

The Revolted Sun

*By Faiq Mustafayev, Journalist,
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A tall man stands amidst a loud and excited crowd. He has a perplexing smile on his face: too much light, too many people after so many years of loneliness and oblivion. Even though there were no posters advertising the event in the city, many people came. Javad Mirjavadov – a very special page in the history of our art. The Bakuvians only heard about him, but never had a chance to get acquainted with his creations.

Mir Javad's drama is not to be easily understood without an excursion into the past. He belongs to the generation of people, who entered the art world in the late forties, when every deviation from the strictly regulated order and solidified dogma was considered apostasy and an encroachment upon reality. Mir Javad did not fit in the Procrustean bed of conventional schemes. He was listed as a modernist.

Javad settled down in an abandoned, half-demolished dacha outside of Baky. It was cold and uncomfortable there, but the sea was nearby and the serenity was everywhere, encapsulated by the blue sky. Young artists visited him frequently. At times they misunderstood him, but always admired him. Zealous in his search and perpetually restless, he destroyed the common stereotype of an artist. Some of those young artists were talented: they quickly responded to the Zeitgeist's demand, took orders, received awards and premiums. Mir Javad did not participate in those "games" and was ostracized from the Artists' Union: he just ceased to exist for that organization. But he continued to work. Javad's studio was stuffed with his canvasses, but nobody was interested. He courageously withstood the woes that usually fall upon a neglected artist. He even learned to love his compulsory seclusion. A patch of gray sky is seen through the window of Javad's studio, but inside the room, and despite the calendar's season, the sun has risen.

Despite everything, Javad's personal exhibition finally took place. Thanks to perestroika, the unbelievable has happened: the evil was penalized and the good triumphed over it. And the irreplaceable chairman of the Artist Union was replaced. The new board was formed with Javad as a member unanimously selected by the artists. He survived and broke through the dense wall of indifference and stagnation.