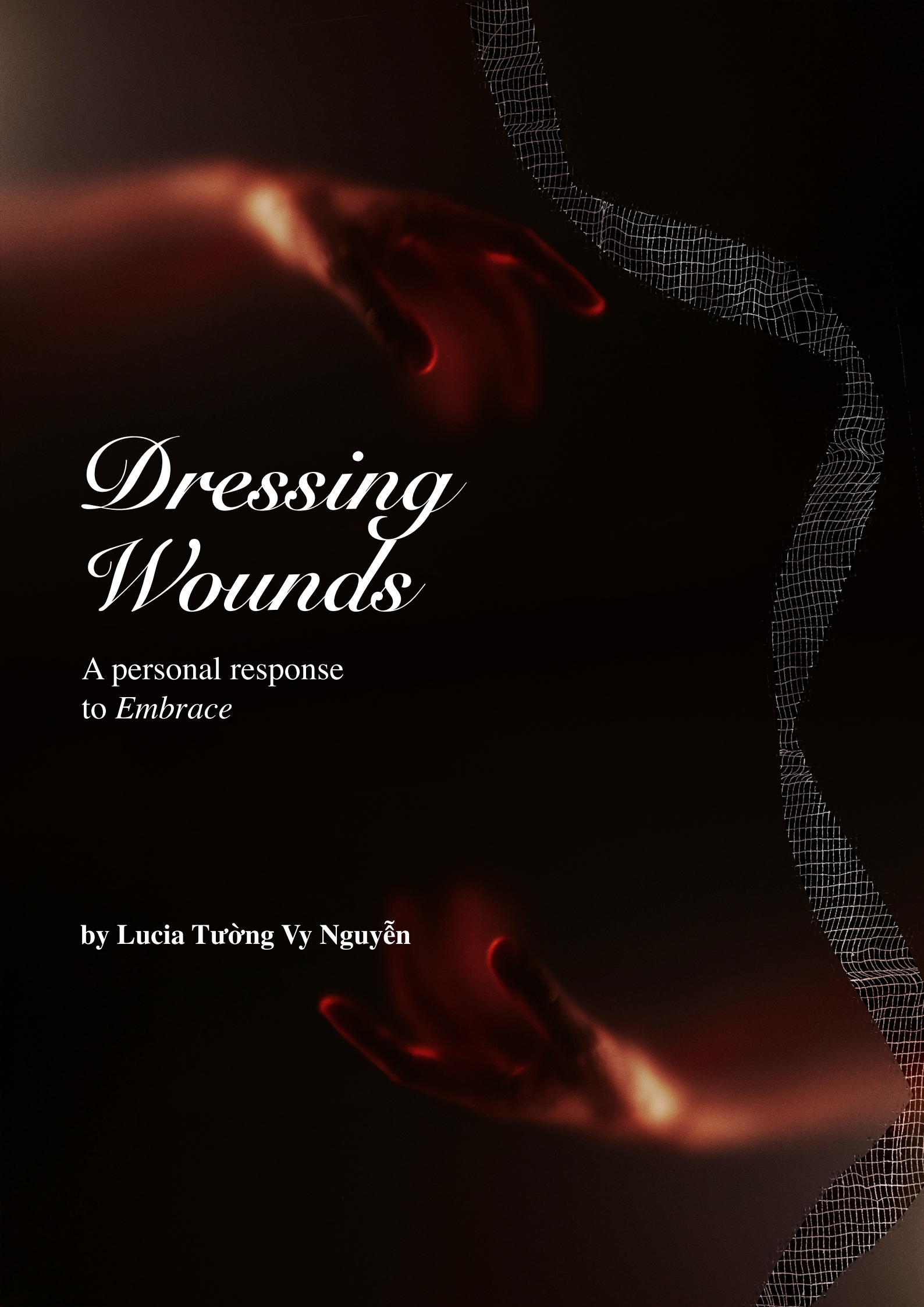


Dressing Wounds

A personal response
to *Embrace*

by Lucia Tường Vy Nguyễn

Dressing Wounds: A personal response to *Embrace*

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We have set up camp on some unknown tier of Maslow's hierarchy. The climb here was treacherous, the footholds mere teeth marks cut up a precipice. The field notes were scrawled in a fit of mania. *Hope this finds you well! Just touching base …* The light of day left in a flash; the cut from where I stumbled is drying. We barely survived the wolves. They kept howling for rent. At night, we lie swaddled by the dark, illuminated only by a screen, and the spectral warmth left by the presence of a friend.

