

Artist P a v e l G u l i a e v



What I do as an artist can be called “mystical realism” or “subjective realism”.

In my paintings, I unite realism and symbolism, and at the same time, the reflection of reality occurs through the use of symbolic elements that complement and, perhaps, explain reality. Reality is processed at a subconscious level and becomes subjective. Unconsciously arising images and forms allow to strengthen the emotional and semantic loading of the picture. With superficial illogicality, everything is built on an internal logical basis. I unite the physical and metaphysical world.

“I mado mundi nova, I mado nulla” - the world has no image, we create it ourselves.

The symbols in my pictures are mine, subjective symbols, and they may not fit into the historically formed system of symbols and images. I myself create my own, subjective reality, mapping it on the plane. Each object, each image is endowed with a symbol, and the most interesting is that the very meaning of any symbol can vary depending on the context. My reality is dynamic and polysimantic and is filled with emotional and speculative meanings, understanding of which is sometimes unavailable or can vary depending on various circumstances.

My works are in private collections in Russia, Portugal, Germany, China, France, and Italy.

Very little is known of Pavel Guliaev's life. "I can paint, but my tongue-tie is killing me," he says with such moving candour. Yet Guliaev may be saying more than he means: this way of presenting himself conjures up the image of a reserved man, or rather a man who chooses to preserve his inner strength for what he holds dear – his painting. He may well speak of this "tongue-tie", he still presents himself in a brief yet very telling way: "I create my world...I am interested in the game with meanings. I create my world with its own laws, with its history. I play in the creation of the world as a child playing in the sand. Surrealism, realism, abstract art – it's not important. The main thing is that what I did was interesting, that each viewer can see in my pictures something else. So that everyone has their own world to create." Since the day he wrote these lines, Guliaev thought deeply about the essence of his art. Yet, he himself will always be reluctant to say a lot about his work, for fear of degrading with words a world that is beyond words, of remembering only a fixed expression of it once it is put into dead words. This world is from the outset indirect, polysemous, entrenched, and yet absolutely not abstract but on the contrary highly concrete and personal, silent bestower of meaning, withdrawing oneself in the same gesture by which it puts forward meaning for us. It is a world where everything is instinctively computed with genius so as to thwart the grips of direct identification and suggest all the more, suggest each time diversely, but always within a double unity: thematic unity, and unity of atmosphere. An atmosphere where something deeply ancestral (as in Pollock) united to something extremely

modern, modern unto quasi-shrillness, makes you feel you are in the middle of the truth of the Universe. As such this work speaks to us, implementing the conditions of a subjective universality: the creator's subjectivity, through the creation of universal and extremely beautiful forms, appeals the viewer's own subjectivity – not only to converge, both subjectivities, in the Universal, but to refer universally the viewer's subjectivity to itself and separate subjectivities. Indeed, meaning is personal, relationship to meaning is personal and has to be a personal thing. The reign of impersonality is the reign of confusion and impoverishment, which ones are the contrary of meaning. Guliaev gives the viewer, with the picture, the conditions for him to appropriate the picture, from within the picture. He gives us signs and symbols, and in a symbol, every viewer sees what he has in his own spirit, in a symbol every viewer sees inextricably 1) what the symbol may refer to, and 2) what he, the viewer, has in his own spirit. It is absolutely impossible for him to see what the symbol refers to without seeing what, given his own spirit, the symbol refers to. Because these symbols are not fixed and codified pictograms extracted from an established repertoire of forms, no, they are created symbols, created by the painter, and as such infused by creation-spirit, they propel creation in the viewer, and what they reveal is at least as much the viewer's inside as what they might refer to for Guliaev himself or for another viewer. Instead of imposing on us a meaning, this work, reflecting in us, provokes in us, like a bouncing ball or a boomerang, a second reflection in which the viewer reflects in himself, whereas Guliaev...escapes!... These paintings, by their huge depth and beauty, act like poles of fascination. Looking at them fascinated makes look for the meaning, looking for the meaning makes you enter in yourself, enter in yourself liberates you from what would be a stranglehold committed by Guliaev. There is no stranglehold : Guliaev is a Liberator. The more you look at the picture, the more your meaning emerges, the more the picture withdraws and escapes from your grips, the more you look at it – the circle

