

Rahman Badalov, Philosopher, Azerbaijan:

... A visit to artist Mir Javad stands out in my memory. It was a strange apartment, didn't look habitable at all, more like an artist's workshop which hadn't been renovated for a long time with heaps of canvasses, paints and pieces of either stone or bitumen. And among all this artistic junk, sitting in an arm-chair which was as run down as everything around but looked like a king's throne was the Olympian. This is how artist Mir Javad was viewing his own fate, his trade and profession. Let me cite what Gachev subsequently wrote: "When the pictures were taken out, people were engulfed with what looked like a burning mixture consisting of sub and power, fear and mirth... And everything was as colorful as a carpet. They were full of springs and great will: the ornamental motive of a snake-like wave, tight sinusoid which is just about to straighten out could be traced everywhere. And these springs penetrate all even surfaces here and there... And summing up my impression in the language of four elements, I said: this is the peace of fire and water! Advanced vitality, spring-like flesh and the entire being is breathing with colors, even the dark: black, violet and purple – everything radiates heat, not cold. It may all develop into flames, just like oil which is also fire and water, a Zoroastrian potential... a bas-relief from bitumen with a touch of glaze, and in the middle there is a round bulge with an orifice in it, as if a global vagina... I can't help asking myself and all of us what did we do with this confidence, this defiance of fear, this conviction of a predetermined fate. At what point in history did we lose our inner tenacity?"