

Since 1997 | 2025

**Forgotten Face of**

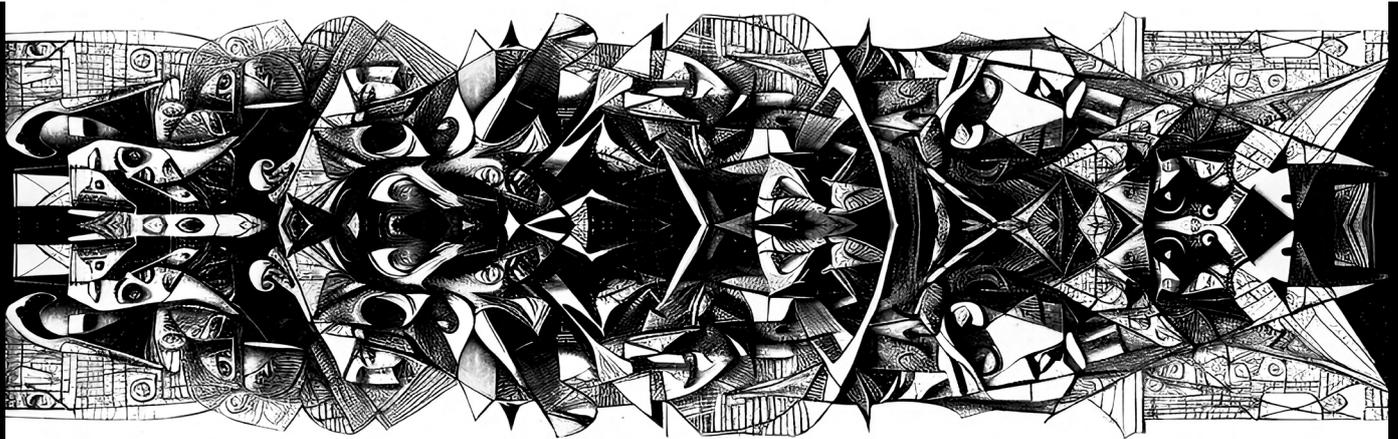
**Civilization**

*Art Style* Forgottenism



**Farshad Ghadiani**

Graphic Designer & Illustrator



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# **In the Path of Autumn**

## **The Beginning of a Journey into Art and Creativity**

Farshad Ghadiani | Visual Artist & Graphic Designer

Born in December 1980 in Tehran, Iran, Farshad Ghadiani embarked on his artistic journey early in life. After two years in high school, he pursued formal education in visual arts, where a mentor introduced him to graphic design software like Photoshop and Freehand, tools that profoundly influenced his artistic trajectory.

Ghadiani furthered his studies in India, obtaining both Bachelor's and Master's degrees in Graphic Design and Communications, specializing in television. Over the past 22 years, he has amassed a diverse portfolio encompassing magazine design, advertising, and various artistic projects.

As an art researcher, Ghadiani is dedicated to developing a unique style in illustration and graphic design, drawing inspiration from esteemed mentors such as Morteza Momayez, Saeed Meshki, Reza Abedini, Amir Shahrokh Faryousafi, Hossein Khosrojerdi, and Daryoush Sharif Abadi.

His latest collection, "Forgotten Faces of Civilization," encapsulates his artistic evolution, serving as a visual narrative of his experiences and inspirations. Through his work, Ghadiani strives to bridge the past and present, inviting viewers to reflect on cultural identity and collective memory.

# Art Style **Forgottenism**

## Reconstructing Memory Through Image

Forgottenism is a name I have given to the silent wounds of memory; a name that not only represents my visual style but also my worldview in confronting memory, identity, and contemporary existence. This name, quietly and wordlessly, points to a force that resides in every lost moment, in the depth of each mental crack, and in every fragmented gaze. Forgottenism has never been about repressing or denying the past, but rather about seeking out doors that have always remained closed. Within every forgetfulness lies a truth one that cannot be told with ordinary language. It seems that some experiences are so deep, fragile, and intertwined that only image not a clear image, but a fragmented, broken, and tumultuous one can reflect them.

At the beginning of the third decade of the 21st century, in a world dominated by digital speed, machine memories, rootless images, and unreflective moments, I Farshad Ghadiani founded the style of Forgottenism in 2023. This style is neither a reaction to the modern world nor an imitation of the past; it is something born from the encounter between both. Forgottenism is an attempt to re-read human memory in a world that continually escapes itself, fragments identity, and consigns the past to forgetfulness; it is an attempt to translate that which cannot be seen, but still lives within us; that which is forgotten but still etched on our psyche.

Forgottenism is neither a rebellion against the past nor a mere imitation of it. It is a form of reconstruction and deconstruction of memory a form of psychological archaeology that takes place not in the soil, but within the layers of visuals, colors, forms, cracks, and blurred faces. In the works of this style, images flee from meaning, forms shatter, and faces are buried within textures and lines. Sometimes they are wounded, sometimes silent, sometimes like cracked mirrors, they contain contradictory truths. These images are displays of shadows and lights that simultaneously hold beauty and pain. Each image in Forgottenism is not a mere depiction of a moment, but a composition of layers of time, memory, doubt, restlessness, and questions. In these works, a

sense of helplessness, ambiguity, and even an inability to fully witness the truth is clearly felt. This artwork is not only for observation but for participation in the moment.

Forgottenism is the language of that which cannot be said: the language of hidden, decayed fragments of identity, the language of silence, rupture, and void. In this language, nothing is quite as it seems; it is a language that is fragmented, contradictory, and evades any form of stabilization or simplification. In Forgottenism, truth does not lie in definite connections, but in the confrontation with gaps and the spaces in between.

The roots of Forgottenism can be found in the legacy of modernism. It reflects the brokenness of cubism, the silent anxiety of existentialism in visual form, the suspended silences and muted screams of Francis Bacon, the wounded daydreams of Max Ernst, the video memory recordings of Bill Viola, and the metaphysical space of Giorgio de Chirico's paintings. However, Forgottenism is none of these. It is not a direct continuation of these traditions, nor a denial of them. Forgottenism is a recycling of the forgotten remains of the visual language of the 20th century; it is the rebirth of the wounded subconscious of the contemporary human being, who struggles to preserve their identity in a world that is unstable, de-centered, and homeless. Forgottenism is more than just simplifying concepts and direct narratives. Rather, it is a storytelling of disarray, of being lost, and of endless searching in unstable moments.

This style was shaped through my lived experiences experiences of migration, cultural separation, mental fragmentation,

deep anxiety, and living in the gaps between past and future. I, much like my lost memories, reconstructed them through image. This journey, along with the doubts and endless searches I've faced, led me to Forgottenism. In Forgottenism, forgetfulness is not a deficit, but a form of resistance a resistance against being forgotten. Each image is a stand against forgetfulness; it brings a feeling, a gaze, a fear, or a dream from the depths of mental darkness to the visible surface of paper or screen. These efforts are attempts to reframe and reconstruct the world on the level of imagery.

The images in this style are not created to be seen, but to be felt. They are fragments of the human psyche that invite the viewer not just to look but to discover, touch, and coexist. Each work in this collection is an invitation to experience that which cannot be articulated, that which has cracks, that which still lives. Forgottenism, rather than presenting an answer to the viewer, leaves them in the midst of unanswered questions questions that only find meaning in silence, contemplation, and within the layers of each image.

This style was born in 2023, but its roots trace back to all the experiences I've had over two decades in design, illustration, failure, metamorphosis, and hope. I have created this language not through mere study, but by living it with pain, with silence, with a desire to reconstruct, and with a longing to express the unexpressable. Forgottenism is as much a living style as it is a way of life living within memories that are lost and reconstructing them, not for return, but for understanding.

Founder: Farshad Ghadiani (2023)

# The Archive That Breathes Again

Selected works from 2024—revisited as the living roots of Forgottenism

In the early evolution of Forgottenism, certain illustrations emerged not simply as initial experiments, but as the foundational structures upon which the entire visual language of this style was built. These works were more than images; they served as living records of a deeper inquiry into the fragility of memory, the density of silence, and the truths quietly erased over time. Within them echoed the first murmurs of a visual voice still searching for form.

The decision to include a selection of works from 2024 originally published in Farshad in the Land of Thought is not an act of repetition, but of resonance. This return is not for the sake of revisiting what has already been shown, but for understanding how those images continue to breathe within the present. Each composition still pulses with unresolved tension, and each remains an active participant in the unfolding discourse of Forgottenism.

With their fractured architecture, half-seen faces, and glances that drift beyond the frame, these works are not fixed artifacts. They are vessels of memory emotional and visual archives that hold questions rather than answers. They speak through their silences, through what is left undone, through the yearning embedded in their broken forms. They mark not only what was made, but what was missing what had yet to be said, and still refuses to be silenced.

This section is not simply a reflection on the past. It is an invitation to trace the conceptual threads that bind earlier visions to those more recent. What began in these pages laid the groundwork for future explorations; and what we now recognize as Forgottenism cannot be separated from these early, searching steps. This moment in the portfolio stands as a liminal space not a conclusion, not an introduction, but a breath held between chapters.

And perhaps this return is not only for the viewer but also for myself. To revisit these fragments is to meet again the instincts, hesitations, and quiet intuitions from which they arose. Each carries a moment of uncertainty, a trace of something unclaimed. Bringing them back is not an archival act, but a gesture of recognition for what still resonates, and what was once unspoken, yet never truly lost.



