

WHITE WALL  
GALLERY

Still, again

Ahsan Memon

03.10.26 - 24.10.26

## About us:

White Wall intends to showcase the art practice of some of the most influential artists today and contribute to scholarship by producing catalogues and eventually books to accompany exhibitions. We aim to invite artists with sustained practices, prominent curators, historians and writers to collaborate and promote research and address the wider discourse on art, its prevalence, evolution and role in our lives. Taking this purpose forward, workshops will be conducted by our exhibiting artists with the purpose of actively contributing to education, connection, inclusion and collaboration with the multiple layers of our communal ecology.

## Biography – Ahsan Memon

**Ahsan Memon** (born 1989) is a highly accomplished art practitioner from Lahore, Pakistan. He completed a Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) degree from the esteemed National College of Arts, Lahore, where he received the distinguished Distinction award in 2016. Ahsan further pursued and completed his Master of Arts (MA) in Visual Arts from the same institution in 2019. Ahsan has consistently exhibited exceptional artistic works on national and international platforms. Notable exhibitions featuring his art include Witness, a prominent display as part of Karachi Biennale 01 in 2017; Cross Borders, curated by Quddus Mirza at the Swiss Ambassador's Residence in Islamabad in 2018; and A Site for Sight, a significant collateral event of the Lahore Biennale 02 in 2019.

Ahsan has also been privileged to participate in several prestigious art residencies, including the ISL Artist Residency and the Pioneer Art Residency, both curated by the renowned Canvas Gallery in Karachi in 2017. He contributed to Taaza Tareen 8, an esteemed residency program organised by the Vasl Artist Collective in Karachi in 2016.

Recognised for his exceptional talent, Ahsan has received numerous prestigious awards, such as the Young Artist Award in the renowned annual exhibition About Time held at Alhamra Art Gallery, Lahore, in 2015. In 2008, he was recognised in the Benazir Bhutto Painting Competition at the Mehran Arts Council in Larkana.

## Artist Statement:

The portraits I make are of living beings, and yet they appear like plants that shed leaves and grow new ones and are silently existing, yet very much alive. There is an inherent recognition of decay and the gradual process of disappearance within the artwork, mirroring the natural life cycle experienced by humans.

A key aspect of my artistic approach lies in the hyper-focus on technique. This deliberate emphasis allows me to sift through myriad inspirations and emotions, honing in on the act of creation itself. This process is infinitely therapeutic, offering a respite from the pressures of conceptualisation and attaching specific meanings to the images I produce. The stains in my work, born from organic decay, gradual transformation, and dotted symbols of decay, are now significant, imparting raw authenticity.

My inquisition into the medium has let my mind wander away from the pressures of keeping concept and image meaning at the forefront, which has helped me to create a free and floating visual vocabulary.

## Still, again

You can't quite hold onto this image. You recognize it, but it keeps dissolving as you look at it.

You try to identify it.

You move closer. You step back. You look for its edges. You search for colour, its shape, its weight, some clue to what it is.

It dissolves.

It is an aarti diya.

Something in you settles, then unsettles.

The aarti diya belongs to a Hindu ritual, but here it belongs to a childhood. A childhood where Hindus and Muslims co-exist. It belongs to home, to celebrations and friendships, and to Kanchan Maasi, the closest friend of Ahsan Memon's mother in whose house he spent much of his early life. You are not given the memory. You are given its trace.

So, you look again. A face held between hands. Palms pressed over ears. A head resting its weight on one hand, so that the hand is both body and ground. A man with a chadar over his head, eyes half open, suspended between looking and withdrawal. These gestures are quiet but they are not passive. They turn the body inward. Eyes close and the exchange of looking ends. Ears are

covered and the world is cut off. Attention shifts from what surrounds the figure, to what is happening within it.

Weight.

Pressure.

Enclosure.

The body is at once touching and being touched, seeing and being seen, and these paintings hold this doubling in place. The hand that touches the face is also the hand that the face feels. You are not shown a person having an emotion. You are placed inside a bodily condition; weight, pressure, enclosure.

The eyes do not make contact with you, so you look at the hands. You see a hand on the heart. You think of a vow, a wound, a sign of respect or a pulse.

Then two hands entwined. The light moves through them and the detail goes. Fingers lose their edges. Knuckles become glow. You try to work out which hand is which, whose fingers are over whose, and the image will not sort them. You stop looking and start feeling your way across it.

Then two hands hold something. Or they place it somewhere. You can't tell whether the gesture is taking or letting go, and the object has already dissolved. What is left is the shape around an absence.

