



FATEMEH BURNES

Imprints of Nature and Human Nature

FATEMEH BURNES

Imprints of Nature and Human Nature

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

My sincerest gratitude goes to all the individuals and groups at Mt. San Antonio College who have supported this exhibition and the production of this catalogue; including The Associated Students; The Art Alliance; President /CEO of Mt. San Antonio College, Dr. Bill Scroggins; Vice President of Instruction, Dr. Virginia Burley; The Board of Trustees; my students, Howard Hill, Melody Kriesel, Anna Mendoza, Nancy Morikawa, Inés Nuño, Thomas Padilla, Mary Linda Piercy, and Selena Robles.

I want to give special thanks to my Dean, Dr. Sue Long, for believing in me and supporting me through every step of this project; my gallery team, Cynthia Orr and David McIntosh; Shana Nys Dambrot, Betty Ann Brown, and Peter Frank for contributing their brilliant exhibition essays and interview; My husband Jim, my children, Lara, Alex, Ava and Brighid, my son-in-law Michael, my grandson Mikaelus, and my dog/studio mate Coco; my "art son," Jared Linge and my mentor, Peter Frank.

Fatmeh Burnes  
March 2013







*Looking Down*, copper, wood, oil, natural pigment, and carving, 24 x 26.5 inches, 2012

#### COURAGE, VISION, PRESENCE: A PORTRAIT OF FATEMEH BURNES

It is a cold, misty day in Southern California, the coastline obscured under thick gray clouds. The drive to Laguna Beach curves through greening hills caught by occasional splinters of sunlight, then blanketed in fog and bursts of rain. I pull into a cul-de-sac just a few steps from the sand and knock on a tall door, wondering what kind of art is being made in this impressive domestic retreat.

Fatemeh Burnes opens the door with a welcoming smile, her heavy dark hair cascading over her shoulders and her skin illuminated as if from within. She gives me a quick tour of the bottom floor, taking me to the terrace with its view of Catalina Island, pointing out paintings by friends and mentors, identifying her husband and four children in the many family photographs. She offers me a steaming cup of Earl Grey tea. We climb a spiraling staircase and cross an elevated walkway to her studio. The transition from elegant home to functioning workspace is remarkable: The walls explode with photographed color, canvases and carvings are piled across the floor, computers and other equipment are sheltered in the corners. Clearly, this is a productive artist—and one who “speaks” several visual languages.

Fatemeh begins by telling me our interview is to be about her art, not her life. Yet as she speaks, her personal story is so compelling that we end up discussing it for hours. I realize the astonishing vicissitudes of her personal experience have fueled her work in unique and unprecedented ways. As we converse, columns of resin-covered photographs glisten in front of us, and screens of moody oil paintings hover to one side. Immersed in her art, the artist weaves a tale of suffering and courage, sustained vision, and the healing nature of the creative process.

#### *COURAGE*

Fatemeh Burnes was born in Teheran, Iran, in the middle of the twentieth century. Her prominent family was composed of diverse immigrants, some from Ukraine, others from Germany, still others from Mongolia. Her father was quite powerful, her family privileged. But their life of comfort was cut horribly short when the Shah deported her father. Fatemeh was only five years old. She and her mother were thrown into abject poverty, sleeping in graveyards and abandoned factories. They were rescued, finally, by her grandmother. Traumatic experiences like this have crushed many people, propelling them into lives of negativity and victimhood. But Fatemeh rose above the devastation and turned to creative expression.

The young Fatemeh had been surrounded by famous writers and poets, so it is no surprise that she began writing poetry early on. Her poetry, written in classical style, was acknowledged by the King and Queen (who probably would have been shocked by her erotic verses!) She began painting at age 13, having been trained in both Western and classical Persian styles. Indeed, she met the man who was to marry her when he came to sit for a portrait. The sophisticated and cultured Russian-Armenian engineer, twenty-seven years older than the painter, promised a security Fatemeh had longed for since the loss of her father. They married when she was 15. The child bride and her husband travelled extensively throughout Europe and Asia. In 1973, the couple purchased a home in Newport Beach and settled permanently in the U.S. In 1977. Both their children were born here.

(Alexander is now an accomplished nano-physicist based in Europe, and Lara, a Los Angeles screenwriter, just gave Fatemeh her first grandchild.) Five years later, Fatemeh left her husband, realizing that the relationship had become intolerable and divorce was her only survival option. Yet again, she was forced to call upon her incredible reserve of courage: Only the extreme step of ending the marriage would protect her and her children from further pain.

In 1982, Fatemeh began studying at California State University, Fullerton. The one-time poet, still learning English, realized that the visual arts had become the best avenue for her personal expression. She completed her MFA degree in 1986. She married one of her Fullerton professors the following year. With her graduate degree came entry into the Los Angeles art world. Fatemeh taught and exhibited extensively throughout the 1990s, showing with Los Angeles notables F. Scott Hess, Michael C. McMillen, Peter Zokosky, and many others. She befriended many of her husband's acquaintances and former students, including, for example, famed New York-based artist Mark Kostabi. But this marriage, too, was not fated to last. He treated Fatemeh and her children unkindly, and destroyed dozens of her artworks. She left him in 1993; it wasn't until later that she learned he suffered from dementia.

The artist met her current husband, a tax attorney, in 1994. They married in 1995. Fatemeh and Jim Burnes have two lovely teenage daughters, Ava and Brigid. Both are, like their mother, very creative and interested in culture. Through all the challenges of marriage, divorce, and raising four children, Fatemeh Burnes has continued to work, to educate —she is now a tenured professor and university gallery director—and to make art. But she has faced more than just emotional strife with unwavering courage. At age 15, for instance, the year she married her first husband, she lost all mobility on the left side of her body and lay in a hospital bed for months. (One thinks of Frida Kahlo similarly immobile, turning her bed into a painting studio.) Fatemeh has battled physical issues ever since. From an early age, then, and in an enduring way, she has learned to cope with pain. She has been forced to. "I'm a fighter," she asserts. Art has been a central part of that fight.

At times, the pain was overwhelming and she couldn't paint. Silently, secretly, she began to create less physically demanding art with the camera. Initially, she hid her new work, believing that a serious artist should choose between painting and photography. Fatemeh credits Los Angeles critic Peter Frank with giving her "permission" to claim her identity as both photographer and painter. Four years ago, renewing a friendship forged when she was with her second husband, Frank came to her Laguna Beach home for a studio visit. The artist had been experiencing debilitating pain, and there was only one painting for him to look at. "What else have you been doing?" Frank asked. "You must have been making more art." At first she denied it, but eventually admitted that she'd been taking photographs. When he saw them, he was astounded. "Don't hide them anymore," Frank insisted.

Since that fateful visit, Fatemeh Burnes has been—proudly—a painter AND a photographer. By 2011, she was exhibiting her photographs and had published a gorgeous book. Entitled *drift: Imprints of Nature and Human Nature*, the book presents radiant images that range from trees silhouetted against golden dawns, to an arc of

cliffs reddened by the sunset, to freeway underpasses transformed into minimalist grids. Today, her studio walls are hung with dozens of brilliant photographs. Mounted on rectangular wooden panels, they are covered with several layers of resin. The colors sparkle, almost as if inside a stained glass window, and the fractured, lyrical forms are, well, poetic. They embody the allusive aesthetic of the poet-turned-artist.

Fatemeh explains her reliance on the camera as more than just an aesthetic decision. "Being in people's presence can be very energy-consuming," she explains. "My brain and my eyes don't stop. Sometimes all I want to do is be alone in my studio. I've found that being behind my camera is a fantastic escape." The camera may serve as a shield for the artist, a way to separate her from the demands of being mother, wife, full-time professor, and artist. But Fatemeh has also turned it into an elegant tool with which she can create exquisite abstractions resulting from the intersection of bodies, lights, and colors. Appropriately for a woman who says that photography is "like dancing" for her, many of her photographs depict dancers. Her models perform amongst mirrors, colored lights, and reflective mylar sheets in a surreal world of cubistic refraction. Some of the most poignant stories she tells are about friends who protest that they DO NOT DANCE—but find themselves freed to move and play and, yes, dance in front of the relative anonymity of Fatemeh's lens. It is clearly a liberating process for everyone involved.

Fatemeh's paintings, by turn, reveal her awareness of the media-based mandates of art history – and her liberation from their strictures. Rather than limit herself to oil paints on rectangular canvases, she prefers to paint on wooden panels. She often carves into those panels, cutting intricate lines across otherwise flat, smooth surfaces. The carved lines give her paintings unexpected tactile dimension, turning them from mere images into adamantly concrete objects existing in three-dimensional space.

Her painted subjects range from the degradation of the natural world to the agony of human suffering. But, just as Fatemeh has refused to be pdefeated by the difficult challenges of her life, her painted images of inner and outer devastation should not be read as wholly depressing. Rather, the artist explains, "My dream is that all the pain and the dark times will be seen as part of the rhythm of life." In pictorial affirmation, the rhythms of life revealed in her paintings turn upward after every downturn.

In her depictions of nature, Fatemeh often uses birds as symbols of soulful presence. She perches them on knotty tangles of tree branches that weave through space. "When I was eight years old," she recounts, "I believed I was a bird. I was so sure I could fly that I jumped off a building and broke several ribs. I am still envious of birds. I love their texture and visual surprises. I've studied their anatomy. They are compact and small. And they can fly! They connect to both air and water. They are more in touch with the elements." We are not so far from birds after all. "We are nature, not separate," the artist insists, echoing Jackson Pollock's assertion, "I am nature." Fatemeh explains that the overall title given her recent works is "Imprints of Nature and Human Nature." The two natures are one.

Perhaps the most powerful single source of anguish and fervor in Fatemeh's work comes from her consideration of cruelty visited on humans by other humans. She tells me that for some time, she and her daughter Ava carried on a dialog about human tragedies such as the Holocaust. In 2009, while visiting Alex in Germany, Ava insisted on going to a concentration camp. They visited Dachau, Fatemeh thinking all the time of the German (perhaps Jewish) branch of her family. Neither she nor Ava anticipated the impact of that visit, an impact that has resonated since through Fatemeh's work, in her photography and equally in her painting. The day I was in her studio, a four-panel piece on Dachau was leaning against her easel. The four rectangles first appeared to be sheets of copper covered with oxidizing drips. Closer examination, however, revealed figures emerging from behind the metallic curtain. Beautiful and evocative, the tetraptych is also a poignant suggestion of disappearance and loss.

Fatemeh has done paintings referencing the Iranian Revolution of 1979 as well. One large example depicts the large Teheran monument known as Azadi, or the Freedom Tower. The immense iconic structure marks the west entrance to the city. But its rigid geometry dissolves before her painterly eye, becoming a shadowy echo of the people's aspirations both before and in the wake of the upheaval.

#### VISION

Last year, Fatemeh told Daniella Walsh, "I was taught early on that giving to others is really a gift for yourself, a privilege." She speaks of her family, especially her grandmother and mother, as remarkable humanitarians profoundly committed to charitable work. Her grandmother invited homeless people into her house for meals, developing a caring sense of community with them. Similarly, the year before her mother died, Fatemeh learned that she had helped thousands of people with loans through a private banking system of her own devising.

The artist aspires to "that level of compassion." She adds, "My dream is to do something like that with my art. I am so blessed. I want to mentor homeless teens, especially girls. I hope to develop the mentoring program with other artists, and plan to give a percentage of my art sales to the program."



As she dreams of developing the mentoring program, Fatemeh is inspired by the words of 13th century Iranian poet Saadi Shirazi. His most famous poem has the following passage:

Human beings are members of a whole,  
In creation of one essence and soul.  
If one member is afflicted with pain,  
Other members uneasy will remain.  
If you've no sympathy for human pain,  
The name of human you cannot retain!  
(Translated by M. Aryanpoor)

"We are all part of the same body," asserts Fatemeh.

#### PRESENCE

Before I leave, Fatemeh turns her thoughts to the process of making art. She tells me one of her doctors suggested that she meditate, but that she knows her art-making is her own form of quiet mental focus. It requires that she become consciously present and mindful. As she speaks, I think of Eckhart Tolle's words, "All true artists, whether they know it or not, create from a place of no-mind, from inner stillness." Fatemeh is capable of spending entire days in the stillness of her studio, neither seeing nor speaking to another human being. Such times are the best for her. She creates a deep and abiding connection to the spirit of her work. Her comments make me think of what British artist and author Nick Bantock has written: "Art becomes a spiritual practice depending on the degree of commitment you bring to it. Every experience becomes direct food for your art. Then your art teaches you about life."

Fatemeh brings absolute commitment to her painting and photography. "The reality of my life is I'm a mother, a grandmother, an educator, a gallery director," the artist observes. "I have a past, with challenges and pain and successes. All of this contributes to making me an artist. In the studio, I become connected to everything. It is all about being present."

Fatemeh Burnes' art requires the same present-moment awareness from viewers. Poetic and evocative, it invites us to slow our gaze and become quiet in its presence. When we do, we are greatly rewarded.

Betty Ann Brown, Ph.D.  
January 2013

(left) Runway, archival inkjet print, 2013



#### FATEMEH BURNES: TRAVELING COMPANION

*So what are people supposed to do if they want to avoid a collision [by thinking] but still lie in the field, enjoying the clouds drifting by, listening to the grass grow -- not thinking, in other words? Sound hard? Not at all. Logically, it's easy. C'est simple. The answer is dreams. Dreaming on and on. Entering the world of dreams, and never coming out. Living in dreams for the rest of time. In dreams, you don't need to make any distinctions between things. Not at all. Boundaries don't exist.*  
--Haruki Murakami, from *Sputnik Sweetheart*

In the service of a lesser talent than hers, the exuberant and omnivalent proliferation of media and styles on rotation in the studio practice of Fatemeh Burnes could well unsettle viewers more accustomed to singular aesthetic and iconographic catchphrases, or to clear boundaries between genres. The idea of one painter active at several points along a photorealist, fantastical, and abstract expressionist landscape continuum, as well as working acid on metal and generating volumes of both set and documentary photography -- all this, by one hand at one time, defies logic. But in Burnes' studio there is neither need nor urge to make such distinctions. For her, academic boundaries do not exist. It's really very simple: taken as a whole, her polyamorous practice represents the totality of her consciousness, a lively, atomic place that can only be understood as a complex simultaneity.

"I see the world abstractly with the challenge of being trapped by our visual language," Burnes says. "I often drift between spaces." She wields the paradoxical tools of precision, release, slow patience, vibrant gesture, exacting detail, mystical ambiguity, fractal math, organic evocation. In choosing the best match for each successive vision, Burnes ensures that each series is self-contained and distinctive -- seemingly at the expense of obvious cohesion.

But there are in fact both formal and conceptual/emotional meta-narrative interconnections to be excavated, the kind you can feel as well as the kind you can think about.

In the cartography of Burnes' consciousness, there is a kind of central fount from which all things flow, and that is Memory -- memory in the sense of specific events in the past, the past of life and of history; but also memory as a curiously elusive, all-powerful but poorly understood neurological function; and memory as a scaffold of identity, a bastion of unreliable facts, and a threatening storm of shadows; memory as a smelter where archetypes are burned; and even memory as part and parcel of the physical world.



In her woodland paintings, astonishing permutations of realistically depicted but geologically improbable forest landscapes, trees branch and knit together and unmerge and conjoin like the fleshy, electrified pathways of the human brain. The occasional songbird who navigates these lush, wild lands could then be

read as representative of ideas, or dreams, or memories. Belonging to subseries with names like "Revolution" and "Enlightenment" and subtitled for each dominant atmospheric color-wash (Red, Green, Blue), each painting also contains subtle variations in the depictive style, growing here looser, there tighter, expanding or constricting pictorial space with anomalous painterliness or trompe-l'oeil finesse. Burnes' progressive political views and Persian heritage also allow for more concrete messaging: consider the several works motivated by Iran's Green Revolution, or the dramatic painting Barcode, in which that motif of industrial commerce and human homogeneity doubles as a cage for a bird.

