



Nikita
Semago

Alive
pictures

...and more



Nikita Semago

(birth in 1980) — graphic artist, visualizer, painting, graphics 3-D modelling and IT-technologies teacher, art-club leader, instant participant and organizer of art exhibitions in Moscow, winner of Social advertising fests awards.

Nikita was graduated from Moscow State Stroganov Academy of Design and Applied Arts, artistic glass processing department, in 2003; the specialization “arts and crafts artist”.

Nikita starts drawing at a young age, presumed graphics from the very beginning.

Among the artist’s absolute favorites are Albrecht Durer, the greatest master of the Western European Renaissance, Morris Cornelius Achier, modern Dutch graphic artist of XX century, whose works inspired Nikita to create architectural illusions in his art pieces. Vladimir Gvozdev’s steampunk also influences to mysterious graphic worlds, where time and space intertwined, resulted in genuine delight with powerful pattern, details and color rendering. Howard Phillips Lovecraft is most preferred (philosophy series “Innsmouth”) in literature.

Artist’s oeuvre is divided into two directions: interior “internal space” and fairy “White city”.

The main subject Nikita’s oeuvre is fantasy city landscape, a city without people. His works represents common silent streets of old cities, living yards, sometimes cozy and harmonious villages and country houses, and sometimes quarters of slums and left buildings, which are giving their last strength to the world of icy skyscrapers and urbanism, that threatens them. It’s always silence there. You could easily imagine yourself to be a lonely walker, fascinated stranger or amazed spectator...

Continued on one of the last pages...



Alive pictures

All my drawings might be divided into three directions. Three sections. Three paths. One of the most important are “Living pictures”.

“Living pictures” are the top of my oeuvre. They are complicated, multilayer, interesting. The most important in living picture is that it comes out of flatness being flat graphics. Come out of reality.

I has drawn the firs multilayer picture in 2009. Beginning from magic, distorted by spherical perspective city, narration and deep planes drive the onlooker to an old yard at Socol (district in Moscow), where my early childhood proceeded.

But the pictures became really living a bit later, in 2013. That time I created first illuminated pictures. Their magic is not only in ability to glow, bit in that they are able to light up their windows, when darkness falls.

I discovered the light magic with “Winter triptych”. A real light, not imitation of phosphorescence.

The windows in buildings of my “living pictures” are really glowing. It’s gentle light of “Autumn city” or sinister light of “Northern Innsmouth” and “Winter tale” or cozy light of “Thistle” – it’s always living light.

Courtyard

Multilayer picture

Tracing paper, liner. 60x50. 2009.



Lighthouse

Multilayer picture

Tracing paper, liner.
20x20. 2016.

Winter triptych

A series of multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, tracing paper, liner. 30x40. 2013



A night, a street, a lamp, a
drugstore,
A meaningless and dismal light.
A quarter century outpours —
It's all the same. No chance of
flight.

You'd die and rise anew,
begotten.
All would repeat as ever might:
The street, the icy rippled water,
The store, the lamp, the lonely
night.

Alexander Blok. 1912



In a bottle old and brown
From the dark imported beer
Of a rose the scarlet crown
Bloomed with poise and graceful cheer.
I was writing of the past,
Slowly letting it unravel
From the first page to the last
Making my uncertain travel.
Faraway was colored blue,
Fantasy was not a worry,
And from my own life I drew,
Thread by thread, the fiction story;
Sent my heroes on their way,
Of the history inquired,
And an adjutant retired
I at times began to play.
Fiction isn't a deceit;
Vision, not a finished matter;
Let me keep on writing it
To the very final letter.
And before the roses die,
Which inside the bottle grow,
Let me cry the words that lie
Piggy-banked since long ago.
One is telling as he's willing,
One is willing what he's feeling,
As he's feeling so he's telling,
Not attempting to indulge.
Nature wished so for its reasons,
Just what for — is not our business,
Why — is not for us to judge.

