



Anastasia
Lopoukhine

ON LINE

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Randle White Fine Art at Gallery Different
14 Percy Street Fitzrovia London W1T 1DR
Monday 27 November – Sunday 3 December 2023
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ON LINE

This spring I was lucky enough to be introduced, through my godson, to his old friend: Anastasia Lopoukhine.

What followed was a series of trans-Atlantic telephone conversations. In our first chat we discovered we had a mutual adulation of the Austrian artist Egon Schiele. Particularly his drawing of hands. “Those hands!” Anastasia exclaimed.

Like car journeys, where eye contact between driver and passenger is rare, our telephone conversations have a more fluid texture, based on the flow of the word rather than the image of the other. Curiously, this provided more clarity when choosing the works for the show.

I was immediately excited by Anastasia’s drawings. To me, even though some pieces touch upon darker themes, her work is always full of life and humour.

I soon discovered that she chose to become a draftswoman for many reasons, one of which is practical. Living in two countries and schooling in a third, the portability of light drawing materials allowed Anastasia to always have her tools at hand and never have an excuse not to make art.

In an interview for a US publication, Anastasia opens up about her process. Be it pen, ink, charcoal, or collage, she starts each drawing by writing a story.

“Once long ago, I asked a taxi driver about what the worst thing about his job was. I expected him to complain about the long hours or mechanical problems. Waiting to stop at a red light before answering, he said, ‘The worst thing about my job is that I never hear the end of the story. People get into my taxi halfway through their conversation and leave without finishing it off.’ I often think about that taxi driver and how it is the fragments of a story that inspire me the most. I want my work to feel open-ended, like a snapshot of a much bigger tale, a springboard for one’s imagination to go on an unexpected ride.”

Anastasia begins to sketch the image and considers what textures and patterns she will use for each section. Once she feels that the composition has a compelling flow, she switches on an audiobook or podcast and tries not to interfere with the instinctive movements of her hand. When she loses track of time, she knows the drawing is working.



Talking about the charcoal series *You Are Welcome*, she opened up about her process some more:

“Wassily Kandinsky used to paint while listening to the music of Arnold Schoenberg. The idea that sound and its symbolism could somehow prompt, permeate, and enrich visual art inspired the *You Are Welcome* project last year. Instead of music, I made recordings of chatter, laughter, and clinking glasses emanating from New York restaurants and gallery openings, that I would later listen to as I worked. Letting myself draw freely allowed the exploration of how personal memories intertwined with the events I had recorded”.

It was also in these non-visual conversations that we discussed the problems of bringing large works from the States to show in W1 London, which is how the three exploded works in the Pen Drawings section were born. Truly wonderful, they are definitely “the snap shot to a bigger tale”.

A true polyglot, Anastasia was born Parisian, to French and Russian parents, educated in the UK with her graduate studies at the New York Academy of Art. Since graduating from her MFA in 2021 she has been in nine group shows, and by the end of 2023, Anastasia will have had four solo shows, in New York, Paris, Venice, and London.

Her work is fresh, upbeat and witty, and so it is my great pleasure to be allowed to put on this show for such a unique and truly international artist. I hope that you enjoy visiting *On Line*, this solo exhibition by Anastasia Lopoukhine, as much as I have loved the process of curating the show.

Randle White September 2023

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Pen drawings

Screw you?
It’s not a personal message, it’s just a state of mind

Memory of a rush hour
“We were packed into this train like sardines” — this represents my process in transit. It springs from many train compartments and aisle seats during long journeys

Electric
The seat is made out of all of the intertwining thoughts that I had during an almost ten-hour train ride across Italy

Little Sasha
... and the Curious Giraffe

Woof!
The third in a series of works challenging the viewer to collaborate in creating a whole idea out of fragments of a composition. The work also addresses the silent partner of two dimensional art: the frame

Fly by
The first in a series which require the viewer to participate in the compilation of the work

White collar Narnia
A repository of memory

Who wore it best?
Is fur best worn on an animal or human? Does a human become more of an animal if they are wearing fur?