Nothing arrives complete. Everything is passing between states. The paint insists on it. The palette is restrained, and the surface is blurred. The body appears and disappears in the same gesture. It is dispersed across a gesture, a friendship, a room remembered from childhood. The object carries one history; the hands and

faces carry another. Together they make an assemblage, of what has been encountered, held, withdrawn from and carried forward. Look at the hands again. They hold, or they place. They cannot decide. A palm stays pressed to a face long after there is any reason to. Perhaps this is the weight of the paintings. An image the body would set down if it could, but cannot.

This is also why you cannot hold onto it. The paintings do not offer memory as a picture. They offer fragments: a blurred face, a hand, a closed eye, a familiar object. Each is on the verge of vanishing or appearing. The figures cannot release what they carry, and you cannot keep what you see. Between these two failures, something stays.

A wash of grey. A glow. A breath of blue. None of it is heavy, yet all of it weighs. You do not leave with an image. You leave with the burden of it.

Nisha Hasan

*Artist, Educator & Writer.*



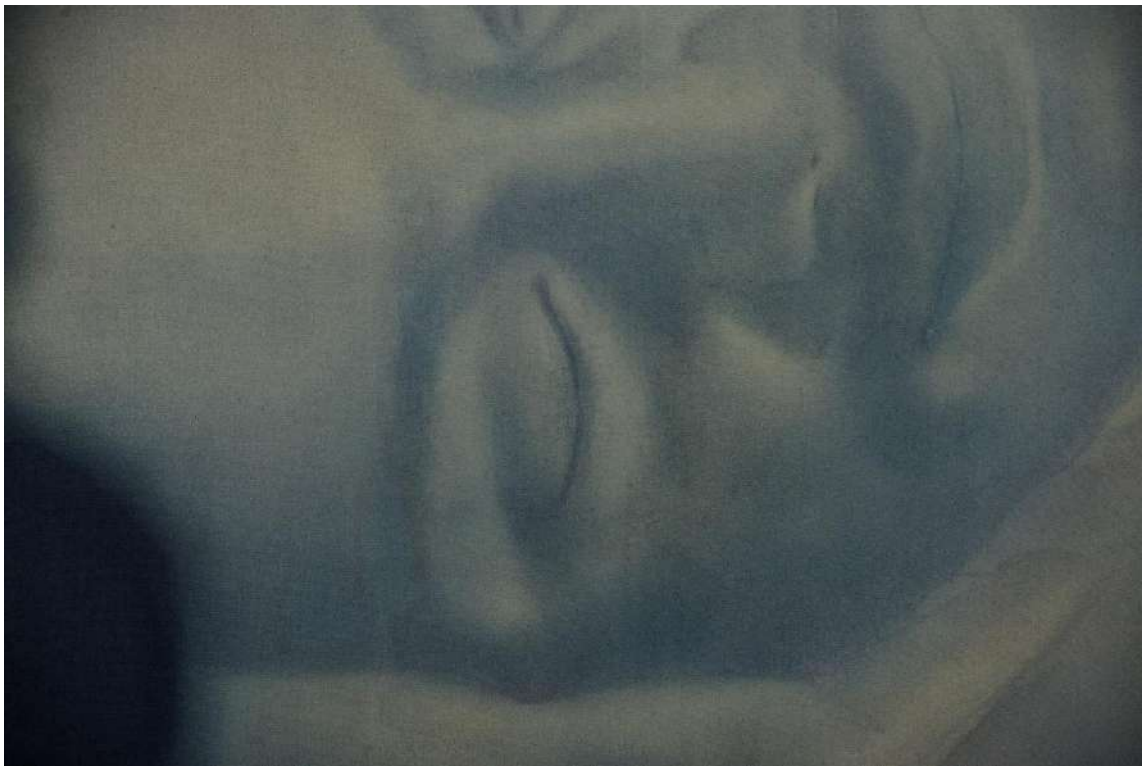
Hush

Oil and Canvas

48 x 48 inches

2026

Price on request





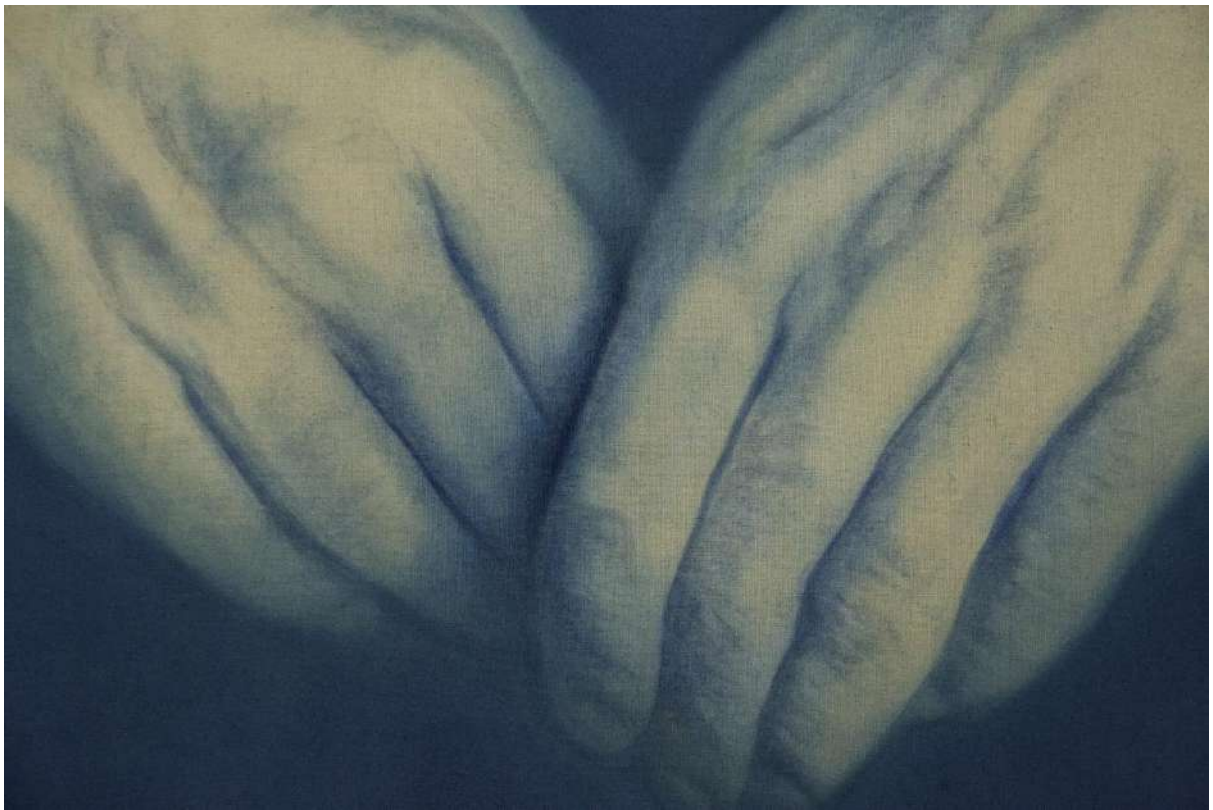
Say Something?

