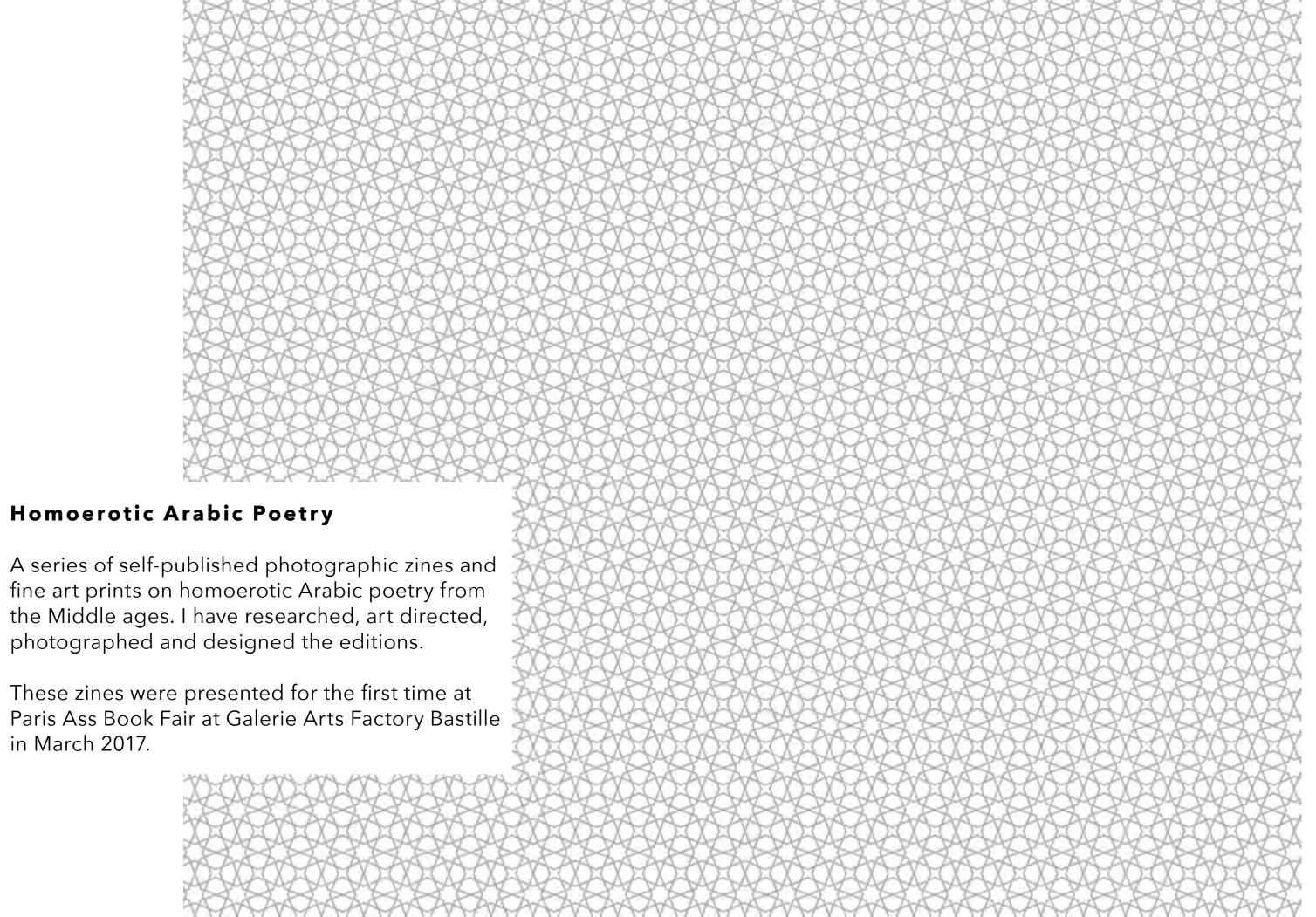
Konstantin Zhukov

+44(0)7412 002 282

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### Mansūr al-Hallāj I am he whom I love

I am he whom I love, and he whom I love is I.
We are two spirits who live in one body.
So when you see me, you see him.
And when you see him, you see us.









