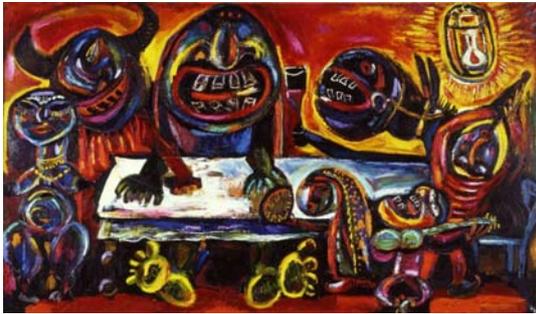


The Last Supper
By Rubaba, 1985



He painted “The Last Supper” in his out-of-town studio. There it was quiet and lots of sky. He had wandered about those places when everything was still untouched. Soft hills, scorched by the sun, vast spaces of land without any trees or houses, next to the sea. He remembered them as they had been, and then everything was lined with standard houses, but that earlier feeling reconciled him to that land. He remembered it as well as what still remained around which promoted the creation of this painting, penetrated

by the biblical spirit. The painting was not intended to be limited by just religious aspect, which only reflects the biblical plot by its protocol recording, but it had been getting ripe for a long time as a history of Man, it could have been before Christ, as well as in his time or now. The artist’s inner, hidden work and the superconscious work were inevitably searching for a way out. He was creating the free, strong and kind Man. The bare-footed and free Man walked on the earth and told people about Love, Sympathy and Beauty. He saw their empty life, he obtained the Truth for them in the titanic labour of his emotional work, freed from blessings of the world but nobody accepted his Gift. They laughed at those divine apothems. The table at which he shared his meal with them is white and long; next to the donkey (Judas), who is raising a glass to his health on the left – the image of a lustful he-goat busy with a woman, she is undressed and resembles an armless idol of beauty. The idol of temptation is pouring the syrup of false admiration by sweet studied intonations: “Oh, this is true, this is perfect! Oh, how wise it is!” The musicians are singing and playing, but the music that sounds in His soul is so Great, that they shrink and diminish to dwarfs. In the form which reflects the plot that had existed since the earliest times, in this new unexpected form he is even blasphemous at first sight. But the XXth century grants him the right to interpret the plot in such a way. If one looks at the root trough the prism of our days, when he naked reality breaks the habitual aesthetics, giving birth to a new quite different one, with the eyes of horror, with nightmares of hallucinations emerging from disasters the scale and nature of which are no longer medieval, although in the middle ages bonfires were also brunt gallows were put up, executioner’s blocks were fixed, because the seeds of today’s science were shooting then, we shall see that it was the epoch of Giants when the grand pictures of the world were created.

Artists of that epoch believed that Reason would not yield to Evil. Because Cognition and Faith come from God. They believed in it sacredly. Therefore, in the period of Renaissance, Leonardo expressed the subject of “The Last Supper” so strongly and profoundly, that the following artists could not be compared to him, perhaps, because Leonardo’s time ran to us, it ran to the last boundary, accumulating pain and bitterness to the utmost, until there appeared an acute necessity to go back to that subject again, raising its untouched strata. Then they stood up in defence of Cognition. But now it yields evil thorns and poisonous fruit. Why so? Because faith vanishes, people are estranged and embittered and they go to their death blindly. Maybe our epoch is also that of Titans, because such works as “The Handsome Drowned Man”, “The Old Man and the Sea”, “The Bear” come into being, because “The Last Supper” of the earliest times has matured again both under the brush of the Spanish artist Salvador Dali and under the brush of Javad. The creators of the word and colour wish to resist the evil machines, the cold of the soul and the immorality of the intellect. They are defending Faith now, maybe that is why vulnerable Kindness, Pain and Rage rather than Harmony and Beauty are in the foreground. Maybe people are still at the cross-roads,

and it is difficult for them to make any decision, they are in fear and mistrust of each other, they are possessed with cynicism, and artists come like prophets, defending Faith and returning the lost humanness to the maddened herd.

The prophet thinks that he will be heard, but there is merely a show of attention, only an outward appearance of attention. The inner world of people is such as it has always been since the earliest times, with the worries about bread, with its evil, its simple joys of life, its betrayal, sympathy and envy.

Sitting at this large table, covered with a white cloth (it is his shroud too), he realized that nothing could be changed. And even worse, they will adapt him to the wretchedness of their aspirations, they will make of him the main hero of their ugly performance, where everyone plays his own part, where there is neither genuine soul, nor true life. His insight like X-ray throws light on the hellish merry-go-round, where they win by insuring their life, through speculating with his apothegm. But, by paradox, for some reason, splashes of wonderful sounds break through from that thundering avalanche of people, they assume the appearance of flesh and blood of a strong body, because, to create grand things, one needs good health and patience. And so here, at this ascetic white table, the Man realized that he was a stranger. He felt doubts and sadness (which is why – teeth are like that), he stretched his stiff tired feet (a symbol of Road-Cognition; the prodigal son's heels, Van Gogh's shoes), he put out his palms in which he was carrying Goodness and Love to people and he thought that his dream was dying, it was time for him to leave, time to leave them. He is not with them any longer, he is having his mournful dialogue with the Father-God-Light. He is now in the image of a lamp flashed out over everything like a blast. The merciless blazing stopped still the short frame of endless life, making imprints of the people's crooked silhouettes in its wrathful brilliance; washing the whole-hearted image of the sad prophet with soft gold, it comforts him. The Lamp-Light says that everything is right, and he said what he thought and it was necessary, and that were needed too, and sufferings for one's faith, for one's inner light are needed too, because the essence of your light is a part of mine. In his "Last Supper" Dali showed Jesus pronouncing his word while his apostles are sleeping around him. The two pictures speak about the same things, but in different ways. They speak about the abyss that lies between spirit and life, they say that the Great is doomed to death, but a new stem will grow on the Victim, on the self-crucifix – the future Messiah. Perhaps that is the reason why it is necessary that the Giants should step down from the sky in the form of purifying fire, a saving palm, and leave a sacred foot-print on the sinful earth.

As a matter of fact, the prophets' ideas look like dreams and come from nowhere like flowers. But people do not believe them, they are indifferent towards their ephemeral appearance and even cruel (and in this sense the prophets' ideas are really frustrated, and that is their tragedy), but the dream succeeds in shouting about Love into very middle of the throngs of people, shouting with a blood-covered mouth, or in sparkling with a condemning flash in its defence.

It took Javad a long time to paint this picture. He was tired. When he finished the canvas, he looked and looked and then asked: "In your opinion, what have I painted?" I said: "The Last Supper". He turned away so I would not see him crying.