Bulat Okudzhava. 1975



All over the world from east to west
It stormed and snowed.
A candle glowed upon the desk,
A candle glowed.
As midges rush towards a flame
On summer nights
White flakes attacked the window pane
From outside.
They formed a rings-and-arrows dress,
Refined and cold.
A candle glowed upon the desk,
A candle glowed.
And there on the ceiling lay
Shadows, tossing
The crossing lines of arms and legs,
Of fates' crossings.
And two small boots with thudding slipped
And fell down,
Wax tears from the candle dripped,
Stained the gown.
The world was lost in snow mess —
White, hoary, old.
A candle glowed upon the desk,
A candle glowed.
The tiny light was flickering
In colder air whiffs.
Desire raised angelic wings
As if a crucifix.
It stormed for weeks, and in the depth
Of cold and snow
A candle glowed upon the desk
A candle glowed.

Boris Pasternak. 1946



Small town. Autumn.

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, liner. 30x40. 2017.



Night time

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, tracing paper, liner. 40x30. 2015.



Night time. Bedtime

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, tracing paper, liner. 40x30. 2017.



Winter fairy tale

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, liner. 30x40. 2018.



Cozy two-storey houses. Bright inviting windows. Fluffy snow. It seems that before us is a real «Winter Fairy tale», sweet and kind. But the longer you look at this picture, the stronger the feeling becomes that everything is far from what it seems at first glance.

Cold. Very cold. Broken lines of snow almost physically make you feel the evil wind on your skin, licking the snowdrifts with its prickly tongue. The unfortunate plants stretch their bare branches to the sky in mute supplication — but the silent greyness filling everything around is not able to give an answer.

There is no one on the street — the windows are lit, but no silhouettes can be seen behind the glasses, neither people nor cats. Everyone huddled deep inside, away from the unfriendly street fog, as if doubting the protection that a fragile window pane can give.

In the background, alien buildings huddled like a depressive hulk against the background of small two-story skyscrapers. We don't see any light in their windows. Perhaps it is hidden by fog. Or maybe it's just not there...



Detail

Moscow Estate

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, tracing paper, liner. 40x60. 2019.



The Return

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, liner. 20x30. 2020r.



The small picture «The Return» was the first work in which I took the picture beyond the plane of Passepartout. By and large, this is not even a picture, but a large-format postcard

Backyard

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, liner. 30x40. 2020r.



Thistle

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, tracing paper, liner. 40x30. 2021r.



Riviera

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, tracing paper, liner. 40x30. 2021r.