(left) *Imperfect Geometry*, oil, natural pigment, and acid on cold-rolled steel, 16 x 16 inches, 2011





One of the most compelling and curious things about the photographs in her book, *Drift*, is the prevalence of wintry European landscapes, featuring a plethora of silhouetted trees that provide naturally occurring branching patterns and emotionally charged atmospherics, very much akin to the paintings that preceded them. Except of course, these images are steeped in human chronicle, located in historically laden, even burdened, cities and rural landscapes. They display the same craggy, thorny knots and tangles as those paintings; and again they operate as pathways of consciousness, connecting past and present, as memory does. Of course, memories -- like cities, like mountains, like floodwaters -- do not only accrue, they also erode...

*Roofs, falling as the sky is falling, and the world turns, desperately trying to shake these faces from its face. Snow is covering us like plaster. We shall be here, as Warsaw, Moscow, Paris, Rotterdam and even shy Vienna were there, dying under the stormy, musical snow.*  
--Frank O'Hara, from *Chopiniana*

Burnes' on-again/off-again work with acid and pigment on copper, aluminum, and steel looks nothing like her woodland works; and except for a certain resonance with frothy patinas and the hazy skies of a European winter, they don't look like the drift photographs either. But in these quasi-abstract etched paintings there is the same instinct for the shrouded, for wispy gathering and ungathering against a damp and heavy ether, and there are the suggestions of figures -- no, of the residue of figures. They are built up and wiped away, and thus their images are not only ghostly, but actual ghosts. It is as though Burnes has made visible the invisible inhabitants of the places in drift. Looking at these works is like watching the act of forgetting, or hearing a symphony in reverse.

If the alchemically transformative acid and metal paintings are about what melts away in the mists of time, then the photographs Burnes calls "Transluminants" are about what is revealed in the fullness of time. They are realized through a combination of organic and mechanical means, and the images retain the proof of that duality. They contain ambiguous but accessible bodies in inhabitable spaces; but amid the hot riot of linear crispness, mingled layers, and saturated color, these presences are not always easy to spot straight away, as individuals are both celebrated and subsumed. Photographs of bodies in motion, the images themselves are transformed by -- built from -- that motion, and the optical fusion in this temporal documenta-



tion can best be described, finally, as painterly. Burnes achieves a muscular yet delicate chromatic range, seeming to invent her own palette through luminosity and recombination. These images do with the figure what the landscape paintings do with the natural world. The "Transluminants" are expressionist portrait photographs, as proliferate and attractive as the blossoms in a wild forest glade, each still frame seeming to encapsulate a range of movement within it, in a tangle of limbs and refractions. In addition to being a pliant metaphor for the human spirit, as Burnes sees it, "dancing is not an isolated act, only a distinct perception. In the end, it is all about light breaking through matter, showing us what our eyes are not able to see."

Shana Nys Dambrot  
February 2013

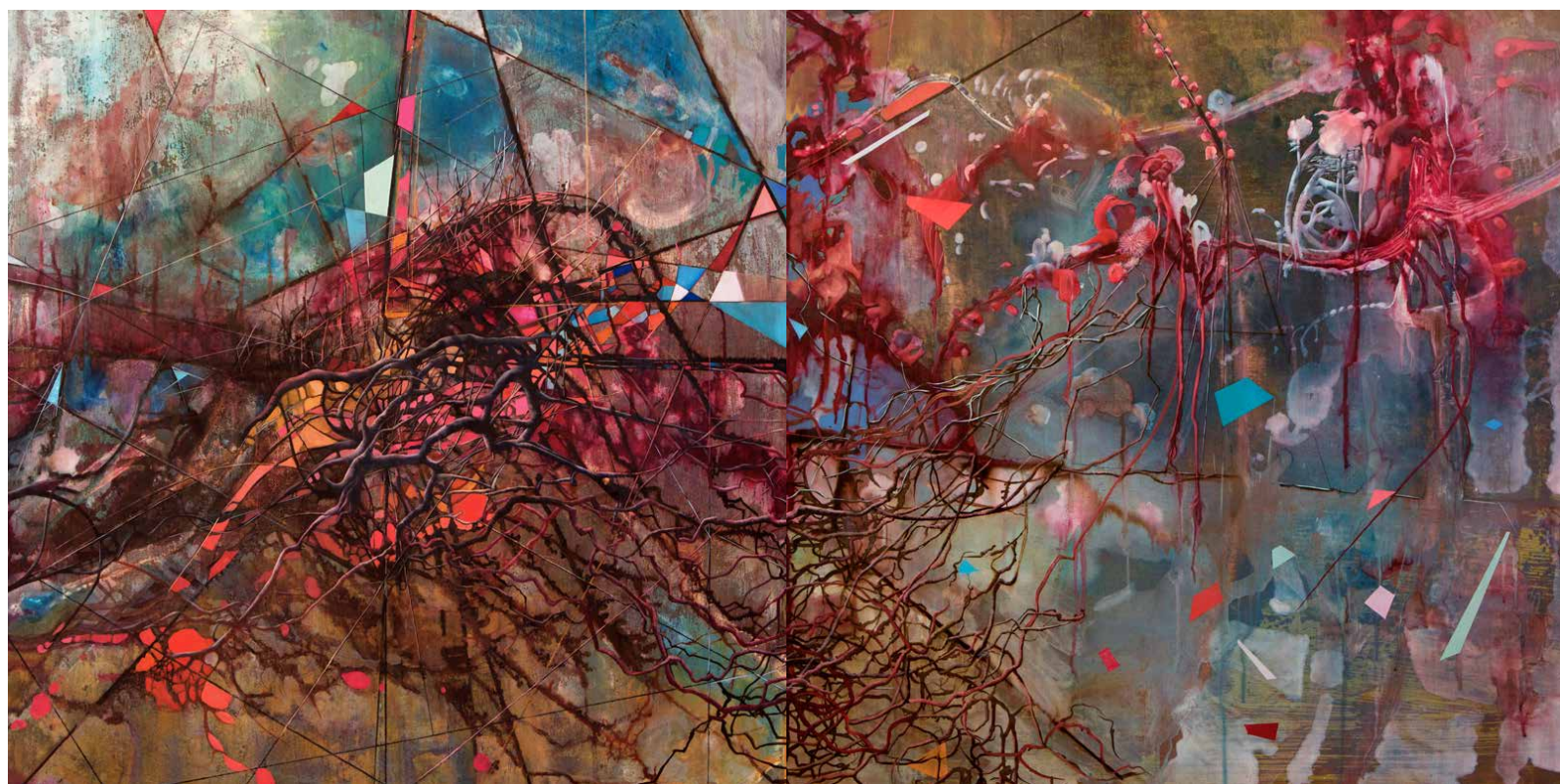


Decode, oil, natural pigment, acid, and wax on aluminum, 10 x 11 inches, 2011





*Mother and Child*, oil, natural pigment, and acid on aluminum, 11 x 24 inches, 2011  
(following) *Hiroshima*, oil, acid, and natural pigment on copper, 36 x 72 inches, 2012 - 2013

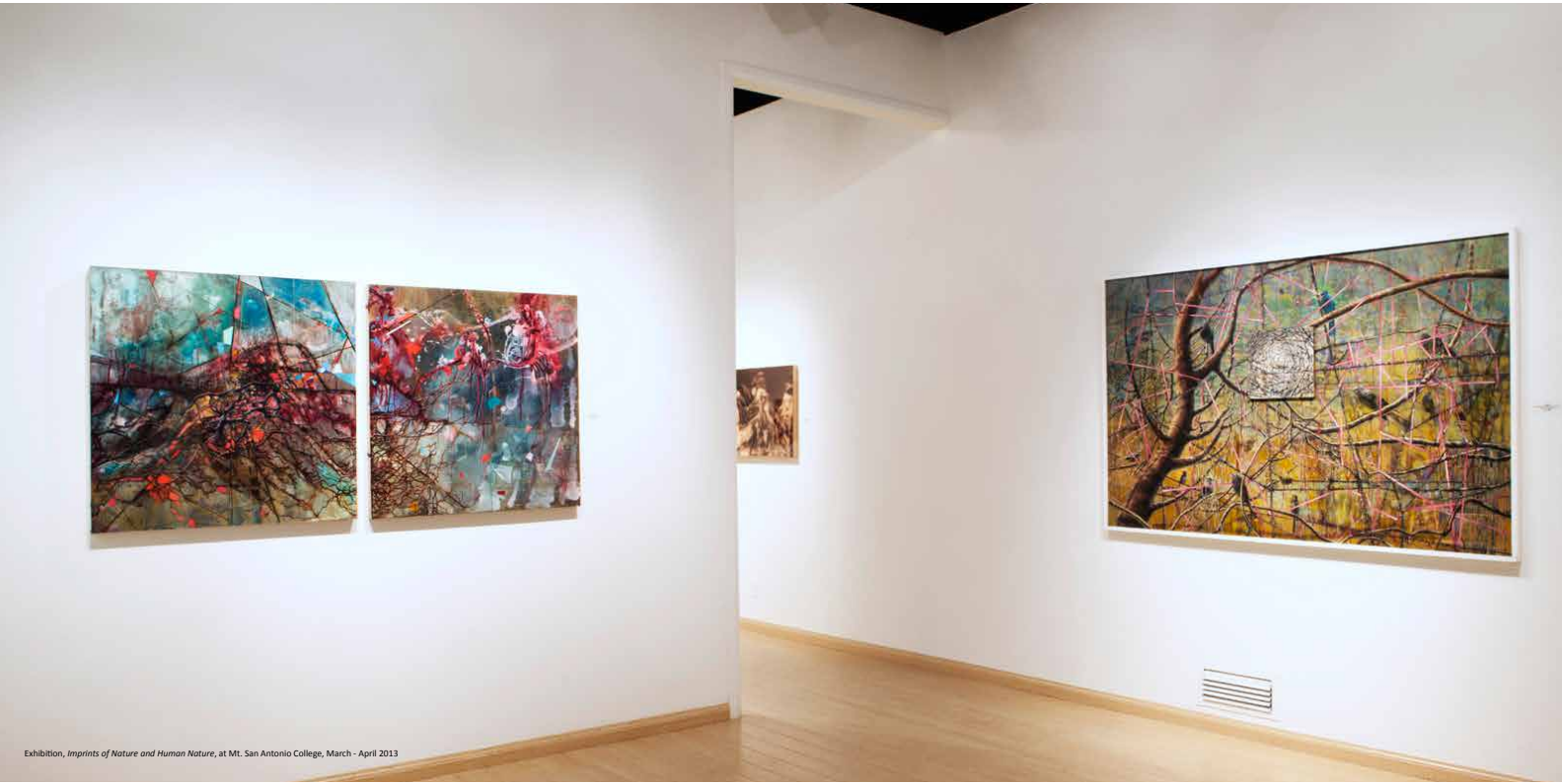






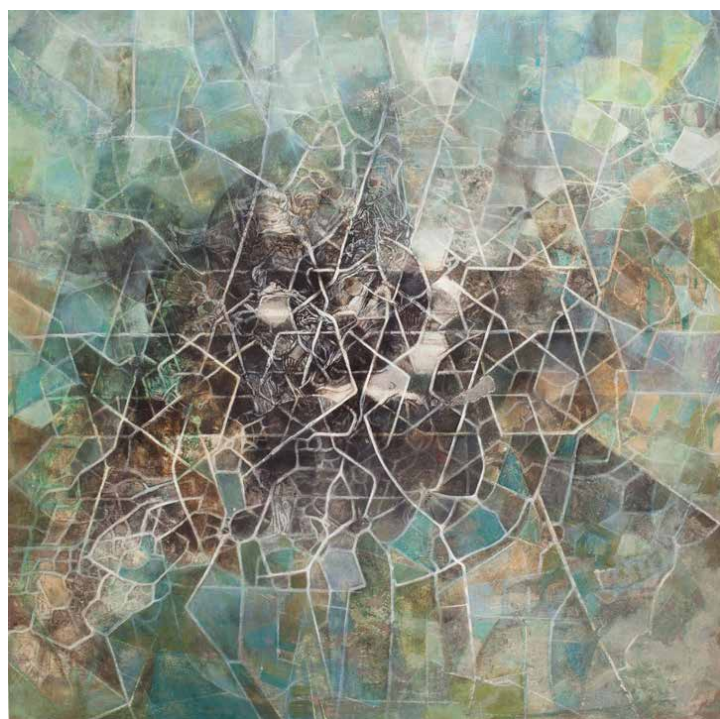
details





Exhibition, *Imprints of Nature and Human Nature*, at Mt. San Antonio College, March - April 2013

*Imperfect Geometry*, oil, natural pigment, and acid on cold-rolled steel, 16 x 16 inches, 2011







*I Wrote Her from Dachau*, oil, natural pigment, acid, and wax on copper, mounted to cold-rolled steel, 8.25 x 24.75 inches, 2011





*Dachau* (upper panel of triptych), oil, wax, and etching on cold-rolled steel, 12 x 36 inches, 2011-2013



Dachau (lower panel of triptych), oil, wax, and etching on cold-rolled steel, 12 x 36 inches, 2011-2013





German Frost, oil, natural pigment, and acid on aluminum, 11 x 24 inches, 2011



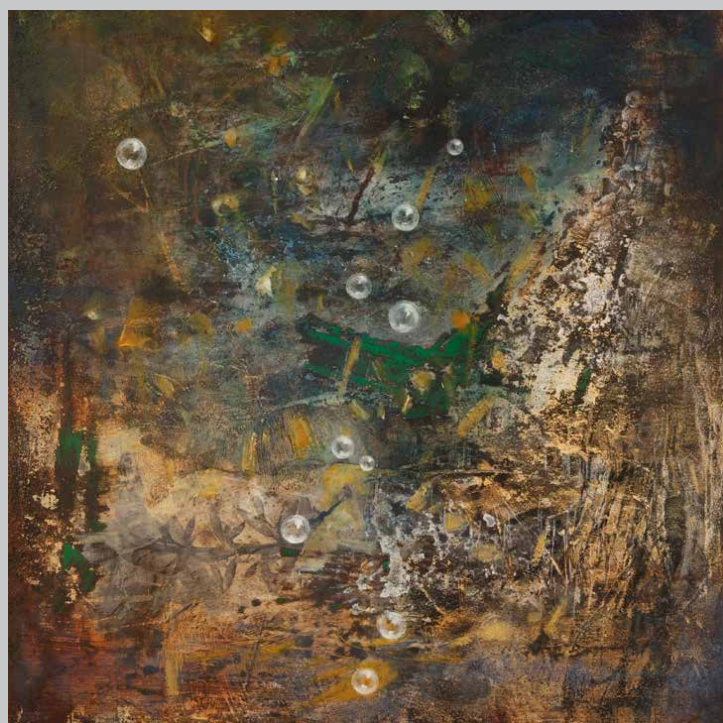


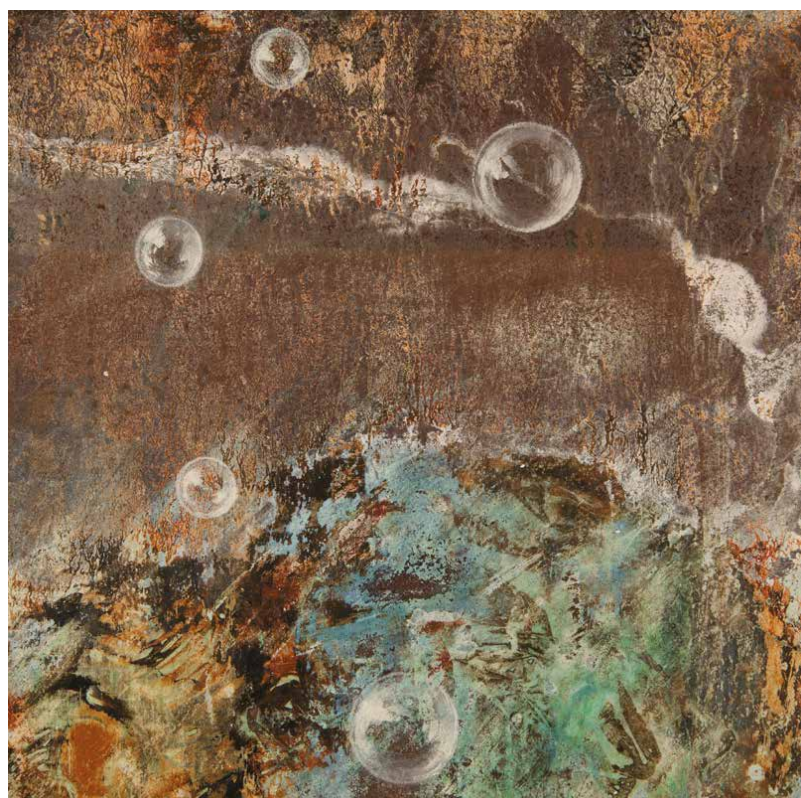
*Air Fossil (I Was Born!)*, oil, acid, and natural pigment on cold-rolled steel, 56 x 16 inches, 2012 - 2013

detail (center panel)