How are you doing? *[sent 4 days ago]*

I send back a diagram of the notorious five-tier pyramid with a 'YOU ARE HERE' drop pin fixed to the bottom level of base human needs: food, water, shelter, clothing, reproduction. 'I AM DOING MY BEST' hovers next to the pin in rainbow WordArt. The meme is sent as a dispatch from my bedroom as I lie swaddled in the dark, illuminated only by a screen. At the worst of times, I would argue that a meme is the greatest semiotic tool for articulating what feel like incommunicable feelings; a shared medium to convey the textures and shades of one's discontent with a world on fire. An 'art of the people'.[1] *This is fine*, smiles the dog in the burning kitchen. Whoever seeks the meme that fits has felt the same despair, the same bite of self-ridicule. The hand extends: *You are safe now, my sweet child.* We are pathetic, but at least we are together.

Embrace brings together seven artists and one collective, curated by Celine Cheung, Hayley Coghlan, Fei Gao and Jeyne Wade. In their exhibition statement, the curators write, 'we create space for our full selves to be embraced; in a hushed whisper into one another's ears, we confide our desires to be loved, to belong, to be free.' In this circle of confidants, each artist brings an offering on the act of embrace — exchanged between human, animal or inanimate bodies.

The first bodies that catch my eye upon entering the gallery are Kit Wu-Bylett's three *fireflower* lanterns. Each lantern measures over a metre in height, lit by a yellow light bulb. Informed by traditional Chinese craftsmanship, Wu-Bylett has hand-coiled, woven and dressed each of these lanterns with their own queer personality: rat-tails braided with tiny stars; fringes poking over heart-shaped cut-outs; long hair resembling gossamer; fabric trains spooling on the gallery floor. Positioned at Pari's front window, their bodies flirt with the world on the other side of the glass: come hither, or, as Wu-Bylett urges, 'realise, now, what you want to touch, to hold, to objectify'.[2] Their light casts the room in a sensual glow. The mood is set.

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[1] Juan Garcia Espinosa as cited by Hito Steyerl, "In Defense of the Poor Image," *e-flux* 10 (November 2009), https://www.e-flux.com/journal/10/61362/in-defense-of-the-poor-image.

[2] See: *EMBRACE* roomsheet, https://pariari.org/media/pages/programming/exhibitions/embrace/64f1f7e02f-1726378741/pari_embrace-roomsheet.pdf.

In Frank Lin's *Clementine Love*, five illustrated panels depict two nude bodies sharing fruit under a blue night sky. The work's tiny 40 x 10 cm dimensions urges the viewer to come closer. Behold the two figures alone and in each other's arms. Nothing else matters. 'Eat upon this tongue this cherry red love / For hell is not below, and there is not heaven above', reads one of Lin's accompanying couplets. Such an intimate space invites confession: for Lin, this tender moment is a testament to the security provided by friendship, rather than a lover.

Likewise, for Cynthia Florek, love constitutes a commitment to scaffolding each other so that we may withstand even the worst disasters. Florek's soft sculpture installation, *Turrón: NO WEAR RELICS*, centres love for her disabled community. Named after the famous Afro-Peruvian dessert, *Turrón* showcases a web of pink silks, organza, beads and ribbon to map the crip body as a site constantly disrupted by illness (much like the earthquakes that disrupt everyday life in Florek's diasporic homeland of Peru). *Turrón* is composed of these textiles delicately knotted across wire, backlit by sunlight passing through Pari's front window. With the dappled light glinting off the beads just so, the installation resembles a treasure trove, strung together from disparate materials that suggest the crip body to be greater than the sum of its parts (however each part is disabled by the world). I flip through Florek's accompanying 'look book' zine, suspended on a string that dangles off the installation. Inside the zine are collages of bejewelled textures, glittery sketches and Valentine's Day aesthetics that shaped *Turrón*. 'u CRIPPLE my heart', a purple candy heart proclaims. When disaster guts us clean of all words, sometimes only the ersatz – the fickle, the absurd, the meme – can best suture the spaces within and between us.

