

TO MY INNER CHILD



Ghazal Zare

Short CV

- **EDUCATION**

- Rome University of Fine Arts, Rome, Italy.

Master of Fine Arts Painting.

–
November 2020_July 2022

- Alzahra University, Tehran, Iran

GPA 3.81

Bachelor's Degree in Textile Design

February 2013 – July 2018

- **EXHIBITIONS**

- Solo Exhibition: Mixed Art, Darbast Salon, Mohsen Gallery, Tehran, Iran, February 16, 2018 – February 21, 2018.
- Group Exhibition: Painting and Drawing Exhibition, Bon Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran, October 2017.
- Group Exhibition: Painting and Drawing Exhibition, Bon Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran, February 2017.
- Group Exhibition: Painting and Drawing Exhibition, Laleh Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran, 2015.
- Group Exhibition: 4th Art Expo of Several Generations of Iranian Contemporary Artists, Laleh Art Gallery, Tehran, Iran, 2014.

- **WORK EXPERIENCE**

- Teaching art in English to international students between ages six to twelve.

German Embassy School, Tehran, Iran

2016 – 2020

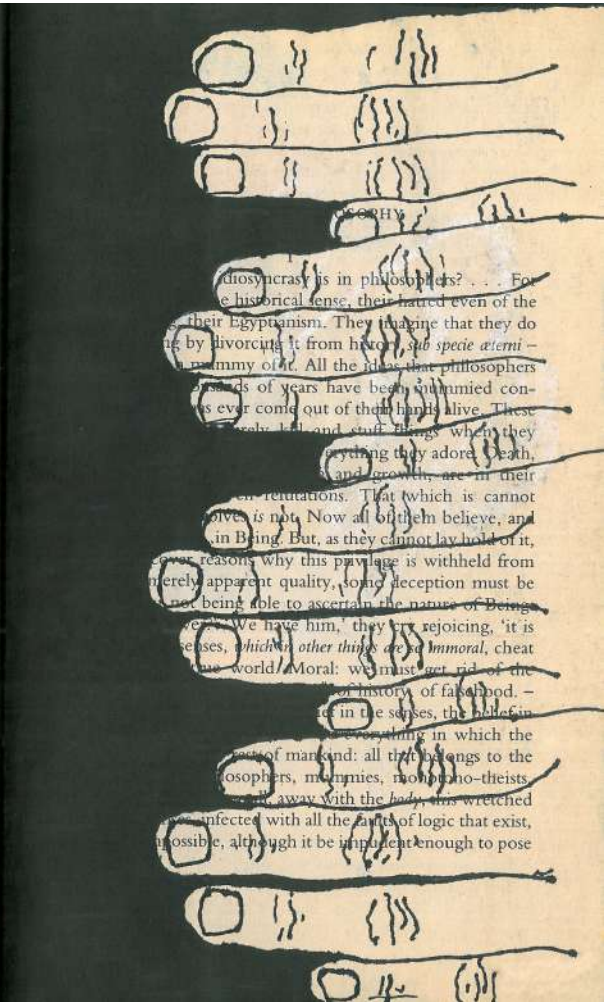
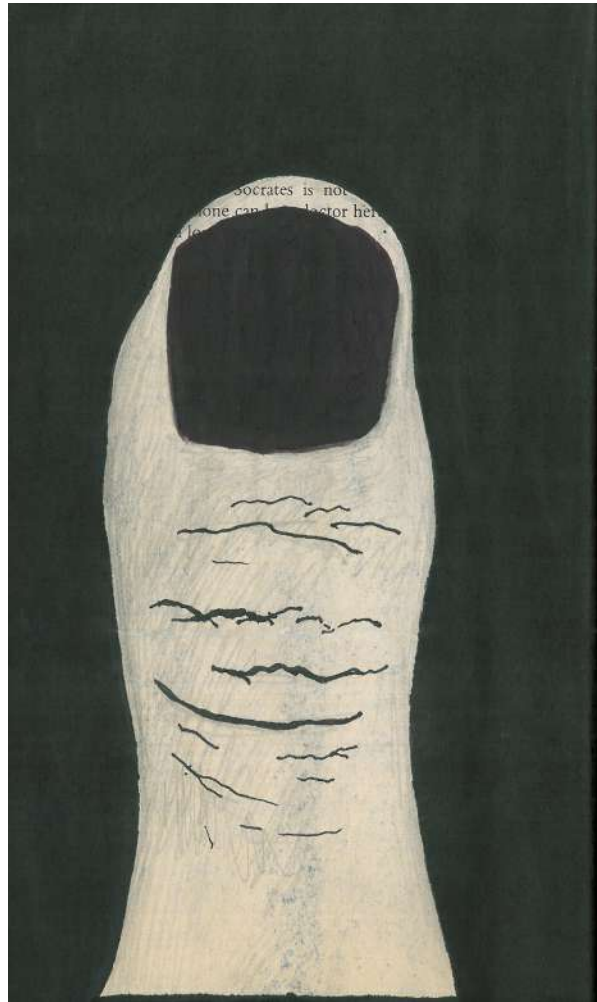
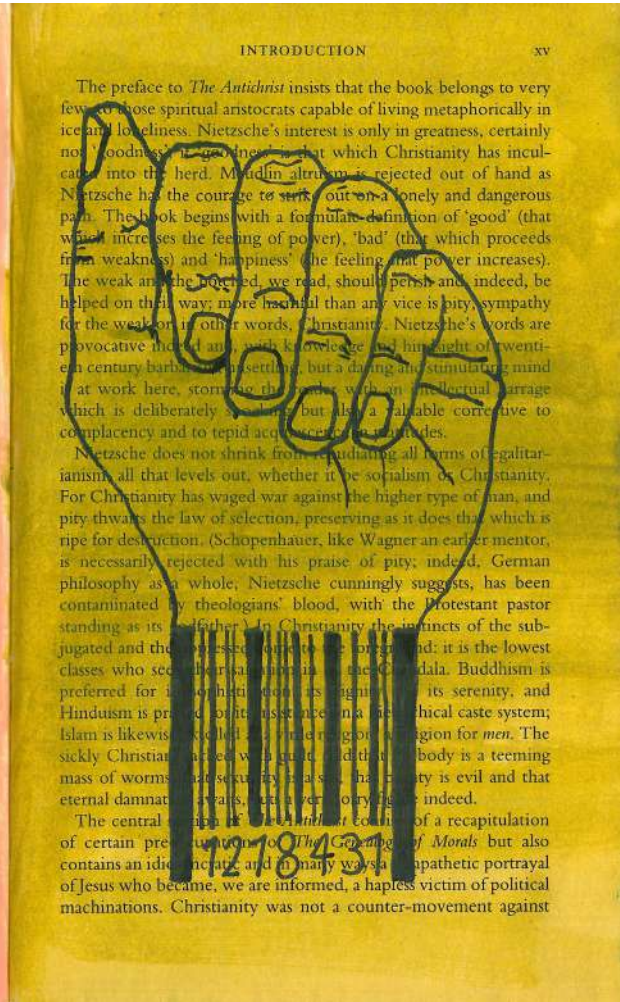
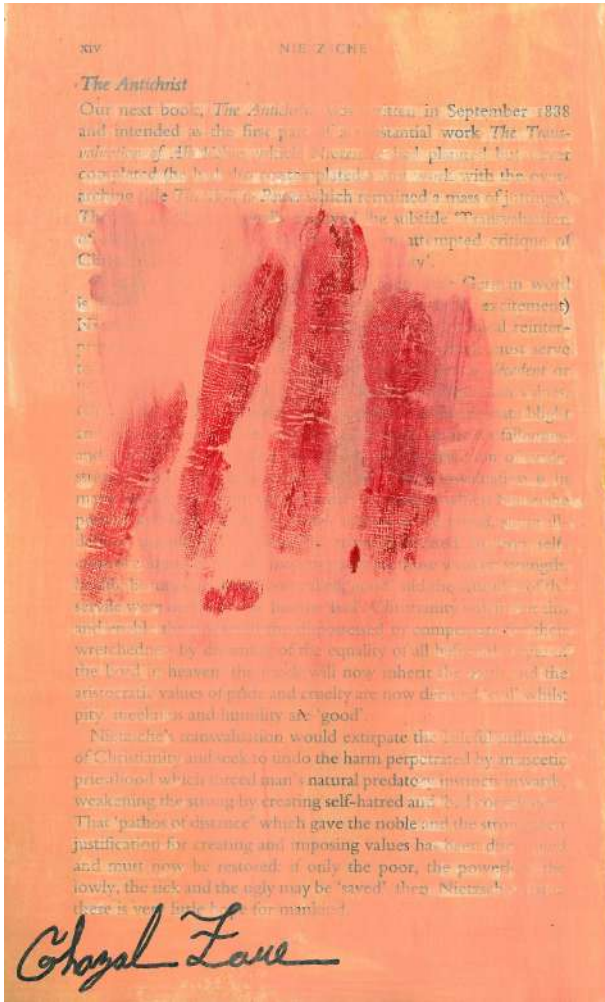
- Teaching painting in English to Iranian students between ages thirteen to fifteen.

Daneshvar High School, Tehran, Iran

August 2018 – 2020

My work for the past seven years has been revolving around the repressions and hidden emotions behind the mind, the power of image of my own, but also the general neglected child. It is important to analyze it through a psychological lens, in order to understand the power of emotions, and the unconscious affects. The intention was to discover myself and the world around me on a deeper level, however, recently the focus is shifting onto also influencing others and analyzing their psyche, provoking certain kinds of responses and feelings on the viewer and analyzing the reactions. I am setting up the viewer to have a moment of identification with the emotional charge and the frustration of expression versus psychic censorship.

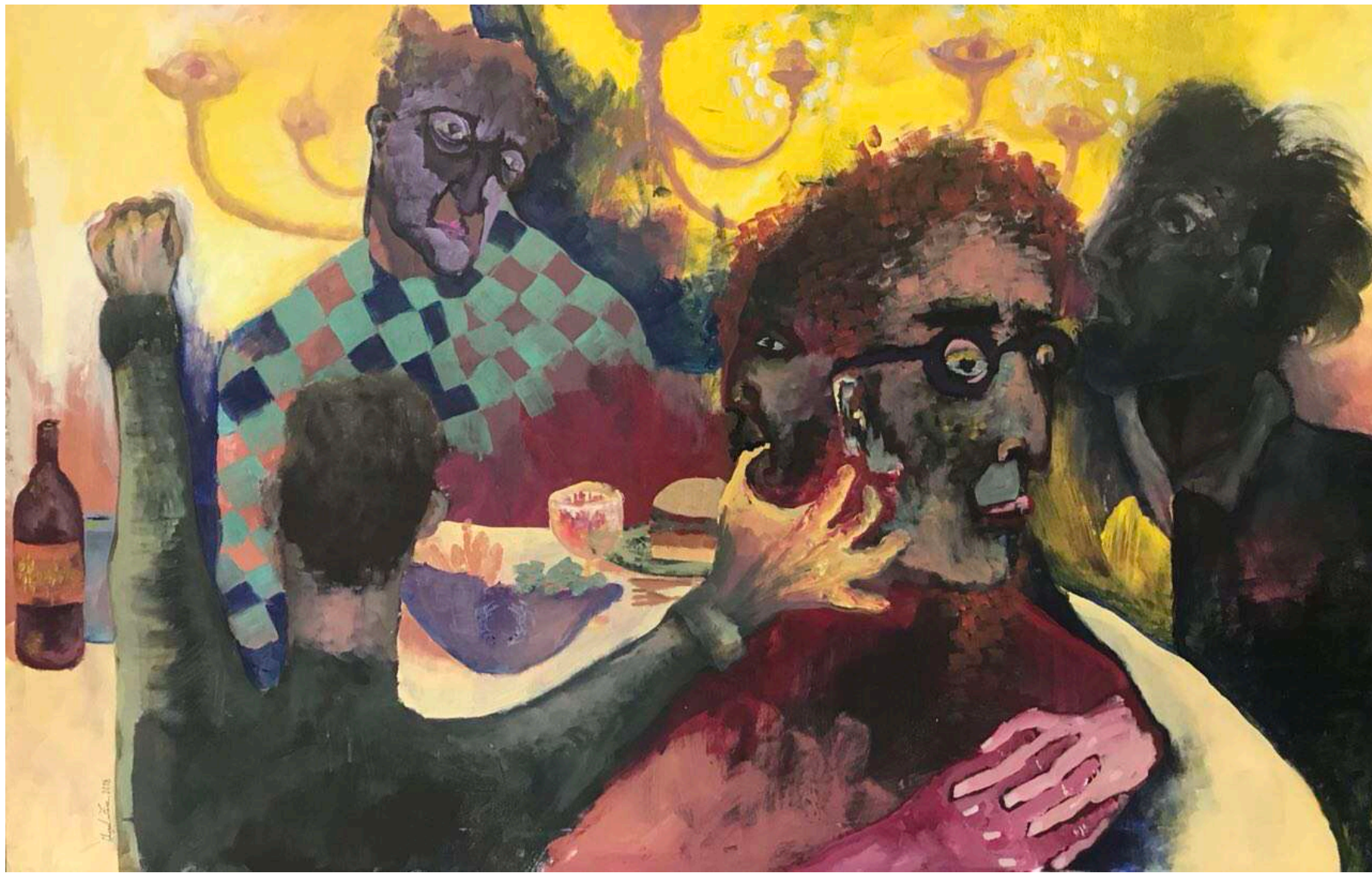




Nietzsche, Twilight of the Idols

2016 - To: In Progress, Mixed media

Standard Book Size



The Dining Table

January 2018, Acrylic Paint on Canvas

150 x 100 cm

The Dining Table

The Dining Table is the story of a disastrous night with tension in the air and the uncomfortable situation of not being able to leave the table. As a matter of fact is the movable feast of life in which there is no way out.