# Ink of the Forgotten

2024 | created in Photoshop

Turbulence of the Mind is born from a confrontation with the very moment when the human psyche is suspended between turmoil, doubt, silence, and seduction. Like all of my works within the framework of Forgivenism, this piece seeks not to represent a story, but to render a state a psychic landscape in which memory and meaning do not emerge through clarity, but through fragmentation, distortion, and internal rupture.

At the center of the image stands a fractured figure a man whose presence is neither fully seen nor fully perceiving. His form, composed of broken lines and layered planes, embodies a consciousness that is unstable, caught in the pressure between internal voices and external projections. On the right side, two male faces loom: personifications of inner conflict, anxiety, and hesitation. They are not individuals, but echoes of fractured thought, casting shadows across the central figure's perception. On the left, a serene female figure offers a moment of stillness. She is a paradox: a symbol of calm and wisdom, perhaps, but also a possible illusion a silent witness who may be guiding, or misleading.

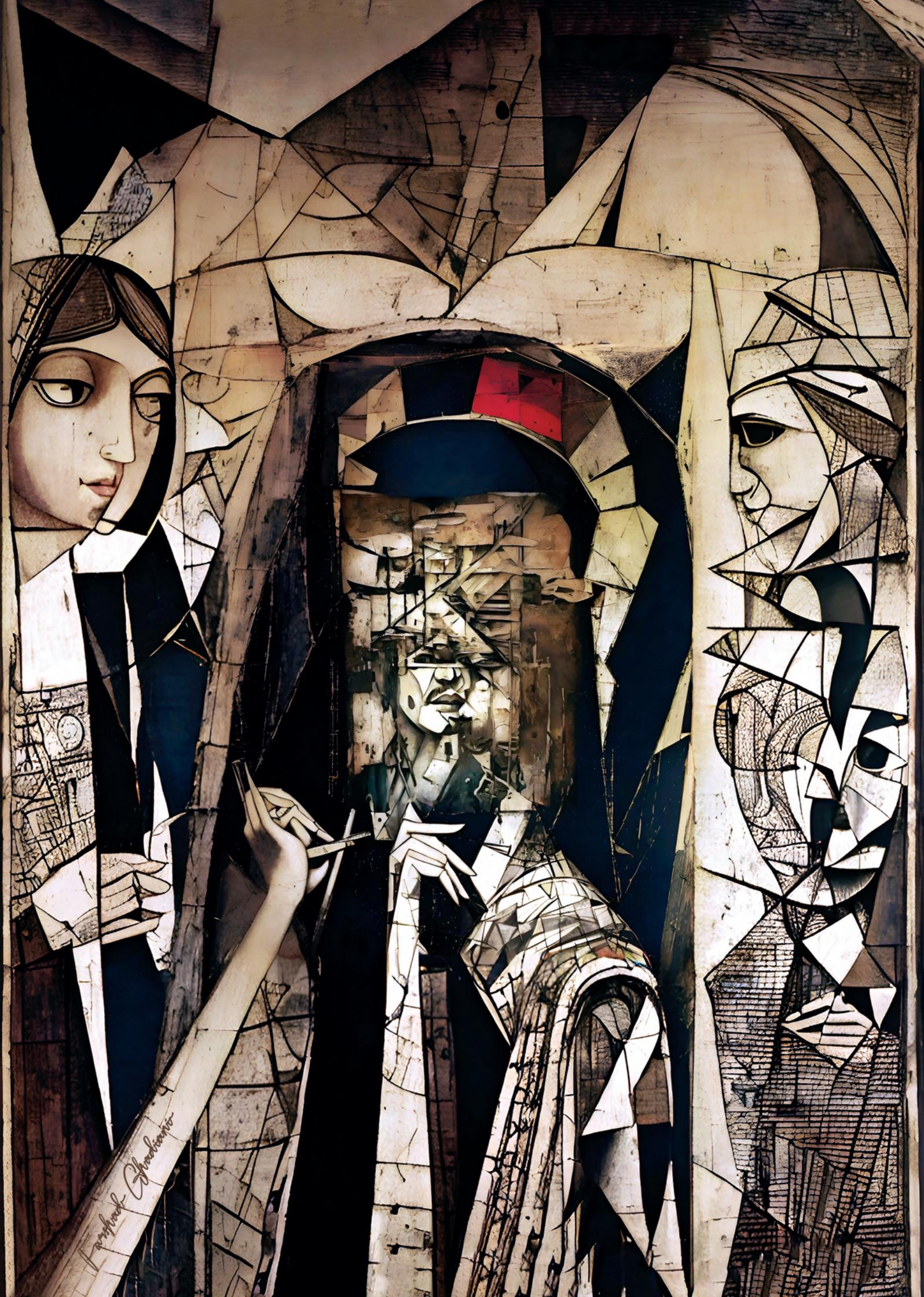
This triadic configuration constructs the internal drama of the piece: the tension between serenity and chaos, wisdom and temptation, inquiry and the illusion of resolution. Visually, I employed disrupted geometry, harsh textures, and fractured lines to ensure that the very form of the work bears the weight of psychological disintegration. In Forgivenism, visual reality gives way to the unconscious. Faces do not tell stories they reflect silence. Eyes do not communicate they testify to the absence of connection.

In Turbulence of the Mind, the viewer is not a passive observer, but is drawn into the same vortex of inner confusion as the figure depicted. The viewer is asked to feel lost to question which figure holds the truth, which face reveals sincerity, and whether clarity is even possible. This state of uncertainty is not a flaw, but a core intention. In Forgivenism, truth arrives only through its own absence.

This work is not a portrait of the mind it is the mind itself. Each line is a fracture in thought, each figure a layer of forgotten memory. The silence throughout the composition is not peace, but tension held within. If the viewer leaves this image disoriented, then the piece has fulfilled its purpose for in a world increasingly marked by psychic erasure, perhaps the most honest experience we can access is the experience of being lost.

# Turbulence of the Mind

2024|created in Photoshop



Fragments of Reality is my attempt to capture a moment when our perception of the world no longer holds together not through rupture, but through silent, gradual fracture. This piece emerged from my personal experiences with psychological dissonance those moments when external reality splinters into overlapping shards, and clarity dissolves into distortion.

At the center stands a woman her form composed of sharp, angular segments, as if she's held together by will rather than structure. Though she stands, her presence is on the verge of disintegration. She becomes not a symbol, but a state a visual metaphor for a mind that can no longer grasp reality in a unified whole.

The surrounding faces are not reflections in a mirror. They are fragments of memory, perception, fear, and imagination each an echo of a thought that was never fully formed, yet refuses to disappear. They belong not to individuals, but to the collapsing scaffolding of consciousness.

This piece is not simply a visual composition; it is a psychological map one that charts the internal topography of a mind negotiating between presence and absence, between coherence and confusion. In *Forgottenism*, I seek not to represent the visible, but to reveal what cannot be spoken the unformed, the lost, the distorted.

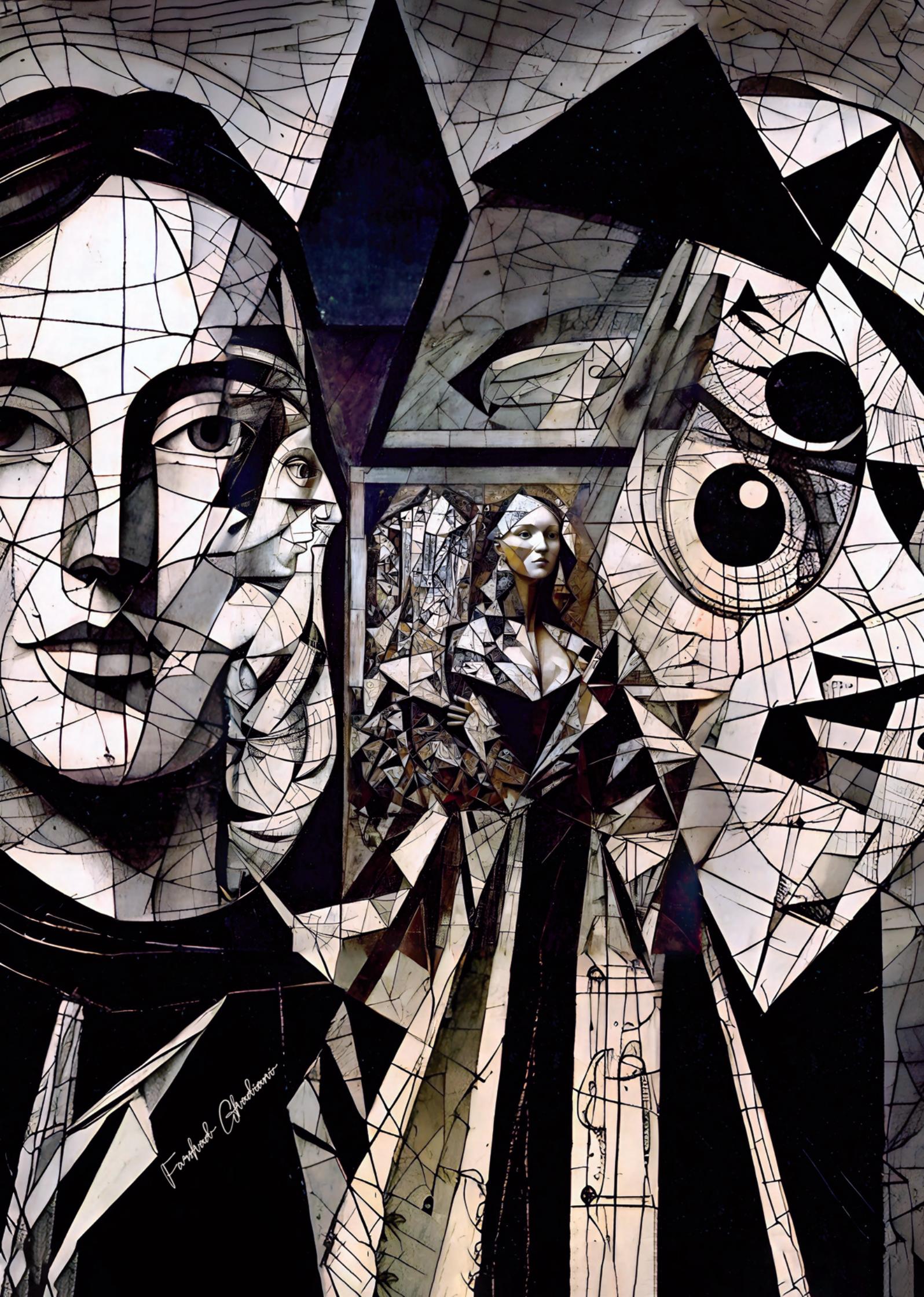
The broken surfaces and erratic lines form a language of fracture a syntax of uncertainty. Through this visual language, I do not aim to communicate a clear message. Instead, I allow ambiguity to speak for itself because in my experience, the most honest representations of reality are often the most fragmented.