However, when the architecture of our relationships has completely fallen away, one is forced to stare at the cavity that remains. Standing before Tala Issaoui's *Ode to My Void*, my eye travels downward from the ceiling, where a lace veil is tethered to canopy the entire installation, draping first over a satin slip dress suspended on a clothes hanger. Beneath the dress' hem is a plinth laid with a bed of flowers, where two bronze goblets rest side by side. On the floor, resting against the plinth, a television screen broadcasts two video works, *Ode to My Soulmate?* and *void…*, conjoining sequences of Issaoui dancing alone by a tree in a park at daylight, moving across a black, infinite landscape, and performing a purification ritual that I'd been invited to watch one winter's night.

In the open-air gallery, Issaoui wore a satin slip dress, pouring water between two bronze goblets. She paced around a circle of candles, shifting liquid from one hand to the other, sounding the acceleration of her own cleansing by clanging the lips of the goblets together. Wrapped in our scarves and coats, my friend Celine Cheung and I huddled with a group of friends to watch as Issaoui showered herself entirely in the water, and stepped, shivering, out of the circle of candles.

'What did you think?'

'It kinda reminded me of tarot. The angel on the Temperance card.'

‘I was wondering if you would see that!’

When Celine and I worked at an art gallery together, we spent our front-of-house shifts swapping stories of romantic misfortunes. I’d shown Celine the new tattoo I’d gotten on my left shoulder blade of the Temperance card, where an angel pours water between two cups. The irony was that the card embodied moderation and, at the time, I practised very little. When we shared dinner, several years later, the stories of misfortune had dwindled, but still, the questions about love persisted – as they do in *Ode to My Void*. Perhaps a soulmate would have taken the artist’s hand to dance with her, or toasted a goblet, or gifted her those flowers. We watch Issaoui grounded in the day and unmoored at night, dancing with the questions that arise when the love we want doesn’t arrive. Will it ever?

In recent moments of friends going through heartbreak (when I fear my most reassuring words are all exhausted), I’ll ask: ‘Can I interest you in a meme?’

The meme embodies what artist Hito Steyerl describes as the phenomenon of ‘imperfect cinema’ in an online circuity of ‘poor’, or low-quality, images. A lo-fi image with little provenance (if any), the meme becomes a work that ‘always strives to overcome the divisions of labor within class society… blurring the distinction between consumer and producer, audience and author. It insists upon its own imperfection, is popular but not consumerist, committed without becoming bureaucratic.’[3] I’d argue with certainty that a friendship exists once our conversation devolves into an infinite tête-à-tête of memes that prove what we remember of each other.

The meme’s economy of language serves well in skewering how it feels to endure the absolute agony of being seized by a crush, doomed to have one’s mental real estate claimed by another. A crush can so brutally atomise the enormity of one’s desire. How humiliating it is, to feel desperate for someone you may hardly know. The most affirming lexicon for our embarrassment must be the most absurd. A cow stands on the seashore, gazing at the ocean. *I am cringe, but I am free*. A goat suns itself in a field of flowers. *I am cringe, but I am free*. Shoot your shot and then hurl your phone across the room.

> *Hey, um I was wondering [...]*
>
> *[...]*
>
> *[...]*

Similarly, Kumiko Delaney’s ceramics remind me of how aggressively desire can demand to be confessed. In *Temporary Obsession*, Delaney replicates the set design of a local stage

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[3] Hito Steyerl, “In Defense of the Poor Image,” *e-flux* 10 (November 2009), https://www.e-flux.com/journal/10/61362/in-defense-of-the-poor-image.

production of Patti Smith and Sam Shepard's *Cowboy Mouth* – 'a play I was led to watch twice by my own lustful intrigue', confesses Delaney. Measuring 29cm by 25cm, the miniature fictional bedroom is assembled in the gutted core of a black ceramic fruit. It seems fateful that a play co-written by two lovers near the end of their relationship, penned during an overnight fury in Shepard's New York City bedroom, would recall its ghosts once more in a dark theatre far from the city where it was conceived. The script begins thus:

> *A fucked-up bed center stage… Scattered all around on the floor is miscellaneous debris: hubcaps, an old tire, raggedy costumes, a boxful of ribbons, lots of letters… rum, beer, white lightning, Sears catalogue… We find them after one too many mornings. They're both mean as snakes.*[4]

Delaney remains truthful to this setting in her miniature sculpture, in which a grey mattress sits beneath a grimy window with mangled grey curtains, occupying the only space on the floor free of rubbish. After one too many mornings, one's heart feels as pulped as fruit flesh under the carving knife. What if, *what if?* Ultimately, the heartbroken wishes for the receiver of their affections to be a different person. Specifically, one who cares for them just as much. How humiliating it is to confront that you are an animal, after all, hungering for just one text back.