Gone for good

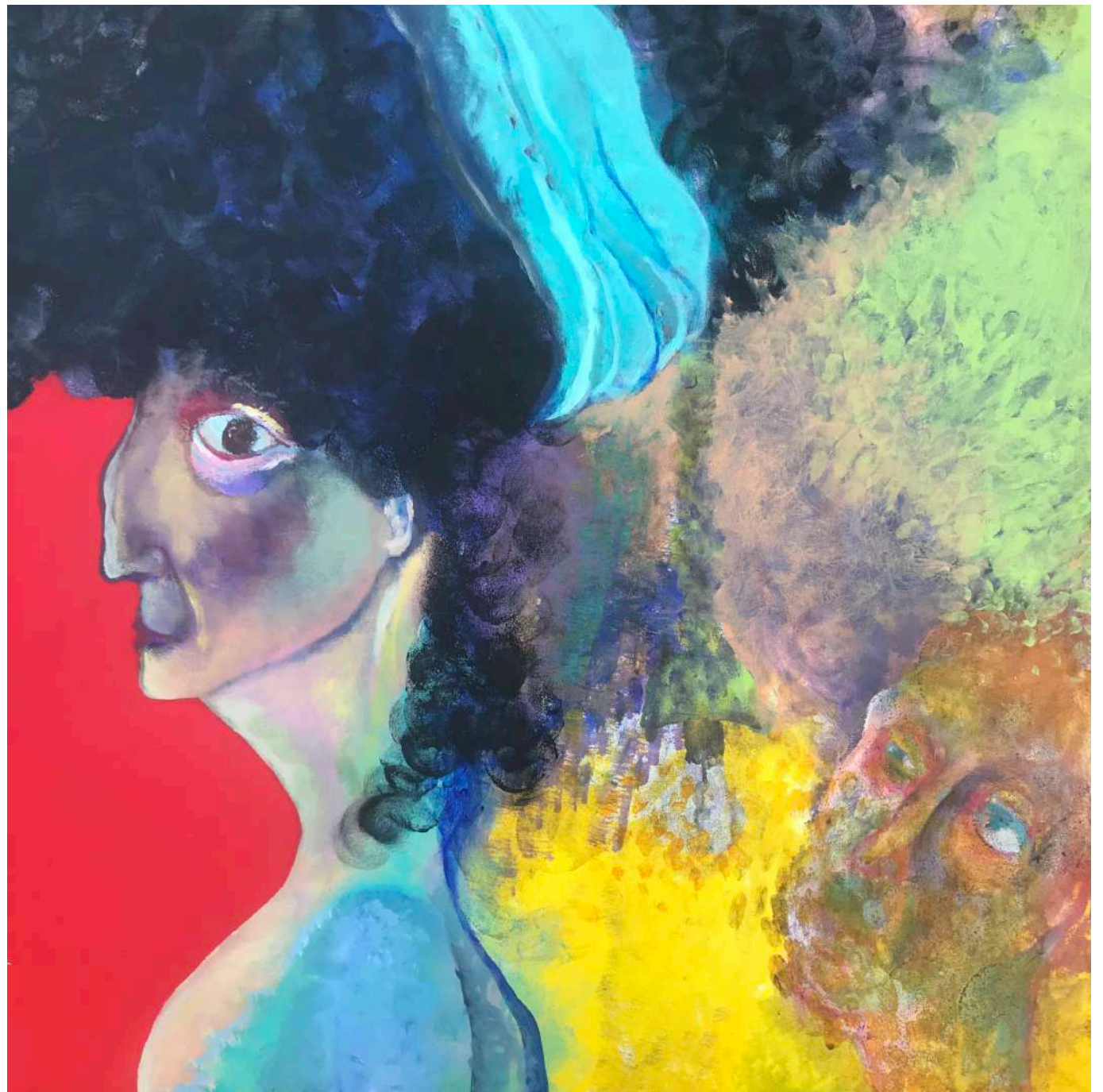
2019, Acrylic Paint on Canvas

180 x 150 cm

Mystery

August 2018, Acrylic Paint on Canvas

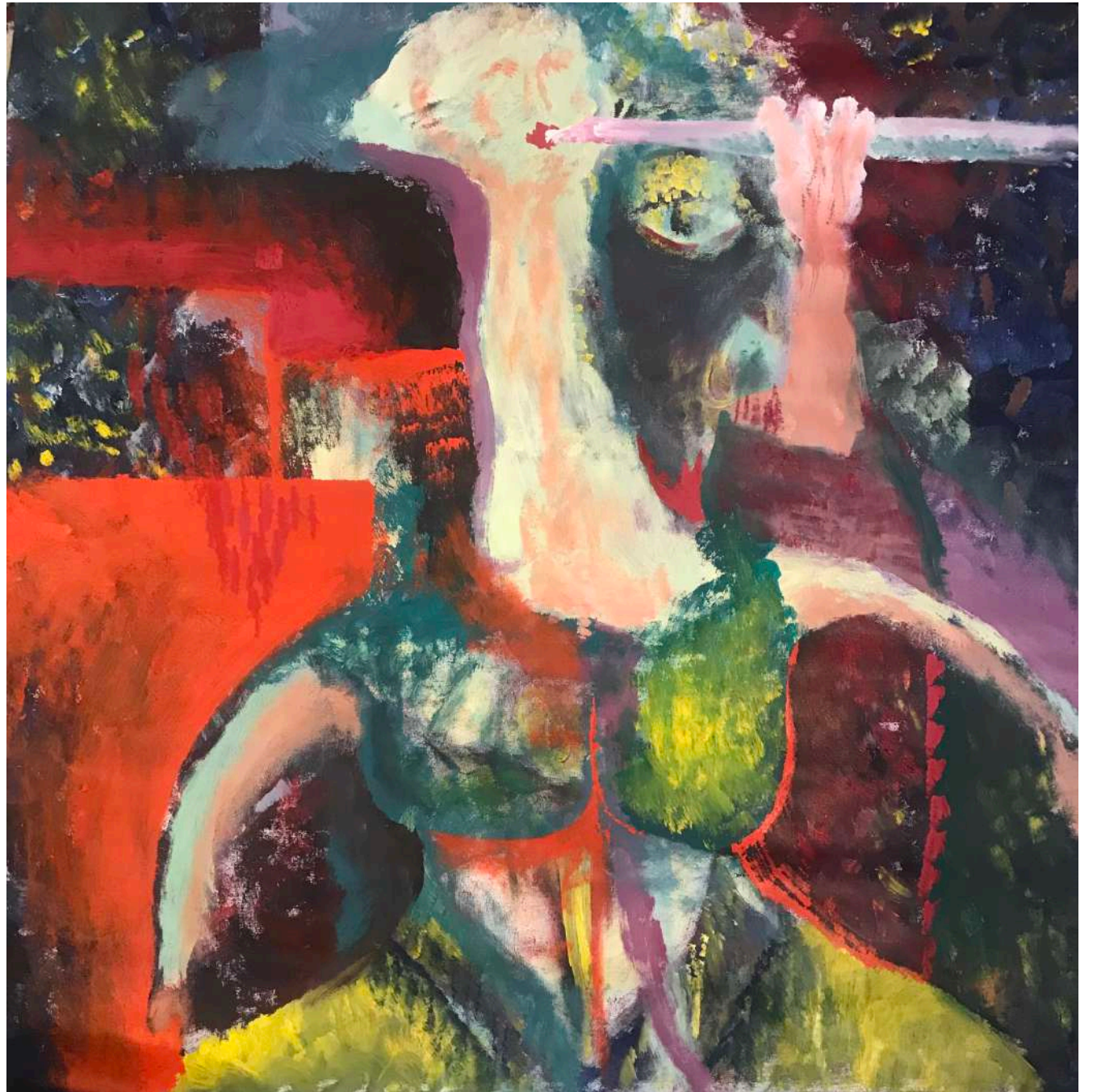
70 x 70 cm



The symphony

April 2018, Acrylic Paint on Canvas

100 x 100 cm





Canceled

April 2021, Oil Paint on Canvas

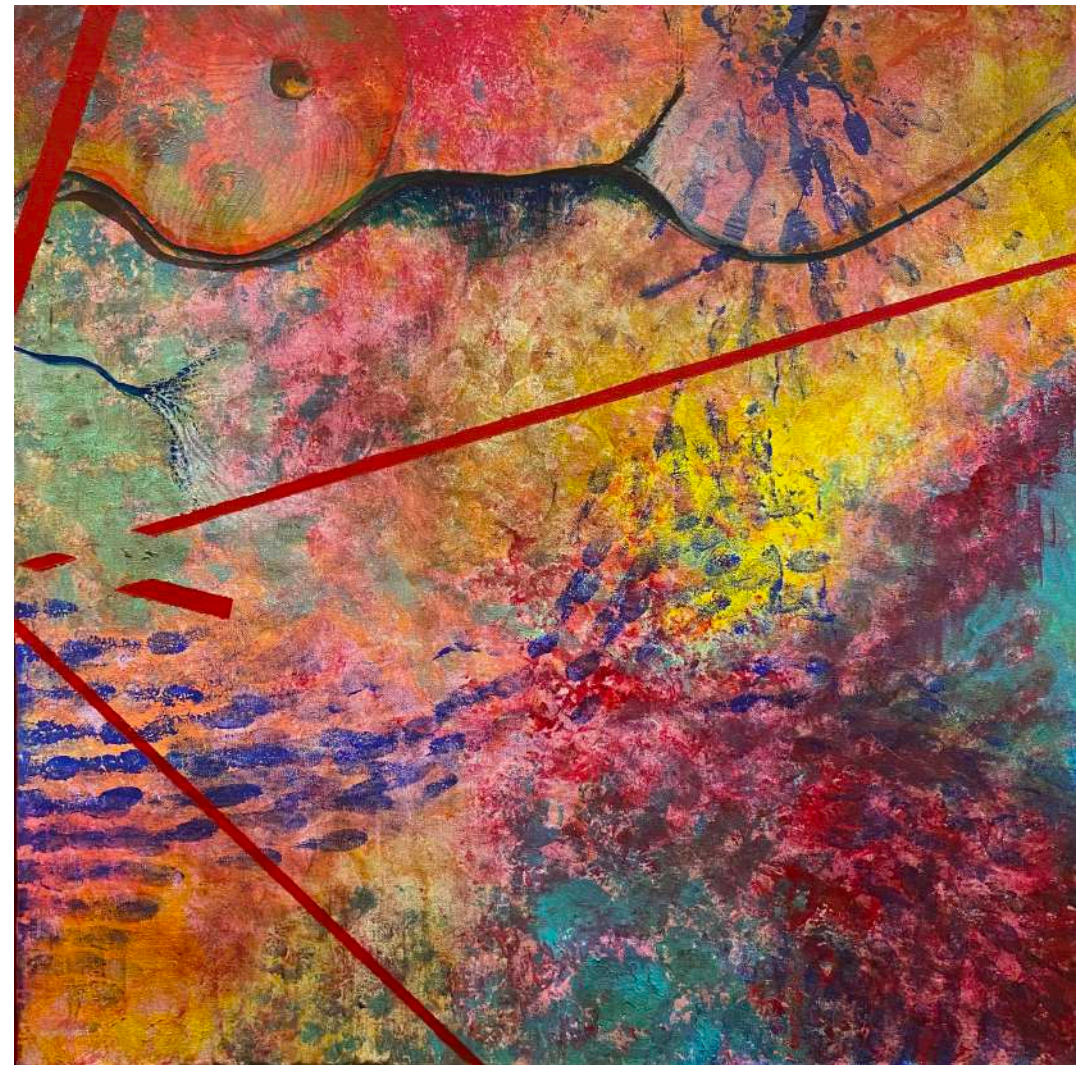
100 x 50 cm

Canceled

Is
the
emotional
distance
between
people
and
the
uncomfortable



disconnection



To the point

May 2021, Acrylic Paint on Canvas

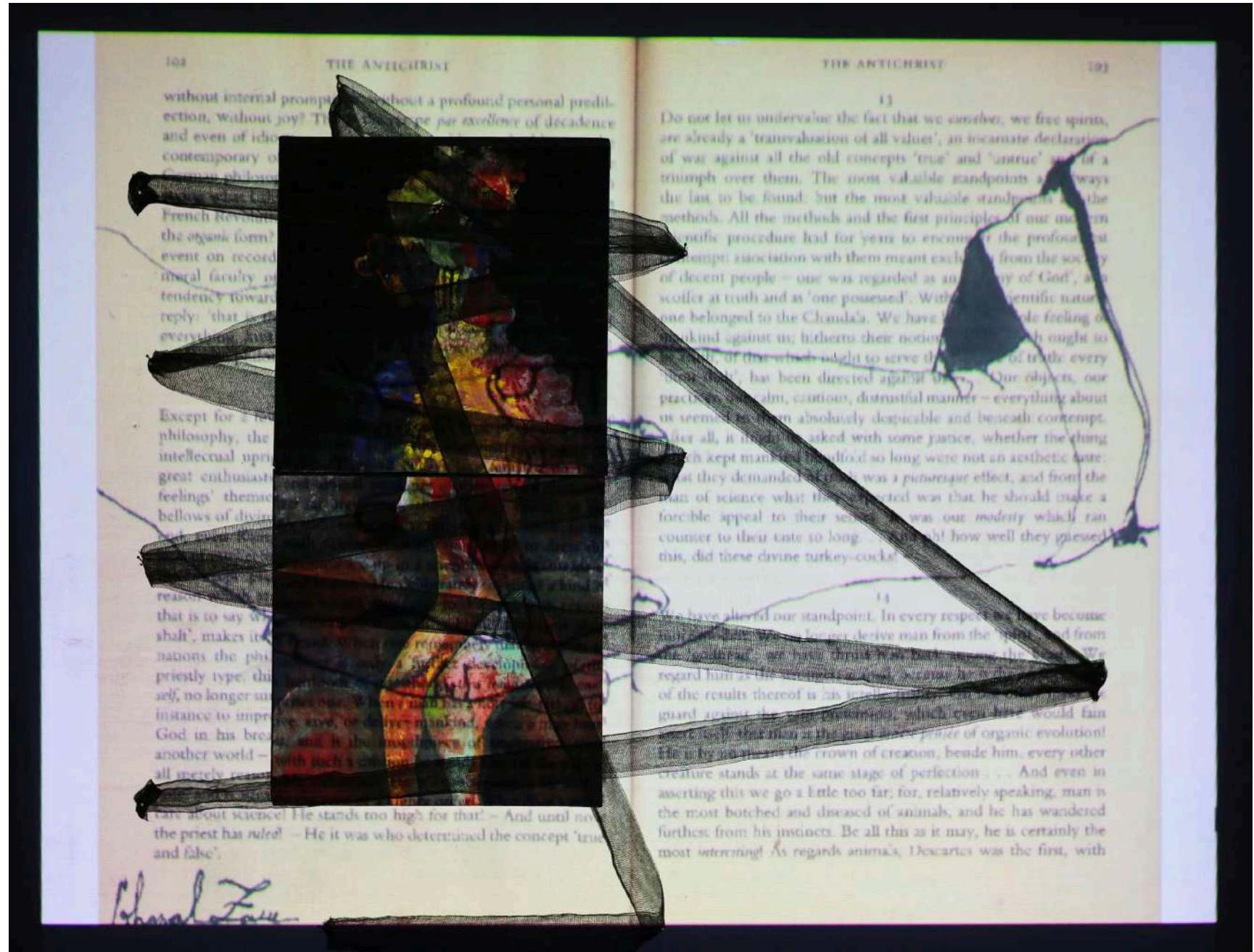
100 x 50 cm



Better left unsaid

December 2020, Mixed media

180 x 180 cm



Better left unsaid

Better left unsaid is the story of women of my country where they're forced to wear the way society wants them to, and this means not just they have to cover up, but also they're forced to ignore their being, their thought, ideas. They have no voice, because they're women.

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without internal promptings, without a profound personal predilection, without joy? This is the recipe *par excellence* of decadence and even of idiocy . . . Kant became an idiot. — And he was the contemporary of Goethe! This fatal spider was regarded as the German philosopher — is still regarded as such! . . . I refrain from saying what I think of the Germans . . . Did Kant not see in the French Revolution the transition of the state from the inorganic to the *organic* form? Did he not ask himself whether there was a single event on record which could be explained otherwise than as a moral faculty of mankind; so that by means of it, 'mankind's tendency towards good' might be *proved* once and for all? Kant's reply: 'that is the Revolution.' Instinct at fault in anything and everything, hostility to nature as an instinct, German decadence made into philosophy — *that is Kant!*