North Innsmouth. Part 1

Multi-layered illuminated picture

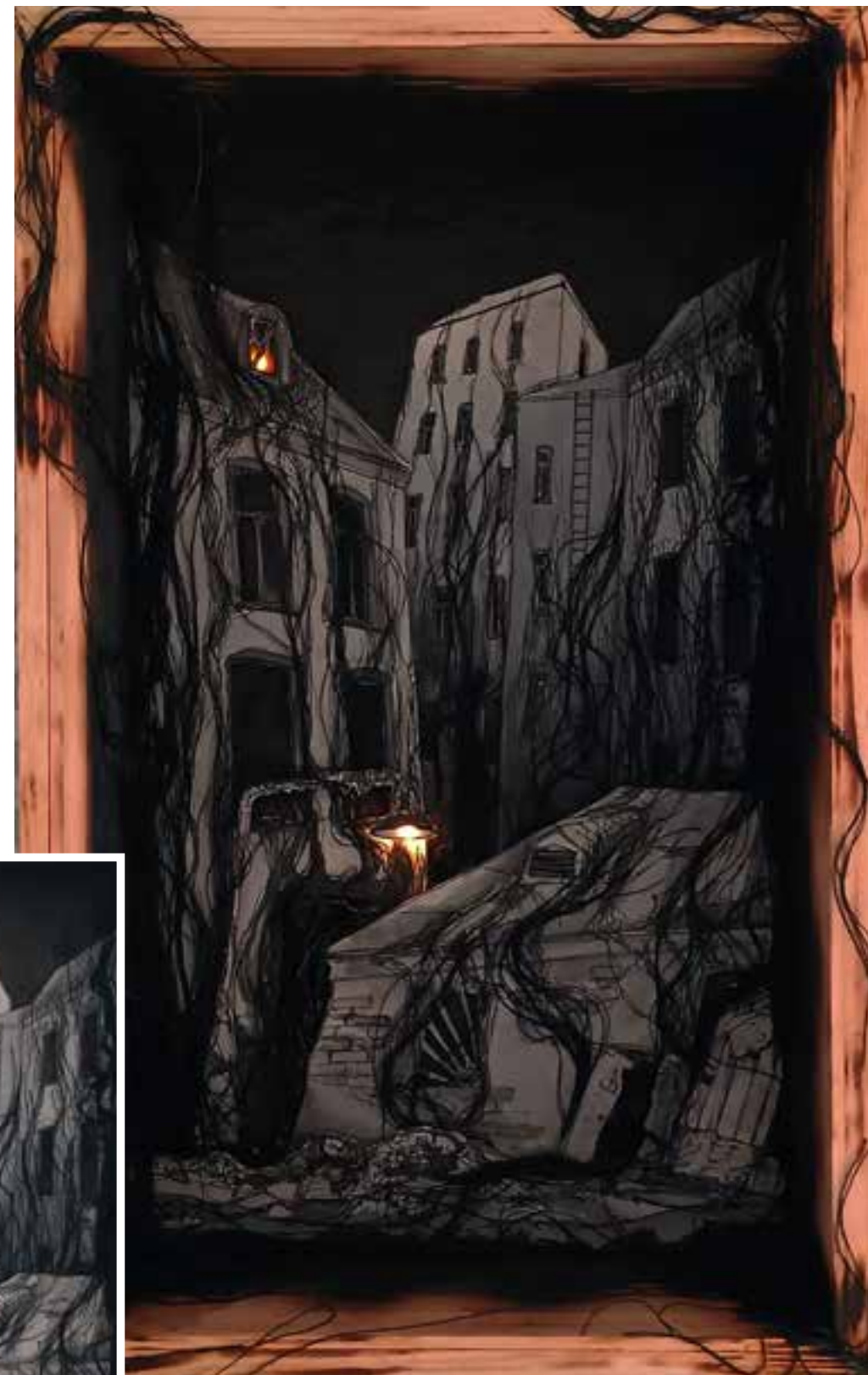
Paper, tracing paper, mixed technique. 27x47. 2023r.



North Innsmouth. Part 2

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, tracing paper, mixed technique. 27x47. 2023r.



Jaffa

Four small layered pictures

Paper, liner, watercolour, 15x20. 2023r.



Tree

Multi-layered illuminated picture

Paper, liner, watercolour, 20x25. 2022r.



Internal spaces

Any person, particularly an artist, should have his own discreet place. For a long time "White town" was such a place for me. The uninhabited city, which I invented in youth for myself. When time passed, White city stopped to be my shelter. So that the "Internal space" appeared.

The "Internal space" is particular memories about buildings, where I lived, or about which I thought or remembered. All my cities are fictions, but all (nearly all) interiors are really existing or was existing.

Last year, a complicated one in many aspects, my internal space begun to fill with different creatures in addition to interiors. Some of them presents in this catalogue.



Tavern

Paper, felt tip pen. 40x30. 2006 .



