

ONLINE EXHIBITION |

WORDS WITHOUT FORM: LANGUAGE AS MEDIUM

AICON ART



Available Works



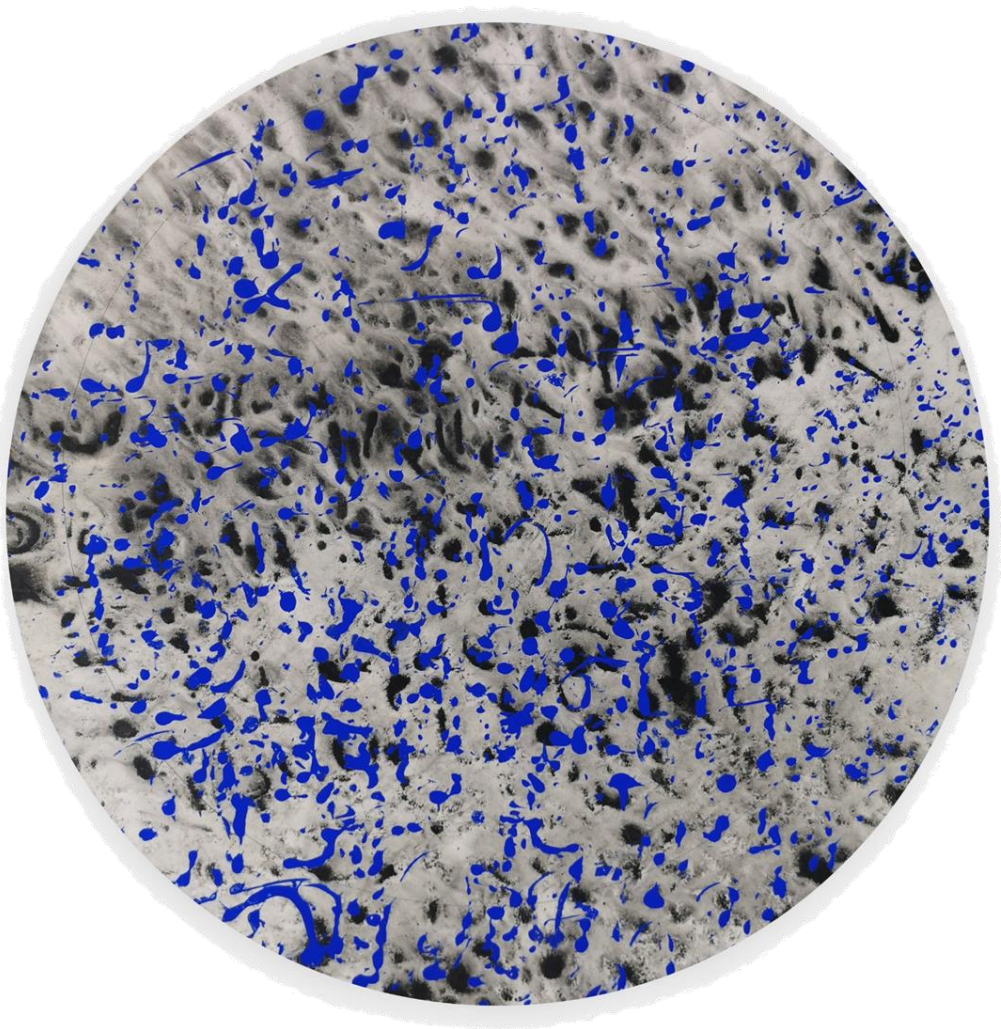
NASR EDDINE BENNACER

Je Respire Sous L'eau 6, 2020

Gouache on Japanese paper mounted on canvas

15.75 in. diameter

40 cm diameter



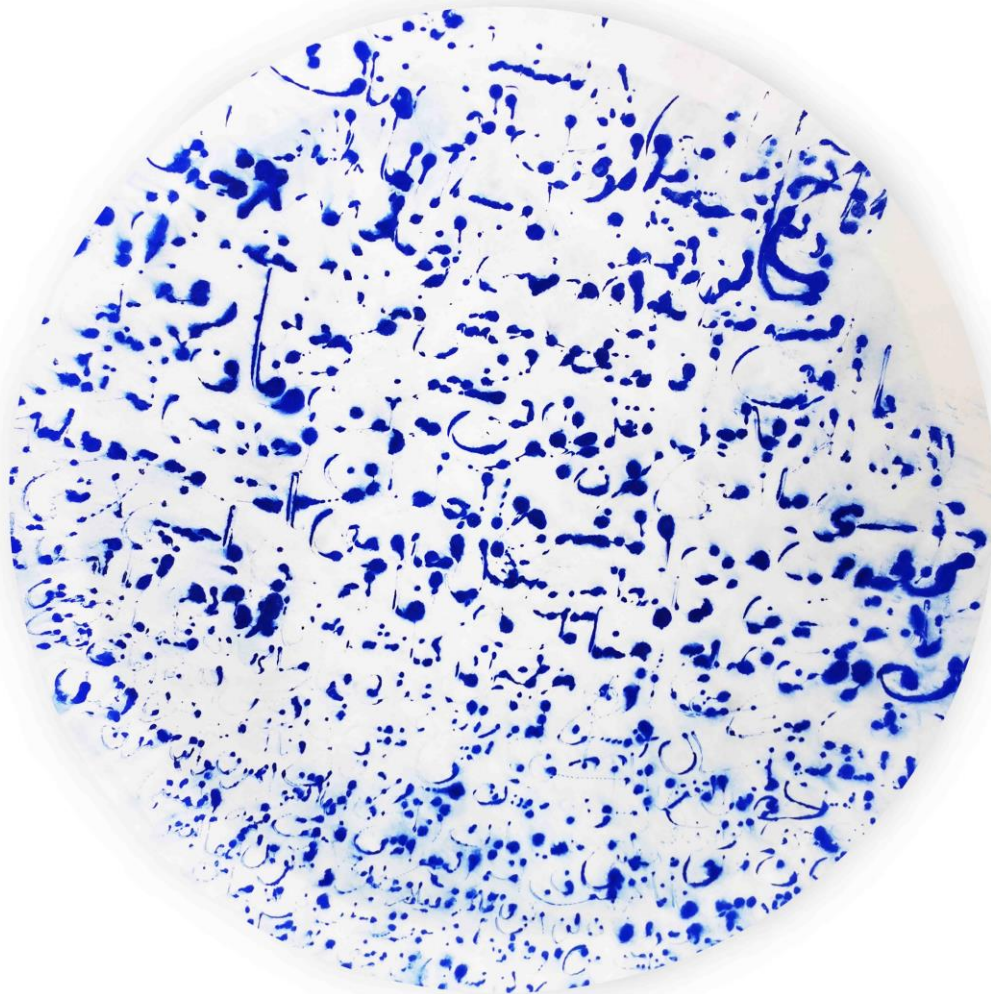
NASR EDDINE BENNACER

Je Respire Sous L'eau 4, 2019

Gouache on Japanese paper mounted on canvas

33.5 in. diameter

85 cm diameter



NASR EDDINE BENNACER

Je Respire Sous L'eau, 2019

Gouache on Japanese paper mounted on canvas

39 in. diameter

99 cm diameter



NASR EDDINE BENNACER

San Titre 7, 2020

Gouache on Japanese paper mounted on canvas

23.5 x 31.5 in.

60 x 80 cm



NASR EDDINE BENNACER

San Titre 12, 2020

Gouache on Japanese paper mounted on canvas

23.5 x 31.5 in.