Except for a few sceptics, the respectable type in the history of philosophy, the rest do not know the very first prerequisite of intellectual uprightness. They all behave like females, do these great enthusiasts and animal prodigies — they regard 'beautiful feelings' themselves as arguments, the 'heaving breast' as the bellows of divinity, and conviction as the *criticism* of truth. In the end, even Kant, with 'Teutonic' innocence, tried to dress this lack of intellectual conscience up in a scientific garb by means of the concept 'practical reason'. He deliberately invented a kind of reason which at times would allow one to dispense with reason, that is to say without morality, when the sublime command 'thou shalt', makes itself heard. When one remembers that in almost all nations the philosopher is only a further development of the priestly type, this heirloom of priesthood, this *fraud towards one's self*, no longer surprises one. When a man has a holy life-task, as for instance to improve, save, or deliver mankind, when a man bears God in his breast, and is the mouthpiece of imperatives from another world — with such a mission he stands beyond the pale of all merely reasonable valuations. He is even sanctified by such a taste, and is already the type of a higher order! What does a priest care about science! He stands too high for that! — And until now the priest has *ruled!* — He it was who determined the concept 'true and false'.

Charles Luce


THE ANTICHRIST 103

Do not
are already
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This too shall pass

May 2021, Mixed media

paintings: 20 x 25 cm

This too shall pass

The chair that lived in Tehran, the chair with its suitcase, gathering everything it has, sad and happy memories, framed.

The chair living in Rome, with all its memories, sad and happy, framed.

The colorful chair with nails in its legs. Do you see the sadness in its face? Do you feel the pain?

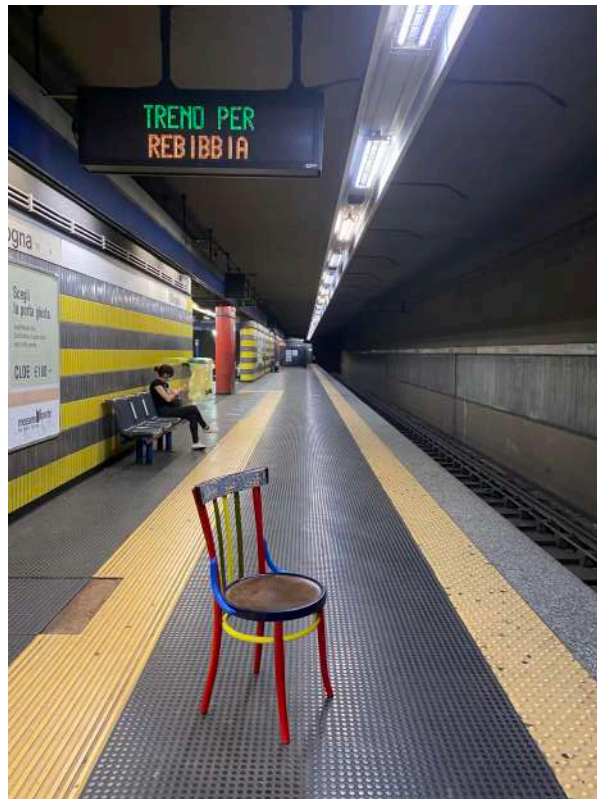
This too Shall pass

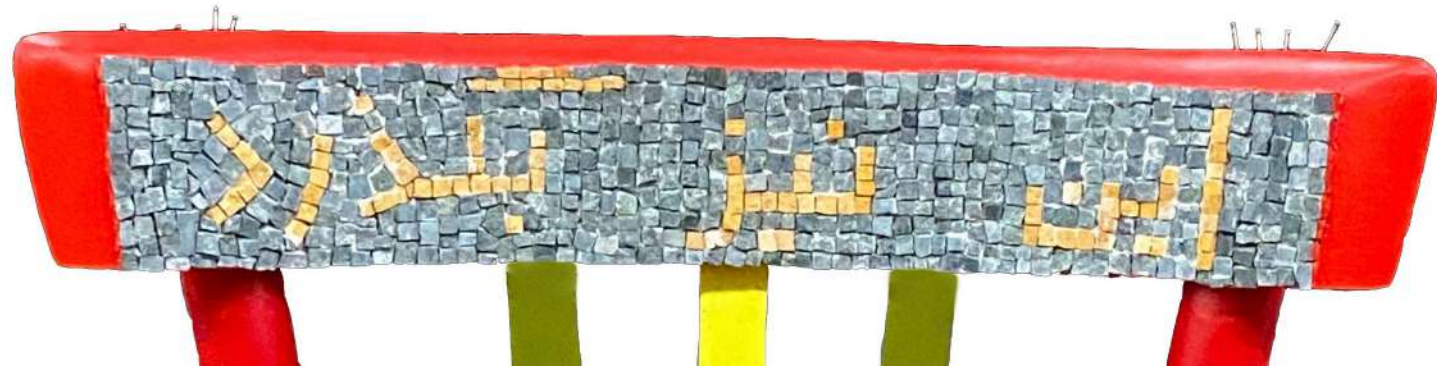
این نیز بگذرد

Anche questo passerà



This too shall pass





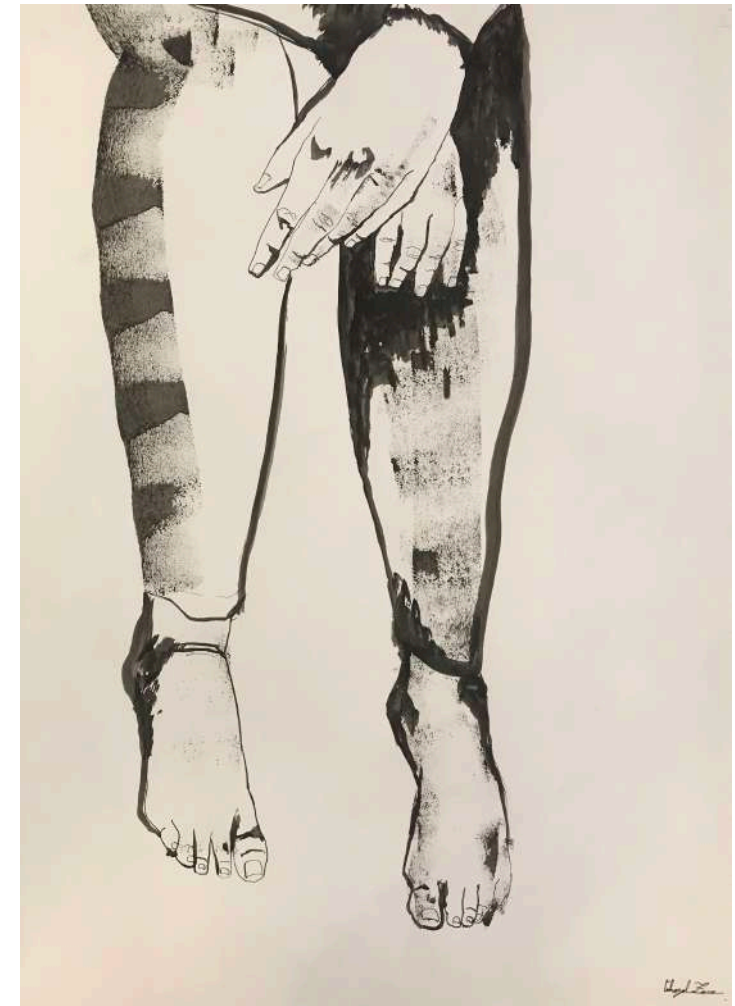
This too shall pass
2021, Normal chair size

