

It is the repetition of movements, until its perfect command, that gives to Mykola Mudryk's painting this feeling of freedom. From the reproduction of Byzantine icons, the painter keeps the assertion of a sacred and vibrating presence.

Through the experience of colours — honest and non-imitative (ones that can be found in Fauvism, in the Nabis of Gauguin, of Sérusier, of Kupka) — but also through the music (improvised, free) from which Mykola gets inspiration to give free rein to a gestural movement characterised by rhythms, timbers, tones, sounds, emotions felt, the painter has gone beyond the codified-figurative's strict rules.

The result is a lyrical painting in which the religious gave way to grace.

This hand, these bodies seem to blossom, to vibrate, to elevate toward pleasure with an endless softness. Space carries these figures and go through them all at once. The coloured light irradiates everything around it, and gets our attention because it makes it possible. This light shrouds the body and space around it, and acts as a binder, as an intercessor. Physical, it enters through our eyes but does not light up the inside of our head. Spiritual, it uses our gaze to talk to our spirit, that recognises the light for it is beauty.

The feelings that we go through are sending us back to our physicality, here and now, with a surprising self-evidence, but however, the message has neither a place, nor a body.

For Mykola Mudryk, it is not about making obvious a truth. The elements from the painter's personal history are mixed with the myths, his carnal taste and his mischievous humour. But this experience of the obviousness appears to us as natural and as precise, and reminds us of the greatest, those painters that shaped our appreciation of a beauty with a spiritual nature, silent, musical, profound, shimmering, emotional, ecstatic, suspended.

Anaïs Rolez, May 2019