

Safe Place For Snow

“You’re leaving, Yulchik...,” said Dad while standing by my side at the St. Petersburg airport in April 1994.

“Don’t be sad, daddy,” I replied, “I’ll go and then I’ll return.”

And do, for the past twenty-four years, I have been traveling back and forth on an invisible graph composed of space and time, as if I were a bunch of keys lost at home, waiting for its owner to recall where he had last seen it.

The transience and finality of matter fascinate me.

They frighten me.

They excite me.

Sometimes I look at them, and they are resonating in everything, almost threatening as if they were Sirens approaching my safe grounds. Other times they are just a momentary disruption in a sophisticated software, an unbearably pleasant error, like an accidental, almost involuntary contact between two soft bodies, which are familiar to each other.

In the act of photography, I would like to eternize these; the time that has passed, the time that remains, and the inevitable, divine tragedy of matter, that comes to stand between them, every time I touch the shutter.