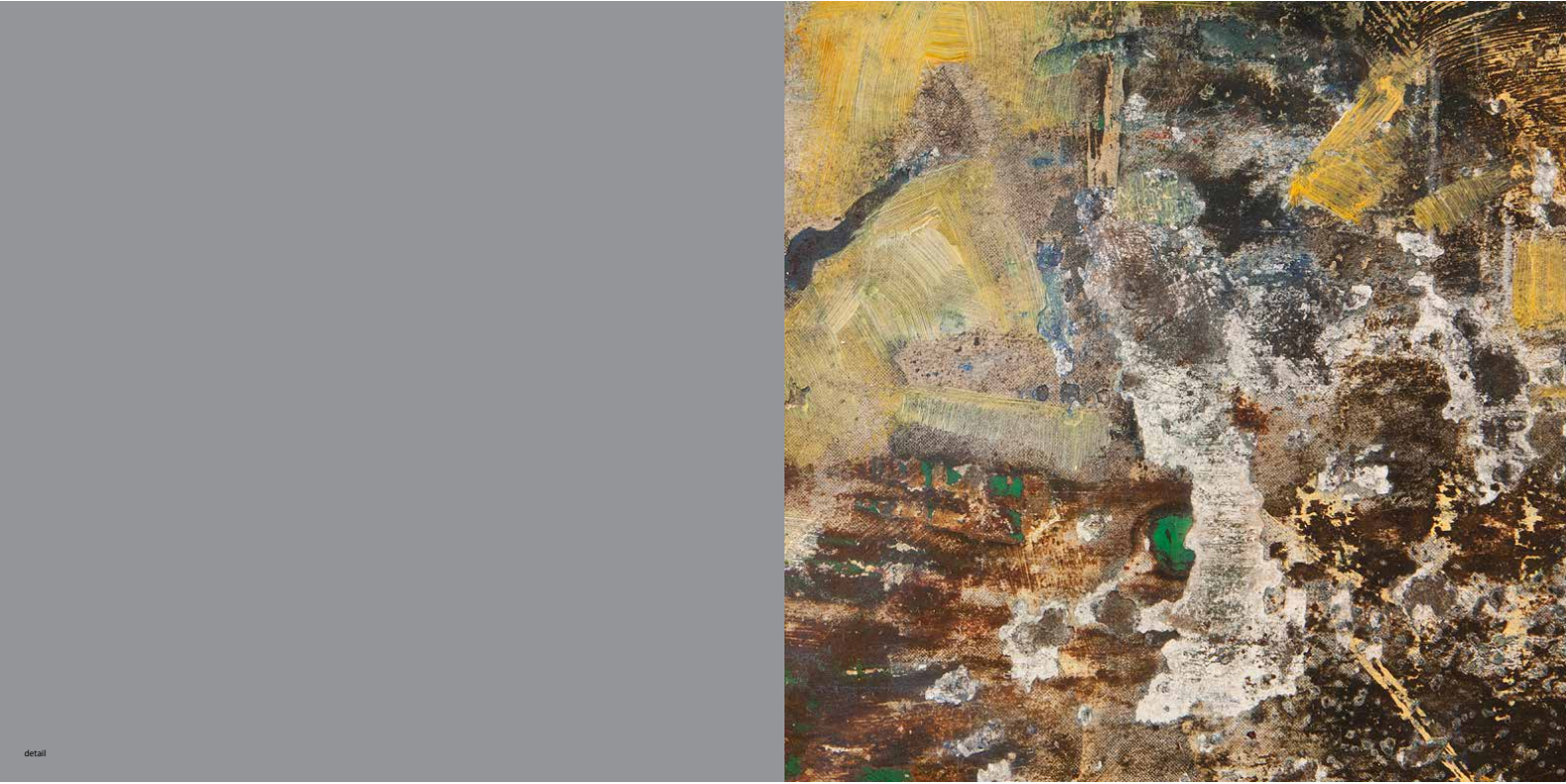


detail (lower panel)









detail

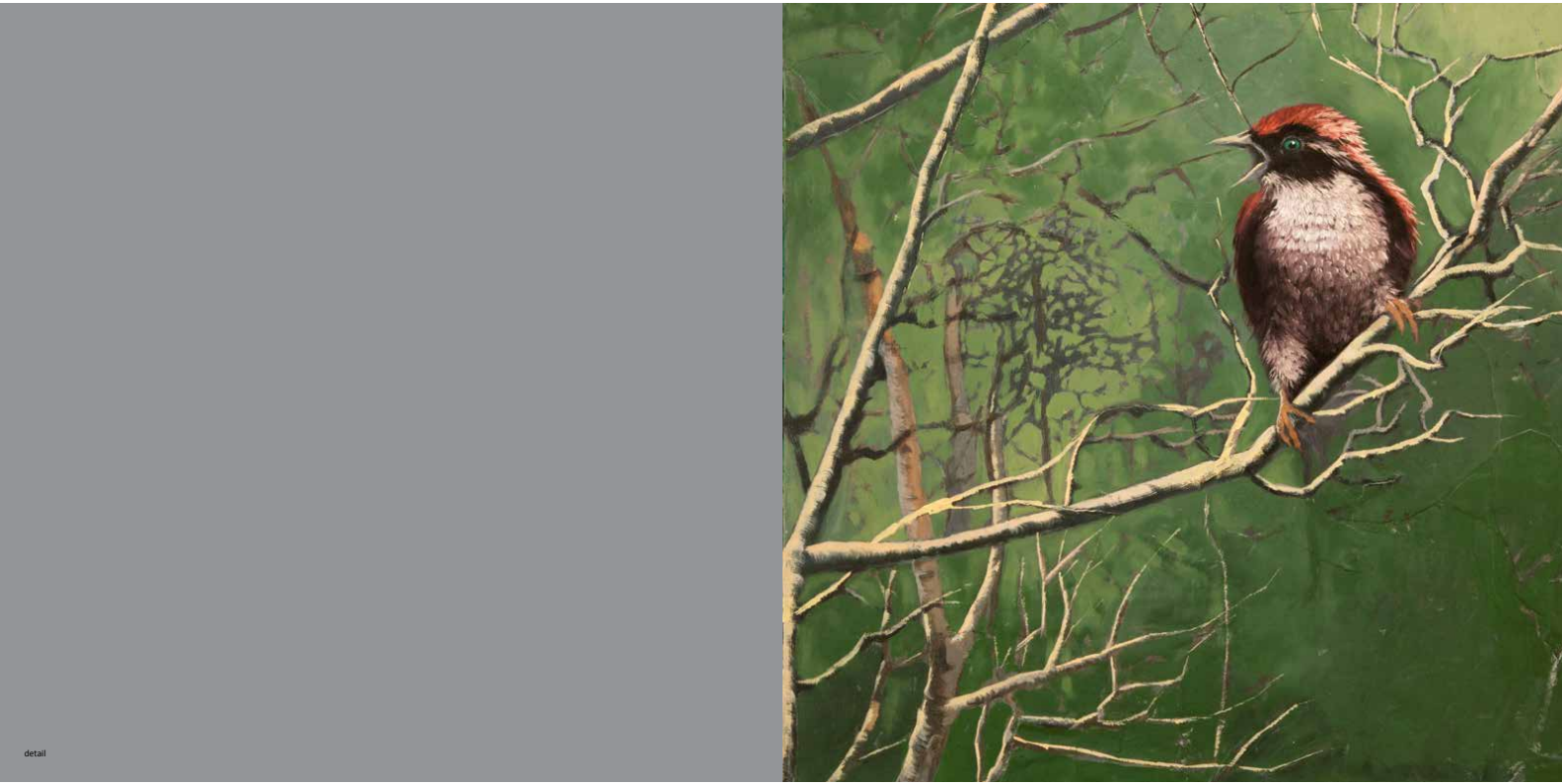


*Roots (Dachau series), oil and natural pigment on cold-rolled steel, 16 x 16 inches, 2011*



*Enlightenment (Green Revolution series), oil on canvas and wood, 60 x 60 inches, 2009 - 2011*







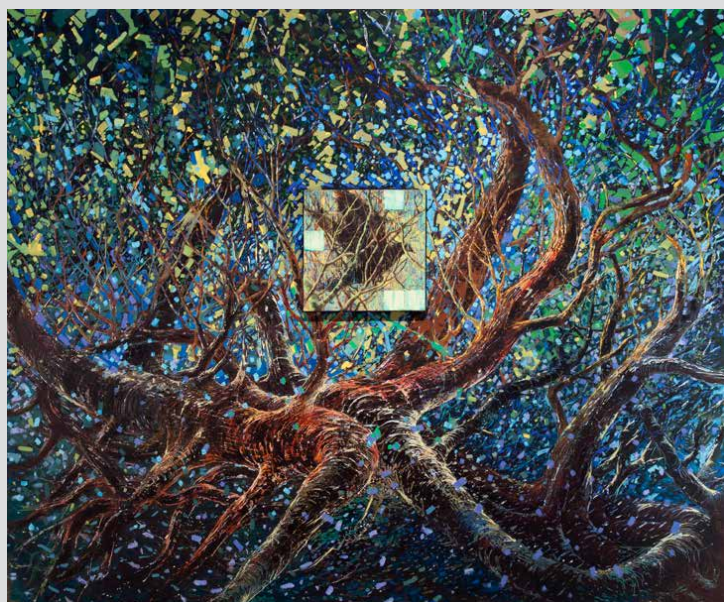
Stripes, metal coating, colored pencil, oil, emulsion, and acid on panel with carving,  
48 x 72 inches, 2011 - 2012





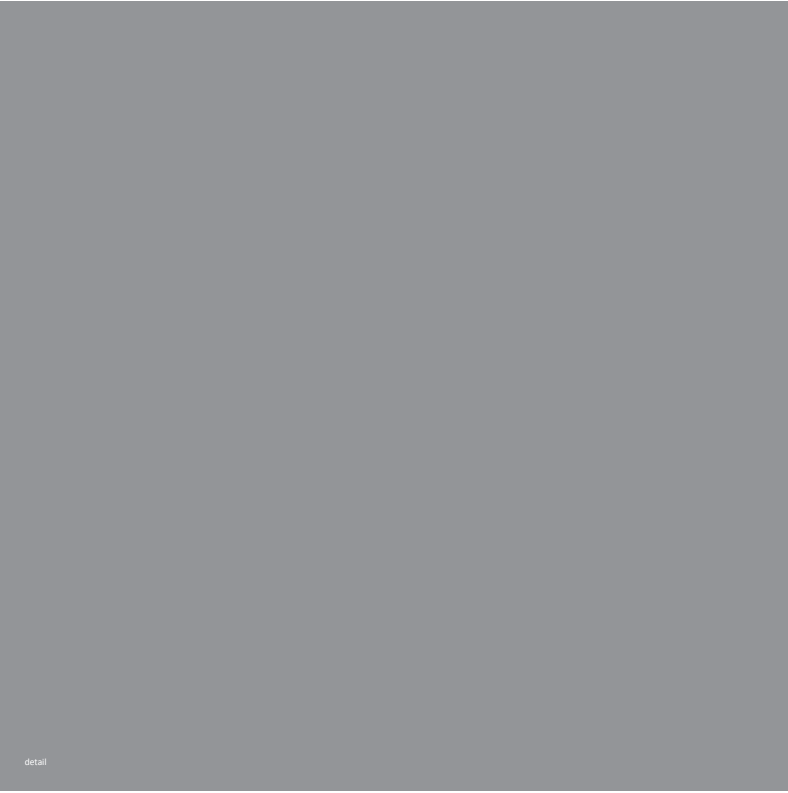






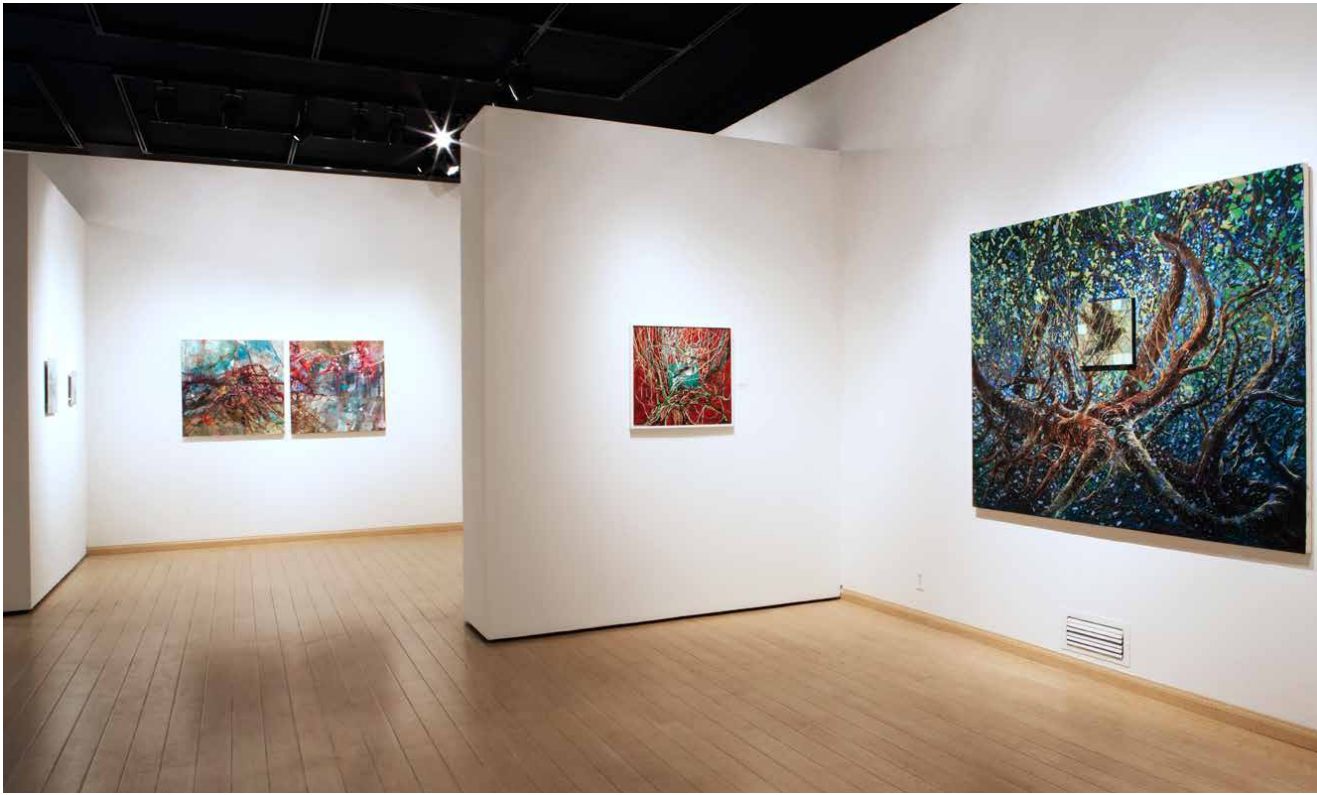
*Shattered Mosque (Blue Revolution series)*, oil on canvas and wood with carving, 60 x 72 inches, 2009 - 2011





