



Nika Lynas «Loom» 2025

Interview with Hakan Öztunali

Nika Lynas / Hakan Öztunali.

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Who is Nika?

Researcher and my own subject of study. An artist in various forms and a muse, the Face of Introspection and the Face of modern Alienation. I can also be a small island of safety where everything is clear and transparent for those who cannot quite put into words what they are experiencing.

Your work often appears suspended behind fogged glass, steam, droplets. Do you consider distortion a protective membrane or a deliberate barrier against the viewer's desire to possess the image?

I create allegories, I love ciphers, and the outward simplicity of my subjects often serves to create an extra dimension. For example, the haze or condensation on surfaces and the poisonous flowers mentioned are ways to convey a sense of suffocating air, an anxiety we often mistake for the thrill of falling in love, or a “dirty” yet sweet attraction. If we set aside the details and speak of the mission behind these symbols, it is undoubtedly an invitation to slow down. In an era of “fast food” content that forces us into constant stress, I choose diffusion, light-work, and mist as a way to humanize emotion.

After all, we rarely feel something so clearly defined that it can be given a specific shape or face. This visual distance protects the vulnerability of the moment while simultaneously offering the viewer a choice: to remain on the surface of the metaphor or to dive deep into my notes and research to crack the code and understand themselves

better. The images in my work serve only as a vessel, and over time I increasingly choose anonymity to make the viewer wonder how obvious things really are. Each digital canvas is a confirmation of my personal session of introspection or self-therapy, where I give form to my conclusions through visual codes and meta-symbols. It is everyone's choice whether or not to share the results of their therapy sessions, but I am close enough to the world and I do not fear my own vulnerability.

Many of your compositions feel post-communication, as if something intense has already occurred and we are witnessing residue. What remains after emotional climax dissolves?

The aftertaste and the silence remain, obviously. We are used to only noticing the storm, ignoring the silence that follows, even though it is often within that silence that the most important internal metamorphoses are born. I used to believe that the volume of pain was directly proportional to the degree of my destruction and honesty on the canvas. I thought pain had to be “dirty” and visually loud to be noticed. My 2024 works were overloaded with textures and distorted anatomy because I believed in the image of the “suffering artist” who absolutely needs a broken heart to create. Was my heart actually broken then? No. But I was very convinced it was.

Today, my art is becoming cleaner and more ephemeral, though I must admit my thoughts carry much more weight. This is the result of an agreement with myself and a transition toward experiencing emotions for the sake of health rather than drama. For me, it is like a Polaroid: looking at the work, I remember the taste, the smell, and the pain of that moment, but it is just a frame. It is no longer my reality in the here and now. It is a captured experience that no longer hurts, but within it, the viewer will find themselves and realize that their pain is not unique and that the very same silence will surely follow the storm.

Phygital culture dissolves the hierarchy between original and reproduction. When your artwork exists as print, billboard, screen, and feed simultaneously, where does its “real” state reside?

For me, the authenticity of a work is contained within the concept itself and in the impulse that makes me get out of bed after a catharsis to keep feeding my body and loving myself in a healthy way. Phygital culture allows art to be everywhere, but its “reality” is defined by the moment of recognizing pain and its subsequent healing or acceptance. My works can exist on massive billboards or tiny smartphone screens, taking on different scales, but their core remains unchanged: it is my gaze and the emotions that find an echo in the viewer.

Digital art is now perceived as a given, like a design element lacking the tactility of a physical canvas which, unlike digital media, you can smell, lick, or scratch at a layer of paint with your fingernail. Yet despite this devaluation, it holds a special power for me. It lives in that instant when a person sees in my art a reflection of their own need for love and protection. When seeing my canvases, they are overcome by feelings that defy logic because they have finally seen what they couldn't describe for years. My works can be printed on anything, but their root is always the same: it is my path of self-discovery for the sake of finding and developing my true self. In my opinion, the essence of art lies in creating an emotional experience and uniting "your" people. An artist is not obligated only to paint. I can be an artist of the word, the image, or of music; the form does not matter if at the center stands something greater than the satisfaction of an aesthetic need.

[Original post on Tumblr.](#)