Therapist's couch

2021, glass, wood

20 x 25 cm

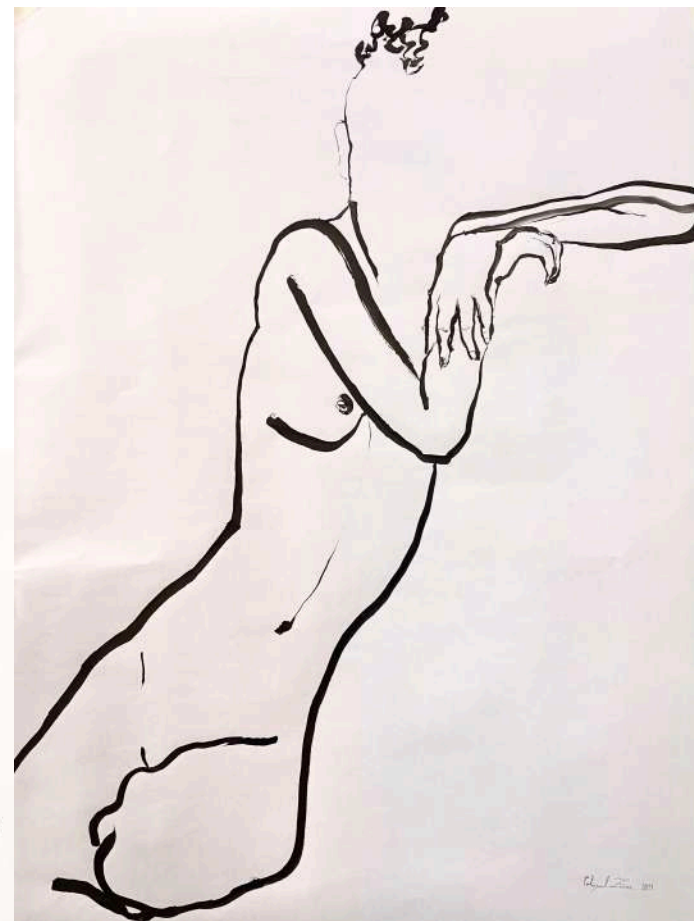
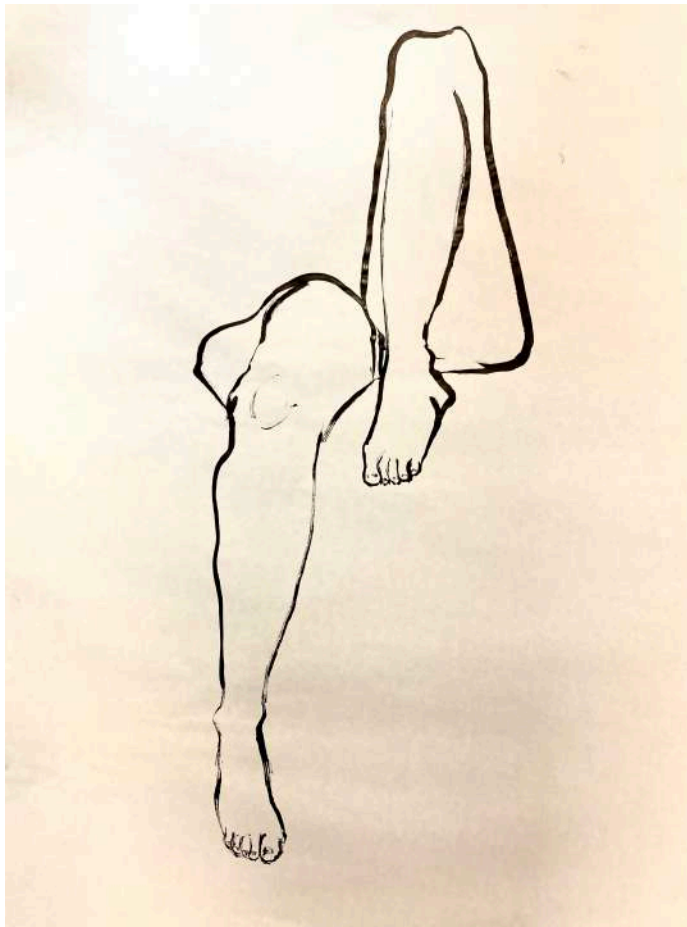




Loneliness

2018, Ink on paper

50 x 70 cm



Tenderness

2021, Ink on paper

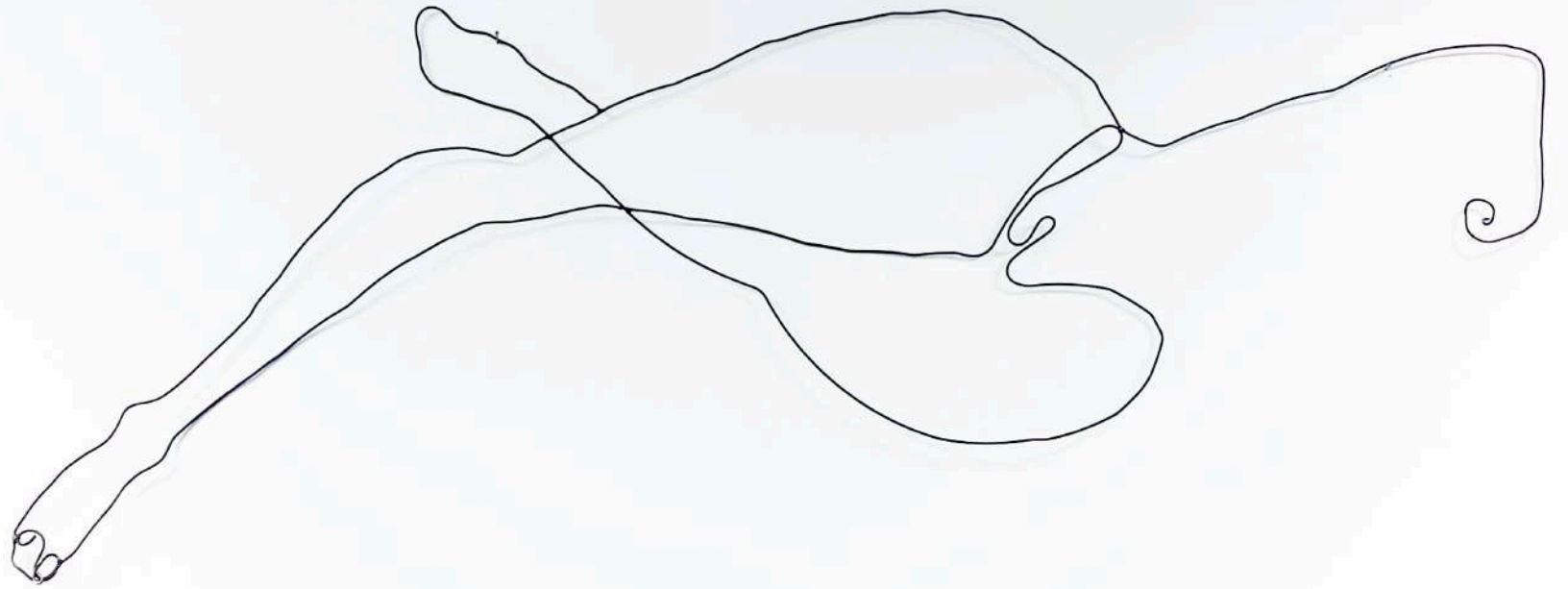
60 x 85 cm , 29 x 42 cm



The Dice

2021, Acrylic Paint and gesso on wood

20 x 20 x 20 cm



Shape of you

2021, Metal

180 x 50 cm



Sacred birth

2021, Printmaking

100 x 250 cm



Give me what's best for me

2021, Clay

10 x 10 x 7 cm



La sedia italiana

2021, Clay
5 x 8 x 5 cm

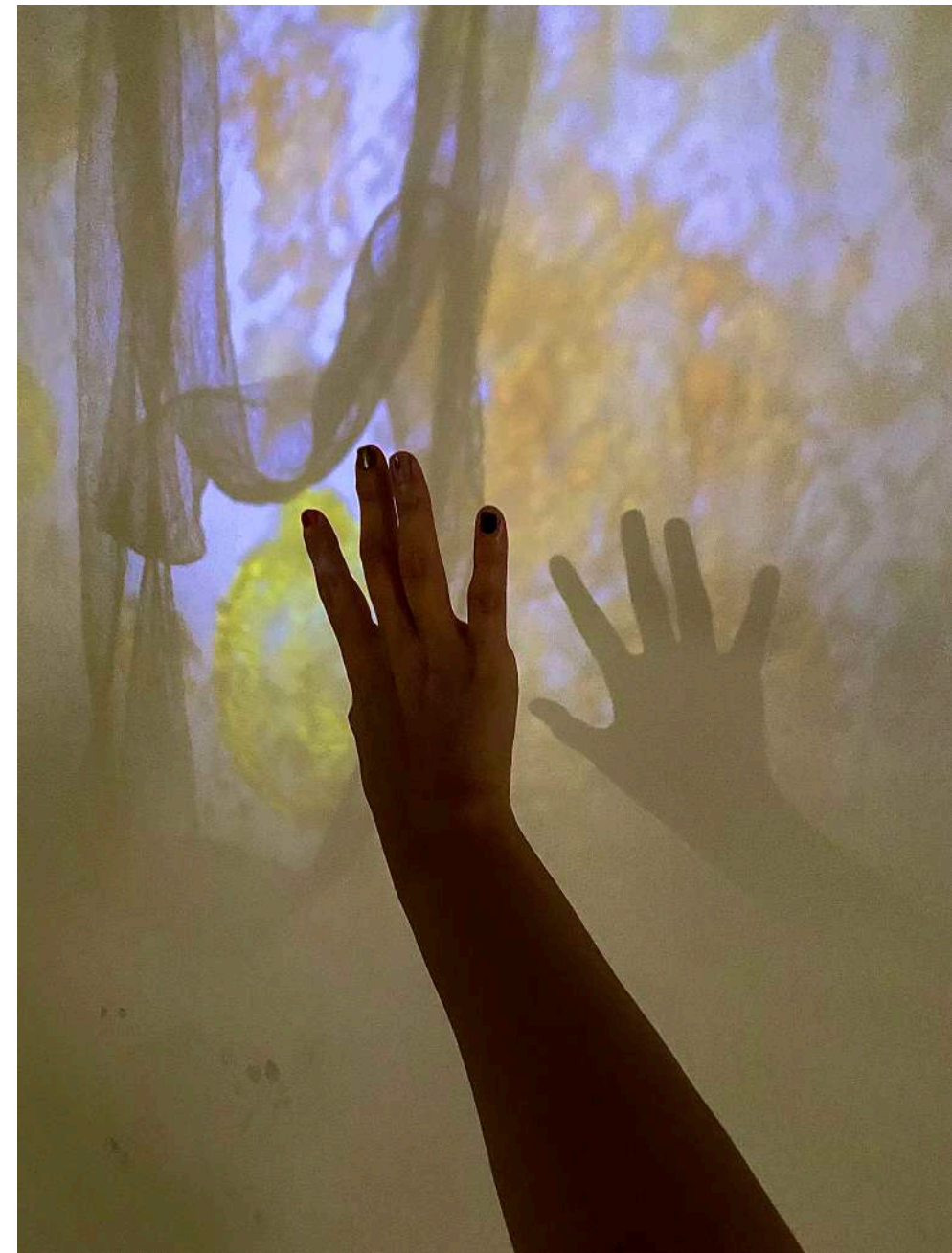
Trauma

Installation - Plexiglass, glass paint, bandage, flashlight
100 / 100 cm

“Trauma can leave a chemical mark on a person’s genes, which then is passed down to subsequent generations.”

