

ISSUE #1 2022

ARTDOC

Photography Magazine



THE ARTIVISTS

BARRY SALZMAN

GIDEON MENDEL

JAN BANNING

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The Enigmatic Fringe of Existence

Photos in the family albums are a nostalgic way to find myself.

Nazli Abbaspour

Words by • Sohrab Ahmadi



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I think I have lived many times.
For this reason, the photos in the
family albums are a nostalgic way
for me to find myself.

And there are those old, big houses here in Tehran.
For many years they are already abandoned,
uninhabited and devastated. Surrounded by the
everyday bustle of the city, they stand here as silent
eyewitnesses and eyewitnesses to a past everyday
life that has long passed. These are places full of
history and stories. These places of nostalgia have
mesmerized me. If you listen carefully, then these
old houses can tell a lot, about their everyday life
earlier: at that time, when all the rooms were alive,
when the inhabitants there led a well glamorous
life. How did people live in those houses then? Were
you happier? How did the children spend their
childhood there?

Nazli Abbaspour



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The Enigmatic Fringe of Existence

I have been here continually for years, my relief,
etched onto the dignified, enduring walls and
windows that are the portals of mercy and
forgiveness.

Each recess of mine is the consequence of silent
patience and the account of progress & loss.

I protested not once while being devout to my
cause. What was shaped is a bright flame called
love, and this flicker began with every nail struck
into my structure and pressed through into my
walls.

I have been obscured in the whitewash of time. My frame has the odour of dank, the smell of age. My windows no longer catch the light; my walls are foundation weary.

None wished to reside in me any longer. None believed that I am secluded, enduring the sluggish demise of mankind. They have forsaken and forgotten me. Now, I am abandoned and isolated and only know that the past connections are permanent.

Perhaps my doors will be closed for many a century, my walls will become crooked, but can we leave a house unoccupied forever?

Sohrab Ahmadi



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