

Jumana Manna: Your Time Passes And Mine Has No Ends

Hollybush Gardens, London, 10 April to 23 May

The body of work, research project and site-specific installation 'Your Time Passes And Mine Has No Ends' is Jumana Manna's way of grappling with the creative paralysis felt in the face of what the UN has described as a continuing genocide in Gaza, which has trapped Palestinians in a state of suspended life – an exilic, oppressed and violent hell that no longer resembles the rhythms of any normal existence. It asks how to refuse that inaction, as well as the normalisation of mass slaughter, and instead maintain a collective imagination of liberation.

Manna is best known for her filmic and sculptural work, but this series comprises only one video work alongside a selection of textile pieces: banner-like handcrafted hangings, variously installed via ropes or hanging from industrial steel balcony structures and gates, often with other debris, smaller knotted rags, empty plastic bottles and single sandals. The banners' compositions and symbols are based on *mawasim* (Arabic for 'the seasons'), historical carnivalesque rituals of mass assembly that took place in Palestine before the *Nakba* of 1948, the most prominent of those being the Nabi Musa festival, a week-long procession and camp between Jerusalem and Jericho, and the Nabi Rubin, a month-long festival on the coast between Gaza and Jaffa.

Eye motifs are repeated across the banners, as well as prison bars and rocks, while several also show outstretched hands reaching out clasping posies of native Palestinian plants. The larger banners *Stone Notes*, 2024–25, and *Come Let's Go Together*, 2025, incorporate digital prints on cotton, natural dyes, silk, embroidery and linen. Embroidered details contrast with photographic fragments of crowds, aerial military views, maps and explosions. One of the banners is woven, and some are broken up with more abstract diagonal forms, grids and numbers, which seem to have started to disintegrate, like Letraset melting in the sun, a reference to the crumbling of orders and policies. Manna carefully researched these historical banners, *bayariq* or *a'alam*, which critically embodied pre-state forms of identification, by searching documentary archives (mostly taken by foreign photographers) and literary accounts in order to use the same colours, fabrics and patterns accurately.



Jumana Manna, 'Your Time Passes And Mine Has No Ends', installation view

In Manna's banners, these are mostly tertiary shades: pinks, blues, sage greens, maroons and the monochrome greys of old photographs. The Arabic texts written around their edges are quotations from contemporary Palestinian prisoners, celebrating their strength despite their incarceration. These two sources operate as models of liberatory practice and resources for rallying collective joy, solidarity and sociality offering communal resistance in the face of catastrophe.

In the smaller space adjacent to the main gallery, a silent two-minute looped film, *Historical Transmission*, 2026, plays on a monitor sitting on the concrete floor. Manna has overlaid footage of crowds gathering on the West Bank to greet the released Palestinian prisoners in 2025 with archival footage of the Nabi Musa festival from 1929, the product of sustained research into colonial ethnographic archives. The film has a woozy, hallucinatory quality; although the archival film is shot in black and white, Manna has manipulated the colours in the more recently shot excerpts – picking out clothing details, for example – so that they reverberate in neon greens, violets, acidic pinks and blues. We see shifting masses of figures, banners, headscarves. Contemporary and historical crowds merge and mutate. Traditional dances, sun parasols and tourists meet released prisoners and protesters. The imagery is interrupted with short textual fragments that are explicitly orientalist in their tone: 'Fierce-eyed Bedouins come from their black tent camps in the desert to dance and chant.' The messy, circular collage choreographs a conversation between spectres haunting a present politics and future visions of a catastrophe to come.

The metal balcony structures that frame the installation quietly suggest the remnants or skeleton of an urban architecture obliterated by Israeli bombing, or perhaps yet to be constructed from the rubble. The strung-up banners – some hanging squarely, some not fully unfurled – are reminiscent of domestic laundry strewn on improvised washing lines criss-crossing narrow alleyways in Gaza, or between the tents that now take the place of towns and villages destroyed and turned into mass refugee camps, such as Al-Shati, running along the Mediterranean Sea. Like these, Manna's banners emerge as dignified symbols of Palestinian resistance and a refusal to surrender everyday life. But balconies are also juxtaposed with prison bars: one banner is folded over the top of a gate, alluding not only to lives behind bars but also to a whole collective consciousness that is under occupation yet still resolutely refuses, even in the face of genocide and despair, to stop dreaming about joy shared and future liberation. It is here that Manna's work insists on the political urgency of historical transmission and joyful defiance.

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