KAVE AMINI KHANIMANI's PORTFOLIO

2024_2025

INTRODUCTION

Form the bottom of the Hell to the unknown lands. I have decided as an artist to be honest as much as possible over the course of my life with myself and others. To stand for the truth whenever it's necessary. To not live by lies. The following artworks and their descriptions are the most intimate and honest approach, I could currently offer. May God for-gives my errors and faults in the process of gathering this imperfect collection of artworks. There are exactly thirteen different pieces manifest my sacred journey through separated pages. In the end, I would like to deeply appreciate my dear Mother for her eternal supports and love which are definitely integral part of my life and deeply sacred to me.

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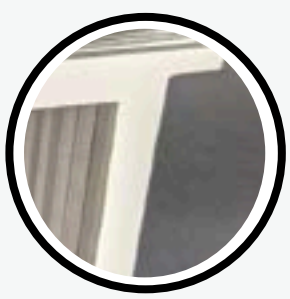
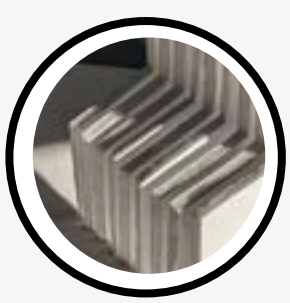
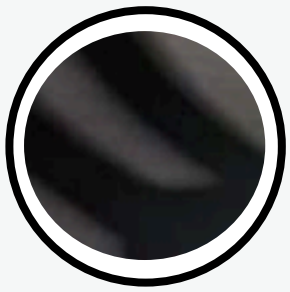
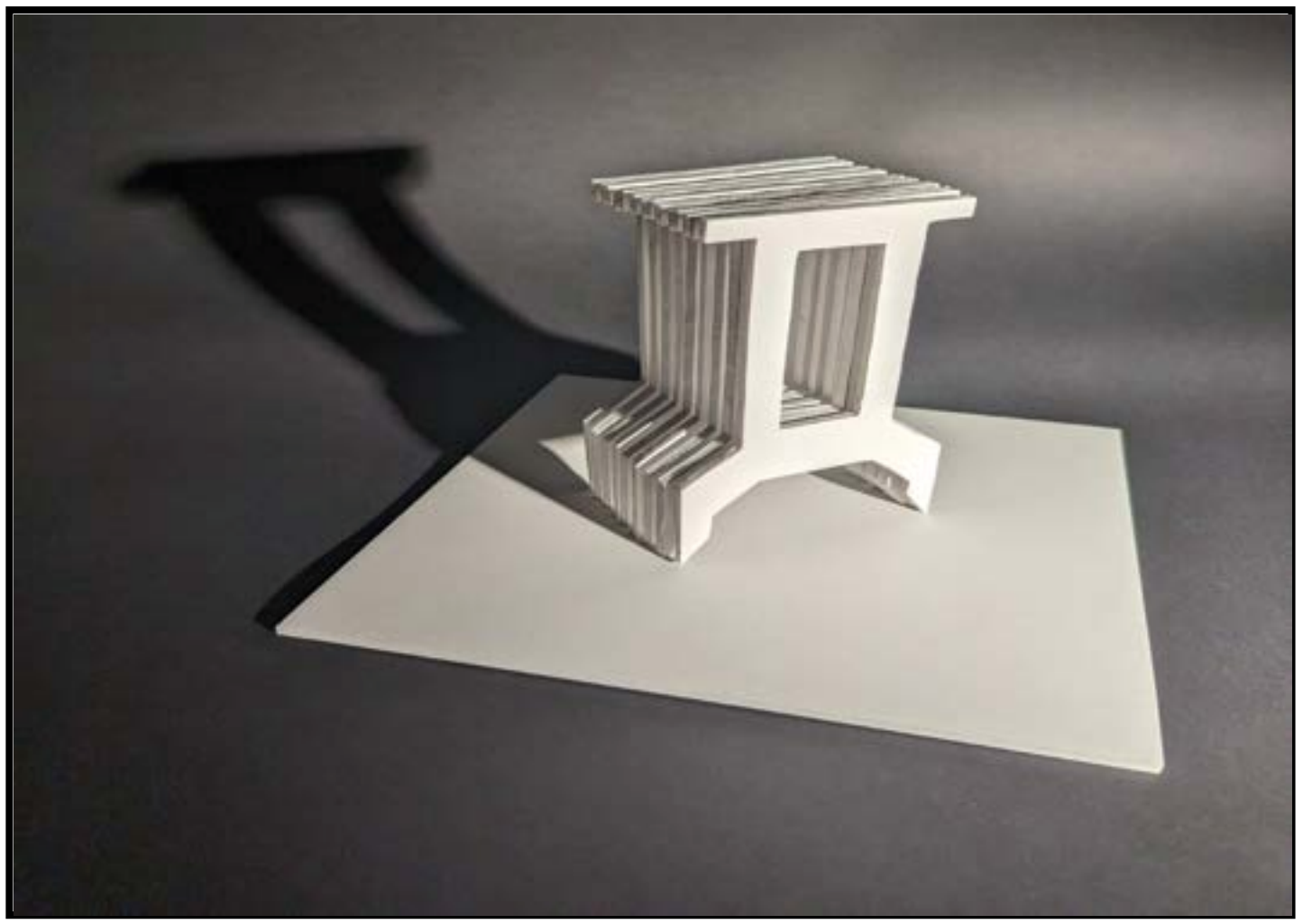
The Cyrillic approach —









3RD installation

In my opinion, the alphabet letters are the main tools that shape our languages. And the language is what matters most to each one of us in order to communicate properly with each other. A world without the existence of languages is the world of chaos and disorder. In order to live in a meaningful manner, one must first act based on the rules of his language. And in order to do that, you must be fully humble and respectful toward the basis of your language. You need to embrace the necessity of being a beginner, being a pupil and ready to learn.

Kave Amini Khanimani

The fatherland

Digital painting

One must be quite far away from his land in order
to fully understand what it means to be at home.
In the time of chaos and distraction, one must
fully delve into his memories to find out the glorious light of the past, the glorious days that sun was shinning all the time. Eventually the man who is missing his native land should return to his childish memories to feel the light of sunshine over his head, to feel the essence of warmth.

