

Revision: (11.U)

Date: 02/10/09

# **PORTFOLIO – PART I**

for

**Artwork “*Brentwood, No. 24*”**

Avon, Connecticut  
USA

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# Project Team

- Team Size: 7 people.
- Project Time Frame: May 2002-May 2006
- Workload:
  - Full time (40 + hr/week): Team Leader only.
  - Part time (10÷ 30 hr/week): All Team members.
  - Temporary workers were used during several constructional phases. The scope of their work was limited to cleaning and technical support for tools and equipment.
- Roles and Responsibilities:
  - Construction work (6 people).
  - Design concept development for the house interior and exterior (7 people) (Led by the Team Leader and a fifth-year student of Architecture at Carnegie Mellon University team member).
  - Art design and finishing (4 people).
  - Landscape concept design and implementation (2 people).
  - Literature search, technical documentation, presentations (4 people).
- Permanent jobs of the team members are:
  - A fifth-year student of Architecture at Carnegie Mellon University.
  - A fourth-year PhD student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
  - A fourth-year undergraduate student at Harvard Extension School.
  - A software development engineer in the company that is the world leader in products, services, and solutions for information management and storage.
  - An application engineer in the company that is the industry leader in providing innovative and cost effective solutions to airflow management needs.
  - An engineering specialist in the company that is the world leader in integration, design, engineering and production skills in naval shipbuilding.
  - A Team Leader: **Nikolay Synkov**:
    - Has two technical degrees from universities in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia.
    - Has more than 28 years of engineering experience and holds eleven patents in power distribution systems for subsurface and surface ships related to aviation for naval forces.
    - Since 1994, the year the family immigrated to the U.S., he opened his own business, "House Repair and Service". In 2006 he completed his third house ("*Brentwood, No. 24*") in Avon, CT. The two previous houses were in Newton, MA and Portland, OR.
    - Massachusetts Home Improvement Contractor Registration No.: 124727
    - Massachusetts Construction Supervisor License No.: NS 070562

# Motivation

“After the period of materialist effort, which held the soul in check until it was shaken off as evil, the soul is emerging, purged by trials and sufferings. Shapeless emotions such as fear, joy, grief, etc., which belonged to this time of effort, will no longer greatly attract the artist. He will endeavor to awake subtler emotions, as yet unnamed. Living himself a complicated and comparatively subtle life, his work will give to those observers capable of feeling them lofty emotions beyond the reach of words.”

*Wassily Kandinsky (Ref. 1)*

“...it is the artist’s mission to suggest imaginative forms to the beholder, rather than to represent them. In art they believe it to be impossible adequately to make representation, but only to express the idea underlying and disturbing the imagination”

“ They do not want things said so much as suggested, so that they may give rein to their own imaginative processes. They require to react to the creative force of another mind by an answering creative act”

*Kineton Parkes (Ref. 4)*

“The general assertion of the lead-user theory is that users who have a high personal need for innovations and are in a position ahead of an important trend are more likely to develop innovation of high value to others”.

*N. Franke, E. Von Hippel, M. Schreier (Ref. 2)*

“The architect is always a receiver, an amplifier and a “retransmitter”. You first have to feel emotion in your head, and then manage to reinterpret it with your maximum possible strength and in that way enable the whole world experience it as well”.

*Jean Nouvel (Ref. 7)*

# About the House

## House

Avon, Connecticut

Built c. 1961,

Expanded 2002-2006

This charming eleven-room cottage, situated on almost an acre in Avon, Connecticut, was completed in 1962. The present owners bought the house in 2001, and aside from making necessary repairs and decorating the exterior and interior of the house, made structural changes by expanding the house, which almost doubled its size. Subtle reminders of the house's original form exist as cues to the past, reconciling the new with the old, as opposed to hiding it. The house is spacious and comfortable with dining room, greenhouse, as well as other common rooms on the ground floor, and five bedrooms with three bathing rooms on the second. It was well-built and some interesting features were employed in its construction. For example,

- the foundation has an insulating layer of stucco-based material.

- basement interior walls and ceilings were plastered to form fire-resistant and soundproof surfaces with the use of diamond metal mesh lath.

- preassembled (modular) panels were used for the second floor addition that reduce material use by 30% and are structurally stronger.

The woodwork becomes dramatically different in changing weather and turning seasons; seasons lived in and around this house make the most memorable kind of experiences. Deck, gazebo, concrete flower beds, colored concrete walkways, and seating areas give additional richness and character to the composition.

The exact origin of the design seems unimportant when one looks at this charming, shingle style cottage, with its dusty rose paint contrasts the wood ornament. The exquisitely carved wooden tracery around the exterior and interior of every window and door, the wooden ornamentation of the corners with copper accents, in addition to other picturesque touches, are enchanting.

The tranquility of the house in its surroundings; despite being an iconic addition to the neighborhood, does not jar the eye or compete. It invites that genuine, almost childlike, curiosity from passersby and visitors alike. Nikolay Synkov, who designed and built the expansion, is a devotee of Wassily Kandinsky's paintings and writings, and embellished the rooms with details from the world of his mind's inner fantasy. He is intrigued with wood ornamentation as a means of enhancing design. The forms he developed for the building harmonize—either by contrast or by assimilation—with the pervading spirit of the mysterious and beautiful power of nature: they belong to the landscape.

# About the House - continued

**Before**

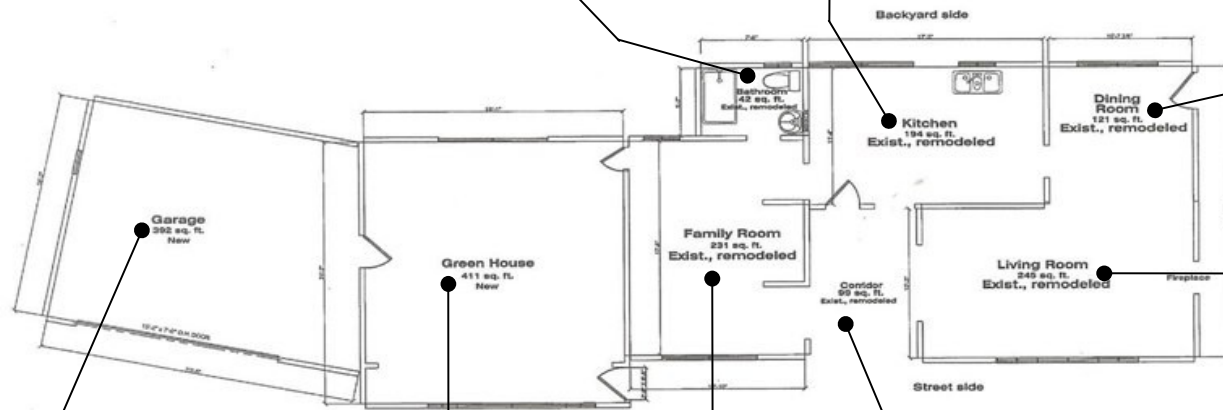


**After**



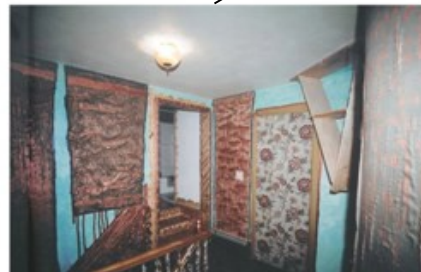
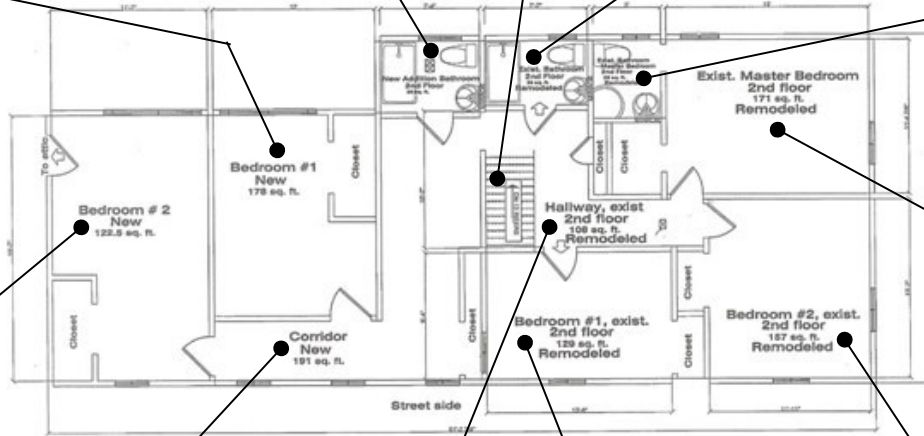
- This comparison provides a visual representation of how, with the aid of the artist, a standard house can be designed in accordance with the customer feelings and thoughts.
- This house is based on the ideas of Wassily Kandinsky. It reflects that peace is more honorable than the tragedy of war.

# About the House – 1<sup>st</sup> Floor Plan





# About the House – 2<sup>nd</sup> Floor Plan



# About the House - continued

## Exterior

- Techniques Used:
  - Non-through carving
  - Edge carving
- Art Material Used:
  - Copper
  - Plastic glass
  - Net
  - Color concrete

## Interior

- Techniques Used:
  - Non-through carving
  - Edge carving
- Art Material Used:
  - Copper
  - Texture
  - Burlap
  - Fabric
  - Paint
  - Adhesive

# Website: <http://www.synkov.com>

Nikolay Synkov :: WoodDream :: Works - Mozilla Firefox

File Edit View History Bookmarks Tools Help

http://www.synkov.com/test.php?page=avon

Google

wooddream

about

literature

poems  
quotes

works

upcoming  
avon (current)  
newton  
portland  
early works

reviews+press

contact

The Avon project is complete.

photo: thomas tohurst

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Done



# Work Conceptualization: Review


The screenshot shows a Lotus Notes email client window titled "Re: Thank you for the discussion on July 21 - Lotus Notes". The window has a menu bar (File, Edit, View, Create, Actions, Help) and a toolbar with various icons. Below the toolbar is an address bar and a workspace area with several open tabs. The email header shows the sender as Robert Rosenblum (robert.rosenblum@nyu.edu) and the recipient as Tatyana Ishutkina (TISHUTKI@ebmail.gdeb.com). The email body contains a message from Robert Rosenblum mentioning Mayer Rus and Geraldine de Puy, followed by a reply from Tatyana Ishutkina.

**Re: Thank you for the discussion on July 21 - Lotus Notes**  
File Edit View Create Actions Help

Address

Workspace Tatyana Ishut... NOFORN T... (Daily Report)... Re: TPQ Su... Re: Fw: TPQ... Engineer... 08/02/200... Re: Thank...

