaning extends to sustaining and enriching a place rather than simply constructing it. To me, these concepts all connect construction with life, community, and growth.

In Islamic traditions, craft is tied to devotion. Makers work with patience, knowing that perfection belongs only to God. Creating something by hand is considered a quiet act of remembrance. This idea continues to guide my own practice. When I sculpt or draw, I'm not only recording architecture, but I'm also engaging with the emotional and spiritual depth behind it.



Re-reading French philosopher Gaston Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space* strengthened in me the feeling that spaces carry memory and imagination. That is also why I am drawn to the modern architectural heritage of the Gulf. These buildings are familiar yet often overlooked; they might represent what Perec's book *Spaces of Spaces and Other Pieces* (1974) designates as the "infra-ordinary." I bring architectural fragments from these buildings into my work in an attempt to slow down the pace of their disappearance and restore their visibility. In a city that moves as quickly as Dubai, these small details become anchors, reminders of how we once lived and how we might dwell more thoughtfully.

DD: *This brings us to the exhibition. The connection you make between your work and spirituality, or a personal devotion to what you make, is also an important aspect of your practice. You had already made some drawings before we started working together. I know that you go on walks and drive around after the evening prayer to take photographs, especially of exterior details of houses. Is this a kind of spiritual practice for you, in addition to being a part of your artistic inquiry?*

AB: Yes, it has become a kind of devotion. After the evening prayer, the city quiets down in a way that allows my mind to settle; I gain the same type of clarity during my early-morning cycling rides. These moments, which combine movement and stillness, open a space inside me where looking becomes more than simply observing.

It's not about hunting for details: It's about giving the built environment time to reveal itself. I see my role as simply acknowledging these details with calm attention.

DD: *We have also spoken about how Heidegger's view of building and dwelling—as concepts tied to being in the world and living with meaning—resonates with you and your artistic research. You are especially interested in applying his theory of the fourfold, or the coming together of “Earth, Sky, Divinities, and Mortals,” to your own practice.*

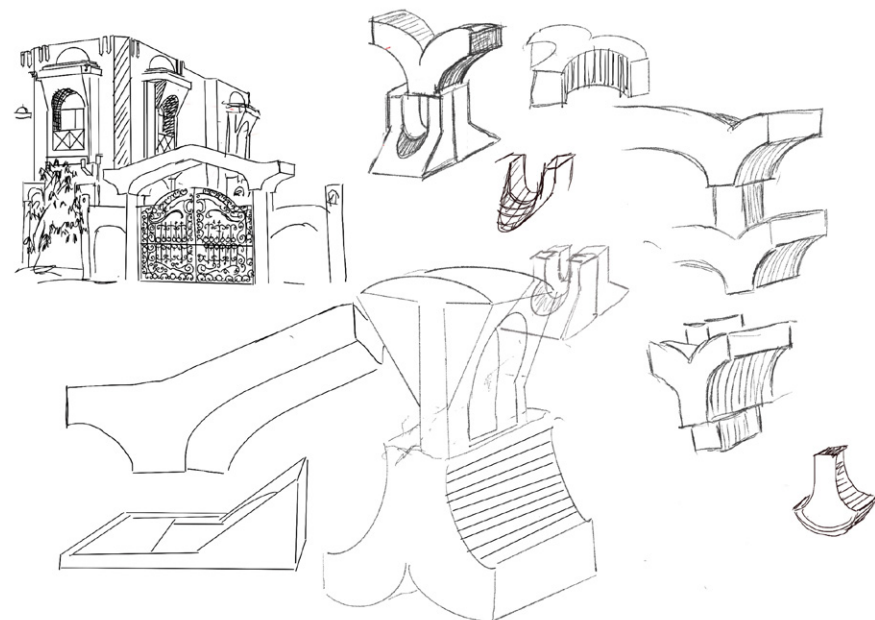
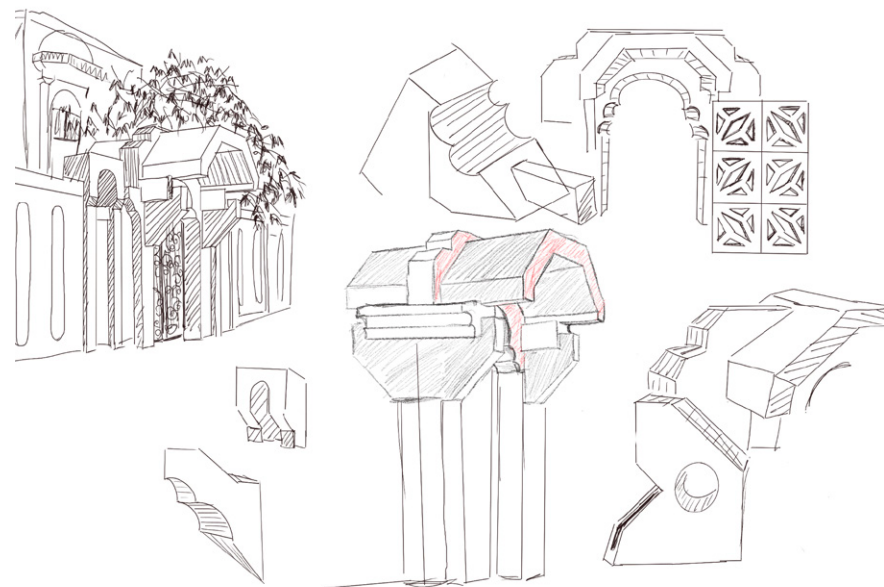
AB: Martin Heidegger's ideas in “Building, Dwelling, Thinking” helped me understand something I had already felt growing up in the UAE: that building is never just physical. It is connected to how we live, how we care for a place, and how we give meaning to our surroundings. I think his conception of the dynamic interplay between the Earth, Sky, Divinities, and Mortals describes a balance that traditional Emirati homes used to possess naturally.

