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Carried

On Beginning

I did not choose painting. Painting chose me before I had the language to refuse or accept it. For more than twenty years I have stood in front of a canvas trying to understand what it is I am looking for and the only honest answer I have found is

this: I am looking for what is hidden underneath.
Every painter begins somewhere.

I began with the classical with line, with form, with the discipline of rendering what the eye sees. But I kept pushing past what the eye sees, because what the eye sees was never the thing that mattered. What mattered was what the body knows, what the memory holds, what the image becomes when it starts to break apart.

That is where I have lived, as an artist, for twenty years. In the place where the image breaks.

ON ABSTRACTION

People sometimes ask me why I moved from classical painting toward abstraction and glitch. I did not move.

I arrived.

Abstraction is not a style I adopted. It is the honest consequence of looking at something long enough.

When you look at a memory long enough, its edges dissolve. When you look at an emotion long enough, it stops being representable.

Glitch is what happens when a system tries to hold more than it was built to carry. I have always felt closer to the glitch than to the clean render.

My work is not chaotic. It is precisely broken broken the way a sentence breaks when the feeling inside it is too large for the words.





On Truth

My artistic philosophy is built on a single idea: break the image to reveal the truth beneath it. I am not interested in beautiful surfaces. I am interested in what a beautiful surface is protecting. Every painting I make

begins as an act of excavation I go in looking for something I cannot name yet, and I keep going until the canvas shows me what it is. Sometimes what it shows me is uncomfortable. I leave it uncomfortable. Comfort is not what I am here to make.

I believe the most honest thing an artist can do is refuse to resolve the tension. Let it stay open. Let the viewer stand inside the unresolved thing and feel it for themselves.



On Digital and Physical

I came to NFTs in 2021 as a painter not as a technologist, not as a speculator. I came because the technology offered something I had not had before: a way to release work into the world without surrendering it entirely to a system I did not trust.

What I found was a community of artists asking the same questions I had been asking in my studio for years. The medium changed. The questions did not.

I have made more than 150 one of one works and sold more than 2,000 editions. I have curated 69 women artists from 12 countries. I have taught more than 4,000 students. All of it, the painting, the teaching, the curation comes from the same place: a belief that art is not decoration. It is record. It is proof that someone was here and thought something real.

On the Female Figure

The woman in my work is not a symbol and she is not a victim. She is a presence.

I grew up in a culture where the female body was simultaneously sacred and forbidden celebrated in private and erased in

public. That contradiction lives inside my work.

When I paint a woman, I am not making a political statement. I am making a

record. I am saying: she was here, she thought this, she felt this, she was this complicated and this whole.

My women are not asking for permission. They are not looking for rescue. They are in the middle of becoming something

and that becoming is unfinished, and that unfinishedness is the point.



ON HERITAGE

Persian visual culture lives inside my hands whether I invite it or not. It is not something I reference, it is something I am made of. The geometry, the layering, the way pattern can carry meaning without being legible as symbol, these are not choices I make at the canvas. They are the grammar I think in. I did not learn them. I inherited them. What interests me is what happens when that inherited grammar meets a medium digital, abstract, glitch, that did not exist when the grammar was formed. The collision produces something that belongs fully to neither tradition. That is where I work. In the space between what I was given and what I am building.



ON iDENTITY

I have spent a long time trying to understand what it means to have a stable identity as an artist and the longer I work, the more I think stability is the wrong thing to want. My identity as an artist is not a fixed point. It is a practice. It is the accumulation of every morning I went back to the canvas, every decision I made to stay inside the uncomfortable question instead of resolving it early. It is built from twenty years of refusal refusing to be only decorative, refusing to be only political, refusing to be only what someone else needed me to be. Self acceptance, for me, is not a state you arrive at. It is something you do, repeatedly, in the face of every reason not to.

ON CARRYING

CARRIED is about what we hold and what holds us.

Each of these eight paintings is a memory I have carried
not chosen to carry, simply found myself carrying, the
way you find

a stone in your pocket you do not remember picking up.
Painting them was a way of setting each one down long
enough to look
at it from the outside.

I am not trying to resolve these memories. I am not trying
to heal them or redeem them or turn them into lessons. I
am trying

to make them visible. Because I believe that the things we
carry the grief, the confusion, the love, the ordinary
unbearable

weight of having been alive deserve to be seen. And I
believe that if you look closely enough at these eight
canvases, you

will find not only my memories, but also your own.





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Jupiter

