

Perhaps there is a way to forgo the sequence by which I've come to know of these paintings and to know myself through them. In prosaic terms, laid still within the secluded recesses of *home*, in the back cupboard of a kitchen, a philosophical enigma emerged; in the form of 'proper art' — an infinite mirror of identity and intent, a 'mise en abyme', so to speak.

Perhaps we can know the dead? Obscured by time and neglect, resonant, not merely as painted objects, but existential windows to a world that is both distant and deeply personal. Each work transcends its material concern, opening onto vast landscapes of memory and unspoken emotion.

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111 words

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*reflecting on what it meant for my late father to find that sense of place in the in between-ness of a brush and a lens.