



Konstantin
Prusov

Journey
with the artist

Visiting the sea

16+

Падзі і геліфіцыі

Константин Прусов
Visiting the Sea. Journey with
the artist Konstantin Prusov
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Аннотация

The third book of the artist Konstantin Prusov is a gift for those who love the sea. The author builds a plot based on his original and authentic work. A route is bravely set – Cadaques, Rome, Tivoli, Ostuni, Matera, Amsterdam, Bruges and Abu Dhabi. There are marine impressions and unforgettable meetings, and gastronomic delights. Be sure – you will always remember this trip!

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Prologue. A bowl

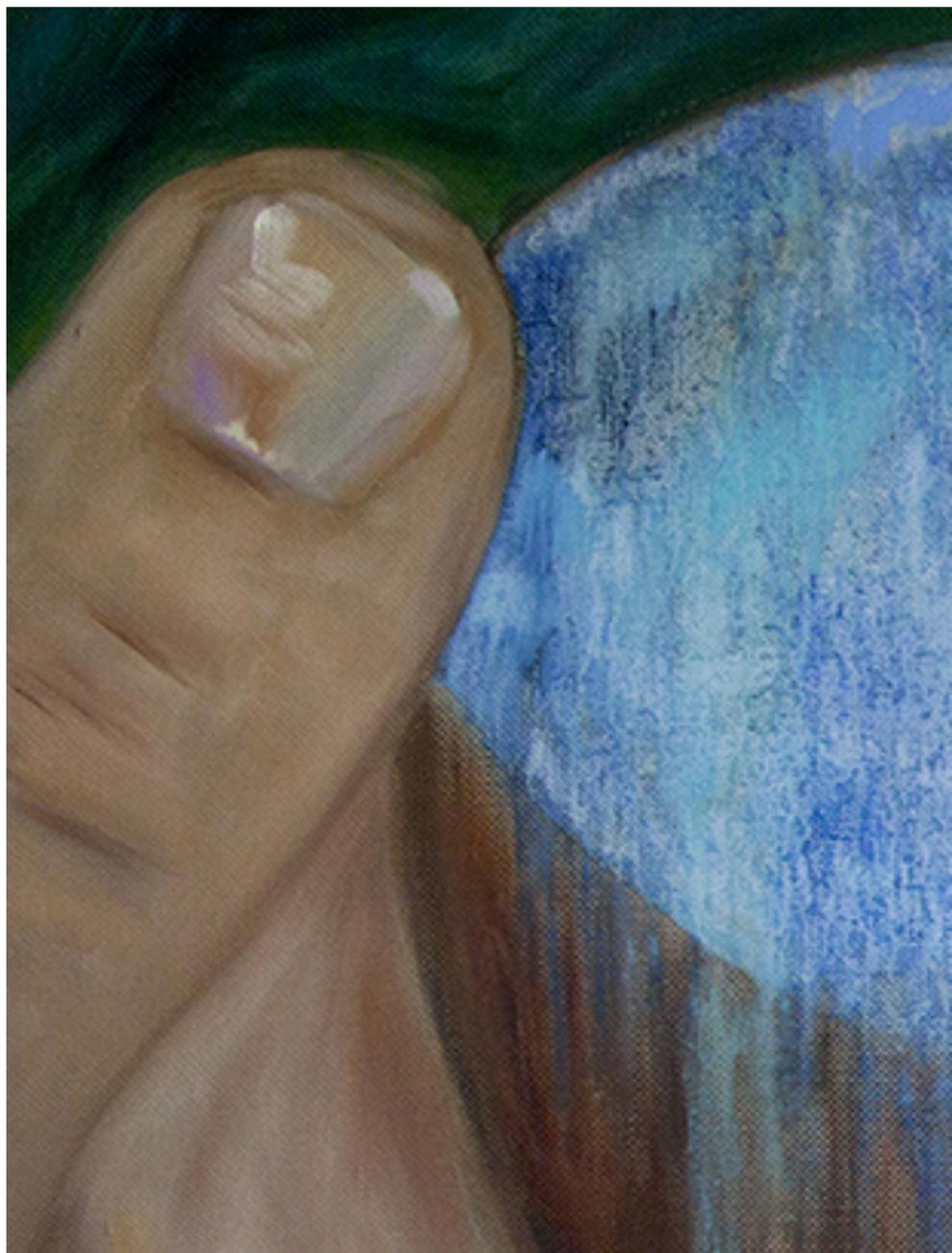
The sea is a frequent character of my works. It's difficult to be friends with the sea but that's what makes it so valuable. In my opinion friendship costs nothing without healthful stress that forces you to change constantly and learn something. I would call the sea my friend, yes – exactly!

I think you agree that it's always comfortable to travel with friends. The sea showed me plenty exciting places – and not necessarily coastal areas. But the most important thing – it left a trace in my art. I am using the past tense because this book is devoted to already created works, and there is so much ahead!

The sea is a bowl and it's impossible to drink it up. The strong force is hidden behind its external simplicity. And so often I imagined this bowl while painting outdoor under the burning sun or I could not stop my curiosity exploring the towns in the heat.

I invite you to take a small trip to the sea where my paintings will be your guide – enjoy their company!

P.S. I will see you at my exhibitions – you need to watch art in person!



bowl. 2015. Canvas, oil. 80x98 cm

Meeting Salvador

We start our journey with the painting where I depicted one of my favorite places – cozy Cadaques. This small town in the north of Catalonia was a place where Salvador Dali became an artist.

I felt connection with this town – it inexplicably reminded me my home that I once abandoned and now came back. I can't help but thank my friends who gave me the possibility to visit these places a number of times.

Driving across Europe is such a delight. Once again I rented a car. Along with my friends, including my Mother, I was on my way to Catalonia. Areas connected to Dali were my priority – I was eager to show them. I admit that dry wine, soft cheese, sweet tomatoes, jamon, seafood and other gastronomic delights were an obligatory accompaniment of this trip.

So the car is ready, my companions are in their seats, the trunk is full of food and navigation system is adjusted – my co-driver paves the way. Let's go! A light Mediterranean wind is blowing my hair and the sun is warming my shoulders. Gradually the road turns into serpentine. And now through the low mountains we can see picturesque bays, Cadaques sheltered in one of them – I recognize a belfry of the main cathedral and also the sea reef Es Cucurucuc – the hero of many Dali paintings.

The first route point for today is Dali's house in Portlligat, a small village adjoining Cadaques. A Russian person won't notice

a border between them. It's interesting if anyone notices it at all.

Every time walking down the narrow road to Dali house you can see a magical panorama: its territory is so exposed but all attractions are hidden under the verdure of inner yards. I feel agitation – like I am visiting my beloved grandfather that I have not seen for a long time. Now we find ourselves on the narrow picturesque street adjacent to houses walls. At the beginning of it there is a cypress growing out of the fishing boat – Dali's work firsthand.

Much has been written about the house interiors. One thing I'll say – this place has particular atmosphere. It's very cozy in the house. And Dali himself is perceived differently: he is not a mad genius anymore but an artist who dreamt to find peace of mind. I permanently turn around while exploring rooms – it seems that Dali still looks after his beloved home, or maybe he wants to share something with me...

My friends are happy – I told them they would be amused!

Afterwards it's time to enjoy cool white wine, mussels and cheese. It's a very rare occasion when I like seafood. Sitting in a coastal cafe or walking down a promenade you can enjoy the landscape. It inspires with its simplicity and remarkably beautiful silhouette of white houses. The cathedral with a powerful iconostasis prevails upon the town – you must visit it!

The main object here is the sea that formed the image of Cadaques. Here everything contributes to creative work. My imagination works tirelessly – and here is the artist Salvador in

front of me. He is walking beside me and observing the beautiful sights. His yellow hat protects him from sunlight, and the scarf serves as a magnificent accessory. There is a cozy town behind his back – the town that will give Dali many ideas and warm him in those days when the sun goes out in his soul.

And I keep painting. Such meetings happen once in a lifetime – it would be unforgivable to miss an opportunity that God gave.

Feuget 18



Salvador. Cadaques. 2018. Canvas, oil. 80x80 cm



A view of the town



Cadaques. A cathedral's interior



Cadaques. A view from the small cathedral square



Cadaques. May 2018



Cadaques. The painting of electric boards in the street



In Salvador Dali house yard in Portlligat



In Salvador Dali house yard in Portlligat



Meeting Salvador. Cadaques. 2018. Fragment

A Spaniard

Left and right, right and left and countless times. I have to turn the steering wheel fast. The passengers feel nauseous. That's because we didn't take the freeway – the navigator found an old serpentine road instead of more quiet one. We are worried a bit if we've chosen the right way. Our goal is to reach the little village Castellfullit de la Roca sheltered on the cliff.