is endless – so endless, indeed, that you get captivated in this prison made of liberty. Yes, Guliaev is a great Liberator – but he is a Wizard. He is the exact balance (importance of balance, equilibrium, in Guliaev's world is huge) between bestower of freedom, and bewitching creator. He may give you, from within the picture, the conditions for you to appropriate it, yes – but don't think you will appropriate Guliaev's world, possess it. If you try, the contrary might happen, you might discover you are possessed by him. And yet, he doesn't want that, he takes hold of you only to tell you: "Be free and go away, let me alone in my world, you have to enter it but only to create". It is almost a matter of division of territory (look at *The spirit of the forest*, at *Nanny with birds*, at *Mirror*, at *Island*, *Fugitive*, *What is it?*, *Dialogue*, *Morning hour*, *Dogs*, *Go away!*, *River and morning comet*)... Whereas surrealism creates thanks to the unconscious forces, Guliaev with overvolted awareness arranges everything for you to dream and think. He appeals extremely consciously your unconscious and your conscious thinking as well, from the outset your dream and fantasy in front of the picture are regulated, calculated, adjusted with millimeter accuracy. Guliaev can not foresee your own imagination-power in front of his paintings, for sure, but he acts at the level of the settings that will propel it in accordance with a direction, and above all many directions (with maybe sometimes mischievous wrong tracks), he indicates to you. Guliaev's paintings are devices, liberty-apparatus... Be afraid they could be sometimes mazes, or conundrums, and be aware they even could be traps, in a way! But when you get aware of this, it's too late: willing victim, you already are caught in.

Guliaev has warned us – the same man who says he is interested "in the game with meanings" also tells us that "it is not given to us to understand". That is a paradox. If there are meanings, is there not at least the possibility of understanding? Conversely, if there is nothing to understand, how could there be meanings? And even if there could be meanings, what is the point of their presence? Are they

only there for the process of trying to understand? Is this "game with meanings" futile? Or is this a game that will only take us for a ride and nothing more – although the journey itself is a very beautiful one? Or does the game really carry some meaning, and if it does, how so? Guliaev does not tell us that there is no meaning, only that we cannot understand. And it is precisely in that space between meaning and our effort towards it that Guliaev can play with meanings. But the obscurity remains since a painting is not an intelligible thing, an intellectual object – how then can we speak of meanings? Or is it precisely because a game is being played with them? But if meaning matters, how can one play like a child and create a world where meanings are produced? Isn't it necessary to be an adult and act like an adult to produce meanings, and isn't it necessary to be a God, or at least a titan, or, failing that, a remarkably inspired man, to strive to create, carry or show a world? Children create when they play, but they do not create works of art, especially works to which meanings have been given and incorporated (which does not mean we should see it as meaningless). Unless the naivety, innocence, bravery, dreaminess and purity of childhood can unwittingly conjure up worlds like soap bubbles – worlds which are suffused with meanings that don't have to be painstakingly and scrupulously read but are still there, sometimes hidden, sometimes hopping and skipping about, sometimes standing still and quiet, and always joyfully attracting our attention. How can meanings emerge from something that involves the senses at least as much as the intellect and presents a childlike quality? What those two paradoxes have in common could be summarized with one image – these sensory, childlike qualities are like an egg that is starting to break, where wings are starting to flap, an egg that is about to hatch: the experience of seeing meaning in what may seem alien to it is in fact enhanced by these sensory, childlike qualities. If as an adult, one creates like an adult, one cannot create anymore; for adults have lost the creative power, the instinct, they have unlearned to dream, slowly