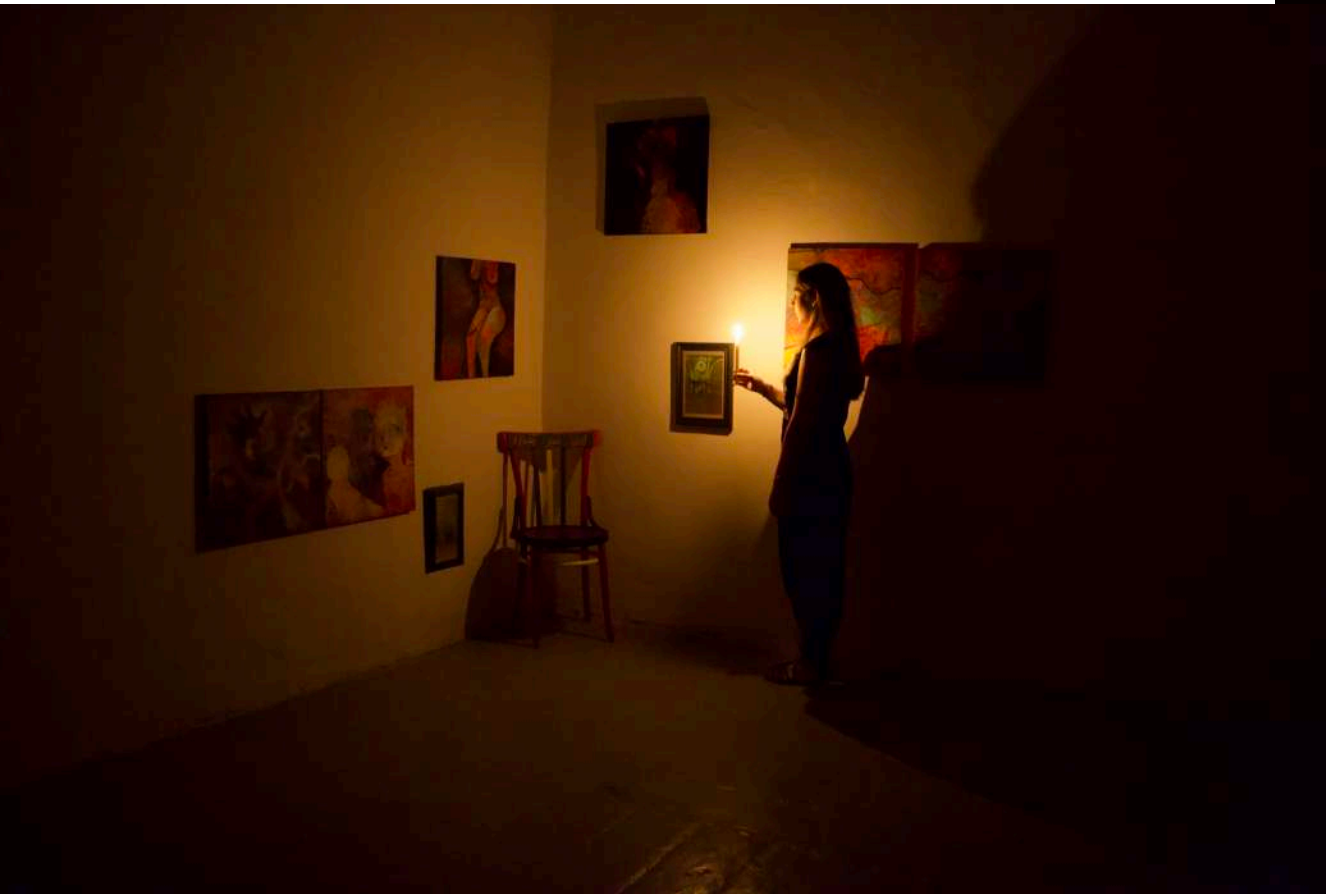
The Trauma installation represents the pain that people feel even though they haven’t been through a trauma. Based on scientific research, it’s been proven that trauma can be passed on with genes.

Many of our ancestors have been through wars or other traumatic events and the anxiety gets passed on. In this installation we can see the reflection of a black bandage covered in the brightness of every day life, with the movements of the continuation of life.



<https://youtu.be/DHTjTEO0q4E>

The exhibition



<https://youtu.be/FylzOOE86uE>

A MOMENT OF INSIGHT

Looking at people

Those I know

Those I think I know

Those I don't know

Those I may never see again.

Those who leave a trace of their existence with their bodies, gestures

With all they have to declare, in a split second their being

To express themselves through body language

As a sign of all the pain, sorrow, anticipation, hopes and fears

Now a person though irrelevant where he is from, from what corner of the world

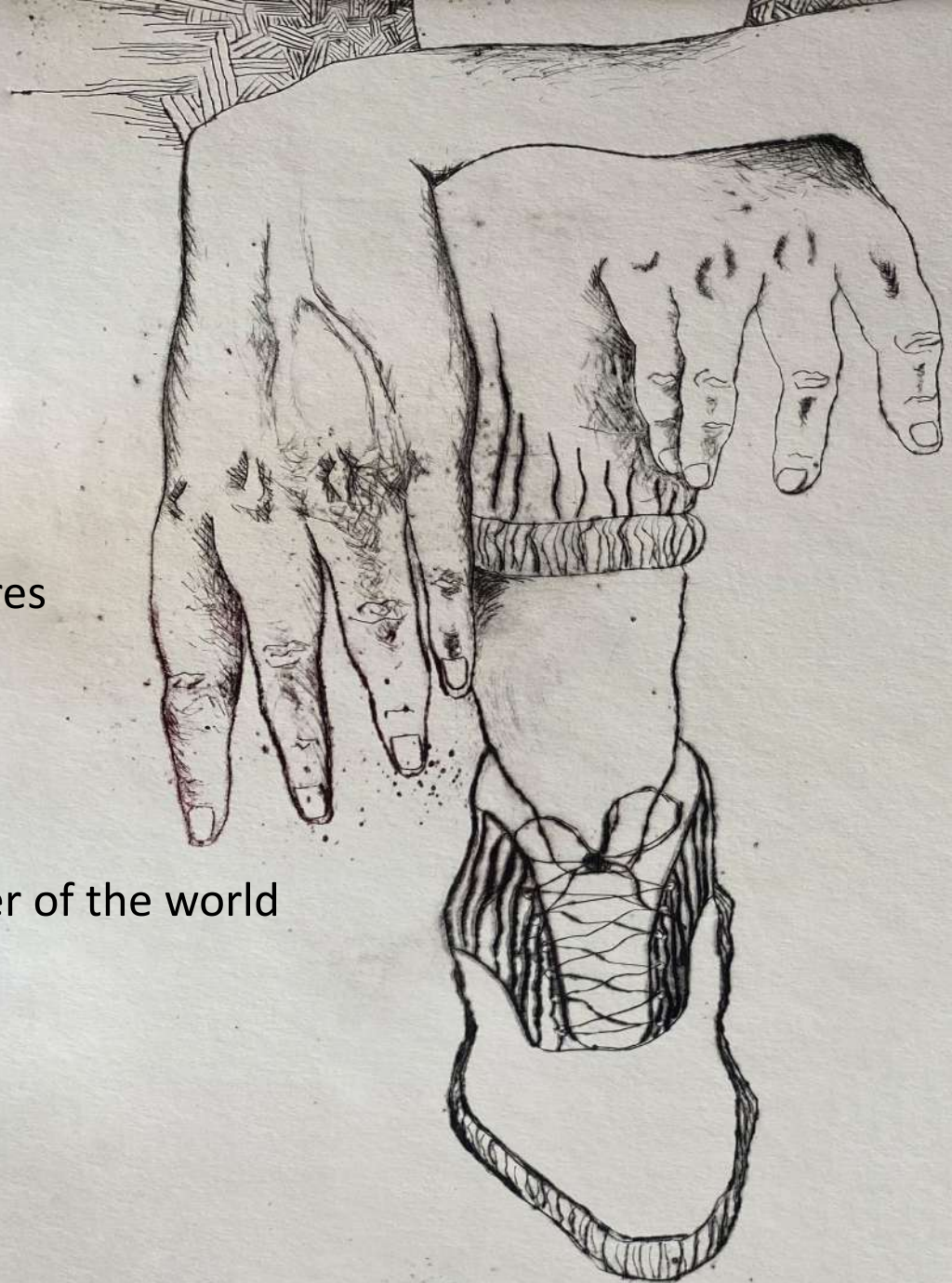
Wherever he is

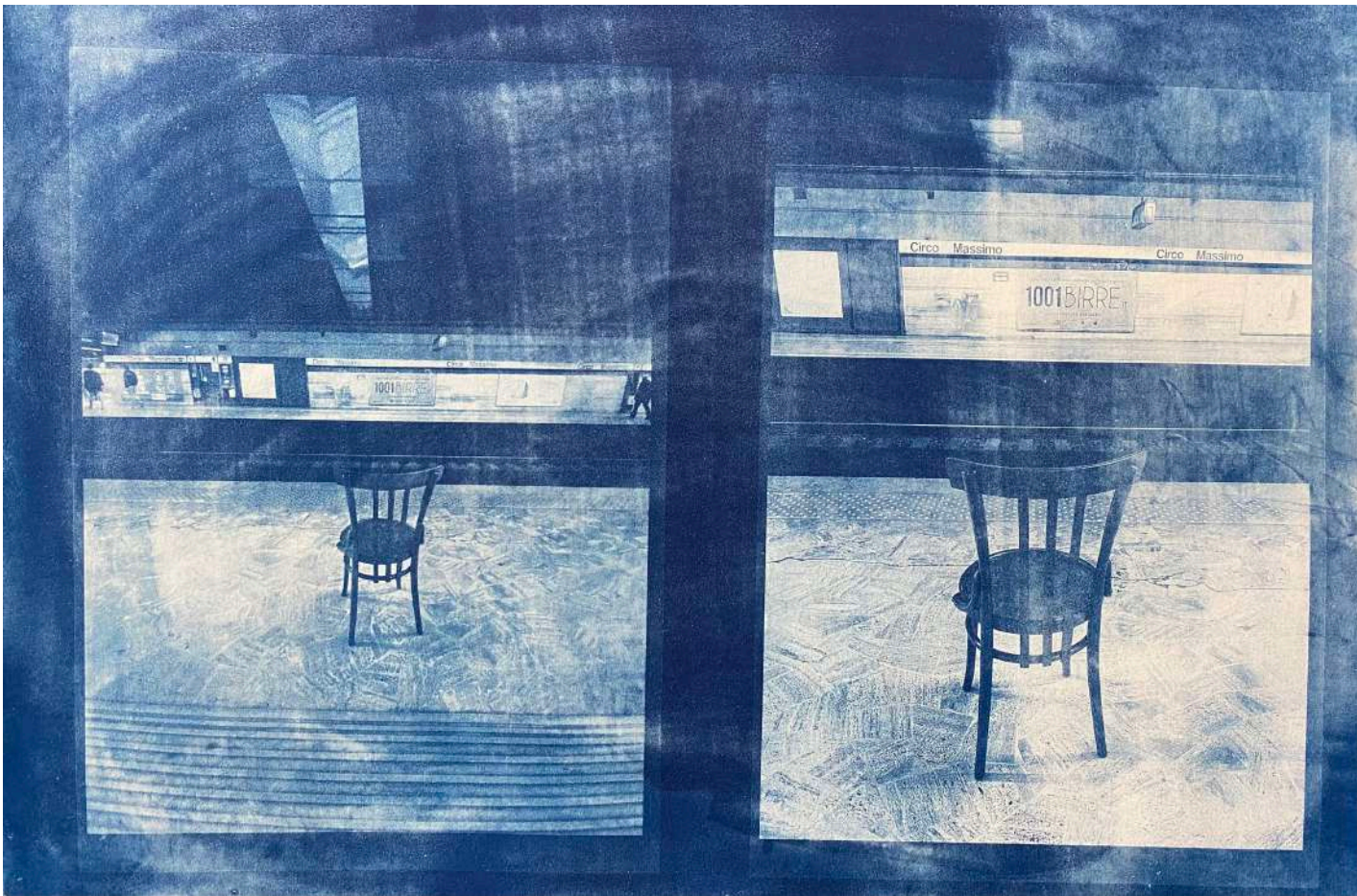
Whatever he does

Whether he stays or leaves

He is alone

The bitter sweet feeling of those who are alone





A moment of insight

2021, cyanotype, Fabriano Unica paper

35 x 50 cm

A moment of insight -

Looking at people

Those I know

Those I think I know

Those I may never see again

Those who leave a trace of their existence
with their bodies, gestures, with all they
have to declare, in a split second
their being.