In older houses, coral stone walls kept us connected to the earth. Courtyards opened up homes to the sky, allowing wind and light to shape daily life. The call to prayer provided a spiritual rhythm, and families brought the space to life through gatherings and daily acts, such as cooking, resting, and celebrating. This balance was simple, but it created a deep sense of belonging.

I think about this balance as I work. Clay becomes the earth. Open courtyards act as small sections of sky. Repetitive patterns echo devotion. And the viewer who stands in front of the piece becomes the mortal element that completes it. For me, the fourfold becomes a quiet structure inside the sculptures; it is not something I try to illustrate directly but rather something that guides the way the forms breathe.

Reading Heidegger today feels like a reminder, or even a warning, about how quickly we build nowadays. Our cities grow upward and outward, but growth alone does not create true dwelling. To dwell well means to design with humility with regard to the land, the climate, and the people who will use the space.

I am not against change, but I believe we need more spaces to slow us down—spaces that allow for shade, rest, and reflection. This is why I return to modern Gulf heritage in my work. These buildings gathered the fourfold quietly, without trying to be iconic. They remind us that architecture can still be thoughtful, generous, and connected to the environment. My hope is that we can carry some of this spirit into the future.



DD: You recently started experimenting with 3D printing using stoneware clay. In the past, you worked with other artisans, who helped you to materialize what you had envisioned using wood or other materials. The process you developed in working with ceramics is much more involved. Of course, assistants and other makers and workshops are still involved in making the assemblies, but I think combining this technological testing ground with the very primal methods of working with clay brought about some unexpected creative breaks for you. Could you talk about this process?

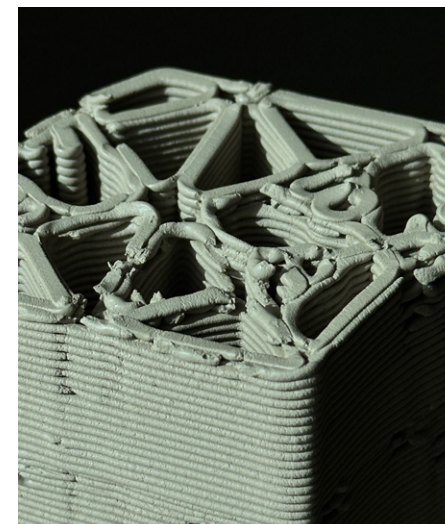
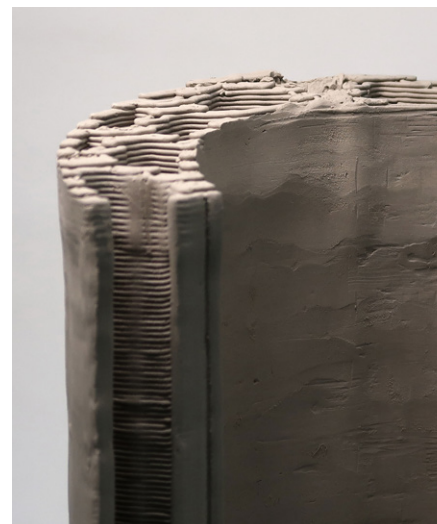
AB: Before I worked with 3D printing, my relationship with clay was completely shaped by hand. Clay teaches you to slow down. At first it is soft and forgiving, and later it becomes firm, setting its own limits. You learn to follow its rhythm. Those early handcrafted works taught me patience and respect for the material.