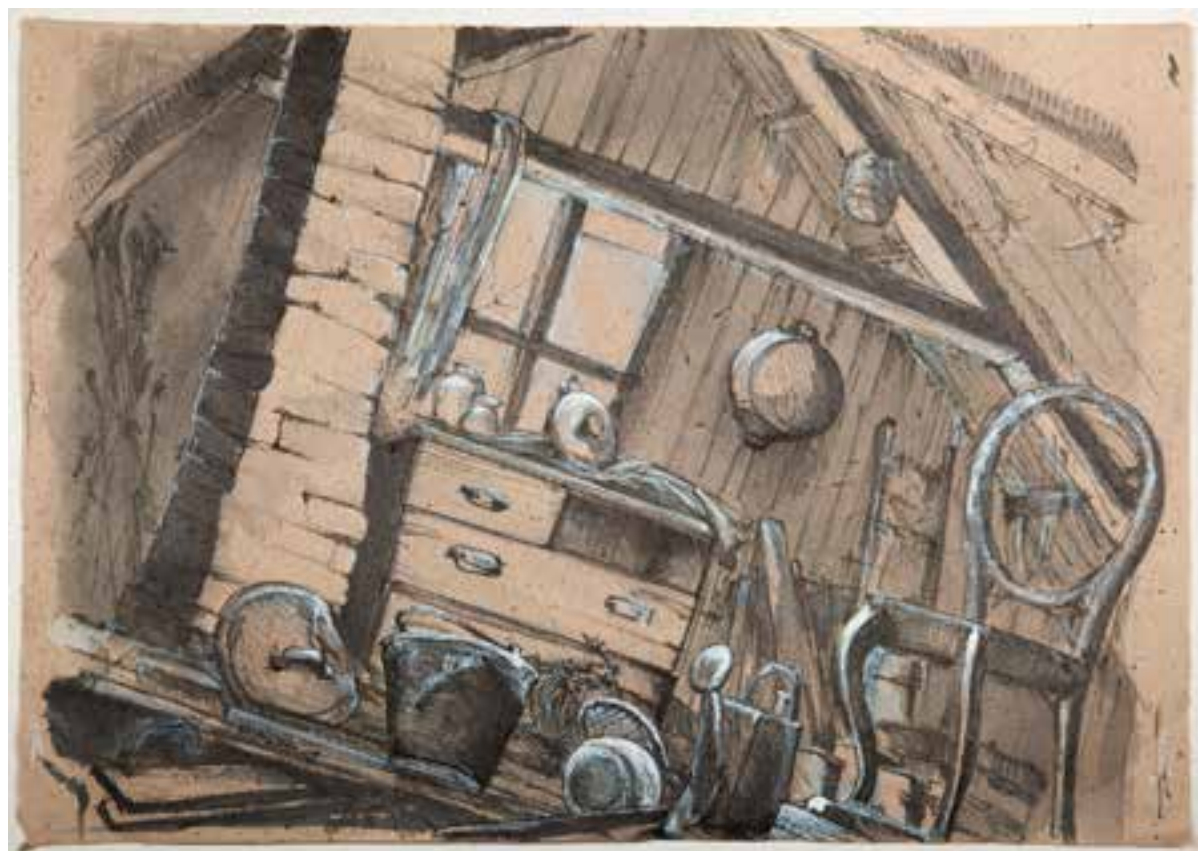
Attic. Ainazi

Paper, liner, watercolor, lead white. 55x45. 2015.



Attic. Scherbinka

Paper, liner, watercolor, lead white. 60x40. 2016.



Where I'm not 1

Main house

Paper, liner, lead white, Indian ink. 40x30. 2015.



Where I'm not 2

Steam bath

Paper, acrylic. 40x30. 2016.



Guitar workshop

Paper, liner. 40x30. 2019.



Demons. Loneliness

Parer. mixed techniaue. 30x40. 2022.