# Muhammad al-Nawaji For a pretty seller of cucumbers

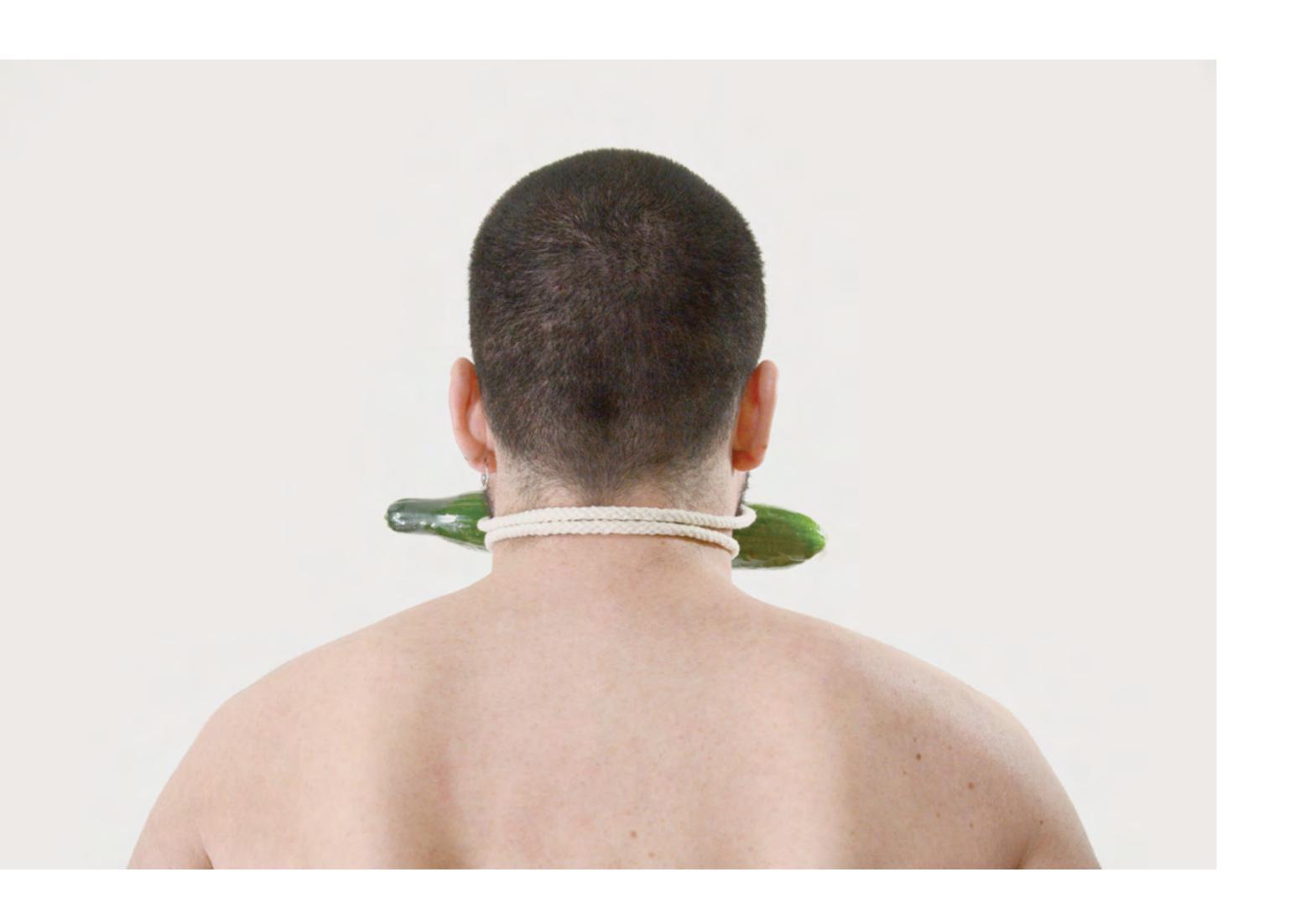
God! How beautiful, this young
Cucumber seller, and a face to make
The sun itself blush at noontime.
The day he agreed to a tender meeting
I was overwhelmed.
Ah, how I savored
That mouthful of cucumber.



















#### Abū Nuwās In the bath-house

In the bath-house, the mysteries hidden by trousers Are revealed to you.

All becomes radiantly manifest. Feast your eyes without restraint!