Thanks God – we've arrived! A few narrow streets with partially empty houses meet us. It's very quiet here – siesta has just started. The charm of this place is not fully revealed – we cannot see the view for which we came here. An old man with white hair noticed our confusion and tells us with the smile: «Go down to the river!».

Obediently walking down the path through kitchen-gardens we get the bridge and see a sweet panorama: houses like soldiers in defense are spread along the cliff. The cathedral belfry is a fully armed commander. Who are they defending from? Maybe from fast approaching civilization? «Hold the line!» – a Spaniard shouts at them. Our hearts skip a beat with astonishment – who is this brunette girl with big eyes?



Castellfullit de la Roca



A Spaniard.

Castellfullit de la Roca. 2018.

Canvas, oil. 95x70 cm

Visiting the Mediterranean Sea

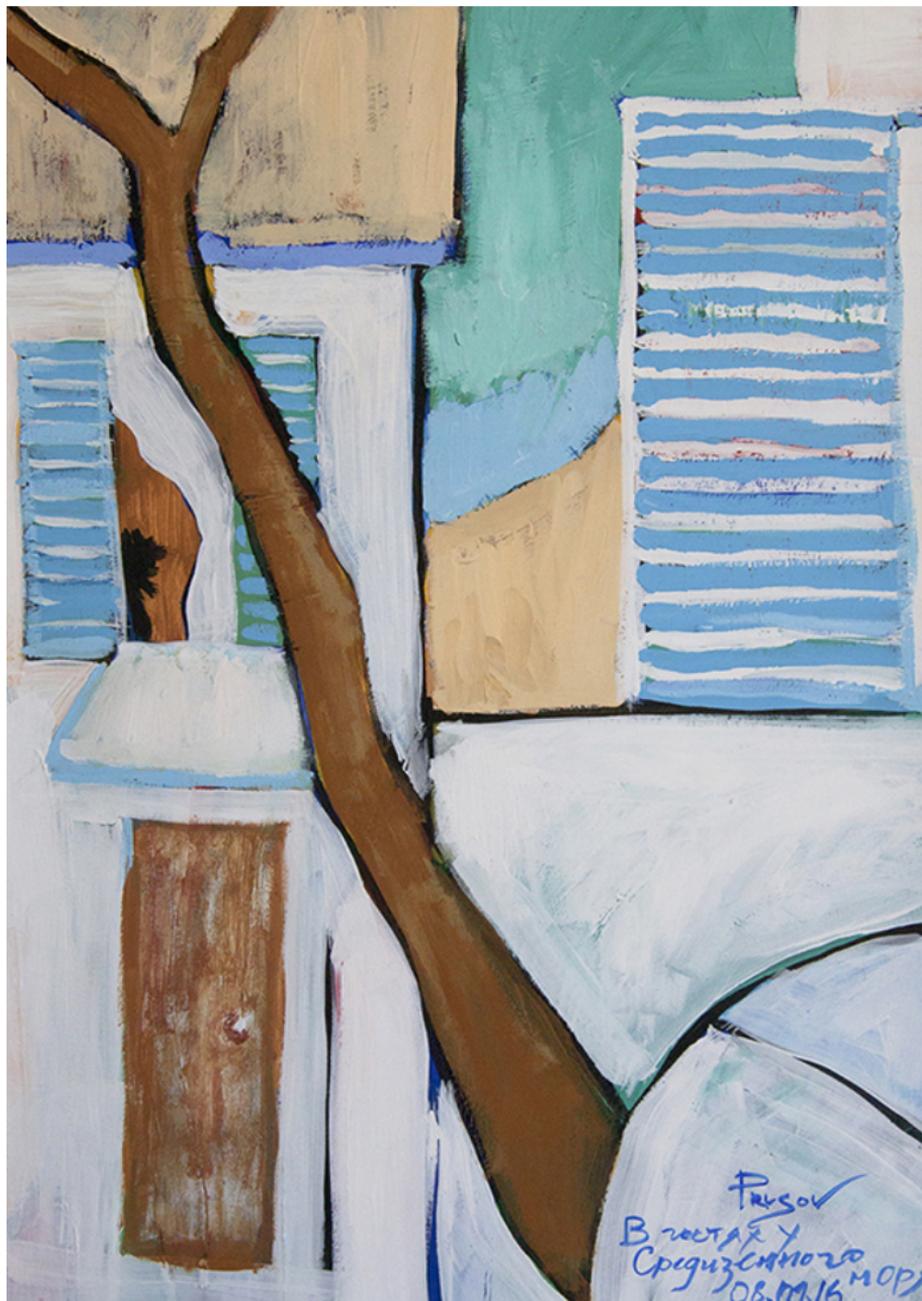
There is a frugal door in the shadow of a large tree and its crown is hidden from us in the sky. Entering this door we will see not just the cozy house interior but we will be able to enjoy the view of wide Mediterranean seaside. Those who doesn't enjoy solitude will feel lonely here. For me it's perfect.

There is a player on the second floor – I put on my favorite record, open blue shutters wide so the sound could reach the coast – my easel, snow-white canvas, palette and, of course, my beloved dog Pablo are waiting for me there.

And what would you like to see behind this door?



Costa Brava coast. Catalonia. Spain



Prusov
Восток у
Средиземного
моря

Visiting the Mediterranean Sea. 2016. Paper, tempera.
29,7x21 cm

Pablo and dolphins

Oh that hooligan Pablo! He so much loves the sea and dolphins so I have to put a life vest on him when we are on a yacht. Yesterday he was friendly barking at heard of dolphins for a long time. I had no idea what their conversation was about but Pablo rushed into the sea – friends agreed on this. Panic on the ship, and I find myself in water without a life vest although I swim more or less satisfactorily.

I woke up with a smile – Pablo is looking at me and licking my face – it's time for a walk! How I love you, my true friend! He's happily running – it's cool outside. After chasing pigeons, cats and playing with other dogs, my little friend can barely walk upstairs – he is exhausted.

But I still have to wash him – I put him in a bathtub and he is staring at me with those eyes...And then I recall my dream... There are dolphins behind his back and they are happy to watch their friend, and how happy I am observing the miracle every day.



Сергие
драконо.
Плоди Азии



Pablo in the studio



Падл и дельфини

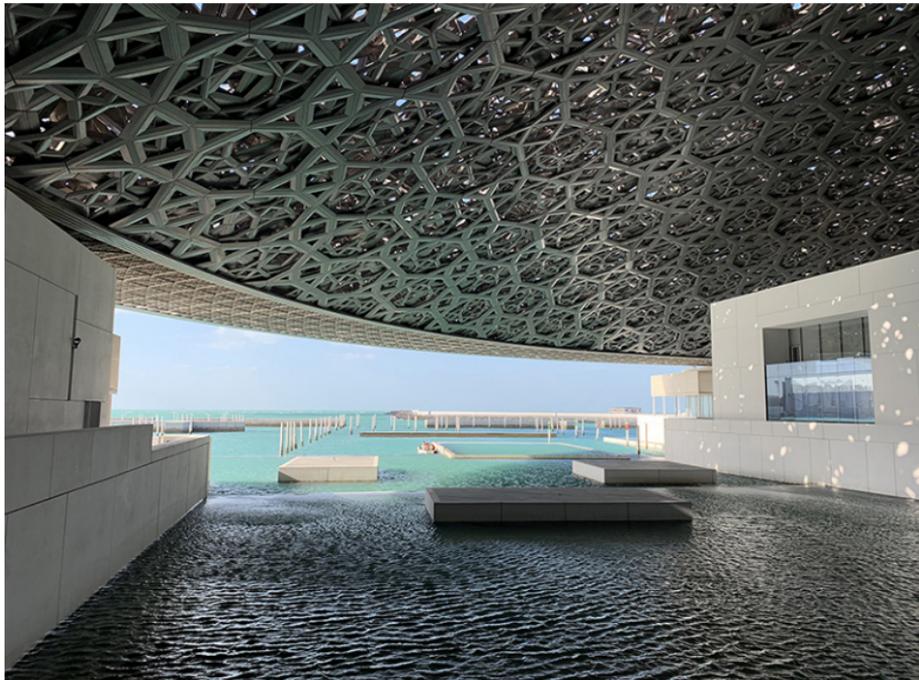
Pablo and dolphins. 2019. Paper, tempera. 70x50 cm