The muted, shadowed palette full of layered whites, charcoals, and translucent grays does not suggest conflict, but rather a hazy drift between memory and erasure. Nothing is fixed. Nothing is complete. And just like life, nothing here is ever truly resolved.

Fragments of Reality is my way of confessing that the mind does not always see the world as a single image. It perceives in layers through trauma, through reflection, through silence. This work invites the viewer not to seek clarity, but to dwell in the fracture to accept reality as something scattered, unstable, and deeply human.

# **Fragments of Reality**

2024|created in Photoshop



Franklin Ghobadian

In this illustration titled *Isabella*, I undertook a deeply personal attempt to retrieve the memory of a woman displaced by history not merely as a historical figure, but as a metaphor for power, beauty, and silence at the heart of forgetting. I did not reconstruct her to retell the past, but to echo what history has, sometimes deliberately and sometimes passively, rendered mute.

In this work, the textures of forgetting are carved into her face. The engineered and fractured lines are not merely aesthetic; they are psychological. The eyes instruments of historical witness and memory do not simply gaze. They repeat, from the depths of silence, a question: Who has been erased from history? What women were lost beneath patriarchal narratives?

These questions are central to the aesthetic and conceptual core of my visual philosophy, *Forgottenism* a style where rupture, absence, and fragmentation become the language itself.

*Isabella*, for me, is not just a face. She is the embodiment of a voice that remained in the shadows, despite her political, cultural, and aesthetic presence. Through this work, I sought to recover her from archives, classical portraits, and fading chronicles and translate her into a visual language that is both historical and contemporary, simultaneously evoking Renaissance fresco and the fractured architecture of collective memory.

The color palette leans toward intentional restraint and stillness. These muted and subdued hues reflect not only the passage of time but the weight of historical silence. Texture becomes language. The hands remnants of action, symbols of touch and agency are suspended in isolation, severed from the body. It is as if the ability to act has been interrupted, or permanently frozen in the folds of time.

*Isabella*, within the framework of *Forgottenism*, is not a tribute to the past it is a reminder of the mechanisms of forgetting. This piece is a quiet resistance to imposed silences. And I, as its creator, have attempted through each broken line and shaded curve to revive a fragment of truth that once slipped beneath the surface of historical record.

# **Isabella**

2024|created in Photoshop



Franziska Schwaninger



Farrukh Raza



**Magic of Art**

2024|created in Photoshop

**Empire of Art is a visual reflection on the collective memory of a civilization where art was not a marginal act but a central force shaping identity, culture, and meaning. This piece alludes to the grandeur of the Italian Renaissance a historical moment when artists were seen not only as creators of beauty but as architects of thought, shaping the pulse of cities like Florence, Rome, and Venice.**

**Yet, this empire is not portrayed through historical realism. Rather, it emerges through the fragmented terrain of memory, echoing the absences and distortions that time inevitably imposes. The figures in the composition predominantly female, classically dressed, and disassembled into angular geometries stand as fractured relics of a once-cohesive visual tradition. The broken structures, recursive silhouettes, and multi-layered perspective signal a deliberate distancing from linear history, and a turn toward a deeper, more internal archaeology.**

**The language of this work is deeply rooted in the visual art movement Forgivenism a style that seeks to reconstruct the traces of forgotten memory, cultural erosion, and the psychological layers beneath historical surfaces. In Forgivenism, history is not narrated but sensed; not shown as fact, but reimagined through fractured forms, spectral presences, and layered time.**

**In Empire of Art, the Renaissance is not revisited through celebration, but through a haunting. The repeated faces, the elusive gazes, and the architectural voids all suggest a dreamlike procession through what once was and perhaps still lingers in the unconscious visual memory of the present. The use of asymmetry, distortion, and recursive framing embodies the core tenets of Forgivenism: the belief that memory is never singular, but always broken, multiple, and refracted.**

**This piece ultimately asks: what do we truly remember of cultural empires? What is lost between myth and archive, between image and absence? Empire of Art becomes a site of reflection not on history itself, but on the ghosts it leaves behind.**

# **Empire of Art**

**2024|created in Photoshop**



Fernand Lévy

The year 2025 marked the continuation of an artistic journey rooted in the interplay of form, color, and visual rupture a journey defined by the philosophy I call **Forgottenism**. This style, developed over years of inquiry and practice, is based on layering memory, invoking absent faces, and connecting personal experiences to historical fragments. Digital tools like Photoshop and Procreate have become more than mediums; they are extensions of my senses, allowing me to excavate emotional and cultural depths otherwise unreachable.

In this collection, color plays a central and deliberate role. It is not ornamental but expressive used to generate tension, convey affective states, and expose both fragmentation and saturation within the human condition. Every color choice carries psychological weight, tied to memories, traumas, or desires. The interplay of fractured forms, urgent or suspended lines, and faces that are often blurred, ambiguous, or composite suggests a world where time is layered and identity is continually reconstructed.

My inspirations draw deeply from art history from Persian miniature painting to sacred Western compositions but these references are not mere citations. They are deconstructions. Rather than replicating ritualistic order or celebrating tradition, I reframe these visual legacies to induce dissonance, rupture, or critical reflection. In many works, feminine or childlike figures occupy the center, yet they do not serve symbolic closure. Instead, they reflect, resist, or gaze beyond the frame. Their silence is intentional, a call for the viewer to complete the narrative.

The 2025 collection is not just a record of my artistic production it is a conceptual proposal: to revisit what has been erased, to speak through what remains unsaid, and to use form, color, and gaze as tools of cultural and psychological restoration. This section of my portfolio asks the viewer to reflect on identity not as a fixed entity, but as a process in motion one shaped by memory, absence, and reinterpretation.

In a world where speed reduces the image to a consumable surface, I chose slowness. I chose intensity. I chose precision. Each composition is an act of resistance against forgetting, and each layer of color a question: If a face is forgotten, can it still be seen? And if memory can be rebuilt through image, can art reclaim the voices left unheard?



# The Witness and the Blade

2025 | created in Photoshop

**This artwork is not a depiction of death, but of what lingers between life and its vanishing. I titled it Passage to Eternity because it captures the fragile, silent threshold between the finite and the infinite a space where meaning dissolves and presence turns into echo. The central figure, almost nude and nearly vanishing, stands not as a subject of observation, but as a symbol of exposure of what remains once identity is stripped, once memory begins to fade. Around her, shadows gather not as threats, but as witnesses. These are not ghosts, but the traces of forgotten selves, faces that once bore light and now flicker quietly on the walls of time.**

**I built this composition upon contrasts: flesh and geometry, darkness and light, presence and disappearance. On the left, a large fractured face emerges its gaze distant, its outline blurred. She does not watch the figure in the center; she remembers her. This is not mourning it is acknowledgment. To the right, fragmented silhouettes observe not in silence, but in stillness a reverent stillness that carries the weight of vanished histories. These forms do not speak, but their broken lines murmur: “We, too, once crossed this passage.”**

**The architecture curves above and beneath like a vault of memory each line cracked, each surface worn. The illusion of depth collapses into ambiguity. I wanted the viewer to lose orientation, to feel not anchored but suspended because eternity is not a destination, but a dissolution. The body becomes both a map and an absence. It is not just a person it is time embodied, eroded, and left behind.**

**In my Forgottenism, I often return to the idea of transitional presence of those who live in thresholds. This work embodies that liminality. It is not about transcendence; it is about being held in place, between the pull of what was and the uncertainty of what might be. The nakedness of the figure is not vulnerability, but resistance a refusal to be covered, interpreted, or made whole again. She is not waiting. She is becoming.**

**Passage to Eternity is my reflection on the quiet power of endings that are not ends, of presences that persist through partial erasure. It is not a farewell it is a lingering. And in that lingering, I ask: What remains of us when time lets go?**

# **Passage to Eternity**

**2025|created in Photoshop**



Fernand Chardier

# Rebellion in the Mirror of History

2025|created in Photoshop

This artwork was born from a persistent question: What does the mirror truly remember and what does it allow to disappear? I placed two women in confrontation with a fractured surface not just of glass, but of time itself. One woman stands grounded in the present, her gaze reaching backward, sharpened by clarity of intent. The other, visible only through broken reflections, is a fading memory: a woman once central, now fragmented into the background of history. Between them lies not just silence, but resistance a quiet rebellion against erasure.