You see handsome buttocks, shapely trim torsos,

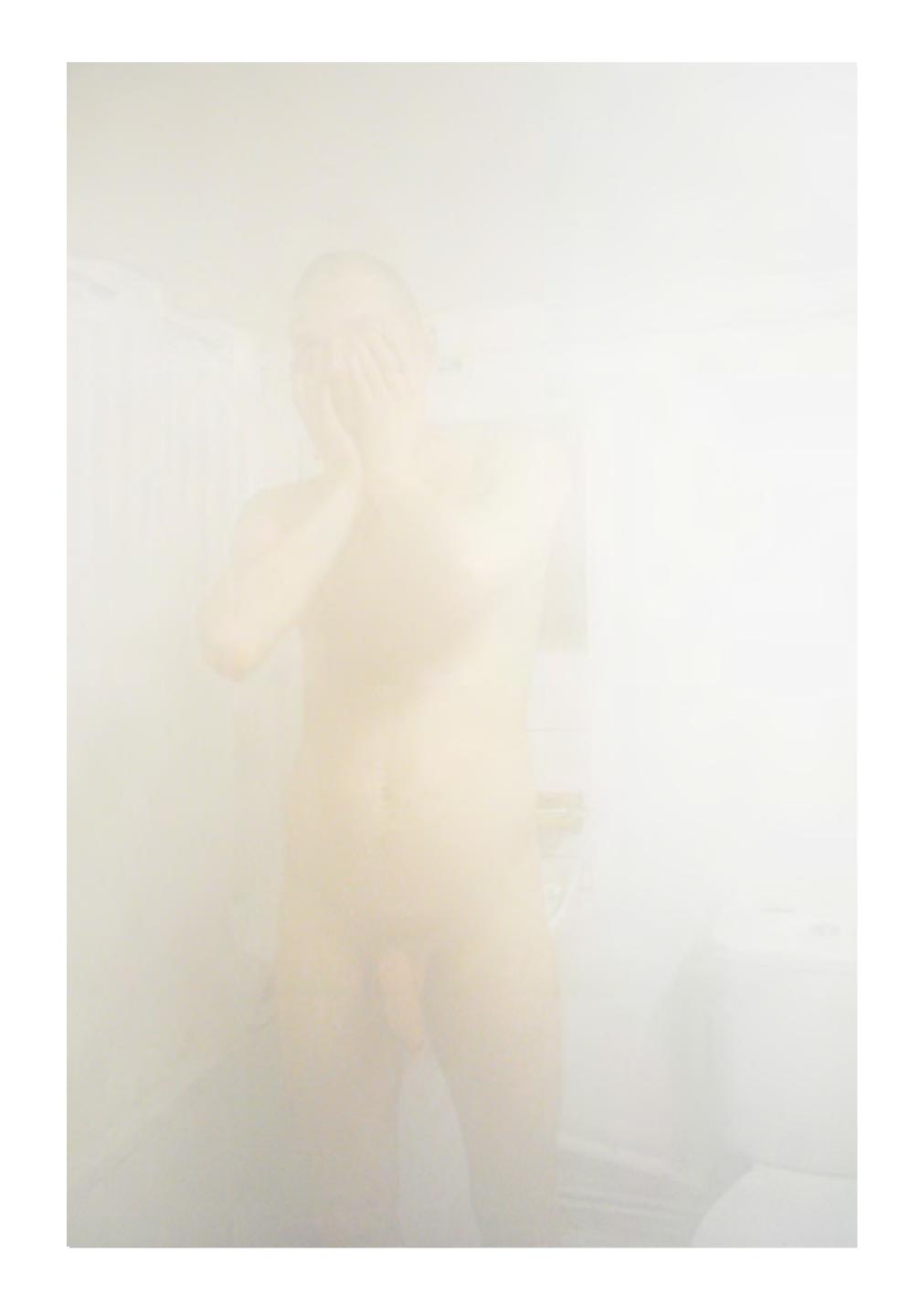
You hear the guys whispering pious formulas to one another ("God is Great!" "Praise be to God!")

Ah, what a palace of pleasure is the bath-house!