The mysterious story

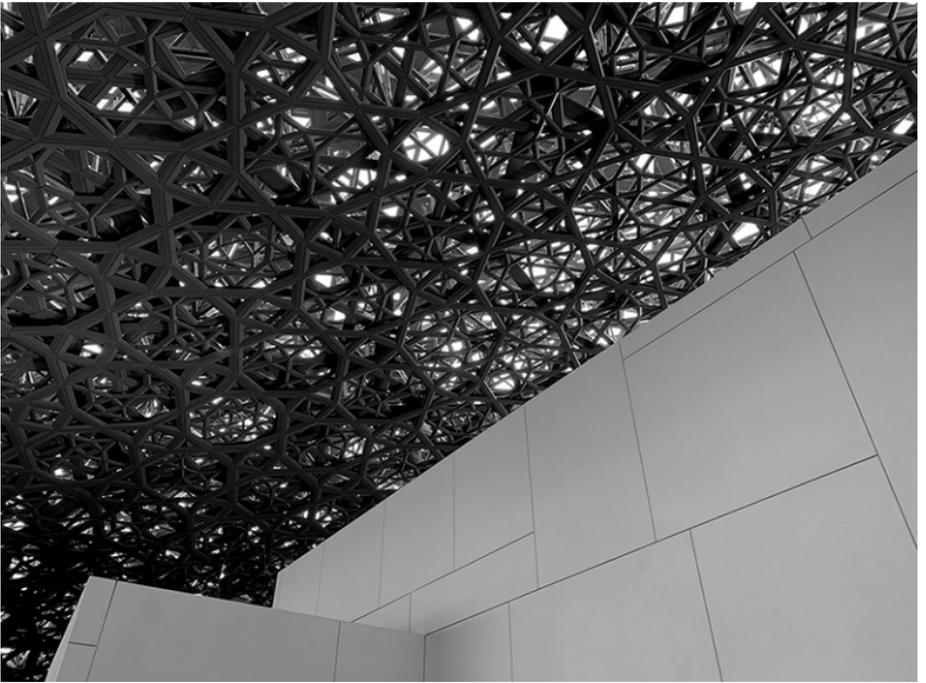
If I were a modern historian I would necessarily include Abu Dhabi Louvre among contemporary wonders of architecture. Its colossal dome, like a flying saucer, landed on the coast of Persian Gulf. It's such a treat to observe it.

This museum is a masterpiece of taste, unique style. It is wonderfully blended in surrounding landscape and also spectacularly highlights visitors in national clothes – I was fascinated by men in white and women in black walking through the interiors. It seemed that part of me was somewhere in distant part and another part – in the future.

I wanted to convey these impressions, ambiguous and ecstatic, in the «Mysterious story». The title reflected the essence of depiction – a spectator wonders about the plot, and as for me, I don't give a reason to think in a particular direction. Look carefully at this work – what mysteries it keeps under the layer of paint...



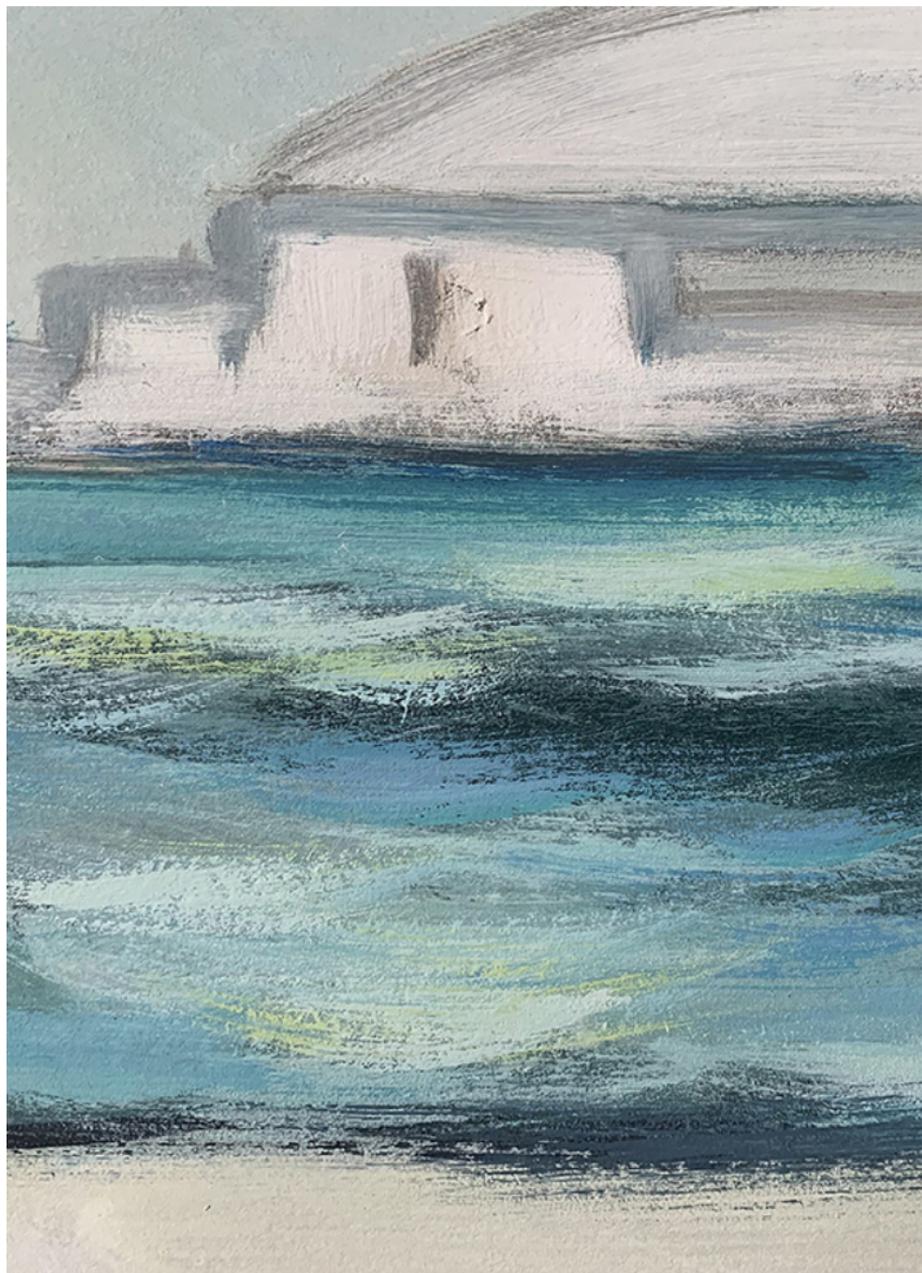
Abu Dhabi Louvre. Inner yard



Abu Dhabi Louvre. Inner yard



The mysterious story.2019. Paper, tempera. 70x50 cm



The mysterious story.2019. Fragment

Watermelon and grapes in a vase

It's time to enjoy a juicy watermelon. We bought it in the market that has a spectacular view of the wide sandy bay. Cold brut enhanced our impressions of this place – the watermelon seemed to us not just a gastronomic delight but also a symbol of lucky day.

I'm painting. I want to depict this watermelon – in appetizing way. I am adding my author ceramics with grapes – a new character in still- life. There are many colors in my palette: red cadmium, transparent pink, carmine, ultramarine, cobalt, azure, violet, yellow cadmium, gray, carbon black, umber. I am forming the composition with luscious brush strokes – such a pleasure!



Watermelon and grapes in a vase. 2019. Canvas, oil. 80x100
cm



Author ceramics. 2019



Watermelon and grapes in a vase. 2019. Fragment

Poem about the sea

After champagne and fruit it's time to read a book. The terrace is in the shade now. «Name of the Rose» – my favorite book is worth rereading, especially when I feel relaxed.

I am falling asleep after ten pages. In a dream I see the ship – a frequent plot – it docks and leaves. The sea obeys my somnolence exposing subconscious mind. We are alike – tranquility rarely catches up to us however now it's an exceptional case.



Prison
Norma Hope DB.02.16

Poem about the sea. 2016. Paper, tempera. 29,7x21 cm

A pomegranate for the Last Supper

In my dreams I often meet kind strangers who mark something good. Once we had a conversation at the magic table covered with pomegranate patterned cloth. The gestures of wise heroes tried to convey something to me. I recognized this event – the Last Supper at its culmination! The awareness penetrated my body and I woke up...