Working with artisans in wood, metal, and ceramics also shaped me. Each collaboration became a conversation. I enjoy inviting new materials and tools into the process and seeing how the hand and the machine can meet. Sometimes the machine cannot compete with the sensitivity of the hand, and sometimes the hand cannot achieve the precision of the machine. The balance between the two is what gives way to unexpected ideas.

When I started working with 3D-printed stoneware, many people assumed it would make the process faster. But it didn't. Clay does not yield to the speed of technology. Even with the use of a machine, it still needs careful wedging, slow extrusion, and joining layer by layer. It is as if the material recalls the pace of human time. The smallest piece can take around three weeks to complete, and most of my pieces take nearly two and a half months. So yes, it looks like a futuristic tool, but the timeline is very old-fashioned.

My ceramic works begin long before printing starts. After the evening prayer, I walk through neighborhoods photographing façades, fences, and small architectural fragments. In the studio, I redraw and reorganize these elements digitally, building new geometries. Inside each printed form, I design support walls inspired by motifs found in older Gulf homes. Even the hidden structures inside the sculptures carry memories.

The printer acts as an extension of what the hand can do, but the clay always decides on the final outcome. The layers create gentle lines, the glaze settles into them, and the piece holds the recollection of both methods: the patience of the hand and the precision of the machine. For me, 3D printing is not about speed. It is a means of imagining new forms while staying connected to an older rhythm of making.



DD: One limitation that comes with this method is related to size, since 3D printing is limited in this respect. As a result, the architectural scale is reduced for the ceramic pieces. But through this process, these pieces have become parts of what you are calling “assemblies.” They occupy a strange middle ground between furniture and architecture. In a sense, they are like miniature architectural follies—playful suggestions of elements that also structure space and movement. This is also how we arrived at the idea of using the courtyard as an organizational structure for the exhibition and for the conversation we have been having on architecture. We spoke about your childhood memory of playing in an unfinished secondary courtyard. This also led to the idea of making a list of verbs, drawing inspiration from Richard Serra’s Verb List, used as part of his process work.

AB: Because 3D printing has size limits, my pieces could not take on large architectural forms. Instead, they became fragments—small structures that look like parts of furniture or tiny architectural models. They act like suggestions, almost instructions, for how space might be arranged.

This made me think about the courtyard from my childhood. It was unfinished, and I used it as a playground—jumping over low walls, inventing games, imagining borders that didn't exist. Later, when I practiced karate, the concept of *kata* taught me how to move with intention through an empty space. Both of these memories shape how I still think about movement and architecture.

This is why we chose the courtyard as the main idea for the exhibition. It is a space that invites play and exploration. The assemblies we created behave a little like verbs—leaning, balancing, pausing, turning—actions inspired by Richard Serra’s *Verb List*. They are not only objects: they propose movement and possible ways to inhabit space.

DD: *After one of our initial conversations, you sent me a poem you had written, “Dreams in Concrete,” which we have also decided to include here. It is written partially from the viewpoint of a house. The shift in perspective to that of an inanimate object perhaps allows you to be more romantic, but neither does the poem fully give in to nostalgia. It sends a very clear-eyed message about dreaming too fast and making an architectural “salad”; in other words, it deals with the child-like impatience of adults. Still, it ends on a rather sentimental note about love. Are you hopeful for the future? Will we slow down to really think about how best to dwell on this earth?*

AB: Writing from the perspective of a house allowed me to say things I couldn’t easily say as myself. A house witnesses without interruption. It absorbs the pace of life, daily movements, unfinished intentions. Its memory is rooted in its surfaces, cracks, sun-bleached corners, and shadows that return at the same hour every day. This distance gave me the freedom to speak plainly about how architecture carries what we cannot always voice ourselves.