Kave Amini Khanimani

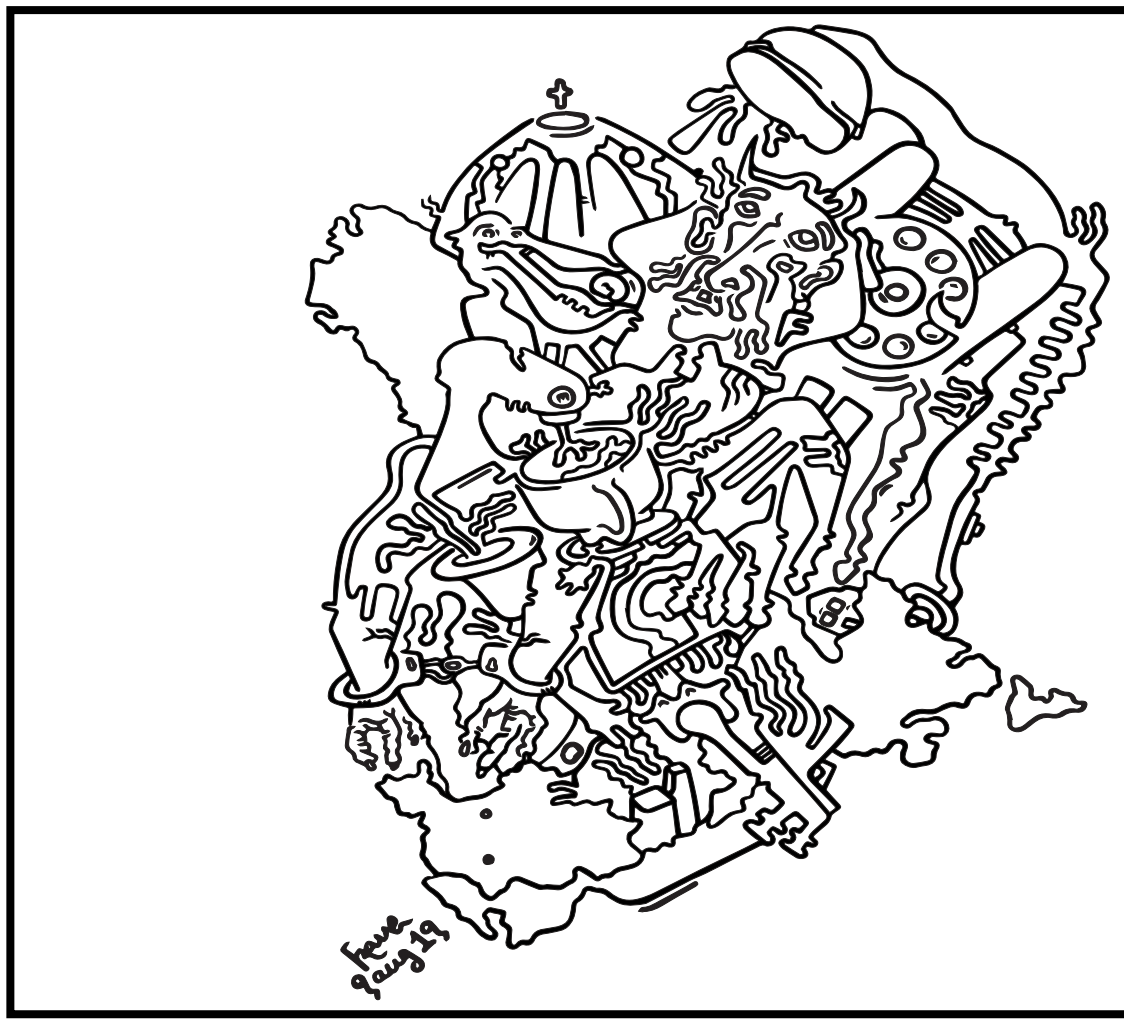
The sultan

Abstract painting made by colored pencils

The sultan is dedicated to the culture of tyranny which seems to be undeniably deep-rooted in every generation of ordinary people in my motherland. The tyrannical system is always looking colorful and shinny from the outside but when you look deeply through the inner surfaces of the society, it's the most unpleasant phenomena you can ever meet. The tyranny always starts from the heart of a man who neglects and forget his holiness and the main responsibility on his shoulders to make the world a better place for others.

Kave Amini Khanimani

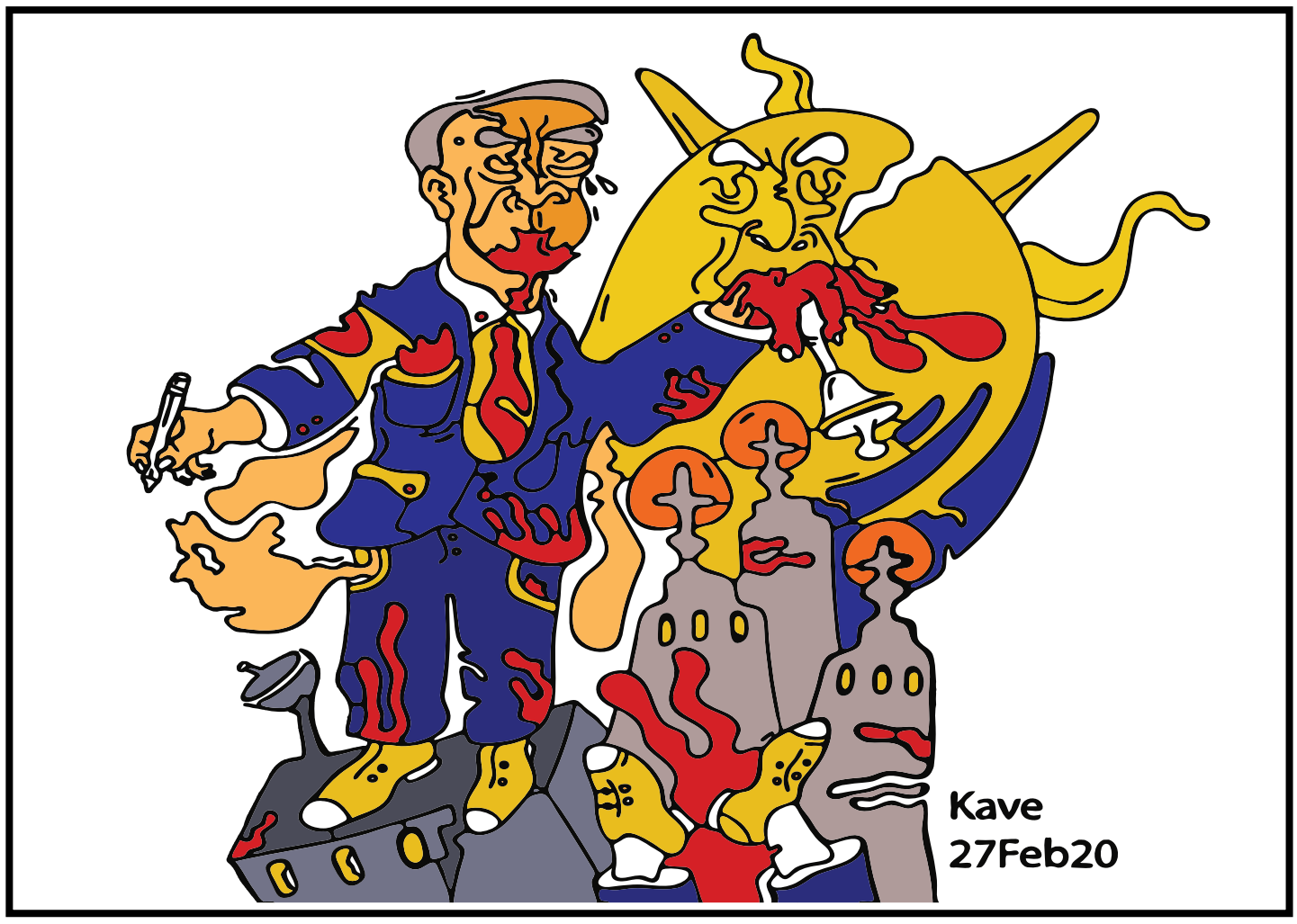
The settler



Abstract doodling on paper made by pen

The journey or pathway defines itself as once I have read somewhere with the steps towards the unknown destiny out of bravery and curiosity. There must be always a fool, an adventurer who leaves everything behind to start by stepping into the real terrifying tunnel. One must sacrifice his own innocence in order to find the light in the end of tunnel. There's an enormous hunger for ignoring the essence of danger and necessity to take responsibility in this pathway. In fact, nobody wants to admit that you either learn to grow and flourish in the midst of the swamp by becoming a real monster who controls himself or you will be decayed in the most heinous manner. Finally, if you want to get to know a fellow properly, the best way is to watch him carefully over the course of how he endure the most challenging journeys of his life. No matter where are you located, there's always a new journey, a new test, waiting for you that must be undertaken well in order to be a champion, a hero, a saint.

