

Selected Works 2008 - 2021

Siamak Filizadeh

Siamak was born in 1970 Tehran. He received his high school diploma in Art in 1990 and graduated from Tehran Azad University in Graphic Design with BA degree in 1995. From 1988, Siamak started his career as graphic designer, working in different fields of designing, advertising, branding, and visual arts. He has been appointed as the Art Director and Graphic Designer for a number of large institutions and International festivals, and has been awarded numerous prizes for design of posters and books. After his successful exhibition of 2008, Rostam II- The Return, he has rarely done works in graphic field and has concentrated on his visual artistic practice.

He lives and works in Tehran.

Solo Exhibition:

2014 Rostam2 - The Return, De Buck Gallery NY

2014 Underground, Aaran Gallery Tehran

2009 Sacrificial Lamb - Or How To Slaughter 300 Cows in One Day, Aaran Gallery

2008 Rostam2 - The Return, Aaran Gallery

2002 Bread Cheese & Image, Tehran Artist Forum

Group Exhibitions:

2019 Men of Steel, Women of Wonder, Curated by Alejo Benedetti, San Antonio Museum of Art. San Antonio, Texas.

2019 Men of Steel, Women of Wonder, Curated by Alejo Benedetti, Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art. Bentonville, Arkansas.

2018 In the Fields of Empty Days: The Intersection of Past and Present in Iranian Art, Curated by Linda Komaroff, Los Angeles County Museum (LACMA). Los Angeles

2016 Islamic Art Now, Contemporary Art of Middle East, Los Angeles County Museum (LAC-MA). Los Angeles.

2012 Post Pop, Curated by Behrang samadzadegan, Mah-e Mehr Gallery, Tehran, Iran

2011 Pulso Iraniano(Iranian Pulse), Curated by Marc Pottier, Contemporary Art from Iran in

Rio, Oi Futuro Flamengo Cultural center, Rio de Janeiro

2011 My Super Hero, Morono Kiang Gallery, Los Angeles

2011 Post Cards from Tehran, 18th Street Arts Center, Santa Monica, Los Angeles

2010 Contemporary Shahnama Millennium Exhibition, Curated by Fatima Zahra Has-

san-Agha, The Prince's Foundation Gallery London

2010 Iran Inside Out, Influences of Homeland and Diaspora on the Artistic Language of 56 Contemporary Iranian Artists, Curated by Sam Bardaouil and Till Fellrath, The Farjam Collection at the Hafiz Foundation, Dubai

2009 Iran Inside Out, Influences of Homeland and Diaspora on the Artistic Language of 56 Contemporary Iranian Artists, Curated by Sam Bardaouil and Till Fellrath, De Paul Museum, Chicago

2009 Iran Inside Out, Influences of Homeland and Diaspora on the Artistic Language of 56 Contemporary Iranian Artists, Curated by Sam Bardaouil and Till Fellrath, Chelsea Museum of Art, New York, USA

2009 Moment as Monument, Curated by thomas Erben, Travancore Palace, New Delhi

2009 Looped & Layered, Thomas Erben Gallery, New Y ork

2007 Iranian Typography, University of Applied Sciences Northwestern, Academy of Art and Design, Switzerland

2006 Between Eco & Ego, Various Places In Kawaguchi City in Saitama Pref., Japan

2006 Taiwa (A Dialogue Between Japanese and Iranian Contemporary Art), Yokohama Red

Brick Warehouse Number 1, Japan

2005 Today's Poster of Iran, Ogaki Museum, Japan

2003 Self Postrait (Poster from Self), Elahe Gallery, Tehran

Collections:

Los Angeles County Museum. LACMA.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

And Various private collections

ROSTAM II RETURN 2008 Amir Saam was the foremost state senator and the prime dignitary of politics and diplomacy of his time yet the grand senator had no offspring and coveted one. Many a physician he consulted and many a means he applied only in vain until...