lost the capacity to absorb the reality within the dream and to clothe reality in a dream, which is the child's very own capacity. But then every artist is a child and what we are saying does not only apply to Guliaev. Indeed it does not, but not every artist plays like a child, which is what Guliaev does, repeating childhood – he refuses to move to the next grade because what he wants to preserve is the essence of childhood, not its transition towards adulthood which causes its loss. Guliaev is the artist who is interested in meanings – which are serious things – even though “it is not given to us to understand”. The second paradox is that he is interested in playing with them as a child, as a child who is repeating childhood. The second paradox derives from the first – because Guliaev plays with meanings, he must be child-like. But for an adult, being childlike is different from acting like a child – it means finding the essence of the child within yourself, the essence of childhood. He does not paint like a child or for children, he paints as an adult for human beings. It is the adult within him that is interested in the game with meanings. But the necessary condition to reach meaning lies in the innocence and refreshing candour of a childlike vision. Meanings themselves don't say anything, what matters is what they are caught in and strive to free themselves from – i.e. those images that children are so eager to look at. If something is to be understood, adults as such cannot understand it, for at best they understand that they cannot understand. Neither can children understand since they are too young. Only childlike adults can. [...] – only full innocence can, generous and vigorous innocence. A paradoxically omniscient innocence. Something like the alliance of a quasi-feminine, omni-penetrating sensitivity (“women understand more than us”, says Guliaev), a manly creative power, spirit, and reflection-strength, and the swollen heart of a child, a heart tight like a snow-white sail.

To contemplate the world without judging it, doesn't that mean ...justifying it? Doesn't that mean painting not the flowers of evil, but the world as it is, including the evil, and doing so through the petal of

a child's teardrop? Doesn't that also mean knocking all that down all of a sudden, like a child shoveling his sand castle away, and telling ourselves: “This is just a game, a child's game, you have to choose”? If it does, we would better understand another sentence by Guliaev: “An image does not have to be cheerful to bring joy” – for if the image contains a childlike quality, it is shaped – even when what is shown is sad – by childhood, by the hope and joy of childhood, it is in itself a promise of joy. And since we have to choose, we have to fulfill that promise for ourselves. And, while fulfilling it for ourselves, we have to fulfill it for the world, which, as Dostoyevsky said, I am and anyone is responsible of. [...] Guliaev sees from the perspective of childhood, of innocence, what does not belong to the world of a child. Make no mistake about it: childhood in Guliaev's work, although thematically very current, present, significant, is not the subject-matter of his work, it is the form through which everything is seen. Hence its topical importance. As such, a child's perspective on reality does not filter nor distort it, nothing is hidden from it, everything is seen, but seen as it appears and can appear to the look of the child, of a full child, we would be likely to say “a grown-up child”, all the more so child as accomplishing in the maturity of the grown-up the whole essence of the child. Children don't see what must be hidden from them because they just simply can't. And yet they reveal it – what must be shown of the adult, the innocence of children makes us see even better for it is the adult who hides things and sometimes himself. (This is Adam and Eve. When children have done something stupid, sooner or later they will confess it, whereas an adult can die with his secret.) What justifies this approach is that innocence cannot be shunned – it is our nostalgia. The presence of innocence is its own justification, from the outset it is given free rein. Even the trees in Guliaev's paintings are like broomsticks. Any authentic painting is cathartic by nature. The catharsis in Guliaev's painting is based on an access to humanity through silence, through a soft and feathery snow, through childhood's angelic inno-

cence – it is a work to which one cannot and does not want to resist, a work that was unexpected, that one did not hope for anymore, and to which one always says: “again”.

Guliaev, Russia and Russian art.