60 x 80 cm



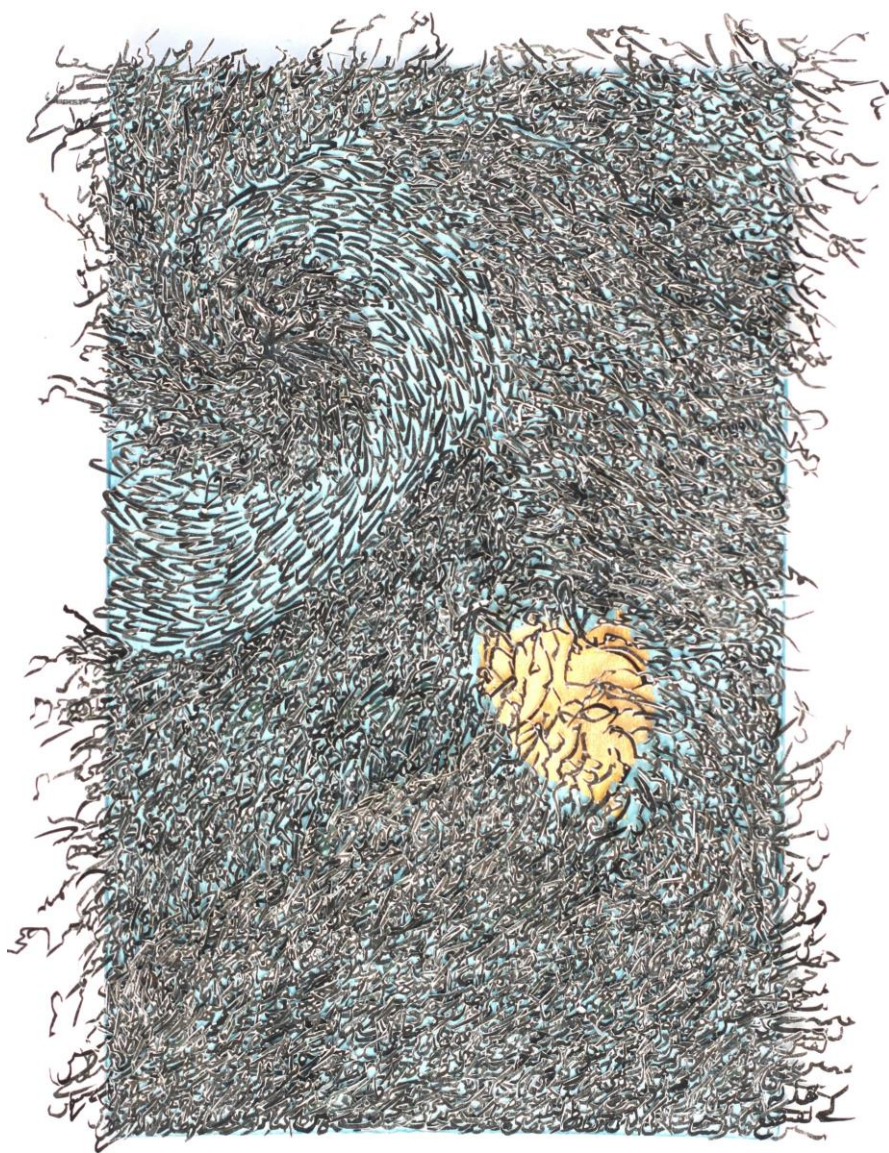
NASR EDDINE BENNACER

San Titre, 2020

Gouache on Japanese paper mounted on canvas

47.25 x 63 in.

120 x 160 cm



GHULAM MOHAMMAD

Hisaar (Siege), 2019

Iranian ink & paper collage on Wasli paper

22.5 x 16.25 in. framed

57 x 41 cm



GHULAM MOHAMMAD

Gunjaan (Jam-Packed), 2019

Iranian ink & paper collage on Wasli paper

22.5 x 16.25 in. framed

57 x 41 cm

GHULAM MOHAMMAD
Tana Bana (Fidget), 2019
Paper woven carpet
36 x 156 in.
91 x 396 cm







SADEQUAIN

Calligraphic Panel

Ink on board

28 x 168 in.

71 x 427 cm



SADEQUAIN
Blue Calligraphy
Oil on canvas
33 x 48 in.
84 x 122 cm



SADEQUAIN

Untitled (Fifteen Heads), 1986

Oil pastel on board

25 x 37.5 in.

64 x 95 cm



RACHID KORAICHI

From the series Les Sept Variations, 2002

Serigraphy on Aleppo silk, ink, and paint

126 x 19 in. each

320 x 48 cm each



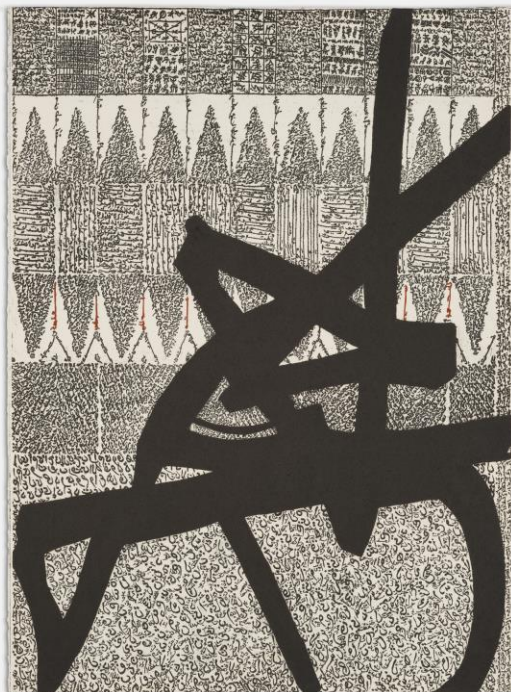
RACHID KORAICHI

A Nation in Exile: Engraved Hymns (Set 1), 2017

Lithograph

30 x 22 in.

76 x 56 cm



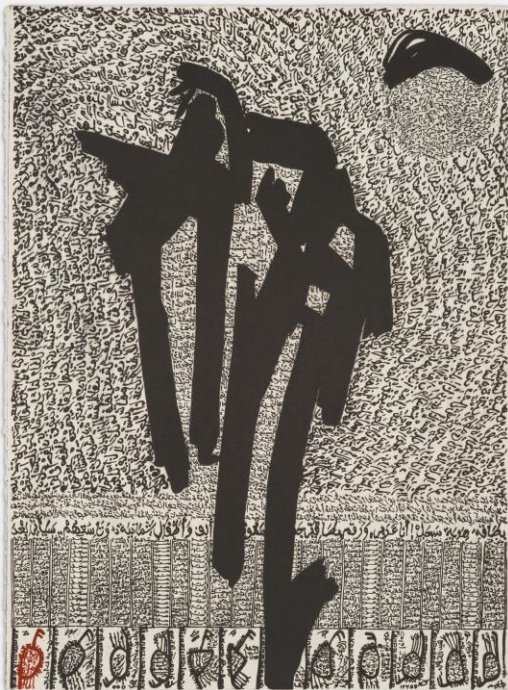
RACHID KORAICHI

A Nation in Exile: Engraved Hymns (Set 2), 2017

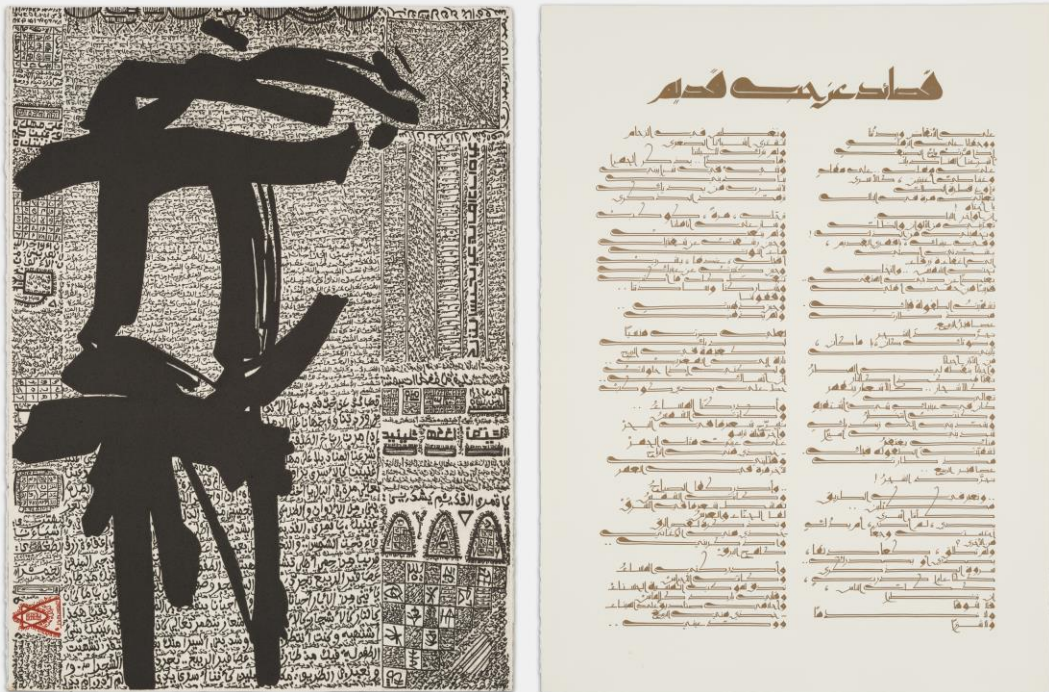
Lithograph

30 x 22 in.