detail





Exhibition, *Imprints of Nature and Human Nature*

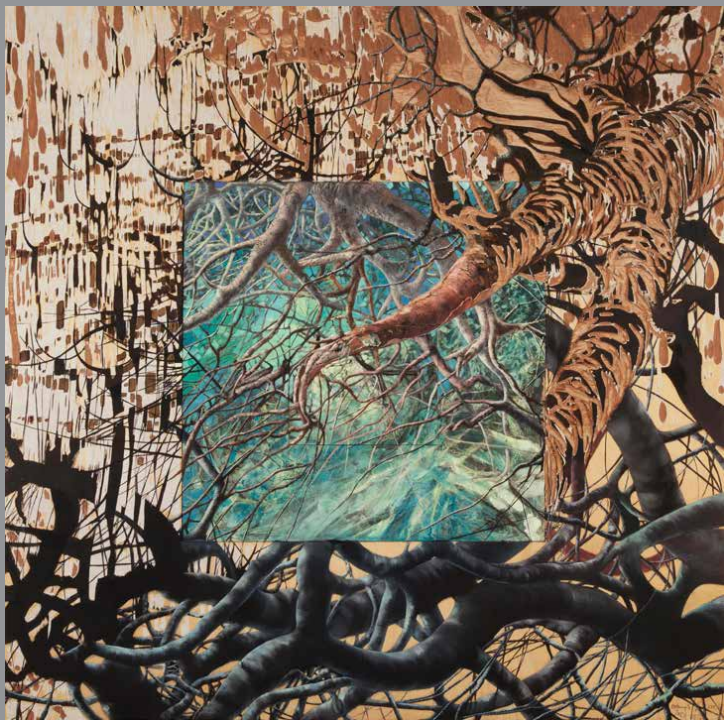


Barcode, oil and emulsion on copper and panel with carving, 44 x 48 inches, 2011 - 2012









*Camouflage*, natural pigment and oil on panel with carving, 36 x 36 inches, 2012 - 2013



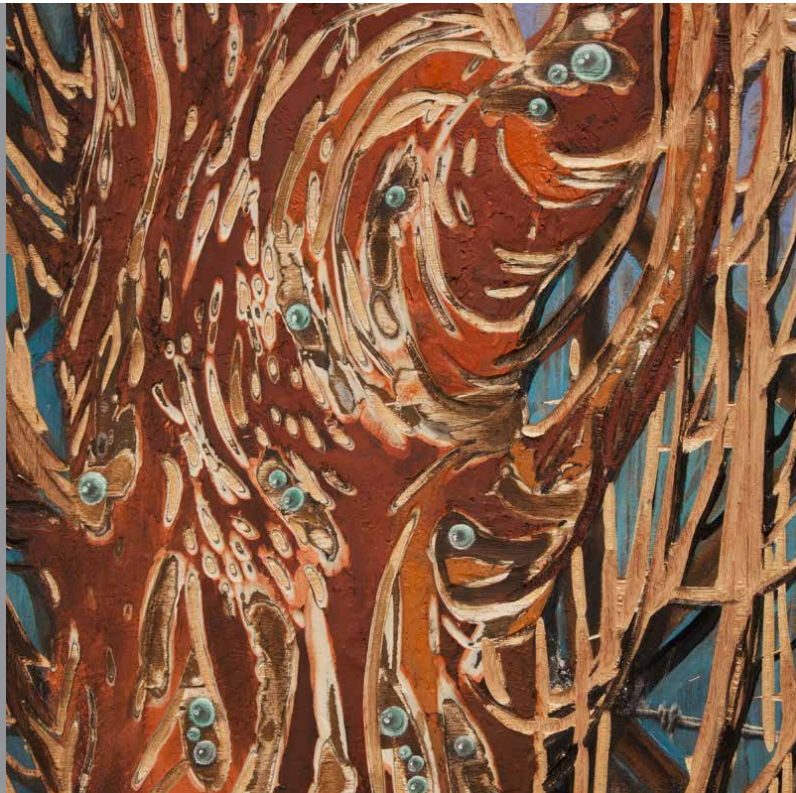




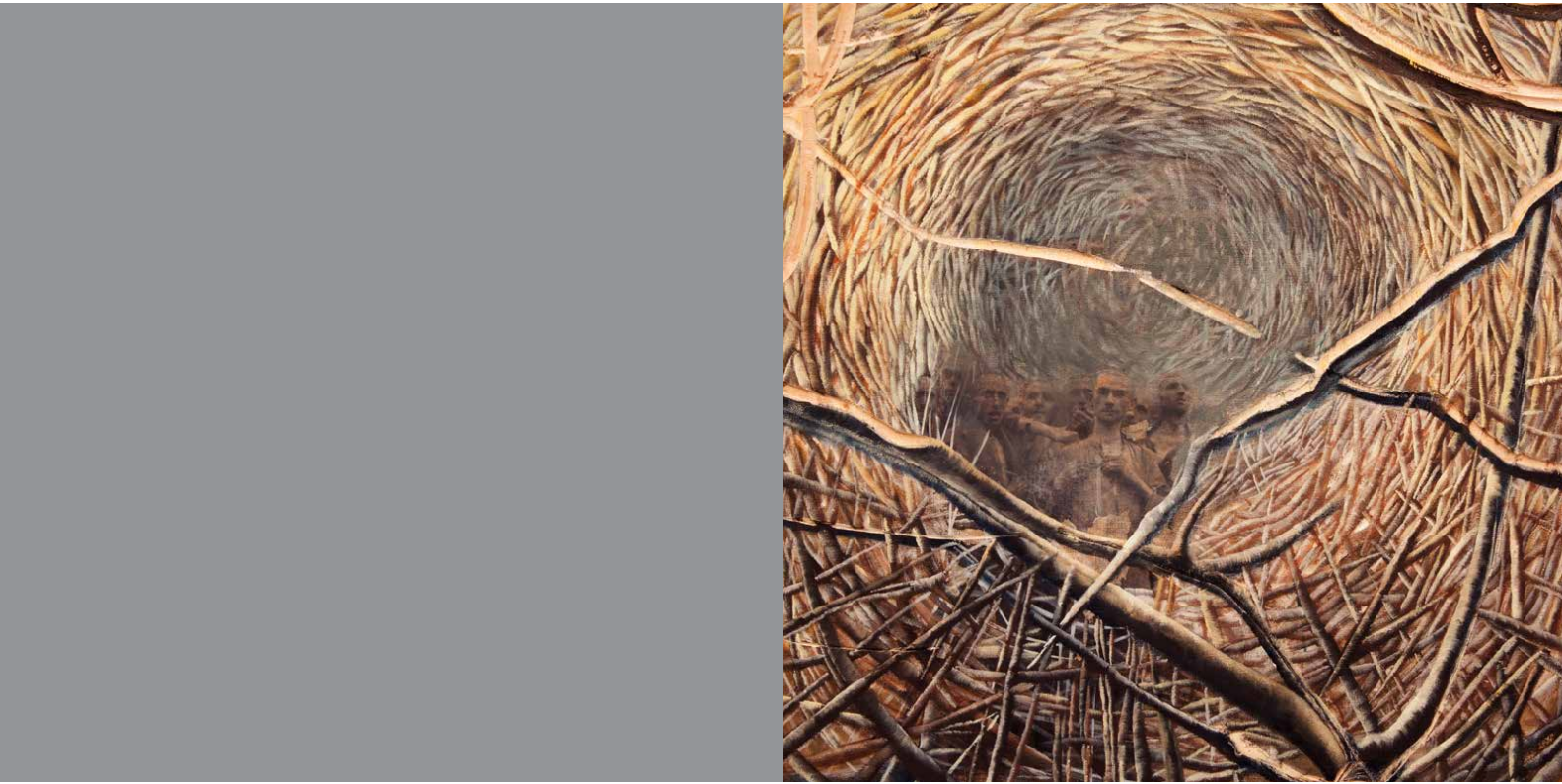




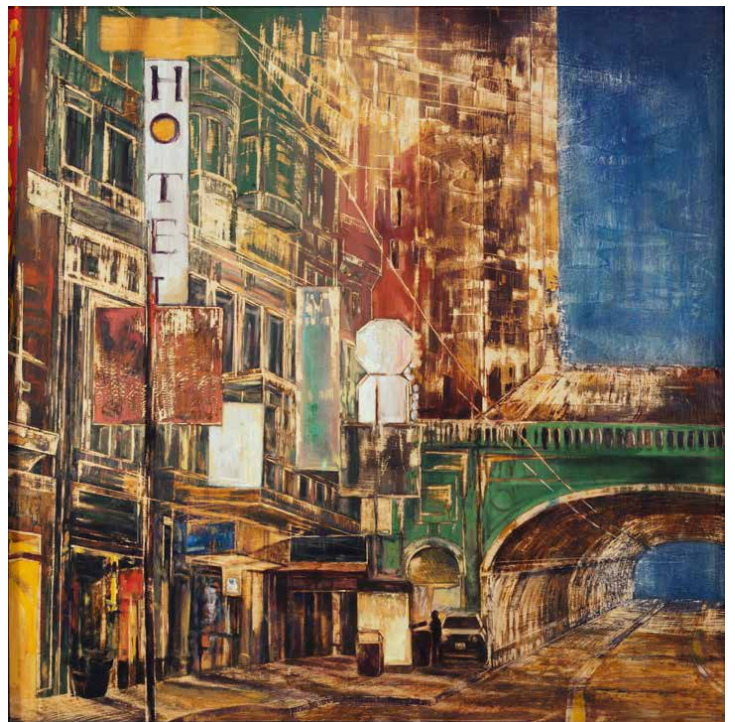
*Nest*, metal coating, oil, emulsion, and acid on panel with carving, 44 x 48 inches, 2011-2012







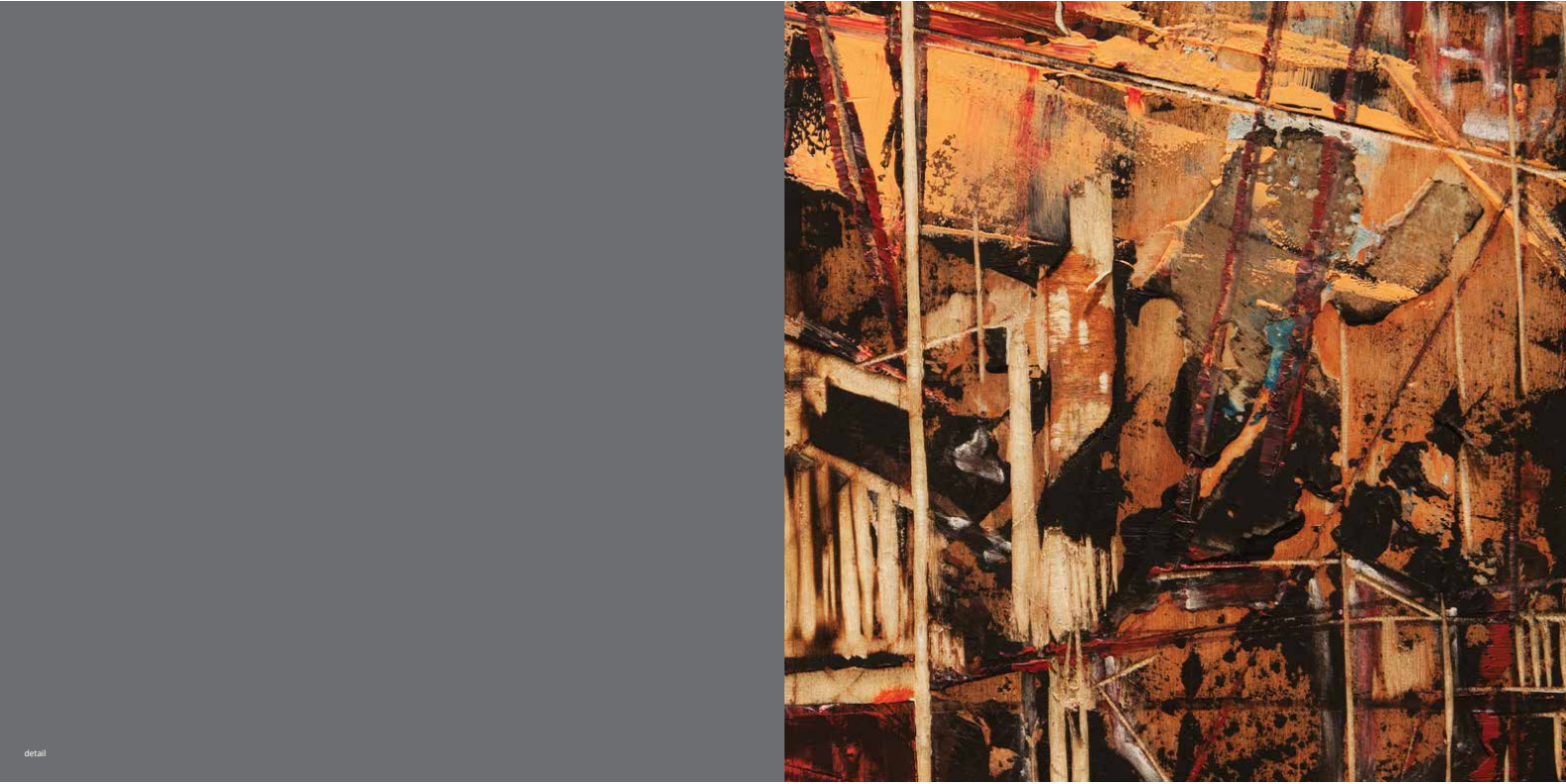
*Hotel*, oil on panel with carving, 30 x 30 inches, 2010