Russia is an immense and ice-cold country, it is like a solitary wolf hiding in a deep forest – just like the one in the background of Guliaev’s *Conversation* – whose mad yet sharp and perceptive look one can still make out through the trees; it is a strange and powerful country, a dense and muscular land. It is like a giant’s fascinating shoulder spread upon the land, like a big, threatening yet silent rock locked in its own weight. It is a nation where iron curtains seem to have always been erected out of the selfish love that it has for its own mystery – a mystery where it loses itself, where it finds its own depths as in an opaque lake whose surface still seems transparent, and where, over and over again, it climbs on the reflections of its own oaks, frozen slopes, and snow white mountains like a blind man whose eyes are still open.

Guliaev writes: “When I am in Europe (unfortunately not often) I have a feeling that I am fifteen years old and I ran away from school. Europe is beautiful at any time of the year. There I feel free!” That is because he has put all of his love and nostalgia for Russia, the land he was born on, into his work. There is something that remains quiet in the union of the Russian soul and land, something muffled like the sound of footsteps in the snow, a gigantic yet silent strength that is bogged down in its own silence, preserves itself, and remains reticent – one may even say that it is in love with that reticence, and that it yields under itself, under nothing, that nothing which is the very possibility and substance of a freedom that relies on nothing but itself – one need only look at the *Spirit of the Forest* who, from a hiding place, keeps a jealous eye on the man and woman whose powers he is liberating, at *Island* where the invisible mouth says but one

thing only – that it won’t speak – or at *Promenade* where the happy lovers share their vast, secluded, secret meadows. Nothing is as light, yet heavy at the same time, as freedom – it is its own weight. Thus Guliaev shows us a world, and, as he shows us humanity, he shows us who we really are. He shows us that despite our standing position and our freedom, we do not see and we do not understand. Like the man in *Phenomenon*, even when we stand we are ungainly, bent, awkward, entangled. Man runs away from himself. *Icarus*, *Dummy*, *Mirror*, *Catcher Stones*, *Dragon Island*, *Custodian*, *Compassion*, *Weasel*, *Roundelay*, *Island*, *Vultures*, *Fugitive*, *What is it?*, *Summer*, *Courtship*, *Assimilation*, *Regimental Flutist*, each of those paintings has a singular way of silently shouting that truth. If Guliaev’s work started with birds springing from a woman’s heart, it reached its climax in the bitterly ironic and disquietingly burlesque pantomime in which ghostly parodies of humans, who have become less than humans, follow the call of a shepherd dressed like the blind reaper who represents their own death – they follow the subtle persiflage of *The Regimental flutist’s* music, because no one can avoid him, and, even though now their time has come, they still grotesquely imitate him. *The Hunter*, who seems to come from outside the canvas – or rather, from an infinite and invisible space inside the canvas, which goes beyond the frame –, as if he had always been walking, locked in his iron shirt and lost under a cloud-like, snowy yet blazing sun, is reminiscent – despite being painted in profile – of Vasnetsov’s *Knight slouching in his saddle at the crossroads*, a work where one can already sense the embarrassment and nostalgia of a man confronted with himself, of a man who is giving way under the weight of his own capability, whose choices are already trapped, whose desires are unravelling, failing, whose actions are blind, hampered and driven by obscure forces. One can already perceive the struggle of the man against himself (cf: *Vultures*) – a struggle where he seems bound to lose, crushed by weariness, or to lose himself, to capitulate (cf: *Assimilation*). That is how

Malevich, who had started by having his powerful shapes and stark colours evolve in pure white air, reached his famous White on White composition : that virginity, which is absorbed by the nothing behind ; it is both an enlightened and enlightening being, almost swallowed by a form being-in-itself, unless we are looking at it. It is the silence of the smile freezing and dying as it dances on the snow, but it is also the discrete glow of a pure gift that gives nothing but itself. The “square” of white dissociates itself from the rest of the canvas only to offer itself generously in the beautiful frame that it constitutes, warm and inviting like snow – and snow is such an important feature of Guliaev’s second, fourth and fifth periods because, as we’ll see, the cold itself, the soul’s cold, is seen, in Guliaev’s work, through the prism of warmth, and within warmth itself. That is why, despite what was said above, Guliaev’s work, even his second, third and fourth periods, should never be described as “pessimistic” or “desperate”. It is not devoid of hope. Not that it shows hope; it is something else – an atmosphere, a warmth, a certain humanity, a tenderness, a sort of magical blanket prevent any description of this work as “pessimistic”.