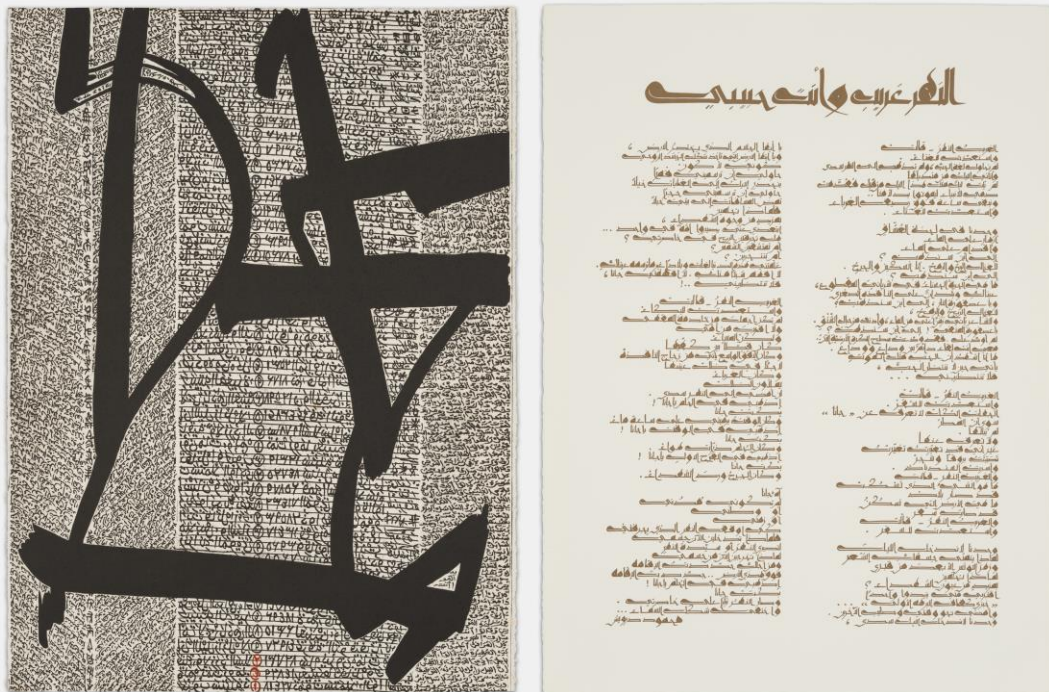
76 x 56 cm



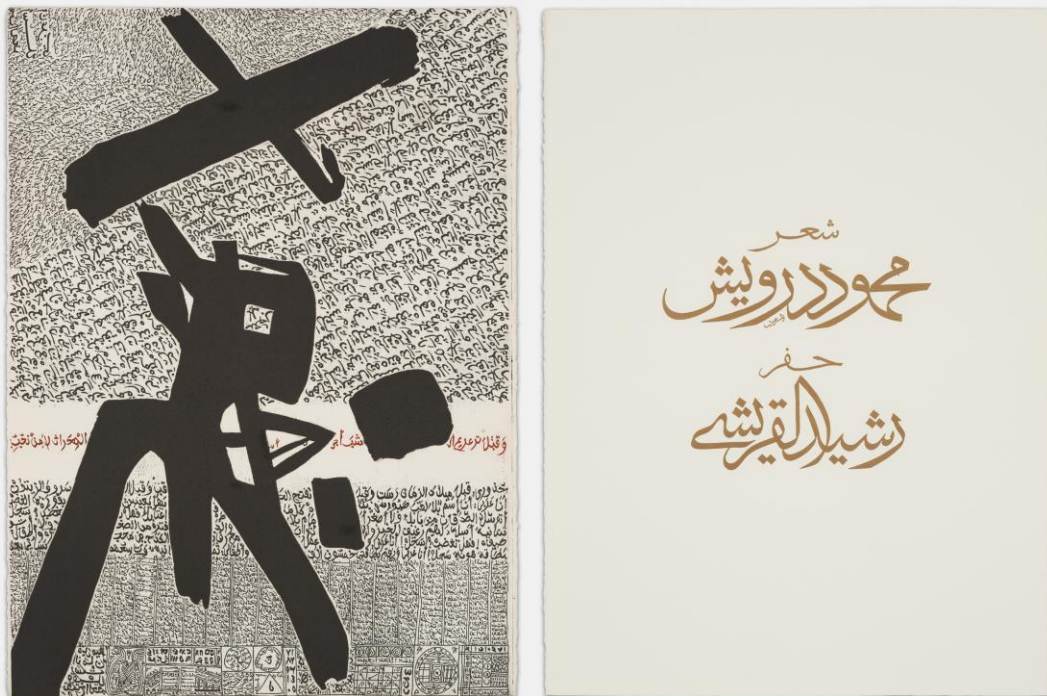
RACHID KORAICHI
A Nation in Exile: Engraved Hymns (Set 3), 2017
 Lithograph
 30 x 22 in.
 76 x 56 cm



RACHID KORAICHI
A Nation in Exile: Engraved Hymns (Set 4), 2017
 Lithograph
 30 x 22 in.
 76 x 56 cm



RACHID KORAICHI
A Nation in Exile: Engraved Hymns (Set 5), 2017
 Lithograph
 30 x 22 in.
 76 x 56 cm



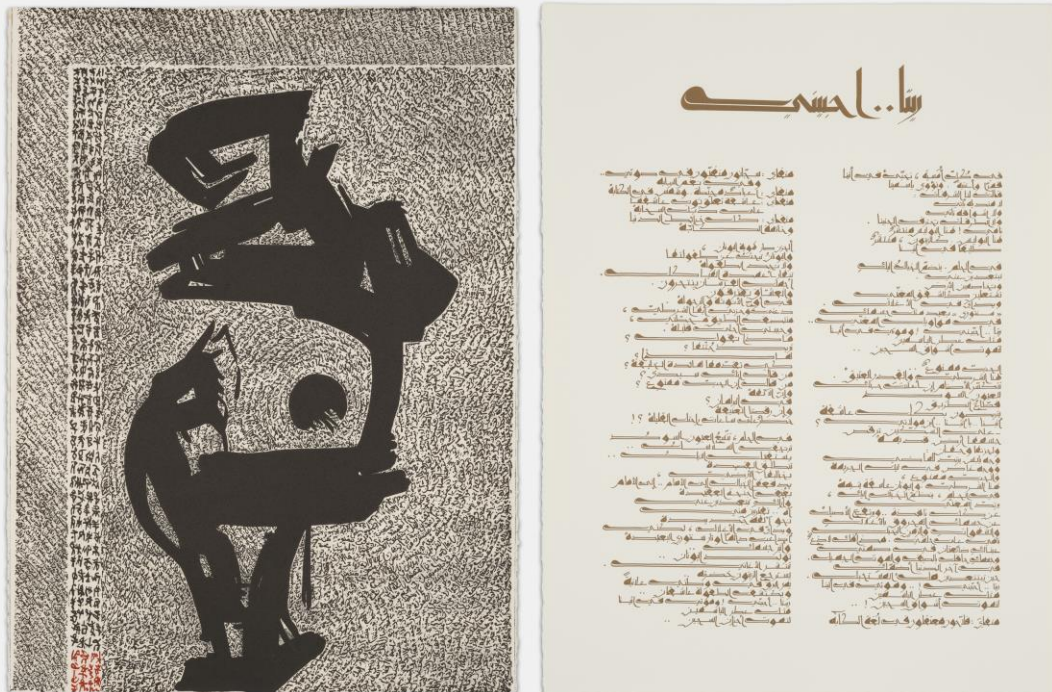
RACHID KORAICHI

A Nation in Exile: Engraved Hymns (Set 6), 2017

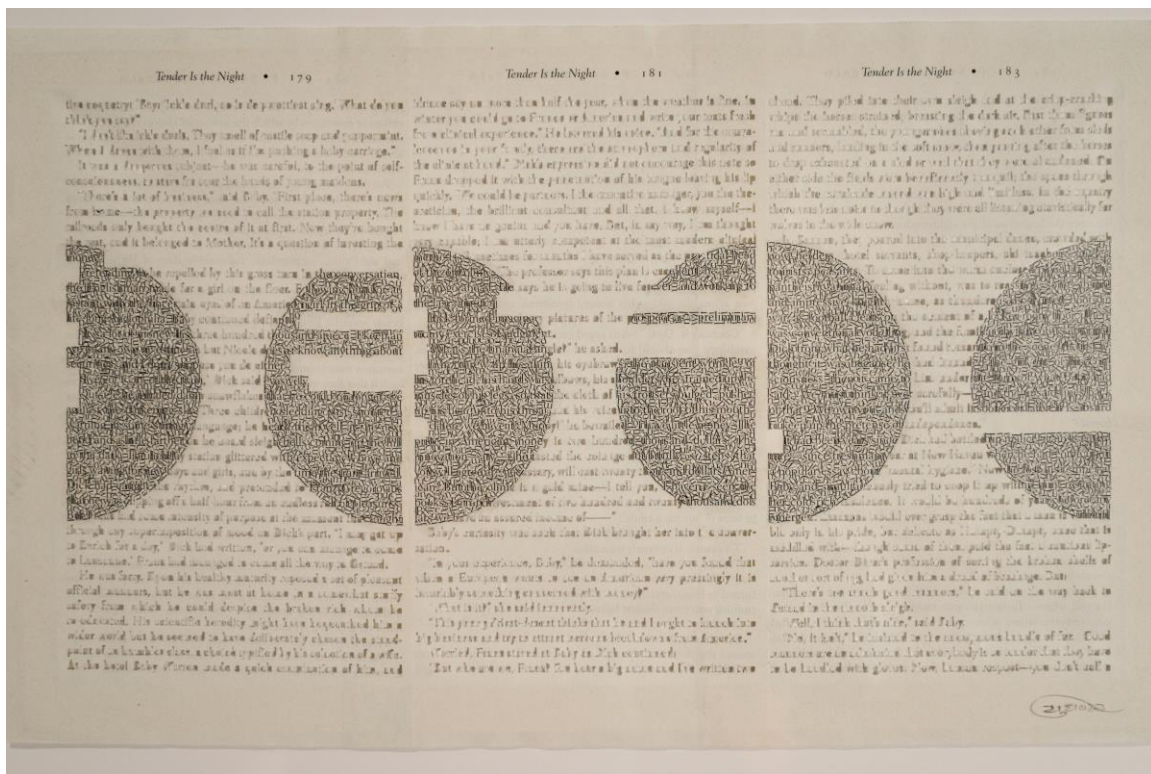
Lithograph

30 x 22 in.