The bureaucracy

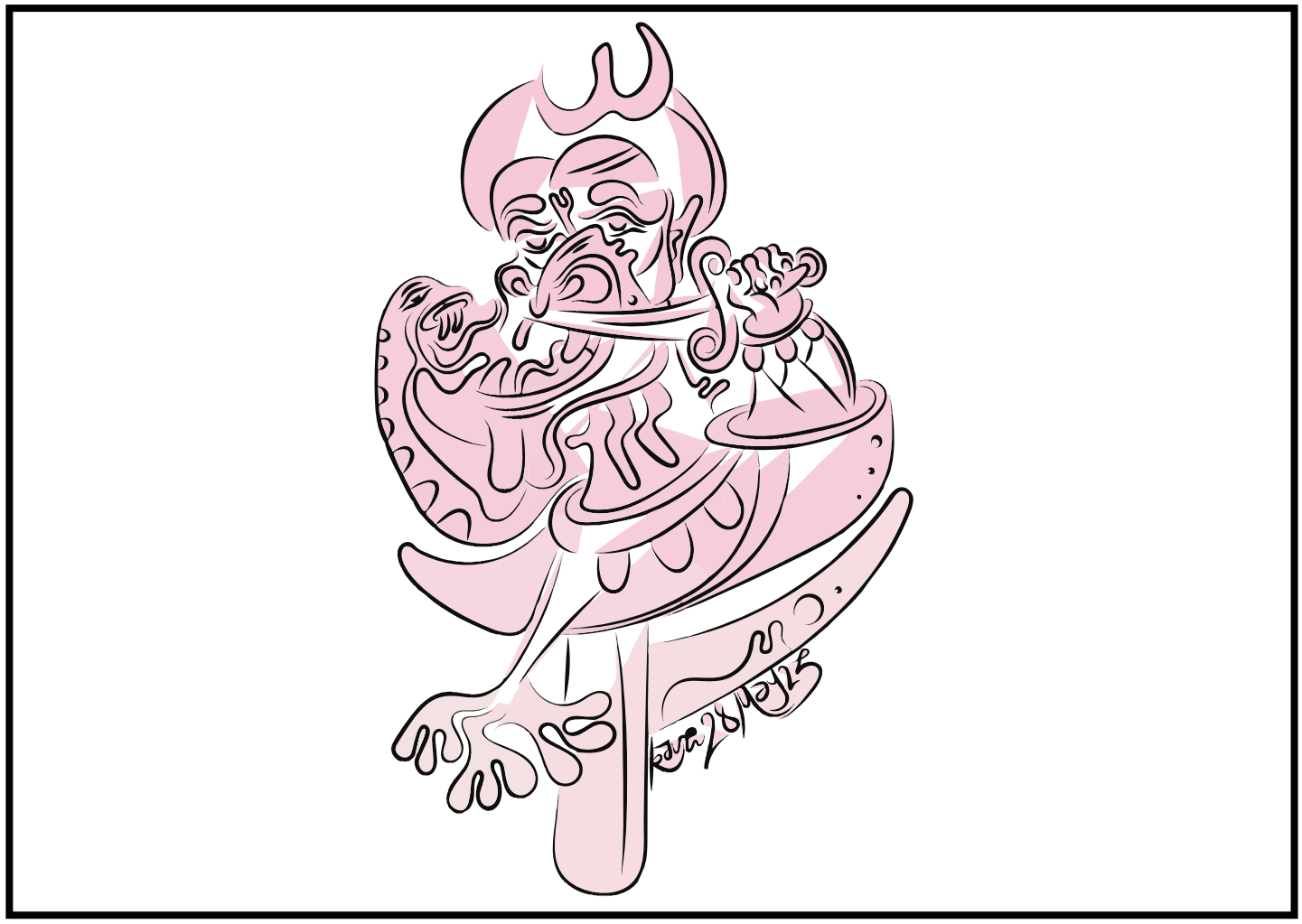


Digital painting

The bureaucratic society is a place that every one of its citizen is drowned into an abyss which has been made by the endless possible pathways in an unknown hierarchical orders. Nobody really knows how to find the stairways of the sky tower which leads to the ultimate place of power and privilege. Every ordinary citizen of these type of societies is trapped by the following question, "where is the stairways of success ?". Sadly no one knows those who found the answer have already become the unmerciful monsters.

Kave Amini Khanimani

The pinkish Tyranny —

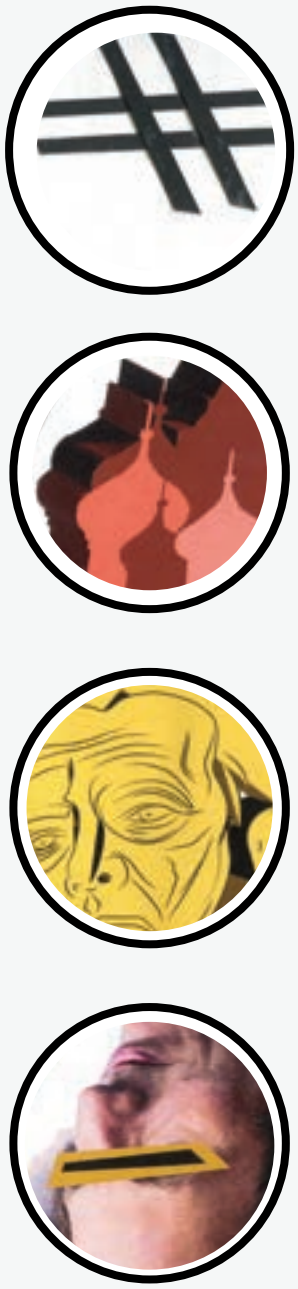


Digital painting

There's no need to born in the heart of a dungeon or in a dystopia to grasp the essence of the pinkish tyranny. There has been always an angry man with a dagger waiting in the most darkest place of our hearts ready to commit to the most heinous atrocities you can not fully imagine even in your nightmares. The tyranny's existence is dependent on the inability of each one of us to follows our own heart's call to embrace the beauty, the one that Dostoevsky once said that will save the world".
Pink is the symbol of this phenomena. It has been always pink color which covers this hypocritical state of the man's heart very well. It's lovely from outside but rotten from inside especially for the sinners.

Kave Amini Khanimani

The Iranian hashtag ——



Paper collage

The Iranian hashtag is a metaphor, a noisy manifestation of a moral bankrupt nation in the age of information. A failed nation who has condemned any approach toward reviving its dignity and tradition. The land which was once the birthplace of so many saints and heroes, has become a vast wasteland. It's obvious to me that in order to truly appreciate the existence of light, one must be fully surrounded himself by darkness. The real darkness which is a quite familiar experience for us, as failed individuals. Sadly, the utopia that we are trying to create out of the ashes is morally corrupt and also the dystopia which we called it once, Home.

Kave Amini Khanimani

The bipolar world

Paper collage

Our world was once a bipolar world, divided by heavy walls, like the one which had been torn the infamous city of Berlin for a while. The one that divided the families and loved ones from being with each other. In one side of the wall, the bourgeois forces had been built mansions to feed their relentless evil desire to accumulate Capital in order to enslave the ordinary people. In the other side, the hypocrite forces had been built the real hell on the earth, the GULAG concentration camps to perish all the other half of the ordinary people. We, the people were always manipulated by the system no matter where we were located on the earth. One might miss his father badly since he has disappeared lately by the direct official order in the middle of a night according to the false allegations of dreaming about the life on the other side of the wall.

The savior

The abstract digital traced picture

There has been always an eternal duality, an integral question; whether you need to start from yourself or you should start paying the heavy price of getting involved in the process of cleansing a corrupt ecosystem. One must choose to be an individual who dares to start from himself and dedicate himself to clean his room firs, before judging whatever social institutions or foundations surrounded him. In the other hand, sometimes it's deeply impossible to save a rotten, an already-perished organism which is completely dying in case of its moral values in front of our eyes. No matter which direction we define useful for ourselves to approach further, it's always only one remarkable title we would be deserved to be remembered by, the savior or better to say the revolutionist.