A second salient feature can be found in Russian art when envisaged within the context of its intimate relationship with Russia as a country: a sense of elation due to the presence of the marvelous and of madness. Snow, which is nature’s work of art, a metamorphosis of liquid water into a thick, bright, crystalline, pointillist, and blazing sheet, is like an immense bed where inhabitants are tucked in an eternal dream. The sky then, does not seem indifferent anymore, nor only beautiful, nor hostile, as it is when it rains or breaks into a storm – it takes on a maternal quality, like the palm of a wonderworker-potter’s hand shaping a new planet, a secluded world (one need only look at Roundelay, Domination, Promenade) where those indefatigable cottonous sparks flutter down in drunk yet gentle flurries. Those flakes are made of the same stuff as dreams are made of, but they are also very real – causing nose and ears to blush and sting – in a country

where nature itself is an artist. That’s why a certain spirit must exist in that country – a fervour mixed with a slight giddiness and restless happiness, tinged with melancholy. The artistic echo of that spirit can be found in Guliaev as well as Chagall or Kandinsky. It’s not just any country that created Swan’s Lake and Russian ballets, with their immaculately white dancers, who are like flurries of snowflakes, and their snowy feathers, which recall the ones in Assimilation... The white of Moscow’s buildings under the snow is another white on white. The Red of the Kremlin is like fire against the snow. In the background of his Couple on Horseback Kandinsky did not mainly represent a city, he merely enhanced the gorgeous immaculate patch of the city’s walls topped by Christmas balls. Onion domes of Russian Orthodox Byzantine churches : shape of a bulb – and then tapering in their proudly erected crosses into the sky : Russia, like a white rose, like a Tulip, likes to show itself folding up, to show a hand that closes in the very process of its opening. It is reminiscent of those small, transparent, ovoid boxes that are sold for children in ski resorts, where you can see, when you shake them, a long, dreamy snowfall on a sharp and colourful landscape. It is like Kotuzov burning Moscow – a heroic disaster, yet an artistic gesture and a painfully beautiful image. On Guliaev’s Island the fierce head is turning its “back” on us – it is a hard skull, white like a snowball, that will not deliver its secret, that presents itself to us in order to keep its secret, and will shake the layer of snow from which it emerges by jealously retaining that secret, thus causing an angry subterranean shock. In Vultures the bull who is lying on the ground, torn to pieces by men, is only showing his own impotence by curling up. Yet it is a snow bull, whose stolen shreds the panicked men find enjoyable and even exhilarating. It is an ordinary fact that wherever snow falls and does not melt, it excites men and ends up flying in burning balls, as in the upper left-hand corner of Regimental Flutist where they turn into fireballs, where one can witness their terrible union with coal and fire. The tension between the soothing

and invigorating properties of snow is remarkable in Guliaev's work. Although it cannot be reduced to that – far from it, as we'll see –, the presence of snow in Guliaev's work is comparable to the presence of gold in Klimt's work : 1) Because of its decorative character – being nature's art and magic, that snow is beautiful in itself, in the same way that gold is light made into matter, and as such also the product of nature's art. 2). Because of its propensity to enter the bodies, just like gold in Klimt, which is first a frame and a setting, then becomes part of the clothes, which in turn are always part of the bodies' inherent features themselves. Guliaev's second period is dominated by snowy bodies. That “dark” period is pervaded with whiteness; as Bernanos said, “Hell is a frozen place”. It was already frozen, albeit in a different way, in Franz von Stuck's *The Damned*. Yet, in Guliaev's world, in his saddest work, even deep down in suffering and abandon, we are never fully in hell. His art is then like an alcohol that is poured ice-cold but will warm you inside.