To express themselves through body language.
As a sign of all the pain, sorrow, anticipation,
hopes and fears.

Now a person though irrelevant where he is
from, From what corner of the world,
wherever he is
whatever he does
whether he stays or leaves
he is alone.

The bitter sweet feeling of those who are
alone.

Ghazal Faruqi



A moment of insight

2021, cyanotype, Fabriano Unica paper

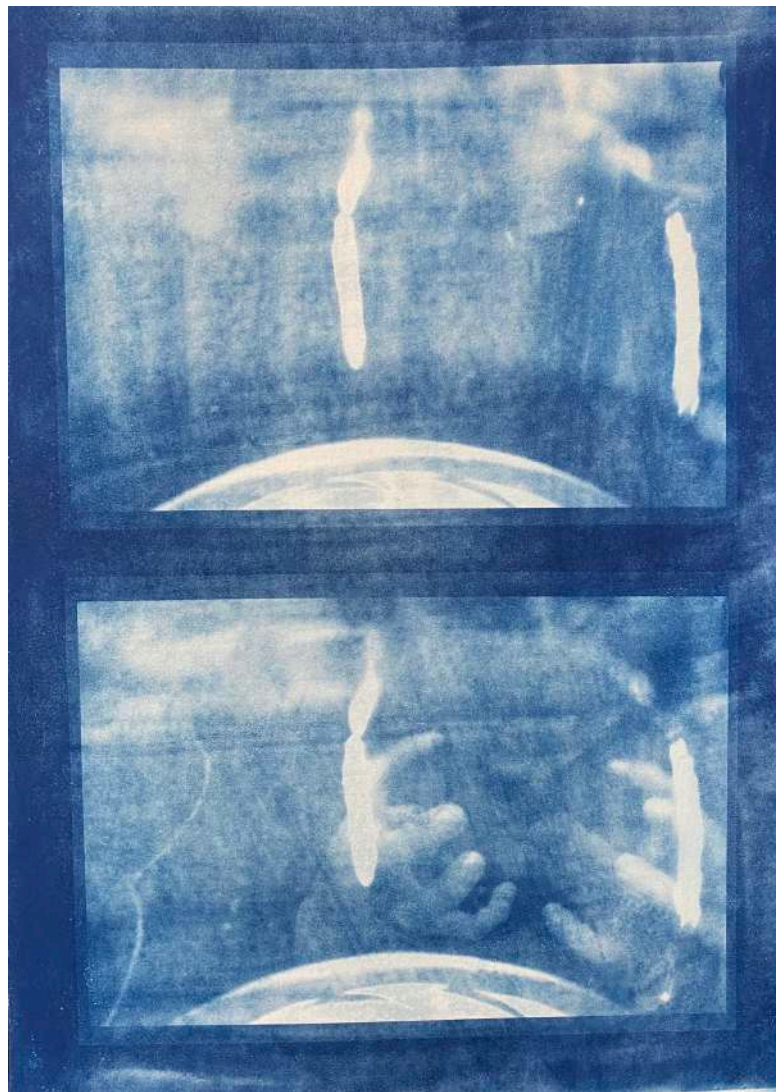
35 x 50 cm



A moment of insight

2021, cyanotype, Fabriano Unica paper

35 x 50 cm



A moment of insight

2021, cyanotype, Fabriano Unica paper

35 x 50 cm



A moment of insight

2021, cyanotype, Fabriano Unica paper

35 x 50 cm



A moment of insight

2021, cyanotype, Fabriano Unica paper

35 x 50 cm

The elegance of your skin

Looking at people

Those I know

Those I think I know

Those I don't know

Those I may never see again.

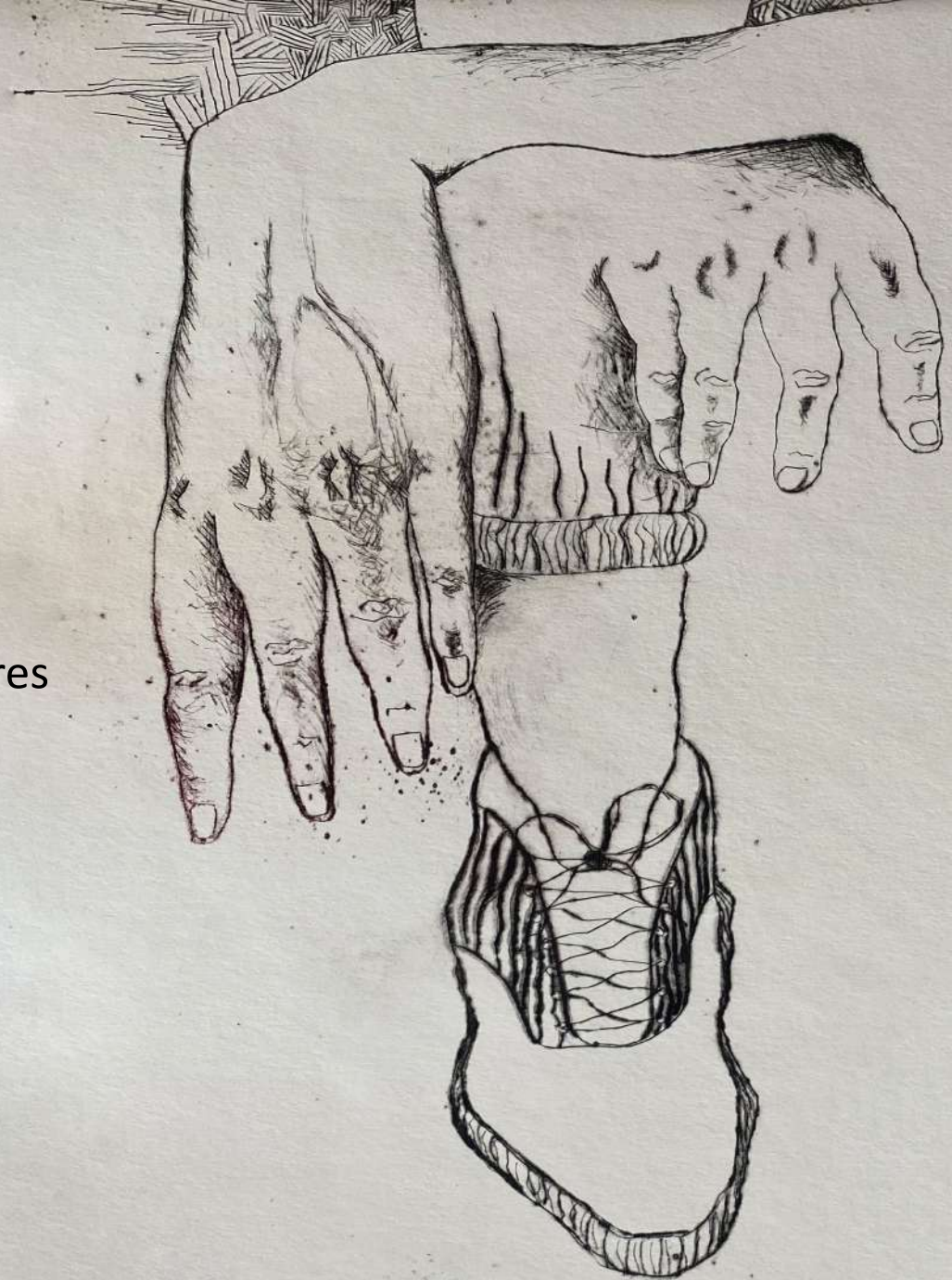
Those who leave a trace of their existence with their bodies, gestures

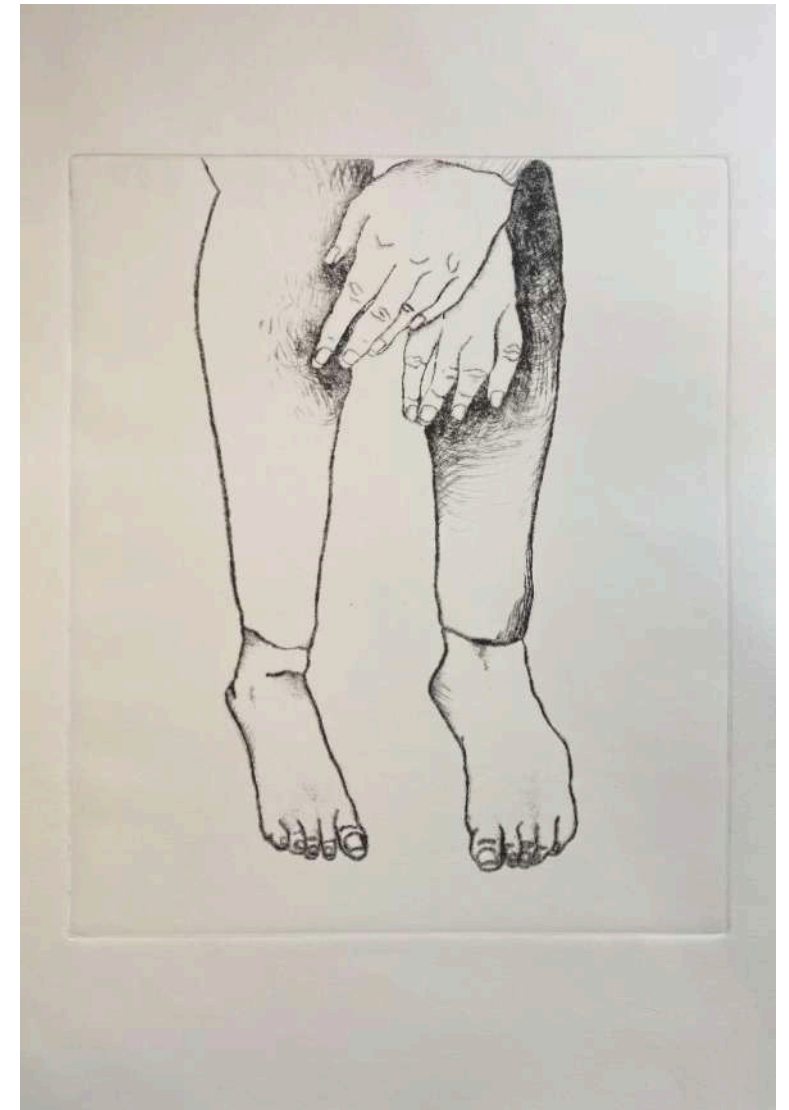
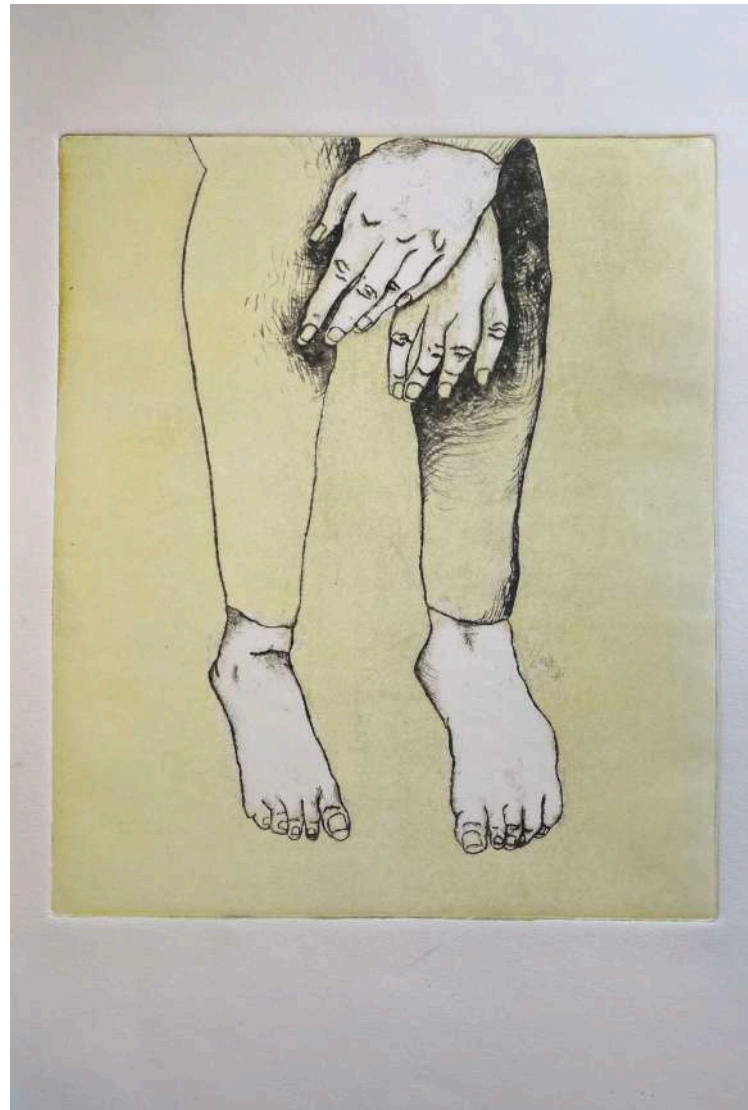
With all they have to declare, in a split second their being

