

Memoirs of academician, Rasim Efendiyev

I lived then on the Vasilyevsky island ... 4th line, it was a hostel of Academy of Arts. Javad stayed with me as soon as he arrived and he arrived when Stalin had died. There are eight persons in a room, tragic music is playing ... And Javad climbed on a table, the giant simply and loudly declares: "the Tyrant has died, now there will be freedom, democracy and we will paint as we want!". Boys around are confused I am afraid too, and he goes: "Why, why are you afraid, why are you shivering, you shouldn't be afraid...". On those days I introduced him to Levinson, he was my teacher at the University and the professor promised to show him what then was only in store rooms and was not exposed on general viewing but the artist many times referred to him, and times were severe, and Yevgeniy Adolfovich was complaining to me some times that Javad is simply unbearable, that he demands, is rude, but he however loved him ... In Baku we were gathering in my house where used to live millionaire Mukhtarov, my father was almost his assistant back then, and such discussions were spreading among us... Korka was struggling with him about what he had found in this Michelangelo ... different kind of guys were gathering in Buzovnah as well. Rasim Babayev, back then he was the realist in every sense of the word, painted academically as Chistyakov, and under Javad's influence he started to change, although he was kind he was quite insistent when imposing his personal ideas... Tall, handsome, wise, direct. In the very frost in Leningrad he was wearing only a coat while everybody around was wrapped up, and he was not cold. Once he told me with in very sad manner that his picture at the Hermitage was missing (he was given a place behind the curtain where he stored his improvisations). So one of them is gone. You should tell Piotrovskiy I said ... Next day when Javad informed Boris Borisovich about the loss he told him so: "Why are you so upset, you must be happy that it is stolen it means you made a masterpiece, hunting has already , begun ..." It is actually interesting that when Javad was preparing for Rubens's free interpretation he was intentionally getting fat, was eating and laying down and before starting to paint images of Ale Greek was starving himself, became skinny. He lived with creativity, possessed and sacrificially. Another episode ... He was arguing with Rasim Babayev and in their tiff had flashed a word volchonskoite, then Javad told Rasim if he liked this paint (colour) so much, he then would lay down for it on sidewalk face downwards, Rasim refused to do so but Javad stretched himself in the middle of the street, among passerby, face downwards for the colour what by that time was not a part of his palette any more... he was like this in everything, and he was such generous in everything, always in search, today this, tomorrow something different, and it happened in those days when danger existed ... it was the sensation - such novelty, the grandiose person, certainly, the most interesting... the ancestor, he was the firs who created school!