New Memo Reply Reply To All Forward Delete Follow Up Folder Copy Into New Chat Tools

 **Robert Rosenblum**  
<robert.rosenblum@nyu.edu>  
08/02/2006 10:34 AM

To: Tatyana Ishutkina <TISHUTKI@ebmail.gdeb.com>  
cc:  
bcc:  
Subject: Re: Thank you for the discussion on July 21

I recently saw a friend of mine, Mayer Rus, who is a specialist in interior design. I mentioned your house to him and told him he might be interested in seeing photos of it. In any case, he told me that if you are interested in showing images of the house to one of his assistants, Geraldine de Puy, you should contact her and mention his name. Her email: geraldine\_depuy@condenast.com Telephone: 212-6302437 Good luck. Robert Rosenblum

Dear Professor Rosenblum:

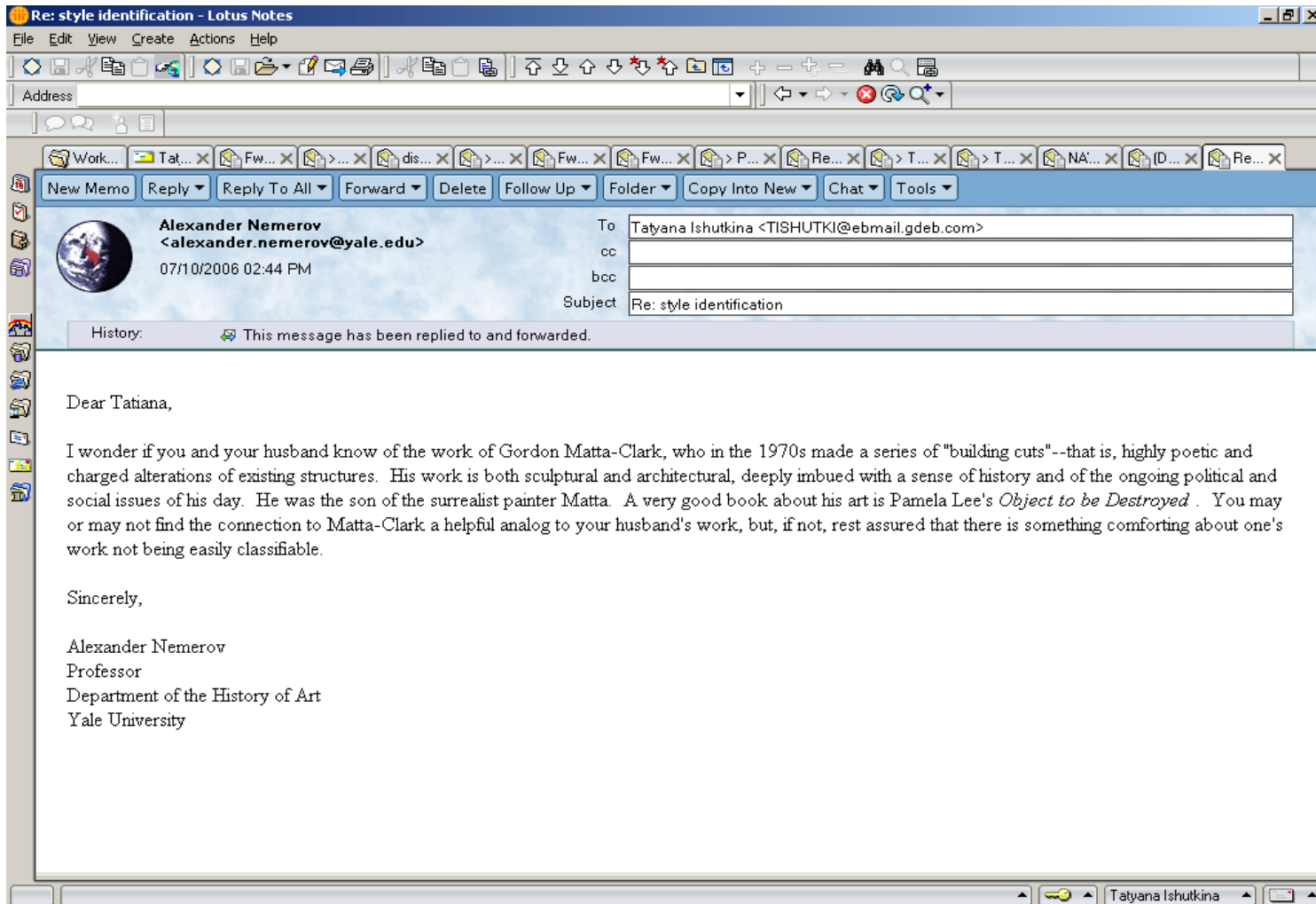
Nikolay asked me to pass this letter to you:

Sincerely yours,

Tatyana Ishutkina.

Start | C. R. N. F. Z. D. P. | Tatyana Ishutkina | 11:14 AM

# Work Conceptualization: Review - continued



The screenshot shows a Lotus Notes email client window titled "Re: style identification - Lotus Notes". The interface includes a menu bar (File, Edit, View, Create, Actions, Help), a toolbar with various icons, and a navigation pane on the left. The email header shows it was sent from Alexander Nemerov (alexander.nemerov@yale.edu) on 07/10/2006 at 02:44 PM to Tatiana Ishutkina (TISHUTKI@ebmail.gdeb.com). The subject is "Re: style identification". A history bar indicates the message has been replied to and forwarded. The main body of the email contains the following text:

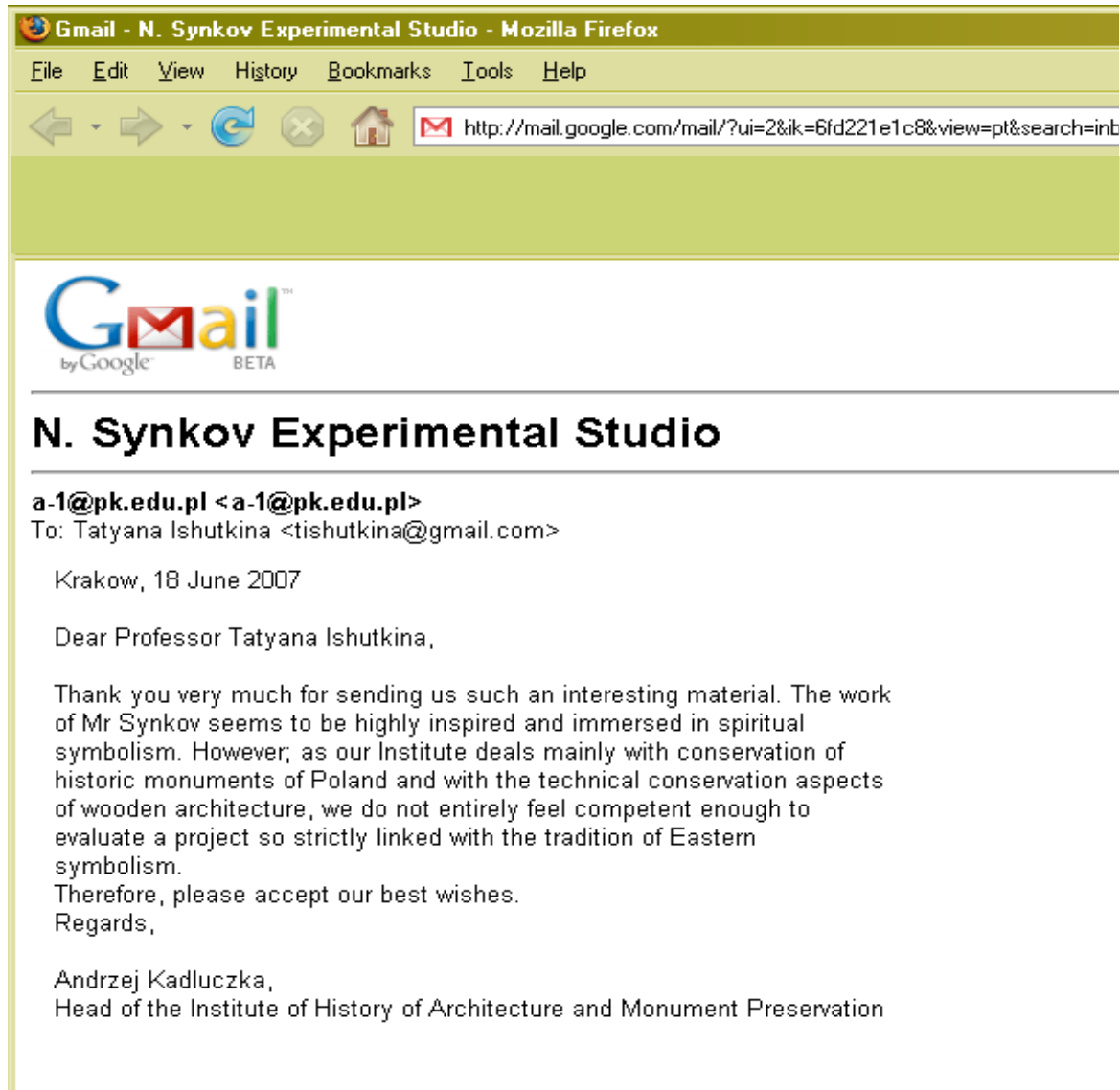
Dear Tatiana,

I wonder if you and your husband know of the work of Gordon Matta-Clark, who in the 1970s made a series of "building cuts"--that is, highly poetic and charged alterations of existing structures. His work is both sculptural and architectural, deeply imbued with a sense of history and of the ongoing political and social issues of his day. He was the son of the surrealist painter Matta. A very good book about his art is Pamela Lee's *Object to be Destroyed*. You may or may not find the connection to Matta-Clark a helpful analog to your husband's work, but, if not, rest assured that there is something comforting about one's work not being easily classifiable.

Sincerely,

Alexander Nemerov  
Professor  
Department of the History of Art  
Yale University

# Work Conceptualization: Review - continued



The screenshot shows a Mozilla Firefox browser window displaying a Gmail email. The browser's title bar reads "Gmail - N. Synkov Experimental Studio - Mozilla Firefox". The address bar shows the URL "http://mail.google.com/mail/?ui=2&ik=6fd221e1c8&view=pt&search=int". The email content is as follows:

**Gmail**  
by Google BETA

---

**N. Synkov Experimental Studio**

---

**a-1@pk.edu.pl** <a-1@pk.edu.pl>  
To: Tatyana Ishutkina <tishutkina@gmail.com>

Krakow, 18 June 2007

Dear Professor Tatyana Ishutkina,

Thank you very much for sending us such an interesting material. The work of Mr Synkov seems to be highly inspired and immersed in spiritual symbolism. However, as our Institute deals mainly with conservation of historic monuments of Poland and with the technical conservation aspects of wooden architecture, we do not entirely feel competent enough to evaluate a project so strictly linked with the tradition of Eastern symbolism.

Therefore, please accept our best wishes.

Regards,

Andrzej Kadluczka,  
Head of the Institute of History of Architecture and Monument Preservation

# Work Conceptualization: Review - continued

Dear Mr. Synkov,

Thank You for your warm and heartfelt communication, for your active interest in Art.

Your work, which you have shared with me, I find very interesting and unique. It's distinctive in its original character and manner of execution. You have skillfully used the color accents, the tactile features of wood, and its subtle intricacies to reveal the live, dynamic and expressive nature of the material.

The use of wood in Your work – is a connection to the nature, to the world full of vital energy, to the Universe, and the Divine Source, which fills all the elements on this planet with the life-giving Spirit; the planet in which we exist, and to which we are connected by the great sacrament of Life. Practically in all ancient traditional cultures, Wood is an important sacral object-symbol, which unites worlds that are visible and invisible, immanent and transcendental. Wood – is a vertical, which brings together all Heavenly (absolute) and all Earthy (living, animal, trivial). Wood – is a witness to events, which may have happened hundreds and thousands years ago, and which we may not have access to due to our short-lived existence. That is why, Tree – is both our ancestors – roots, and our descendants – branches.

For example, the Tree of Life of the ancient Slavs, Igdrasil (the Ash-tree of Existence) from the Scandinavian-Germanic mythology, Sefirot Tree of the ancient Jews, the Tree of Knowledge (the fruit of which Adam and Eve had tasted (in essence, the fruit of knowledge). The three-barred cross of the Russian Orthodox Church – is the same interpretation of the universal Tree of Eternity. According to a legend, it consists of the three Holy trees – cedar, cypress and fir.

We can endlessly talk about the semantic meaning of wood as an archetype of the human understanding of the world, and give countless examples. Here, it is important to acknowledge an absolutely extraordinary, symbolic role of working with such remarkable material, and the sanctity, holiness of its use, as well as the unique role of the architect, carpenter, or joiner.

It is also important to acknowledge an ecological aspect, which is quite popular in today's world, of the use of this live, warm material – positive from the point of view of the construction physics, energy and psychological comfort.

In Your work, I was pleased to see unity, correlation of the architectural design with the literary theme and pictorial art. This connects and fuses different types of Art into one character, a complete artistic concept.

In general, I would like to say, that Your work is interesting in its original artistic discovery, which is characteristic to a person who is well-read, a thinker, who feels and is able to empathize, an artistic person – traditional Russian intellectual from the golden age of Russian Culture.