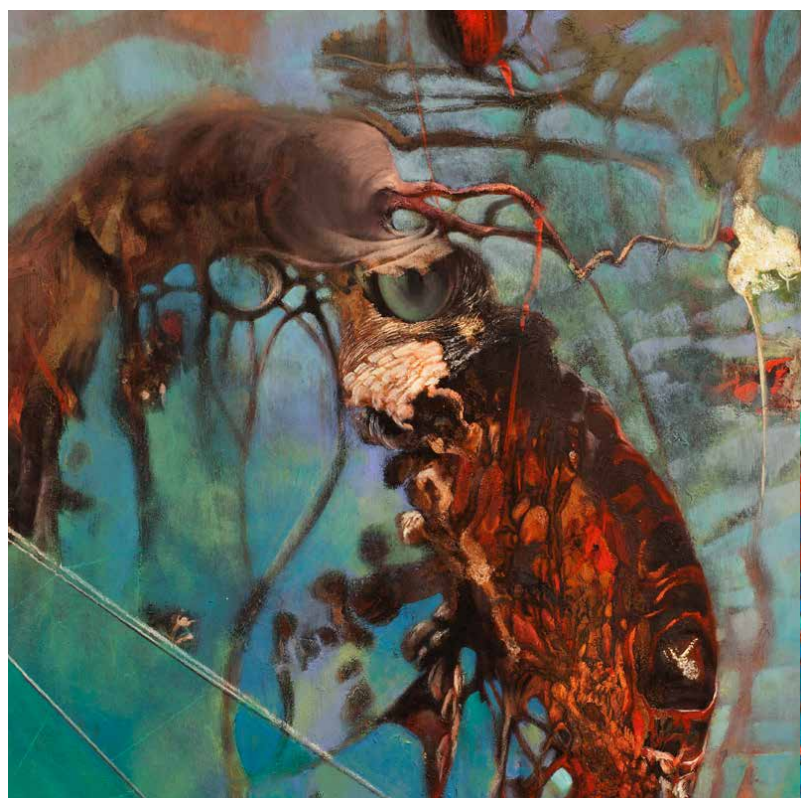
*Factory, oil on panel with carving, 14 x 40 inches, 2013*



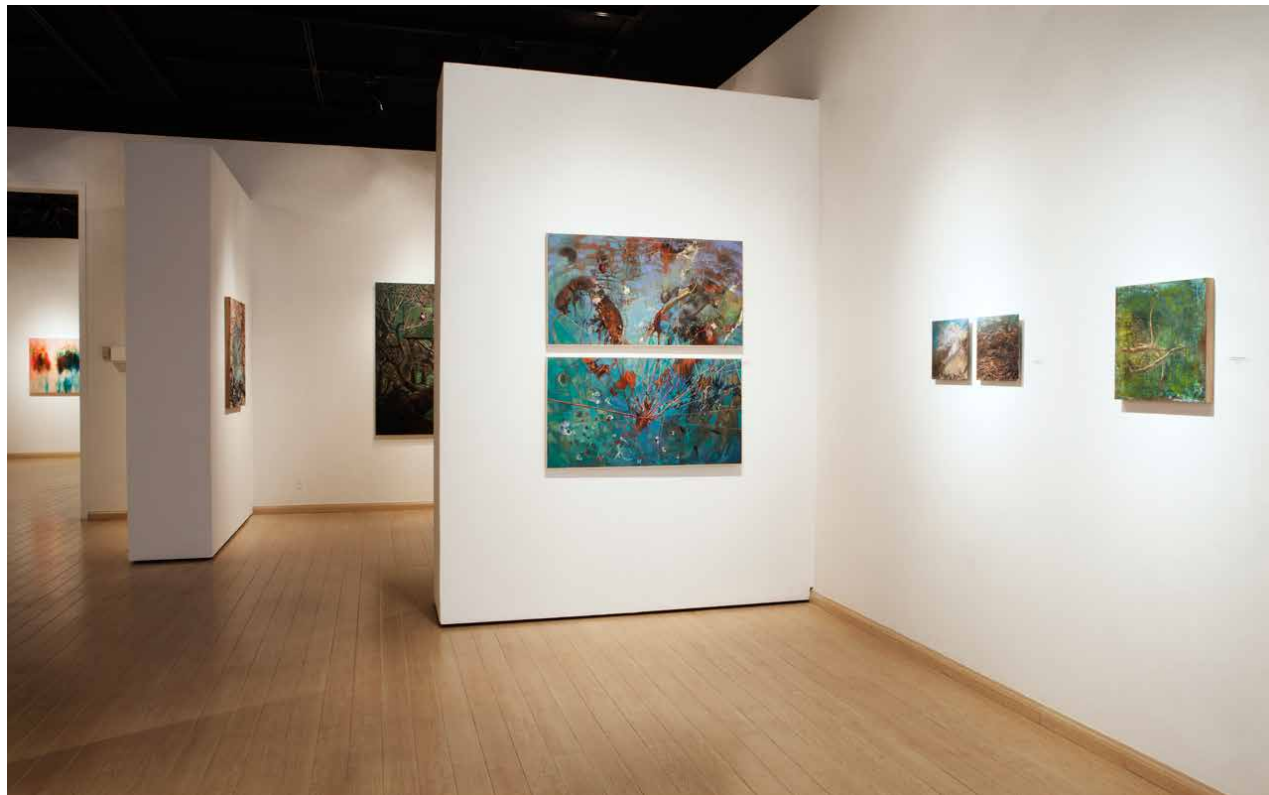




Synopsis, oil, natural pigment, and acid on panel, 48 x 48 inches, 2012-2013







Exhibition, *Imprints of Nature and Human Nature*





## FATEMEH BURNES: POLYLUMINOSITY!

"My work is all about light," Fatemeh Burnes has said repeatedly. This does not sound like that profound a claim; visual art, after all, is by nature dependent on light. But not all visual art is about light, about the conditions not just of perception but of existing before the eye, optically present. Burnes seeks to refine, even isolate, that presence in everything she does – and, more importantly, she aims her artistic production in search of that presence. Light is Burnes' ultimate subject, and the overarching goal of her artistic life.

How, though, does this manifest pictorially, and even physically, in Burnes' art? Almost never overtly, and almost always subtly, at the service, it can seem, of some other content, some other message. Burnes concerns herself with much more in the world than light itself. But she always comes back to the condition(s) of light, to the presence of light in what we see and even in what we sense, that is, in what we see even though we don't know we are seeing. Just as she filled the landscape paintings of her previous style with sunlight so carefully tracked that you could set your watch to it, her current abstractions are suffused with a preternatural glow – many different kinds of glow, in fact – that assures that even the most complex and imposing images brim with irresistibly engaging immediacy. They are present – not in a fool-the-eye fashion (although Burnes' rendering abilities frequently enough tweak the viewer's credulity), but in an agitate-the-soul fashion. The painting as an entirety grips the imagination; its components suggest varied narratives, often segueing one to another within the overarching visual whole; and holding everything together, whole no less than sum of parts, is a luminous envelope, seeming to radiate onto, into, and from the painting all at once. This is no less true of Burnes' abstract painting, even those employing collage and carving, than it is of her more obviously narrative work.

I say "more obviously narrative" because all Burnes' work proffers content. It not only contains content, it is built of content. In light, of light, and about light, Burnes' art – in all the forms it takes, all the media it engages – is always about something else as well. The light may be unearthly, but the image is earthly; the light may ground the eye, but the picture unsettles the mind; the structure or texture may dissolve any readily recognizable image, but there is always imagery.

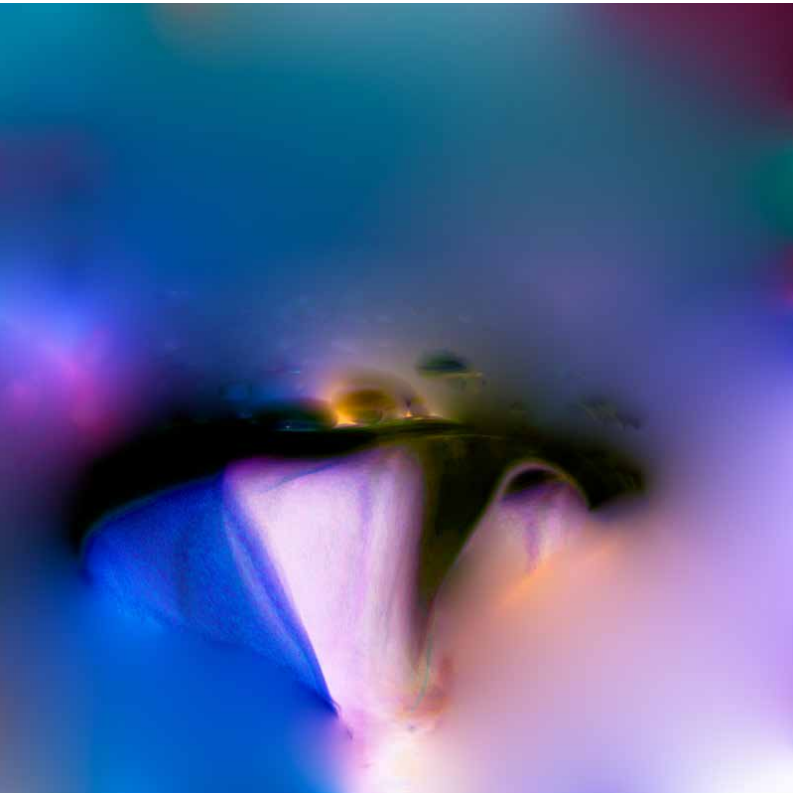
This is no less true of Burnes' photographic work than it is of her painted work – although perhaps ironically, Burnes achieves degrees of abstraction in her photography that outstrip those in her painting. We think of photography as a reportorial, even lexical medium, and Burnes has compiled, and published, a broad and impressive body of such "straight" photography. But in the past couple of years she has aimed her camera at increasingly elusive subjects, in particular figures in motion, and mined the very elusiveness of these subjects for their inherent power to evoke even at their point of disintegration.

That power is driven, of course, by light, which may govern painting but absolutely rules photography. And with, and in, light, Burnes captures the uncapturable, if for a shutter-second, fairly painting images onto printed paper, and fairly burning the images therefrom onto our retinas. Burnes calls her abstract photographs "Transluminants," as they cross over from the descriptive realm into realms of light itself.

"All my work is about light," Burnes could as well be insisting – or even "my work is about all light." Her handcrafted work – built up not only of brushstrokes but of drawn lines and even carved articulations – captures light, as much to celebrate it for itself as to harness it to more discursive



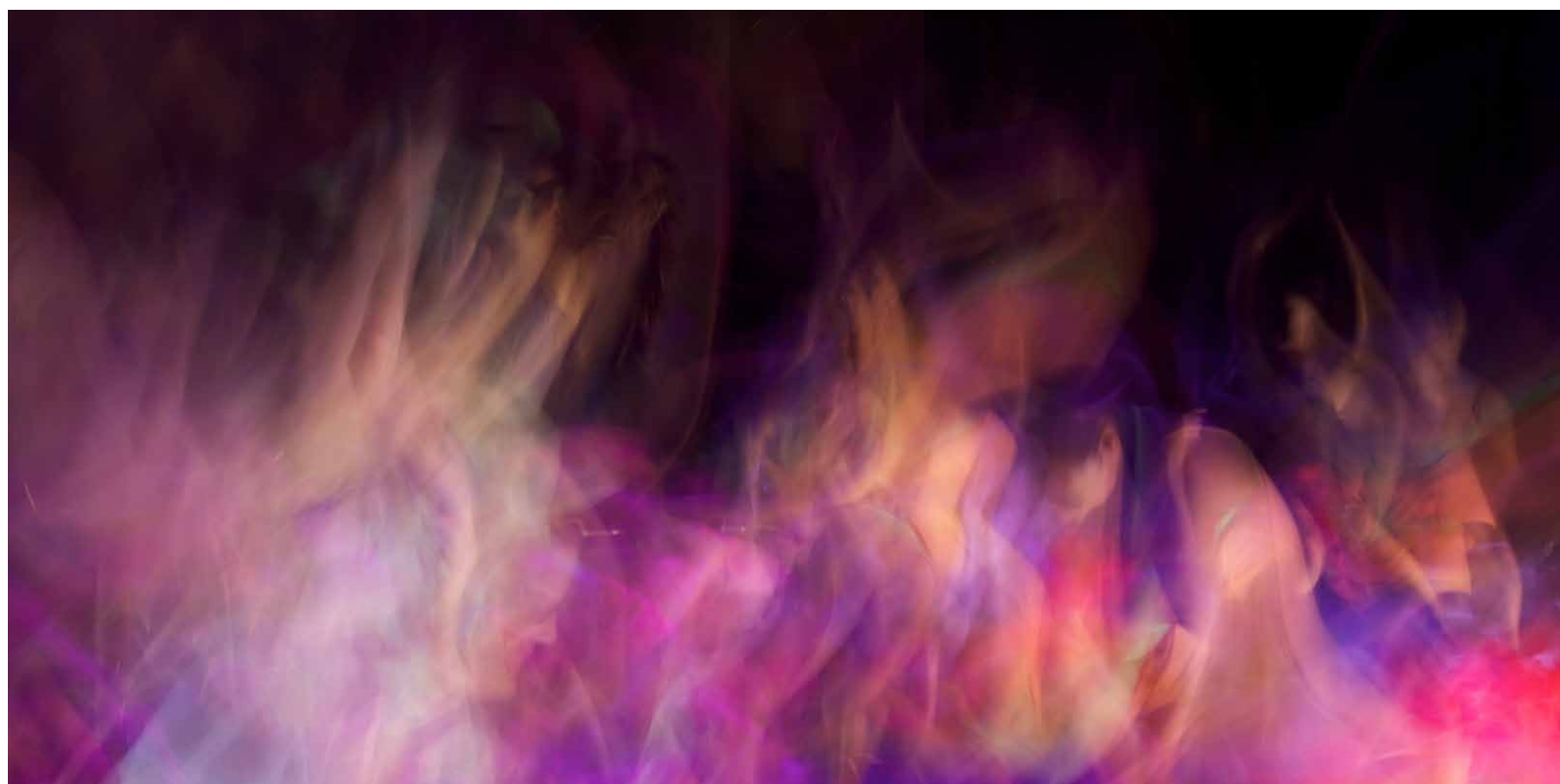


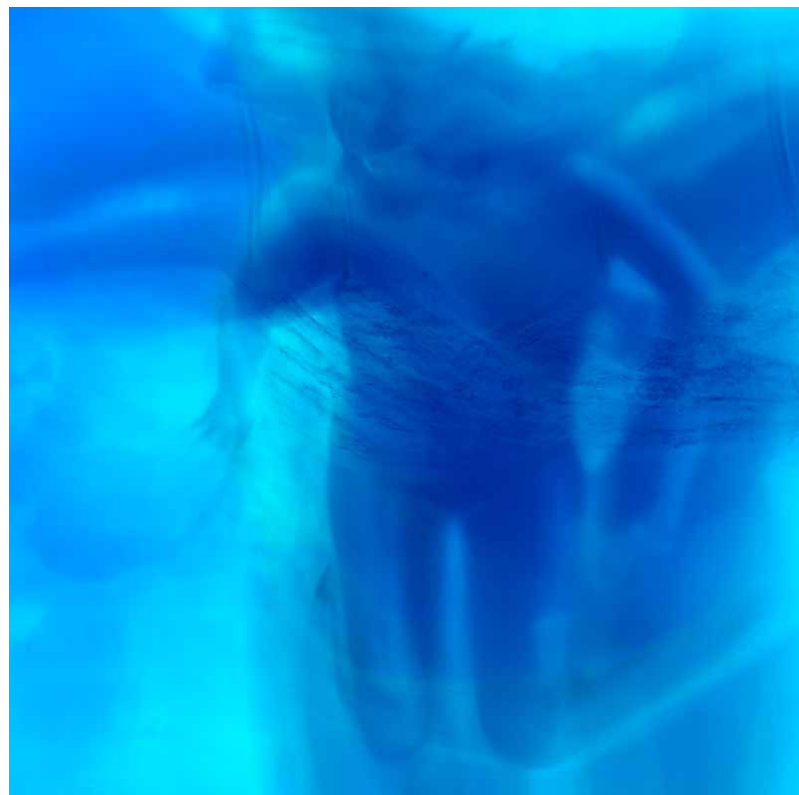


tasks, tasks that betray her sensitivity to the agonies of her species and equally to the wonders of the natural universe. Her lenscrafted work – sometimes gloriously prosaic, other times mysterious and fluid in its choreographed poetry – worships at the same altar, if with different prayers, marveling at existence and, in particular, how existence is revealed, and obscured, and revealed again by light.