This carnal desire to consume (or be consumed) informs *Ampulex Compressa*, a live performance video work presented by queer pole dance collective, Club Chrome. In the video, four pole dancers surround a pole on an outdoor stage at night. They connect their bodies in moving modular shapes. Arms and legs are wrapped around each other, limbs stacked and layered as if mimicking a hexapod or an arachnid scurrying in the dark. Club Chrome's prompt for this choreography was to explore afterlives and speculative futures — specifically, the capacity of parasitic insects to exact death and enable their own resurrection. The work's title stems from the scientific name for the emerald cockroach wasp whose 'unusual' reproductive process involves: first incapacitating a cockroach with venom; using the victim's antennae as a leash-of-sorts to drag it to the wasp's burrow; laying eggs inside the victim-turned-host, from which a larva will hatch to feast on the cockroach's organs and eventually emerge a fully adult wasp, resplendent like the jewel it is named after. In one floorwork sequence, the four dancers lie together on stage and lift their heels to the sky; each performer's leg waves leaving the impression of an insect flipped on its back. They break apart at various points in the performance for four separate solos. Each dance solo stands on its own, but together, they fit as four phases of a transformative life cycle, probing what futures could be promised to us if our bodies decide, together, to make a husk of the system that hurts us now.

To prioritise experiencing pleasure is to open the door to collective liberation, argues adrienne marie brown. This central thesis of brown's *Pleasure Activism* manifesto informs Owen Leong's installation, *Surrender*, in which a reworked slate-grey cotton bedsheet hangs

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[4] Sam Shepard and Patti Smith, "Cowboy Mouth," in *Fool for Love and Other Plays* (Dial Press, 1999), 147.

like a tapestry piece from the gallery wall. The sheet's top hem is attached to a steel beam suspended from two bronze hooks moulded to the shape of the artist's index fingers. There is a bleached circle in the centre of the bedsheet, which also has two silk teardrops tethered to its ends. These soft textiles, associated with the bed as a site of intimacy and privacy, are hardened by industrial materials like steel and bleach to ultimately become Leong's public self-portrait. The residue of Leong's existing body is collected to eke out a different whole.

Like Leong's sculptural self-portrait, the medium of collage was historically derived from collecting debris, 'from the desire to see and look by salvaging bits of the almost lost – the almost wasted.'[5] In Yusi Yuansa's *A Trip From My Childhood*, twelve collage pieces are tiled on the gallery wall. Each piece is composed of colourful, geometric shapes that illustrate a memory from the artist's upbringing in Bali. Houses are yellow, faces are red, flowers and trees are cut-out circles layered to wend upwards. Yuansa's marriage of bold colour and geometry recalls the sensory stimuli that children are first presented with in the form of books, television shows and games – explicitly to develop their ability to remember. What Yuansa remembers, and now reconciles, is her diasporic identity as the lonely child of a Javanese immigrant family, unable to shake the feeling that she was always on the outside looking in. When standing about a metre away from the body of work, *A Trip From My Childhood* resembles a series of windows that open up to twelve vignettes of a life. These vignettes recall not only Yuansa's memory of a childhood fractured by migration, but the history of collage as a fragmentary medium itself, 'a demonstration of the many becoming the one, with the one never fully resolved because of the many that continue to impinge upon it.'[6]

To return to Leong's muse, adrienne marie brown: 'What we love makes us whole. What makes us whole is how we survive.' However, being whole can be perceived – by some – to be as threatening as the glint of a knife. Any facetious comment on struggling to function this past year exists in tandem with the ongoing livestream of a people's struggle to live at all.