The white canvas is opposite the bed and it already knows what would be depicted on it. I am painting but my thoughts flew away into the Universe. Pomegranates, like planets, interact with each other in a particular way on the boundless canvas surface. The pattern builds the connection between all the elements sinking us into yellow, emerald, red and blue shades. The only question now is – what is my role in this action.



With «The Last Supper» on the background

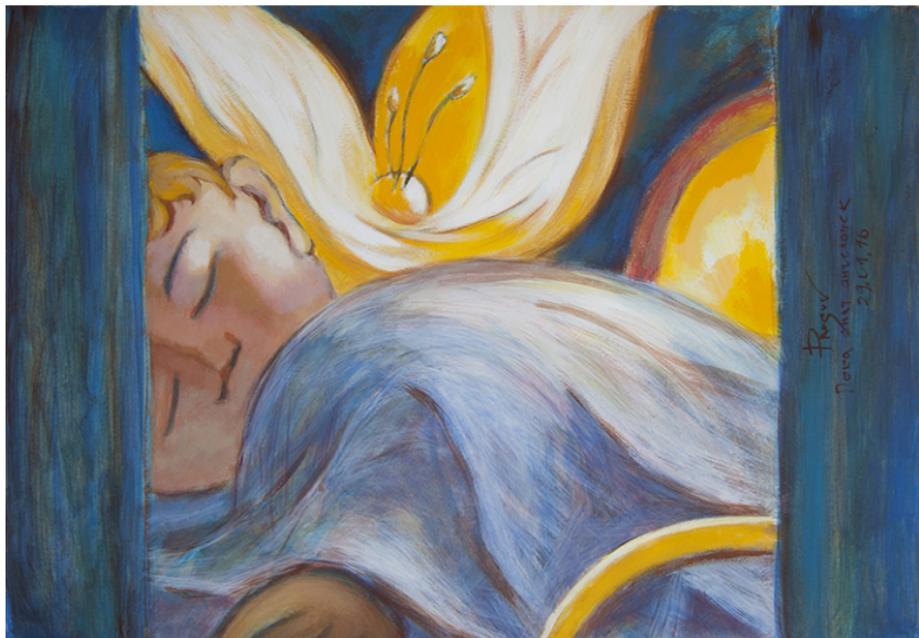


A pomegranate for the Last Supper. 2019. Canvas, oil.
100x120 cm

While an angel's asleep

«Sleep, sleep, sleep», – a little angel was telling slowly to his mother and patting her on the head. But tonight he was the first to fall asleep putting his halo besides.

A yellow lily protects the little boy. By its tendrils it watches the silence and with its petals – covers from a bright light. I want to infinitely observe this scene inspired by God.



While an angel's asleep. 2016. Paper, tempera. 21x29,7 cm

The Crucifixion

I hope the sleeping angel never knows about cruelty and jealousy which lead to tragedy. And if he knows he will never experience them. Do we need to see a dark side of life so the light would seem brighter?

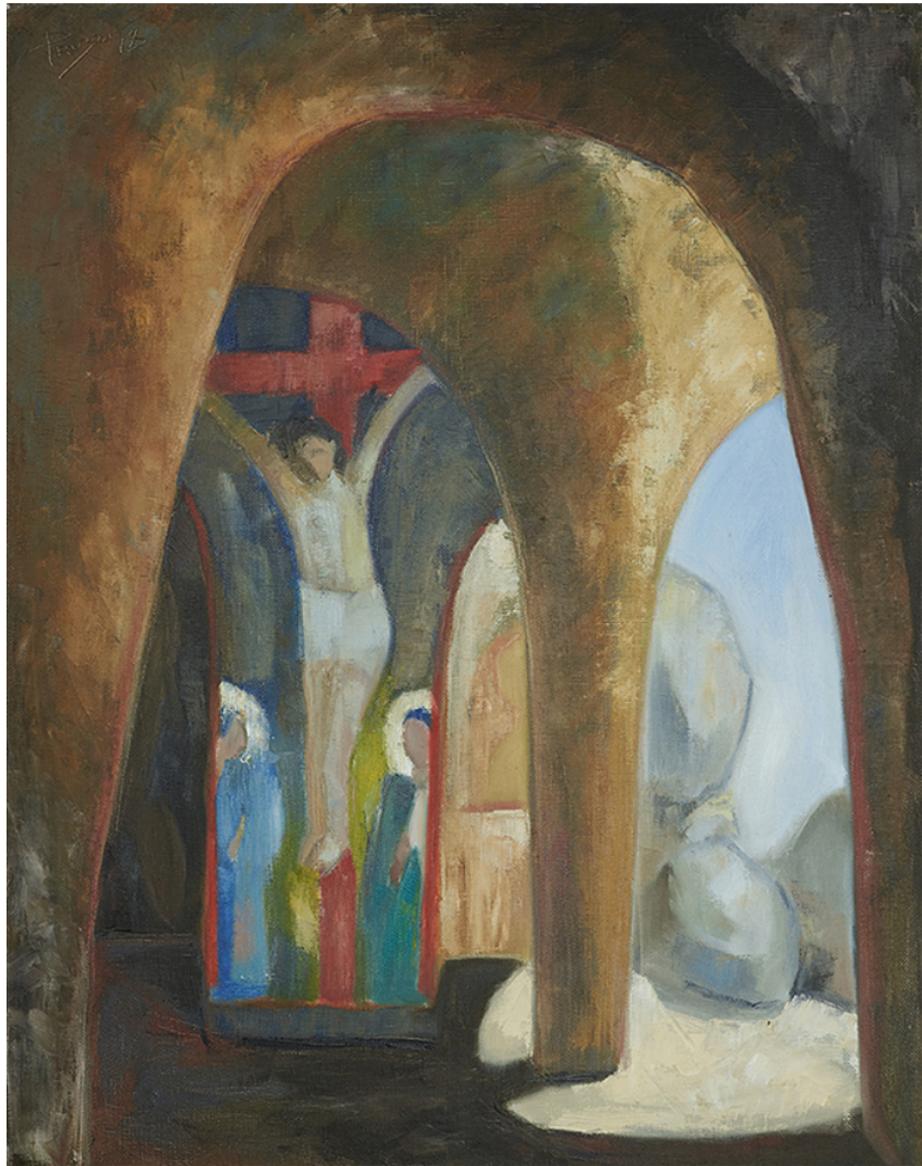
It's been a long journey to find this painting inspired by Matera – an ancient town in the south of Italy. Good guys who I rented the room from helped me to see the fresco hidden from prying eyes.

The hills of Matera are all penetrated by caves and grottos but you cannot have access to all of them. I found an entrance while walking around the forbidden territory and examining hidden frescos, when I ran into the wall – The Crucifixion unfolded in front of me in all its tragedy. Goosebumps. It seemed I became witness to the crime.

The wind bringing the cries of suffering broke the silence – but over time they lost their power and turned into weak noise.