The reason, then, for Fatemeh Burnes' expansive embrace of disparate media and disparate disciplines – sometimes in the same artwork – is not (well, not simply) that she can do so; nor, of course, is it that she can't decide among and between those varied formats and methods. It is that she feels compelled, logically and spiritually, to seek her goal by as many paths as possible, and to explore what she finds as incisively as possible. Light is Burnes' grail, a grail she constantly achieves and at the same time never quite achieves. Light, after all, is insubstantial and universal at the same time, unnoticed and yet unavoidable in its ubiquity. Burnes would have us feel and hear this silent, disembodied god of hers, and, indeed, if we are to get near enough to taste it, we should cleave to her art, in all its proportions.

Peter Frank  
February 2013









*Colorfield I*, archival inkjet print, 2012

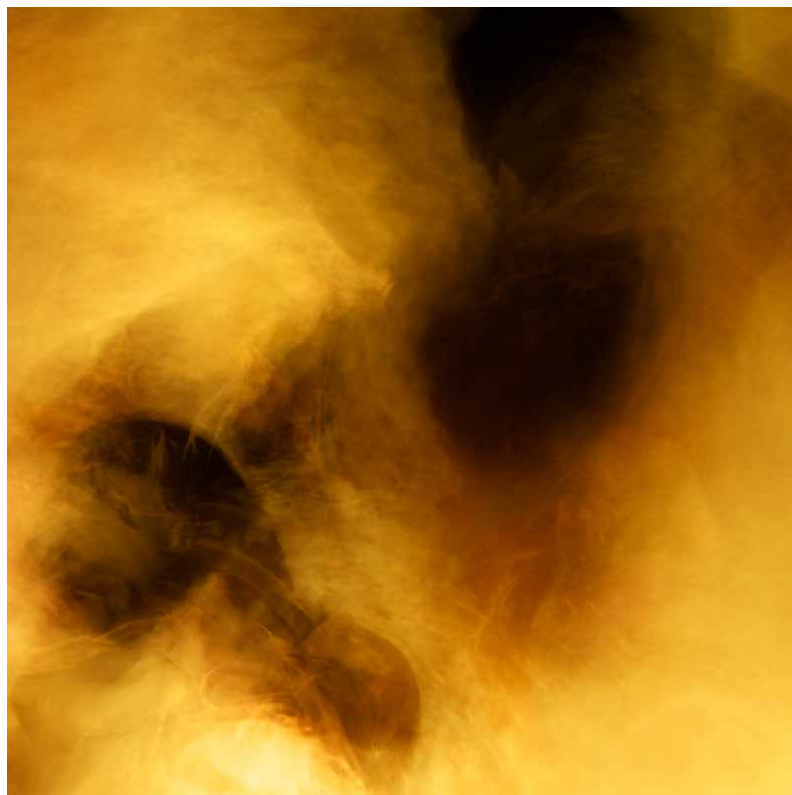


*Colorfield II*, archival inkjet print, 2012

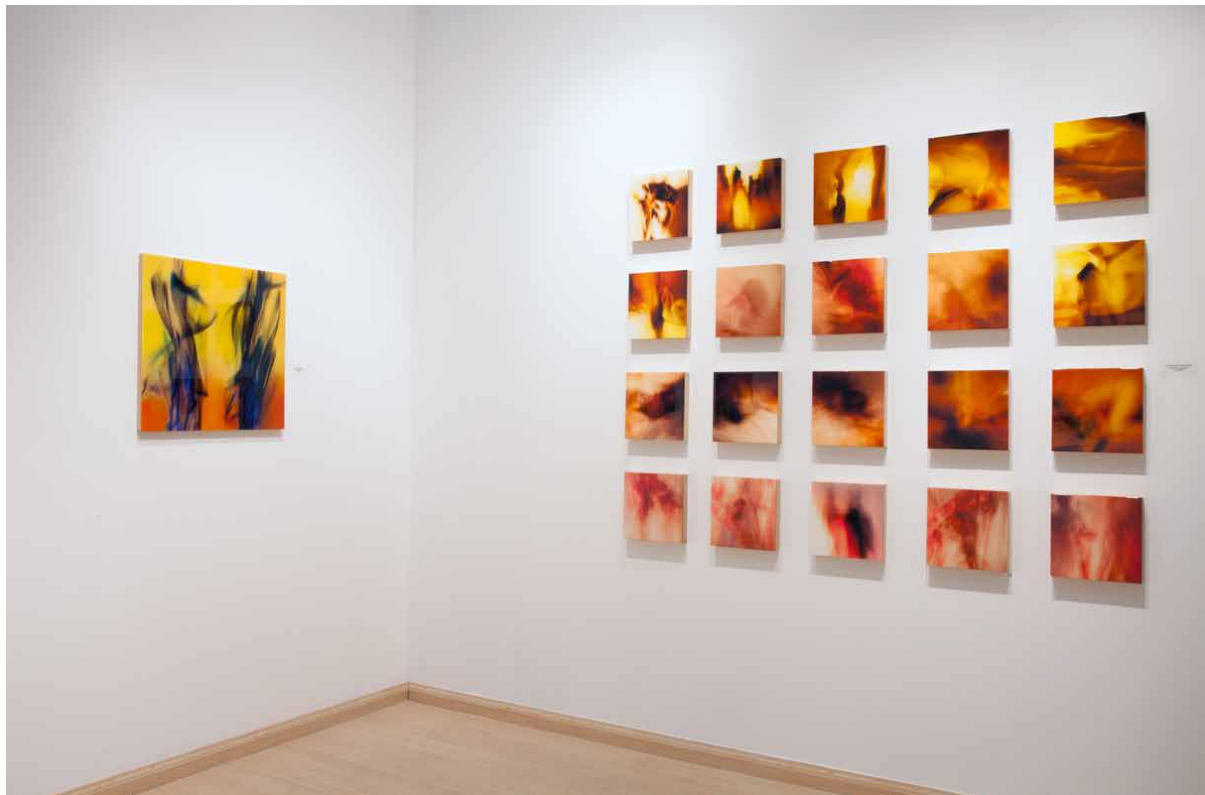




Confusion, archival inkjet print, 2012  
(following) in *Flesh series*, archival inkjet print, 2012







Exhibition, *Imprints of Nature and Human Nature*





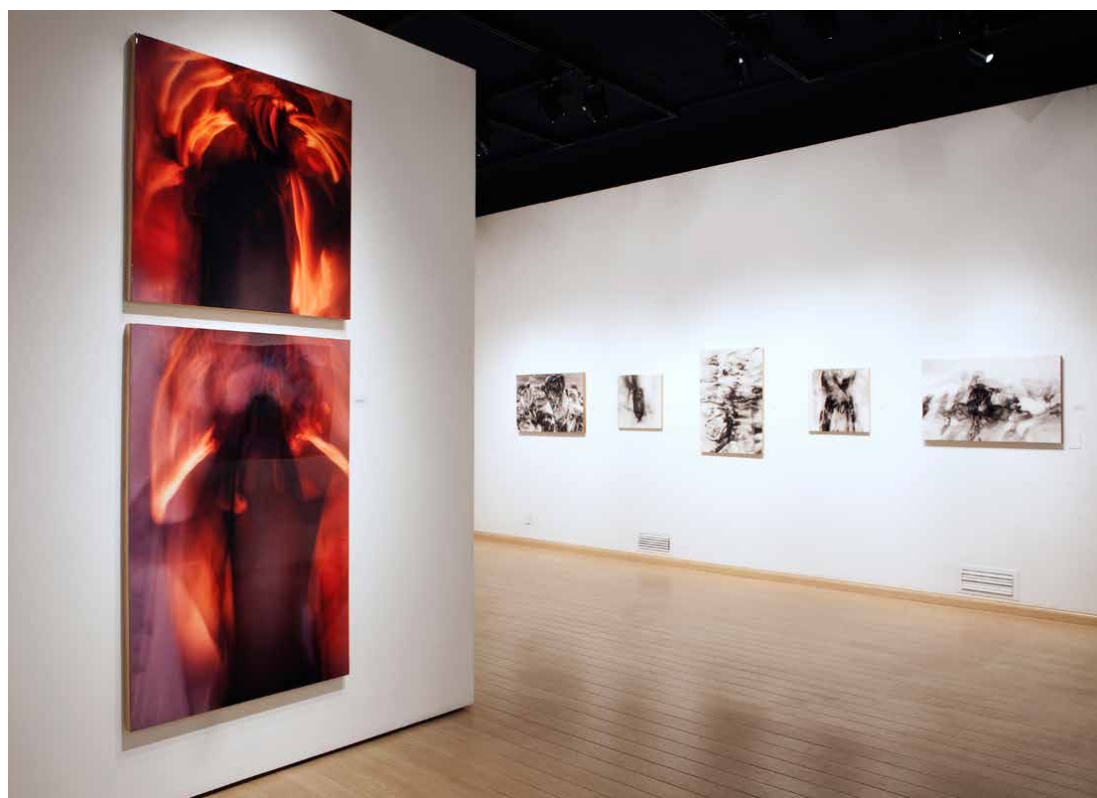
*I Can See You*, archival inkjet print, 2012