Eventually the long wait was over and came the moment of the birth. A beautiful baby boy with white hair was born. Overcome by fear from the Amir's wrath, the Filipino maids of the Lady fled the country with the excuse of needing to renew their visas. The Lady herself was petrified that if the Amir would see their son, he would suspect that this is yet another machination of the British who had a long record of animosity with the Amir. Accordingly, they had planned to bring sorrow rather than mirth to his home. Nevertheless, there was no way out and Uncle Hooshang who was a man of... and valiant went to the Amir and said, "Praise God Almighty who has blessed you with a son whose body is as bright as silver and his face as graceful as heaven and hair as white as camphor. Amir Saam went to his Lady's chamber, saw the child, and rather than rejoicing broke down with dismay. He took off the Hermes tie from his neck, tore the Georgio Armani shirt he was wearing, raise his head to the sky, and screamed, "Oh God..."

The Amir ordered his personal driver that very night to take the little boy off to a corner in the poor areas of the city and leave him there. The separation of the mother and the child was immensely heartbreaking. She put the milk bottle* in the baby's mouth and looked for the last time at the baby's white face, kissed his white hair and eyebrows, and said, "Oh God, I leave my son in your hands." A moment later, the driver came along and took the baby to the remotest area of the city. The sound of the baby's crying broke the silence of the night. He was looking for a spot to leave the baby that all of a sudden he saw an immaculate pickup truck on the street. The driver wasted not a moment in hiding the baby in the back of that truck. The truck was none but a Simorgh.

*In the original version, the word breast was used instead of milk bottle but since its function has changed in current times and the word has lost its meaning for the young generation, the writer chose to use milk bottle



Returns at age of 30 having been brought up abroad. 84 x 120 cm

collected by Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. collected by Los Angeles County Museum. LACMA.



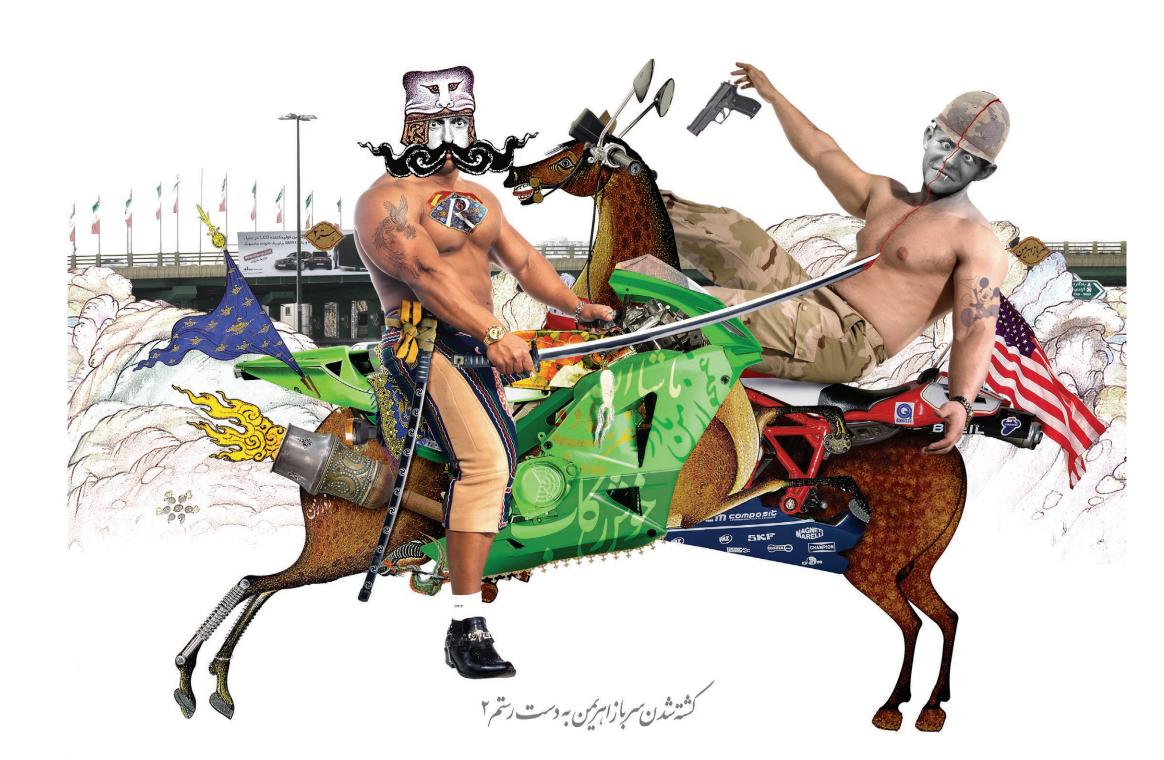
Return of Rostam 2 to Iran to fight the demons of modern day. 140 x 200 cm