I can't say that I liked absolutely everything in your work. I well understand, that the stereotypes and conventions of the modern industrial conjuncture do not allow for more artistic freedom. American standards of wood construction are certainly high and considerable. However, conventional elements of the modern industrial wood construction bear the imprints of rigid technical standards. Incidentally, it's not only indicative of the American, but the modern industrial environment in the whole, with its consequent dominant stylistic norms and preferences of a mass consumer. Several modern stamps are apparent – the use of standard trimmed board, which does not convey true individuality, uniqueness, lively nature, etc. In the industrial society, it is difficult to avoid such reality. These standard elements considerably restrict Your artistic individuality. Please don't consider this as a reproach. On the contrary, I would like to emphasize Your desire, as an artist, to overcome the standard, ordinary and uninspired nature of modern mass culture defined by mass consumption.

From the point of view of a European, a resident of the "Old World", it seems strange to see a certain degree of cosmopolitanism, as well as the absence of ethnic character, which usually is one of the ingredients of the stylistic individuality. I believe that even in a multi-ethnic, mixed American society, the Ethnic grain still exists: whether it's the reference to the culture of the native North American Indians, or the reference to the Latin-Hispanic and Mexican components (in Southern states), or to the Old English and German traditions (in the North East), or the Russian Slavic culture, or, at last, the Celtic, Jewish or Afro-American traditions. I think that the ethnic aspect will definitely add a distinctive individuality and uniqueness to any work of Art, will make it more powerful and expressive.

I wish You further success in your noble work.

Respectfully,

Igor Klimov, Professor

KSTUCA (Kharkiv State Technical University of Construction and Architecture)

# Work Conceptualization: Review - continued



BOSTON COLLEGE

FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT

Tatyana —

I checked with two Art faculty and they were unfamiliar with this style of design. One suggested "modern craft" style and the other "Victorian spirit".

I'm sorry I can't help you any further. I myself come from a Polish background and have seen craft work such as this from Lithuania + Poland.

Take care —  
John Michalek

DEVLIN HALL 434, 140 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, CHESTNUT HILL, MASSACHUSETTS 02467-3807  
TEL: 617-552-4295 FAX: 617-552-0134 WEB: www.bc.edu/finearts



GROTON SCHOOL  
P.O. BOX 991  
GROTON, MASSACHUSETTS 01450-0991  
978-448-3363  
FAX 978-448-3100

Jan. 14, 2001

Dear Mrs. Ershutkina,

What a remarkable man your husband is to have designed and made such elaborate woodwork for your house! I have never seen anything like it. The whole thing must certainly be preserved as a significant work of art.

As you know, the kind of woodworkship I do here with students is very different, being usually copies of 18<sup>th</sup> century American or English furniture. I suppose it reflects my own background and traditions just as Nikolay's must be the result of his background. I'm looking at the videotape of your house & felt transported to another country entirely and I wondered if the decoration was a conscious evocation of a long-ago past and home?

Anyway, I do thank you for letting me see this tape and I hope we will have a chance to meet here in the future and to talk about our woodwork and what it means to us.

Yours very sincerely, Douglas Brown

# Work Conceptualization: Review - continued

Printed By: Tatyana Ishutkina Page: 1 10/19/99 9:21 AM

From: Michael W. Mulhern (10/17/99)  
To: Tatyana Ishutkina,

RE>Re- video tape  
Tatyana and Nikolay:

I found the video very fascinating. Wood for me is organic, alive. and to see it reflect aspects of your own visual and spiritual life makes your house a rich site. The outside of your house, where your personal or folk expressions begin, presents a playful marriage of two very distinct traditions. The first tradition, the rather mechanical sameness of houses in this area. Houses built to codes that do allow for some interpretation, but reflect utilitarian concerns rather than the soul or spirit of those who will live there. Building types such as 'salt box', 'victorian', or 'vinyl clad side entrance', homes of 50 or 100 years ago) reflect not the inhabitant but the style of an age and consumers. People who want a dwelling but have no imagination on what that place should look like. The second tradition, and I will call this folk housing, reflects the experiences of the occupant. It transforms the box by using pattern and image to speak of experiences, whether personal or communal.

The question becomes how far do you go. Right now I feel the two traditions fight without much resolution in your house. Places of traditional ornamentation - where wall meets roof, where window meets wall, have been transformed to reflect your own personal concerns. The style of the house remains.

Inside I would say the same. Places of transformation - casings around the windows and doors have been changed. Some to the furniture reflects the same problems for me. The question I come away with is: Where is the necessity? Folk art comes from the soul. Where that is evident, it is beautiful, compelling. Where it becomes 'faux' or 'tromp', it loses power. Where is the necessity? If it is rough wood then the wall surface should have the same feel, the floor. The wood chosen to make a cabinet or chest should if rough reflect the nature of rough or saw cuts, tool marks. That roughness, tool marks, etc. should be left out of a necessity if it is not addressing the idea of finish found in most other work.

So I am recommending that you go even further with your work. Let your work touch the deepest strings of your soul and it will touch everyone's soul. Codes cover structural problems, style and taste, the codes of society, are hard to break free of. This is more than a matter of taste for me. It is a matter of necessity. Soul and spirit directs the meaning of art not taste or convention.

I am truly amazed by what you have done. There is a soul and a spirit there. One which is not seen much in these parts. Thank you for sending me the tape. I will return it via mail to the address you included.

This is all to one sided, write back please, or stop by.

Sincerely,

Michael Mulhern

On 11 Oct 99 11:43:12 -0400 Tatyana Ishutkina  
<tatyana\_ishutkina@datainstruments.com> wrote:

> RE>Re: video tape 10/11/99  
> Hello Michael,  
>  
> It would be great if you can e-mail your response to the tape.  
> Thank you very much for your time.  
>  
> Sincerely,  
>



# "Introduction" by W. Kandinsky

A copy of "Introduction" from the W. Kandinsky book "Concerning the Spiritual in Art", translated by Sadler, M., New York Dover Publications, 1977.



## INTRODUCTION

Every work of art is the child of its age and, in many cases, the mother of our emotions. It follows that each period of culture produces an art of its own which can never be repeated. Efforts to revive the art-principles of the past will at best produce an art that is still-born. It is impossible for us to live and feel, as did the ancient Greeks. In the same way those who strive to follow the Greek methods in sculpture achieve only a similarity of form, the work remaining soulless for all time. Such imitation is mere aping. Externally the monkey completely resembles a human being; he will sit holding a book in front of his nose, and turn over the pages with a thoughtful aspect, but his actions have for him no real meaning.

There is, however, in art another kind of external similarity which is founded on a fundamental truth. When there is a similarity of inner tendency in the whole moral and spiritual atmosphere, a similarity of ideals, at first closely pursued but later lost to sight, a similarity in the inner feeling of any one period to that of another, the logical result will be a revival of the external forms which served to express those inner feelings in an earlier age. An example of this today is our sympathy, our spiritual relationship, with the Primitives. Like ourselves, these artists sought to express in their work only internal truths, renouncing in consequence all consideration of external form.

This all-important spark of inner life today is at present only a spark. Our minds, which are even now only just awakening after years of mate-

### 2 CONCERNING THE SPIRITUAL IN ART

rialism, are infected with the despair of unbelief, of lack of purpose and ideal. The nightmare of materialism, which has turned the life of the universe into an evil, useless game, is not yet past; it holds the awakening soul still in its grip. Only a feeble light glimmers like a tiny star in a vast gulf of darkness. This feeble light is but a presentiment, and the soul, when it sees it, trembles in doubt whether the light is not a dream, and the gulf of darkness reality. This doubt, and the still harsh tyranny of the materialistic philosophy, divide our soul sharply from that of the Primitives. Our soul rings cracked when we seek to play upon it, as does a costly vase, long buried in the earth, which is found to have a flaw when it is dug up once more. For this reason, the Primitive phase, through which we are now passing, with its temporary similarity of form, can only be of short duration.

These two possible resemblances between the art forms of today and those of the past will be at once recognized as diametrically opposed to one another. The first, being purely external, has no future. The second, being internal, contains the seed of the future within itself. After the period of materialist effort, which held the soul in check until it was shaken off as evil, the soul is emerging, purged by trials and sufferings. Shapeless emotions such as fear, joy, grief, etc., which belonged to this time of effort, will no longer greatly attract the artist. He will endeavour to awake subtler emotions, as yet unnamed. Living himself a complicated and comparatively subtle life, his work will give to those observers capable of feeling them lofty emotions beyond the reach of words.

The observer of today, however, is seldom capable of feeling such emotions. He seeks in a work of art a mere imitation of nature which can serve some definite purpose (for example a portrait in the ordinary sense) or a presentment of nature according to a certain convention ("impressionist" painting), or some inner feeling expressed in terms of natural form (as we say—a picture with *Stimmung*<sup>1</sup>). All those varieties of picture, when they are really art, fulfil their purpose and feed the spirit. Though this applies to the first case, it applies more strongly to the third, where the spectator does feel a corresponding thrill in himself. Such harmony or even contrast of emotion cannot be superficial or worthless; indeed the *Stimmung* of a picture can deepen and purify that of the spectator. Such works of art at least preserve the soul from coarseness; they "key it up," so to speak, to a certain height, as a tuning-key the strings of a musical instru-

<sup>1</sup> *Stimmung* is almost untranslatable. It is almost "sentiment" in the best sense, and almost "feeling." Many of Corot's twilight landscapes are full of a beautiful "Stimmung." Kandinsky uses the word later on to mean the "essential spirit" of nature.—M. T. H. S.

# “Introduction” by W. Kandinsky - continued

## I. INTRODUCTION 3

ment. But purification, and extension in duration and size of this sympathy of soul, remain one-sided, and the possibilities of the influence of art are not exerted to their utmost.

Imagine a building divided into many rooms. The building may be large or small. Every wall of every room is covered with pictures of various sizes; perhaps they number many thousands. They represent in colour bits of nature—animals in sunlight or shadow, drinking, standing in water, lying on the grass; near to, a Crucifixion by a painter who does not believe in Christ; flowers; human figures sitting, standing, walking; often they are naked; many naked women, seen foreshortened from behind; apples and silver dishes; portrait of Councillor So and So; sunset; lady in red; flying duck; portrait of Lady X; flying geese; lady in white; calves in shadow flecked with brilliant yellow sunlight; portrait of Prince Y; lady in green. All this is carefully printed in a book—name of artist—name of picture. People with these books in their hands go from wall to wall, turning over pages, reading the names. Then they go away, neither richer nor poorer than when they came, and are absorbed at once in their business, which has nothing to do with art. Why did they come? In each picture is a whole lifetime imprisoned, a whole lifetime of fears, doubts, hopes, and joys.

Whither is this lifetime tending? What is the message of the competent artist? “To send light into the darkness of men’s hearts—such is the duty of the artist,” said Schumann. “An artist is a man who can draw and paint everything,” said Tolstoi.

Of these two definitions of the artist’s activity we must choose the second, if we think of the exhibition just described. On one canvas is a huddle of objects, painted with varying degrees of skill, virtuosity and vigour, harshly or smoothly. To harmonize the whole is the task of art. With cold eyes and indifferent mind the spectators regard the work. Connoisseurs admire the “skill” (as one admires a tightrope walker), enjoy the “quality of painting” (as one enjoys a pasty). But hungry souls go hungry away.

The vulgar herd stroll through the rooms and pronounce the pictures “nice” or “splendid.” Those who could speak have said nothing, those who could hear have heard nothing. This condition of art is called “art for art’s sake.” This neglect of inner meanings, which is the life of colours, this vain squandering of artistic power is called “art for art’s sake.”

The artist seeks for material reward for his dexterity, his power of vision and experience. His purpose becomes the satisfaction of vanity and greed. In place of the steady co-operation of artists is a scramble for good

## 4 CONCERNING THE SPIRITUAL IN ART

things. There are complaints of excessive competition, of over-production. Hatred, partisanship, cliques, jealousy, intrigues are the natural consequences of this aimless, materialist art.<sup>2</sup>

The onlooker turns away from the artist who has higher ideals and who cannot see his life purpose in an art without aims.

Sympathy is the education of the spectator from the point of view of the artist. It has been said above that art is the child of its age. Such an art can only create an artistic feeling which is already clearly felt. This art, which has no power for the future, which is only a child of the age and cannot become a mother of the future, is a barren art. She is transitory and to all intent dies the moment the atmosphere alters which nourished her.

The other art, that which is capable of educating further, springs equally from contemporary feeling, but is at the same time not only echo and mirror of it, but also has a deep and powerful prophetic strength.