The poem references the pace of building, which naturally connects to how I work with clay; many of my ceramic pieces also deal with the tension that exists between speed and patience. I create forms that appear solid but are shaped through slow adjustments, small hesitations, and moments when the material pushes back. These pieces behave almost like miniature buildings learning their own limits. The house in the poem simply states this idea more clearly: that we often construct faster than our understanding allows, and that every layer, whether contained in a city or in a sculpture, carries the weight of our decisions.

As for the ending, yes, it leans toward love but not sentimentality. For me, love is a form of attention. It is the willingness to look at length, to notice the faint shadow on a façade at 4 p.m., or the quiet generosity of a courtyard that absorbs the heat during the day and gives it back in the evening. If we can learn to love our environments in that way, maybe we can build differently.

Am I hopeful? I think hope, like dwelling, is an ongoing practice. I don’t expect cities to suddenly slow down, but I believe individuals can. As artists, architects, or even residents walking through our neighborhoods, we all have the capacity to observe more carefully and to make choices that honor the land, light, and community. My work is a modest appeal to this idea: to demonstrate that slowing down is still possible, that attention is still a form of care, and that dwelling well on this earth begins with how we choose to see.



Dreams in Concrete
by Asma Belhamar

Asma:
Do you dream?

House:
What is a dream?

Asma:
Dreams are where memory and imagination rest together
a trace of what happened
and what never happened
sharing the same quiet.
Sometimes a dream feels like movement
long after the bodies have gone
a reminder that presence can linger.
Dreams are those small residues
that refuse to fade

House:
If that is a dream, then I dream.
My walls keep moments alive.
My gate reads them
standing between what has been
and what is on its way.

Asma:
So what do you dream about?

House:
I dream of beginnings:
empty plots turning into fences,
the first soft call to prayer
touching the roof of a newborn house.
And sometimes
I dream of the hands that shaped me,
wondering if they hoped I would age with dignity.

And sometimes I dream quickly,
like a flash of passing light
too brief to grasp,
but too real to ignore.

Asma:
You know you were someone’s dream once.
I often wonder whether a house, once imagined, continues to imagine back.
Every time I drive through the city,
I think of how every structure,modest or grand
was once a blueprint,
someone’s dream hardened into concrete.
Some visions were quiet, others bold or borrowed,
but all were imagined before they were built.

House:
I am the eldest here,
and I understand I now live among fast dreams.
But many new dreams feel familiar,
as if they are retellings of distant memories:
arches shaped by far-off geographies,
patterns inherited through stories,
not lived experience,
forms carried forward like accents

that never fully translated
And then there are the sharp, modern dreams:
straight lines, glazed façades,
spaces drawn for convenience
more than meaning.

Asma:
So what is a modern dream?
Speed?
Convenience?
Or the absence of remembering?

House:
Modern dreams follow calendars.
They arrive before the heart decides what it wants.
But many of these dreams feel flat
glass-and-concrete boxes,
faceless, entrance-less.
I do not mind newness.
I mind when newness does not feel alive.
In my early years,
borrowed styles were transformed.
We became something distinct here
the Khaleeji villa:
arches softened by Gulf light,
tiles echoing distant memories,
screens carved with local rhythms.
Today, I see more control, less experimentation.
It is strange
creativity is everywhere,
yet many designs feel like they’ve been
left half-imagined.

Asma:
Do you think the older dreams were more alive?
Or do you miss the care of being made by hand?

House:
Care..
That is what shaped me.
A generation once raised on shared references:
radio voices that filled the evening,
teachers whose accents carried their own cities,
a confident sense of who they were becoming.
Their homes reflected that groundedness.
Today, belonging feels diffused ,as if the question guiding construction has shifted
from
“Who are we becoming?”
to
“What is popular right now?”

Asma:
When I walk in these neighborhoods,
even older villas feel like layered stories,
a curve here, a detail there,
a shimmer of 1980s Gulf optimism.
Was that deliberate?
Or instinct?

House:
Instinct.
A translation of lived life:
the places a family traveled,
the hospitality they offered,
the things they admired and could afford.
To some, these houses seem chaotic.
To others, they are alive.
At least they attempted to speak.
At least their walls carried meaning.

Asma:
How do you know so much about the neighborhood if you’ve never moved?

House:
The trees tell me.

Asma:
Tell you how?