The mirror here is no passive object it is a contested field. Its cracks and distortions hold truths that dominant narratives have overwritten or ignored. Every fracture becomes a timeline disrupted. Every obscured figure signals a voice lost to dust. In painting this, I did not aim to restore the past, but to challenge the illusion that it was ever whole. The rebellion is not one of spectacle, but of memory itself of daring to look again where others have chosen blindness.

The girl in the foreground returns the viewer's gaze not passive, but deliberate. She is a seeker of justice, presence, recognition. Behind her, another woman dissolves into line and shadow, representing those once woven into the center of culture, now displaced. She endures, incomplete but undeniable. The juxtaposition between them is intentional: one asserts what is visible, the other insists on what has been obscured. Together, they demand a different form of remembrance.

The structure of the piece geometric, recursive, layered reflects the instability of memory. Angled lines and overlapping planes disrupt the viewer's search for resolution. This is by design. In *Forgottenism*, I allow fragmentation to speak louder than form. The mirror resists clarity. History defies linearity. And through this visual tension, the work becomes not a portrait, but a site of confrontation between presence and absence, between forgetting and insistence.

In this mirror, rebellion is not an act but a state. To remember is to revolt. To reconstruct is to reclaim. This work does not offer closure it unsettles. I ask viewers not for answers, but for attention. Look again twice, and again and witness not just what remains, but what history has shattered and we must now choose to see.



Franklin G. Johnson

This illustration, titled *Symphony of Elements*, is not a depiction of discovery but a reflection on the mental frameworks that made it possible. I did not paint Columbus's voyage, but rather the moment before the conceptual turbulence, forgotten calculations, and silent labor of minds never named. I evoke not the explorer, but those who charted invisible paths across stars and seas thinkers who never left shore. The fractured composition mirrors not a single narrative, but the collision of knowledge systems scientific, mystical, philosophical each contributing a note to history's unfinished music.

At the center, women stand quietly, their presence structurally vital. They do not declare they inscribe. Their gestures suggest not silence, but authorship. In a world where discovery is equated with conquest, these women are not dominators they are continuity. Their fragmented forms speak to histories never fully recorded, truths passed without credit, and knowledge encoded in silence. Their gaze reaches forward not toward what has been, but what could emerge.

To the left, a male figure leans into symbols perhaps mapping, perhaps measuring. His body, half-absorbed by the structure, blurs between action and disappearance. He watches, but may not understand. Meanwhile, the women destabilize linear time embodying memory and imagination. Architectural arcs above them create motion without arrival, evoking how ideas resonate long after origin.

Visually, I constructed the piece through opposing tonalities cold whites, earthy ochres layered geometry, and open space. Fragmented anatomy encourages uncertainty. As in all my *Forgottenism* works, I do not offer resolution, but unsettlement. I do not depict truth I evoke its absence, its residue. In this composition, silence is deliberate, omission is structured.

*Symphony of Elements* is about the architecture of memory. Who do we credit as thinkers? Who shaped the frameworks we now inherit? This work is a tribute to the unnamed, the erased, and the vital echoes beneath official stories. In the incomplete forms and spectral figures, I ask the viewer not to listen for triumph, but to hear what still resounds beneath it.

# **Symphony of Elements**

2025|created in Photoshop



Forsyth - Chaucer

This work represents, for me, a journey into the fractured layers of identity a passage beyond what is visible, toward what is silenced, buried, or yet unnamed. Each face, fracture, shadow, and line becomes a narrative of an unfinished self in flux. The veils that once shielded belief, identity, and selfhood have cracked not to conceal, but to reveal. From these ruptures, figures emerge not as fixed entities, but as subjects who move beyond imposed definitions and begin the process of inward seeing.

On the right side, two women stand side by side. The first, tall and sharply structured, gazes into the heart of the composition a silent witness to collapse and transformation. Her geometric features, composed yet unstable, embody a presence suspended between assertion and disappearance. Next to her, a shorter woman with large eyes and a fragmented face looks downward. Her lower body dissolves into darkness and time, but her hands remain carving memory into the surface. She is not only a witness but an agent of narrative: one of those forgotten women who wrote history without ever being named.

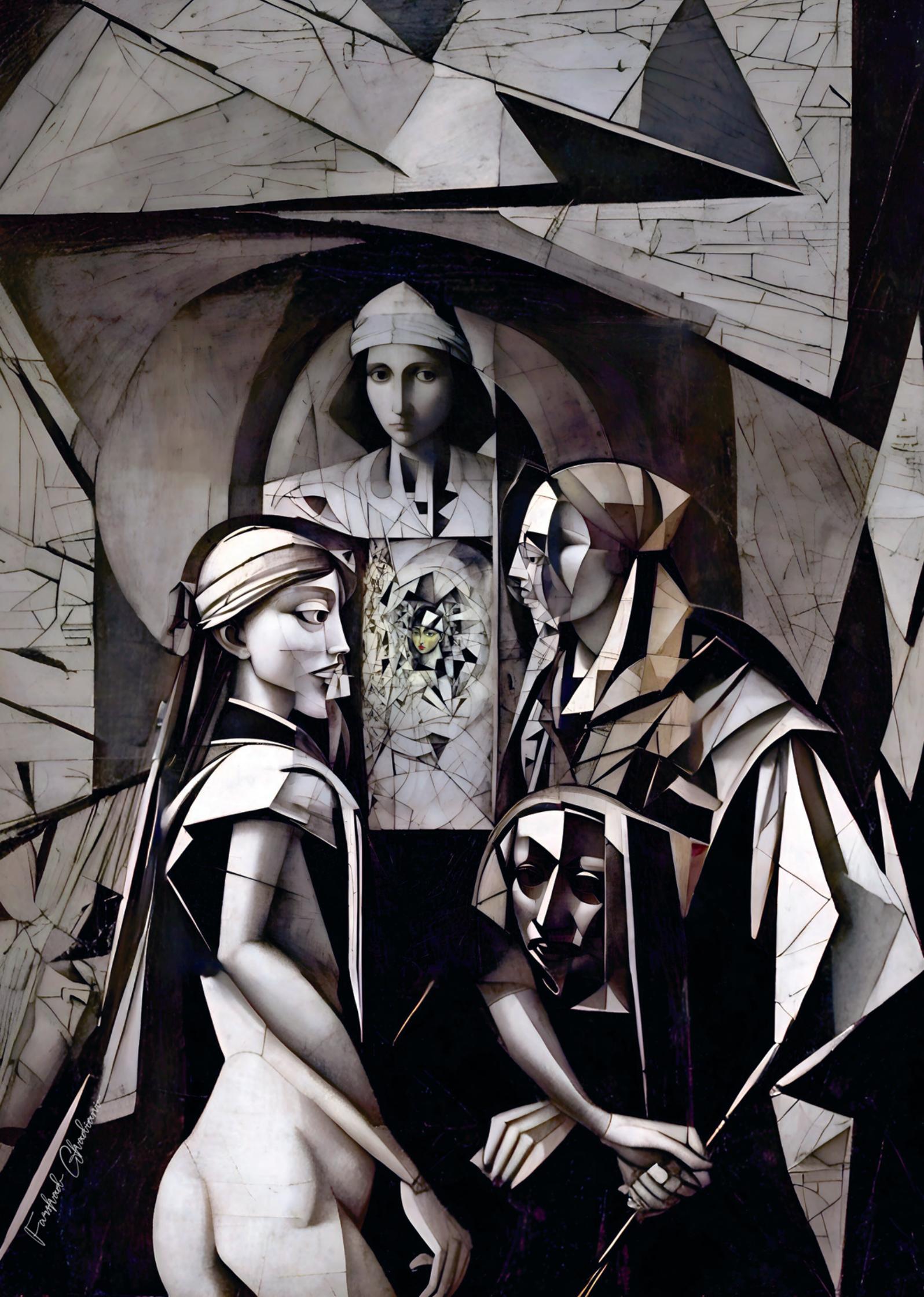
In the background, a woman partially submerged within the wall appears as a spectral echo of memory. Her gaze, distant yet knowing, holds within it the silhouettes of other women lost voices, invisible testimonies, fragmented eras. She does not merely vanish; she carries a hidden archive within her form. She is a vessel of erased narratives, a silent chronicle of lives omitted from history.

On the left, another woman appears semi-nude, with a face partly geometric and a body poised between vulnerability and clarity. Her gaze turns toward the women on the right, simultaneously questioning and remembering. The breaks in her face suggest a kind of aesthetic collapse, as if her identity were both eroding and reforming. She is not an observer she is part of the scene. Her presence is an unspoken voice suspended between interior thought and collective memory.