The spiritual life, to which art belongs and of which she is one of the mightiest elements, is a complicated but definite and easily definable movement forwards and upwards. This movement is the movement of experience. It may take different forms, but it holds at bottom to the same inner thought and purpose.

Veiled in obscurity are the causes of this need to move ever upwards and forwards, by sweat of the brow, through sufferings and fears. When one stage has been accomplished, and many evil stones cleared from the road, some unseen and wicked hand scatters new obstacles in the way, so that the path often seems blocked and totally obliterated. But there never fails to come to the rescue some human being, like ourselves in everything except that he has in him a secret power of vision.

He sees and points the way. The power to do this he would sometimes fain lay aside, for it is a bitter cross to bear. But he cannot do so. Scorned and hated, he drags after him over the stones the heavy chariot of a divided humanity, ever forwards and upwards.

Often, many years after his body has vanished from the earth, men try by every means to recreate this body in marble, iron, bronze, or stone,

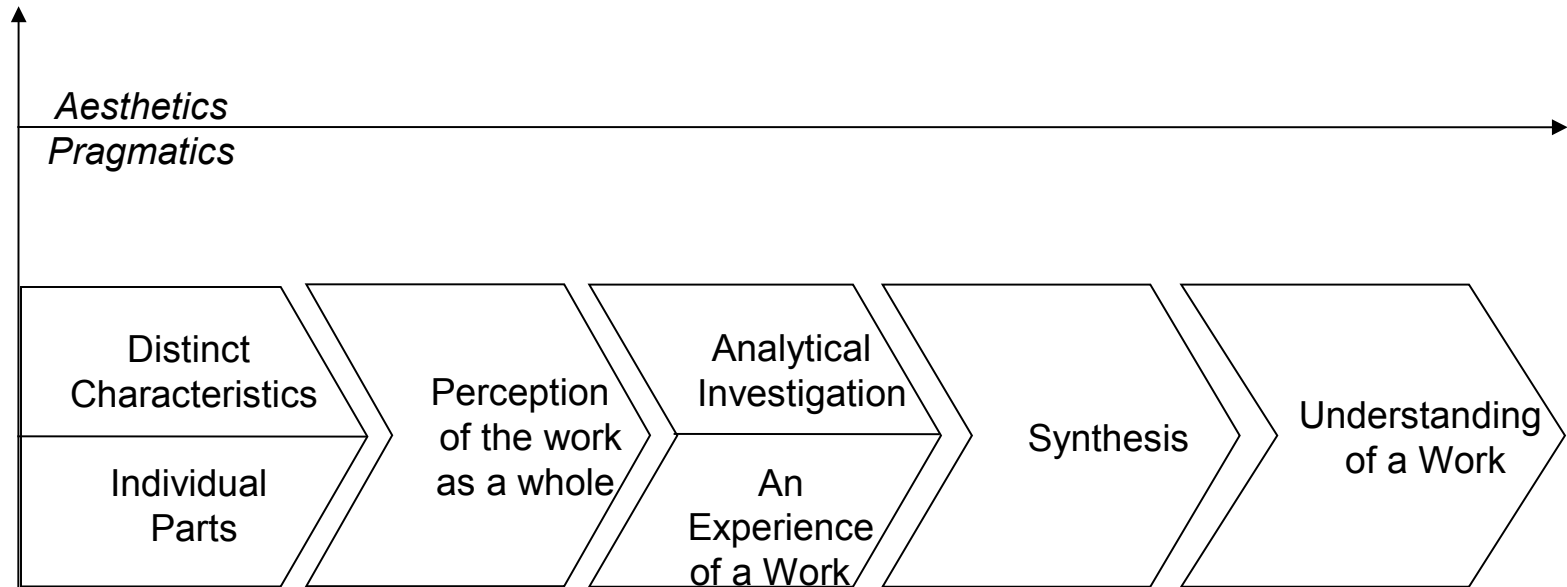


# “Introduction” by W. Kandinsky - continued

on an enormous scale. As if there were any intrinsic value in the bodily existence of such divine martyrs and servants of humanity, who despised the flesh and lived only for the spirit! But at least such setting up of marble is a proof that a great number of men have reached the point where once the being they would now honour, stood alone.

<sup>2</sup> The few solitary exceptions do not destroy the truth of this sad and ominous picture, and even these exceptions are chiefly believers in the doctrine of art for art's sake. They serve, therefore, a higher ideal, but one which is ultimately a useless waste of their strength. External beauty is one element of a spiritual atmosphere. But beyond this positive fact (that what is beautiful is good) it has the weakness of a talent not used to the full. (The word talent is employed in the biblical sense.)

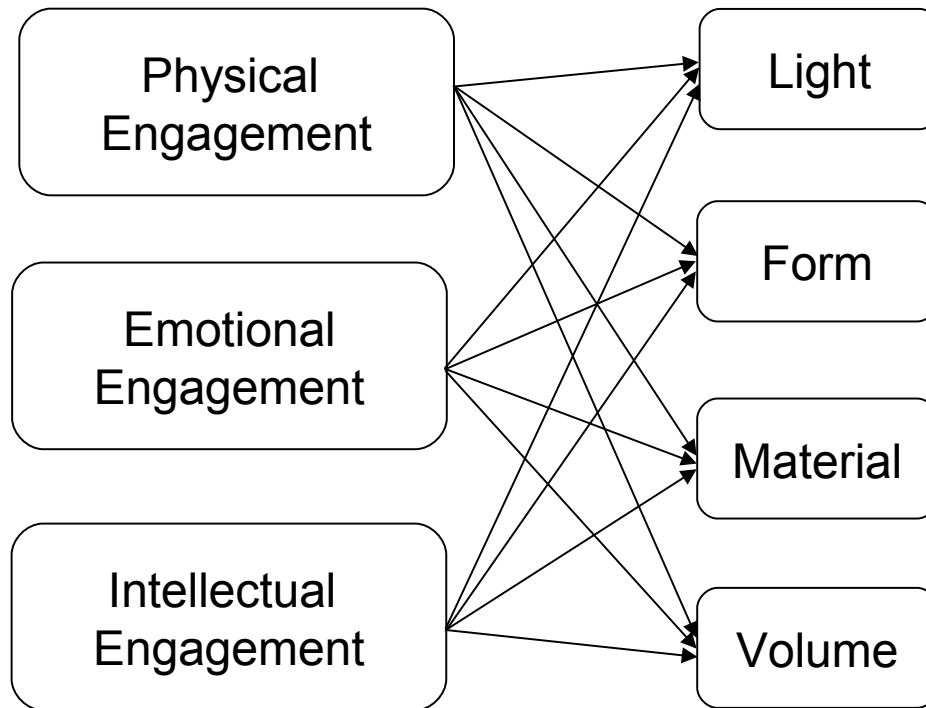
# “Exploring Pragmatics and Aesthetics” (Based on Ref. 10)



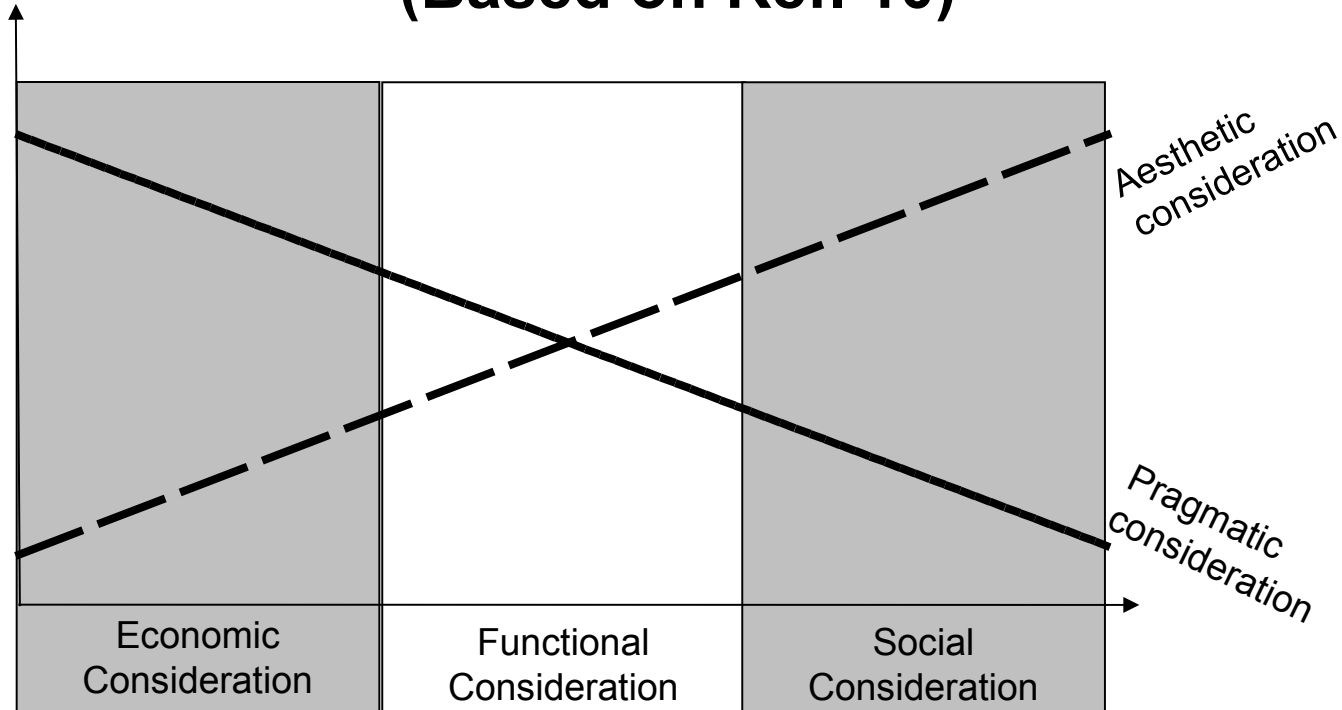
“Separating pragmatic and aesthetic characteristics of a work for critical evaluative reasons may seem to offer a useful strategy for gaining an understanding of the characteristics of a work, but in doing so one ignores both the importance of designing as a set of creative, interrelated, and complex act, and the value and meaning of architecture as a setting for creative interpretation of human needs and desires within a civilization”