But what must result from this continuous friction of snow upon the temples? A certain madness, definitely, and a taste for the marvelous. In folk tales and legends comes to light a form of marvelous that is at once naive, childlike and magical like snow. All the paintings by Guliaev have something mad, something of a craziness that is crazy about Guliaev.

excerpt from the book by Alec Farnenbach
“The childlike castle of breath
of mad Prince and Russian colossus
Pavel Nikolaevitch Guliaev”

2019

Variability

Love of knowledge
oil on canvas
100x100cm
2019

We're reaching for new knowledge, like a butterfly reaching for fire. And it doesn't matter to us what kind of knowledge it will be. We just remember what we have forgotten a long time ago, and we are regaining what we have always had. As a crazy miser, pulling all sorts of crap home, we collect lost knowledge, hoping to find the truth.



The eternal waiting room
oil on canvas
100x100cm
2019

*All doubts and anxieties here are irrelevant.
We cannot miss the train. Everyone will get a ticket
and a seat on the train, but no one knows where
they are going. And the waiting time can last for-
ever. But it's an eternal waiting room, and the time
here doesn't matter either.*



Judge
oil on canvas
100x100cm
2019

Everything we do is written down in the diary of life. Nothing can be removed from this diary. It is impossible to rewrite unsuccessful lines. Every letter in this diary is the unvariable. And someday this diary will lie on the judge's desk. Can the judge be replaced?



The time has come
oil on canvas
100x100cm
2019

*Time to throw rocks, time to collect rocks. The
main thing is not to make a mistake in the queue.
And you should always be ready for the next turn of
time, so as not to get into trouble.*



The unequal game
oil on canvas
70x70cm
2019

In this game, the winner is already known before the beginning of the game. But the only one who will be defeated will be the one who will stop this game and surrender. The meaning of the game is only in the game itself, in the enjoyment of the game. And although in this game it is impossible to become a winner, but there is a possibility to be undefeated.



Daughters of the moon
oil on canvas
40x40cm
2019

*They were born on Earth. All their thoughts
are only about earthly matters. They live in earthly
cares. And nobody knows that at night they leave
the Earth and rise to the Moon. Their father is the
Moon. They are the daughters of the Moon and no
one can hold them back.*



Compulsion to humility
oil on canvas
30x30cm
2019

The dark entity sits like a devil in a snuffbox on a spring that's compressed to the limit. Easiest awkward movement and the devil pops out, frightening everyone around. And no one can drive him back. And then comes the external force and forces this dark entity to humility. Until the rest of the devils jumped out of the snuffboxes. Also, we can not always cope with our own demons. And sometimes we need external help.



The soul
oil on canvas
30x30cm
2019

*A soul like a bird sitting in our chest. If the soul
is not given freedom at least sometimes, it can break
the rib bars and break free on its own. And then no
one can bring it back.*



Winter meetings
oil on canvas
30x30cm
2019

If cold and lonely doesn't leave you. If you are surrounded by emptiness and estrangement. Look around you and see if anyone is behind you. Someone you once met in the winter emptiness.



2018

Illusions

Thunderstorm
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

We are waiting for changes. We hope that the rain will wash away the dirt from our souls. We hope that the storm will disperse the demons, tormenting us. We hope that a thunderstorm will clarify our thoughts, free us from depressing worries and from unnecessary self-blame. We are waiting for a thunderstorm, we call it, we hope so. But we are afraid of it. What will be left of us after the thunderstorm?



SOLD

Gifts of the day
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

Every new day brings us new gifts. And no one asks us whether we want to receive these gifts or not. But as it turned out, our whole life consists only of these daily gifts. We live in the hope that there will be more pleasant gifts than evil ones.