Kave Amini Khanimani

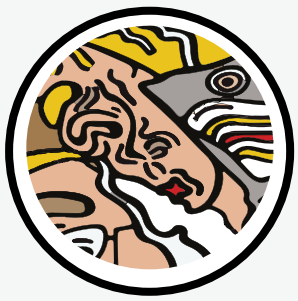
The child

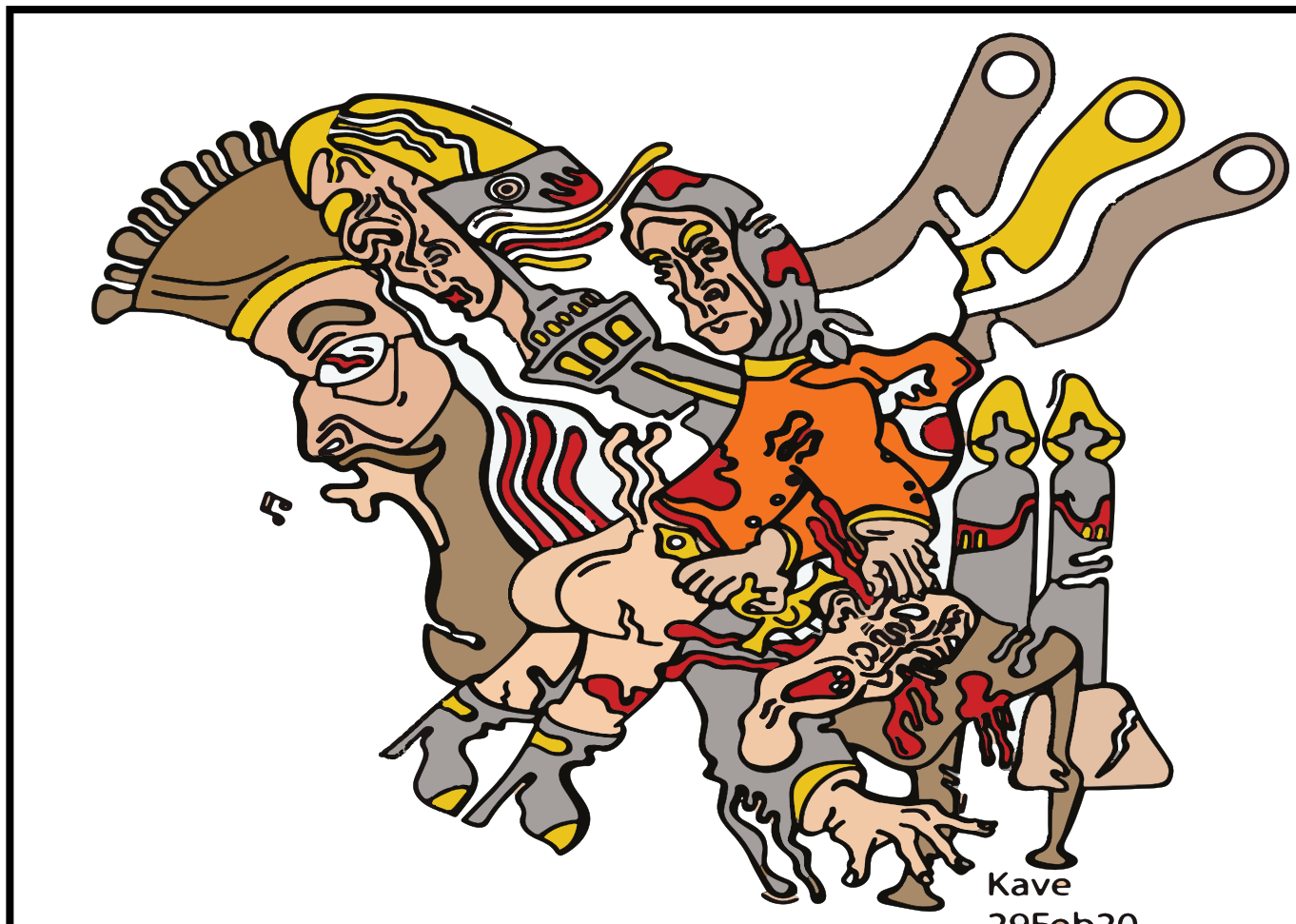
Digital painting

It's hard to believe but once upon a time, a pundit, a really wise man whispered in my ear, "You can not find a real monster on earth except through looking in between those adults who remained a child, an old infant even years later after being a recognizable figure in the ecosystem and among the others". Only a child, a childish individual can turn a heaven, a promise-land into the hell. Even though it's unbelievably heavy, but in order to fully grow and flourish, one must stop criticizing life and learn to suffer while bearing the heavy burdens of life. One either learn this lesson in the early stages of his life or push others to be burned by the flames of the gigantic fire of the consequence of his inability to grasp this simple lesson of life. Dostoevsky was right, when he said; one is not only responsible for his action but for every other individual's action around him.