Matera



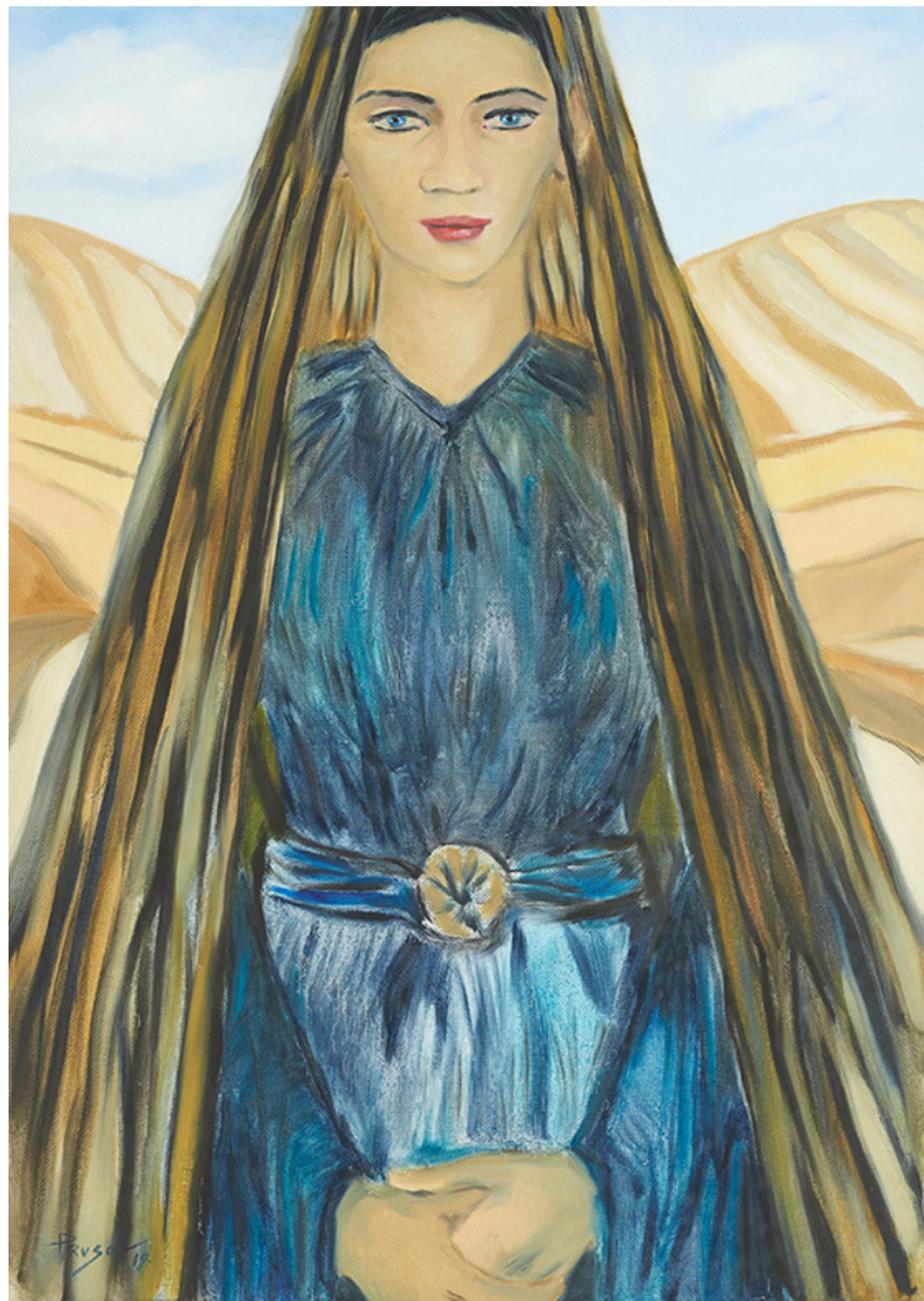
Secret meeting. The Crucifixion. 2018. Canvas, oil. 90x70 cm

Turquoise Madonna

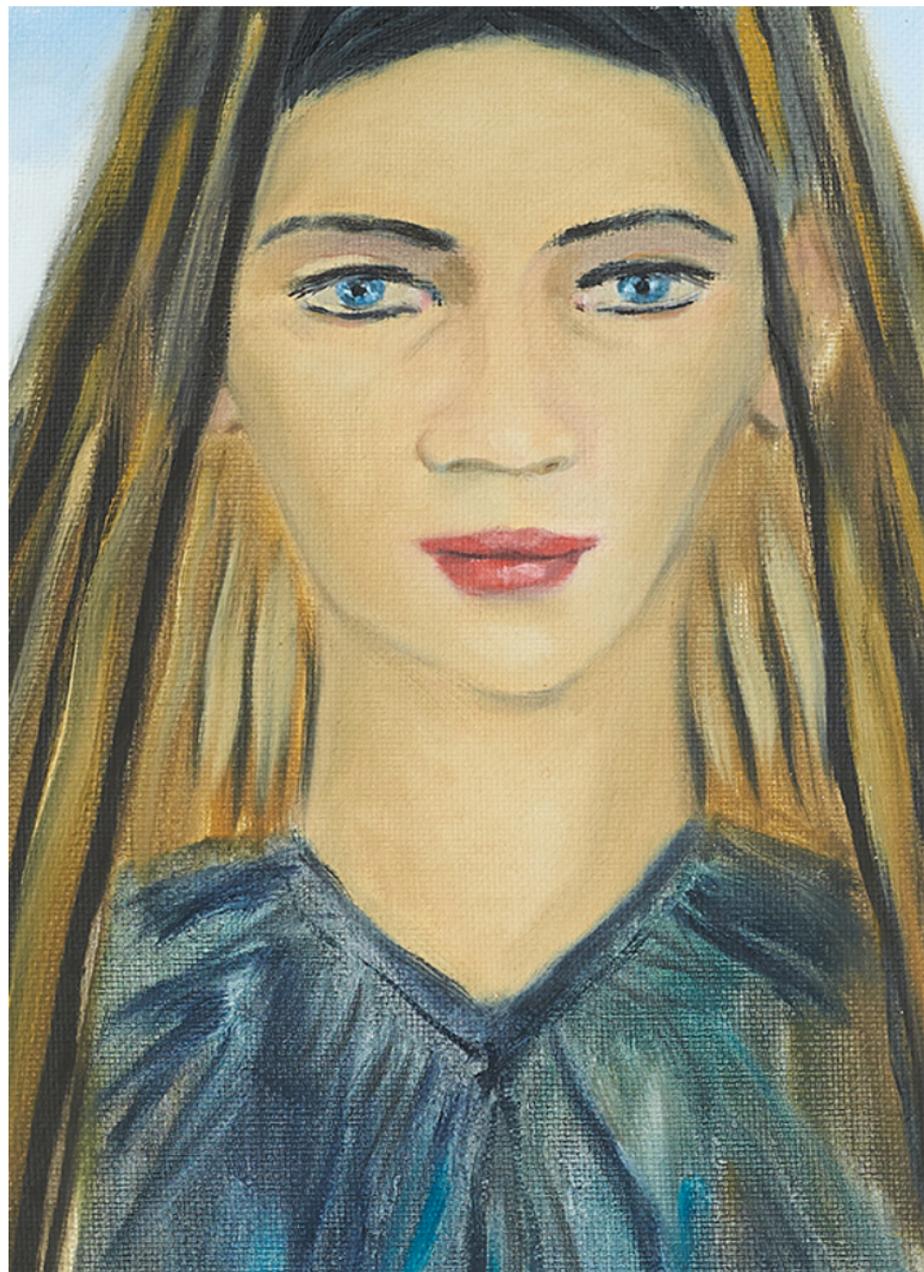
At the moment I'm writing the book in front of the painting «Turquoise Madonna». For me it is like an icon for Christians which gives faith. Opposite me there is the «Holy Family» described in the book «Russian fairy tales». They possess colossal energy altogether. When there is chaos around me and I need support – I always could find it in art.

So Matera gifted me the «Turquoise Madonna» when I took the train and left the town. When I saw a hilly landscape through the window I imagined a strong girl in a long headscarf – she kept secrets of those places. My imagination created the composition but I managed to paint it on canvas only after a month in my studio.

It's meaningless to mention the powerful influence of paintings – you must watch them in person. I hope everyone of you can make it. Look into Madonna's eyes – and She, perhaps, will pay attention to you.



Turquoise Madonna. 2018. Canvas, oil. 100x70 cm



Turquoise Madonna. 2018. Fragment

A stranger with a cigarette

The girl that I met in Tivoli, a small Italian town with the famous villa d'Este, had the most piercing look in her eyes. After sightseeing I wanted to eat pasta along with white wine and juicy fruit for dessert. I was searching a soulful restaurant and I eventually found something that developed into the painting – a bright character.

In a narrow street there was a couple of tables and at one of them there was a woman smoking a cigarette. Her look and gestures drew my attention – I'm interested in bright charismatic personalities and especially someone as her! She spoke Italian with me which I didn't understand however I fell under magic influence of that person. It turned out she was an owner of the small cafe where two other girls also worked – one of them spoke Russian.

They fed me divinely! But I was eager to observe the charismatic cafe owner continuously smoking cigarettes. I ordered a bottle of white wine – for fruit.

I sit and drink wine and watch her turn into a mysterious person: she is wearing a veil through which you can see unbelievably powerful look – yes, this woman knows her own worth. The moon follows her thoughts. Lips distract your attention while her eyes explore your soul and, believe me, you won't be able to conceal anything – the stranger already knows

all about you.



A stranger with the cigarette. 2018. Canvas, oil. 93x70 cm



A stranger with the cigarette. 2018. Fragment



Design of the wine bottle «Hoy Toca». Spain



Design of the wine bottle «Hoy Toca». Spain

A Renaissance landscape

Villa d'Este in Tivoli is one of the most famous Italian villas of XVI century. In my opinion the Duke d'Este's efforts are worth coming here and escaping from the vanity. I arrived here by train – it was very comfortable. But in order to find a way to villa I had to ask local people – signposts were located only in the town.

