

## **An interview by Zarkhanim Ahmadli**

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I do not know who said it first “if we forget, then we, ourselves shall be buried in oblivion”. But unfortunately, we forget. We forget without having a moral right to do so. We forget historical truths, national treasures and the owners of eternal human values – our illustrious creators of art. Their sacred souls may forgive some of our deeds, but not our forgetfulness.

Luba: - Javad often told me: do not go anywhere. Wait, people will come and find me. I am waiting. So, you came, you are the representative of this nation too. You found us.

Javad Mirjavadov was hoping that the nation to which he belonged would find him some day. One of the most talented representatives of Azerbaijani school of art was alive not very long ago. Only seven years passed since the day we had lost him.

For many years, perhaps all his life, dreaming about free and independent Azerbaijan, Javad Mirjavadov was a free-spirited creator. Javad Mirjavadov was never a slave of the Soviet ideology. He was a master of brushstroke and following the commands of his inner spiritual world, he shaped the depth of feeling and thought on a clean canvass. And this is how he won the admiration of the true connoisseurs of art. But the true connoisseurs of art have few resources. The ones that do have large recourses are buried in the swamp of oblivion. It is a pity that for the past seven years, the nation to which Javad belongs is still indebted to his spirit and very far from Azerbaijan, his artworks are appreciated and exhibited.

When I came to Javad’s house I could not believe my eyes. His wife and supporter of his art Luba Mirjavadova did not change anything in the apartment after Javad’s death. It feels like the artist is just about to come into his room and lay bright motley colors on a white canvass.