This composition is built on contradiction: precise geometry alongside blurred surfaces, light that conceals more than it reveals, and faces that evade fixity. I did not aim to represent the face, but to sketch the silences of history and fractured forms of identity that persist despite erasure. Broken Veils invites reflection on what lies beneath the visible an inward gaze where identity is not preserved in stability but emerges through fragility.

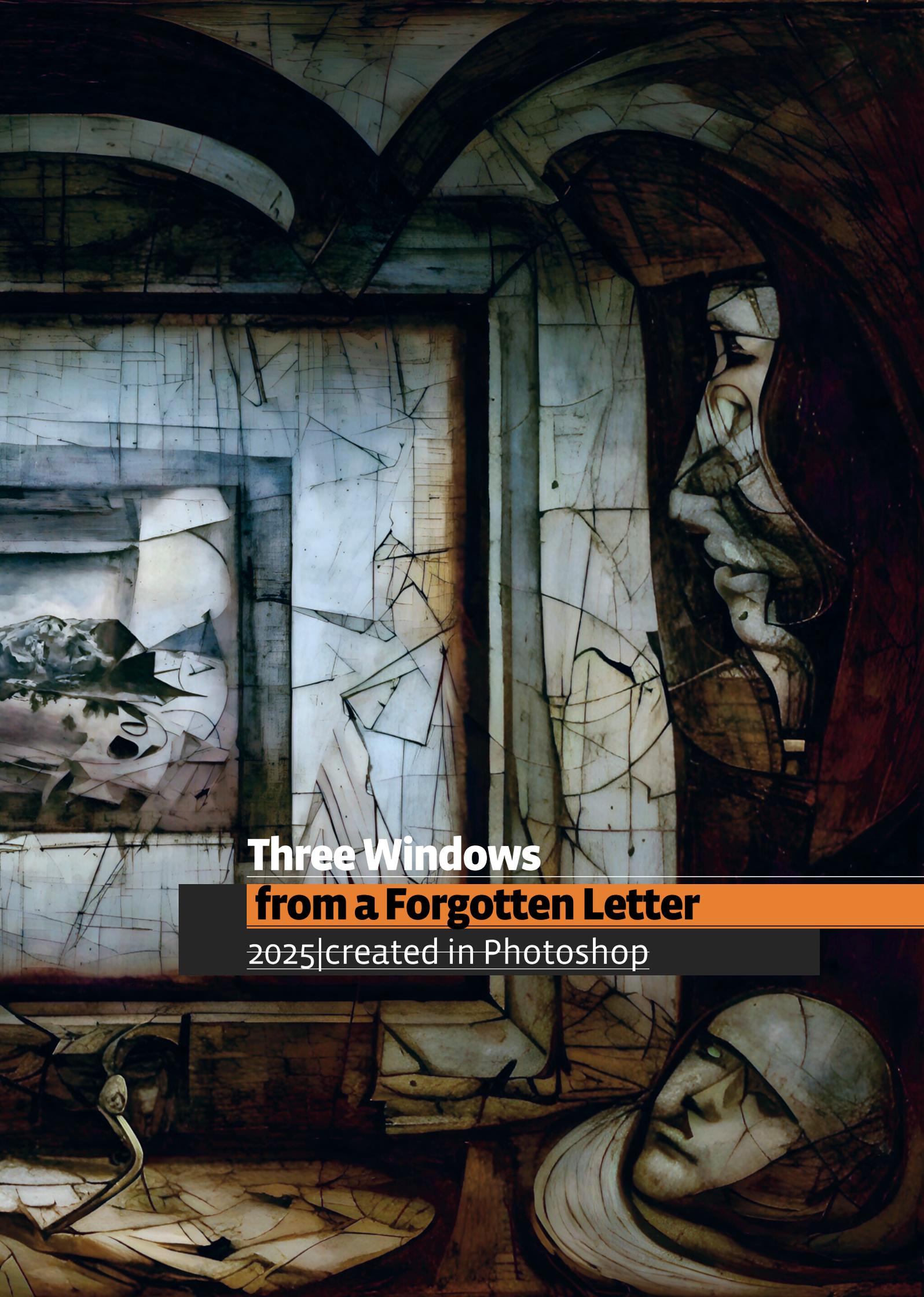
# Broken Veils

2025|created in Photoshop



Farhad Ghobadipour





# Three Windows

## from a Forgotten Letter

2025 | created in Photoshop

# Three Windows

## from a Forgotten Letter

2025 | created in Photoshop

This artwork is my visual response to the fragmented, unsent, and perhaps unreadable letters that exist between generations, cultures, and silenced identities. In *Three Windows from a Forgotten Letter*, three women are framed in parallel each enclosed within her own world, each shown in profile, dressed differently, and situated in a distinct space. These three figures are not merely portraits; they are windows into three layers of forgotten memory personal, historical, and collective.

The women do not face the viewer. Their averted gazes suggest contemplation, distance, or even refusal. Each of their appearances one in traditional attire, another in modern dress, the third draped in a timeless cloak points to a different cultural and temporal register. They coexist in the same frame, yet their separation is palpable. They do not interact, but their silence resonates across the visual field.

On the right side of the image, two men one in profile, the other in three-quarter view attempt to observe these women. Yet their forms are disintegrating. The more they try to see, the more they themselves are absorbed into the canvas, fading into the surrounding visual noise. This visual metaphor captures a core tenet of my style, *Forgottenism*: that the act of observation is never neutral, and even the observer is vulnerable to disappearance.

The composition is architectural but emotionally unstable. While the triptych-like format suggests order, the interior of each frame contains structural distortion tilted lines, veiled figures, textures of decay. Colors are subdued yet symbolically charged: muted reds, archival greys, bruised blues. Light does not reveal; it disturbs. It washes the composition in a faded glow, leaving ambiguity where clarity might have been expected.

Created digitally using Procreate and Photoshop, this piece is a layered reconstruction of memory. It draws visual influence from Renaissance religious paintings particularly *The Last Supper* and Persian miniatures, but it rewrites both traditions to elevate those who were excluded from the narrative: women, listeners, those who endured.



## **The Boundaries of Reality**

2025|created in Photoshop

This work emerged from my fascination with the hidden layers of history not as a linear or complete narrative, but as fragments, distortions, and moments lost to collective memory. In *Archive of Civilizations*, I construct a visual fiction: an imagined archive where civilizations are not recorded in official lines but appear as broken remnants, silent figures, and crumbling architecture. Working within the Forgivenism style, I reject cohesive storytelling and instead present damaged bodies, decaying symbols, and quiet ruptures that speak of absence more than presence.

The composition unfolds in vertical strata deteriorated structures, eroded inscriptions, and partially visible symbols invite the viewer not to glance but to excavate. On both the right and left sides of the piece, two women stand with their arms extended, seemingly attempting to preserve their place in time, to hold onto the fragile edge of memory. Their bodies are still, but the texture of their skin and the fragmentation of their forms reveal decay. These women are not historical icons they are silent guardians of lost voices, captured at the very threshold of disappearance.

Throughout the canvas, ghostlike figures surface and fade, caught in the architectural folds of a world in decline. One central figure appears imprisoned within a fractured structure, barely discernible through translucent stone. These faces are not symbols of power, but of loss; not the architects of history, but its forgotten witnesses. The palette sepia, ash, and earth tones reflects erosion not just of material but of meaning. I am not interested in depicting the past as fact, but in exposing the subtle textures of its vanishing.

Socially, this piece challenges the very idea of archival authority. Who decides what gets remembered and who gets erased? Traditional archives often reflect institutional dominance. In contrast, my archive is unstable, feminine, and broken. The two women reaching out with their hands are not just trying to preserve their stories; they symbolize all the lives and civilizations that are not lost by accident, but erased by design. Their presence is quiet, yet deeply resistant.

Like all my work within the Forgivenism style, this piece does not offer explanation. It invites stillness. The broken lines, layered depth, and hesitant light resist interpretation. In *Archive of Civilizations*, I do not tell history I grieve it. I reassemble what remains, and I allow the silence between the fragments to speak. This is not an act of memory; it is an act of witnessing, in the face of slow, deliberate forgetting.

# **Archive of Civilizations**

2025|created in Photoshop



This work emerged from a long-standing question: What remains when an encounter never fully takes place? In *Threshold of Encounters*, three figures appear within a fractured, layered, shadow-laden composition each suspended in distance, silence, and incomplete recognition. There is no narrative thread or linear sequence. Instead, the piece creates a visual tension where absence speaks louder than presence, and memory resists being fixed. Like my other *Forgottenism* works, this painting doesn't aim to clarify it constructs a language from what is lost or fading.

At the center stands a woman whose face is partially dissolving into the architecture around her. She appears neither fully human nor entirely elemental, as if merging with the stone and soil from which memory emerges and returns. Her figure is surrendering yet her garments remain. Marked by signs of culture, identity, and heritage, they endure beyond the vanishing body. This contrast is essential: even as the individual disappears, the trace of who she was persists in the fabric of civilization. She doesn't dominate the space she is its fracture, its quiet witness, and vanishing core.

To the left, a man in profile gazes toward her, his face already fraying. He seeks connection or understanding, but the lines shaping him dissolve into the background he sees, yet does not grasp. On the right, a woman in profile stands immersed in a dark corner. She is wrapped in blackness visually and conceptually fading from view and memory. Her presence recalls women whose identities were so marginalized that remembering them feels uncertain. Her disappearance is not passive but dignified a testimony to what is lost by design.