Kave Amini Khanimani

The indifferent

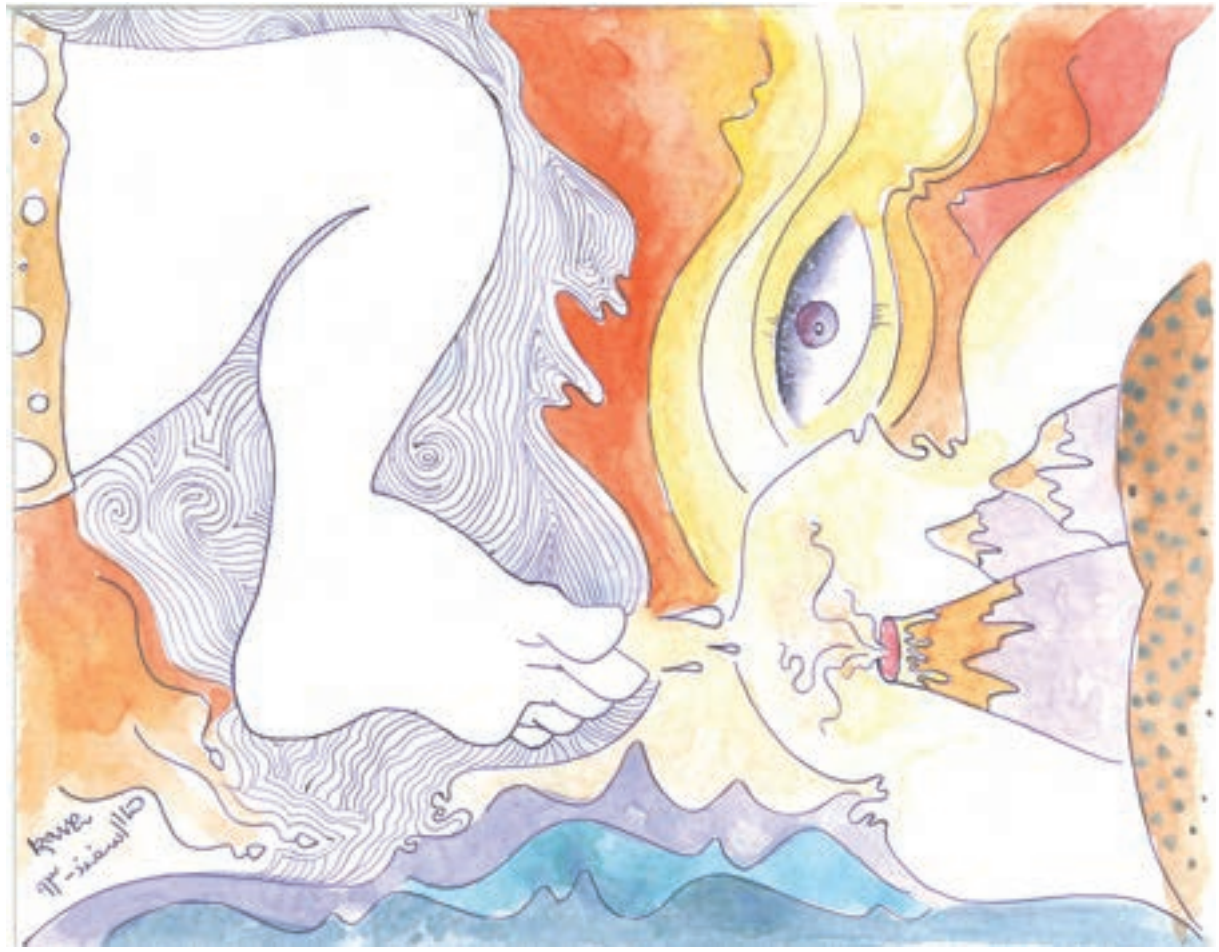




Digital painting

There's no need at all to invent such a thing as time traveling machine to forecast what's going on in the fortune of this angry nation. As long as we are accumulating the seeds of resentment and false commentaries about life, we are doomed to be absolutely failed. The Achaemenid soldiers, one of the main symbols in between the remained rotten inscriptions of Persepolis which is a remarkable historical site of Ancient Persia are quite making fun of us since we are probably, the most stupid decedents of a great civilization on the records of history, so arrogant, full of resentment. The famous Italian painter, Caravaggio, were hundred percent accurate if he had decided to dedicate one of his masterpiece to the 21 century's citizens of this land. Those who want to follow the pathway of revenge.

The expectant



Watercolor painting

“We live in an age where there’s no heroic death”. Let us briefly contemplate on the aforementioned quote by the Japanese author, Yukio Mishima. In order to fully grasp the definition of life, one must give birth to multiple versions of himself. One must give birth to the tragedy and also to the beauty. We are not supposed to live or die only once. That’s what only dead people do. I meant, the silent majority of mankind. It’s terribly hard to be burned as a martyr and reborn out of the remaining ashes once again. It needs more than an iron-made courage to follow this necessity of a well-examined life, it needs something quite holy and sacred, to be able to give life to the tragedy and the beauty. One must be an expectant in the metaphysical format. It’s completely obvious to me that the way you want to conclude this life, will designate the way you will resurrect out your ashes in the end.

My name is Red

Digital painting

The world is full of absurdity. The color, Red, has lost its meaning. It became amalgamated with so many rotten and filthy elements under the processes of color-making by some unknown idiot painters around globe. I'm the last pure Red color. The one that's not even applicable to be included on any false flags of the scared party. For me the last honest individual who said something bravely was Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Surrounded by the horror of the fake Red colors, he was the one that said; "The simple step of a courageous individual is not to take part in the lie. One word of truth outweighs the world." It's up to you as the audience of this artwork to decide to become, a real Red, a real honest individual.

Kave Amini Khanimani

Self-Portrait

Traditional artwork, made by pencil

“A man, an ambitious young man must looks like this.” I thought like that for a long time when I was encountering with a strange picture of myself in front of the mirror. It seems I was the only one who didn’t look at himself closely for such a long time. It took an enormous amount of time and priceless efforts to find out that I was actually look into the abyss of the real darkness which surrounded me as a trivial entity. It wasn’t about the reflection of my shinny elements on the surface of the mirror, It was all about encountering with a monster which has been inhabited in my vessels for such a long time. A monster which depicted on the mirror.

Mini comic

Artwork is made by pen and ink

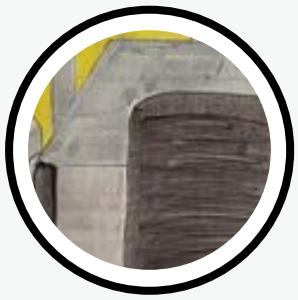
In these endless nights you might also suffer from the inability to sleep properly. You don't know how to escape from the eternal burden of pushing yourself aimlessly towards the gate of dreams, in order to drown yourself into the ocean, the unknown place of infinities. You have heard somewhere about the tragic fate of Oedipus. Now it seems one must find a way to flee away from being reincarnated again into such a poor being. Into being a postmodern Oedipus.

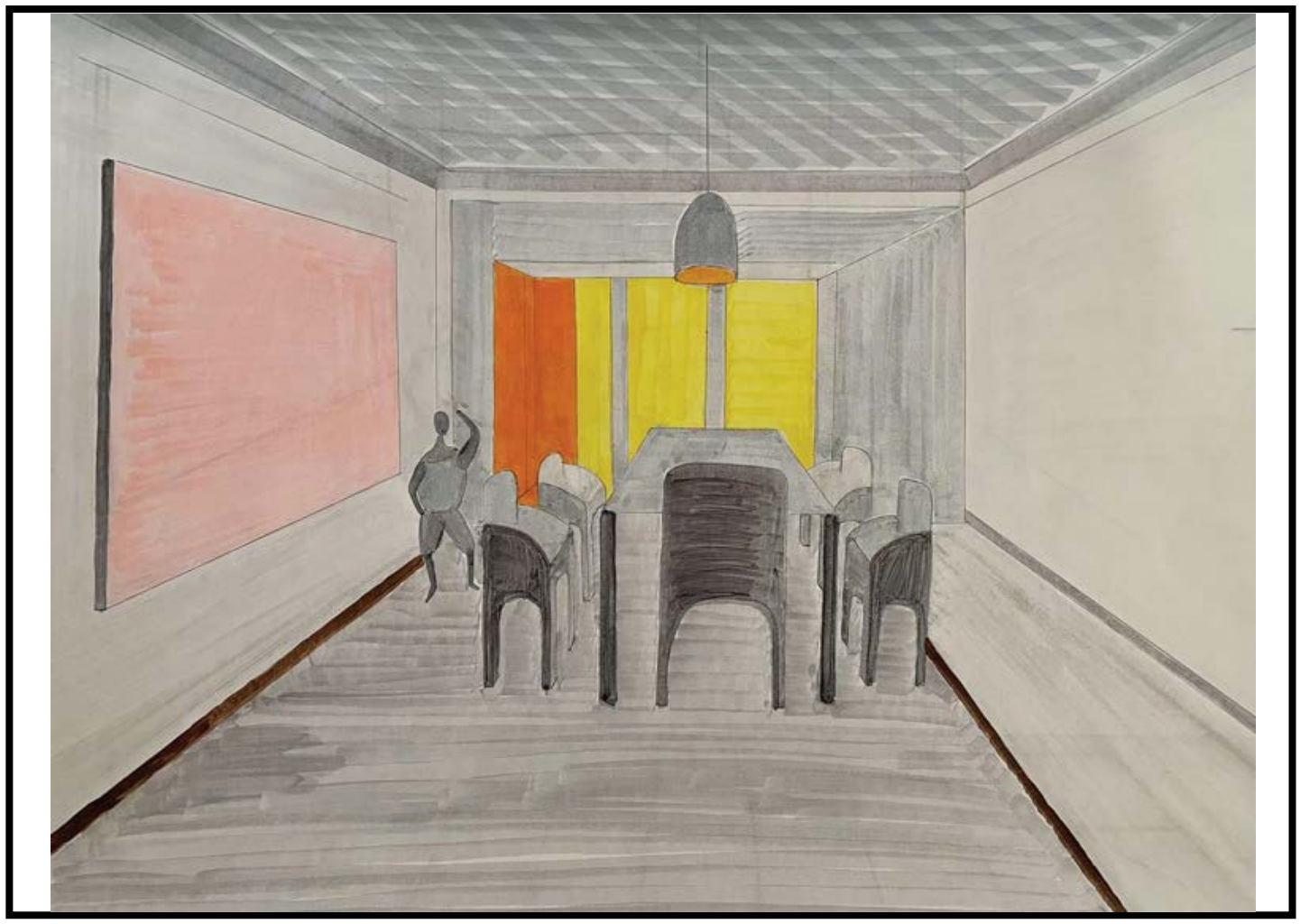
Creature Design

Artwork is made by watercolor ink and pen

A good friend always calls you an ”idiot”. Especially when you forget to bear your burden, your daily responsibility on your bloody shoulders properly. It’s much easier to lament a society which is derived by the elements of envy, anger and jealousy rather than reminding yourself how much lazy you are when it comes to living righteously in this crazy world. Nobody listens to you. Therefore one must stop shouting for help against the heavy stream of winds which comes from the oceans of absurdity and must start moving ahead even for just a simple step because in the end, roads are made by the simple brave steps toward the unknown land. That’s what Franz Kafka whispering into my ears everyday. Even though deeply absurd, it’s the process of suffering which gives you value, reason and eventually meaning to handle this harsh ecosystem. Keep moving ahead.