On the community-driven counter-mapping platform, *Queering the Map*, LGBTQ+ contributors from around the world are asked to drop a pin on their location and share a personal story. A contributor in Gaza writes, to a murdered love, 'I've always imagined you and me sitting out in the sun, hand in hand, free at last. We spoke of all the places we could go if we could. Yet you are gone now. If I had known the bombs raining down on us would take you from me, I would have gladly told the world how I adored you. I'm sorry I was a coward.' The digital offers the tools by which we may bear witness to what would otherwise be silenced by an illegal telecommunications blackout, or by the whistle of a US-Israeli missile. The digital evolves how our flesh and the natural world touch – to think that war crimes committed in a strip of land 'over there' do not affect us at all, is foolish. All that

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[5] Rachel Blau DuPlessis as cited in Andrew Mossin, "Collage and Poetry as Social Document," *Hyperallergic*, October 17, 2020, https://hyperallergic.com/576635/rachel-blau-duplessis-poetry-collage/.
[6] Donald Kuspit as cited in Freya Gowrley, *Fragmentary forms: a new history of collage* (Princeton University Press, 2025), 314.

disappears into the air is carried by the winds and breathed back in.[7] Toxins from more than two nuclear bombs' worth of destruction flow into the sea, where currents have never abided by settlers' rules.[8] All damning footage swallowed by the algorithm is projected forth when we close our eyes at night, proving true Nancy Tuana's theory of 'viscous porosity', wherein:

> The boundaries of our flesh and the flesh of the world we are of and in is porous. While that porosity is what allows us to flourish – as we breathe in the oxygen we need to survive and metabolise the nutrients out of which our flesh emerges – this porosity often does not discriminate against that which can kill us.[9]

Emerging from her studies of Hurricane Katrina's toxic imprint upon New Orleans' most impoverished (primarily Black) communities, Tuana's theory applies to what has been engineered in Gaza, and what has been engineered online. Scroll from documented war crime, to sponsored haircare ad, to meal prep app, to documented human rights violation, to a rogue meme about a situationship – featuring some goofily animated creature (*I'm in this photo and I don't like it!*). All spectres of violence are projected in this imperfect cinema. If you do wish to write about Palestine without being shadowbanned by Meta, encode all mentions of the g3n0c!de in bizarre spellings on your Instagram stories, patched together like an umbrella to weather a rain that never stops.[10] This ceaseless rain washes away all that inconveniences an unbothered life. The world burns and floods at the same time. We swim through the fire.

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[7] Israel's bombardment of Gaza has grossly accelerated the global climate emergency, having surpassed the combined 2023 carbon footprint of Costa Rica and Estonia from the first fifteen months of the genocide. See: Nina Lakhani, "Carbon footprint of Israel's war on Gaza exceeds that of many entire countries," *The Guardian*, May 30, 2025, https://www.theguardian.com/world/2025/may/30/carbon-footprint-of-israels-war-on-gaza-exceeds-that-of-many-entire-countries; United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP), *Environmental Impact of the Escalation of Conflict in the Gaza Strip: Second assessment of environmental damage and recommendations for recovery and reconstruction planning*, September 23, 2025, https://www.unep.org/resources/report/environmental-impact-escalation-conflict-gaza-strip.

[8] Sewage pollution engineered by the occupation in Gaza has historically flowed into Israeli waters and either affected or temporarily shut down several Israeli desalination plants, as reported by Israeli authorities. In 2007, Israel's closure of Gaza's border crossing caused a severe breakdown of water and sewage sanitation services in the Strip, forcing millions of litres of partially treated sewage to be released into the Mediterranean Sea, drifting north into Israeli waters on a daily basis. In April 2008, the General Director of Israel's Ashkelon Desalination Plant, located 4.8 kilometres north of Gaza, confirmed that the plant had been processing seawater contaminated with sewage. In 2017, Zikim and Ashkelon beaches in Israel were often closed due to the presence of raw sewage. See: WASH Advocacy Task Force (2009), "Impact of the blockade on water and sanitation in Gaza–Factsheet 1," *United Nations: The Question of Palestine*, September 3, 2009, https://www.un.org/unispal/document/auto-insert-207194/; UNEP, *State of Environment and Outlook Report for the occupied Palestinian territory 2020*, May 13, 2020, https://wedocs.unep.org/handle/20.500.11822/32268.

[9] Nancy Tuana, "Viscous Porosity: Witnessing Katrina," in *Material Feminisms*, ed. Stacy Alaimo and Susan Hekman (Indiana University Press, 2008), 198.