*Matthew D. Ziff (Ref. 10)*

# An Experience of Work: A Synthetic Experience (Based on Ref. 10)



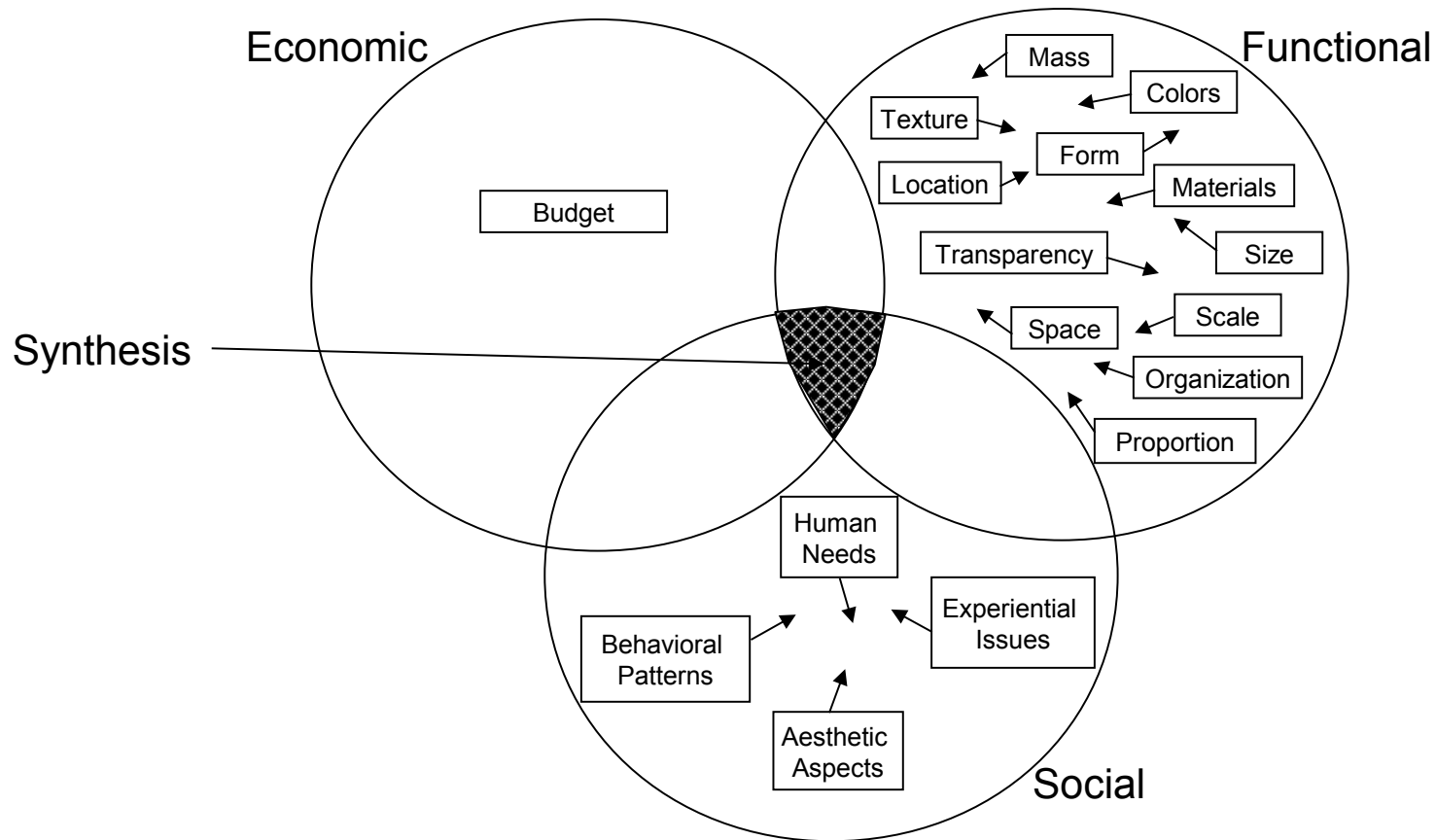
# Pragmatic and Aesthetic Issues: Interpretation and Application (Based on Ref. 10)



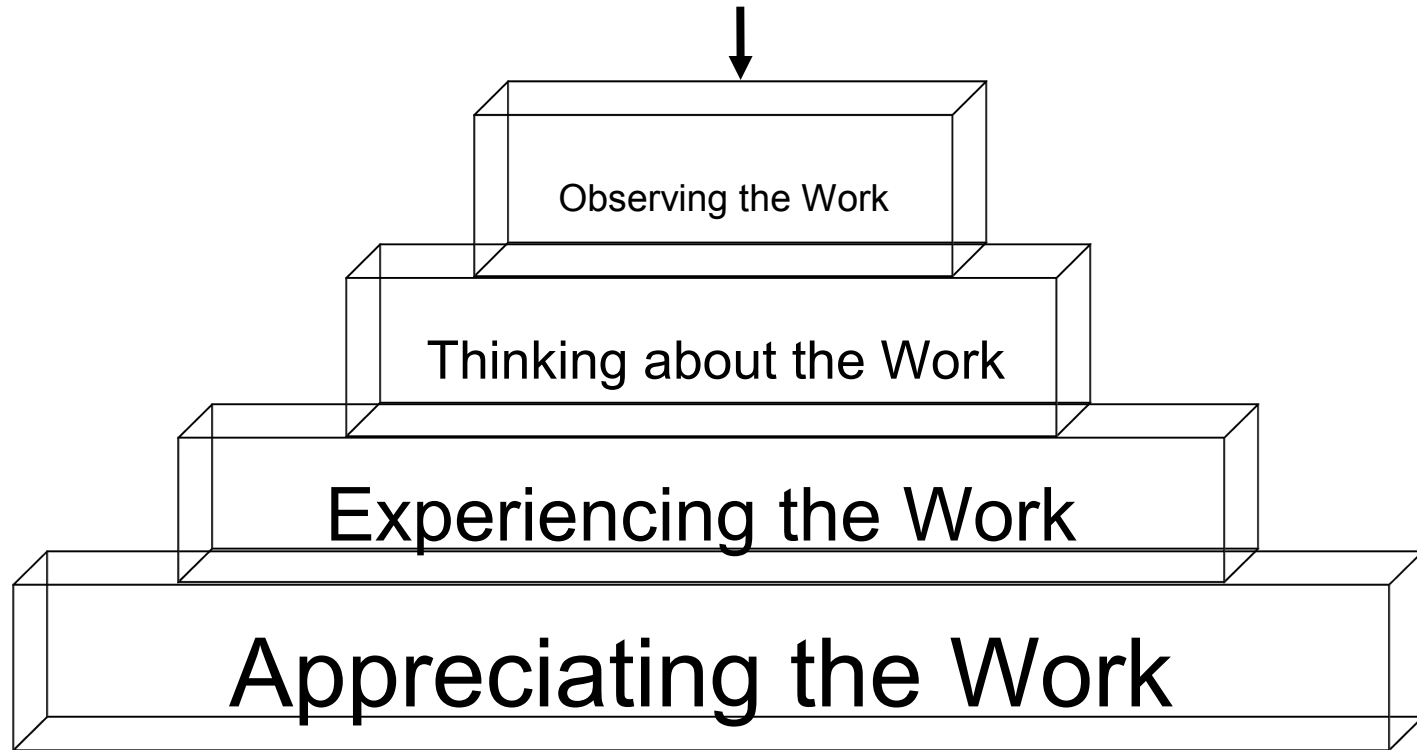
“The designer should remember that any interior is possessed of more than practical functions; there are physiological, symbolic, and narrative functions as well”

*Stanley Abercrombie (Ref. 10)*

# Pragmatic and Aesthetic Issues: Interpretation and Application (Based on Ref. 10) - continued



# Aesthetic Character of a Work of Architecture (Based on Ref. 10)



“An aesthetic appreciation ... requires not only an understanding and an informed engagement with the work, but also the interest and ability to find enjoyment in observing, understanding, and experiencing the work”

*Matthew D. Ziff (Ref. 10)*

# Names Designated to the Areas

No.	Area Location	Name (English / Russian)	One Sentence Description
1			
2	First Floor: Exist. Corridor. Remodeled	Pink ice / Розовый лёд	...freezes expectations and reorients you to the lyrical interpretation beyond the foyer...
3	First Floor: Exist. Living Room. Remodeled	Life and Chronicle of Don Quixote / Жизнь и летопись Дон Кихота	The mantle-piece and fireplace set the tone for evenings spent with windmills under an Iberian sunset...
4	First Floor: Exist. Dining Room. Remodeled	Battle from the XVIII century / Битва XVIII века	Kings and their crowns parade before green fields of marching legionnaires.
5	First Floor: Exist. Kitchen. Remodeled	Diverse geometric form giving life / Разная геометрия форм дающих жизнь	The plenty of the harvest manifests itself in the kitchen's many surfaces.
6	First Floor: Exist. Bathroom. Remodeled	Illusion of marble in squares / Иллюзия мрамора в квадратах	The musical composition of stone and glass..minerals in scales.
7	First Floor: Exist. Family Room. Remodeled	Life after the last judgment / Жизнь после судилища перед концом света	Echoes and gusts from far off sun-drenched seas, shells, bottles and picture-frames.
8	First Floor: Green House. New	Battle from the XXI century / Битва XXI века	Cacophony! Dissonance! Screech! Bang! ..._silence_ the tweet of birds..the party of life is underway, and Kandinsky keeps a watchful eye on the festivities.
9	First Floor: Garage New.	How the whiteness scattered itself on the field and the redness embraced it / Как это белое рассыпалось по полу и красное приняло его	Oh, to drive for hours in the blowing freezing cold snow, and make it safely back to this garage...in the summer we are even reminded of that warm feeling.
10			
11	Stairway to the Second Floor	Main sheet of remembrance: there was no storm. It turned into a wind blowing some bubbles / Парус воспоминаний: бури не было. Она оказалась ветерком надувшим пузыри	On a breeze of memory we are blown as a leaf to rest upstairs..dreams..quiet.

# Names Designated to the Areas - continued

No.	Area Location	Name (English / Russian)	One Sentence Description
12	Second Floor: Exist. Bedroom #1. Remodeled	Different generations and judges in robes. And the smell of warm lilacs / Разные поколения и судьи в мантиях. И цвет тёплой сирени	Ornate spring rains, flowers of spring, looking forward to the crimson remembrances of autumn...
13	Second Floor: Exist. Bedroom #2. Remodeled	Pastel in bed and cracks in the ceiling / Пастель в постеле и трещины на потолке	Spring into summer, long hot sun of august, yawn...-- stretch--, nap.
14	Second Floor: Exist. Master Bedroom. Remodeled	Threshing accepted by the walls / Перемолото и стенами принято	..hot tea and the warm sands of time wash the walls...
15	Second Floor: Exist. Master Bedroom Bathroom. Remodeled	Remembrances after the battle / Воспоминания после битвы	?
16	Second Floor: Exist. Bathroom. Remodeled	Oceanic shells and pebbles / Морские ракушки и камушки отточенные океаном	Gold, bronze on the beach, azure is the water that laps the shore..
17	Second Floor: Exist. Hallway. Remodeled	Preamble / Приамбула	Blue sky, bronze tapestries...?
18			
19	Second Floor: New Addition Corridor	Guard at the door and mirror of honor / Охрана входа и зеркало чести	The fog is bright white as we transition into new, uncharted territory in the offing, the abstraction of a clear mind.
20	Second Floor: New Addition Bathroom	Television of the XIX century / Телевидение позпрошлого века	Ornately carved layers, all of it wood! Tree..mirror..wood..mirror..tree.
21	Second Floor: New Addition Bedroom #1	Eternal sprouts producing life / Вечные ростки дающие жизнь	Sprouts .. seeds .. germination.. grow ..sprouts!
22	Second Floor: New Addition Bedroom #2	"Polovtsians dances" of faces / "Половецкие пляски" лиц	From hearts of copper animals dance in our dreams.
23			



# Names Designated to the Areas - continued

No.	Area Location	Name (English / Russian)	One Sentence Description
24	Second Floor: Attic Above the New Garage	Subway Station #A / Станция метрополитена # А	Your train has arrived..but where the tracks go you must imagine..
25	Second Floor: Attic Above the Entrance to New Addition	Subway Station #Z / Станция метрополитена # Я	
26	Second Floor: Attic Above New Bedrooms		
27			
28	Basement: Finished Laundry Room	Rotation and cleanliness / Вращение и чистота	
29	Basement: Finished Wine Storage	Toast room in honor of the victors / Тостовая в честь победителей	A round of drinks to toast the victors!
30	Basement: Finished Recreation Room	Yashmak / Паранджа	
31	Basement: Finished Machinery Room	"Unnecessary" equipment for the victor returning from the war / "Лишняя" техника для победителя пришедшего с войны	A drink they may need..but all this machinery..exquisite!
32			
33	First Floor: Exist. Porch. Remodeled	Rigidness of brick and ornate wood / Прочность кирпича и узоры дерева	This porch has ornament as structural as it is ornate and gleaming.
34	First Floor: Exist. Patio. Remodeled	Incorrect patio / Неправильное patio	
35	Roof above Patio Door. New	Disrupted rectangular / Нарушенный прямоугольник	
36	Deck. New	Landed Wharf of the Inoks / Застрявшая пристань иноков	Long ago, the monks ran aground their raft on a snag, and journeyed ashore to see what this new land had in store for them.
37	Gazebo. New	Rebirth / Перерождение	The gazebo is born from the living spirit of a great tree, and it too remembers the fallen.
38	Exist. Shed. Remodeled	Ornate house from vines / Дом с орнаментом из вьюнов	Did this little house sprout from these delicate vines?
39	Garbage Platform. New	First roof of the tribe / Первая крыша племени	An outpost on the way into a dark forest..

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NATURE OF THIS WORK ▼ See instructions

*Wood Carvings*

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If published in a periodical or serial give: Volume ▼

Number ▼

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On Pages ▼

**2**

NAME OF AUTHOR ▼

*a Nikolay Synkov*

DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH

Year Born ▼

Year Died ▼

*07/04/1946*

*n/a*

Was this contribution to the work a "work made for hire"?