Dining-room

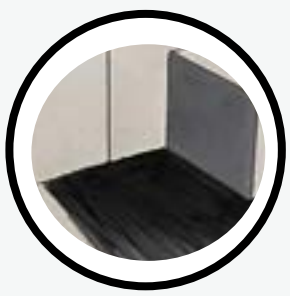


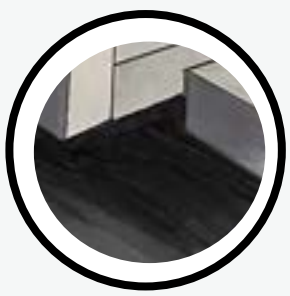


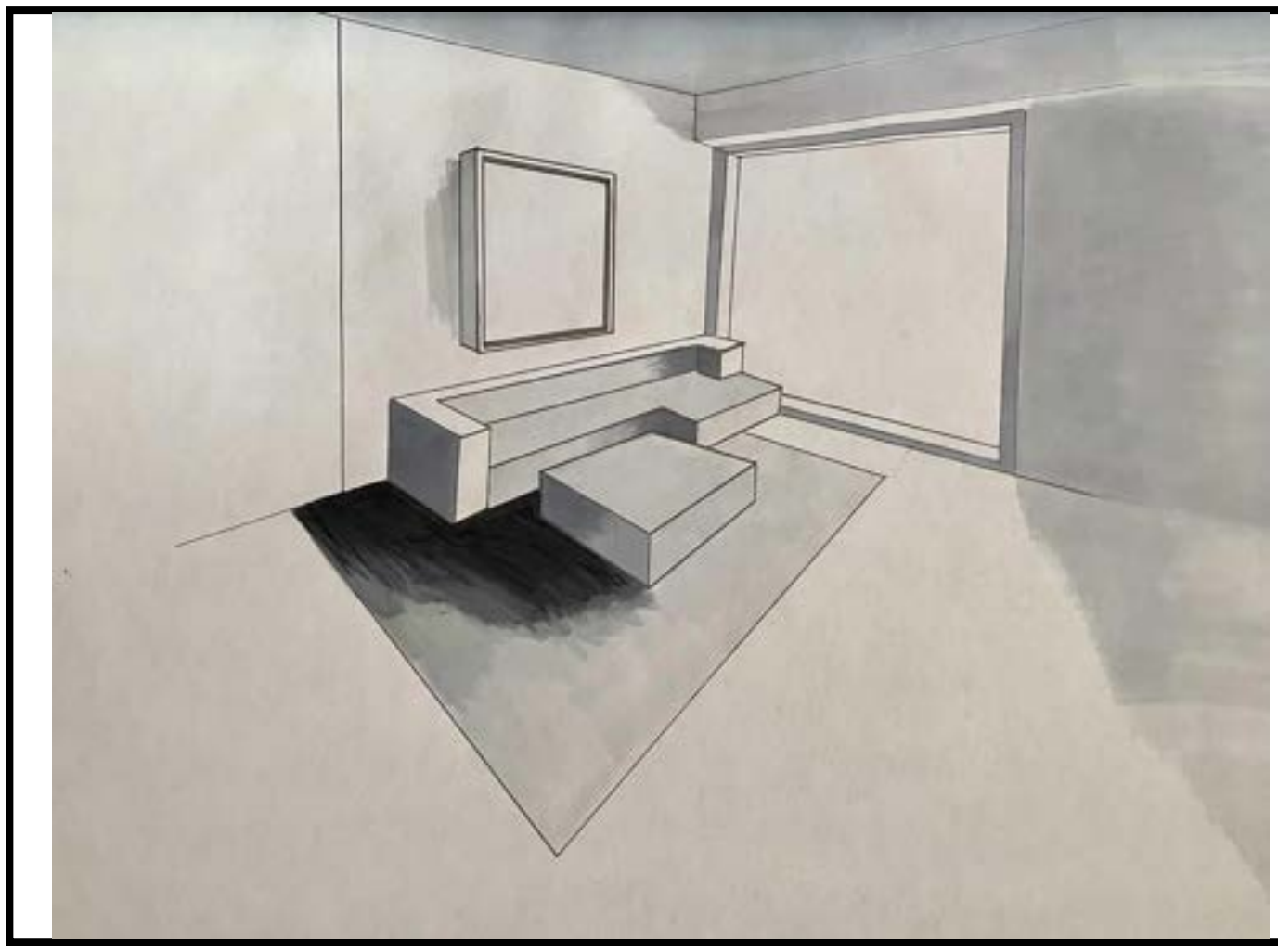
Artwork is made by markers and pen

There's been an eternal battle between good and evil, sanity and insanity and eventually between order and disorder. From the beginning of time, mankind was always struggling in order to construct a reality which worths living. So many of us have been perished unfairly in the meaninglessness of this earthly life. From the moment which he divided the bread between his followers, in the last supper until exactly today, a little after the day that an angry father of a broken household threw up the dishes of dining table into the wall in front of his wife and daughter. A man, a curious man has been waiting patiently in front of an empty room, wondering about how he descended into the abyss of darkness in such a progressive ecosystem.