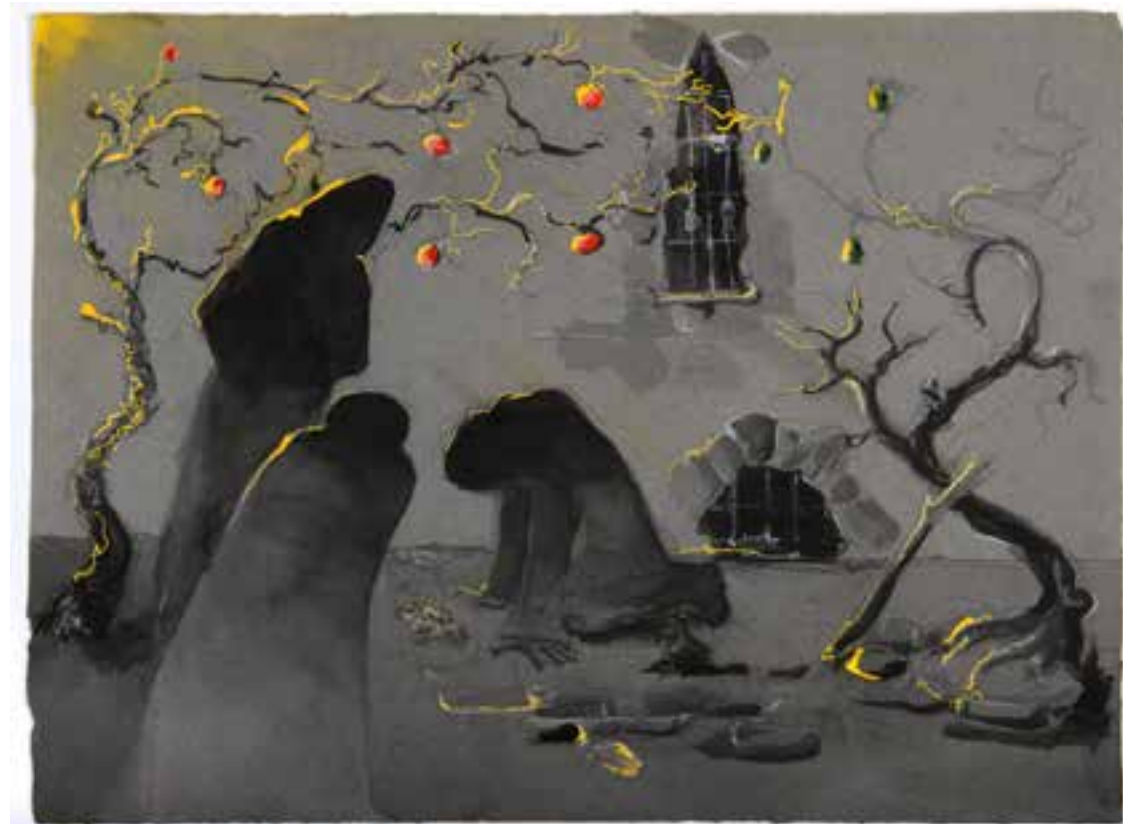
Demons. Yearning

Parer. mixed technique. 30x40. 2022



Das Glasperlenspiel

Paper, ink, acrylic. 40x30. 2021.