Finally I reached it. And what I found inside was outstanding. There were no luxury but only silence and peace. The main object was the park cascading from the Duke's house to the bottom of the hill. And what a magnificent view of the park panorama from windows – fantastic!

Walking through the room's enfilade with old frescos I thought about the painting. Here was born an idea to paint a Duchess in red inspecting her property. And why not to depict her in profile as artists of Renaissance did?



A Renaissance landscape. The Duchess d'Este in Tivoli. 2018.
Canvas, oil. 80x80 cm



Villa d'Este. View of the palace

Madonna with pomegranate

Florence is a capital of Renaissance. The city is especially great if you look at it from the dome Brunelleschi. Our company spent half a day standing in a queue to get there but it was worth waiting.

For me Florence became a certain corridor to learn Supreme – I have seen Madonna. She picked a ripe pomegranate in the hope to know the future – her faith in symbols was firm. Is God really so cruel towards you that he doesn't speak with you directly? Although better not to know what lies ahead...



Прозрач
Мужчина с
гранатом
19.12.15

Madonna with pomegranate (Florentine Madonna). 2015.
Paper, tempera. 29,7x21 cm

Amsterdam Goddess

My best friend – Amsterdam Goddess has known many men. I know all her secrets – she is extremely honest with me, always.

We met in Amsterdam. I was leaving the Van Gogh Museum and she was waiting for me like a predator is waiting for its prey. All the girl wanted was sincere communication.

I explored her face – so powerful and refined simultaneously. She was hiding her wise eyes under the veil and a desire to possess them became stronger and stronger. But if you seek to know such women be on guard – they can sting.



Amsterdam



Рысов Борис Александр
22.11.15

Amsterdam Goddess. 2015. Paper, tempera. 29,7x21 cm

Ripe peaches

We had white dry wine, some cheese and peaches with us – we wanted all at once. The table is set on the seashore. The peaches are in hand-made tableware on a white cloth – my work was not wasted, I molded, painted and burnt not in vain. Green and blue plates are not served with soft and hard cheese yet. This doesn't prevent from enjoying the still life.

I can't help painting this beauty in oils – I once again interrupt our meal asking everyone to finish eating. I need an exactly this view, this composition. Guests are accustomed to my fads. «Today at least we've got the wine and cheese, – my friends say, – we can do without peaches».

Jokes about me are over – guests are tasting the wine when I try to pick the paint shades. With brave strokes I putting it on canvas. The bristle brushes are my favorite tools for such works. They create a particular texture.

It's been a few hours. While guests are slowly falling asleep and emptying another bottle of wine I'm ready to put a signature. The painting is finished – now we can eat peaches and my favorite brie cheese.



Ripe peaches. 2019. Canvas, oil. 90x80 cm

Marina is eating Natasha's waffle

Early in the morning we came to Bruges. I was in the mood to taste beer and forgot about delicious waffles. «Under a willow» pub, as we called it, had a fine assortment. Having chosen a table by the river all our trio ordered dark beer although we came for cherry one.

We've been sipping rich kinds of beer for three hours – it was an influence of unforgettable pub atmosphere with the view of canal surrounded with sweet mansions and various frontons. Drunk we went for a walk around evening Bruges – not a soul in sight. The best atmosphere for town guests – it reveals its mystical character this way.

We passed by the cafe where we tasted waffles with strawberries on our first visit. Friends immediately recalled my tempera work. Where is Marina, where is Natasha and why is one of them eating another's waffles?

Unfortunately the cafe got closed a few minutes ago and we did not have a chance to enjoy juicy strawberries on a crispy waffle. «We will look at your painting and calm down, – my friends joked, – what else are we supposed to do?».



Belgium waffles and cherry beer. Bruges

Марина ест бифштекс.
Hatawuy
Prusov
16.01.16



Marina is eating Natasha's waffle. 2016. Paper, tempera.
29,7x21 cm

A melon and lemons

A melon and lemons often save me during trips. And if the melon can substitute lunch the lemons perfectly refresh water.

Now this painting is a reason to rest, my dear reader. It doesn't have any special meaning but it has a beauty of textures and color.

Leave a bookmark, take a rest – we will have busy days.



A melon and lemons. 2019. Canvas, oil. 70x90 cm



A melon and lemons. 2019. Fragment

Quiet steps

Quiet evening. There is no one in the narrow streets. A white town is ready to fall asleep. A labyrinth of its streets inspires for being alone, and every new turn gives you a new composition for a painting – just paint!

Such towns encourage to wonder and dream. My painting is just about that – it seems simple but whole life is in this simplicity.

I painted this work in remembrance of Ostuni – a small town in the south of Italy. It became a first stop of my journey during which I decided to paint a series of sketches on nature. And they are what our story will be about.



Quiet steps. Ostuni. 2018. Canvas, oil. 93x70 cm

The artist's diary. In the south of Italy

July. The heat. I am going to the south of Italy – to work in open air. I got prepared very well – made a special box for small canvases on cardboard to transport just finished works; I did not bring a heavy sketch box with me and instead I used a light portable easel, and I put paint and brushes along with pinene into a special backpack.

I suppose it will be a busy month. So exciting – I am going to unknown region alone!





On plein air. Somewhere in the south of Italy

13th of July. White town. Ostuni

Finally I reached Ostuni – a white pearl of the southern part of Italy. I live in a typical for this town house with the stone arches. I feel myself like a child in a small castle. I'm full of energy. I am going to find a necessary view taking with me all the materials for painting. And finally, when I went far away from crowded place and jumped over a high fence (perhaps I reminded an insane person), in the shadow of ruined street I found an arch with the fabulous view from it. The heat doesn't confuse me. Even if I'm sunburned I will still paint this scene!



White town. Ostuni. 2018. Canvas on cardboard, oil. 30x24

cm

14th of July. A sunrise in the street of Ostuni

People who crowded near the main cathedral of Ostuni in the daytime were so annoying! I love to paint landscapes without people – they are primeval in such a way. So I went to create at sunrise. Alone. Only the wind at my back. I was cold so much. However the painting is finished – what is more important than this at the moment? If only I could bring it home and not to drop. Wind, you are out of place!



A sunrise in the street of Ostuni. 2018. Canvas on cardboard,

oil. 30x24 cm

15th of July. Night Ostuni

How beautiful Ostuni is at night – I must paint! Yes, paint on location, not from a photograph that many artists often use. No, I'm for painting from nature when I create works of this kind. And I painted all my landscapes from nature.

It's not easy but so inspiring – to go and solve art tasks on site! I climbed a half-ruined shack. People are looking at me from the balconies of nearby houses – I don't mind. A streetlight is next to me – what more could I ask for? Two hours – and night Ostuni has appeared on the small canvas. Another happiness. It happens again and again when my work is successful!



Night Ostuni. 2018. Canvas on cardboard, oil. 24x30 cm

18th of July. Secrets of night streets. Matera

Night in Matera. A sense of mystery doesn't leave me for a minute. Midnight. People are walking somewhere above. I start painting. In an hour – complete silence. Just me and cats looking at me in surprise, more often frightened when they see an alien in familiar places. But I know that they steal fish from trash cans ripping the packages. We reached an agreement – I keep painting. It's good that the streetlight is so close to me and I am able to observe the result. The lights went out. Everything belongs to the artist, more precisely – to his art.



Secrets of night streets. Matera. 2018. Canvas on cardboard,

oil. 30x24 cm

19th of July. Matera under the sun

Daytime. Bright sunshine. I don't plan to paint anything. Suddenly apartment employees who curiously watched my art adventures all these days, asked me if I could depict the town from another side. Of course! Five minutes to pack. I'm ready.

We are driving speaking all languages we know and understand each other perfectly. Another proposal – do you want to see Jesus? You bet! We are running. Illegally we break into an ancient temple – a cave where He is waiting for us. I will remember this illicit meeting with Jesus my entire life. Wonderful but I must paint!

Encouraged, I quickly find a view of Matera from the cave similar to the Jesus grotto. Delight – it will be a little pearl...