Living-room





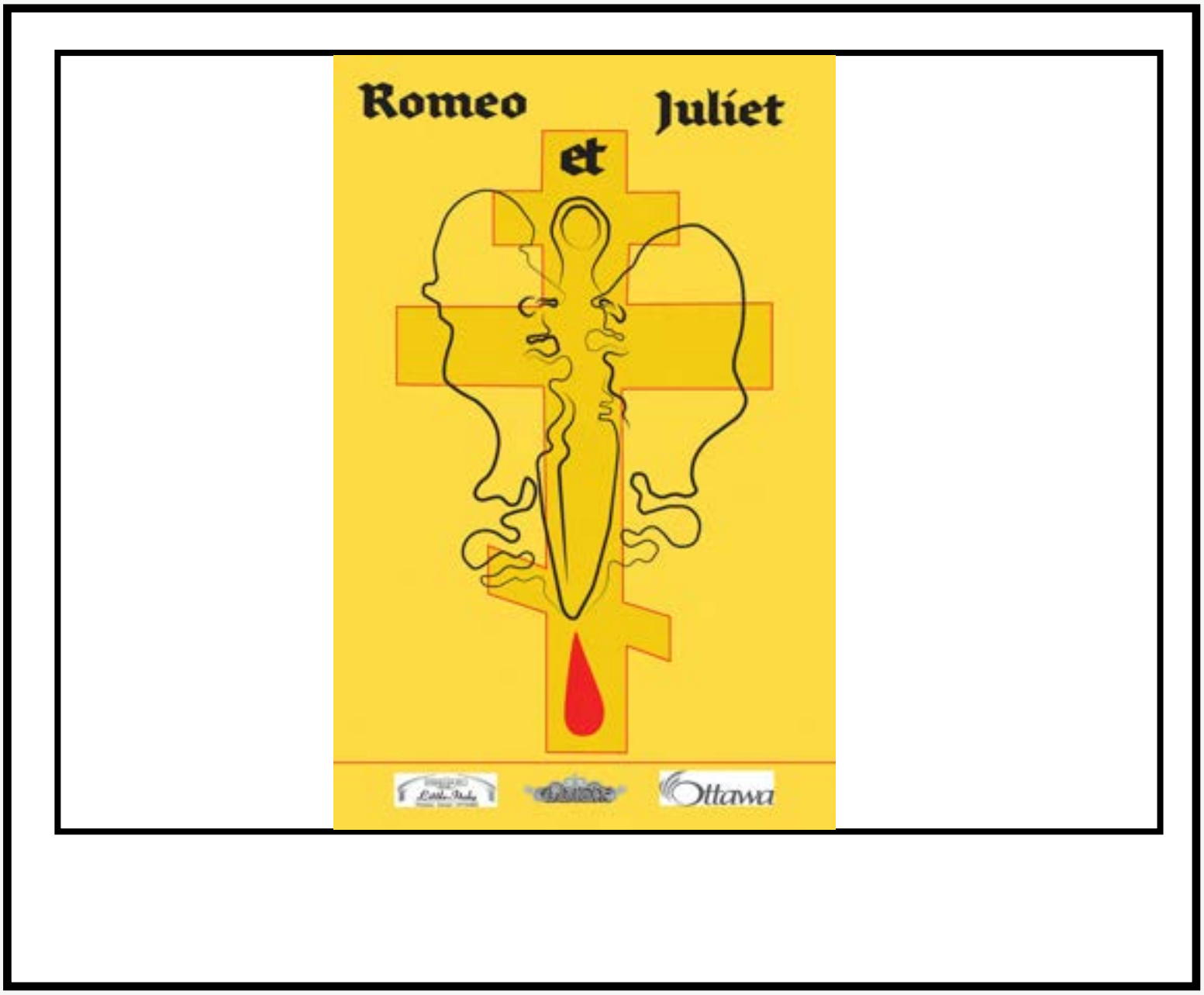


Artwork is made by markers and pen

For an old infant, the essence of being at home is always related to the maximum possibility of engaging with the objects that surrounded him in order to not drown more than ever into the real melancholy which derived from being deserted in this noisy and fast-paced world of misinformation. A man, an abandoned man must obtain a house, a shelter in order to hide himself from the illiterate crowds that causing nonstop chaos around him. One is doomed to be swallowed by the monsters if he steps outside his hiding-place, his comfort zone.

Kave Amini Khanimani

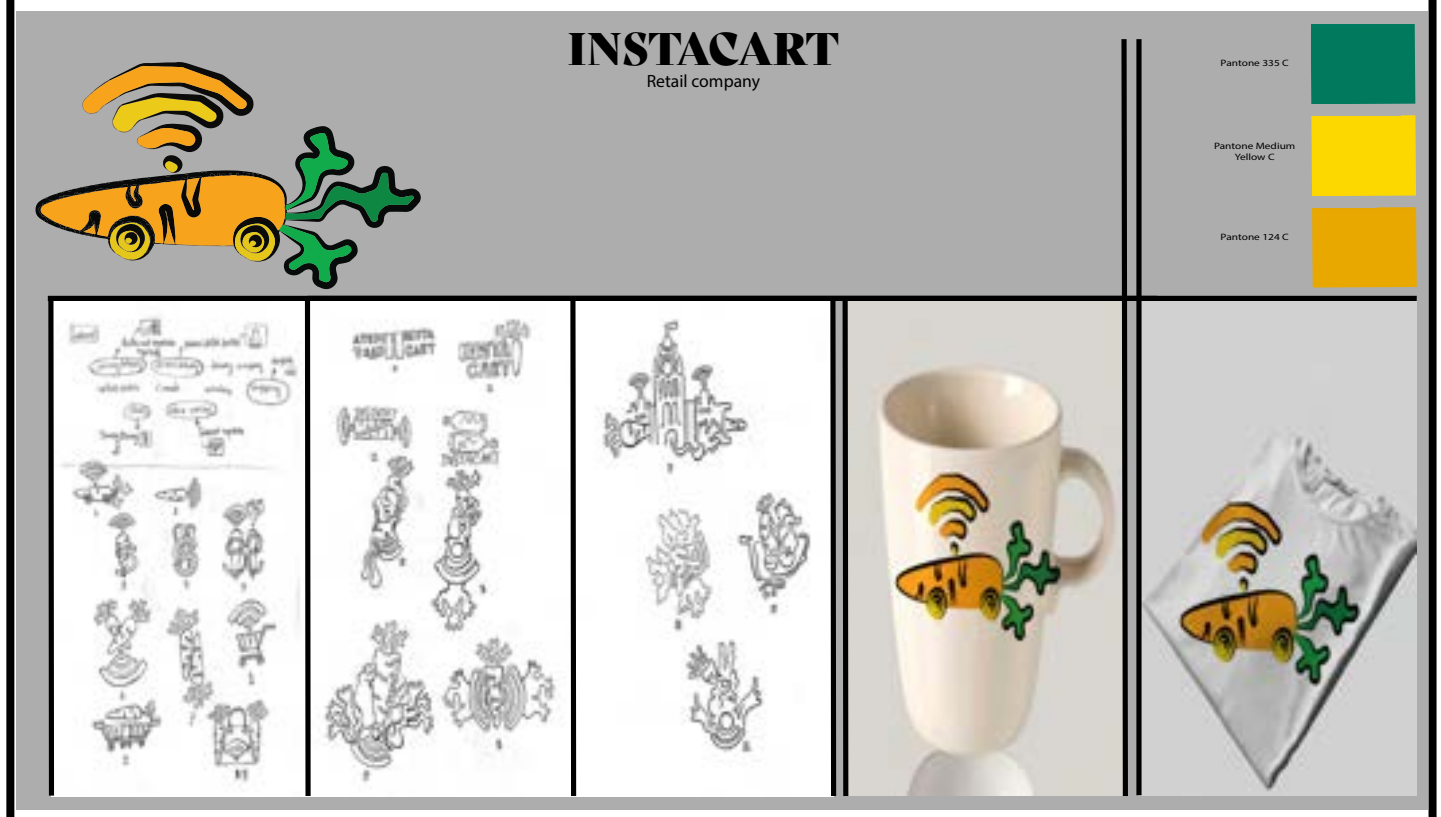
Romeo and Juliet's poster



Digital poster

The ending is always bleak. A love, no matter how much sacred always leads to the absolute desperation and darkness and that's the place where the tragedy births. But there's been always a glimpse of light, at the end of the tunnel. Exactly when the darkness and its anarchistic nature surrounded us while we are trying to find the pathway, the correct pathway in the unknown land to survive. To embrace love simply means, to get prepared for being crushed by the force of destiny and rebirth again in the heart of darkness.

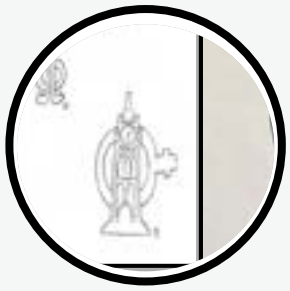
LOGO_ I

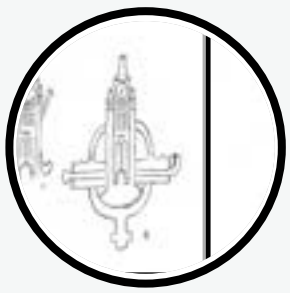


Logo making experience

Instacart is an online platform for doing groceries while you are unable to regularly showing up in your favorite local stores. It's one of those companies that needs a much more sophisticated logo designing and I have tried my best to brainstorm on this case while I was creating different thumbnails to reach to something unique for this unique company.