Rostam 2 and Zaal join forces. 140 x 200 cm



The soldiers of evil are killed by Rostam2. 140 x 200 cm



Finally Rostam 2 kills his son(Sohrab) not knowing that he is the father. 140 x 200 cm



"Sacrificial Lamb"

Or

"How to Slaughter 300 Cows in One day"

2009

Thus spake the sheep:

"Oh, the King of fairies, we wish that you see us when we are captives in the hands of these beings. The lambs and the children are separated frommothers, and their mothers' milk is wrested for human beings' own children.

Our children are tied up, are slaughtered, and skinned. They scream, in hunger and in thirst, and no-one comes to their rescue. And then, their heads are chopped, their stomachs cut, and they are skinned. Their heads and organs, their hearts, livers and rumen are subjected to the butchers' chopping knives. And finally, they are cooked in pots, or barbecued on fire, and then eaten. And we are still silent. Neither we cry nor do we complain. Even if we cry, these beings do not show mercy. Where is the supposedkindness and compassion of these beings?"

Part of the "Plea Signature Scroll-Ekhvan Al Safa" by the animals against the cruelty of human beings to the "King of Fairies"







Technique: Mixed media on Resin sculpture

L 38 cm . H 26 cm



Aghazadeh (Neuvue Riche)

Technique: Mixed media on Resin sculpture

L 38 cm . H 26 cmm



The Flock

Technique: Mixed media on Resin sculpture

L 38 cm . H 29 cm

Title: COW-VID . Hooligans
Technique: Porcelain (Painted)

H 38 cm







COW-VID . Poets
Technique: Porcelain (Painted)
H 38 cm







COW-VID . Madam Shahnaz Technique: Porcelain (Painted)

H 38 cmm



COW-VID . The Golden COW-VID Technique: Porcelain (Gold luster) H 38 cm

COW-VID . Untitled Technique: Porcelain (Painted) H 38 cm



UNDERGROUND 2014

I will rule you in a different manner, if I stay alive... Attributed to Nāser-al-Dīn Shah at the hour of his death

A vast city that slowly breaths in the dark depths of the earth. An ancient city, as old as the history of Human despotism. A high wall embraces the city. A wall that according to orders of The King, is decorated with patterns of love.

The King that every fifty years, at an exact date and hour is assassinated. The funeral ceremony that is held is more elaborate every time with the crumbling Tomb built even larger.

The next day The King rises from his tomb and goes to the palace, and his dominion is repeated with no alteration. It is said that The King has made a pact with the angel of death, and there are others that believe that the citizens of the city are recalling his name in their hearts and ask God to return him to them.

The History of this city has been written once and for eternity, it has a circular motion, where the beginning is the end. The Name of This City is "Under Ground".



Coronation

Shah's coronation was held amid pomp and ceremony symbolic of the Shah's to mark the accession of Shah to power. Entering the capital at the most auspicious hour, as foretold by the royal astrologer, he was received by "the princes of the royal family, the notables, the chiefs of departments and nearly the whole population of Tehran." Seven hours and twenty minutes past sunset in his first public levee, he "sat in state for a short time" on the marble throne in the open veranda of the Golestan hall of audience, "wearing his crown and all the insignias of royalty.









The Flying Gazelle

The daughter of a villager Jeyran (Turkish for gazelle; so nicknamed for her charming eyes) was the first of the women of humble origins among Shah's wives who because of the Shah's affection managed to wield great influence over the affairs of the court. Brought to the royal harem to be trained as a female musician and singer, she must have first caught the Shah's attention perhaps just after the Amir Kabir affair. With a style reminiscent of the stories of The Thousand and One Nights, of which the Shah was so fond, the young singer found her way into the Shah's heart as much with her own charms as with Mahd e Olia's blessing.