House:
Trees have their own language.
Their roots reach one another beneath the soil,
exchanging nutrients, water and stories.
They sense the world through the ground
Their shadows move across me
and bring small pieces of news from next door.
They know who walks at dawn,
whose courtyard carries heaviness,
who added a new room.
At noon, they shade me
and my brother next door.
With them, I witness everything:
renovations, celebrations,
And hopes rising and dissolving.
Sometimes they notice my fatigue
before the family does.
They draw people to sit beneath them,
and from there the cracks reveal themselves
and I am cared for.

Asma:
When you say “brother,”
you mean the neighboring villa,
built for your owner’s brother?

House:
Yes.
We were built on the same morning
twins of one intention.
But his life is louder,
fuller.
A new majlis,
a guest house for a son soon to marry.
We share a face
but not a life.
Even identical houses
grow different hearts.

Asma:
The courtyard feels like the seed of every extension.
Was it always meant to become a majlis?

House:
The courtyard was the family’s open sketch.
The mother pictured gatherings.
The father pictured a workshop.
The grandmother pictured children
growing under a patch of shade.
But the children
their dreams were the brightest.
With stray tiles and scattered objects,
they built entire worlds
in an afternoon.
They left their tiny creations tucked in my corners,
as if gifting their futures to me
in advance.

Asma:
Every house favors someone.
Someone who listens,
who lingers,
who treats a home like a companion.
Who is yours?

House:
The grandmother.
She is the pulse of this place.
She makes Fridays feel complete
even before fajr sunrise prayer arrives.
I know the day by her scent
oud rising and drifting softly
through my halls.
Sunlight catches the mirrored beads of her thoub,
sending small fragments of light
dancing across my windows.
Every afternoon,
she sits with her coffee
in the softest patch of light
and in those moments,
I feel whole.
The night before her granddaughter’s wedding
I remember it completely.
They dressed me in strings of yellow bulbs,
laughter rising into my courtyard.
But I watched her
henna dark on her palms,
eyes bright with joy
softened by its own grief.
There was celebration in her steps,
and a quieter story behind it
perhaps for time,
perhaps for her own youth
folding back into memory.



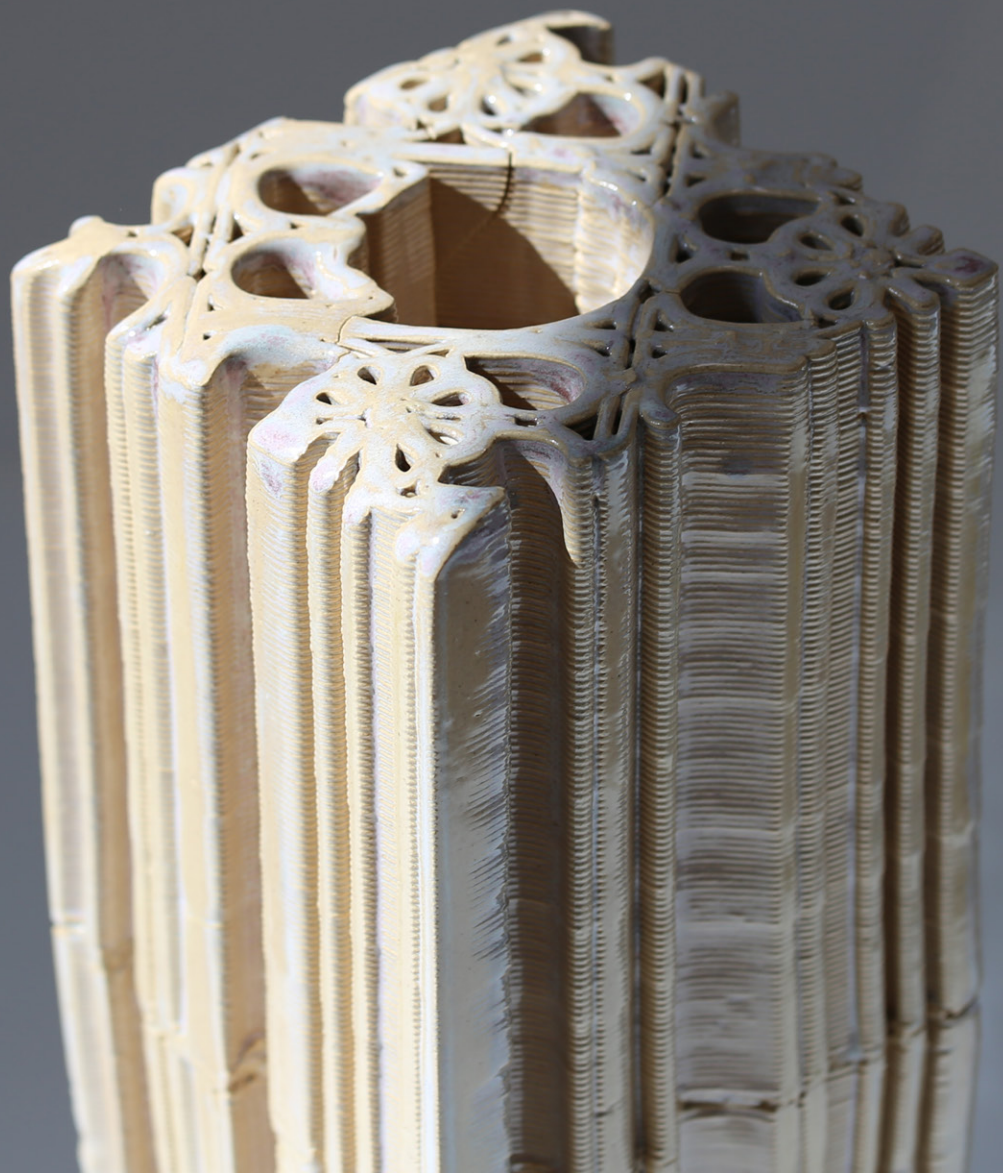
When the Window Refused to Fly, and the Arch Decided to Hold the Sky