Oil on Canvas

48 x 48 inches

2026

Price on request







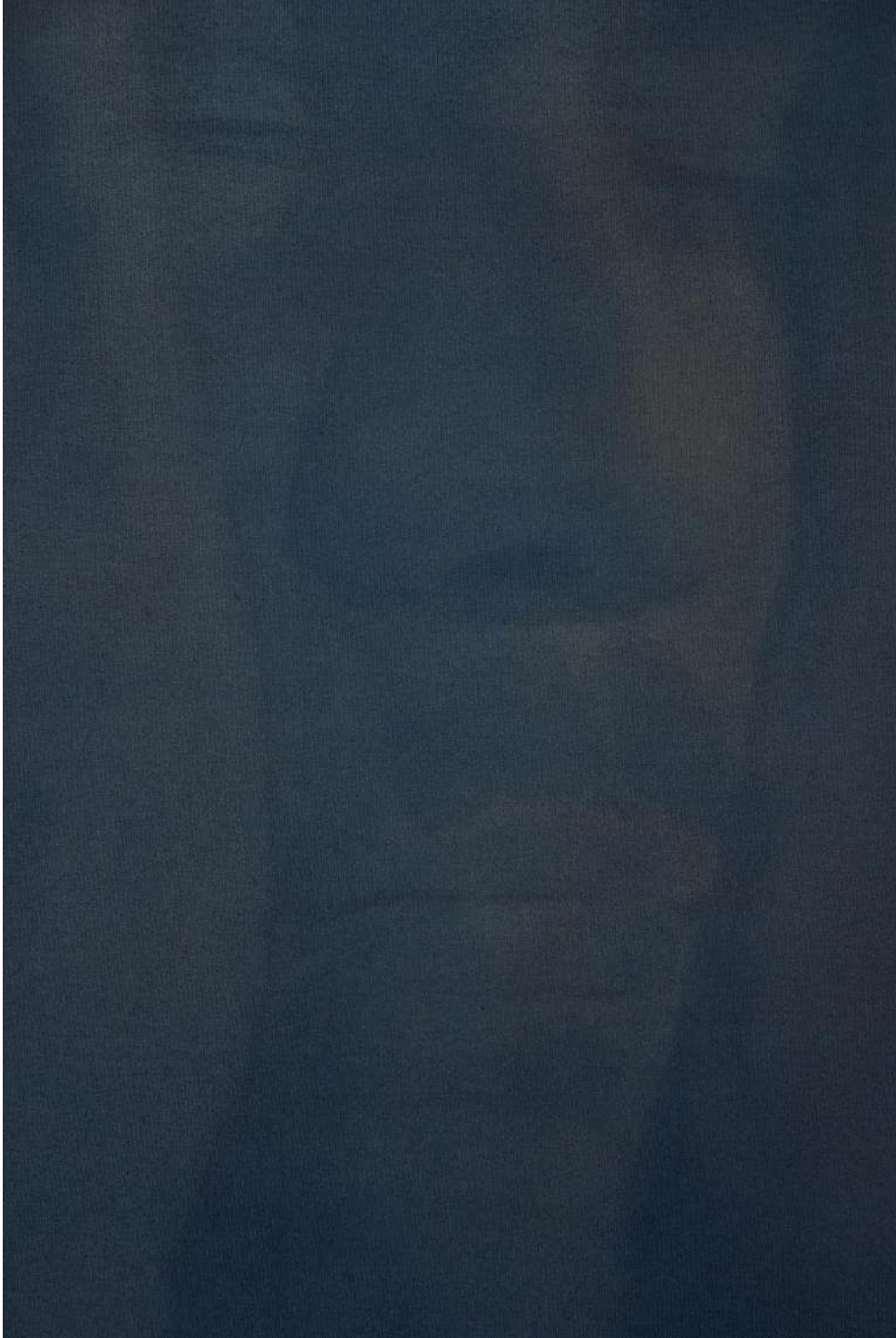
In another Place

Oil on Canvas

48 x 48 inches

2026

Price on request





Surrender

Oil on Canvas

30 x 30 inches

2026

Price on request





Wordless

Oil on Canvas

36 x 36 inches

2026

Price on request







Self Portrait

Oil on Canvas

72.5 x 47 inches

2026