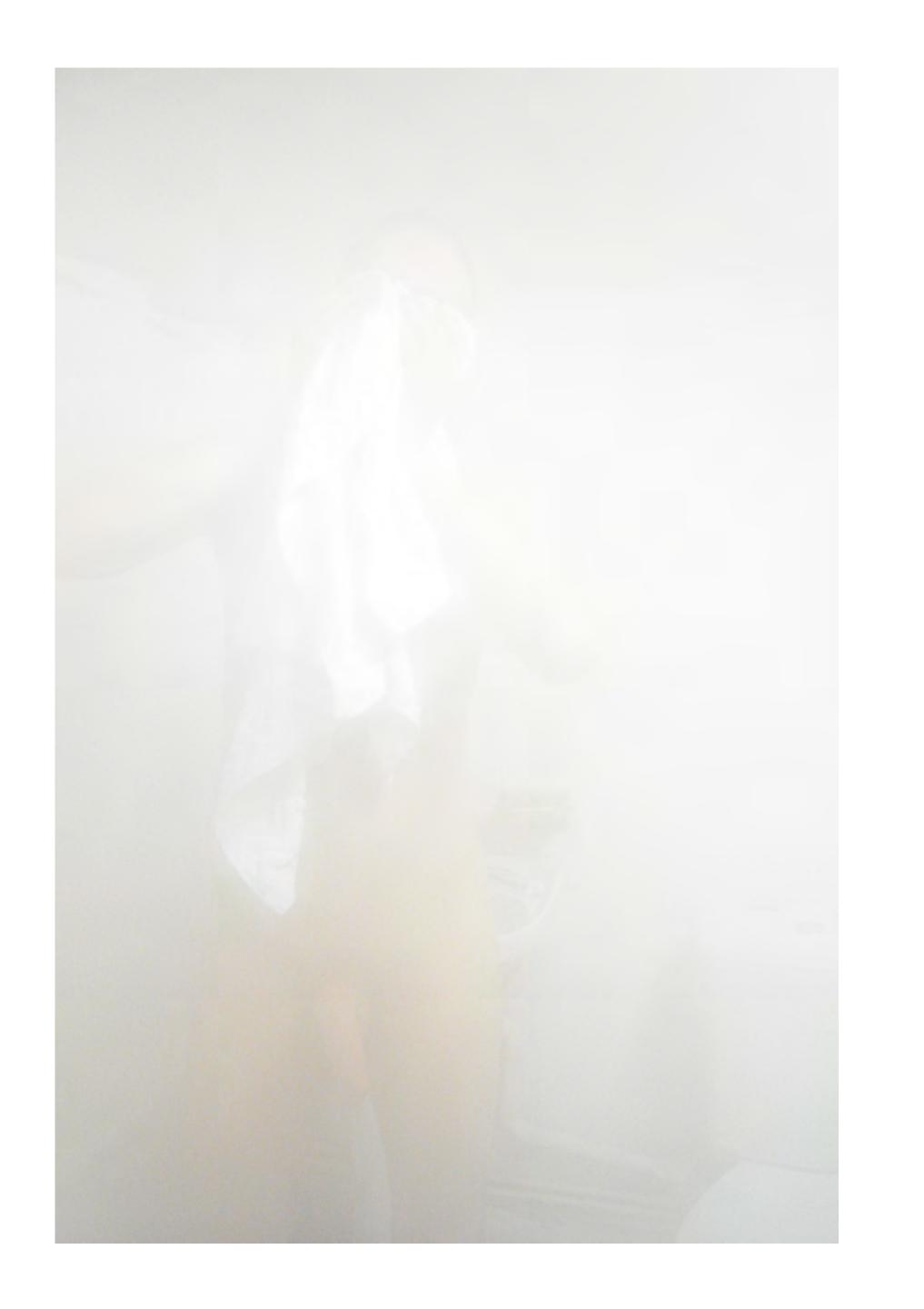
Even when the towel-bearers come in. And spoil the fun a bit.