Demons. Fury

Parer. mixed technique. 30x40. 2022

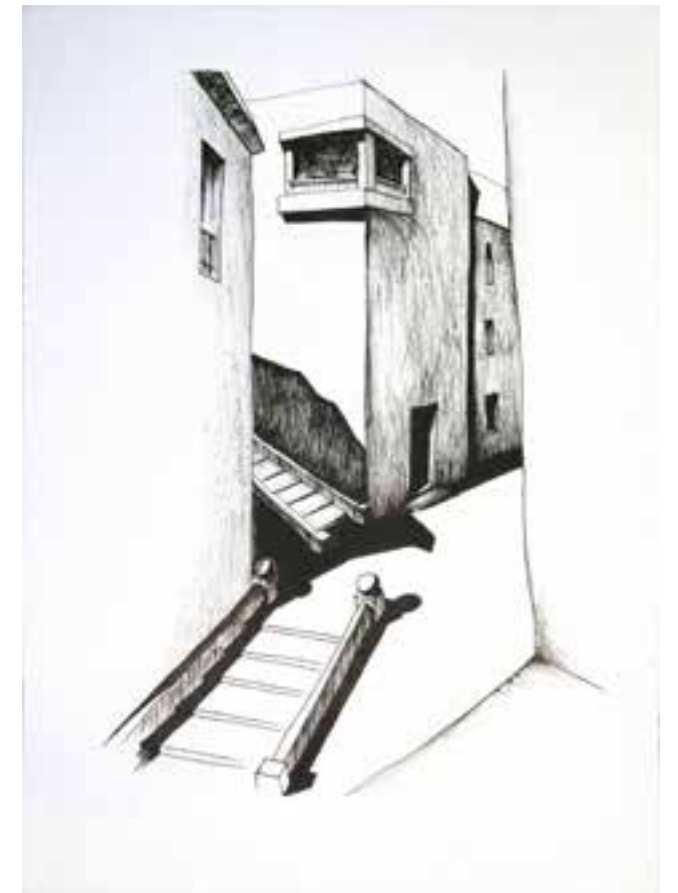


Staircases

Paper, liner. 30x40. 2008.

Series of various years...

This division do not have any particular trend or definition. I'd like to show my works of various years here. The series of various lines of my oeuvre. Here is "White town", "Innsmouth", and Garry Potter's places. Such a different menu.



White town nineptych

Paper, liner. 2004-2022.



A Man was walking the small town. He comes from far away. He has nothing with him. He didn't want to take anything from the past. He was just walking and looking, without thoughts. He saw The Town, White Town from afar. Three stages, gorgeous, fairy. The Town stays at high cliff, its tiled roofs blazed as gold at southern sunshine. Everything was black at the bottom there was no sun. The castle towers burns with dazzling white at the very top.

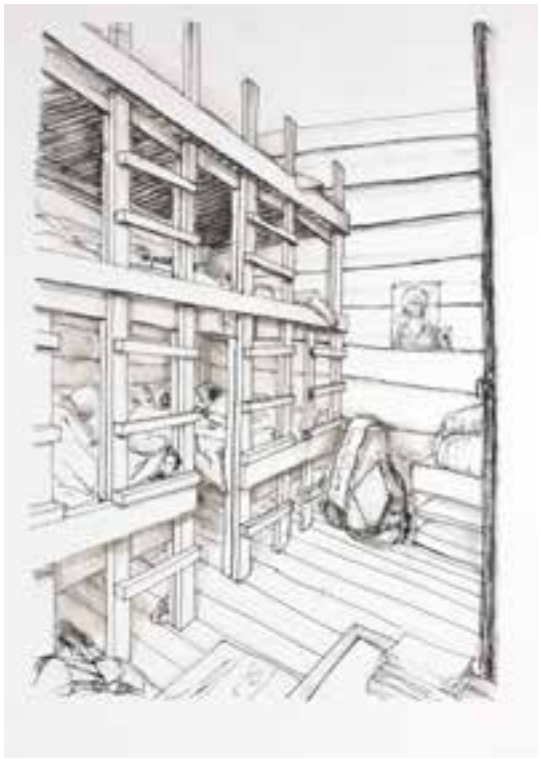
The Man was walking so long and first did not noticed, that there is no people in the Town. He was walking the streets, looked into the windows, comes into the gateways, contemplates flowers behind doors and didn't not see any people. The Man was not surprised.

Now he was not glad to see people with their bustle and hubbub. He just sat down at the table in café at central place and started looking. His White Town was around him.

The Town as negative.
The Town as the World.
The Town as a reflection of himself

Solovki

Paper, liner, felt tip pens. 2012.



Riga

Paper, liner, watercolor. 30x40. 2013.



