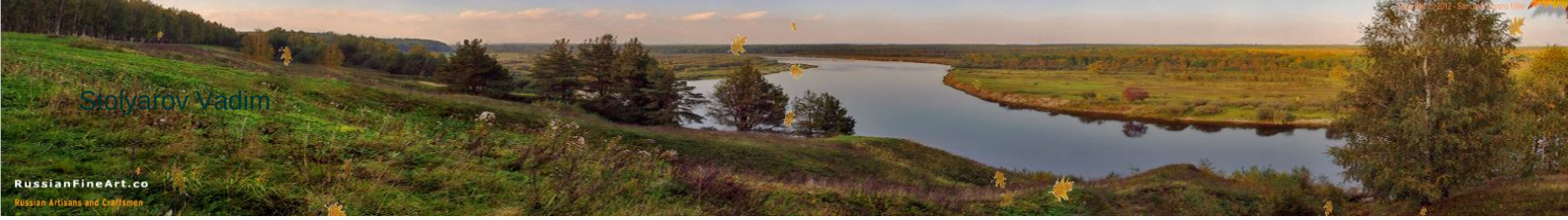


# Stolyarov Vadim

I have had the desire to describe my life for quite a while,
but I am not a novelist, alas!
Although, I think that the novel could have been interesting.
I write poems, but this is not serious, just the want of the soul.

I was born in 1969 in Kazan.
As a child, I simply refused to deal with pencils and paint and that is why my mother,
being concerned about this fact, forced me to take art classes.
There were 50 children, everyone was drawing and painting diligently,
I was the only child forced to do this.
In this way the whole year passed. B
ut at the end of the year the teacher came to my Mom
and advised her that I should continue my art education,
which surprised my Mom a lot, because she saw my unwillingness to paint.
To this he simply answered, that I needed this.
At that time I was collecting car models, and it was not easy to get them.
My mother promised me a rare model if I entered the Art school.
And I went there without hesitation, passed all the necessary exams with excellence -
drawing, composition and painting.
But this moment changed everything!
I really was into it! I went there no matter what, even with high temperature.

Four years of study finished when I was in my last year of comprehensive school.
Had it been the last year of the high school,
everything would have come out differently,
but spending a year without art,
I decided to enter the military.

So I became an officer, then there was Perestroika,
I was a businessman, had a food store in Izhevsk.
And then I got sick and tired of everything and suddenly recollected that I wanted to paint.
It was in 2001. I bought oils and brushes,
came back to my store and started painting on the bags with grains.

When my business collapsed due to various reasons which I could not control,
I simply did not have the place to paint.
I became a self-employed builder and designer and only in 2009,

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having met another artist and showing him photos of my old works,
I heard the works from him, which returned me to the artistry.
He simply said that I needed to paint, and I took his advice.
Spending nights painting (the whole year of 2009)
I continued working as a builder in the day time.
In January 2001 a miracle happened and I was noticed.
In 2010 I decided to become a professional artist and devoted myself fully to creation.
Since then, I finally have been happy.

In 2010 I invented my own technique of painting on the glass without paint.
I will not tell you how I do it, it is my knowhow,
but this works should be looked at alive only,
the photo camera cannot reflect all the gorgeousness of them.

From summer of 2010 to November 2011,
I was busy with glass painting and even took the third place at some exhibition in Moscow.
Then came three months of depression and absence of orders.
People in Moscow asked about master classes,
but I lived in Izhevsk.

I suddenly changed the direction of my art back to oils.
And my soul began singing again.
I painted canvas after canvas without stop.
Then I suddenly took palette knife instead of the brush
and finally realized that I had found myself!
All my works since 2012 have been done without a brush, with palette knife only;
although some people do not believe it.

All my works are an attempt to image emotion through matching it with notions
of live nature and the names of my pictures are connected with them and are important.

I relate myself to impressionists, but not in technique.
Impressionism - impression, emotion.

I paint because my soul wants it.

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