

Rift

I became distinctly aware of the western gaze as I moved to America. Of course, there was unabashed looking back home, but not the kind I experienced here. From being an object of desire in Pakistan, I became a preexisting representation of brown women in the U.S. I felt as if I did not exist. The self-portraits I have continued to make look back, questioning the western gaze, while simultaneously looking in.

"Rift", illustrates the cycle of fragmentation and fusion. My son appears as part of this union, tracing western paintings vaguely. These mother and child images are unlike the ones I, or the ones my child saw. Through looking, collaborating, appearing, and disappearing, continuity and division, we take up space, changing the narrative and the representation.