Yes

No

Author's Nationality or Domicile

Name of Country

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<b>2</b>	NAME OF AUTHOR ▼		DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH	
	<i>a Nikolay Synkov</i>		Year Born ▼	Year Died ▼
			<i>07/04/1946</i>	<i>n/a</i>
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**1**

Title of This Work ▼

NATURE OF THIS WORK ▼ See instructions

*"Landed Wharf of the Inoks" Wood ornament*

Previous or Alternative Titles ▼

*none*

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*n/a*

If published in a periodical or serial give: Volume ▼ Number ▼ Issue Date ▼ On Page ▼

**2**

NAME OF AUTHOR ▼

*Nikolay Synkov*

DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH

Year Born ▼ Year Died ▼

*07.04.1946 n/a*

Was this contribution to the work a "work made for hire"?

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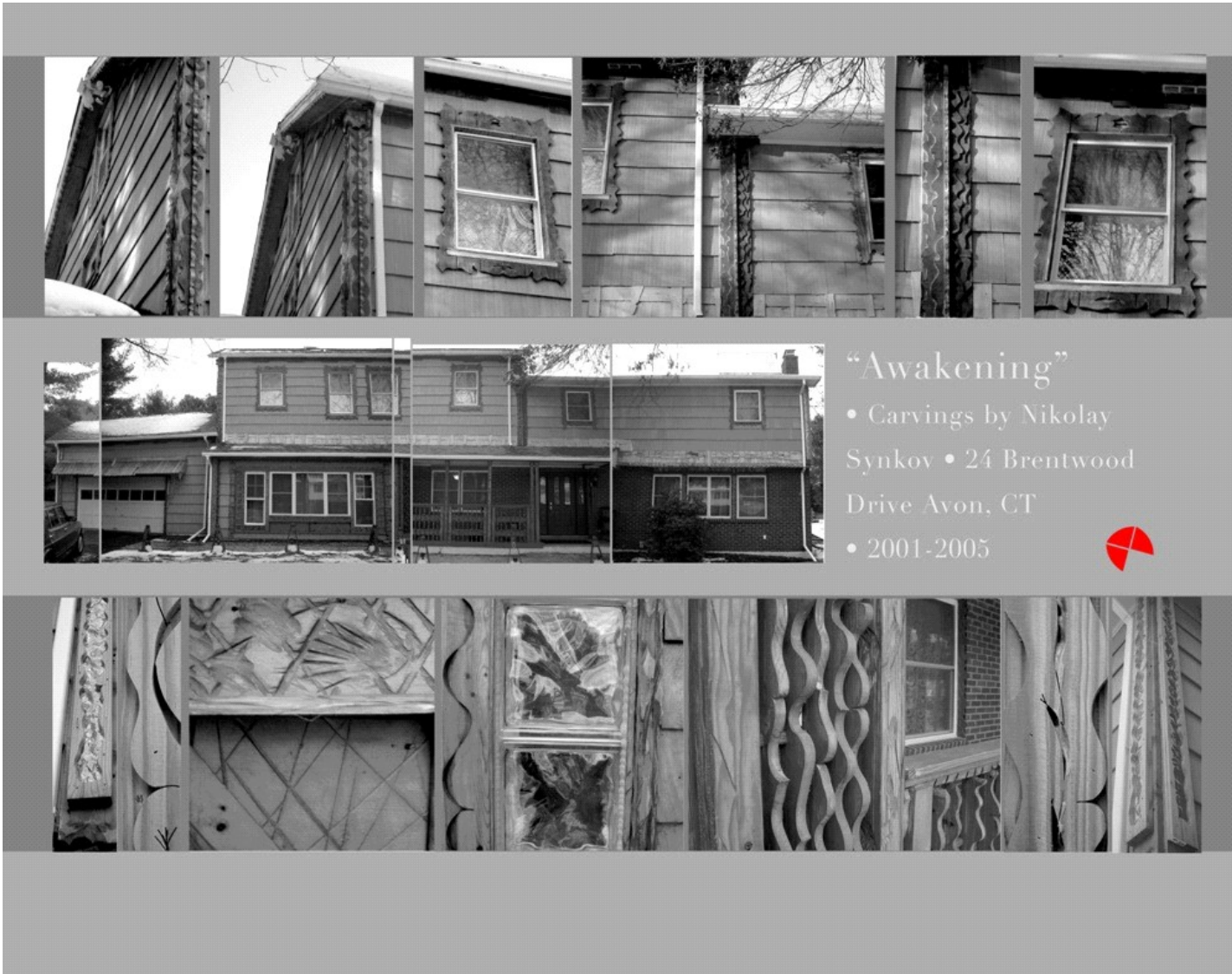
3-Dimensional sculpture  Map  Technical drawing  
 2-Dimensional artwork  Photograph  Text

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# Photo Gallery

# “Awakening”



## “Awakening”

- Carvings by Nikolay Synkov
- 24 Brentwood Drive Avon, CT
- 2001-2005





# “Awakening” - continued



Photo: Thomas Tolhurst



Photo: Thomas Tolhurst



# “Awakening” - continued





# “Awakening” - continued



# “Awakening” - continued

## Reconnaissance

translated by Yelena Synkova

I walk on tiptoes  
Catching the seconds  
The steps counting  
Pages of books  
And wedges from tales  
Watered down songs  
The movement of the quiet  
Covered faces  
Everything, everything is closed there  
There, is a computer world  
Communication through bast sandals  
We have gotten used to  
But here there are no more  
No cries here  
There buttons, book  
Connected to the air  
Thus the human world is strengthened  
Letters ranked  
And quiet syllables  
And no words

## Поиск

by Nikolay Synkov

Хожу на цыпочках  
Ловлю секунды  
Шагами меряю  
Страницы книг  
И клинья сказочек  
Размытых песенок  
Движенья тихоньких  
Покрытых лиц  
Всё, всё закрыто там  
Там мир компьютерный  
Связь через лапотье  
Привыкли мы  
А тут уж нету их  
Тут крика нет  
Тут кнопки, книжечка  
И связь в эфир  
Так крепнет мир мирской  
Ширенги букв  
И тишь слогов  
И нету слов



# “Landed Wharf of the Inoks”





# “Landed Wharf of the Inoks” - continued



# “Landed Wharf of the Inoks” - continued



Photo: Thomas Tolhurst



# “Landed Wharf of the Inoks” - continued

## Landed Wharf of the Inoks translated by Yelena Synkova

There is a description of life's rules  
In our building dossier  
From three postulates  
These rules, they consist of:  
Construction, development, brick  
To build, that means to fill in  
That place on our earth  
Lay out the brick in a graceful manner  
And sprout the new, slender  
Adonis on the Earth  
How many - that storied house  
We simply will call it  
Our house, house of our dream  
Peek backwards a little  
Years centuries maybe a couple  
How complex they are and how beautiful  
And were they with everyone here on the earth  
We can interpret the question of blessing  
Add on, widen, multiply  
And pick out a style for this  
Summary  
In the rhythmic for addition of words  
Which any can draw near an emotional tone  
Construction, development, brick.  
A performance is in progress at the theater  
What we see  
The chairs for the audience are in the hall  
Walls of the hall, they are no more  
Pennies of lamps  
Well and the ceiling, so high and so far  
And it too fell from view the same way  
On stage are only decorations of people's lives  
Which for us in this life  
Live out and outlast  
And only from our own life  
No one has ever found  
Their own decorations  
And those stage decorations of life  
For the play they are valuable

Blinded, put away into that garb  
To portray a more delicate personal character  
Reflect the intention of plays  
You go to the nearest theater with stage  
During leisure time (1)  
During study time (2)  
During work time (3)  
The percentages will distribute simply  
To all continents of the country  
1 - 1%  
2 - 2%  
3 - 10%  
Who enters the sub-groups 1,2,  
Are people, and students as well  
Who enters only into group 3  
Theater's staff  
And the writing brothers' family  
That which we see on the stage  
Of course if they had come  
With that like our princes  
Have come to the wish  
Or a new conclusion  
Give the stage to the national pastimes  
Reasons for adopting such a decision  
Plenty of which have accrued  
Ripened apple was cut down  
Only then did decorations of life enter plays  
One can't in the cozy vessel of our notable people  
Let out the people, here fraternization ensues  
Confessions of love, explanations  
And mixed marriage decisions  
And also the lawyers of laws and rules  
Were not completely ready  
To published new laws for cravings of love

To take to production the case of "dead end"  
With what those our princes  
Came to with wishes  
Or to a new conclusion  
Give stage to the national pastimes  
But that time has come by for us  
That life decorates for the people  
We should have begun and kept building  
Dwelling for people and princes  
What could be taken was taken  
From those cozy princes' vessels  
But those for the people with fortune  
Pockets, caprice of the soul  
Well there decorations are merely pearls  
And they did not have those boarders  
There artists were  
Begin and finish of those walls' cover  
And all was quite simple with soul in the union  
Harmony in life is what they loved  
For all those people without fortune  
White was picked out to color the walls  
And a smooth surface on them  
And that style became like a standard  
For many years, centuries for living  
"Only from your own life  
No one had ever found  
Their own decorations"  
Smooth surface walls, white color  
Does not give inspiration of playwrights for theater  
They change it all, change  
To understand the soul of the person  
And reflect it in their play  
All that's left for us is to watch  
And compare.....  
The world for those people of far away places we  
Want to show ours as well,  
In comparison and give another world

That foreign  
Where the pier of the people,  
Those which the world has filled up  
Yes it's only the house,  
That in which one lives  
Inok in this simple life  
We sweeten the world with technology

Simplifying a laborious task  
(from slavery came that concept,  
It's been abolished with us)  
Give then the freedom to create that dwelling  
To love even it  
To find harmony of soul and life  
Richness of soul,  
That's with what came to the other world  
On the first boat those Inoks  
That established our world over here  
Yes they  
Those Inoks  
On the first boat into an other world  
And the other shore received them  
America gave them shelter  
Filling with strength of creation  
Preparing for world's salvation  
This is a wondrous earth  
Growing and here a first born emerges  
Give-to battle "wise men from salvation"  
And it will be won in the name of salvation  
All countries on earth  
And countries  
Yes search for salvation  
Looking at your shore on the Earth  
Then to show the world what will be  
In those peaceful talks  
During trips there  
Security the world will not need  
Metal from weapons  
Love towards your house  
Will be the key to that cabinet

# “Landed Wharf of the Inoks” - continued

## Застрявшая Пристань Иноков by Nikolay Synkov

Есть описание жизненных правил  
В строительном деле у нас  
Из трёх постулатов  
Правила эти, они состоят:  
Постройка, застройка, кирпич  
Построить, это значит застроить  
То место на нашей земле  
Изящно кирпич уложив  
И вырастет новенький, стройный  
Красавец на нашей Земле  
Сколько -то этажный домишко  
Мы просто его назовём  
Наш дом, дом нашей мечты  
Заглянем немножко назад  
Лет веков это несколько  
Сколь сложны они и красивы  
И были ли ль у всех на земле  
Мы можем вопрос освещенья  
Добавить, расширить, умножить  
И выбрать для этого стиль  
Изложенья  
В ритмической форме сложения слов  
Чтоб скажем приблизить к душевному тону  
Постройку, застройку, кирпич.  
Идёт представленья в театре  
Что видим мы  
Стулья для зрителей в зале  
Стен зала, их нет  
Копеечки лампочек  
Ну а потолок, так высок и далёк  
И он также выпал из зренья  
На сцене одни декорации жизни людей  
Которые нам в этой жизни  
Прожить не прожить  
Лишь только из жизни своей  
Никто никогда не нашёл  
Декораций своих  
А сценные те декорации жизнью  
Они для спектакля ценны