Every day, someone in heaven, or maybe somewhere else prepares gifts to us. ...



Seafood
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

We, as children, take from life all that we want and do not ask permission for this. We subordinate others and at the same time do not take responsibility. We do not give anything in return, we only take. All creatures on earth and sea can become our food. And no matter what will happen tomorrow. Today we want seafood delicacies



Conscious inaction
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

*Every our movement
brings chaos in the ide-
al world order. With our
thoughts and actions we
help entropy. We uncon-
sciously destroy the world
around us. Human desires,
thoughts and actions are
intertwined with each other
in the universe and crawl
away like a cancer tumor.
And only conscious inaction
can somehow allow us to see
the ideal order of this world,
to allow at least a little to
prolong its existence . . .*



Temptation
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

The rituals of seduction are varied. And they have no rules. Absolutely meaningless strange actions can lead to completely unexpected results. And maybe the absurdity of the environment and actions is the main rule of seduction. After all, it pulls us from a comfortable state and overturns all our well-established notions of temptation. And it takes us off our defense.



Beauty lovers
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

This world is beautiful and amazing. We live among flowers, birds and butterflies. We enjoy the sky and water, plants and animals. This is what we live. This is what we indulge. Light butterflies on the wall, how beautiful they are! And the hands themselves - are drawn to them and break off their wings. We cannot cope with our passion for beauty. ...



Search
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

*Among the worlds,
among the spaces we are
looking for our place. We
are looking for a place
where we will be fine, a
place where no one will dis-
turb us. We seek, we knock
on doors, we ask. But how
rarely do they reveal to us,
how rarely do they answer
us! And very few people
manage to find an unoccu-
pied place. And we are all
looking for, all wandering
the restless ones unable to
stop. ...*



Subordination
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

People live by subjugating others and submitting to others. Strong subordinates the weak. The weak obey the strong. Physical bodies can be subjugated by physical abuse. But each subordinate carries the germ of his own submission. And only a person who does not seek to subjugate others can remain truly free. ...



Abandoned queen
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2018

Pride does not allow her to turn around. Pride separates her from everything that happens around. And would she be the queen if she asked for help? And if she took help from someone? Not! She is a true queen, lonely and alien to all.



SOLD

Priest
oil on canvas
100x100cm
2018

A slight rustle behind your back makes you turn around. No one. Strange voices behind the wall. Someone's breath touched your cheek. Maybe it seemed to you. Not. You just do not notice the creatures that live near you, but in their own space. And you feel only hints of their existence. But this is a whole unknown world. And there are people who can communicate with this world. There are people who command some of its inhabitants. And these people call themselves priests.



Illusion of freedom
oil on canvas
100x100cm
2018

We break all ties with this vain world. We throw all that loved and everyone who loved us. We renounce everything that keeps us on Earth. And now, we are free. We soar like birds in the sky. Nothing bothers us. ... And just by turning around, we notice that everything that we left is left with us. And it will never let us go. And all that we can afford is the illusion of freedom.



2017

Inside

Family idyll
oil on canvas
160x90cm
2017

Every family is happy in its own way. Everyone has the right to happiness. It does not depend on beauty, intelligence or kindness. It does not depend on anything. Happiness depends only on the understanding of each other by members of this family. Family idyll is a separate inner world that exists independently of the outside world. This world may seem terrible to the uninitiated. But it is ideal for lived there peoples.



Go away!
oil on canvas
160x90cm
2017

How often we repel those who are devoted to us, those who protect us. We in our pride turn away from those who love us. We do not understand that we are becoming defenseless from evil, which we simply did not notice before. After all, before we were surrounded by loving and loyal beings.



Puppeteer
oil on canvas
160x90cm
2017

This world is created by the Puppeteer for himself. He filled everything with his creations. And these creations can be both beautiful and terrible. The Puppeteer loves them all the same. Each creation has its place in the world of the Puppeteer. And all of them are connected with the Creator by the thinnest invisible threads. And with external freedom, everyone obeys his will. After all, he is the Puppeteer, and all that his dolls do is only a repetition of his movements.