76 x 56 cm



RACHID KORAICHI
A Nation in Exile: Engraved Hymns (Set 7), 2017
 Lithograph
 30 x 22 in.
 76 x 56 cm



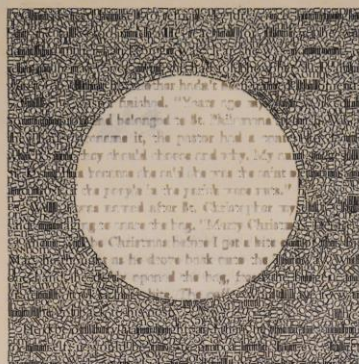
YOU DHISTHIR MAHARJAN

Tender is the Night, 2017

Hand-cut text collage on reclaimed book pages

9 x 15 in.

23 x 38 cm



hadn't happened last year and it wouldn't happen this year if he knew his sons.

He was approaching exit 40 and drove the car to the official turnaround, from which he could observe any car drivers. Christmas Eve was nothing like New Year's Eve for nothing drinks, but Chris was determined that no one who was spending the evening on the road was going to get past him. He'd prepared a couple of cardboard boxes some drunk passed the highway late a night now for less than people. For Chris McAllister had passed the 5 mile border on the exit 40 strip. Two police cars were on the scene already, so he decided there was no need for him to stop. He had cruised fast, and he hoped that by now he had caught up to any cars that had been ahead of him since the start of McDonald's.

Provided, of course, they hadn't seen one of the earlier exits.

A brown Toyota. That's what he kept looking for. Finding it was the one driver. He knew it. What was it about the license plate? He checked his work, again, trying to find the number. There had been something about it... Think, for sure, he'd himself, think.

He didn't for now, since before the report that Biddle was the kid had been spread in Vermont. Every gas station kept telling Chris that they were ready.

Exit 40 the Coast was coming up. That meant the border was only another hundred miles or so away. Most of the cars were doing fifty or sixty miles an hour now. If Jerry Biddle was in this vicinity, he could look forward to being out of the country in less than a minute.

What was done about the license plate of the Toyota he asked himself once more.

Chris's eyes narrowed. He could see a dark Toyota in the passing lane that was moving fast. He avoided lanes and drove up beside it, then glared in. He passed that it held a single man or a woman with a young boy, just a chance to find that child. Give me a chance, he prayed.

YODHISTHIR MAHARJAN

Silent Night, 2017

Hand-cut text collage on reclaimed book pages

13.5 x 5.5 in.

34 x 14 cm

[illegible]

In the West, we often assume that the judgment Jesus prohibited is an opinion on right and wrong. If a person believes some behavior is contrary to biblical teaching, then they are accused of judging. But judging in Afghan society is not a matter of an opinion held in private or even spoken openly. It's *look a judgment on the inner condition of character and the enforcement of the value defined as true Islam*. Judging, in Afghanistan, always comes with condemnation or the threat of condemnation. Afghans understand this more intense practice of judgment. They participate in it.

Even while I was in the Bureau, I saw a television program that included two Muslim women as part of the discussion group. One of the women was Asar Nafisi, the author of the book, *Riding Lessons in Tehran*. I had never before looked at her, described by her account of living in Iran during the days of the Islamic revolution. She saw firsthand the violence and oppression of the hard-line followers of the Ayatollah Khomeini, and she had suffered as a result. The other woman on the stage was Daisy Khan, the wife of the man who wanted to build a

22 x 25 cm

where it began

What I remember is the smell of burnt, melted bittersweet chocolate and charred marshmallows. The backs of their heads—Lisa's strawberry-blond fluff and Anita's black braid—blurring in the smoke that billows from the wall even in Lisa's kitchen. Grabbing for the nearest fire extinguisher and waving magazines at the fireman every time he comes to get them to turn off.

How long

There I was, sitting in the library and Winston School in the middle of the city, every of man over tiny black and white photographs about this skirt is the pocket square. I was wearing a truncated skirt over a pair of pants. I was, a Winston School style, except for the fact that because her mother made her. Lisa is the one wearing the baggy khaki uniform pants that no other girl has ever worn to school after the first day of seventh grade. Lisa is also the one person at Winston School who admires me for something before I get Billy after four years of total obscurity.

It is October of seventh grade and I have just figured out that art is the *only* thing I don't suck at, but it turns out to be the only thing Lisa does suck at (apart from her apparent inability to sew for clothes that don't have some Disney character or strange-looking appliques on them) and that she really really wants to be good at. This is because her parents are seriously religious cinematographers who value art just a notch below how much they value God Almighty.

YODHISTHIR MAHARJAN

Where it Began, 2019

Hand-cut text collage on reclaimed book pages

8.25 x 5.5 in.

21 x 14 cm

PARADISE

Papa would have explained it. Personally he didn't give a damn. The point was not why it should or should not be changed, but what Reverend Misner gained by instigating the idea. He sat again, thinking how much of a fool Misner turned out to be. Foolish and maybe even dangerous. He wondered if that generation—Misner's and K.M.'s—would have to be sacrificed to get to the next one. The grand- and great-grandchildren who could be trained, harnessed as his own father and grandfather had done for K.M.'s generation. No breaks there; no slack out then. Expectations were high and met. Nobody took more responsibility for their behavior than these good men. He remembered his brother's, Elder, the first of his kind of disembarking from Liverpool at a New York City pier in 1919. Taking a walk around New York City and seeing the way the new two men arguing with a woman. Elder said you saw the way she gunned she was a streetwalking woman. He felt about her trade, he felt at first a bit of a thrill. He felt about the way one of the men smashed the woman's face. He felt about the way she suddenly the scene all of a sudden. Elder said his mouth was open. He felt about the way the unconscious Nigger came back to life. Elder could think, one of them changed his mind and came back to kick her in the stomach. Elder did not know he was running until he got there and pulled the man away. He had been running and fighting for ten straight months, still unwearied from spontaneous violence. Elder hit the whiteman in the jaw and kept hitting until attacked by the second man. Nobody won. All were bruised. The woman was still lying on the pavement when a small crowd began yelling for the police. Frightened, Elder ran and wore his army revolver all the way back to Michigan for fear an officer would see the condition of his uniform. Later, when his wife, Jussannah, cleaned, pressed and mended it, he told her to remove the stitches, to let the jacket pocket flap, the shirt collar stay ripped, the buttons hang or remain missing. It was too late to save the bloodstains, so he tucked the bloody handkerchief into the pants pocket along with his two medals. He never got the sight of that whiteman's fist in that colored woman's face out of his mind. Whatever he felt about her trade, he thought about her, prayed for her till the end of

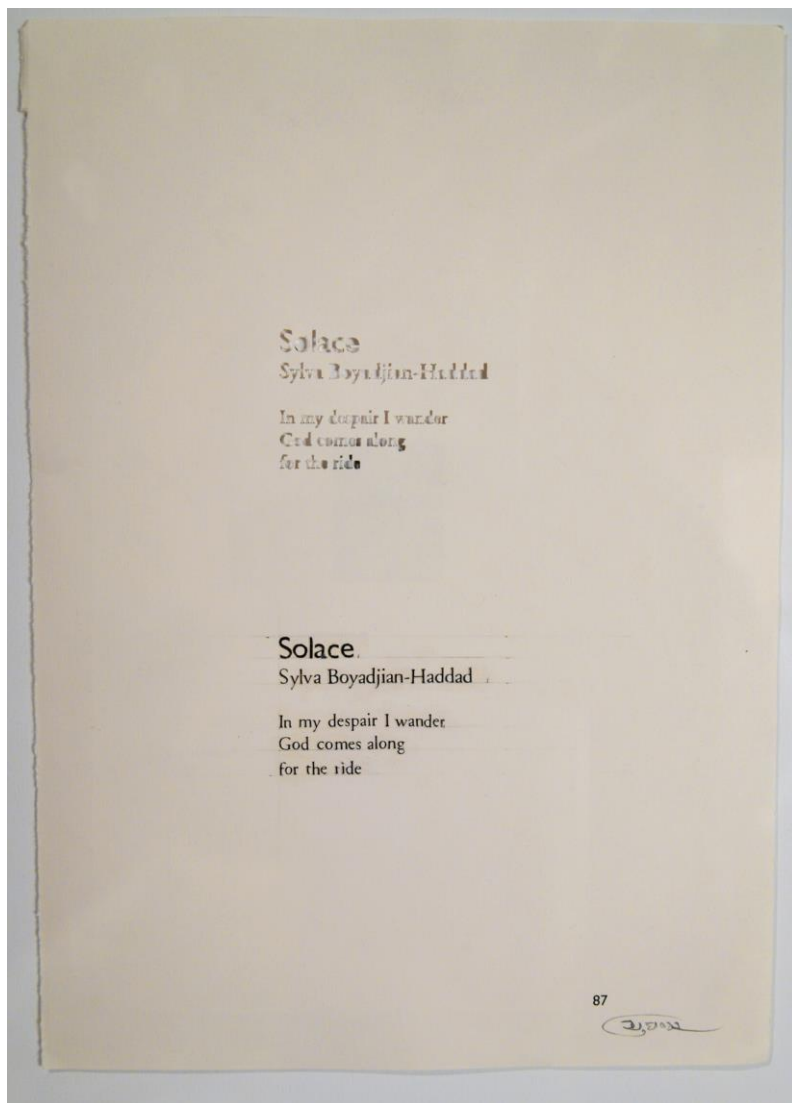
YOUTHISTIR MAHARJAN

Last Word, 2017

Hand-cut text collage on reclaimed book pages

9.25 x 6 in.

23 x 15 cm



YUDHISTHIR MAHARJAN

Displaced Solace, 2017

Hand-cut text collage on reclaimed book page

9.5 x 6.75 in.