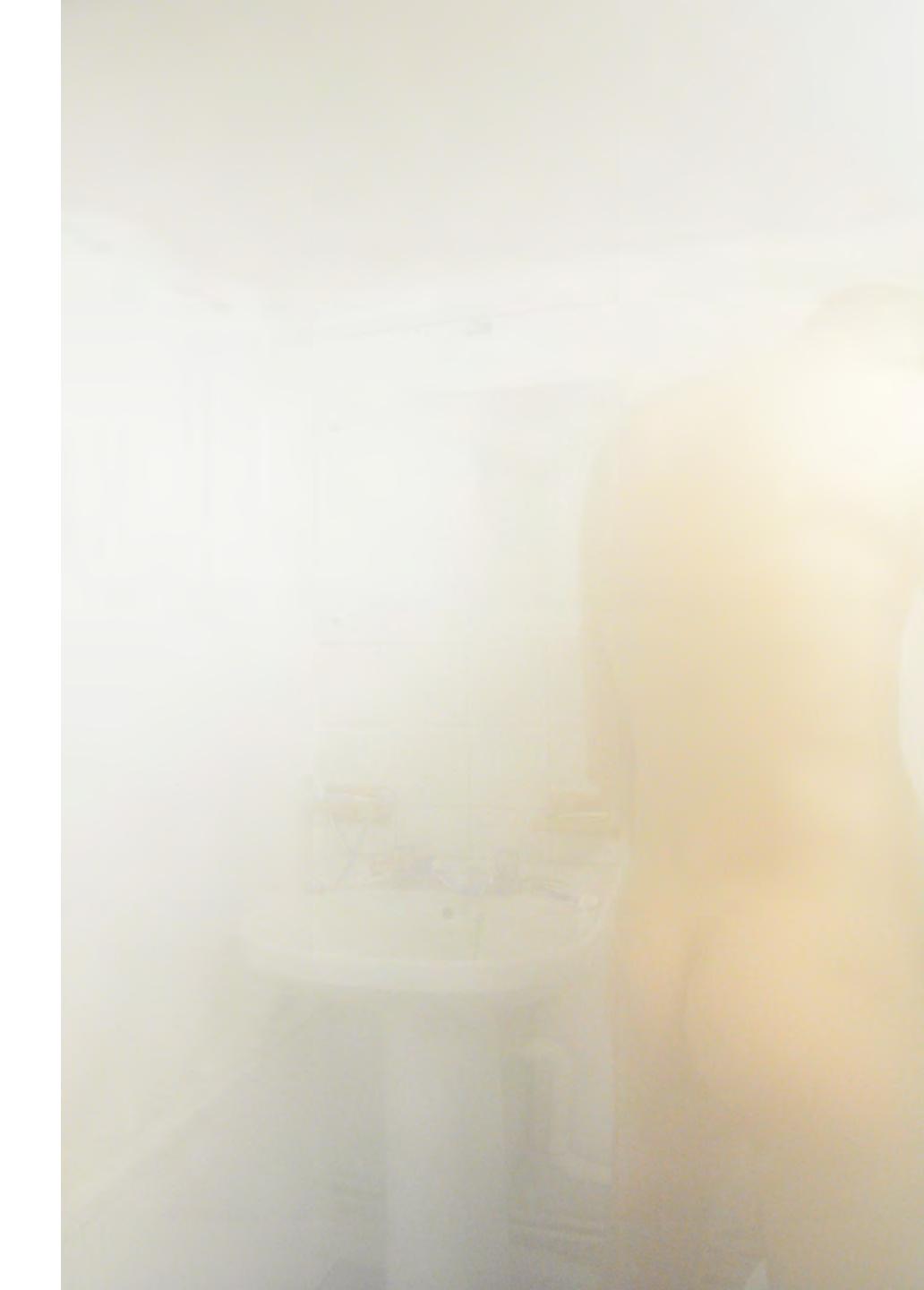










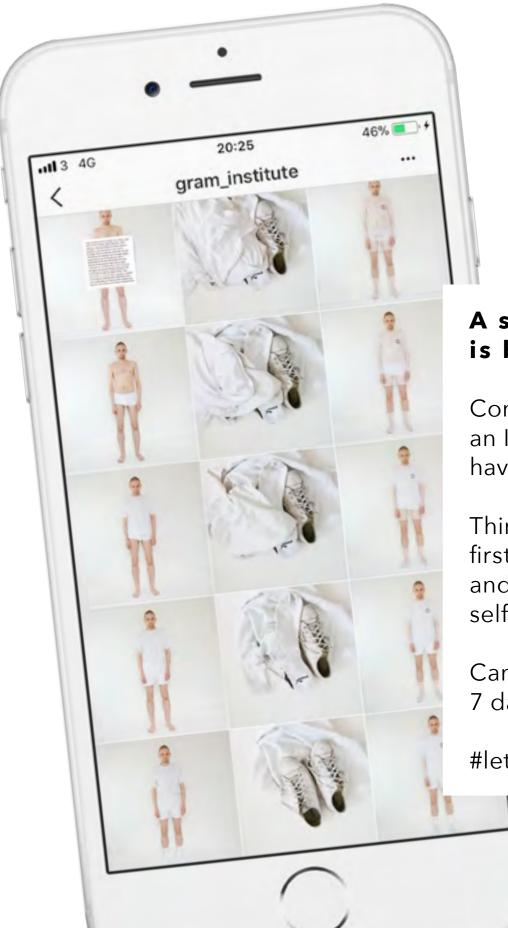












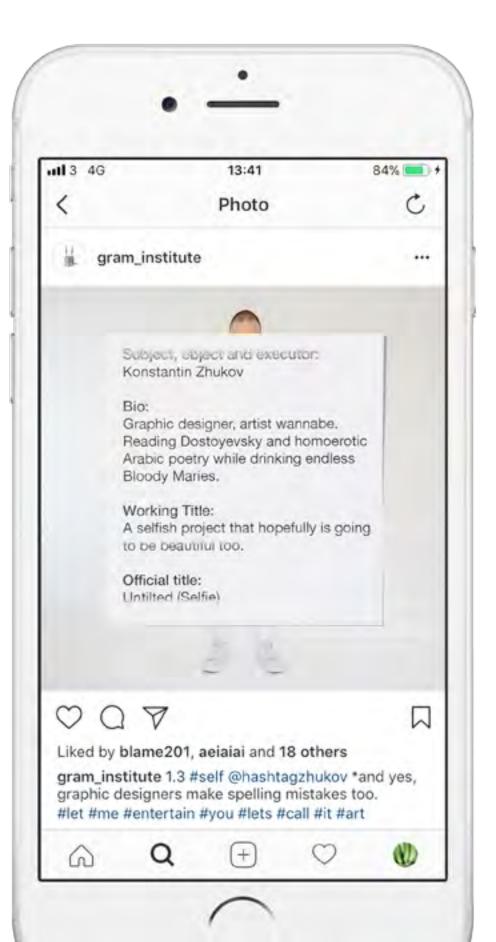
## A selfish project that hopefully is beautiful too

Commissioned by Gram\_Institute, an Instagram based gallery where creatives have a 7 day window for an exhibition.