Curated by Duygu Demir

For her solo exhibition at Green Art Gallery, Asma Belhamar presents drawings and assemblies of 3D-printed stoneware clay, wood, and ceramic tiles. Further expanding her visual and material vocabulary, Belhamar continues her exploration of architectural elements as bearers of the past and projections into the future, carrying both aspirations and contradictions tied to futurity and nostalgia, inspiration and preservation, acceleration and repose.

Titled *When the Window Refused to Fly, and the Arch Decided to Hold the Sky*, the exhibition presents a whimsical spatial proposal, inviting the viewer to regard the courtyard of the Emirati house as a type of playground—a place of belonging and memory, as well as a space for imagination and play. It is based around the memory of a second, unfinished courtyard in Belhamar’s family home, where, while the adults remained undecided on how to use the plot or simply waited for the family to expand, the children played with discarded building materials and turned the empty space into a stage. The artist invites the viewer to join her in this childhood game: walk around, sit, stand, sneak, slide, or simply imagine. Take a peek at the elements at hand before closing your eyes and allowing your ideas to take flight.

Belhamar fuses fragments of local examples of ornamentation, which she documents on her evening walks, with existing generic forms extracted from both the urban environment (such as walls, curbs, and playground slides) and the domestic environment (for example, stairwells and seating). Her focus remains fixed firmly on architecture in its physical and psychological forms. The drawings presented are extensions of Belhamar’s ongoing exploration into how architecture in the United Arab Emirates is experienced, as though viewed from a moving vehicle. Like the balustrades that she has come to be known for, which appear to stretch or melt, her drawings play with the idea of double-takes, whether due to the optical effect of speed or the distorted residue of a memory. Reminiscent of glitching cameras, dreamy flashbacks, or the drive-by glimpse of a scene, the drawings hone in on corners, freezing the movement of shadows or capturing the layered grid structures of the city. Created on primed canvas using acrylic, the drawings feature a color palette that echoes the sun-soaked walls of government-granted plots demarcated by UAE citizens under land grant schemes, as well as the sepia tones of old family albums. The drawings also replicate the physical delineations they capture, forming walls within walls, which serve to enclose the gallery space, effectively turning it into a courtyard.



For this exhibition, Belhamar used a technique that merges the affordances of technological advancement with the handmade. The ceramic elements within her spatial assemblies are 3D printed. Far from the smooth, hassle-free process one may imagine, this is an intensive approach to making. The artist must first create an inner architecture for structural integrity, for which she appropriates ornamental forms, before processes of wedging, printing, attaching, drying, firing, glazing, and re-firing can take place. These pieces are then married with other forms in wood, the result of which represents neither architecture nor furniture. While the pieces take inspiration from existing elements, they are skewed in scale. Some pieces are placed on unused tiles from the artist's home, while others are carefully nestled within supportive frames, encouraging the viewer to contort to their own logic.