*Origami*, archival inkjet print, 2013



Wedding, archival inkjet print, 2013



Exhibition, *Imprints of Nature and Human Nature*





Landing, archival inkjet print, 2013

Crowning (lower panel), archival inkjet print, 2012

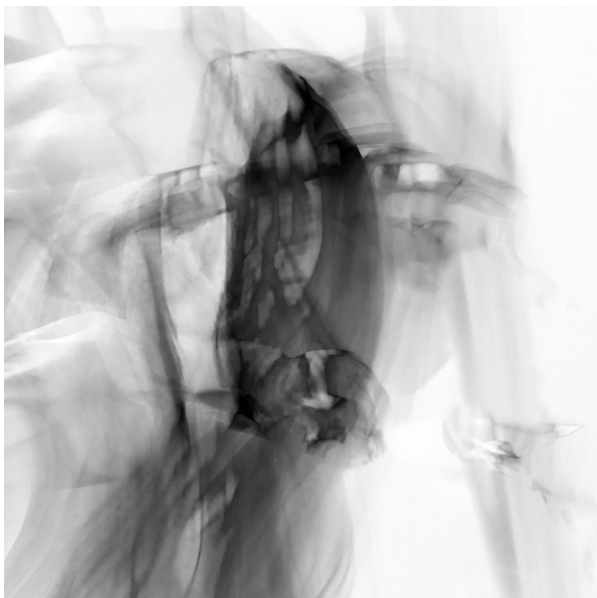








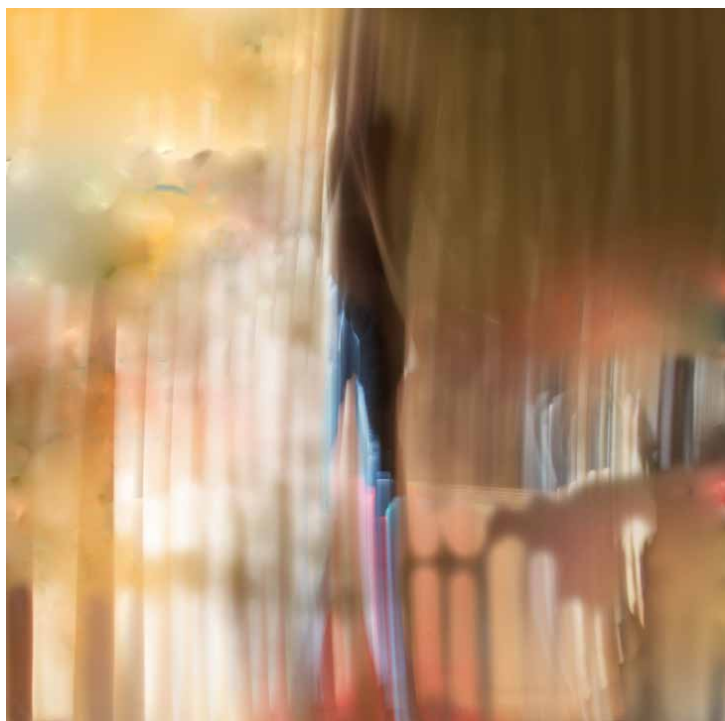
Chariot, archival inkjet print, 2013



Take-off, archival inkjet print, 2013



Joint, archival inkjet print, 2013



*From-To*, archival inkjet prints (two), 2012



*Surrender*, archival inkjet print, 2013



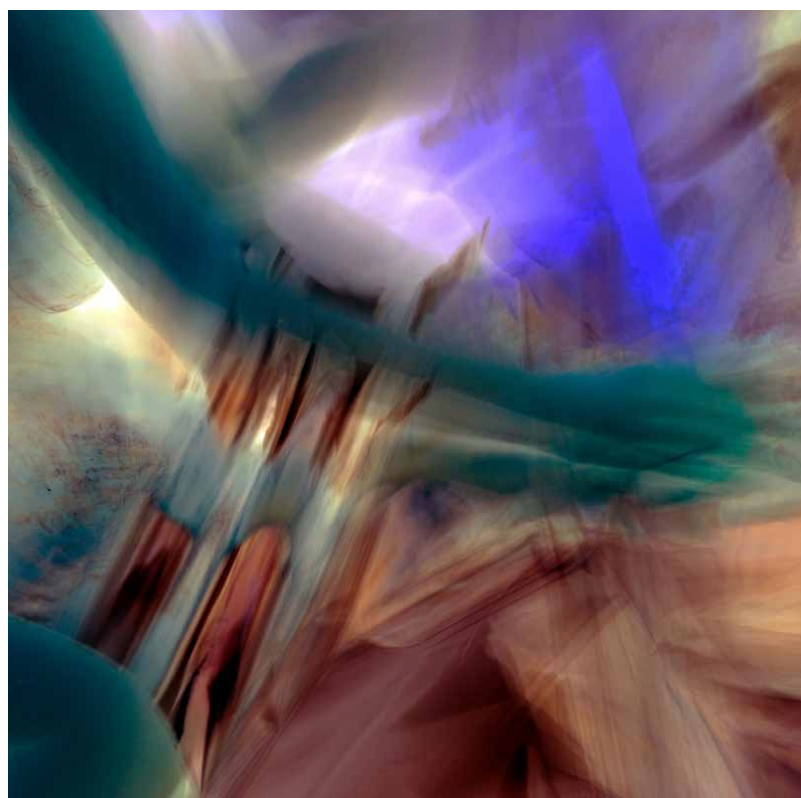


Conquest, archival inkjet print, 2012



*Flourish*, archival inkjet print, 2012





Crash, archival inkjet print, 2012



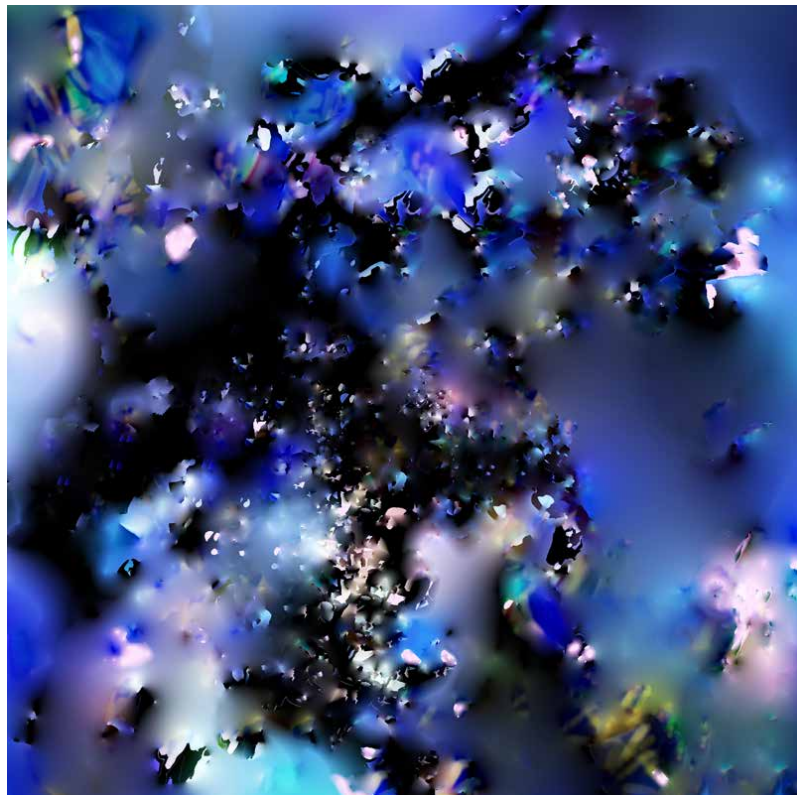


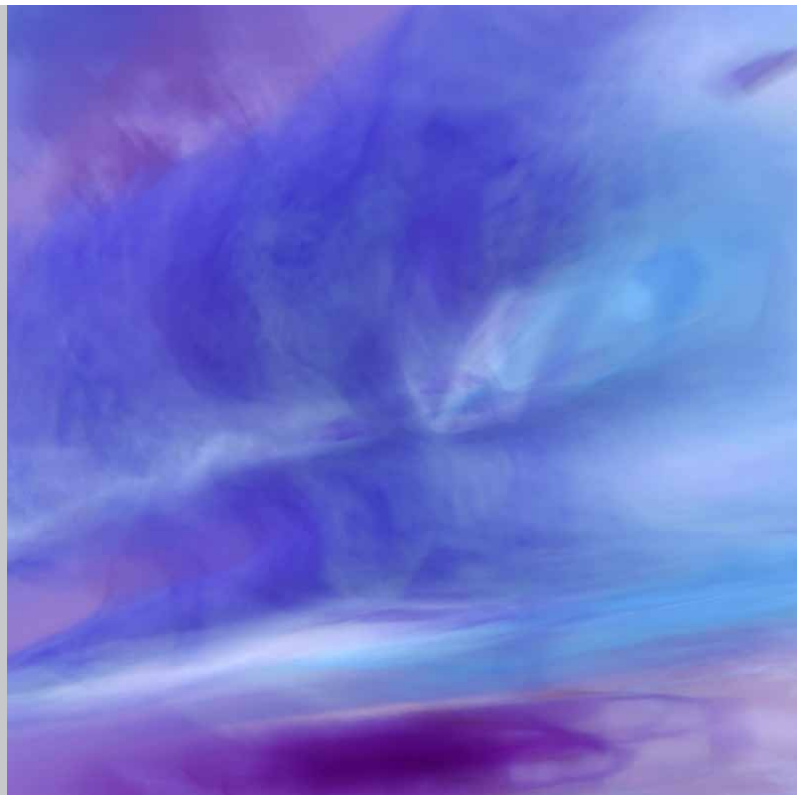
*Acid Rain*, archival inkjet print, 2012



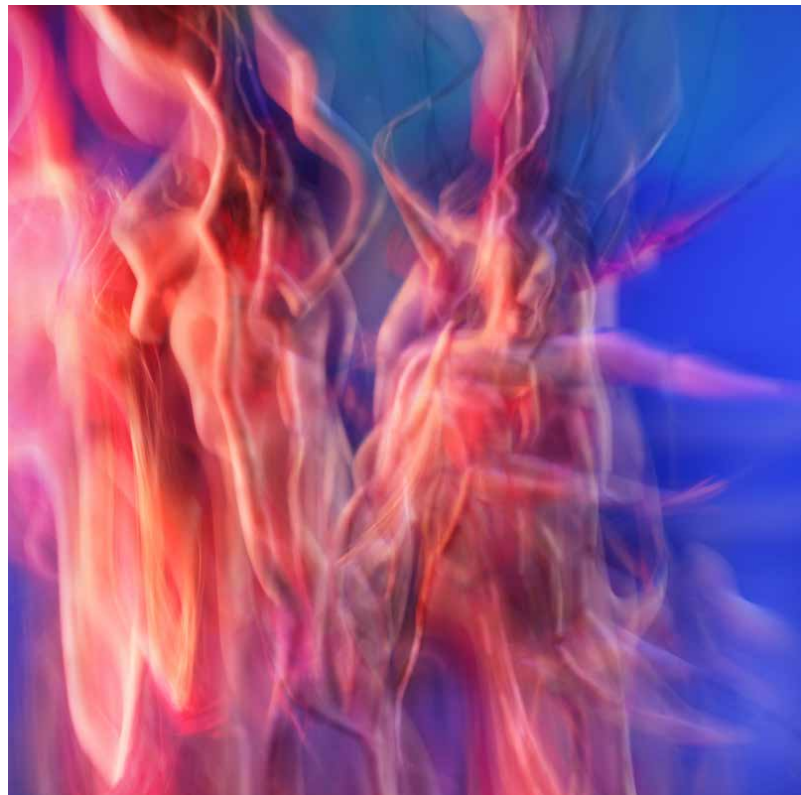
Still Life I, archival inkjet print, 2012