[10] Human Rights Watch, "Meta's Broken Promises: Systemic Censorship of Palestine Content on Instagram and Facebook," *Human Rights Watch*, December 21, 2023, https://www.hrw.org/report/2023/12/21/metas-broken-promises/systemic-censorship-palestine-content-instagram-and; Tomas Apodaca and Natasha Uzcátegui-Liggett, "How We Investigated Shadowbanning on Instagram," *The Markup*, February 25, 2024, https://themarkup.org/automated-censorship/2024/02/25/how-we-investigated-shadowbanning-on-instagram.

I feared it would be flippant to premise this piece on the oft-inconsequential content threaded in with videos of the Zionist settlers' point-blank cruelty being uploaded in real time, enacted on a small strip of land where almost half the population are children.[11] But: how else to capture the back-and-forth banter of Palestinian teenagers Mohammed and Omar, who joke in the language of two chronically-online boys while vlogging their days 'living in a warzone'?[12] Both boys curve their wrists like Salt Bae while sprinkling spices over the tuna shawarma improvised from what little humanitarian aid has been allowed into Gaza. 'TRYING TO PROVE HE IS BUILT DIFFERENT' flashes on the screen as Mohammed flings himself forward for an impossible football manoeuvre, and all we see is blur and grass. All we hear is laughing. The boys compile montages on Instagram of what still makes them happy, despite everything. The militant linearity of Maslow's hierarchy–which insists that the individual can *only* access intimate relationships *after* they achieve food, warmth, shelter, security and safety–fails to account for the oppressed's resolve that their right to love is as true as their sovereignty.

When reading about Leong's work, I was led down a rabbit hole to adrienne marie brown's blog, which features a quote from an Aboriginal activists group (Queensland, 1970), in a post uploaded on December 4, 2014: 'if you have come to help me, you are wasting your time. But if you have come because your liberation is bound up with mine, then let us work together.'[13] Citing Aboriginal Elders alongside Black revolutionaries Assata Shakur and Harriet Tubman, brown wrote the blog entry in support of the organising efforts of the Black community of Ferguson, Missouri – a few days after a grand jury decided not to indict the FPD officer who had fatally shot unarmed Black teenager Michael Brown. In response to her assembled archive of Bla(c)k wisdom, brown concluded, 'this is not the beginning, this is not the end. but this moment is ours, to bend the arc towards justice.'

In the same breath, Embrace invites us to work together to reroute communal life onto a different path – away from what Audre Lorde would describe as 'a world of the ascetic, who aspires to feel nothing.'[14] What would happen if you just let yourself feel? The wound gapes wide, the pain is unforgiving, but many hands make lighter work. The atelier fashions a bandage from lantern paper. The ceramicist builds a home. A net of silks catch sunlight as it pours into the gallery. Each artist wields clay, textile, paint or paper to stem the bleeding. The meme, silly as ever, anaesthetises the trauma. All that separates you and me is a screen.

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[11] H.E. Dr. Ola Awad, "H.E. Dr. Awad, highlights the Palestinian children's situation on the eve of the Palestinian Child Day, 05/04/2024," *Palestinian Central Bureau of Statistics,* April 4, 2024, https://www.pcbs.gov.ps/post.aspx?lang=en&ItemID=4732; Hannah Getahun, "In Gaza, where nearly half the population is under 18, children's rights crisis is unfolding," *Business Insider*, October 14, 2023, https://www.businessinsider.com/children-rights-gaza-palestine-israel-human-rights-united-nations-2023-10; Lara Robertson, "The most dangerous world to be a child," *UNICEF Australia*, December 22, 2023, https://www.unicef.org.au/stories/gaza-is-the-most-dangerous-place-in-the-world-to-be-a-child.

[12] Mohammed and Herz Show (@omarherzshow), https://www.instagram.com/omarherzshow.

[13] adrienne marie brown, "a season for love (for all those killed with impunity)," *adrienne marie brown*, December 4, 2014, https://adriennemareebrown.net/2014/12/04/a-season-of-love-for-eric-garner-mike-brown-aiyana-jones-and-others-killed-with-impunity.

[14] Audre Lorde, "Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power," in *The Selected Works of Audre Lorde,* ed. Roxane Gay (W. W Norton & Company, 2020), 34.