The elegance of their skin, the cheerfulness written all over their

face and yet,

I saw the sorrow of their soul

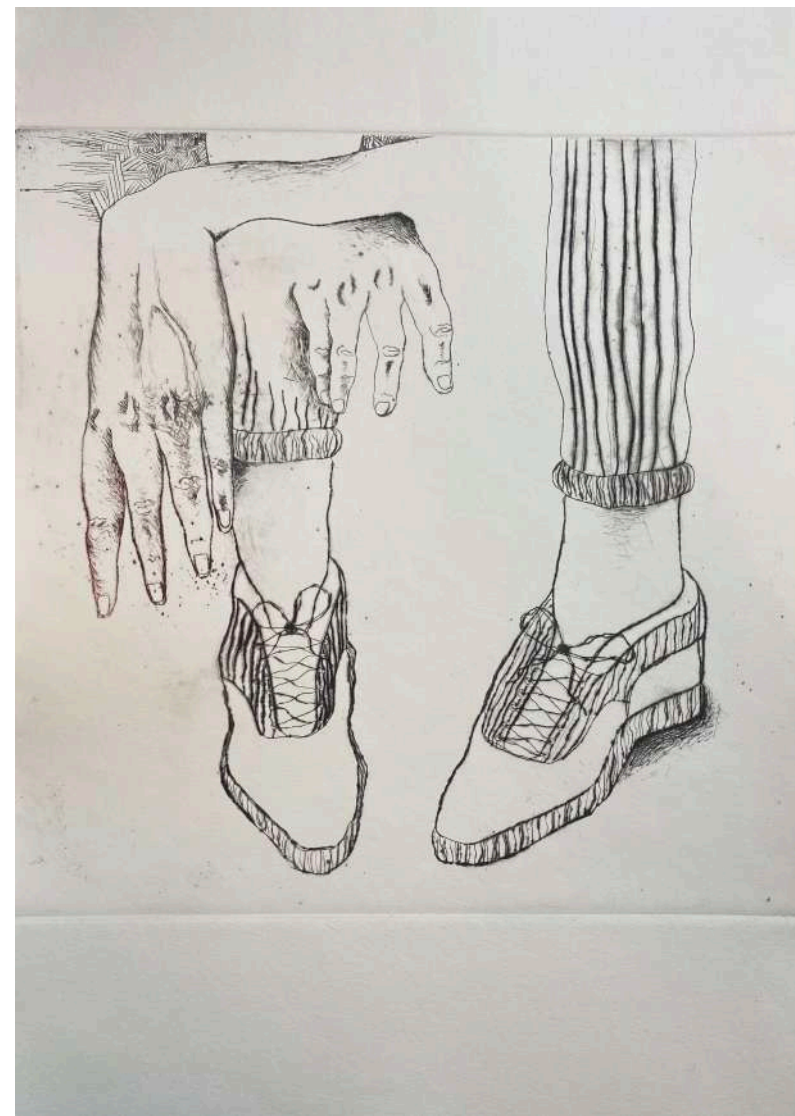
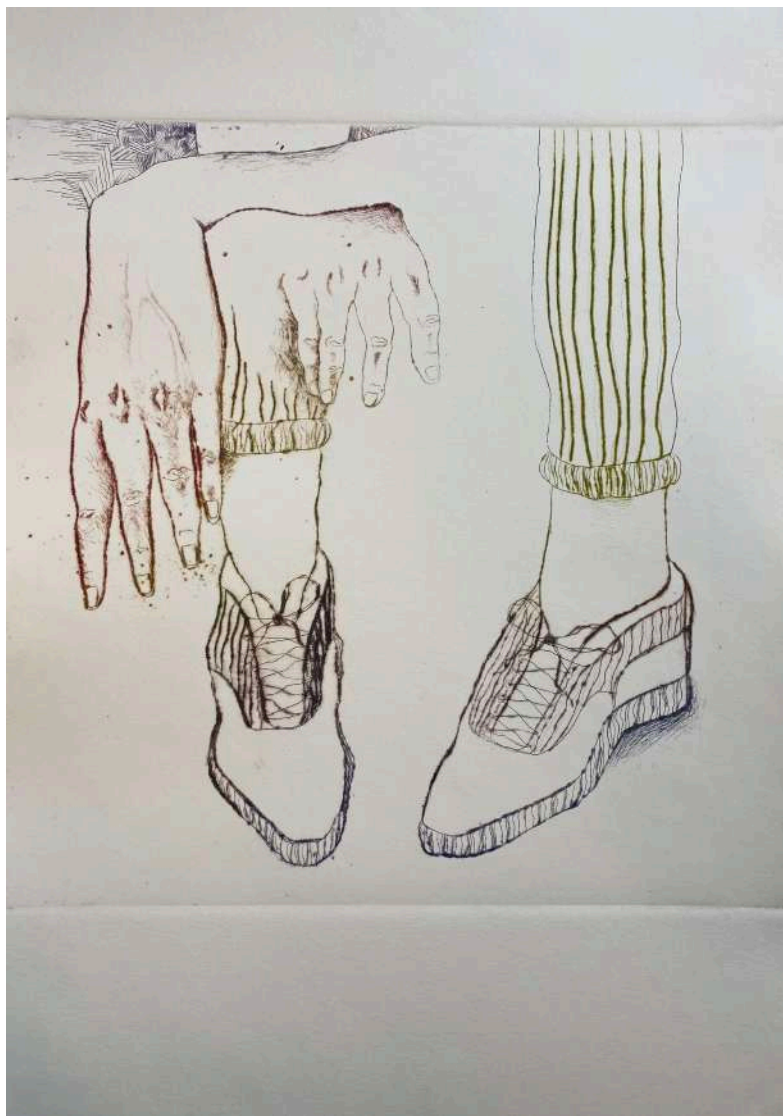