Зашторены, убраны в то одеянье  
Чтоб тоньше характер персон отразить  
И замысел пьес отразить  
Вы ходите в ближний театр со сценой  
В свободное время (1)  
В учебное время (2)  
В рабочее время (3)  
Проценты разложатся просто  
По всем континентам страны  
1 -1%  
2 -2%  
3 -10%  
Кто входит в погруппу 1, 2,  
То люди, а также студенты  
Кто ходит в подгруппу лишь -3  
Театров работники  
И пишущих братьев семья  
То что мы увидим на сцене  
Конечно бы если пошли  
С того как те наши князья  
К желанью пришли  
Иль новому заключенью  
Дать сцену народным гуляньям  
Причин для принятия такого решенья  
Достаточно много их всех накопилось  
Созревшее яблоко срезано было  
Тогда и вошли декорации жизни в спектакль  
Нельзя же в уютные лодки жилья нашей знати  
Пускать и народ, тут братанье пойдёт  
Признание в любви, объясненья,  
И смешанных браков решенья  
Да также юристы законов и правил  
Не полностью были готовы  
К изданию новых законов любовных влечений

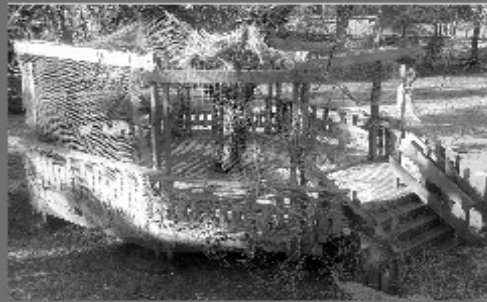
Чтоб брать к производству дела «тупика»  
С того как те наши князья  
К желанью пришли  
Иль новому заключенью  
Дать сцену народным гуляньям  
Но вот и пришло к нам то время  
Чтоб быт для людей украшать  
Начать надо было и строить  
Жилье для людей и господ  
Что можно взять было то взято  
С уютных тех лодок князей  
Но то для людей лишь с достатком  
Кармана, капризов души  
Да там декораций лишь жемчуг  
И не было в них тех границ  
Там художники были  
Начать и закончить тех стен покрывало  
И было всё просто с душой в сочетаньи  
Гармонию в жизни любили они  
Для всех же людей без достатка  
Был выбран цвет белый для стен  
И гладкая плоскость для них  
И стал этот стиль как стандартом  
На многие годы, века для жилья

"Лишь только из жизни своей  
Никто никогда не нашёл  
Декораций своих"  
Гладь стен, белый цвет  
Не даст вдохновенья писателям пьес  
Они всё меняют, меняют  
Чтоб душу понять человека  
И в пьесе своей отразить  
Нам лишь только осталось смотреть  
И сравнить.....  
Мы мир для людей стран далёких  
Хотим показать также свой,  
В сравненья и дать мир иной

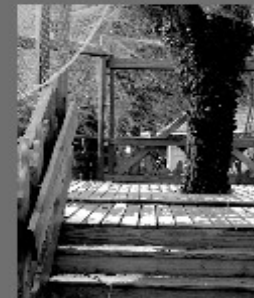
Тот чужой  
Где пристань людей,  
Тех что мир наполняют  
Да только лишь дом,  
Тот в котором живёт  
Инок в этой жизни простой  
Мы техникой мир улащая

Тяжелый лишь труд упрощаем  
(из рабства пришло то понятие,  
его отменили у нас)  
Так дайте ж свободно творить то жильё  
Чтобы любить и его  
Чтоб души гармонию с бытом нашли  
Богатство души,  
Это то с чем пришли в мир иной  
На первой ладье те иноки  
Что мир основали наш здесь  
Да они  
Те иноки  
На первой ладье в мир иной  
И принял их берег другой  
Америкой дан им приют  
Наполнил их силой творений  
Для мира спасенья готовит  
Чудесная эта земля  
Растит и вот первенец вышел  
Дан бой "мудрецам от спасенья"  
И будет он выгран во имя спасенья  
Всех стран на земле  
А страны  
Да ищут спасенье  
Глядя на твой берег Земли  
Тогда и показывать миру что будет  
В тех мирных беседах  
Во время поездках туда  
Наврад ли охрана нужна будет миру  
Металлом оружий  
Любовь к сему дому  
Вот будет тот ларчика ключ

# “Rebirth”



• Gazebo by Nikolay Synkov • 24 Brentwood Drive • Avon, Connecticut • 2004-2005 






# “Rebirth” - continued





# “Rebirth” - continued



“Rebirth”  
\* Wood ornament  
with copper accents  
Nikolay Synkov \*  
2004-2005\* 

# “Rebirth” - continued

## Rebirth

translated by Oxana Luna

Two meanings ahead  
It's slippery  
Snow has fallen  
Blizzard's moan  
It's getting colder  
You hear, someone's voice calling  
Then silence again  
Maybe it's nothing, no one's there  
Can't hear cries  
Maybe because it went dead  
Maybe the wind  
Is just whistling away  
It's getting colder  
Morning is here  
The sun of our victories risen  
All of us see it from far away  
But meaning of it  
Won't come to us yet  
Countries crown troops for victories  
Presidents know  
What victories take  
Only the presidents of honor  
Symbols of courage and wisdom  
Symbols of words distorted  
Who will replace you, how and when  
Only in battle such courage required  
After the battle, wisdom is needed  
Distortions are in everything always  
Only one place, free of distortions  
Bestowed on us by our Creator, our God  
It's the love of the mother  
To her soldier son  
She who deserves all the glory

Always meant to be remembered  
It is  
It always will  
We need not to forget, and to help and protect  
Also to love the one you have  
Gold of wars, victories' splendor  
Shine of medals embellishing jackets  
All this to live through, to understand  
Given to people  
As a moment of happiness  
Tears of loss, mothers' screams  
Grief of the fathers  
How about understanding that  
But there is a country, and who will protect  
The same fathers, mothers and children  
Rebirth,  
Renewal, reanimation  
There are further terms  
But the original meaning  
Was lost in time  
Now, many distortions of words  
Are carried to us  
By those who try to interpret  
How dependent we are on them  
Here is a reason  
For people to learn  
More than one language  
Say 5 or 6  
Master the fluency of a discussion  
So that our opinions don't depend  
On those who try to interpret them  
That's how we also preserve  
Our native tongue  
For ourselves and generations to come

# “Rebirth” - continued

Перерождение  
by Nikolay Synkov

Два впереди пониманья  
Скользко  
Под окнами снег  
Вьюги стон, крепнет мороз  
Слышишь вон кто-то позвал  
Тихо опять и не слышно того  
Может и не было там никого  
Или уже не кричит  
И затих насовсем  
Или то ветра был свист  
Крепнет мороз  
Утро настало  
И солнце побед к нам пришло  
Это всем видно далёко, далёко  
Но пониманье придет не сейчас  
Что значит солнце побед  
Страны венчают отряды бойцов для побед  
Президенты страны  
Отрядов бойцов для побед  
Знают что надо для тех их побед  
Но только лишь  
Президенты чести  
Символы лихости, мудрости символы  
Символы слов искаженья  
Где кто подменит когда и кого  
Но лишь в бою эта лихость нужна  
Мудрость нужна в продолженье сраженья  
Лишь искаженья находят себя  
Во всём и всегда  
Но не найдешь ты их только в одном  
В том чем нас бог наградил наш творец  
В той лишь любви, мать за сына бойца  
Слава ей, только лишь ей

Помнить всегда предназначено было  
Есть  
Также будет  
Мы же лишь вспомнить, помочь, защитить  
Также любить та которая есть  
Золото войн, злато побед  
Блески наград на пиджаках  
Всё это нам пережить, озарить  
Людям дарить  
Как счастья миг  
Слёзы утрат, вскрик матерей  
Стоны отцов, их бы понять  
Но есть страна, кто защитит  
Тех же отцов, матерей и детей  
Перерождение,  
Появление, оживление  
Дальше всё больше значений  
Нет лишь понятия изначала  
Стёрто со временем  
А сейчас множество слов искажений  
Их нам несут толкователи всех букварей  
Как мы зависимы также от них  
Есть та причина  
Знать людям нации  
Несколько лишь языков  
И беглость дискуссии также освоить  
В языках скажем 5 или 6  
Чтоб не зависеть в сужденьях своих  
От тех толкователей слов языков  
Тем же родную мы речь сохраним  
Для себя, для потомков своих



# “Pink Ice”





# “Pink Ice” - continued

**Pink Ice**  
translated by Yelena Synkova

First steps  
Those movements erased,  
That brings with it every wise man  
Wailings, complains  
That everything,  
Everything has happened, happened  
Not wanting to see,  
Only sufferings receiving,  
For me, salvation alone  
Well here, it is only the end  
Passed along a wise man  
The end to all fairy tales has come  
Well and here, like the eternity of the world  
In them is outlined one  
Or all of them to the alter  
Well, with whom do we wed them with  
Here, the wise man sank deep in thought  
So it seems, is not the end  
The brave has not been born yet  
To take them to the alter  
Then there must be a continuation  
Until the birth of that brave  
Young and crafty  
Well, but maybe there's another  
Without riches, without love  
All in lilacs from weed  
Who needs this one  
Emaciated and weak  
Well here the wise man fits the match  
It's time for the fairytale to start  
That's it. The start.  
In one...

**Розовый Лёд**  
by Nikolay Synkov

Первые шаги  
Стирание тех движений,  
Что несёт с собою всяк мудрец  
Стоны, жалобы  
Что всё,  
Всё было, было  
Видеть не хочу  
Одни мученья принимаю  
Мне спасенье надо  
Ну, а тут, один конец  
Передал один мудрец  
Сказкам всем пришел конец  
Ну и так, как вечность мира  
В них изложена одна  
То и всех их под венец  
Ну, а с кем венчать их будем  
Тут задумался мудрец  
Ну так значит, не конец  
Не родился молодец  
Что б их взять и под венец  
Значит будет продолженье  
До рожденья молодца  
Молодого удалого  
Ну, а может быть иного  
Без богатства, без любви  
Весь в сирени из ботвы  
Так кому нужен такой  
Испитой да немощный  
Ну так мудрый весь под стать  
Сказочку пора начать  
Всё. Начали.  
В одном.....

# “Life and Description of Life of Don Quixote”





# “Life and Description of Life of Don Quixote”



# “Life and Chronicle of Don Quixote” - continued

## Life and Chronicle of Don Quixote translated by Oxana Luna

The idols of this world will vanish  
While leaving visions of eternity with us  
And the hurray of endless hymns  
Will come again  
The artist's gift  
Put on a broad display  
The audience will see its hero's eyes  
The hats come off in sign of love  
They disappeared  
Went away with ages  
They won't dress up again  
With all their valor decorations  
The armor and the victory awards  
There's no strength inside toreador, ages gone  
He called to victory and went away  
The idols of this world abandon us  
Their call for love is left inside a mailbox  
Where are those Bards with Arlecchino song  
The synchrony of life won't be preserved  
By loving and believing that a good rhythm of life is chosen  
We guard the emptiness  
We don't touch the art  
Emotions, rumors  
We don't feel the world  
We clip and clip  
Then we are ones who gone  
We are different  
The marriage has occurred  
Our appearance is just the thing we keep  
Taking along a notebook with buttons

We are under convoy all the time  
And those orders of the leader  
We carry out  
They become convenient to us  
The sense of purpose of the song  
You won, and we belong to you  
The sparks of flint  
Will bring you revelation  
The wisdom of the song  
Not the words  
Will make you understand  
What toreadors need in life  
The outer appearance  
And how open your soul  
Not to reject the whole world  
Your mind, your intellect  
To listen, understand  
Inspire soldiers, quiet humble  
To take the journey leading to the victory  
Chains from their hearts need to be removed  
Do not forget,  
Or they'll perish  
They'll die in trenches  
Searching for a grave  
They won't lead you  
To the shores  
Where home is  
Instead, they'll lead you to assassin  
To behead



# “Life and Chronicle of Don Quixote” - continued

## Жизнь и Летопись Дон Кихота by Nikolay Synkov

Кумиры мира покидая нас  
Взор вечности нам оставляя  
И гимнов нескончаемых ура  
Приходят снова  
Но будет то артиста дар  
Который дан нам в обозренье  
И публика увидя взгляд героя  
Снимает шляпки в знак любви  
Они пропали  
Канули в века  
И не одеть им снова  
Награды доблестей побед  
Доспехи, ордена тех битв  
Нет сил в тореодоре чрез века  
Призвал к победе и пропал  
Кумиры мира покидают нас  
В почтовый ящик свой призыв любви бросая  
Ища тех бардов с песней Арлекино  
Нельзя синхронность жизни сохранить  
Любя и веря что хороший выбран жизни ритм  
Мы пустоту оберегаем  
Не трогаем искусство  
Волненья, кривотолки  
Мы мир не ощущаем  
Мы обрезаем, обрезаем  
И вот уж нет и нас  
Мы другие

