Shady El-Noshokaty’s project is a selection of eight drawings, each folded into the journal individually. This recent series of drawings entitled Rat Diaries maps the intensity of everyday life in a concrete time and place, Cairo in the aftermath of the 2011 uprising. The drawings are multi-layered juxtapositions of various forms and contrasting types of lines that move from controlled shapes to seemingly uncontrolled scribbling, from figures to the loss of recognizable outlines that would shape a figure. What this layering achieves is a proposition of form that is ultimately unattainable, even if grounded within the objectivist structure of the grid. Various texts—quotations from Ad Reinhardt on art and John Searle on the scientific understanding of the mind—intersect with the artist’s own writings: intuitive scribbles of everyday impressions that transform and exceed the reality they refer to.
He sat down for a long time surrounded by a big group of central security soldiers wearing their usual black uniform and their plastic helmets holding their shields beside each other to build a wall with the move police emblem printed all over it the man in his forties was tired he was frustrated sitting on the sidewalk covered by a page of a national newspaper in fact I have never seen the situation from the start I was passing by accidentally when I was attracted by the silence of the scene I remember all the noise feeling ill Tahrir square even though no one made a sound and suddenly the man stood among everyone and started vomiting violently huge amounts of transparent ice cubes he kept spitting them painfully until they covered the asphalt all around him until it covered him completely and drowned every around yesterday I was passing there and there is still a huge amount of ice covering the whole square which has dissolved everything that was there on that day.
“The post-historic artist is the timeless artist-as-artist.

The artist-as-artist is the post-historic artist.

The post-historic artist is the artist aware of himself as artist, aware of art-as-art, aware of everything that is not art in art, inside or outside art.

A fine artist by definition does not use or need any ideas or images, does not use or need any help, cannot use or help anyone or anything.

The artist is responsible for his history and his nature, His history is part of his nature, His nature as artist is part of his art history.”

It's a Sunday, another hard day with a busy teaching schedule in college. I was on my way home around dinner time and all of a sudden at the corner of my street in Ard ElLewa area everyone rushes in a hurried screaming emergency to the main entrance of my building in an attempt to save the man living next door to me. I saw him from a distance hung outside his window by a hook in his tongue.
D4 (JULY 18TH 2013)
EGYPT IS FREE WITHOUT “EL EKHWAN”

It was just another Friday morning, I opened my eyes to the painful screeching sound like that of a hard steel nail scratching long lines along a shiny metal surface.

I found my brain lying on the floor like a pomegranate, surrounded by a disgusting grey rat determined to lick its red lobes.
D5 (AUG 5TH 2009)
MY MIND IS:

— A map I noticed tattooed on the tip of my left wrist.
— A Red mahogany piano with golden engraved ornaments that used to occupy my living room.
— Damietta’s public playground farm in early September before the harvest of sunflowers.
— The Arabic letter “Sheen” in the name of “Shady” in Arabic “El Naskh” font.
— A blonde wig worn by my mother in one of her old pictures only nine months before my birth.
— White carnations hanging down the rearview mirror in my LADA car.
“The ideas being explained at the moment contain necessary tools in forging the most important theory of the mind in the last decades of the twentieth century.

The mind is a digital computer.

‘Property dualism’ puts aside the hypothesis of an independent mental existence but it inherits some of the difficulties of Essential dualism.

What are the hypothetical relations between the mental and the physical?”

My beloved son Yassin it wasn't me who killed that white donkey we saw that day lying lifeless on the bridge.

I only left the car to shoot a photograph of it.
ART IS FAILER
“(a) Artists who can, teach. Artists who do, do.
(b) Artists who can’t teach, teach. Artists who can’t, do.
(c) Can-can artists. Artist as dodo.
— Those who know don’t tell. Those who tell don’t know.”