*Still Life II*, archival inkjet print, 2012

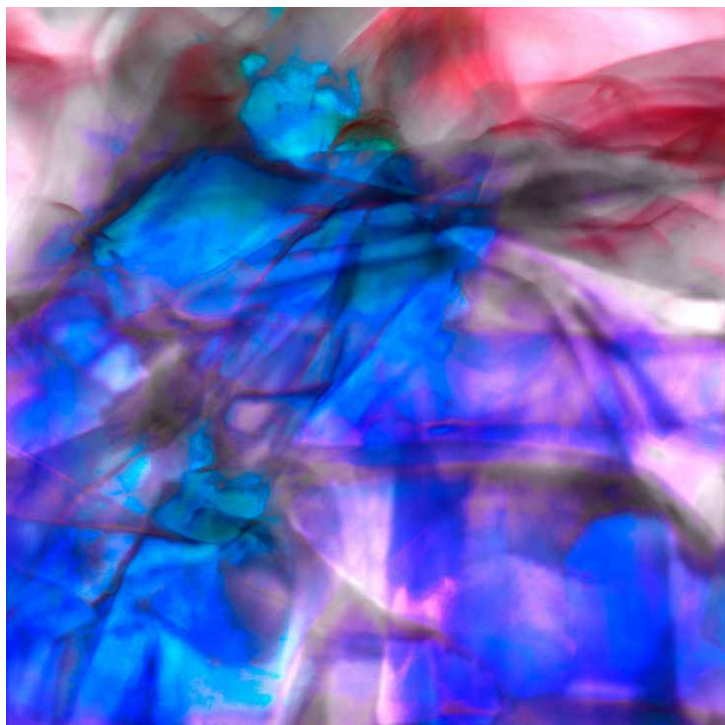




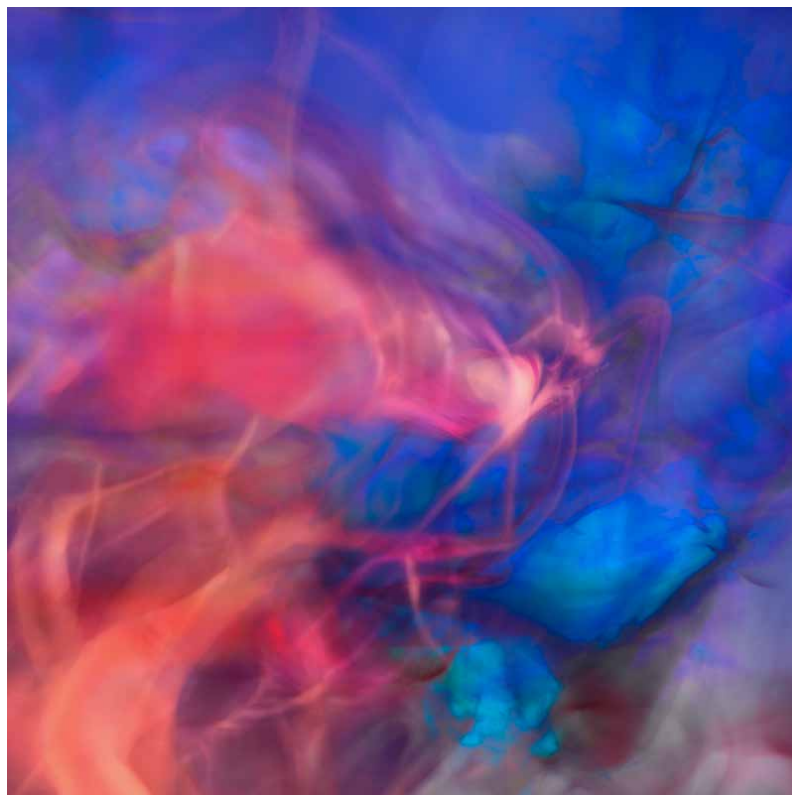


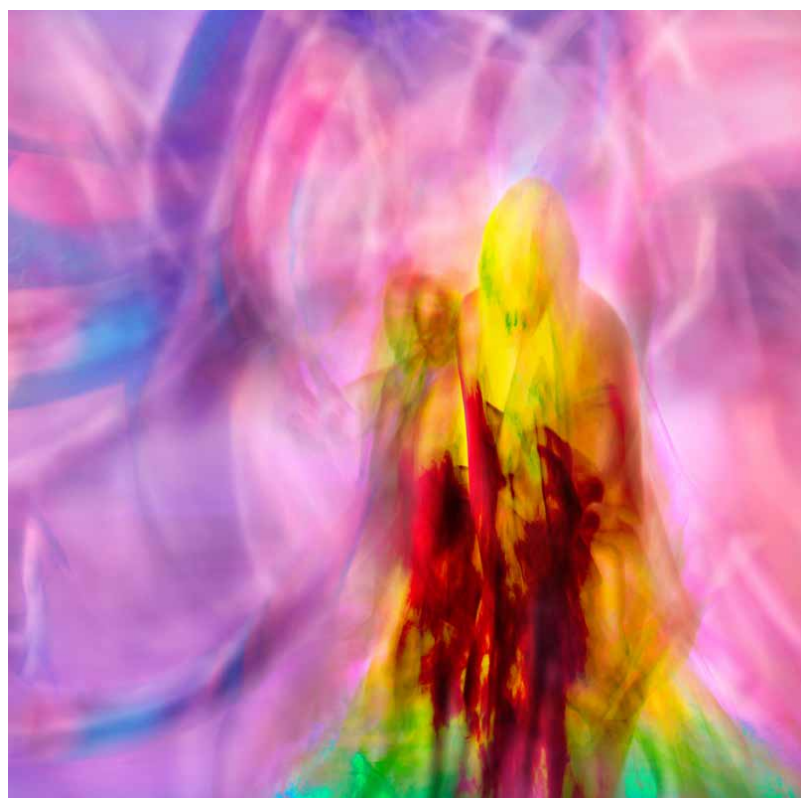


Pulses series, archival inkjet print, 2012

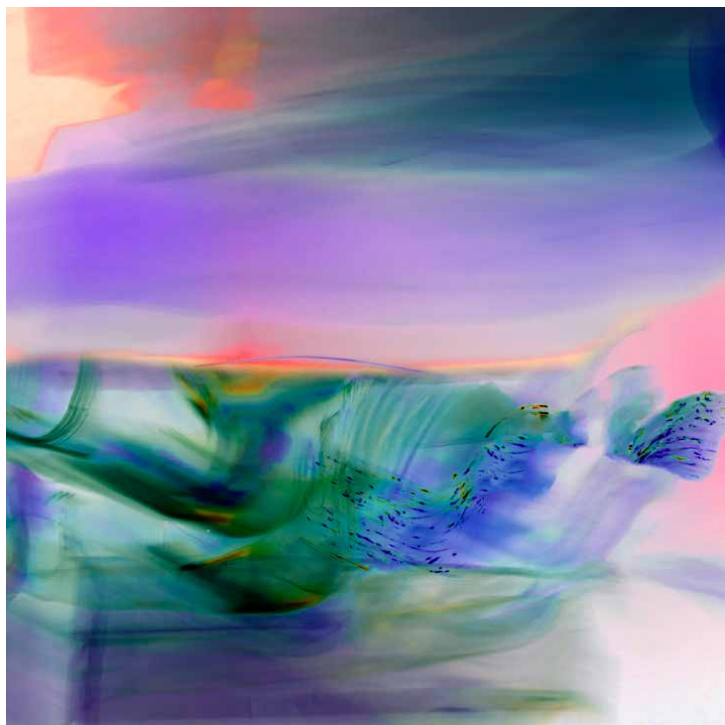


Pulses series, archival inkjet print, 2012

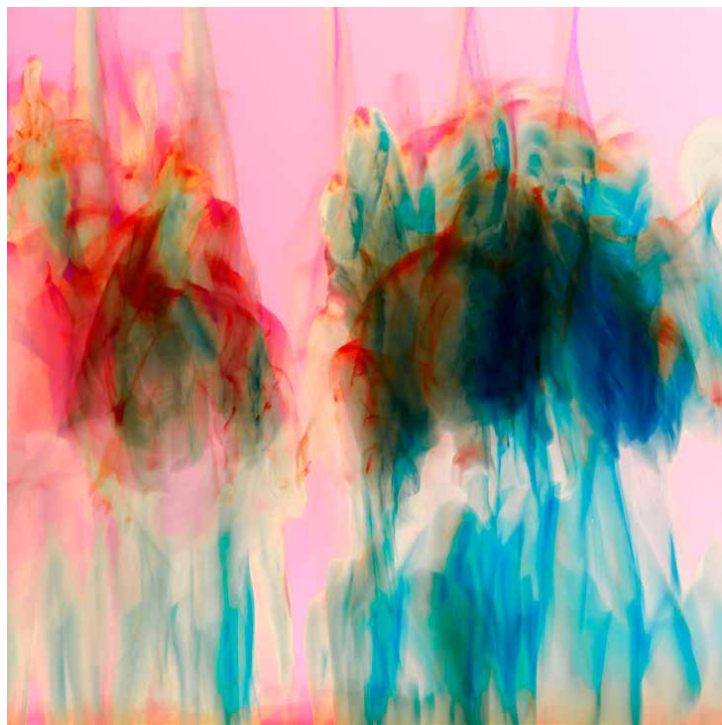




*Mother and Child II*, archival inkjet print, 2012



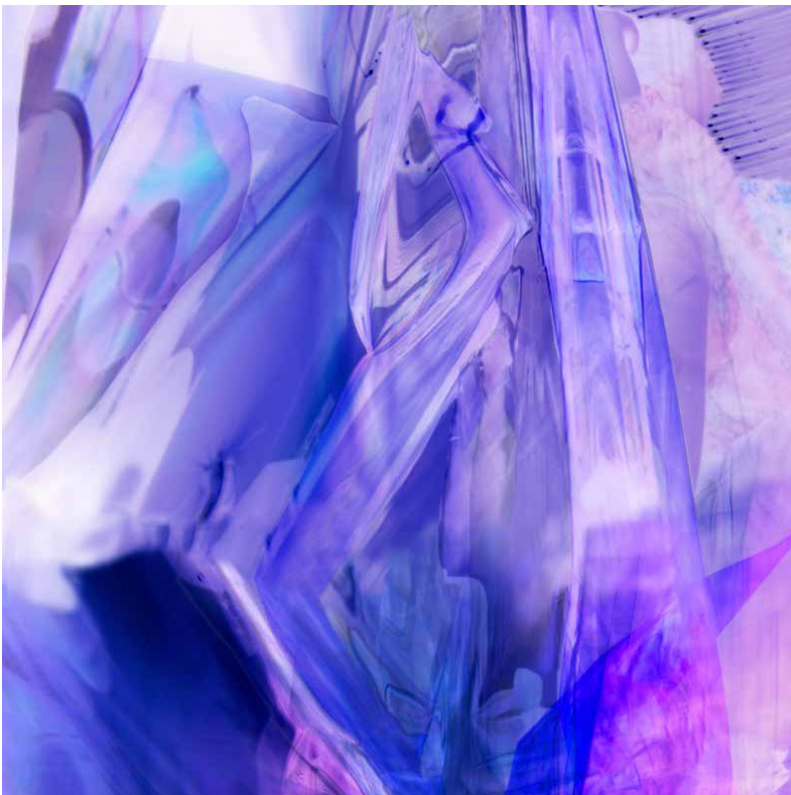
*Breach*, archival inkjet print, 2013

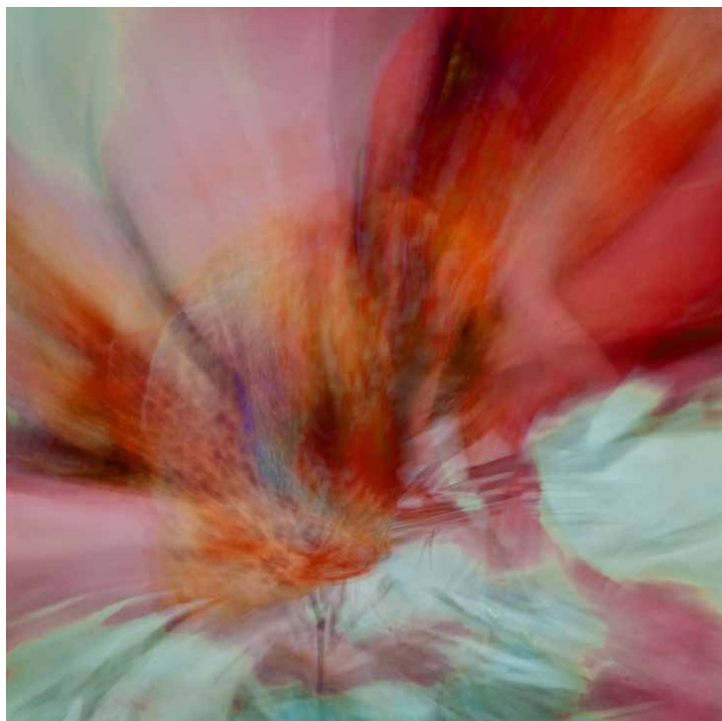


*Proximity*, archival inkjet print, 2013

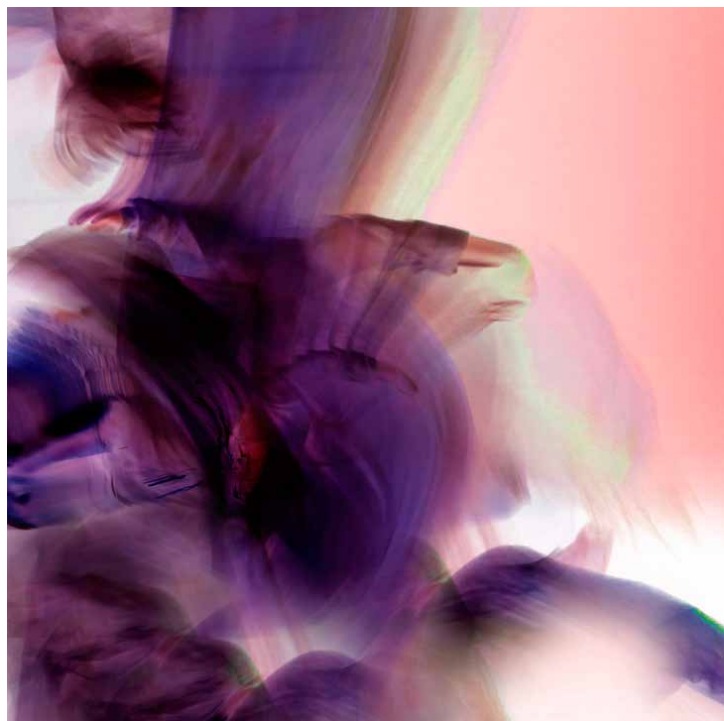


Beams, archival inkjet print, 2012

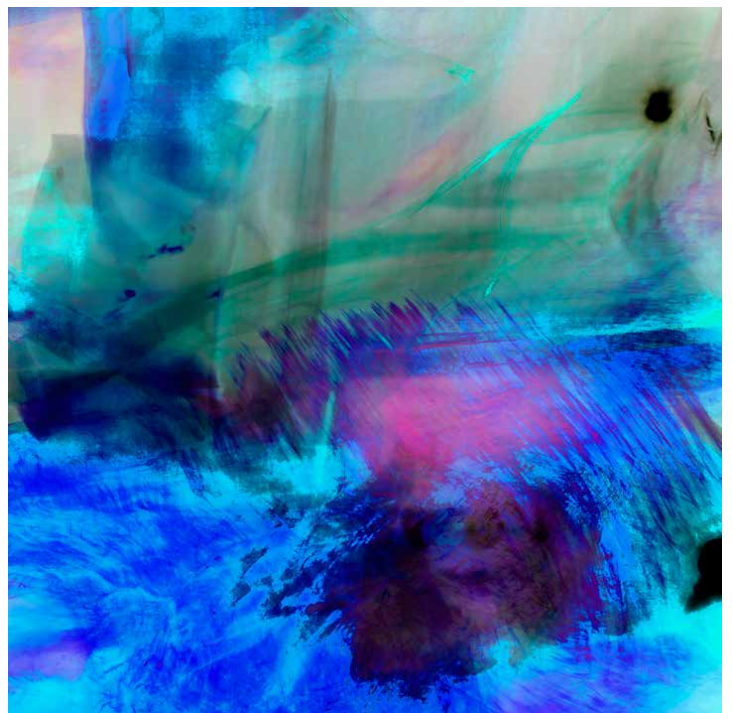




It's Yours, archival inkjet print, 2013

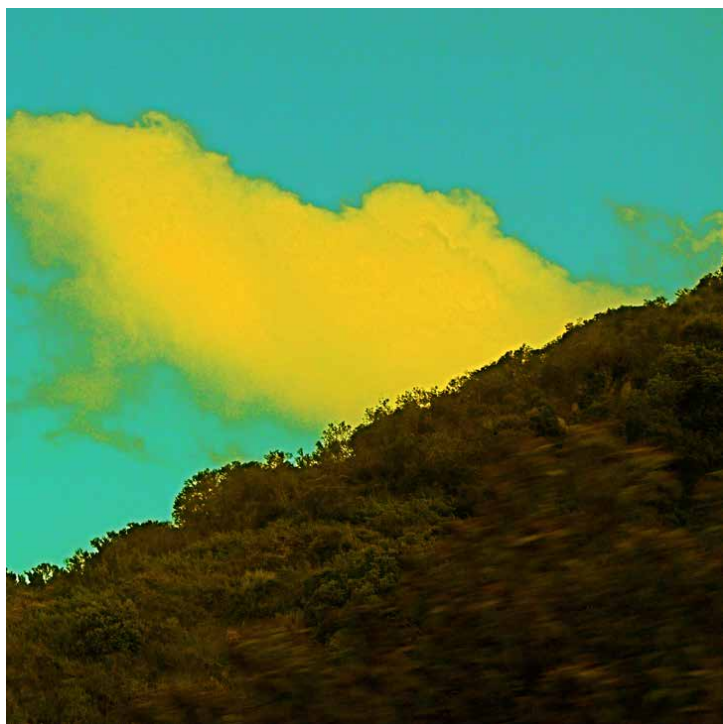


Seep, archival inkjet print, 2013









*Diagonals (Acid Landscape series), archival inkjet print, 2008*

*Night Tapestry (Acid Landscape series), archival inkjet print, 2008*





For Payne, archival inkjet print, 2011



*Undigested, archival inkjet print, 2011*





*Around the Corner*, archival inkjet print, 2010

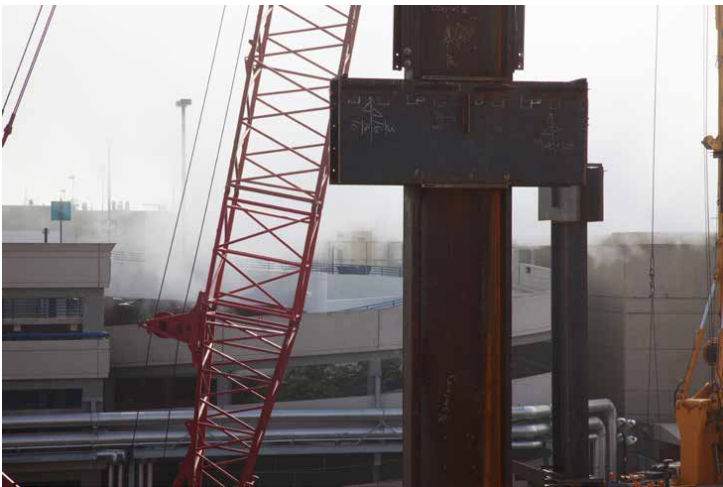
Blue and Yellow, archival inkjet print, 2011







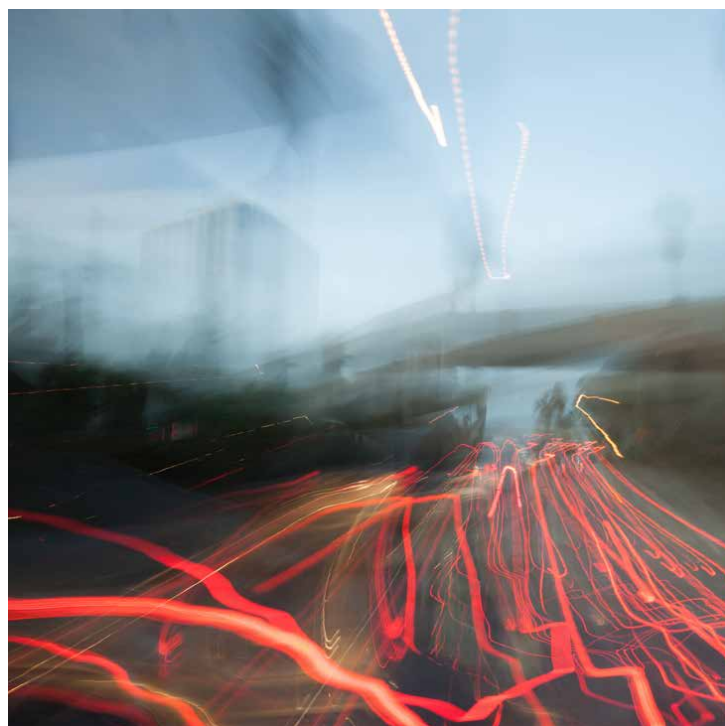




Ascent, archival inkjet print, 2013



Lucky Number, archival inkjet print, 2013













Coincidence, archival inkjet print, 2013



Sunset, archival inkjet print, 2013

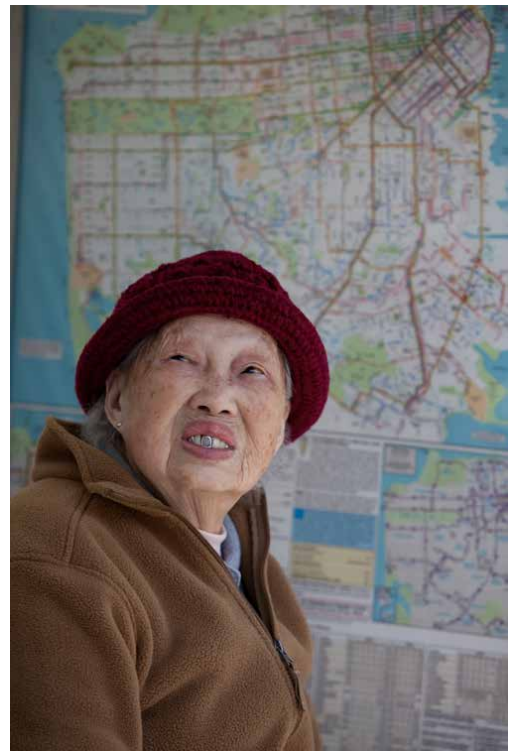




(left) *Ride*, archival inkjet print, 2009  
*Searching for Chromosomes*, archival inkjet print, 2009

Stranger, archival inkjet print, 2010





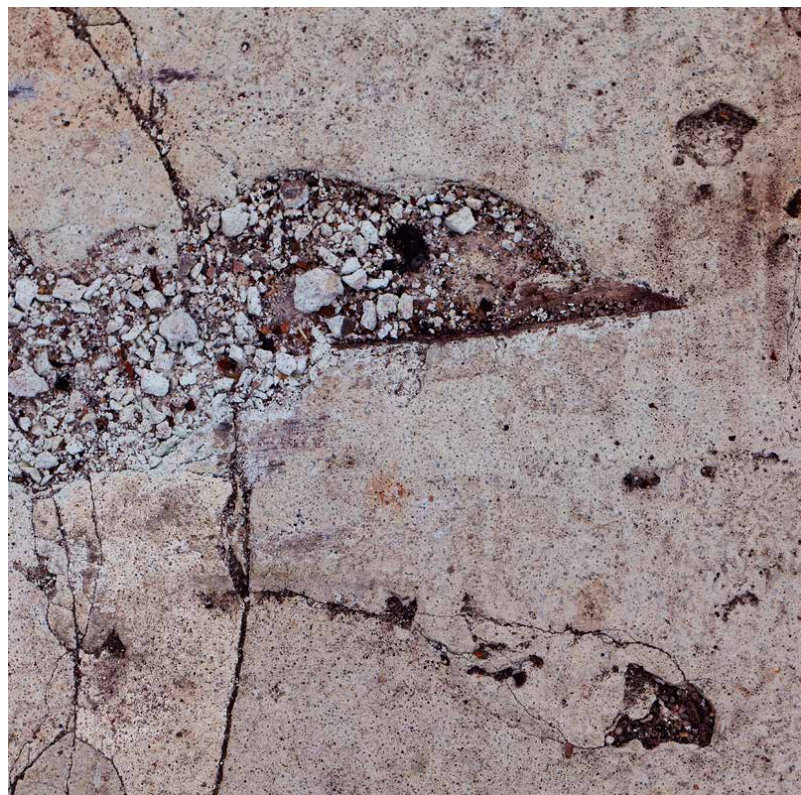






(previous) Liberty, archival inkjet print, 2008  
Moss, archival inkjet print, 2008





*Not a Bird*, archival inkjet print, 2010

FATEMEH BURNES  
Imprints of Nature and Human Nature © 2013

"Courage, Vision, Presence: A Portrait of Fatemeh Burnes" © 2013 Betty Ann Brown

"Fatemeh Burnes: Travel Companion" © 2013 Shana Nys Dambrot

"Fatemeh Burnes: Polyluminosity" © 2013 Peter Frank

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, record or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher.

Editor: Peter Frank  
Photographer: Fatemeh Burnes  
Designer: Nancy Morikawa  
Exhibition Photography: Eric Stoner

[www.FatemehBurnes.com](http://www.FatemehBurnes.com)  
[fburnes@cox.net](mailto:fburnes@cox.net)