In *The Poetics of Space* (1957), Gaston Bachelard sets out to prove that "imagination augments the values of reality," suggesting that it is the memories of all the houses we have lived in, or dreamed that we have lived in, that culminate in our concept of what we call a home. This is how a space becomes a place: the psycho-social, the analytical, and the phenomenological operate simultaneously. Simply put, it is something beyond the physical edifice that makes a house a place of dwelling. It is the result not of the form, material, nor size of a dwelling, nor its location, smell, or the memories contained within it, but rather an accumulation of the physical and the psychological. In his 1971 text "Building, Dwelling, Thinking," Heidegger states, "We do not dwell because we have built, but we build and have built because we dwell." Belhamar's artistic proposal is infused throughout the entire exhibition space and can be taken to function as a wider metaphor for the building practices of the UAE at large, as far as they can be interpreted on a domestic scale. It offers an invitation to ruminate on the nostalgia of the modern, the efficiency of the technological, as well as the creative challenge of the empty lot. If dwelling is a question of how to live, then it is indelibly tied to the question of how and what we build in order to live. Belhamar's work proposes that dreams are constructed from both the future and the past.





BIOGRAPHY

ASMA BELHAMAR

Born in 1988 in Dubai, UAE, Asma Belhamar graduated with a BA in Visual Arts from Zayed University, Dubai, UAE (2012) and MFA in Textile Design at Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI (2017). She completed the Salama bint Hamdan Emerging Artists Fellowship in partnership with the Rhode Island School of Design, Abu Dhabi in 2014, and was an Artist-in-Residence at March Project, Sharjah Art Foundation, Sharjah, UAE and Porthmeor Studio, St Ives, UK both in 2019.

Public commissioned works include: *Thresholds of Perception: Redefining Balcony Spaces*, Public Art Commission for Alserkal Arts Foundation, Dubai, UAE (2024); *Union of Artists*, together with four other artists commissioned by Dubai Culture in collaboration with Art Dubai (2024); *Chasing the Dance of Alfay*, Public Art Abu Dhabi, Abu Dhabi, UAE (2023); *Distorted Familiarities* for Expo 2020, Dubai (2021) and *The Edifice of Sba* at March Project, Sharjah Art Foundation, Sharjah, UAE in 2019.

Solo exhibitions include: *The Window Refused to Fly, and the Arch Decided to Hold the Sky*, Green Art Gallery, Dubai, UAE (2026); and *Solid Void*, at 421, Abu Dhabi (2023). Selected group exhibitions include: *Siraj*, Islamic Arts Festival, Sharjah, UAE (2025); *Maknana: An Archaeology of New Media Art in the Arab World*, Diriyah Art Futures, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia (2025); *Guest Relations*, Jameel Arts Centre, Dubai, UAE (2023); *Time & Identity*, Al Safa Art and Design Library, Dubai, UAE (2023); *Evaporating Suns: Contemporary Myths of the Arabian Gulf*, Kulturstiftung Basel H. Geiger, Basel, Switzerland (2023); Sharjah Biennial 15: *Thinking Historically in the Present* (SB15), Sharjah, UAE (2023); *Tales of Nostalgia*, Misk Art Institute, Riyadh, KSA (2022); *Disconnect & Reconnect*, Part Two, Manarat Al Saadiyat, Abu Dhabi, UAE (2022); *Disconnect & Reconnect*, Part One, Etihad Modern Art Gallery, Abu Dhabi, UAE (2022); *Between The Sky and The Earth: Contemporary Art from the UAE*, Middle Eastern Institute, Washington, DC (2021); *Playing Spaces*, Engage 101, Dubai, UAE (2020); *Emerge III: Converging Lines*, Sestiere Dorsoduro 47, Venice, Italy (2019); UAE & Greece Cultural Week, Zappeion Exhibition Hall, Athens, Greece (2018); *Place Memory Time*, 1stDIBS Gallery, New York, NY (2017); *Art: Process & Practice*, Salama Bint Hamdan Emerging Artist Fellowship Program, Warehouse421 Abu Dhabi, UAE (2016); and *Markers & Makers*, Manarat Al Saadiyat, Abu Dhabi, UAE (2016) amongst others.

