

Preface for the exhibition : “Childhood Dreams”.

There is no black. It exists only to conceal, to hide. The purpose of the artist is to reveal. Thus, what appears “black” in Mariva Zacharof works, is already put aside – in somehow – leaving the eyes, children’s faces or adult faces revealing an inner threat, a kind of fear.

There is a road, a painted road, an imposing originality. Upon reaching the end of this route, one gets the feeling that it still continues inside ones psyche defining both fears and hopes.

Her works are very pragmatist, hard, simply because she dares present reality as it is. It is a technique that despises hypocrisy, puts apart pretention revealing and touching whatever concerns life itself and consequently ourselves.

Mariva Zacharof’s work is figurative – anthropocentric – the faces are drawn in thick paste emerging out of deep shadows. Her artistic world is divided between light and dark.

I would like to finish with a conclusion that justifies all the above. The perfect and immaculate technique of Mariva Zacharof, turns all that into the kind of art that moves and excites.

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