The surrounding structure is broken walls collapsing rather than protecting. Light does not reveal; it obscures. Shadowed surfaces and incomplete forms echo cultural ruin and psychological erosion. The field is not made for orientation, but for disorientation. As with all my *Forgottenism* works, I use fragmented shapes and spatial tension not to state ideas, but to mirror the struggle of remembrance. These are not spaces of clarity but of echo, haze, and fragile memory.

*Threshold of Encounters* does not depict a moment; it reveals what lingers when meaning fails. The three figures do not meet, yet share a suspended breath. The painting offers no resolution, only a place to remain in uncertainty. I, too, stand in that threshold not as omniscient creator, but as one grappling with the impossibility of truly seeing or preserving. Like memory, this work is persistent and dissolving, visible and already lost.

# **Threshold of Encounters**

2025|created in Photoshop



Francisco Giner

In this portrait titled *A Face Within Oblivion*, I trace the fragile boundary between presence and disappearance. The central figure, a woman in three-quarter view, stands alone yet framed by layers of fractured geometry and faces veiled in silence. Her direct gaze challenges erasure, while the partial faces around her dissolve into intersecting planes shattered yet haunting. Each crack, each angular fold, carries a memory fragment suspended in a liminal space between knowing and forgetting.

This work emerged from my ongoing exploration of memory's disintegration. The woman's features calm yet resolute mirror the quiet defiance of identity in the face of cultural erosion. The spatial architecture surrounding her is not one of walls, but of psychological enclosures: she exists within panels reminiscent of ancient manuscripts or stained glass windows each frame a container of memory, yet distorted, incomplete. The green-blue headscarf she wears resists the monochrome decay that surrounds her, holding onto the last vestiges of a forgotten civilization.

From the left, an elongated face, stylized and somber, leans in without entering. Its linear structure and slightly open lips suggest interrupted speech, as though the voice of history faltered mid-sentence. To the right, a face divided by a grid dissolves into abstraction. These partial presences do not accompany the central woman they haunt her. They are the silent witnesses of a vanishing narrative: the women whose names are unrecorded, whose stories were never archived.

Thematically, this piece resides at the intersection of feminist memory and visual silence. The woman in the center is neither a heroine nor a victim she is an emblem of all those forgotten in systems that preserve only power. By placing her in the center of a collapsing geometry, I engage with the question of visibility in cultural archives: what survives, and who decides? My practice, rooted in *Forgottenism*, treats each image as an archaeological site where the act of seeing becomes an act of resistance.

Technically, I employ the visual language of cubist fragmentation layered with classical composure to create contradictions within form. The textures, reminiscent of cracked frescoes or ancient vellum, reinforce the sense of slow erosion. This face within oblivion is not a relic it is a call to remembrance, to recognize what we have lost, and more importantly, who.

# **A Face Within Oblivion**

2025|created in Photoshop



At the heart of this illustration, I have portrayed two women not only standing within a moment in time, but actively reshaping it. They are placed at the center not to be seen as objects, but to write a history that has so often excluded them through the language of men and the architecture of power. The woman on the right gazes calmly and resolutely toward the horizon. Her presence, in contrast with the golden ground, radiates a quiet sense of transcendence and determination. She carries liberation not as an external event, but as a deep, historical state of being. Her freedom is forged through stillness, endurance, and the gravity of presence.

To her left, a woman with a fractured body and layered face appears as though she has emerged from within the folds of history itself. She is not merely observing; she looks toward us asking, not judging. Her hands remain suspended: just before speaking, or perhaps offering a final gesture to a vanishing past. Her fragmented visage mirrors those women whose silence was not erasure, but survival.

In the peripheries, other eyes watch us emerging faintly from the walls, from the abstract layers of the background. These eyes are not merely compositional; they are symbolic. They represent structures of authority, patriarchal memory, and the systems that insisted on silence. In this work, I have used clashing geometry, ruptured forms, contradictory lighting, and a tonal range from warm to cold to reflect the fractures between mind and body, individual and society, past and present. As with all works in the Forgivenism style, history here is not linear it is a fragmented field of visual memory.

The men who refused to let women enter history have themselves vanished into its silence. Their erasure is not only the consequence of silence it is evidence that history cannot be shaped by the will to exclude.

Witnesses of Liberation is not simply a portrayal of women; it is a reflection of that unseen moment when freedom does not arrive through noise, but through the sheer force of presence. These are quiet fighters. They stand inside the world, write history without shouting. In this work, I have not only listened to the voices that were lost, but have tried to make the image itself into a quiet cry a cry that says: liberation always begins with a gaze.

# Witnesses of Liberation

2025 | created in Photoshop



Farshad Ghobadiani

# Women Between Truth and Abstraction

2025 | created in Photoshop

In this illustration, the title *Women Between Truth and Abstraction* is not merely a descriptor of visual form, but a signal of the ambiguous, often erased and hidden place of women in history and collective memory. Three women appear in a fractured and multilayered space one that is neither fully real nor entirely abstract, suspended between remembrance and forgetting, between visibility and silence. These women are survivors of narratives that were never fully told.

The woman on the right, dressed in a dual-layered garment that blends tradition and transformation, is writing not just a line on paper, but a portion of history itself. Her gesture is an act of resistance, a struggle to be seen and remembered, to claim a place in the collective archive. With her focused posture and commanding presence, she stands in the foreground, unaware that she herself is being inscribed into history as she writes.

At the center of the composition, a woman with a classical appearance stands in quiet stillness. Her attire and posture evoke the women of earlier eras those who carried the weight of history in silence. Her presence hovers between past and present, between remaining and disappearing. On the left, a third woman emerges, her face more angular, her features marked by intensity. She embodies those who have lived through political and social resistance women whose experiences were often suppressed in official memory. And beside her, at the edge of the frame, a man appears in three-quarter view, gazing inward. His expression suggests a yearning to understand, but his face is already breaking apart his presence fading, and his attempt at perception dissolving.

The torn walls and geometric fragments surrounding the figures function not as shelter, but as ruptures visual echoes of cultural fractures and historical absences. Here, light amplifies uncertainty, and shadow obscures more than it reveals. The image, though silent, tells of unseen struggles: battles carried out with ink, with silence, and through the simple act of standing within broken structures.

This work is not a mere depiction of faces; it is a confrontation with memory, with loss, and with identity a narrative shaped through the visual language of *Forgottenism*. As an artist, I do not aim to offer a clear account. Instead, I open a space for uncertainty, reflection, and the difficult work of remembering.



Fernando Alvarado

# Women with Multifaceted Souls

2025|created in Photoshop

In this image, I begin with the face of a woman in the foreground a woman who, at once, writes history and fades into it. Her hand moves across the surface in the act of writing, yet she remains unaware that the lines she inscribes also record her own disappearance. She is not merely the narrator she is the narrative. Her sideways glance, delicate yet deliberate, meets us not in hesitation but in inquiry: Will you remember me? Will the truth of who I am endure in collective memory?

Behind her, another woman stands emerging from the fractured shadows, from the remnants of walls and torn inscriptions. Her presence is neither fully illuminated nor fully forgotten. She too was once, perhaps, an author of time. Now, she hovers in liminal silence, caught between preservation and disappearance, memory and erosion. Between these two figures lies a fissure not only the distance of time, but the rupture of remembrance itself.

And deeper still, far in the background of this layered composition, more women appear subtle, almost spectral part of history once, now embedded in it. Their forms dissolve into nature itself: into the curvature of trees, the folds of the earth, the faded lines of time. Their voices have been muted, their presence merged with the soil. They remain not in archives or books, but in the silent persistence of landscape. Memory, here, is no longer entirely human.

The space is constructed with fragmented geometry, layered voids, and interrupted architecture nothing flows seamlessly. The lines don't converge. The faces don't settle. Light obscures more than it reveals. This is a visual field of impermanence, one that disorients rather than orients. As in all my works in the style of *Forgottenism*, nothing is declared explicitly each element remains suspended between becoming and vanishing.

Ultimately, the painting gazes back at us in silence a silence filled with the presence of those who have been erased. They live in a day that is already night, without knowing it. This is not just about them it is about us. Do we see them? Will we remember them? Or will we only pass by their images? Like all of my works in the style of *Forgottenism*, this piece is an attempt to hold onto the moment just before disappearance.



In the foreground of this image, a woman stands with undeniable presence. She is writing her hand in motion, her body suspended between light and shadow, and her gaze cast sideways, not directly but with quiet intensity. She addresses us not with force but with a question, a hesitation. In the act of recording, she does not yet know that she herself is becoming part of the history she is trying to preserve. She is not just a narrator she is the narrative. And as she writes, unknowingly, she lives in a day that is already night a world illuminated not by clarity but by the dim glow of fading memory.

In the distant background stands another woman silent, softened, almost erased. Once, she too may have had a voice, a hand that wrote, and a vision for the future. Now she is only a faint silhouette among fractured structures. Her presence is not a sign of life, but of what is left after it. She is the echo of what the woman in the foreground may soon become. Between them, there is no dialogue, no shared time only a space filled with questions.

The visual architecture of this work is as broken as it is deliberate. The walls do not shelter; the geometry does not orient. Light fails to reveal and instead conceals. The woman who writes is crafting a truth that, from the moment of its creation, is threatened with erasure. In *Forgottenism*, I do not depict stories I mark absences. I do not offer clarity I offer hesitation. Here, visual tension mirrors historical loss: we are not given a narrative, but the fragments of what once might have been one.

