

Thread Coil Maze of Mind

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In the twenty first century we are facing some crisis, like shortage of water, pollution, poverty, hunger, war etc in the world. Though living in worldly village negotiations we become lonelier day by day. Technology is breath taking, we leave everything to computers so, and human relations fade away day by day. The last generation does not wants to leave room to the young ones and the young are becoming refractory and unruly. Faith, spirituality divinity and unity became an old story, some profiteers charging enormously, try to impose and teach us spirituality. The meaning of equality and brotherhood should be found in ancient literature. In the gray city of "Tehran" there is no sound of laughter, mornings are spent in traffic, and for a leisurely hour at night we have to run the whole day. We do not see happiness in face, there is only amenity between people.

Beautiful sweet talks are forgotten. No one dreams sweet dreams! There are no responds to your greeting and smiles; no one worries about anybody else. You have to think about charge before you ask for some help; in this chaos we use each other as a ladder, which we break after using it before someone else would use it. We keep all these in our minds, but there is no time to be wasted, no opportunity, we must run. Problems are forming in our brains like threads woven and twisted in knots together, the more we search for a starting point (less we find). The more it moves and twisted, I should do something before the chaos spreads, I took my camera and in my small studio, which consists of a dinning table and a few white and yellow electric bulbs, want to deal with the knots. Colored rug threads, I put the threads in water and then in to the freezer, it froze, maybe the time to open the knots, it needed speed to act before the ice melted from the warmth of the bulbs. I knew that to open some knots of mind, time was not enough, the knots were melting, so I used starch, the threads were soaking in the starch. These photos I took against the light white and yellow gave a special beauty to the threads. In some frames I put the threads in a parallel position to prove that our reason needs to be dissolved. In the end it was becoming a frustration I had to shut some threads without ice or starch, so I use the maze light, I stuck the knots on Calk and the Calk on the window glass, with a few small cuts on. I drew out some of the threads and knots out, and then I closed the Frame so that nothing of the window and the Calk could be seen. It looked romantically pretty, the threads behind the Calk did not looked sharp. And the threads over the Calk were so sharp, so that all the stuffs of the threads could be seen. In the end using four square frames I finished my work every frame a knot and some threads. As we use our brains in these positions, and as we separate the political financial, social difficulties, the frame and cliché are one. The knots are different. I called the collection? Thread coil Maze of Mind? May we found the way to open the knots?