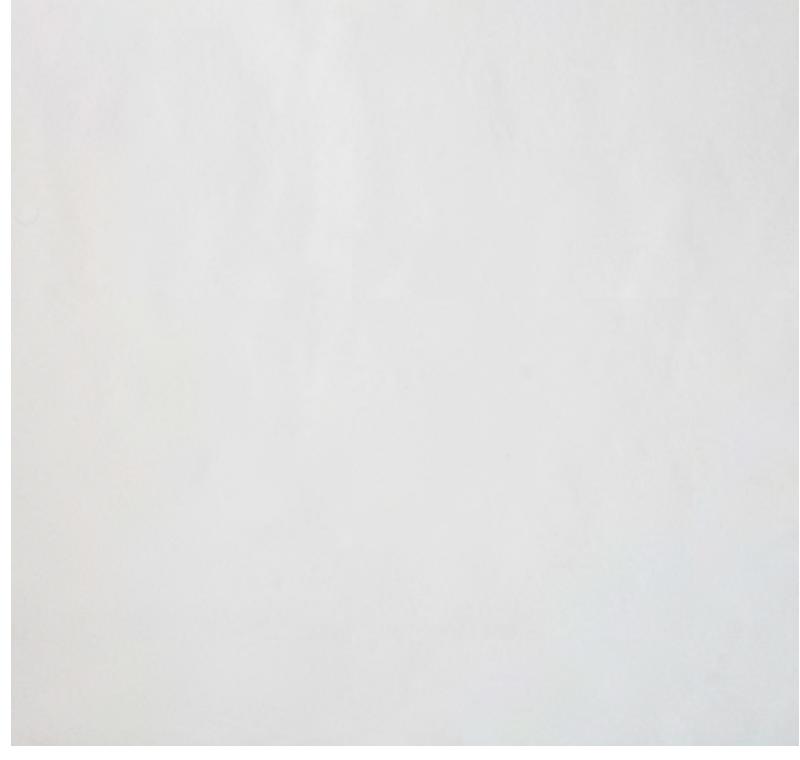
Thinking of Instagram, selfie was one of the first things that came to mind. After all, selfie and Instagram go hand in hand supporting our self-obsessed, image driven society.

Camera pointed at myself, Instagram grid and 7 days for a work to unfold.

#let #me #entertain #you #lets #call #it #art







1.2 #self @hashtagzhukov #let #me #entertain #you #lets #call #it #art



1.3 #self @hashtagzhukov #let #me #entertain #you #lets #call #it #art

1.1 #self @hashtagzhukov #let #me #entertain #you #lets #call #it #art



2.1 #self @hashtagzhukov#tuesday #is #for #selfie #tuesday #is #for #arty



2.2 #self @hashtagzhukov#tuesday #is #for #selfie #tuesday #is #for #arty



2.3 #self @hashtagzhukov#tuesday #is #for #selfie #tuesday #is #for #arty







3.1 #self @hashtagzhukov#wednesday #me #you #instagram

3.2 #self @hashtagzhukov#wednesday #me #you #instagram

3.3 #self @hashtagzhukov#wednesday #me #you #instagram



4.1 #self @hashtagzhukov#it #is #thursday #and #I #am #being #a #graphic #designer #artist #wannabe #still



4.2 #self @hashtagzhukov#it #is #thursday #and #I #am #being #a #graphic #designer #artist #wannabe #still



4.3 #self @hashtagzhukov#it #is #thursday #and #I #am #being #a #graphic #designer #artist #wannabe #still







5.1 #self @hashtagzhukov#me #hot #friday

5.2 #self @hashtagzhukov#me #hot #friday

5.3 #self @hashtagzhukov#me #hot #friday



6.1 #self @hashtagzhukov#no #top #no #bottom #you #me #watch #attentionseeking



6.2 #self @hashtagzhukov#no #top #no #bottom #you #me #watch #attentionseeking



6.3 #self @hashtagzhukov#no #top #no #bottom #you #me #watch #attentionseeking







7.3 #self @hashtagzhukov

7.1 #self @hashtagzhukov 7.2 #self @hashtagzhukov



#### Ever yours, Oscar

While in exile in France, Oscar Wilde took the name 'Sebastian Melmoth'. Melmoth after the titular character of a novel *Melmoth the Wanderer*. Sebastian after Saint Sebastian, his favourite saint.