Morning march
oil on canvas
160x9cm
2017

Drums beat , trumpet pipes, rumble the timpani, flutes play a bravura march. Why did they wake us up so early? The sun has not yet risen. Not yet roosters crowed. Where are we being driven into this cold foggy dusk? We are undressed. Our children cry. Get out of warm bedrooms! Get away from the comfort! Get out of your life! We are all mobilized. Adults, children, alive, dead. All of us now became necessary to the one who raised us at this early hour with the roar of the morning march.



Proprietress
oil on canvas
120x90cm
2017

Everything has its beginning and its end. An orderly world tends to self-destruction. And only a woman opposes this process. She takes responsibility for deterring the destructive forces. She subordinates them to herself. And this woman is the Proprietress. She is the Proprietress of all things in this world. And only thanks to her, this world still exists.



Baby
oil on canvas
120x90cm
2017

*That's the
meaning of our
existence - to
preserve the
fragile life of
the baby! This
space is cold and
indifferent. It is
not made for life.
It was created
for survival.
Survived itself -
help to survive
another. Only on
this still holds the
reality.*



SOLD

Evening meal
oil on canvas
120x90cm
2017

*Fate can bring
random people
in a random
place. And these
people as pieces
of a puzzle or
mosaic can
match some faces
. And then there
is wholeness. And
it doesn't matter
what brought
them to each
other, what is the
purpose and what
they were dis-
united. The main
thing is that there
is now - this night
, these feelings ,
this simple meal
in nature.*



2016

Metaphors

The drunken
butler
oil on canvas
200x150cm
2016

*The drunken
gatekeeper has
lost all the keys
to paradise. And
they are lie rusty,
useless in dirty
snow. Who put
this butler on the
gate? About him
long forgotten.
The gate had
rustied for a long
time. And no one
remembers what's
behind them, be-
cause they have
not opened for so
long. The angel
blows a trumpet.
What for? We are
all doomed to
stay on this side
of the gate in a
cycle of reincarn-
ations.*



Oblation
oil on canvas
200x165cm
2016

Priests and sacrifices. Donors and those to whom these sacrifices are intended. Everyone is tied up in this tangle. We sacrifice ourselves for others and others for ourselves. We sacrifice freedom for love, fun for peace, life for eternity. We sacrifice our bodies and souls. We ourselves eat these sacrifices and feed small parasites, always accompanying us. Maybe sacrifice is the basis of all being? Or is this the biggest misconception that prevents us from living?



Renegades
oil on canvas
200x150cm
2016

*He left home. He
left family and
friends. He ran
from what he
believed in. He
saved his children
from false faith
and from false
temptations. But
is it for long?
They are hermits
and outcasts.
They are rene-
gades.*



Morning hour
oil on canvas
200x150cm
2016

There is a German saying: "Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde" - "The morning hour gives us gold." This universal worship of gold and profit. Greed and insatiability, exploitation and lack of will. But at the same time, there is a hope for a younger generation, which may have very different priorities. "Morning Hour" is an image of nature that gives us everything necessary for life. But people are greedy, and they are no longer waiting for gifts, they require them. They pretend that they worship nature, but in fact they kill it.



Executor
oil on canvas
200x165cm
2016

The most desirable and difficult thing in life is knowledge. But knowledge is also very dangerous. Dangerous knowledge is punishable. It's always been that way. Always will be. Each applicant for the forbidden knowledge has to be ready to a meeting with the executor of punishment.



2013-2015

Pale myths

Assimilation
oil on canvas
120x100cm
2014



Mating games
oil on canvas
120x90cm
2014



Regimental flutist
oil on canvas
90x90cm
2015



Procurer
oil on canvas
100x100cm
2014