24 x 17 cm



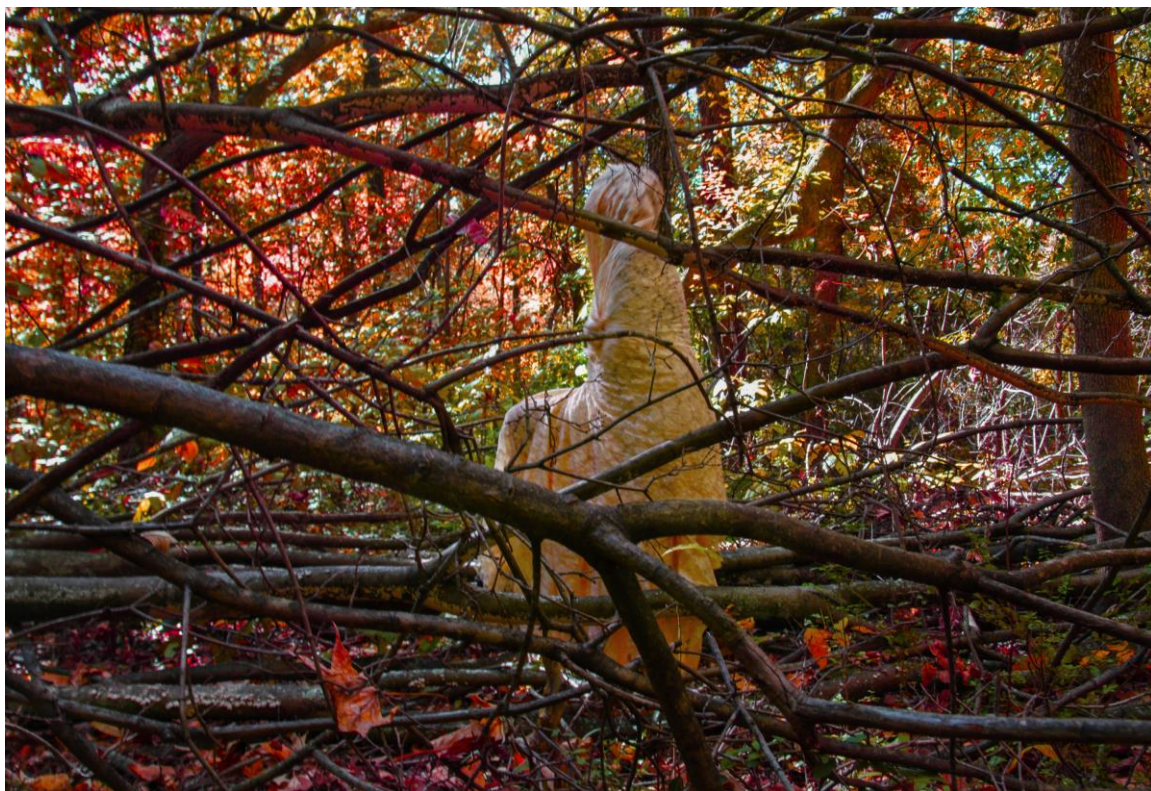
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (1), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (2), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



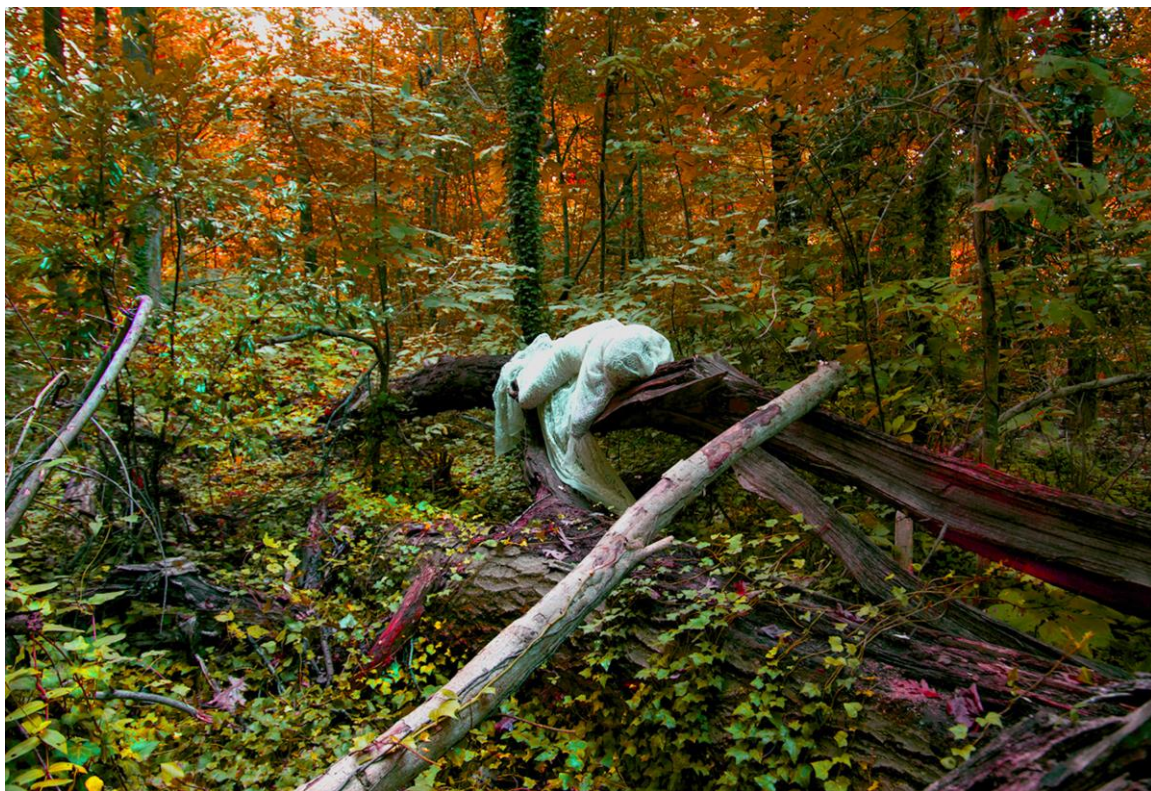
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (3), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (4), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



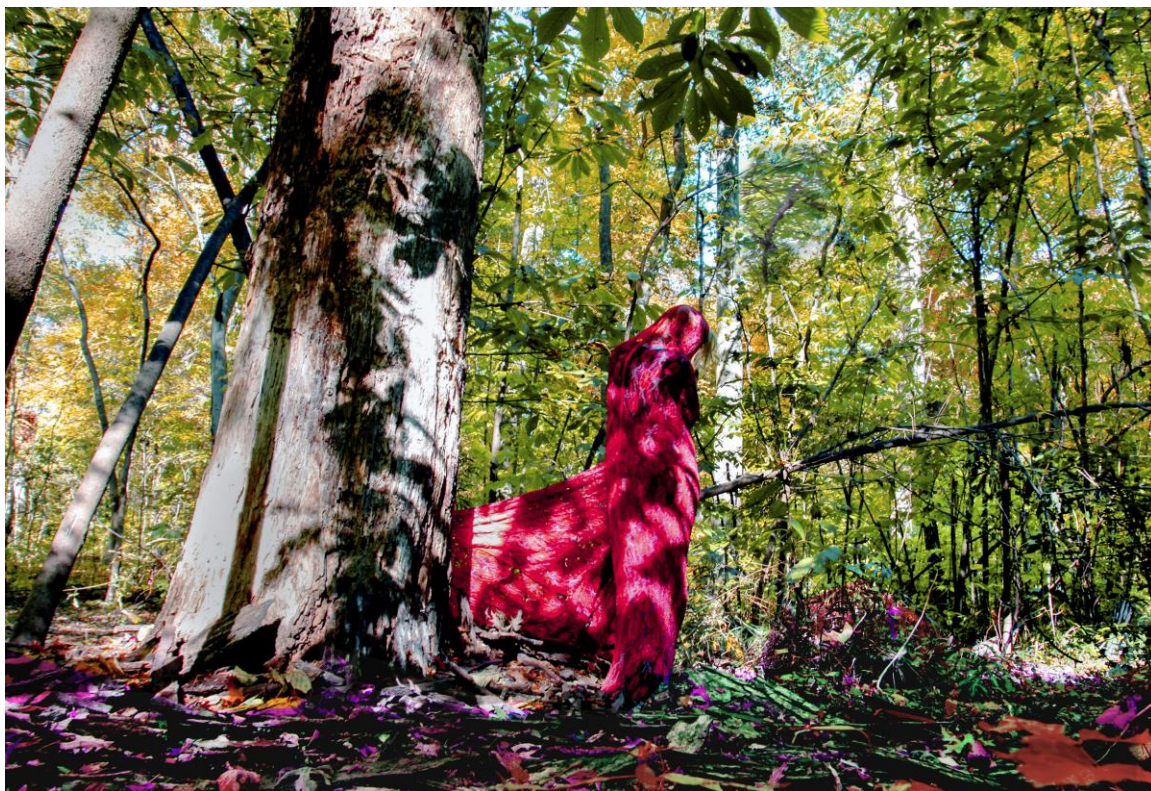
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (5), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