The last remaining letter from Oscar Wilde to his dear friend and lover Lord Alfred Douglas (Bosie) was written in a French coastal town of Dieppe.

Series of these fine art prints were first exhibited at Flecha Art Fair in Madrid in February 2016.



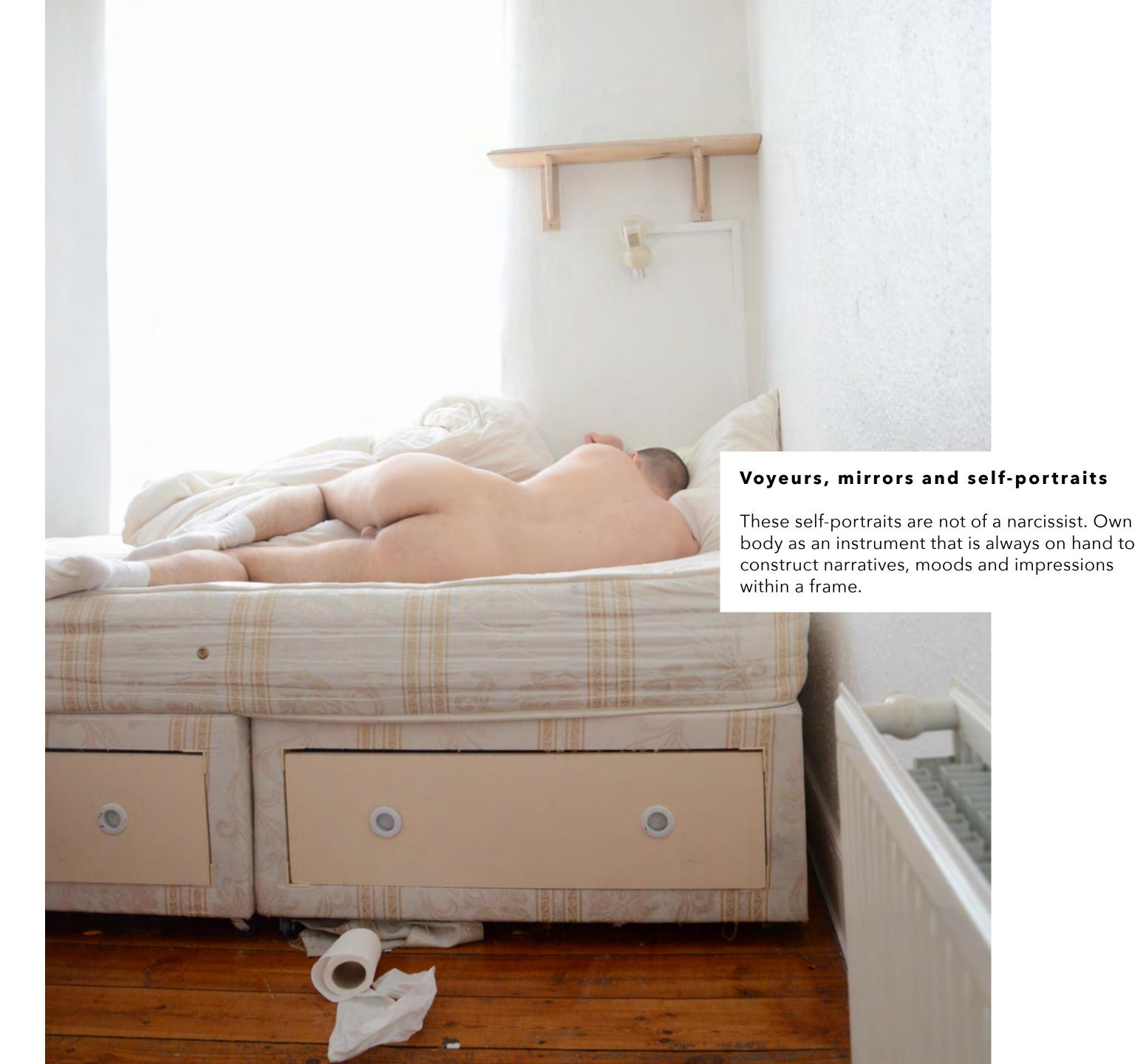
Café Suisse, Dieppe Tuesday, 7:30

My own Darling Boy,

I got your telegram half an hour ago, and just send a line to say that I feel that my only hope of again doing beautiful work in art is being with you. It was not so in the old days, but now it is different, and you can really recreate in me that energy and sense of joyous power on which art depends. Everyone is furious with me for going back to you, but they don't understand us. I feel that it is only with you that I can do anything at all. Do remake my ruined life for me, and then our friendship and love will have a different meaning to the world.