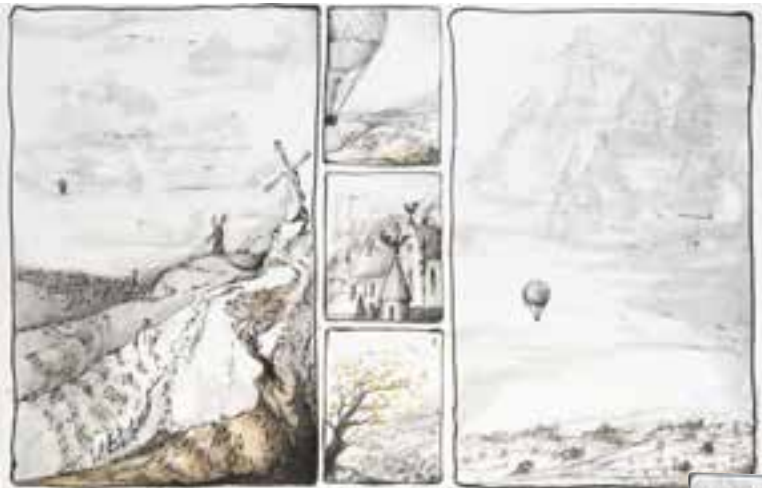
«Houses» and «New houses» series

Paper, liner. 2018-2020.



Elements

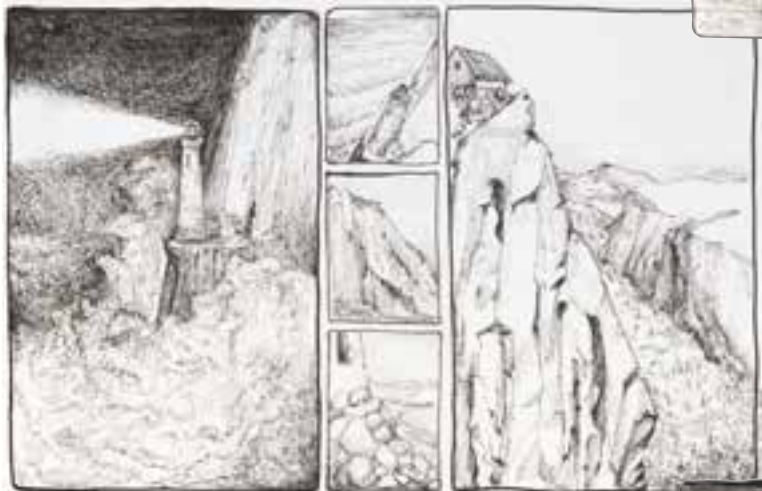
Paper, liner. 30x40. 2018.



Air



Water

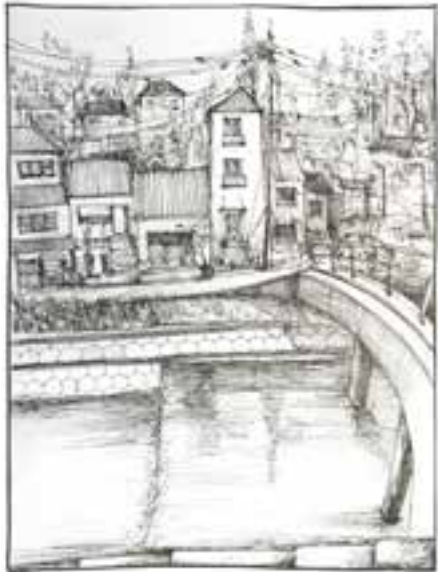


Earth



Fire

Seasons
calendar pages
Paper, liner. 30x40. 2020.



Harry Potter's world

Paper, liner. 2021.

Diagon Alley



Hogwarts greenhouses



Shrieking Shack



Riddle House



Lovegood House



Hagrid's Hut



Azkaban



The Leaky Cauldron



Hogsmeade



Welcome to Innsmouth

Colored paper, Indian ink, white, color pencils. 40x30. 2021.



Innsmouth docks

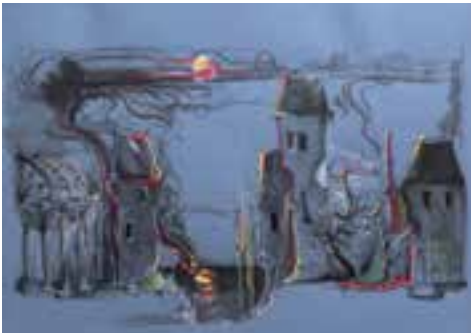


Running away
from Innsmouth



Back to Innsmouth

Colored paper, Indian ink, white, color pencils. 40x30. 2021.