Two years into the genocide, I watch a video of a Palestinian man sprinting alongside his dog down the beach while the afternoon sun kisses the Gaza shoreline.[15] What we love makes us survive. Months into dragging out this essay, I message S. who lives in Deir Al-Balah (Gaza City) to check how she is doing. 'They bombed a house not more than 200 metres from us,' she writes back. 'I am lucky to have you with me always.' Two years into the genocide, the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the Vietnam War is celebrated. The wound weeps, defying all efforts to stem what I thought would've stopped bleeding by now. A Việt kiều friend admits a few weeks later, 'I thought about messaging you on the anniversary, to ask if you felt the same way I did.' Whatever tissue I assumed had knitted over dissolves each time I see a parallel drawn between Vietnam and Palestine, their liberation bound up with each other. The manufacturers of Agent Orange – Pine Bluff Arsenal and Monsanto (now Bayer) – have found a renewed stream of income through white phosphorus, dropped on civilians in Lebanon and Palestine.[16] For over a decade, Bayer has exported crop-killing pesticides for the occupation to strip Palestinian farmers of their livelihoods.[17] The burnt earth is scored with our histories. Where do I end? Where do you begin? But, slowly, the indecipherable contracts into scars, legible in the ash. They ease into the written word. S. sends me a suite of poetic vignettes she wrote about life in the first year of the genocide, aiming to publish them online. G. tells me it is much slower for a baby to heal from bombing injuries if their body does not receive enough food. With all hospitals in Gaza beyond breaking point, R. experiences contractions for a period longer than I've ever heard a woman go through, during which she messages, 'I'm going to the doctor to check up on when this baby will come out hahahaha'. She hopes to deliver in hospital; the baby is born in a tent. Each friend in Gaza signs off with,

[...]

[...]

I hope I can give you a hug someday.

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[15] Sulala Animal Rescue (@sulalaanimalrescue), https://www.instagram.com/sulalaanimalrescue

[16] U.S. companies Pine Bluff Arsenal and Monsanto (now renamed Bayer), well-documented for their production of bioweapons and chemical gases during the Vietnam War, are currently partnered with Israel Chemical Ltd to produce and store the majority of the world's white phosphorus munitions along the Mississippi River. See: Jack Cinamon, "Behind the Smoke: The unlawful use of white phosphorus," *Corruption Tracker*, February 1, 2024, https://corruption-tracker.org/blog/behind-the-smoke-the-unlawful-use-of-white-phosphorus; Karam Burjas, "Israel's Use of White Phosphorus and the Inadequacy of International Law," *Arab Centre Washington DC*, August 7, 2024, https://arabcenterdc.org/resource/israels-use-of-white-phosphorus-and-the-inadequacy-of-international-law/; Russell E. Bearden, "Pine Bluff Arsenal," *Encyclopaedia of Arkansas,* December 4, 2023, https://encyclopediaofarkansas.net/entries/pine-bluff-arsenal-2927/.

[17] Since 2014, Bayer's export of herbicides to Israel – explicitly for aerial spraying on Gazan farmland – has aided the Israeli occupation's clearing and bulldozing of residential and arable land in Gaza to continue displacing Palestinian peoples. See: B'Tselem, "Israel sprays Gazan farmland close to border fence, destroying crops and causing heavy losses," *B'Tselem*, February 4, 2016, https://www.btselem.org/gaza_strip/20160204_crops_sprayed_with_herbicide; Forensic Architecture, "Herbicidal Warfare in Gaza," *Forensic Architecture*, July 19, 2019, https://forensic-architecture.org/investigation/herbicidal-warfare-in-gaza.

It is telling that the etymology of ‘gauze’, used to dress wounds, is argued by medics to originate from its makers in Gaza.[18] From our kin across the ocean, a heart’s swell and break can be contained in a single text message. What we feel makes us whole.

The wound winks open once again. A friend presses gauze to my rupture.

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[18] Osman Brad Kayani and Ashraf Chehata, “Threads of Healing: Tracing Gauze’s Journey from Gaza to Global Staple,” *Journal of the British Islamic Medical Association* 18 no.6 (2024), https://www.jbima.com/article/threads-of-healing-tracing-gauzes-journey-from-gaza-to-global-staple/.