

paintings by daria gitmanovich at szena gallery, moscow

text and image by doug bowen, 2019

It's either a summer's dusk or dawn... they can't remember, which makes them feel somnolent, like a picked flower.

As of late there's been a good spell of wet weather in the neighbourhood. Their Japanese-tech-gel soles pass over the soggy hydrated [uneven] paving slabs outside Dixy. Other than their shadow, there is nobody around. Dead quiet.

As a bat or a bird swoops and dips overhead, they think about the [asymmetrical bloat of man-made mounds] park that surrounds the high-rise flats. The mounds are a concoction of unrecyclable rubbish, slurry and debris. Sad.

Slither... hither... past the PO-2 Soviet era concrete fence slabs. They get to the park gates, where a prised opening disconnects the concrete wall and metal poles.

*Have you ever licked a metallic tube?*

They thought.

The snug wind pants and soughs through the dark grass, and ascends to rustle their dusty blonde hair.

Peering through a break in between the branches, staring – over in the distance, in solitude gliding on a pond, is an unsettled will-o'-the-wisp. Hovering, it's the shape of a glowing blobby body, but it's faceless. Nasty. The ghostly flickering flare of light puddles an iridescent hooker's green film on the parkland.

zigzagging closer through the lunaria – a waist height range of silvery, translucent, disc-shapes [3–8 cm in diameter].

The wisp is highlighting a face in the lowlight. Now blood orange and bodiless. Emphasising their plump jowls and producing shadows under their eyes. There's a glare on its face as peeled eyes saccade

through rivers of imagery. Online. Flat. In space. Revolving. Calm. A controlled gaze. Saliva.

There is more than one. Several. Self-aware and bellicose, the swains are posed and poised for one another, you and I, in laminated nostalgia.

hey!

...

They are night creatures – dead but new. Immaterial yet material. They have been, but they no longer exist in their previous physicality. Their forms are suggestive of presence. Your belief means they are present – a phantom apparition. Sucking. Feeding. Chthonic.

Flash. Bleach. Fade to white. It's gone.

Amongst other things, you've forgotten and so have they. It does not always have to exist.