I do not present resolution. I present two moments in time: one writing, one dissolving both unaware that they live in a day that is night. They do not speak aloud, yet their silence is dense. Between layered lines and spatial fractures, they ask a question that has long gone unanswered not because it is unaskable, but because no one dared to hear it.

This piece is not only about them it is also about us. What have we ignored? What writings have we left unread? And now, standing within the pull of this sidelong glance, where do we hold the unanswered questions we were never prepared to answer?

# Unanswered Questions

2025|created in Photoshop



In *The Family of Mona Lisa*, I return to the past not to reconstruct it, but to rewrite a memory constantly losing its shape. This image is not another portrayal of Leonardo's iconic figure, nor merely a reinterpretation of her mysterious smile. Instead, it is a narrative of those long forgotten, silenced within the historical stillness of that smile. At the center stands a woman holding children not as a passive subject, but as narrator, guardian, and a figure who has stepped from the margins of art history into the heart of the frame to claim her voice.

Surrounding her are faces of women from different eras and geographies, assembled in a fractured arrangement of layered form and muted color. They gaze toward the viewer with expressions both direct and distant. Each is a trace of women whose stories were absent from classical artworks not because they lacked presence, but because history lacked recognition. By displacing the singular icon, I attempt to replace the singularity of narrative with multiplicity a visual chorus that speaks from the silenced margins of art and culture.

The composition is built upon interrupted symmetry and deliberate ruptures, like memories half-preserved. Soft, subdued tones and layered textures create a dreamlike field between reality and recall. These women foregrounded and recessed are not separate identities, but reflections of one another, conjured from collective visual memory. Here, Mona Lisa is no longer the sole bearer of the gaze, but a symbolic center from which a lineage of untold presence radiates outward.

Socially, this work questions the role of the female subject in both classical and contemporary art. Has woman only been depicted, or can she become the bearer of vision, the narrator of her own meaning, and the architect of interpretation? *The Family of Mona Lisa* strives to restore voices that were absorbed into the structures of beauty and erased from the canon. From within the visual layers, they speak through silence, through poise, through resilience rewriting the very image that once silenced them.

For me, this piece is not a tribute to the past but a critical encounter with cultural memory. Forgottenism, here, becomes a tool to retrieve what history has fragmented. This Mona Lisa is no longer alone. She has a family, a history, and for perhaps the first time she has a voice.

# **The Family of Mona Lisa**

2025|created in Photoshop



Francisco de Goya

In “The Third Eye of Truth,” I step beyond the visible toward a realm where memory, perception, and unspoken truths collide. This painting is not merely a composition of faces; it is an architecture of human awareness, constructed in layers that defy linear storytelling. I do not offer a narrative I offer a question: What do we see when we stop looking only with our eyes?

At the center of the work stands a fragmented female figure, her gaze both direct and unknowable. She does not belong to one moment or one world. Her face is divided, her essence split between clarity and obscurity between the real and the imagined. The women to her sides are not witnesses or background they are echoes of consciousness. The left face, rendered in delicate tonal contrasts, evokes insight, like the mythic “third eye” capable of perceiving what lies beneath surfaces. The right face, nearly dissolved into abstract fragments, represents the unconscious a shadow realm of forgotten thoughts, repressed identities, and ancient wisdom buried under noise.

I created this piece as a philosophical map of perception. Every fractured form and every controlled disruption of geometry is intentional. The sharp angles break the illusion of unity; they demand that we reconstruct meaning from disjointed elements. In this sense, the painting is not a window it is a mirror of the mind. Each viewer finds a different reflection depending on where they stand, how they remember, and what they have chosen to forget.

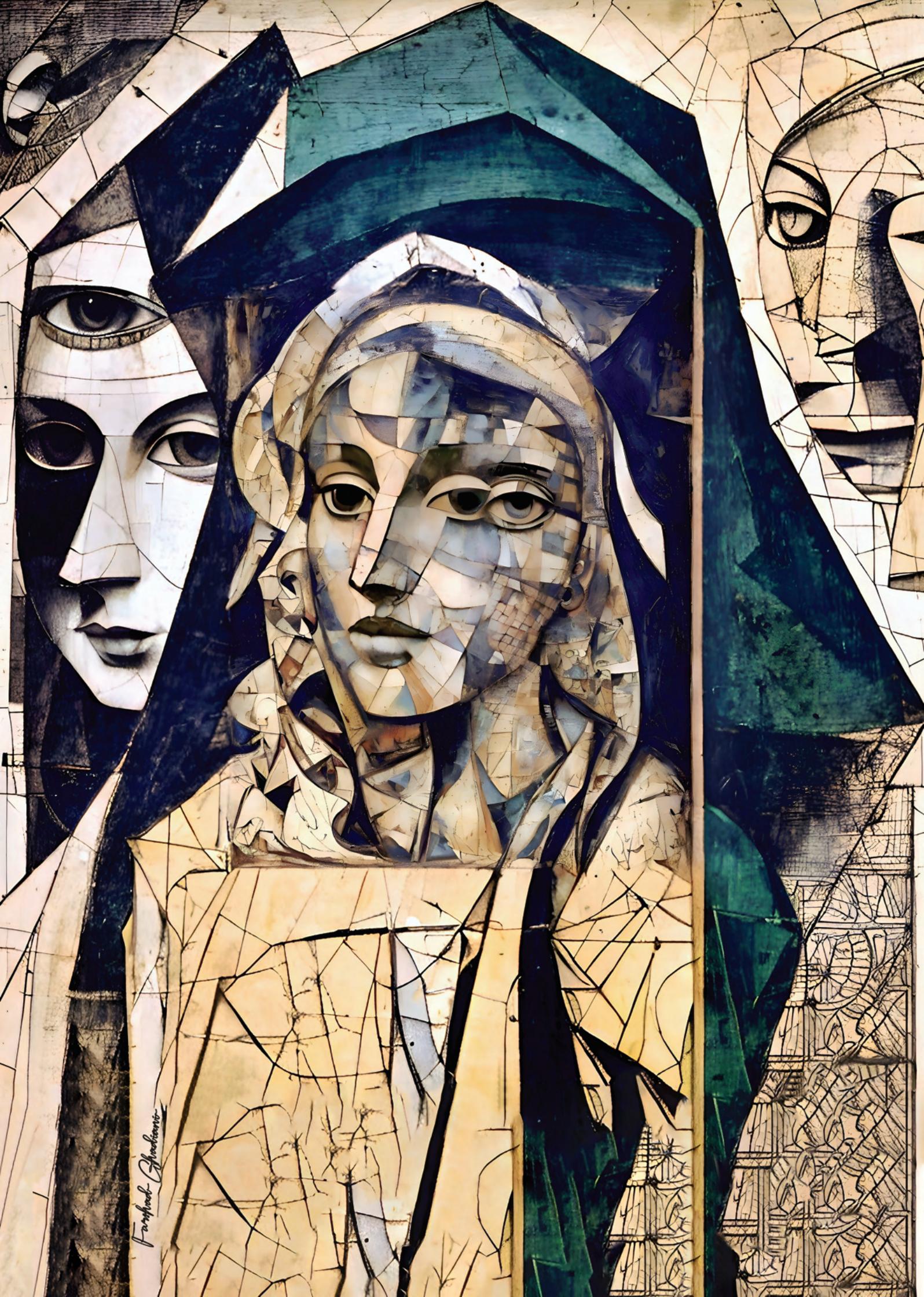
This is the essence of Forgivenism. I work not to depict what is, but to preserve what is fading. My characters are neither heroes nor victims they are seekers. They do not reveal themselves fully. Their truths exist in fragments, in unfinished gestures, in unresolved expressions. The third eye, in this piece, is not only symbolic it is the portal through which imagination attempts to recover the unrecoverable.

To create this atmosphere, I used layered linework and restrained color tones dusty blues, bone whites, charcoal blacks reflecting not only the depth of thought but the erosion of time. Architectural echoes in the background remind us of lost places and inner ruins. Faces stretch, dissolve, and recombine across impossible planes, resisting singular interpretation.

In the end, “The Third Eye of Truth” does not claim to know the truth. It only suggests that truth, like memory, is never whole it is something we reconstruct in silence, in hesitation, and in art.

# **The Third Eye of Truth**

2025|created in Photoshop



Farhad Ghobadiani

This work began with a pause not a bodily pause, but a suspension of time, memory, and gaze. In *At the Glance*, we exist within a moment just before something unfolds. The image does not narrate; it records the suspension of narration. Gazes do not meet, words remain unspoken, and history before it is ever written begins to crack. In this piece, I sought to portray that fragile moment where women, silence, and seeing become indistinguishable.

At the center of the composition stand not one, but several women each in different attire, bearing different postures, and framed within a space that is at once shared and solitary. They are neither united nor isolated; they simply stand within a single frame without meeting each other's eyes. Their clothing speaks in fragments of culture and time. Their faces, shown in profile, are quiet and on the verge of dissolution. For me, they represent a paradox: resilience and erasure, presence and neglect silent storytellers of a history never fully heard.

On either side of the image, other figures appear men attempting to look, but failing to truly see. One in three-quarter view, the other in profile both positioned as if observing the women, yet their perception is fractured. Their forms are layered with broken contours, their expressions incomplete. The lines of sight spill beyond the frame, and like ghosts of interpretation, they attempt to grasp something already slipping away. These male figures are not narrators; they are shadows struggling to perceive, already dissolving into forgetting.