Attractive and outspoken, she was fond of riding and hunting. In the saddle, complete with boots and a man's outfit and wrapping her facial cover around her forehead, she was a total anomaly next to the grave, often overweight and timid ladies of the harem and in her behavior exhibited a sharp contrast to their mute mannerisms.







The Bread Riot

By winter public discontent led to serious bread riots, threatening the very stability of the Shah's rule. On the Shah's return from hunting he was surrounded by 5,000 to 6,000 women with their veils removed and with mud rubbed on their heads as a sign of misfortune, "yelling for bread." Responding to the sticks and lashes of the royal guards with pellets and rocks, the women clutched at the Shah's carriage, and only with great difficulty did the royal cavalcade managed to pull its way through the crowd and slip into the royal citadel. The hungry demonstrators nevertheless gutted the bakers' shops "under the very eyes of the king," and the minister of war who accompanied the Shah, was apprehended by the crowd. His reputation as a major speculator with massive sealed granaries was well known to the women, who dragged him out of his saddle and beat him up. Next day the starving crowds surrounded the royal palace in even greater numbers. Climbing the closed gates, "thousands of women made their way into the citadel and began to assail the guards with large stones while being urged on by their male relatives, who under cover of their attack, were looking out for an opportunity to effect a more serious rise." In facing a far more dangerous riot than that he had encountered before, the Shah seemed utterly helpless. An emergency meeting of the Council of the State convened in the Shah's presence could do little but

summon the influential mayor of the city, Mahmud Khan Kalantar Nuri. An official with years of service as mayor, he was a public figure known to the entire populace. He could only promise the reproachful Shah that he would soon put down the riot, but when he returned to the crowd the second time in the company of his servants and furiously beat several women with large sticks, it was inevitable that his action would only further incite the crowd. Experiencing some "trepidation" upon the appearance of the tumultuous mob, the Shah immediately summoned the mayor back into his presence. "If you are thus cruel to my subjects before my eyes," he reportedly said, "what must be your secret misdeeds?" He then ordered the mayor bastinadoed and his beard cut off. But while his orders were being carried out, in a moment of rage the Shah "uttered the terrible word tanab [rope]." The executioners immediately "placed a cord round the unhappy man's neck and in an instant more their feet were on his chest, trampling out the last sign of life."

"— and when Mahmud Khan's naked body was dragged through the streets "amid the execration of the multitude" and hung up by the heels at one of the city gates. To complete the spectacle of ferocity and intimidation, the next day the Shah wore a "suit of red clothing," an ancient symbol of royal rage and further bloodshed.