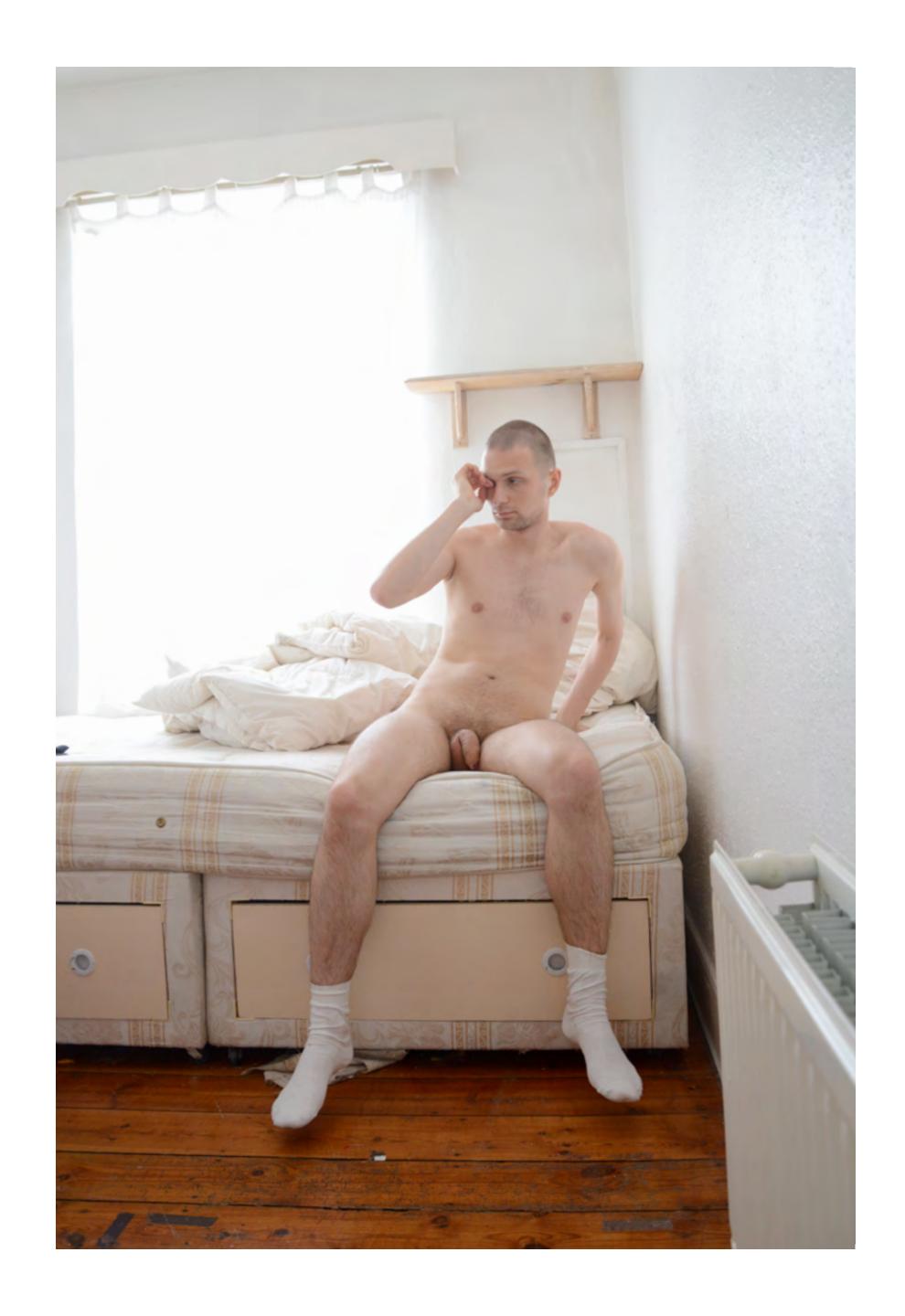
I wish that when we met at Rouen we had not parted at all. There are such wide abysses now of space and land between us. But we love each other. Goodnight, dear.

Ever yours, Oscar

















I am he whom I Love, and he whom I Love is I.

We are two spirits who live in one body.

So when you see me, you see him.

And when you see him, you see us

Abu Munas.

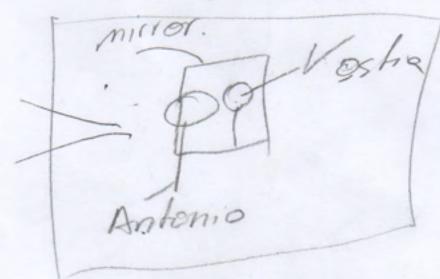
mirrors.

Millor.

Millor.

Millor.

Millor.



Sketches, observations, Instagrammables

An insight into my creative proccess.



- Layered body/Clothes/Stages of werders.







