

Course, on the Spur of the Moment.

Haydeh Ayazi

17 JULY 2020 - 11 AUGUST 2020

Soldiers who have no identity rather than being merely soldiers, carry a furious, feeble man to the left corner of the painting, on a surface covered by written words. Another man has fainted out and several hats dispersed on the ground. Beneath the written part, there are two flowers on the left and right side of the painting, the roots or stems of which are bound together delicately to make a closed frame. The corner flowers, in contrast to the other graphically represented ones, depicted this time as natural. Another soldier on the right side of the painting shakes his hand toward us or the audience outside the frame of the painting's story. Something like security rules and there shouldn't be any worries. Probably the lower part of the painting is a sidewalk on which the pedestrians are strolling and staring to the bishop standing beyond fence, behind the soldier. A smile of satisfaction can be seen on his lips because of the crowd. Colored gigs are installed on the fence. On a similar level to the bishop, an old woman is walking and looking at the area behind the bishop and over the river. Beyond the river, there is a forest-like landscape. Across the river, on the opposite side, two tanks or war vehicles can be recognized. A soldier is running after a person who is fleeing, as if playing a role in a musical piece. And finally, in the upper left corner of the painting, encompassed in a circle, there is a hand pointing to the sky. The hand seems to be placed apart from the whole narrative of the painting. It's out of the story. An allegory of Christ that is reminiscent of faith. This hand is repeated in all the paintings of this series.

Ayazi's paintings are just part of a long episode and story that is becoming, and Ayazi, like a journalist photographer, records a single frame of the whole event, and even this single frame is not the most significant moment of that day and that incident. The whole story is like one or more short scenes of a narrator reading a story from a painting in a Ghahvekhane (Iranian traditional tea shops). Or a narration without a narrator's voice that, if added, is reminiscent of something like *The Whisper of Glocken*.

A Japanese passerby skating meets a Japanese child among the blossoms of a Japanese cherry blossom. An ancient Japanese warrior, as well as a cat, probably a Japanese one is watching this scene. A person with a leopard head or a leopard with human body and clothes enters the scene with a white gun. A frog sitting on the surface of the image, in front of us. The horizon that is lit all over by candles. A man like the European servants of Victor Hugo's novels, with his bare feet that looks like a demon without the beloved. The breads that have been thrown on the ground around an indigent teenager. Flowers that scream their life alongside other living creatures. A boy who pulls birds under coercion into a basket of flowers and gives them a nest out of it. A woman sitting on a surface of written words and holding a car over her head. The elephant is sitting delightedly because of his horizons that have multiplied. Boats, hearts and pens, skulls, moving creatures and mutations, flowers, cats and teardrops, and so on and so forth.

Haydeh Ayazi accurately comprehends this planet's amalgamation that is going on and her anecdote is not as intricate as it seems. The eccentricity of the images is because we always get there in the middle of the story. We miss the emergence and we will not get through to the epilogue.

Text by Shabahang Tayyari 2020