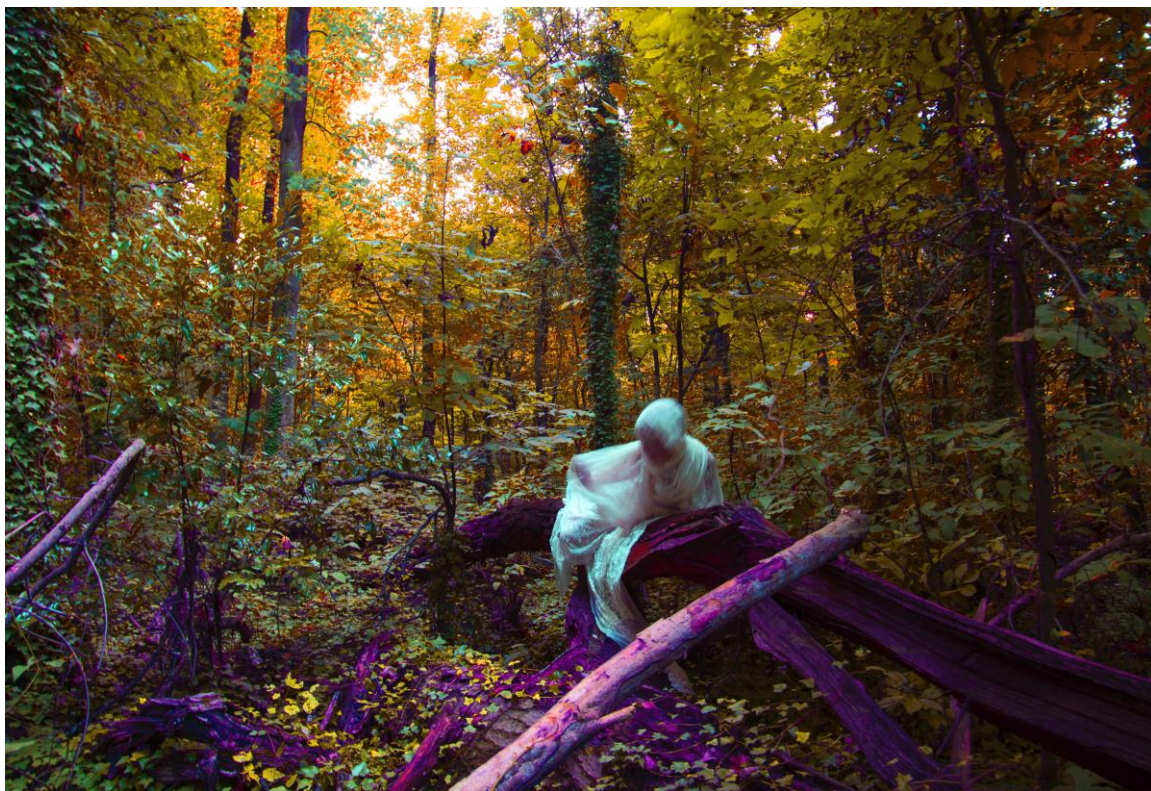
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (6), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (7), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



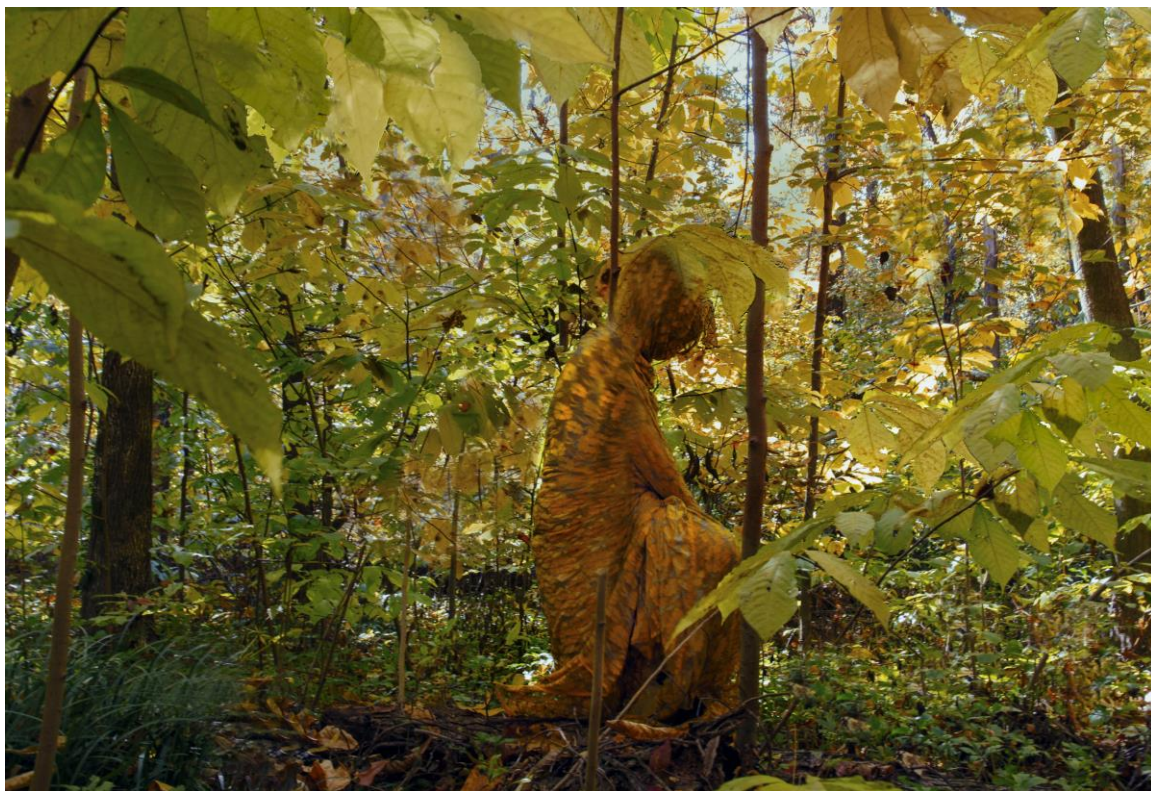
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (8), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



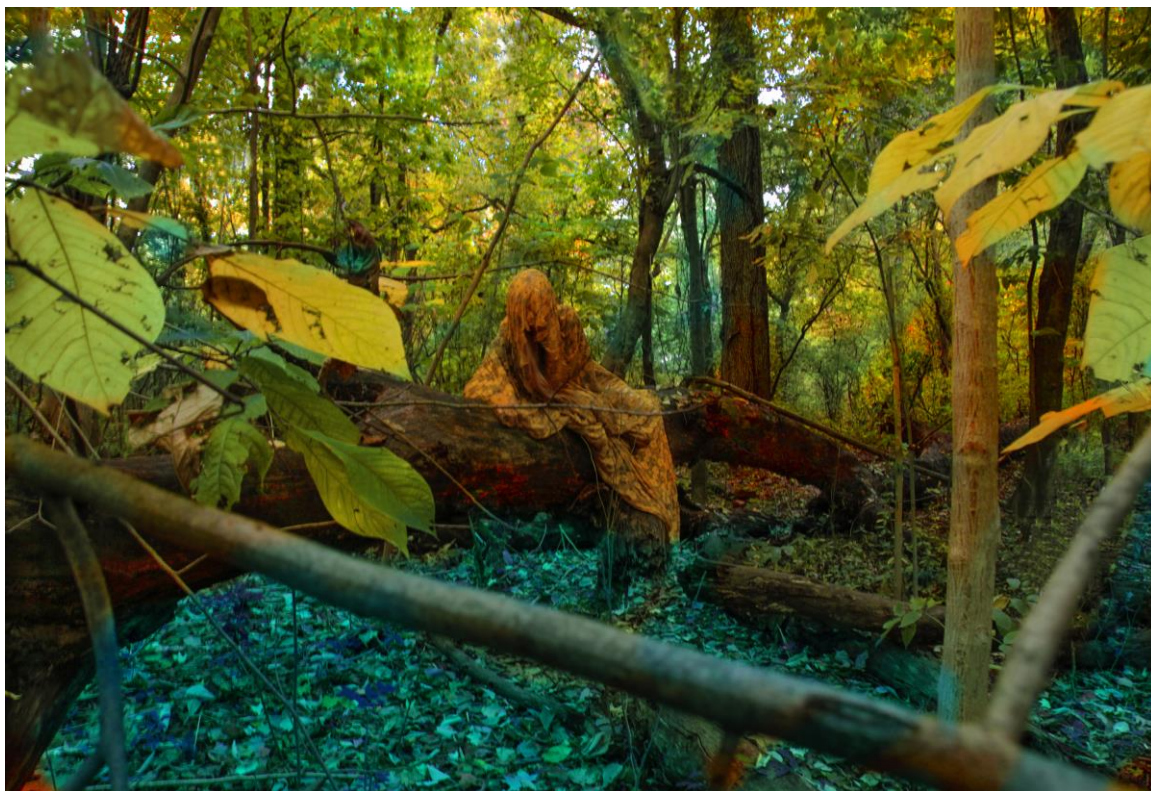
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (9), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