Процесс венчания произошел  
Мы только сохранили облик свой  
Беря с собою кнопок книжку

Му под конвоем каждый час  
И те приказы командира  
Мы выполняем  
Становятся они удобными для нас  
Направленность стенаний песни  
Ты победила, мы твои  
Лишь искры кремня  
Дадут тебе прозренье  
И мудрость древней песни  
Не слова  
Даст понять что надо  
Тореодарам в жизни  
Наружный облик  
И как твоя душа открыта  
Весь мир принять  
А разум, ум твой

Слушать, понимать

Читая, призывая в даль побед  
Солдат смиренных, тихих

Оковы снять с

тех их сердец  
Ты не забудь, иначе сгинут  
Умрут в окопной тишине  
Ища себе могилу  
Не выведут они тебя  
К тем берегам  
Где дом твой  
А приведут лишь к палачу тебя

# “Battle from the XVIII Century”



# “Battle from the XVIII Century” -continued

Battle of the XVIIIth Century  
translated by Yelena Synkova

Here roundelays, dances, excitements  
In the presence of all those people in the world  
Closed off from their enemies  
Only by the leader  
By his talents  
To repel all and win them in wars.  
But songs and dances,  
Flowers of headdress attire of women,  
Are present everywhere on mothers, children  
And here are settlements of talented citizens  
All pronounce speeches in unison  
And bowing down in meeting  
Give reverence  
Antiquity of their ancestors  
Deprived a mix of understanding  
In simple movement of the soul  
The fight to survive  
Save one's kind  
Well and the people  
Will come to defend us  
And a new generation of  
Defenders of the fatherland he will birth  
A new herd we will bring in  
From boars, bulls, sheep, cows  
And there will engage

And us, yourself and all  
A good period it was  
But was it all like this  
And where are the kings and Lords  
Nieces, nephews, grandchildren  
And where the gusts of wind, tremors  
The continent's earthly movements  
From where, God is with you  
Then there was no mention of it  
That which you know of now  
You're in a wild delusion  
From archeology writers of those books of ancient tales  
To embellish the general background of all lives on earth  
Made up and wrote it down, and artists in time composed  
So that museums be created  
And so that you would be able to walk in them  
That past century should no frighten you  
Or even a little bit before  
But what is here to fear  
Dance, dance for you a wealthy landlord  
Will wash you, clean you and protect  
Oh how I want into the carriage  
And run away to that world  
Honest the people were  
And honest so happened for centuries  
The wisdom of all those centuries from life was passed through the wise  
men's book

# “Battle from the XVIII Century” -continued

## Битва XVIII Века by Nikolay Synkov

Вот хороводы, пляски, возбужденье  
В присутствие всех в мире тех людей  
Закрытых от своих врагов  
Одним лишь вожаком  
Его умением  
Всех отражать и в войнах побеждать.  
Но песни пляски,  
Цветы нарядов головных у женщин,  
Присутствует везде у матушек, детей  
А вот и поселенья даровитых граждан  
Все речи дружно говорят  
И кланяясь при встрече  
Поклоны отдают  
И древность предков их  
Лишила примесей понятий  
В простом движении души  
Борьба чтоб выжить  
Сохранить свой род  
Ну а народ  
В защиту к нам придёт  
И поколение новых  
Защитников отчизны он родит  
Пригоним новое мы стадо  
Из кабанов, быков, овец, коров  
И будет чем занять

И нас, себя и всех  
Хорош период был  
Да так ли всё и было  
А где же короли и лиры  
Племянницы, племянники, внучаты  
И где порывы ветра, сотрясенья  
Материка земель движенья  
Откуда, бог с тобой  
Того и не было в помине  
Того что знаешь ты сейчас  
Ты в заблужденье диком  
То археологи писатели тех книжек древних сказок  
Чтоб приукрасить общий фон всех жизней на земле  
Придумали и написали, ну а художники со временем и наваяли  
Чтоб созданы музеи были  
И чтобы можно было в них ходить тебе  
Не страшен был тот прошлый век  
Ну или чуть чуть раньше  
Да что же тут бояться  
Танцуй, пляши тебя богатый барин  
Умоет, вычистит и защитит  
О как мне хочется в повозку  
И убежать в тот мир  
Честен народ был  
И честен оказался на века  
А мудрость всех веков из жизни передалась чрез книжку мудреца



# “Diverse Geometry of Forms Giving Life”



# “Diverse Geometry of Forms Giving Life” - continued

Diverse Geometry of Forms Giving Life  
by Nikolay Synkov  
translated by Yelena Synkova

How keen the world of earth is to those shocks in the world  
That by captivity, unexpectedly happened and came to us  
So simply here they appeared  
We drive them off  
They do not  
Not disappear, not leave  
Be present all in growth  
And we are no more here  
We've disappeared in their world  
Tangled up, tired  
And sat down for a rest  
And we are called again  
Here we are  
We're with you, here we are here  
Of what will we talk with you  
Look how tired out you are  
Everything is ahead for you  
And you have come only upon us  
Are tired and there is no movement in you  
Perhaps we are too few for you  
Be gone all  
Well-well a little softer small one  
We with respect to you  
Well yes reminded, then what of it  
Perhaps we should get up and leave  
It would be more familiar to you  
Your soul is covered up in layers  
That soot of life's embellishments  
Preconceived self opinions

Victories  
Over workers  
Eternal  
And a lot of varied rubbish has gathered up  
No, you are clean  
A spring flows inside of you  
And all your steady speeches  
Are full and wise  
But only for yourself  
So from here is where we appeared from  
And only to yourself  
So from here is where we appeared from  
And only to yourself  
But let us still sit down and talk  
But only of you  
.....  
You are the master of this house  
And there is that place  
That the body regales  
And gives the opportunity through pleasure  
Bestowal of the distant worldly drinks  
In heartfelt conversation enter  
Then even we will cross over into that other world  
And we will layer upon layer  
Take off all scum layers  
Then we will all disappear  
But as for now.....

# “Diverse Geometry of Forms Giving Life” - continued

Разная Геометрия Форм Дающих Жизнь  
by Nikolay Synkov

Как чуток мир земли к тем потрясениям в мире  
Что по неволе, невзначай случились и пришли к нам  
Так просто вот и появились  
Мы гоним их  
Они не как  
Не пропадают, не уходят  
Присутствуют всё разрастаясь  
И вот уж нас и нет  
Мы в мире их пропали  
Запутались, устали  
И сели отдохнуть  
А тут опять зовут  
Вот мы  
Мы с вами, тут мы тут  
О чем нам говорить с тобой  
Ты вон какой усталый  
Всё впереди тебя  
А ты постигнув нас лишь  
Устал и нет в тебе движенья  
Так может мало нас тебе  
Пошли все прочь  
Ну-ну потише малый  
Мы с уважением к тебе  
Ну да напомнили, так что же  
А хочешь встанем и уйдем  
Тебе роднее станет  
Твоя душа покрытая слоями  
Той копотью присказок жизни  
Предвзятых самомнений

Побед  
Над труженниками  
Лет  
И где скопилось много всякой дряни  
Нет, нет ты чист  
Родник течёт внутри тебя  
И все твои устойчивые речи  
Полны и мудры  
Но только для тебя  
Так вот откуда появились мы  
И только у тебя  
Так вот откуда появились мы  
И только у тебя  
Давай все ж сядем и поговорим  
Но только о тебе  
.....  
Ты дома этого хозяин  
И вот то место  
Что тело услаждает  
Дает возможность насладясь  
Дарами явственных напитков мира  
В душевный разговор вступить  
Так перейдем и мы в иной сей мир  
И будем слой за слоем  
Все накипи слои снимать  
Тогда и пропадем мы все  
Ну а сейчас.....

# “Illusion of Marble in Squares”





# “Illusion of Marble in Squares” - continued

## Illusion of Marble in Squares translated by Yelena Synkova

Coming together, reunification and separation  
Block from glass  
Erased occlusions, the visibility of attempts  
What is there outside  
No, the details of the buildings are not clear  
Only highlights, images  
Everything like in life  
Everything washed away  
All around there's only judgment, distortion  
Tears sparking  
This is but a moment in life  
And there, what of it, everyone will state themselves  
Examining the marbles; design of the rock  
Where is one's life  
Yet everything is here;  
The look, the smile, the songs, the dances  
The smooth speech  
But the waves of the lakes, seas, deserts  
Took all this in, compressed and washed out  
The only thing left is truth, life.  
Yours, mine  
Everything extra is gone...  
But you were here  
Maybe created, or maybe lived  
But the room is empty  
Only the mould of life in the world  
Is left of yours

## Иллюзия Мрамора в Квадратах by Nikolay Synkov

Соединение, воссоединение и расторжение.  
Плитки из стекла  
Разводы стёрли видимость попыток  
Что там снаружи  
Нет, не видно чёткости строений  
Лишь блики, лики  
Всё как в жизни  
Всё размыто  
Кругом одни сужденья, искривленья  
Блестнёт слеза  
Но это лишь мгновенье в жизни  
А там, что там, изложит каждый сам...  
Рассматривая мрамор, камешков узоры  
Где чья тут жизнь  
А есть тут всё  
И взгляд, улыбки, песни, танцы  
И плавность речи  
Но волны рек, морей, пустынь  
Всё это взяли, спрессовали и отмыли  
И лишь осталась правда, бытие.  
Твоё, моё  
Всё лишнее пропало...  
Да ты тут был  
Творил ли, жил ли  
Но комната пуста  
Лишь слепок жизни в мире  
Остался твой

# “Life after the Last Judgment”



# “Life after the Last Judgment” - continued

Life after the Last Judgment  
translated by Yelena Synkova

Built in hidden words  
Squeezed hands, knees shaking  
Mouth revealing, word, their flow  
Or after  
Scrag-ends nearby  
Or smooth faces  
Hair covering up their expressions  
Everything is the same  
Everything is one  
Longing to wash them  
Take off those masks  
Crumble into a ball and throw at the birds  
Let some bird pick it up  
And weave a house for itself and its children  
To live and be happy  
Royal songs  
Sing to us  
And be an example  
Slender, simple, credulous base  
Everyone “amaze”  
We “compose”  
And the world “praised”  
Is that so, little book  
Will you be able  
Transfer everything so that it will be received.

## Wooden Panel

A horses' clatter was heard  
Do you hear  
The sweat and splashes of the road  
The foam is dripping down the bridle  
And passionate steed flying  
Blood from eyes  
No shaking fear  
Feeling the whistle of the wind  
Longing for gratification  
To bring about calmness  
And squint to take away  
In the light happy celebration of love

Жизнь после судилища перед концом света  
By Nikolay Synkov

Встроенной прыткостью слов  
Руки зажаты, колени дрожат  
Рот обличает, слова, их поток  
Или потом  
Рядом затылки  
То гладкие лица  
Волос прикрыл их лица выраженье  
Все одинаковы  
Все как один  
Тянет умыть их  
Снять маски с них те  
Скомкать и шариком в птицу метнуть  
Пусть этот шарик подхватит та птица  
Домик совьёт для себя, для детей  
Жить поживать  
Королевские песни  
Нам напевать  
И пример подавать  
Стройной, простой, легковерной основой  
Всех “удивлять”  
А мы “сочинять”  
И мир “воспевать”  
Так ли, ты книжечка  
Осилишь ли это  
Всё передать и что б принято было.

## Панно из дерева

Конский топот раздался  
Ты слышишь  
Пот и брызги дороги  
И пена по уздечке течёт  
И страстная летит  
Кровь в глазах  
Дрожи нет  
Ветра свист ощущаю  
Тянет гладить  
Спокой принести

И зажмурив глаза унести

В светлый радостный праздник любви