Price on request







Solace

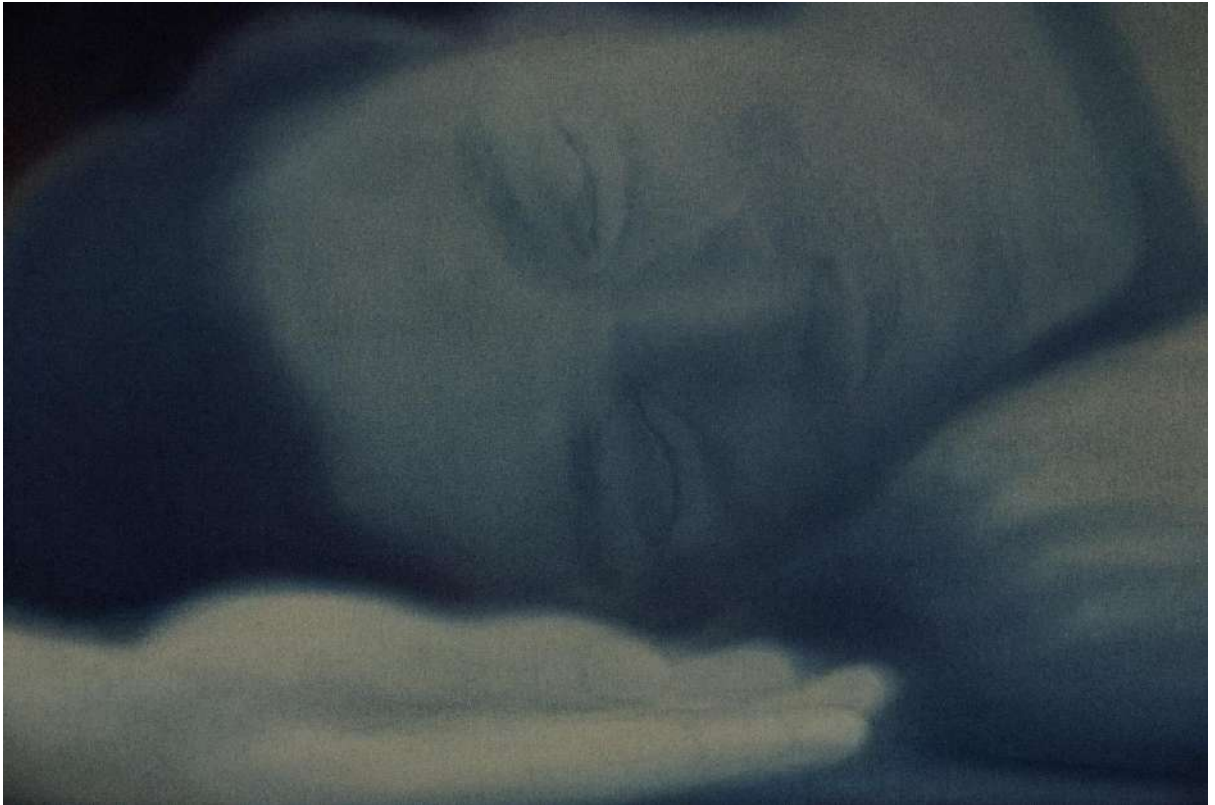
Oil on Canvas

42 x 62 inches

2026

Price on request







Again and Again

Oil on Canvas

48 x 48 inches

2026

NFS







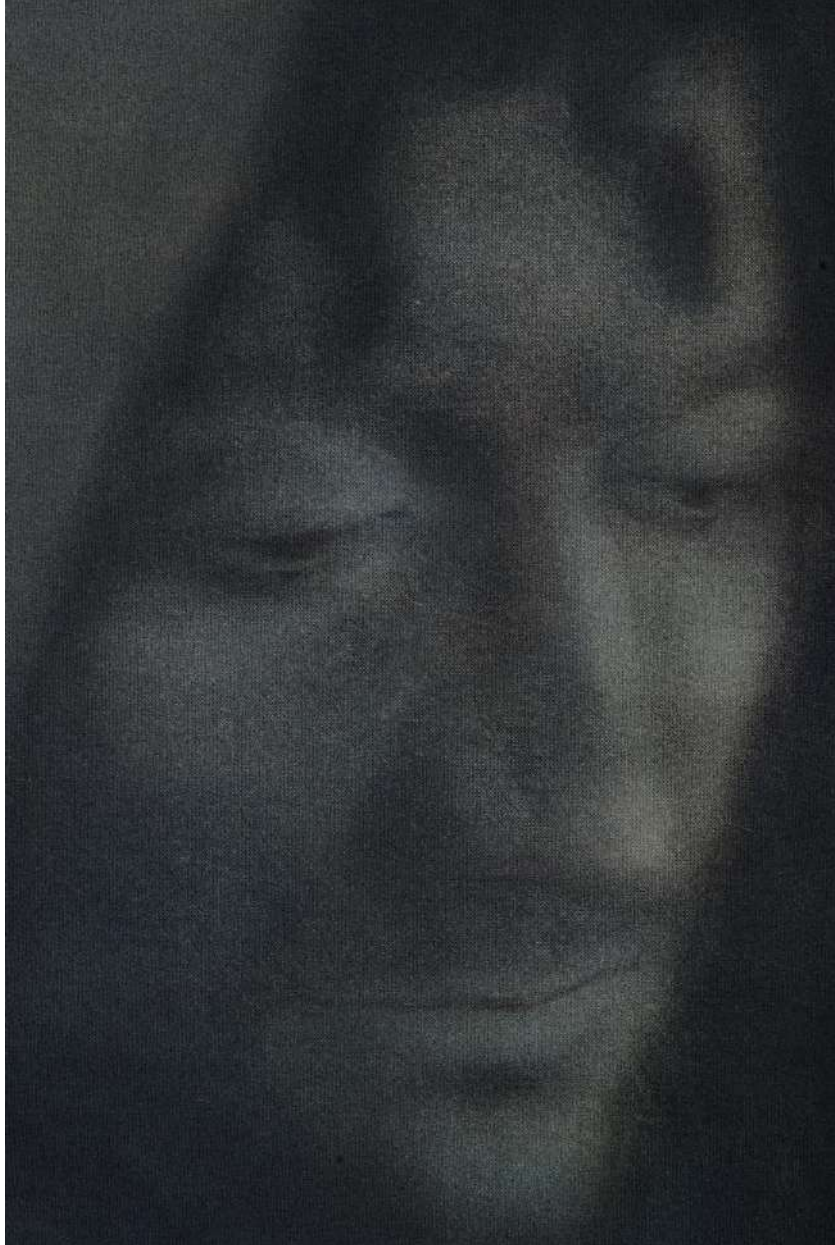
Pause

Oil on Canvas

48 x 42 inches

2026

Price on request





Submission

Oil on Canvas

66 x 84 inches

2026

Price on request