The architectural space is fractured and suspended walls half-formed, frames broken and ajar, and light that does not clarify but arrests. Textures evoke age; the palette is muted, cold, and tied to memory. As with my other works in the *Forgottenism* style, I use this disjointed visual language to build a space not of clarity, but of hesitation where image resists narrative and form resists resolution. Here, the act of seeing becomes an act of witnessing disappearance.

In *At the Glance*, I did not attempt to retell history. Instead, I depicted faces caught in the act of being seen and simultaneously, in the act of being forgotten. This work marks the space before collapse, the threshold before vanishing. And perhaps only in that instant between remembering and letting go can we truly glimpse something that was never fully grasped in the first place.

# **At the Glance**

2025|created in Photoshop



Forghod Ghobadpour

# Structures of Practice: Professional & Commercial Works

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Over the past two decades, I have worked as an art director, lead designer, illustrator, and visual strategist across various industries spanning editorial, advertising, fashion, publishing, cultural exhibitions, and corporate branding. My approach integrates conceptual depth with technical precision, rooted in visual storytelling, collective memory, and the aesthetic of fragmentation known as Forgottenism. The following is a curated summary of selected commercial, editorial, artistic, and print production experience.

## 1. Corporate & Product-Based Visual Direction

- Founder, Art Director & Lead Designer – Sanjaghak Advertising Agency (1981–ongoing)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Ronika Bedding Company (2011–2018)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Royal Asayesh Bedding Factory (2014–2018)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Tanasay Home Textiles (2014–2018)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Nazkhab Foroogh Bedding Company (2014–2018)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Datis Company (2014–2018)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Plus Company (2014–2018)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Sepehr Abr Asia (2014–2018)
- Lead Graphic Designer – Rafik Heel Shoes (2015–2016)
- Lead Graphic Designer – Family Shoes (2015–2016)
- Lead Graphic Designer – Silerta Company (2015–2016)

## 2. Editorial & Trade Union Publications

- Art Director & Lead Designer – Specialist Newsletter of the Tehran Bedding Union (2014–2017, 25 issues)
- Logo Designer – Specialist Newsletter of the Tehran Bedding Union (2014)
- Full Corporate Identity (Logo, Letterhead, Envelope, Business Card) – Tehran Bedding Union (2014)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Tailors’ Union of Tehran & Suburbs Magazine (2014–2015, 10 issues)
- Logo Designer – Tailors’ Union of Tehran & Suburbs Magazine (2014)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Tehran Machine-Made Shoe Union Magazine (2015–2016, 4 issues)
- Art Director & Lead Designer – Momtaz Industrial Magazine (Momtaz Shahrak) (2014–2018)

## 3. Exhibition & Trade Show Visual Direction

- Art Director & Lead Designer – National Bedding & Home Textiles Expo (2016)

## 4. Fashion & Commercial Catalog Design

- Catalog Designer & Art Director – Khas Banoo Fashion Brand (2015)
- Catalog Designer – Aali Mode Fashion Collection (2016)
- Catalog Designer – Iran Insurance Company (2016)

- **Catalog Designer – German Trading Company (Dunlopillo Mattress Importer) (2019)**

### 5. Publishing, Children's Books & Illustration

- **Page Designer – Ghadiani Publishing (2015–2016)**

Princesses, Dinosaurs, Funny Stories, Strange Tales, Pirates, Horse Stories

- **Illustrator & Page Designer – Monadi Tarbiat Cultural Institute (2007–2009)**

Books for Every Child, One Night at the Zoo, The Enchanted Pomegranate Tree, Building a New Bridge

### 6. Artist Books & Personal Projects

- **Concept, Illustration, Design & Production – Farshad in the Land of Forgetfulness (2024)**
- **Concept, Illustration, Design & Production – Forgotten Face of Civilization (2025)**

### 7. Artistic & Promotional Video Production

- **Creator of Conceptual and Artistic Reels – Including short videos with promotional, aesthetic, and cultural themes**
- **Artistic Video Designer – Serteller Group Sigorta (2024)**

### 8. Print Supervision & Technical Production

Throughout all my design and illustration projects, I have personally supervised the full print production process from color separation and proofing to final press output. My technical knowledge of printing processes has ensured that visual integrity, color fidelity, and material quality are preserved across all deliverables.

## **SELECTED ART EXHIBITIONS**

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In recent years, I have participated in a range of solo and group exhibitions across Iran, Turkey, Europe, and online platforms. These exhibitions reflect the ongoing evolution of my visual language rooted in the style of Forgottenism which explores fragmented memory and multilayered identity through digital illustration

#### **Solo Exhibition**

- **More Imaginative Than Words — Art Gallery Istanbul (2023)**

#### **Group Exhibitions**

- **Online Monthly Exhibitions — Art Group Platform (2 years)**
- **The Age of Art — Iran & Mexico (2023)**
- **The Color of Art — Iran & Turkey (2023)**
- **Publication of the Work — Iran & Oman (2023)**
- **Salam 2024 — SAKUDER, Ankara (2024)**
- **Design of the Work — Iran & Mexico (2024)**
- **Spring Symphony — Iran & Netherlands (2024)**
- **IAAF Bodrum — Turkey (2024)**
- **IAAF Izmir — Turkey (2024)**
- **Cam Piramit Exhibition — Antalya (2024)**
- **Small Frame — Mentativ Art Gallery, Melbourne, Australia (2024)**
- **Nowruz Online Exhibition — Rosa Gallery (2025)**

# **At the End, Yet Not an Ending**

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This collection was never merely an archive of works it became a journey into those layers that often remain unseen, or worse, are chosen to be unseen. Each image, to me, was a fragment of silence; each line, a reflection of a forgotten voice. I did not set out to create meaning, but to retrieve what still flickers beneath the ruins of meaning. What unfolds across these pages is the residue of years spent confronting memory not solely personal memory, but a collective one: fractured, scattered, and unnamed.

In these works, truth does not reveal itself with clarity. Faces are incomplete, bodies fragmented, time dislocated, and spaces unsettled. Yet precisely in this state of rupture, a new image of reality begins to emerge not the kind that is archived in official narratives, but the kind that hides in shadows, lingers in margins, and pulses through the cracks. This is the terrain of Forgetting: where seeing is not passive, but an act of resistance; and remembering, a quiet defiance.

In the making of this collection, I found myself returning to questions more than answers: Where does the boundary lie between being and being recorded? Who is granted the right to remain in memory? Which faces are removed from history, and why? And how can the language of image stand against this erasure? I did not arrive at clarity but each time I layered a form or left a line unfinished, I felt I was returning a fragment to the visual archive of what was nearly lost.

This portfolio is not a conclusion; it is a pause along the way. A moment to glance back at what has emerged before stepping into what has yet to come. And if something within these pages spoke to you even in its silence then perhaps some part of what was forgotten has stirred once more.

I continue on this path, accompanied by images that do not seek to be spectacular, but to endure. And if I pursue this visual journey still, it is not for recognition, but for the act of seeing what has long been left unseen.

## **Awaiting an Inevitable Continuation**

Amid these lines and faces, something unfinished remains. Not due to a flaw, but because memory never truly ends. Though this portfolio may seem complete, it carries within it a quiet trace one that has already begun to give birth to a new collection. This upcoming body of work remains unnamed, yet it breathes, it sees, and it has already begun to speak beneath the surface.

From the beginning, I knew this would not be the last. Each piece opened a window to another world, one not yet formed. Sometimes a face, a fracture, a visual silence was enough to carve a fragment of the future into my mind. Now, at the close of this chapter, another collection is emerging not as repetition, but as a branching from the same roots: forgetfulness, memory, silent women, and unwritten histories.

In this coming work, I will return once more with fractured language, slanted light, and incomplete lines. But not to explain rather, to reopen a visual wound. To look again at what remains unseen, and to touch what is vanishing. I do not yet know what this next collection will say, but I know it is on its way hidden in unsaid documents, in the memories of women whose stories were never told, in faces that still have no name.

At times, I feel this new body of work has always existed in the shadows, behind everything I have already said. Now, it is only time that demands its emergence not to define it, but to allow it to bear witness to the persistence of instability. This continuation seeks no conclusion, no certainty; it is born from a need, a silence, and an unspoken longing.

This is not a promise it is an inevitability. Memory passes through me, and I am only its vessel. Just as this portfolio once began quietly, the third collection too will arrive without noise, from within the silence.

If you paused during this visual journey if a face held your gaze or a silence reminded you of something forgotten then that moment means more to me than any exhibition could. This portfolio was not created to conclude anything, but to invite you into a fractured, visual, and deeply human memory.

For dialogue, collaboration, or to receive future collections, you are warmly invited to contact me:

**Farshad Ghadiani**  
**Visual Artist | Illustrator | Art Researcher**  
**Trabzon, Turkey**

**Email: [Farshadghadiani@gmail.com](mailto:Farshadghadiani@gmail.com)**

**Instagram: [@fgdigitalarts](https://www.instagram.com/fgdigitalarts)**

**WhatsApp: [+90 552 251 4040](https://wa.me/905522514040)**

Thank you for your presence and attention.  
Let us meet again where memory breathes through image.



**This code remembers what history forgot**

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