The elegance of your skin

2020, drypoint, Fabriano Unica paper

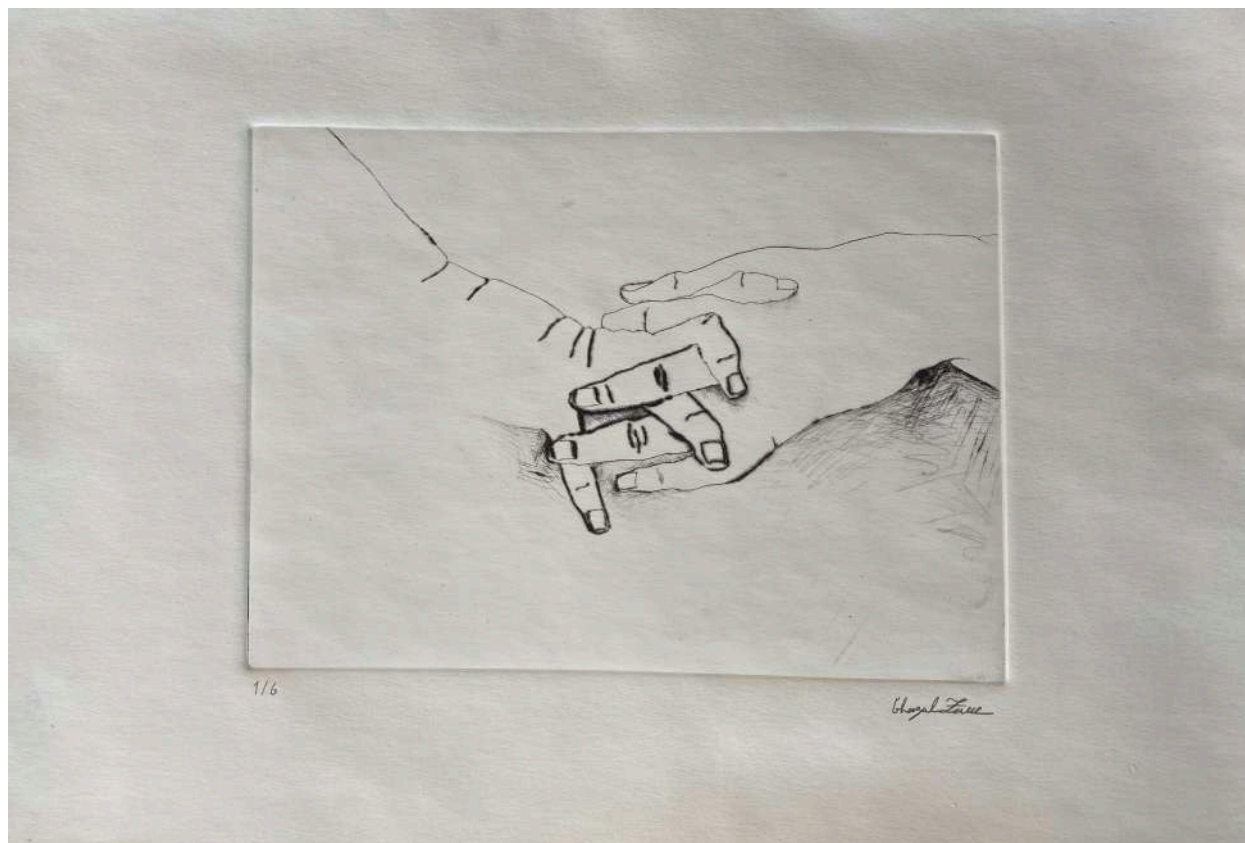
35 x 50 cm



The elegance of your skin

2020, drypoint, Fabriano Unica paper

35 x 50 cm



The elegance of your skin

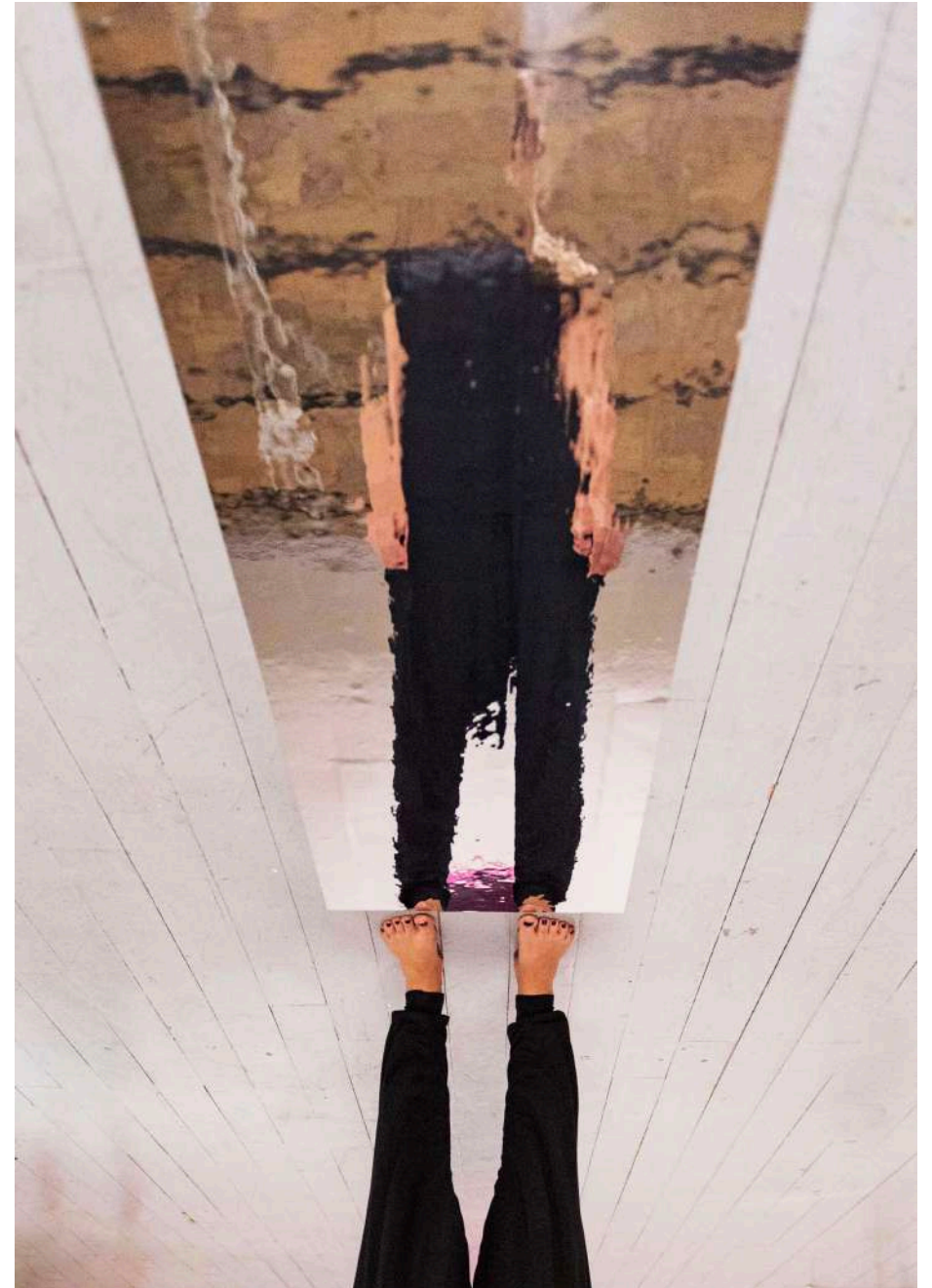
**2020, drypoint, Fabriano Unica paper
35 x 50 cm**

The borders between you and I (performance)

To all those who set borders between you and I, enough that now we set borders for each other. Hug me kiss me touch me, we're the same! We're humans of one kind! I feel the pain you go through but you ignore mine! I hug you kiss you touch you, you're wounded, you need me. And I need you because I'm wounded too. But you don't see me. You've been set borders to ignore me, not see me, not hug me, not kiss me, not touch me. Who set these borders for you and I?



<https://youtu.be/ZIA-eLuXoqo>



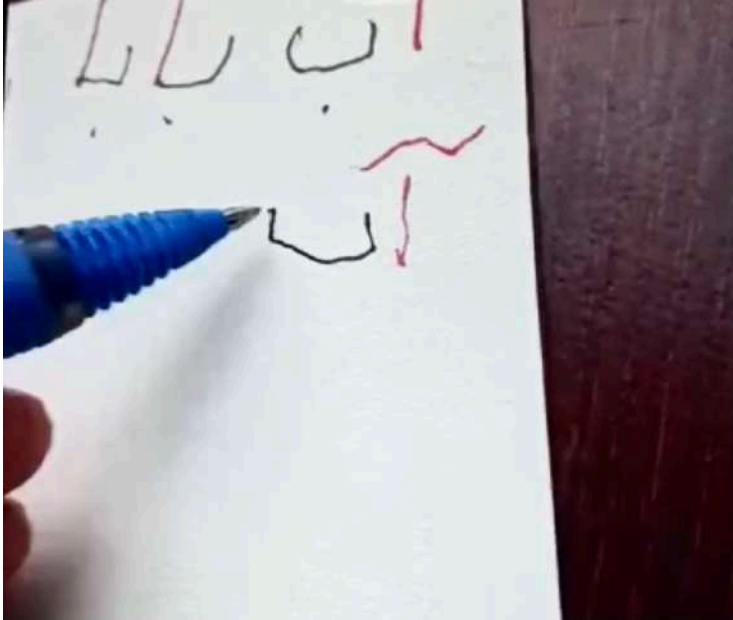
I was there...

“I was there” is a durational performance referring to human connection with oneself and the world and also the feeling of letting go of one’s old traditions and beliefs as a foreigner in a new country and letting the new culture in.

<https://youtu.be/LK951FHah9I>

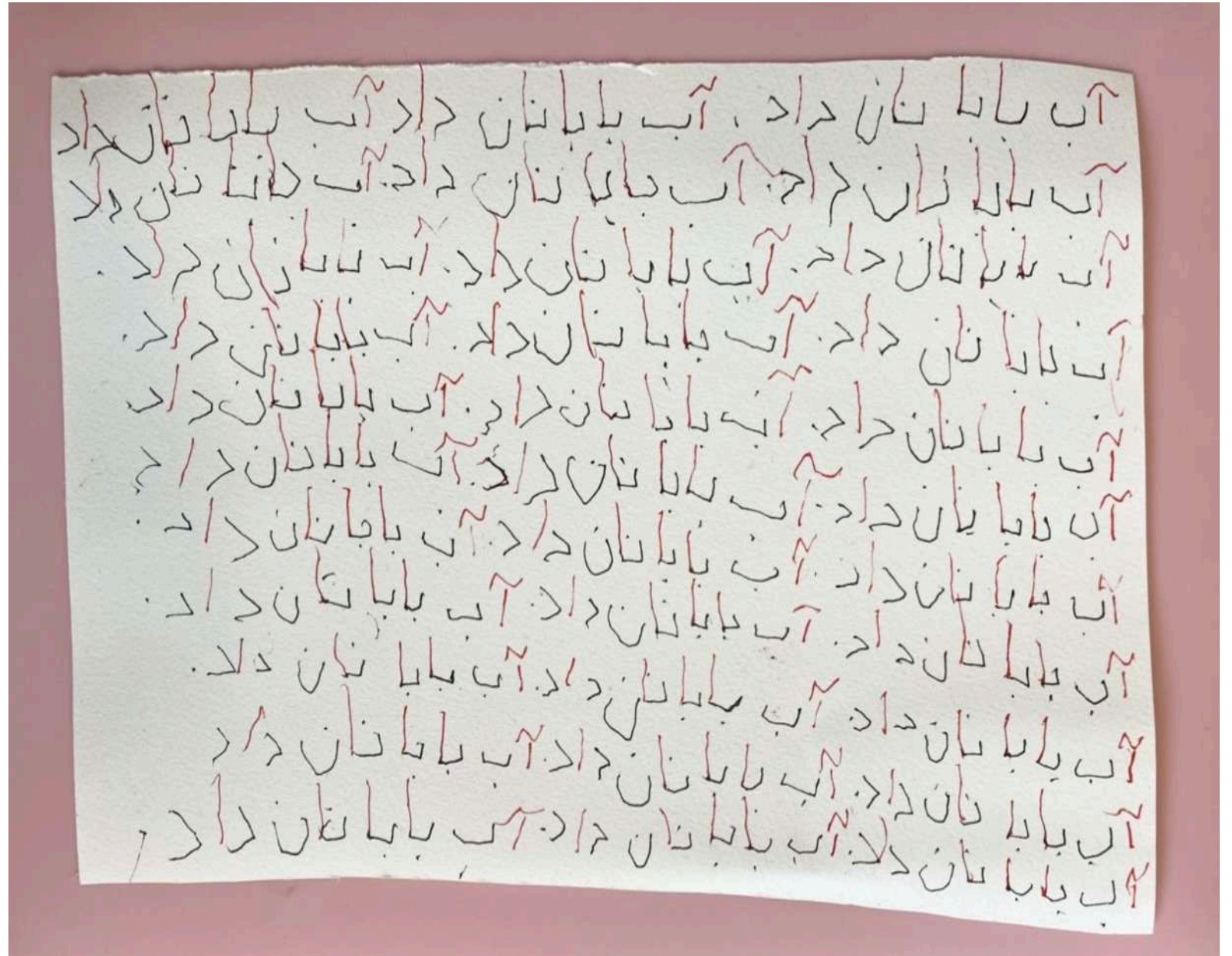


Ab baba nan dad



“Ab baba nan dad” is a performance about the crucial format of traditional education system in Iran where I studied as a dyslexic person.

<https://youtu.be/YQISeYnRtQA>





RAPE

<https://youtu.be/M713igF-hPc>



WAR

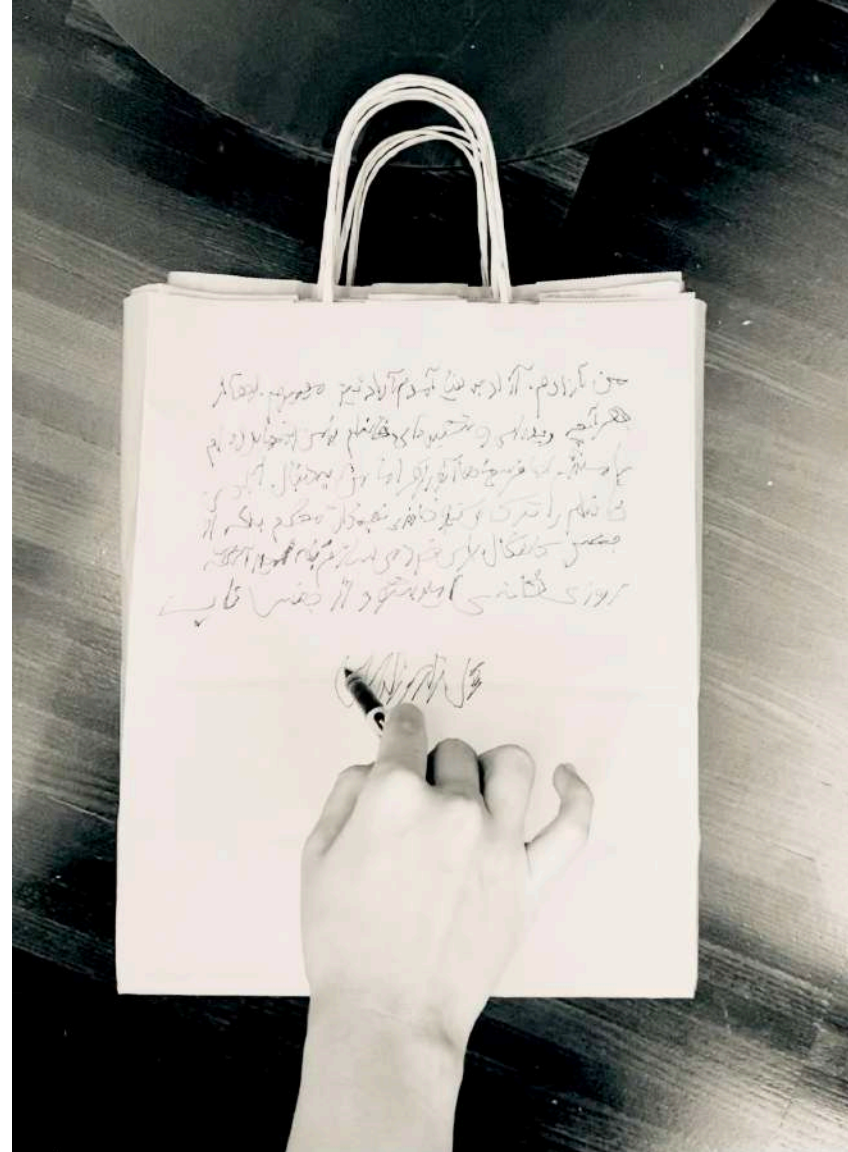
<https://youtu.be/juUuhMrhcMo>



THE WALL BETWEEN US

<https://youtu.be/OD48Bz572WI>

What does "HOME" mean to you?



https://youtu.be/K8Obe_zzvPg

<https://youtu.be/nglvS6o87Og>