LOGO_ II





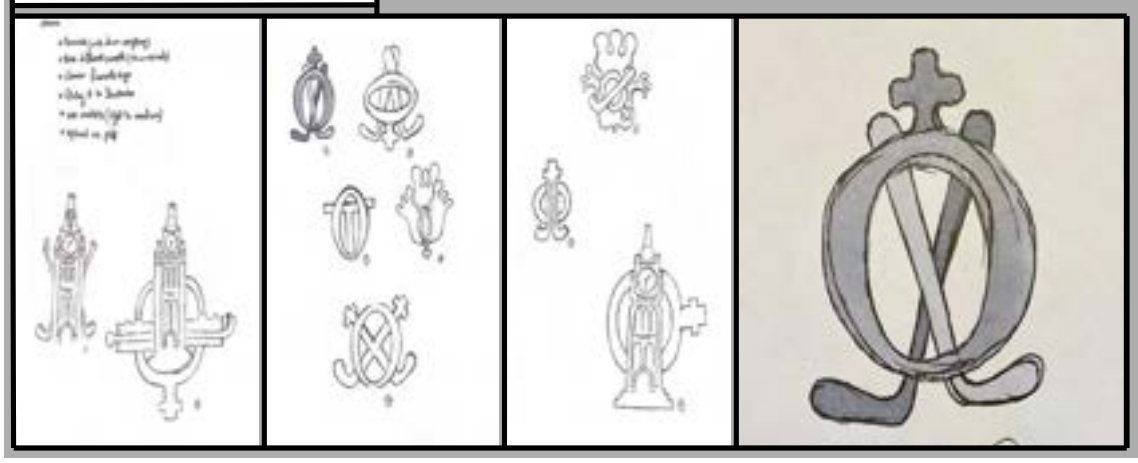
WOMEN HOCKEY LEAGUE

OTTAWA

Pantone 403 C

Pantone 258 C

Pantone 401 C



Logo making experience

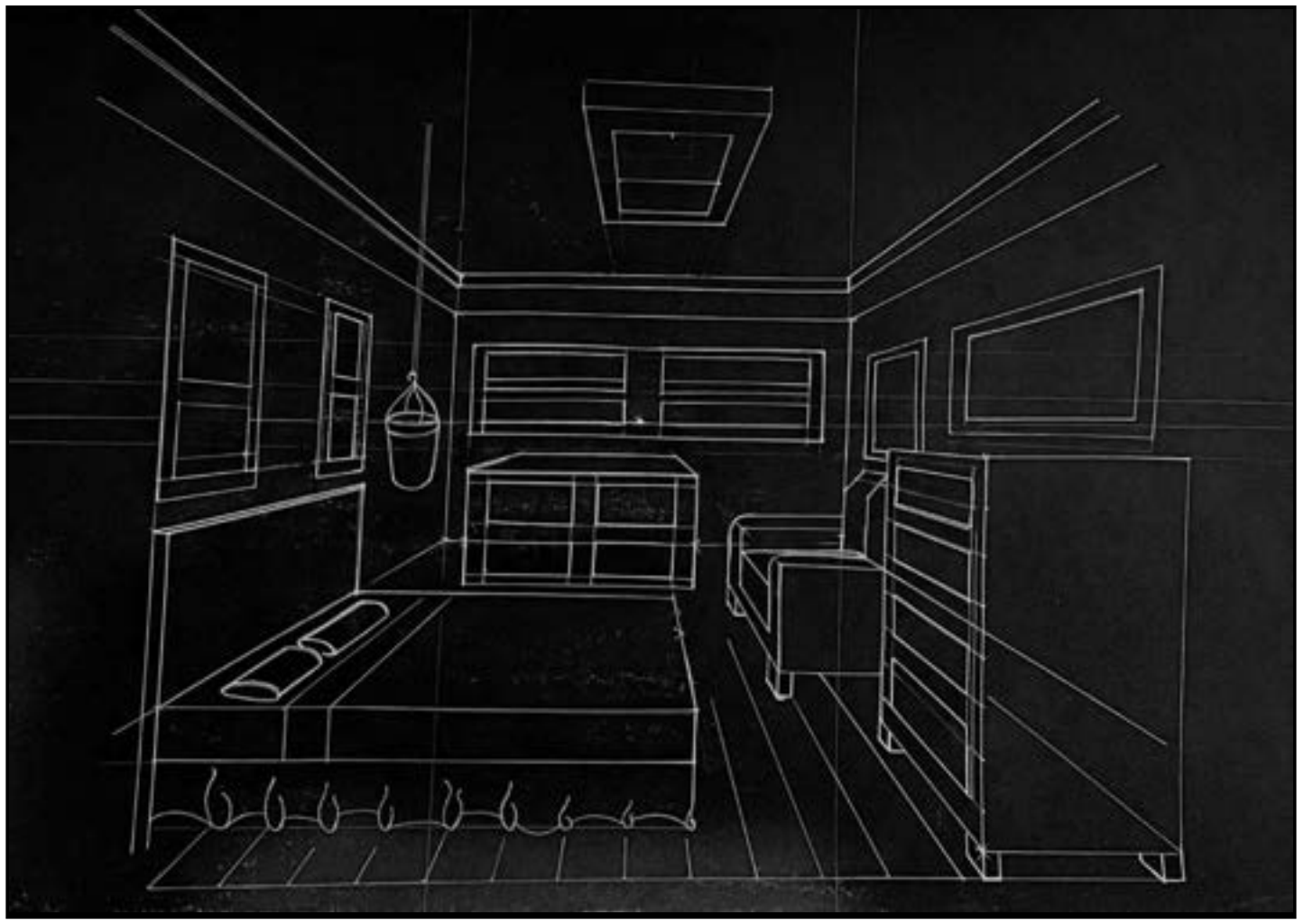
Ottawa as the capital of the Canada, deserves to have the best logo design for its Women hockey league. I have tried my best to brainstorm through creating different thumbnails for this specific cause. And I have included all the process of creation here.

NOWRUZ CELEBRATION —

Digital postcards

Nowruz is the most respected and practiced celebration in between Iranian around the globe, no matter of their ethnicity or religion. It's the symbol of rejuvenation and resurrection of the nature after a long and dark period of the winter. Nowruz is the most memorable moment of our life as an Iranian and a great reminder, that the good or better to say the light will eventually replace the darkness and the evil.

The Darkroom



Technical drawing _ One point perspective

An empty world, full of super luxury items, attractive but colorless, is ready to be sold for almost nothing. A man, a lonely one is shrinking back after being appalled from waiting for such a long time for almost nothing. There's an absurdity and treachery so great as Charles Bukowski once correctly said that you can see it in the slow movement of the hands of a clock. Miss. Godot is not going to show up at all. The time is fading away and the pain is becoming unbearable. One has been ordained to suffer only for the sake of suffering less in a trivial future.

The Dark-City

Technical drawing _ One point perspective

There was a time when real men were engraving the essence of acting civilized and responsible on the heavy tall walls which were surrounded the city, the ancient city. We used to build walls and tunnels to protect our family and our own dignity as men. We had rotten tiny houses which had been built by the real dedication of the real men who sacrificed their darkness to build something holy and sacred. But now, we have been surrounded for such a long time by the terrifying nonsense which we made from the anger and resentment.
A postmodern city is one of the main symbols of mankind's disgrace.

Kave Amini Khanimani

The martyr

Printing experience on cotton

It’s almost impossible to be deeply influenced by Iranian literature and didn’t come across the phenomenon of martyrdom. We as a naive nation have been always suffered from being invaded by destructive forces throughout our history. There’s so much blood on the record of our sacred evolution as a nation. This artwork is dedicated to one these countless brave individuals who stood against the tyranny and payed the price heavily. Rest in peace, Fereydoun Farrokhzad.