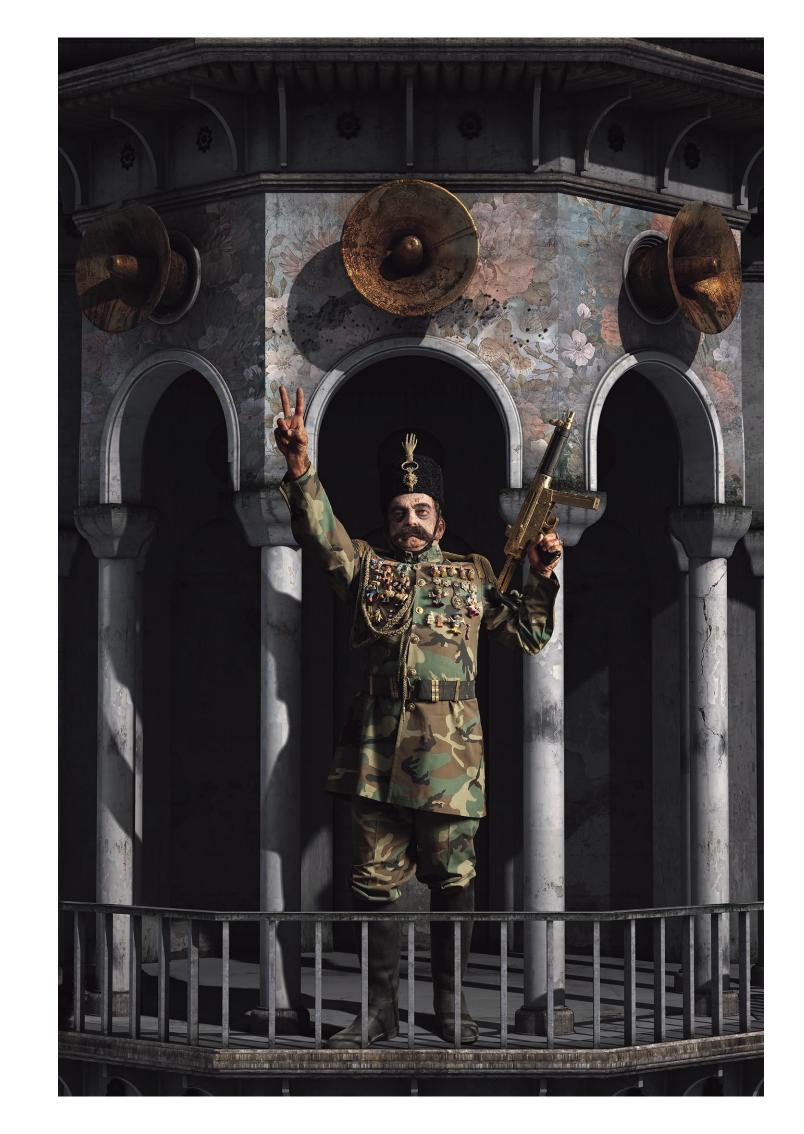






Vigor

Whoever has seen him once could ascertain that such a course of conduct and treatment could not agree with his nature. He is a proud and fierce young man who is ambitious, highly autocratic, combative, and extremely warlike. The English departure [from Iran] was a cause for celebration for him. Since then, his spirits, which for a long time had been depressed because of the intimidation of the foreign powers, have begun to turn to joy and jubilation and his melancholy and subdued mood indoors has changed into pride and self-esteem.







Shah and British Ambassador

"Man," as people say, "is born one day and will die one day." This verse, too, is very well-known: "Dying with honor is better than living two hundred lives in disgrace. Surely the creator of this world and the founder of the faith will not accede in the humiliation of the Persian state. God knows that from the outset we were not, and still are not, desirous to fight with England. I wished to make them recognize a limit to their mischief and arrogance. But I did not want to behave like a loose woman who gives in as soon as she is asked to remove her underwear. The honor of the founder of the faith certainly would not consent that the government be ruined in vain. I as the king and you as the prime minister and a state's servant have not behaved contrary to the honor of our faith and our nation or against reason and fortitude. If the Lord of this world approves, this is our ideal. If not, there is no fault upon us. What else can be done?



Murder of Amir Kabir

The Shah's autograph note informed 'Ali Khan, the chief of the royal outer servant (farrash-bashi) and Amir Kabir's old protégé turned enemy, that he had been "designated to go to Fin of Kashan and relieve Amir Kabir." In accomplishing this mission, promised the royal command, "he shall be honored among his peers" and should be confident of the Shah's "imperial benevolence."



Assassination



Shah Without Shroud (Kafan)

Body of Shah was naked now, like a bouquet of flower that Autumn had not stroked, his body was young untouched by age, the Shah was in a pleasant dream, and his features were moon like. They asked for the Shroud (Kafan). The Shroud that the Shah had brought back with him from the holy shrine was nowhere to be found.

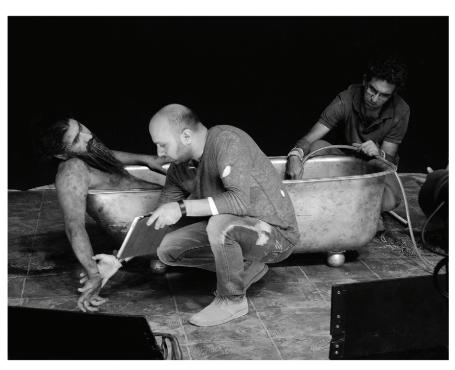
After an hour that Shah had remained naked, one of the courtiers brought his own shroud and so finally Shah's body could be removed. Once ablution was completed, they could not find the ceremonial Shawl to cover his body, as all courtiers were busy with their own affairs. Finally prime minister told the grooms to remove stitches from an already sewn piece of shawl and to cover the body.

Diaires of Amin ol dolleh























BABEL 2021