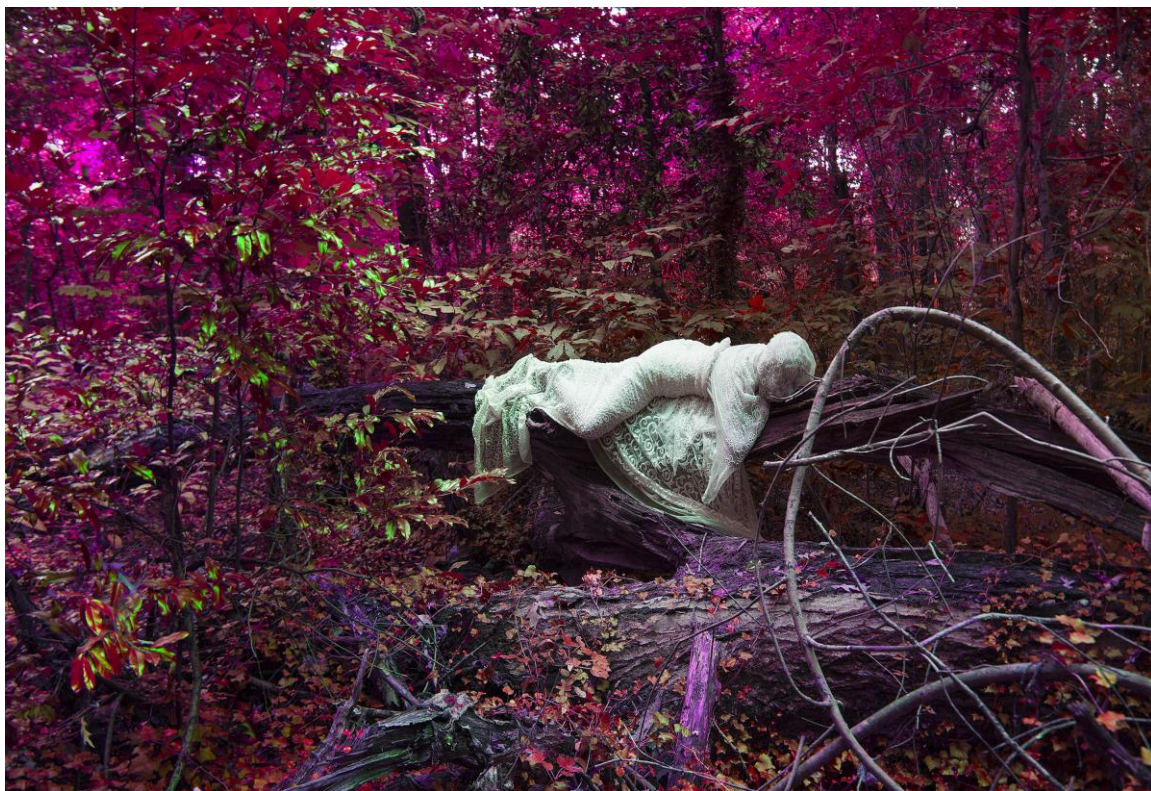
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (10), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



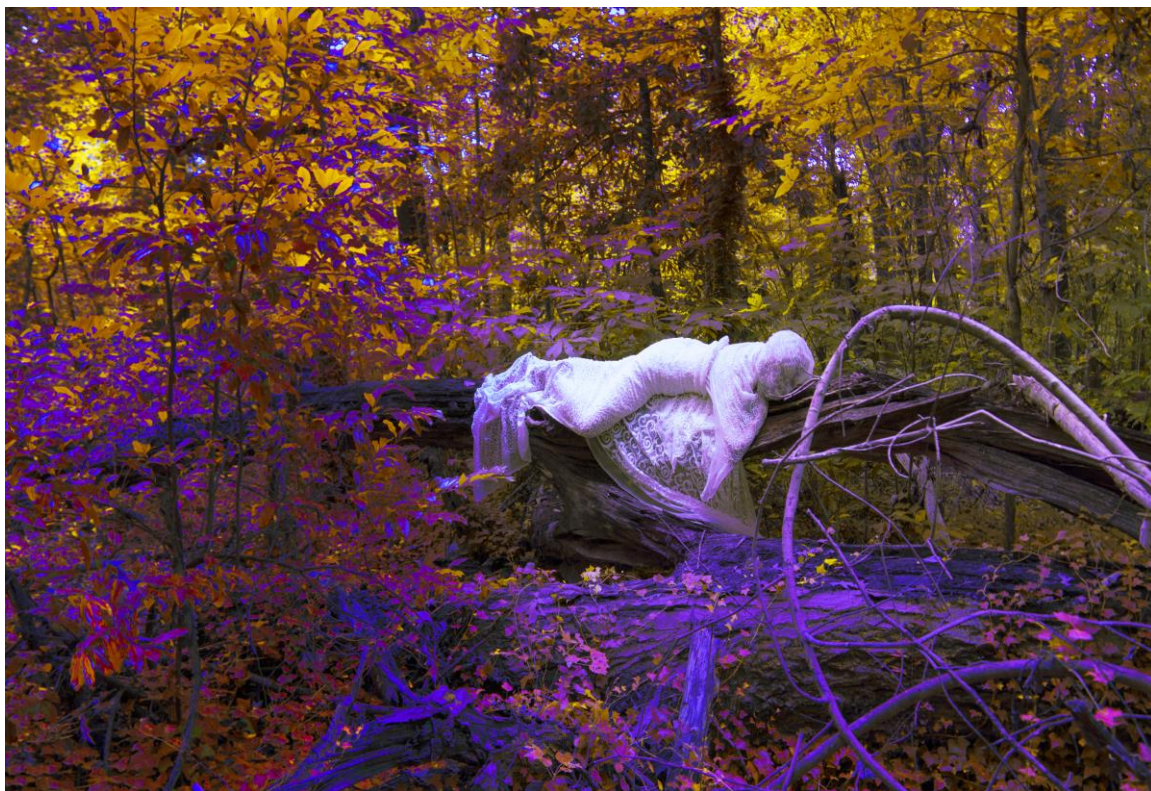
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (11), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (12), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



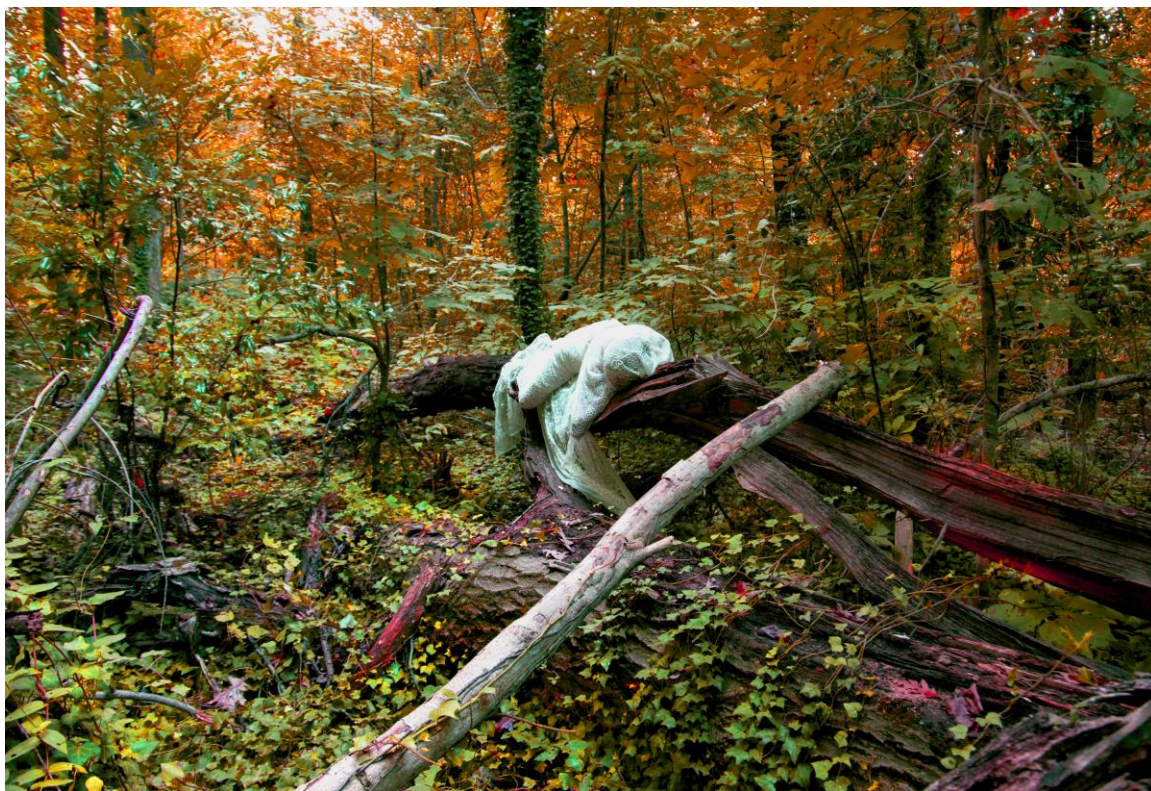
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (13), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (14), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (15), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