Based in Dubai, Belhamar also works as an Assistant Professor at Zayed University - Dubai.

BIOGRAPHY

DUYGU DEMIR

Duygu Demir (b. 1985) is an art historian and curator with a PhD from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Her research topics include exhibition histories, transnational encounters, and moments of confluence between art and architecture, in addition to contemporary artistic practice, especially of the non-Western kind.

Currently, she is teaching in the Department of Culture and Tourism's Teaching Artist Fellowship program in Abu Dhabi, and working on her book manuscript on articulations of modern painting from the late Ottoman Empire and early Republican Turkey. Between 2023-2025, Demir was the curator of the Art Gallery and Research Assistant Professor in the Humanities Division at NYU Abu Dhabi. There, she co-curated *Between the Tides: A Gulf Quinquennial* (2024-2025) and presented *Entrusted Ground* (2022), a performance and installation developed around artworks by Gözde İlkin, together with choreographer Aslı Öztürk and musician Berke Can Özcan in Istanbul.

In 2022-2023, she was Assistant Professor of Art History at Sabancı University in Istanbul, Turkey. Before her graduate studies, she worked as a programmer at SALT in Istanbul. In addition to SALT (Ankara and Istanbul), she curated exhibitions at İmalat-hane (2023, Bursa), artSümer (2021-22, Istanbul), MIT's Keller Gallery (Cambridge, MA, 2017), Arter (2016, Istanbul) and Tate Modern (2011, London). While at SALT, she co-curated the archival exhibition *From England with love, İsmail Saray* (2014), the retrospective *A Promised Exhibition - Gülsün Karamustafa* (2013), and the inaugural exhibition *I am not a studio artist* (2011), a retrospective of the late Hüseyin Bahri Alptekin. She also worked on numerous solo and group exhibitions and accompanying public programs including *Rabih Mroué* (2014), *subREAL* (2013), *Hassan Khan* (2012), *Istanbul Eindhoven* SALTVanAbbe: *Post '89* (2012), and *Modern Essays: Across the Slope - Ahmet Ögüt* (2011).

Her academic writing has appeared in *Art Margins* (2014), *Thresholds* (2018), both from MIT Press, as well as *Art Journal* (2019). Her upcoming essays will be published in anthologies by Yale University Press, American University of Beirut, and Cambridge University Press. She has edited and co-edited artist monographs, including *İsmail Saray* (2018, SALT), *Room of Rhythms-Cevdet Ereğ* (2012, Walther König), and *I am not a Studio Artist* (SALT, 2011). She also writes essays, articles and reviews on contemporary art for catalogues, magazines, and online platforms, both in Turkey and abroad.

She has a combined BA in Visual Arts and Art History from Columbia University in New York.



FEATURED WORKS

Pages 2-3

I walked between two prayers #3 (detail), 2025

Acrylic on canvas

102.5 x 78 x 5 cm

Page 5

I walked between two prayers #5 (detail), 2025

Acrylic on canvas

67.5 x 85.5 x 5 cm

Bifold spread

The chain asked me if I dare to sway, 2025

Ceramics; composed of 4 parts

Installation Dimensions: 20 x 63 x 22.5 cm

Page 12

I told my secret to the humming tunnel (detail), 2025

Ceramics

12.5 x 12.5 x 46.5 cm

Pages 14-15

When the window refused to fly, 2025

Ceramics; composed of 2 parts

22 x 44.5 x 6.5 cm, 19.5 x 40 x 6 cm

Page 16

I saw the flying window, 2025

Ceramics

24 x 23.5 x 24 cm

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The arch decided to hold the sky, 2025

Ceramics

25 x 31 x 28 cm

SKETCHES & PROCESS IMAGES

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Studies for the ceramic works

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Process images of 3D-printed ceramics

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Research photo

REPRODUCTION AND PHOTOGRAPHY CREDIT

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Photography by SeeingThings - Ismail Noor

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Asma Belhamar would like to thank:

Andrés Herrero

Hessa Naser

Alia Sharafi

Alia Aljasmí

Shamma Alfalasi

Reem Al Ali

Published in 2026 in conjunction with the exhibition

ASMA BELHAMAR

*When the Window Refused to Fly,
and the Arch Decided to Hold the Sky*

17 January - 18 March 2026

Curator: Duygu Demir

supported by



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& الإبداع & CREATIVITY

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Layout Design: Kristy Joy Basañes

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