

THE NEW YORK OF ISMAYIL MAMMADOV

Artist Ismayil Mammadov



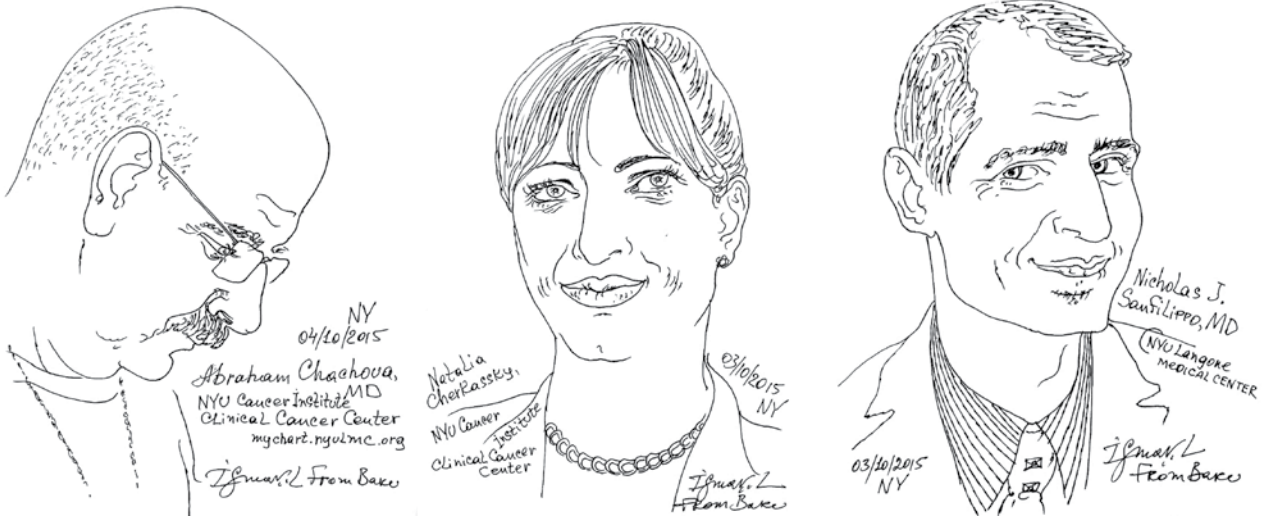
“New Year fanfare at Rockefeller Center”*“Graphic art”*

Ismayil Mammadov is an honored painter of Azerbaijan and winner of the Humay and Golden Dervish awards. His works are exhibited in museums and picture galleries of Russia, the United States, Turkey, Mongolia, Poland, Bulgaria, Italy, Germany, France, Austria, Norway and Great Britain. Recently, the master completed a big series of pictures dedicated to New York.

- There is nothing more trivial than saying that “New York has many faces just like its inhabitants”. Nevertheless, you cannot say anything more accurate. Traveling the world, I had to visit many cities. And almost each of them carried the trace of the people that built it. Time went by and the indigenous population was inevitably diluted by representatives of other nations, but the style and spirit remained unchanged. No processes of globalization, which unify and smooth over all national particularities, are able to cope with it. And Berlin will always be a German city, Istanbul – Turkish, Rome – Italian and New York – something else.

Today it is hard to believe that this metropolis was once a small settlement of Dutch immigrants that emerged on the banks of the Hudson. New York lives as though it had always been one of the capitals of the world, receiving travelers and settlers from any corner of the world with

*“Fireworks in Times Square, Manhattan, New York”*



equal cordiality. They land on American soil at Kennedy airport or get on the maritime quayside as Arabs, French, Chinese and Italians and become New Yorkers after a year.

This does not mean that they forget their language or the customs of their ancestors forever. Nothing of the sort. Everything is built into the general culture of the city, complementing, expanding and enriching it. And this happens so easily and naturally as though the niche had been provided in advance and had been waiting to be filled. Perhaps, this is the main particularity of the capitals of the world. No one ever feels alien in them. Man needs just a few hours to adapt. In any case, this happened to me. A day after my arrival in New York, I walked around its streets and did not worry at all about my bad knowledge of English. The patience and amicability of residents helped me to find any place easily.

However, if we define the essence of New York and its inhabitants, of course, it is not in the habit of meeting any, even the wildest, question with a smile, but in crazy energy and colossal hard work. No matter how it dresses up in the evenings and what signboards it uses to light up its streets, this city is first of all a hard worker. Only tourists stroll around it. New Yorkers are working. From early morning to late evening. It is clear that the city has its idlers too, but they look alien among the crowd that always rushes for its business.