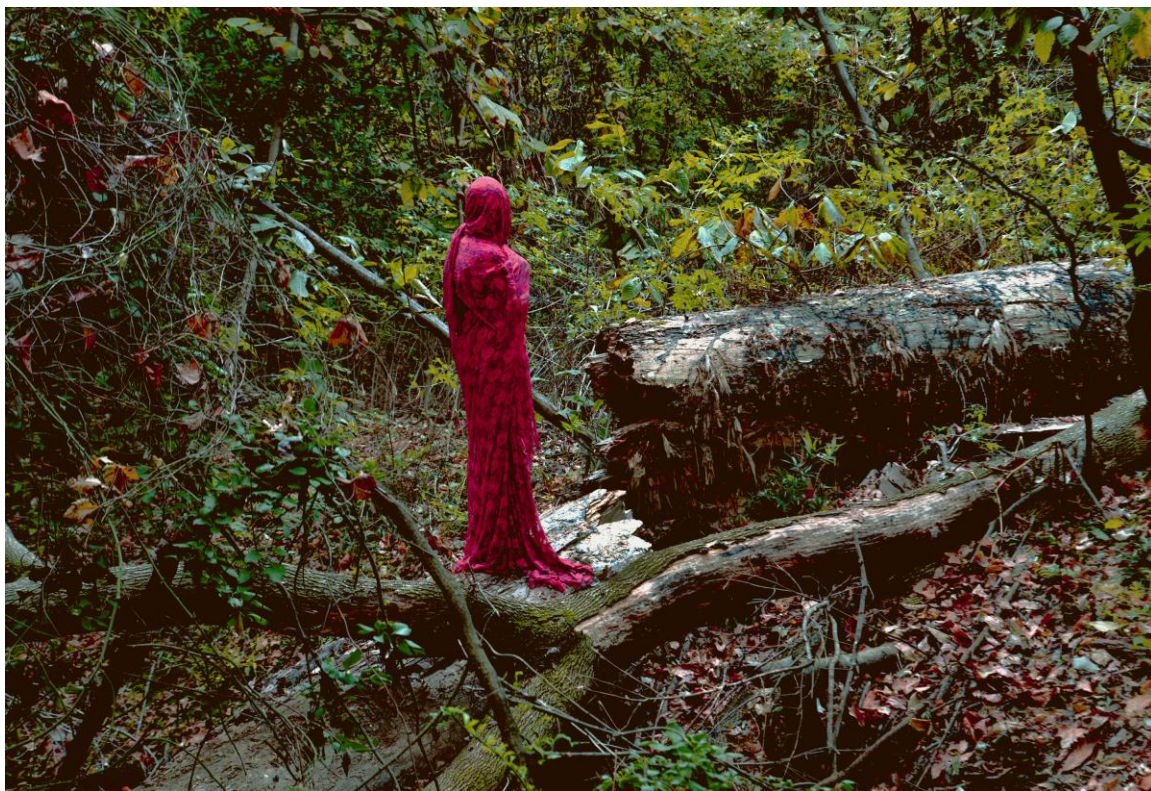
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (16), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



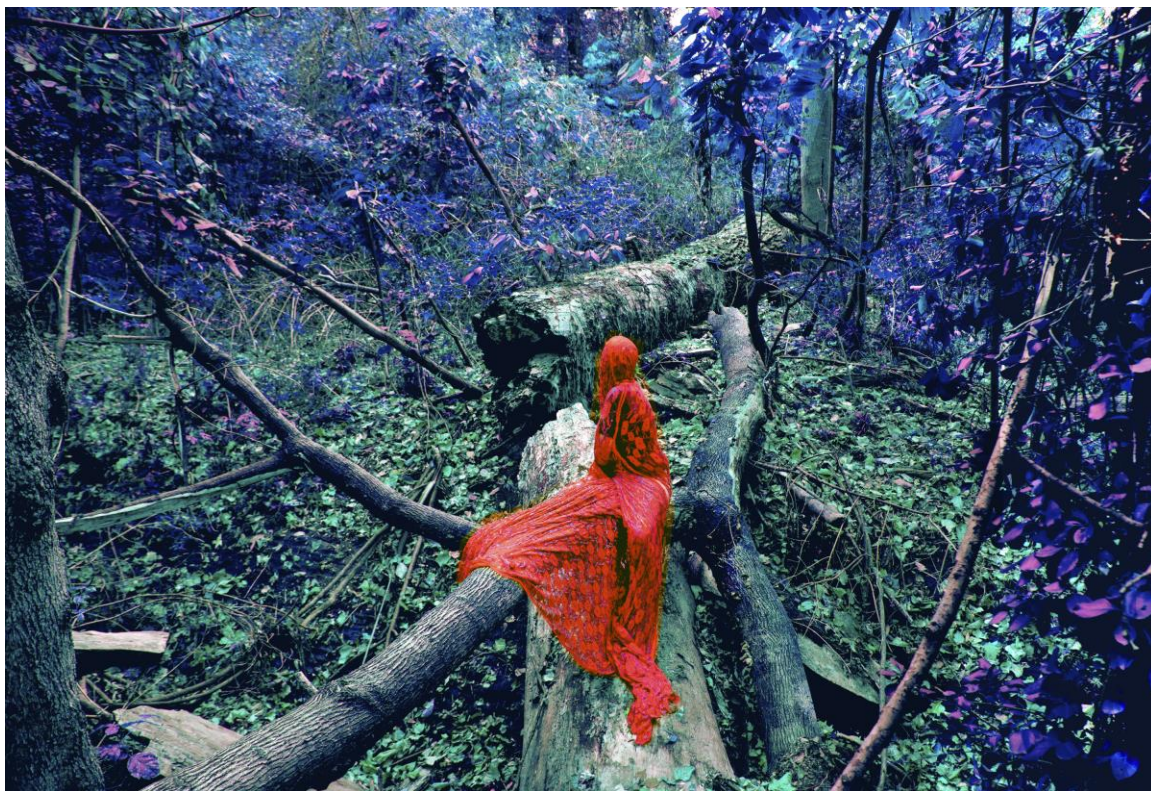
SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (17), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm



SARAH AHMAD

From the series 'Bol' (18), 2014 - 2020

Photography

36 x 48 in.

91 x 122 cm

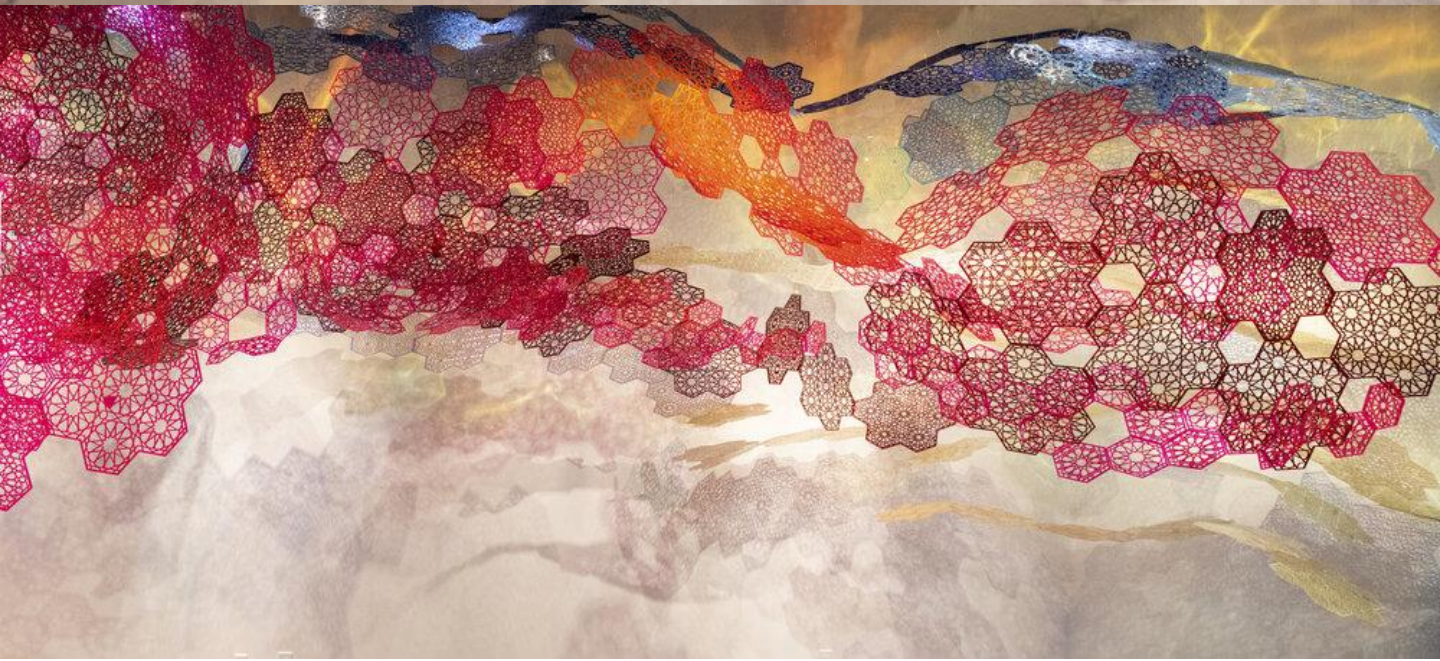


SARAH AHMAD

Cosmic Veils, 2020

Laser-cut fluorescent and transparent acrylic and dichroic film

Dimensions variable





SARAH AHMAD

Fractured Cosmos II, 2017

Pen and ink drawing on vellum

36 x 72 in.

91 x 183 cm



SARAH AHMAD

Fractured Cosmos V, 2019

Pen and ink drawing on vellum

36 x 63 in.

91 x 160 cm



SARAH AHMAD

Fractured Cosmos VI, 2019

Pen and ink drawing on vellum

36 x 60 in.

91 x 152 cm



AICON ART