Matera under the sun. 2018. Canvas on cardboard, oil. 18x24 cm

21st of July. An old boat. Gallipoli

I wish to paint a boat but where to find a special one, with spirit? My path led to Gallipoli – a town in Apulia in the south of Italy. I walked around a small historic center, visited the bay. I was not satisfied, I didn't see a composition. Having passed an ancient fountain in the town bay I found that I was looking for – a charismatic boat. It was abandoned but the artist would paint it – he loves blue color!

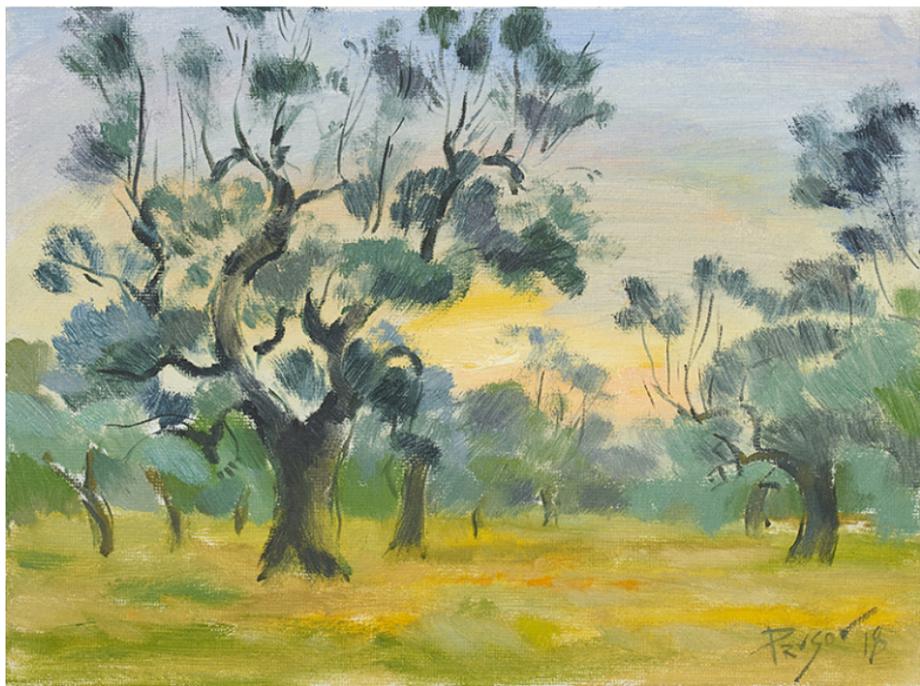


An old boat. Gallipoli. 2018. Canvas on cardboard, oil. 18x24
cm

23th of July. Olives at sunrise

Reviewing works I had painted for several days in Italy I understood one thing – there wasn't enough nature. How could I not paint olives? Unforgivable! I decided to complicate my task and to depict them early in the morning, to catch a sunrise.

And here sun mildly begins to show its character and olives humbly accept its will. The artist takes brushes and follows closely this wonderful connection.



Olives at sunrise. 2018. Canvas on cardboard, oil. 18x24 cm



The train between south cities of Italy. 2018



Fresco fragment. Somewhere in the south of Italy

24th of July. On the edge of Italy

I was looking for the sea but I found something special. It was my final work while visiting Italy.

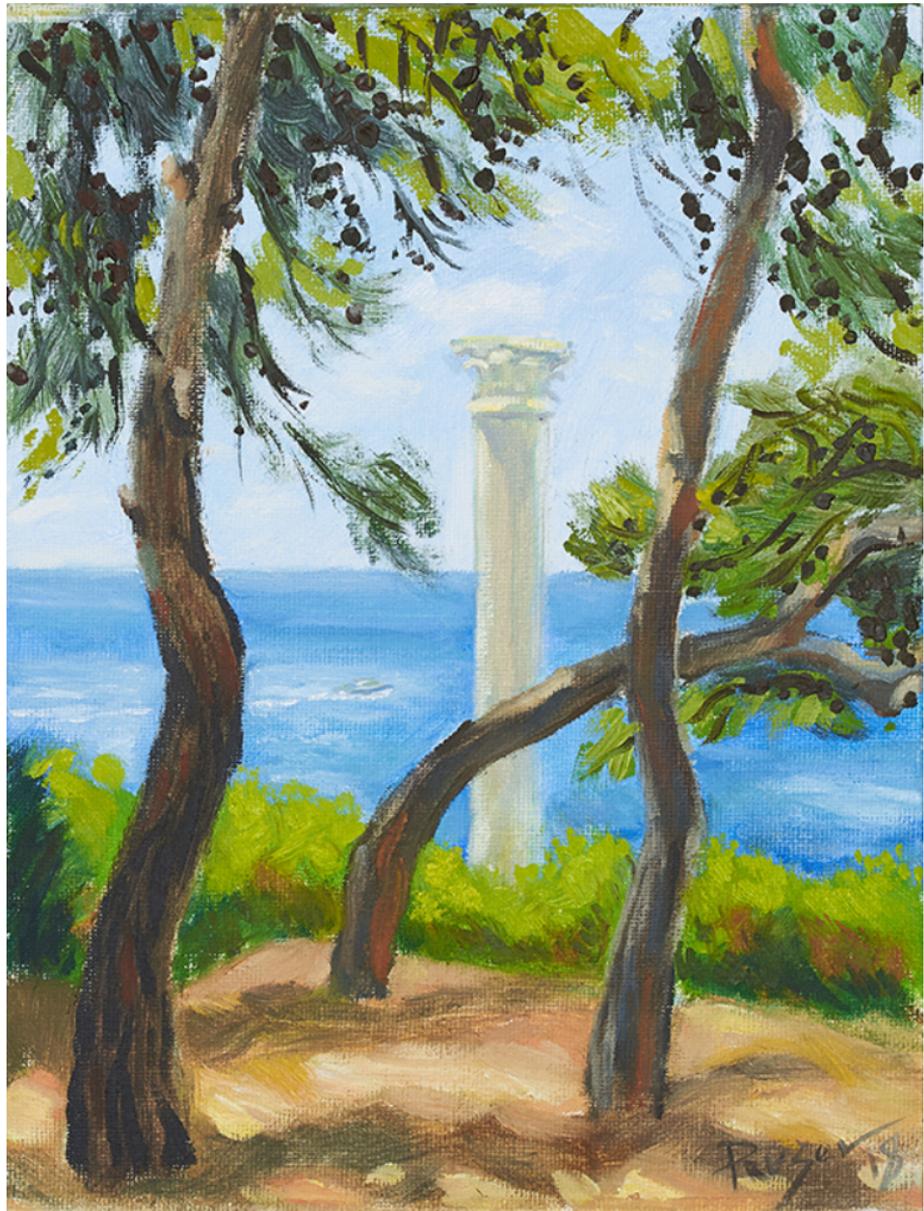
The day when I went to Italian heel was hot. Who would have thought – it's impossible to reach it by train. Only by car or bus that has no schedule. I had to walk in total 12 km from and to railway station. To say I was exhausted would be an understatement. Especially on my way back after work was finished. At that moment fig ripening on plantations saved me. Tasty, ripe...

And in order to find an appropriate angle at main object I had to work for it. It was worth it but my poor legs...have walked so many kilometers.

After work I managed to drink a cold beer before siesta had started when all the people simply disappear. Tired but happy I went forward taking a look at the endless sea one last time...