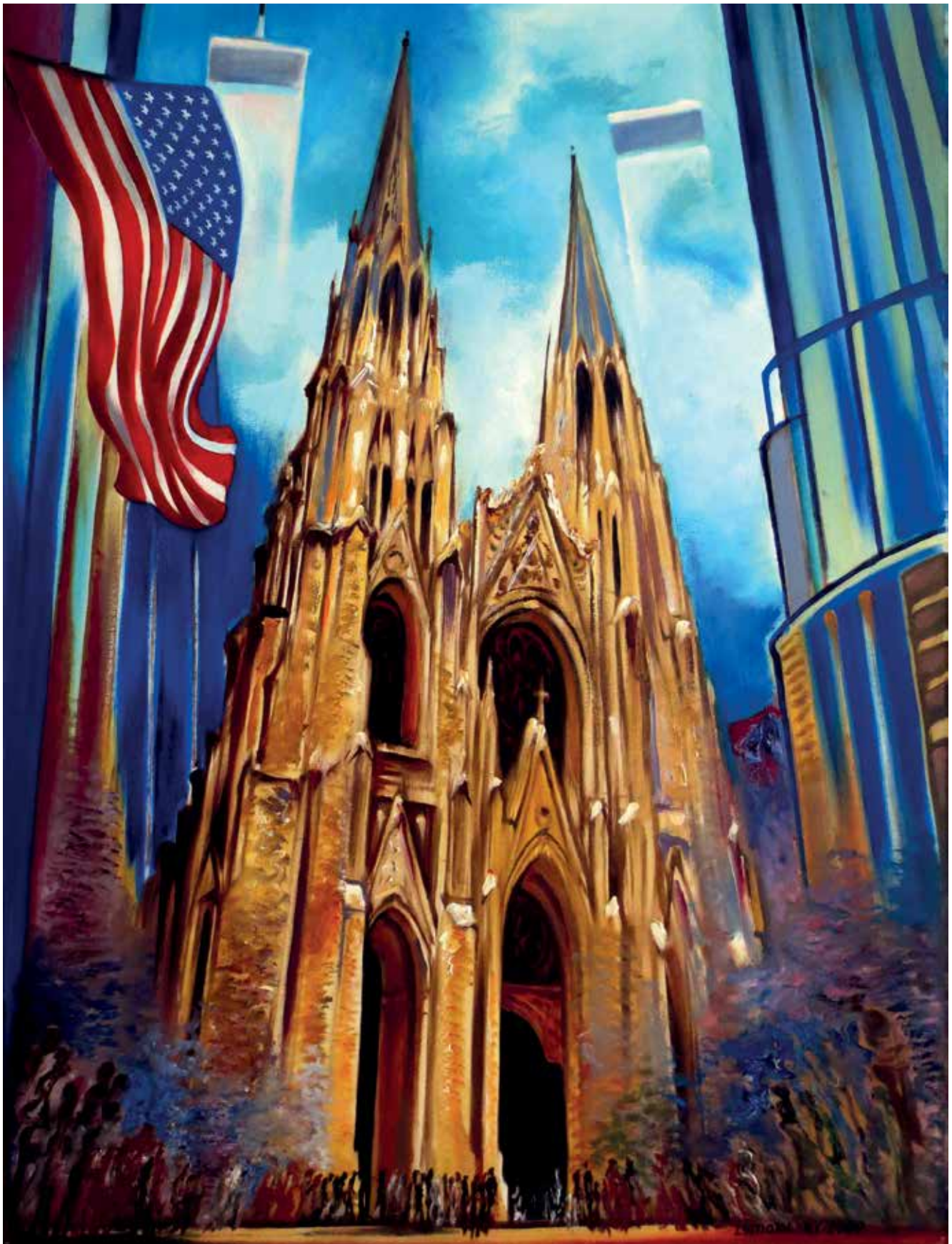
The heart of New York is beating in a crazy rhythm. It is very difficult to keep pace with it. But once you do, may God give you the power to withstand it day by day. I admit that I did not do it very well. Attempts to stay in the “team” usually ended in an escape to some quiet square or the Central Park, but more often to the fantastically rich



"Two Heights"



"In memory of 11 September"



“New York”

museums of New York. What makes this city especially good? With its size and diversity, everyone can find something to entertain themselves. You can watch the New York skyscrapers for hours – they deserve it – or spend the whole day watching the Brooklyn Bridge – it deserves it. You can set yourself an absolutely impossible task – to visit all New York theatres and music halls, and you will definitely enjoy it. You can also take a gastronomical journey to national restaurants. If your stomach stands it, you will learn about the cuisine of the entire world in one month without leaving New York.

But the museums of this city became a real revelation to me. I had to read a lot about them and hear the most enthusiastic reviews, but I could not even imagine what treasures were kept in them. In the Metropolitan Museum, I found samples of Tabriz miniature – priceless works of medieval Azerbaijani painters. In the neighbor-

“Guard. New York”

ing halls there were masterpieces from Egypt, Greece, China, ancient Rome, Byzantium, India, Japan and Europe... Walk around, look, learn and enjoy. If you ask me, I would spend nights in this museum, looking and studying every stroke of great masters.

New York knows how to make an impression. And it does it so skillfully that behind delight and amazement, the problems and shortcomings this city has move into the background. You just do not notice them, attributing them to the disease of growth. After all, New York continues to grow. It is still a little boy in comparison with European and Asian cities. But this boy has an interesting future. 🌱

*“Avenue. New York”**“Rainy night in Seagate”*