The Temple

Colored paper, Indian ink, white, color pencils. 40x30. 2022.



Petersburg. Northern Innsmouth

Paper, liner, Indian ink. 27x47. 2022.



Clash

series of calendar illustration

Paper, liner, acrylic. 30x40. 2022.



Some works are performed in unique multilayer technique, invented by artist in 2009, is allows to add volume and air perspective into landscape and interiors. Built-in illumination allows seeing the change of picture space in the darkness. The idea of multilayer works appeared by case: the artist was drawing a city, distorted with perspective, a street on wrapping paper, and further the outlines of some known Moscow buildings and playgrounds appears there. Therefore, Moscow small yards, familiar to our contemporaries emerges. E.g. "Winter triptych", or one of the latest works, multilayer "living" drawing "Thistle". The idea of the drawing «A girl and cats» arose suddenly in the night dream. First, the drawing should be more multi-figured, but finally became laconic and looks particularly striking in dark. It waits to be exhibited.

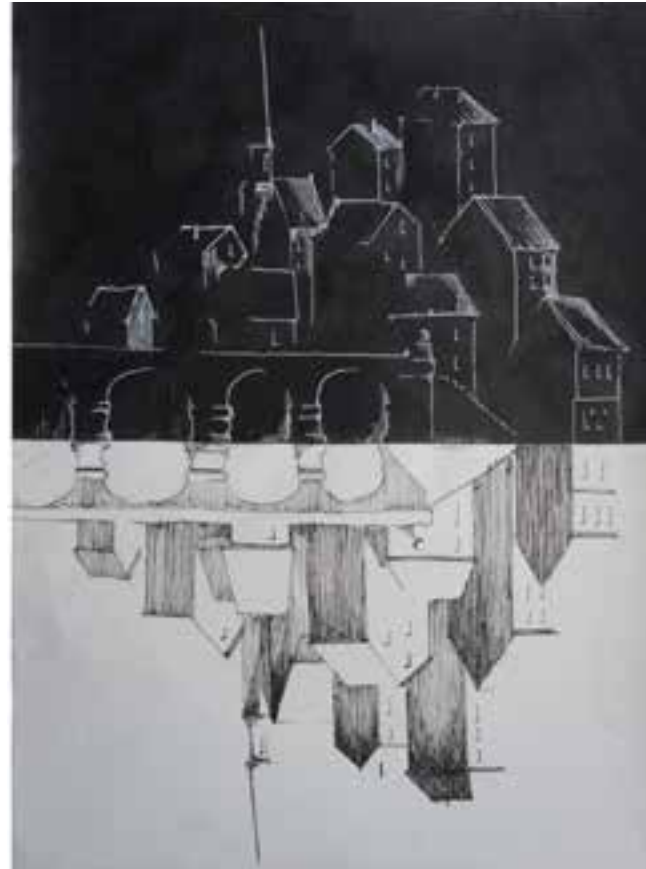
The most popular among the young people is the series of drawings "Potteriana". It is exhibited annually for Joan Rowling' saga fans.

"the inferno themes are close to the artist, the world at the pictures changes from light and kind to dark and demonic and vice versa, depending of lighting or viewer's (or accomplice) mood.

(a comment from "Internal space" exhibition)

"... the time of Nikita Semago's drawings – "here and now". Every visitor of the exhibition is involved into the action. The pictures lives, they call you over, attracts and may not release... And the main thing – they don't leave you indifferent..."

At present time, Nikita Semago is working at new ideas of multilayer pictures, including those, devoted Peter the Great city. He is creating a series of aquarelle miniatures on magnets, and is preparing a black-and-white calendar "the opposition of light and darkness".



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