A fig. Somewhere in the south of Italy



On the edge of Italy. 2018. Canvas on cardboard, oil. 24x18
cm



Ceramic decor. Somewhere in the south of Italy

The formula of Rome

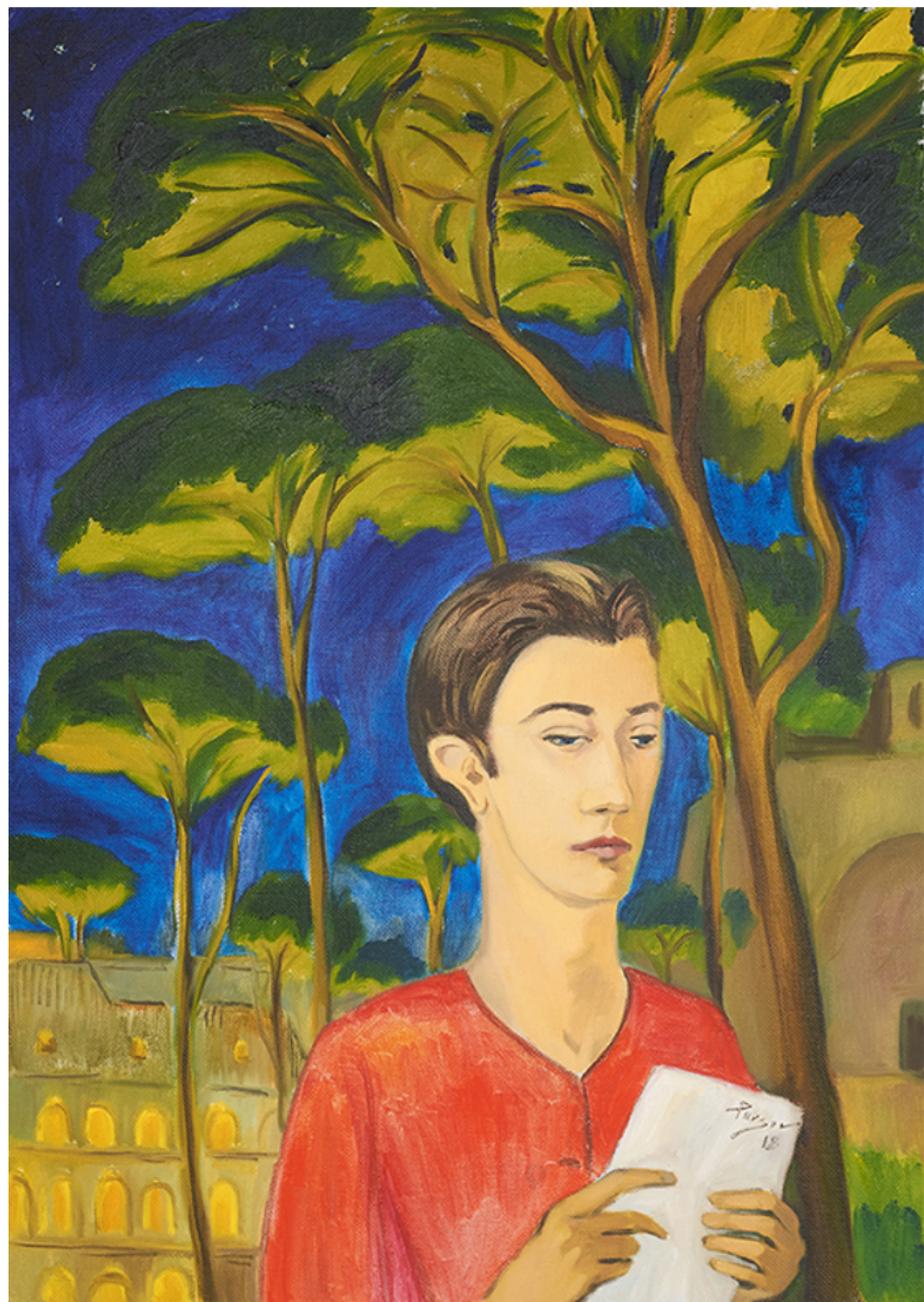
My plein air painting in the south of Italy is completed – pleased with the job I've done I'm coming back to Rome. I appreciate this city a lot – for good and bad. So my bags are in the apartment and it's time for a walk.

Late in the evening after returning from Caracalla thermal baths I found marvelous pines near the Coliseum. They were illuminated by yellow streetlights – such a magnificent decision! Their texture and elegant silhouette could not inspire my creativity more.

I met only one passer-by on my way. Incredibly but if you just move away from the Coliseum a little bit people disappear, especially in the evening.

A young man in a red shirt was examining a piece of paper. It was a letter most likely. I was surprised by the scene – the pines seemed to spy on the personal correspondence. And how many lives have they seen in their lifetime? But still the Coliseum was the oldest here, not to mention stars in the sky.

In all of this I saw a life formula. There is an eternal and there is an ephemeral – everything depends on what Rome decides – to keep you in its memories or to erase forever.



The formula of Rome. 2018. Canvas, oil. 100x70 cm

All the tangerines of Emperor Konstantin

Emperor Konstantin left an indelible trace in Rome history – do you understand what mind you must have to remain in the city's memory? And despite the fact that Konstantin transferred the capital of the Roman Empire to Byzantium, his governance changed a way of Romans life.

I remember my first impression of the city – sun, peach color of houses, tangerine trees and sense of powerful energy coming from the monuments walls. Admiration!

In the Capitol museums fragments of Emperor Konstantin statue are kept. Attentively analyzing them I imagined this legendary personality being young – he stood at the threshold of new discoveries. Soon he will recognize Christianity – there is a chrismon behind his back on the first church roof but a pagan temple is still nearby. Certainly the history of change was not easy – we can only imagine the cost.

However this work is not about Konstantin's acts but it's about the pursuit of new horizons. The young emperor is wearing an extraordinary wreath – tangerines represent the symbol of his power. Why not – the emperor is free to create new symbols. His eyes are powerful tool given him by God. And if you don't interfere with Konstantin you will never see the reflection of

destructive force in his eyes which lays deep in his subconscious.



Рисов
Без использования
умножения Кучерашвили
24.01.16

All the tangerines of Emperor Konstantin. 2016. Paper, tempera. 29,7x21 cm

Are you waiting for me?

In fresh morning I was walking along the seaside and noticed a large fluffy dog who was observing the ships in the horizon. The wind was petting his heavy and long fur what obviously made the dog happy. I'd very much like to believe that he was waiting for his owner – a sailor who went out to the sea, and his house was behind me, moreover the front door was open.

When I looked at the house more attentively I realized that it was in emergency condition. Perhaps the dog waited out the bad weather there. He seemed to be so independent and confident but as we know these qualities often accompany the loneliness.

I took off my ear pods, sat on the sand and called this fluffy stranger. He happily turned around – his eyes looked at me with incredible hope. He was so full of kindness that would be enough for all mankind.



2005

Are you waiting for me? 2015. Canvas, oil. 108x80 cm

An Amazon

The next day when I was jogging along the promenade I did not find the fluffy stranger. But I saw a very interesting lady where the wonderful dog had sat before. Were they both really waiting for the same person? My intuition told me they were.

The girl was hiding under umbrella which are very common in Niece. A wreath of lilies was successfully placed on her head, and one of her breasts was knowingly bare – in this guise she reminded an Amazon performing magic ritual. Maybe in that way she wanted to return his beloved fast. My intuition again told me – yes!

Oh what the sea does to people – they gain sincerity and courage in the expression of their emotions. What a pleasure to watch this – love here is like a fish to water.



Piper 15

An Amazon. 2015. Canvas, oil. 105x80 cm

The Last Supper

The large but modest table brought together many guests. Is there a place for us? The edge of the table is washed by the sea which looks differently due to yellow-green stream. Not every day you are lucky to see such a magic interior!

Today they treat us with fish and bread with a golden crust that reminds corals, and the table cloth – a sandy bay. Strange associations but I believe my own eyes!

There is a big cup of wine in the center. Guests are not hurrying to pour wine by the glass – they are missing somebody. I hope we are not the reason for delay, and if so, we should apologize.



The Last Supper. Version II. 2011. Canvas, oil. 149x60 cm



The Last Supper. Version II. 2011. Fragment

Epilogue. A pear and plums

I returned home in the end of August. The happiness of meeting my Mother and Pablo is the sincerest on earth.

It was warm and dry weather. Traditionally our table was modest but unbelievably delicious. A pear and plums were on a white tray which became my first ceramic work. Outside the window there was a splendid petunia reminding of coastal towns.

In my arsenal I had a few tubes of green-blue paint. It will be my seventh painting in still life series – my favorite number.

I take sky-blue color – outline details of the composition. I save white for last as well as carbon black – I will highlight the tray contour with it and place small accents. I have blue-green paint in plenty – with bristle brush I enthusiastically spread it around the petunia pattern. Marine impressions infiltrate just through such colors combination but I need to strengthen them – a yellow pear appears. And so it would have company two friends plums are balancing next to it. This gesture adds positive dynamics – admit that it's so much more interesting this way!

I finished. I step away from the easel. «The sea is even here!» – my Mother wondered. We are laughing. Pablo is looking at canvas attentively – I need to lower down the easel. In approval he is bravely poking the painting with his black nose – it is painted marine shades now as well!



A pear and plums against petunias. 2019. Canvas, oil. 70x80 cm



A pear and plums against petunias. 2019. Fragment



Pablo and Dali at the seaside. 2019



Madonna with the dog. 2019. Canvas, oil. 90x80 cm

Art, graphics, ceramics, text, photos – Konstantin Prusov.

I am thankful to: Marina Ustinova for translation; My Mother, Pablo and my friends for being close to me!

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