Gecko
This is inspired by the Patrick Melrose series by Edward St Aubyn, which has struck me deeply

I do
This drawing commemorates the moment the bride said “I do” — two short words that change one’s life completely

Prawn
A lament to see the sea

Chandelier
A recurring image of metaphorical importance in my work

In my stomach ... sometimes
Ripples reflected a lapidary pool

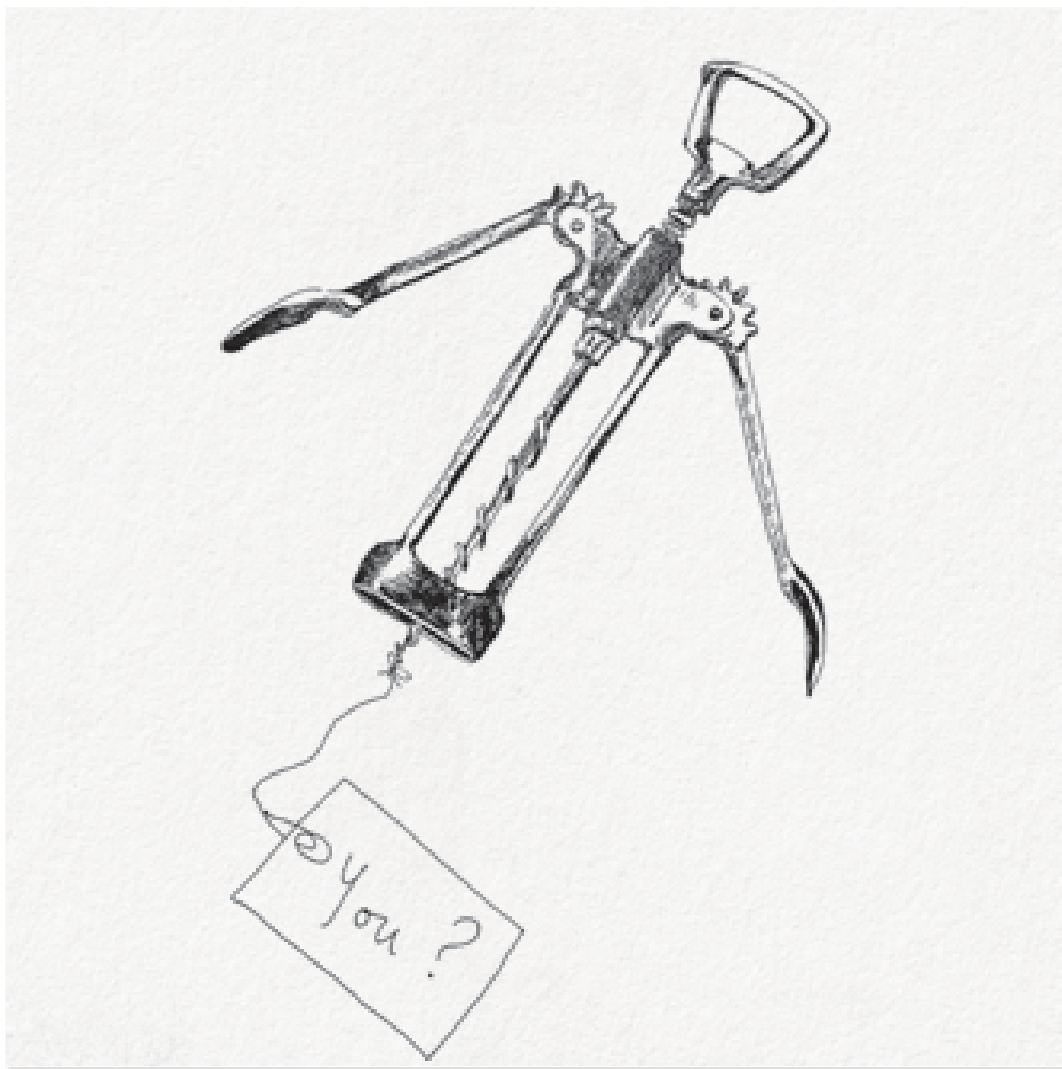
Death cannot exist without life
“The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two entities of darkness ” — the opening line of *Speak, Memory* by Vladimir Nabokov. Nabokov’s wife Vera always carried a gun in her purse. Asked to explain why, she said that she was compelled to protect Volodya while he was out hunting butterflies in the fields of Switzerland and Upstate New York

Hide and seek
The resistance of self reflection

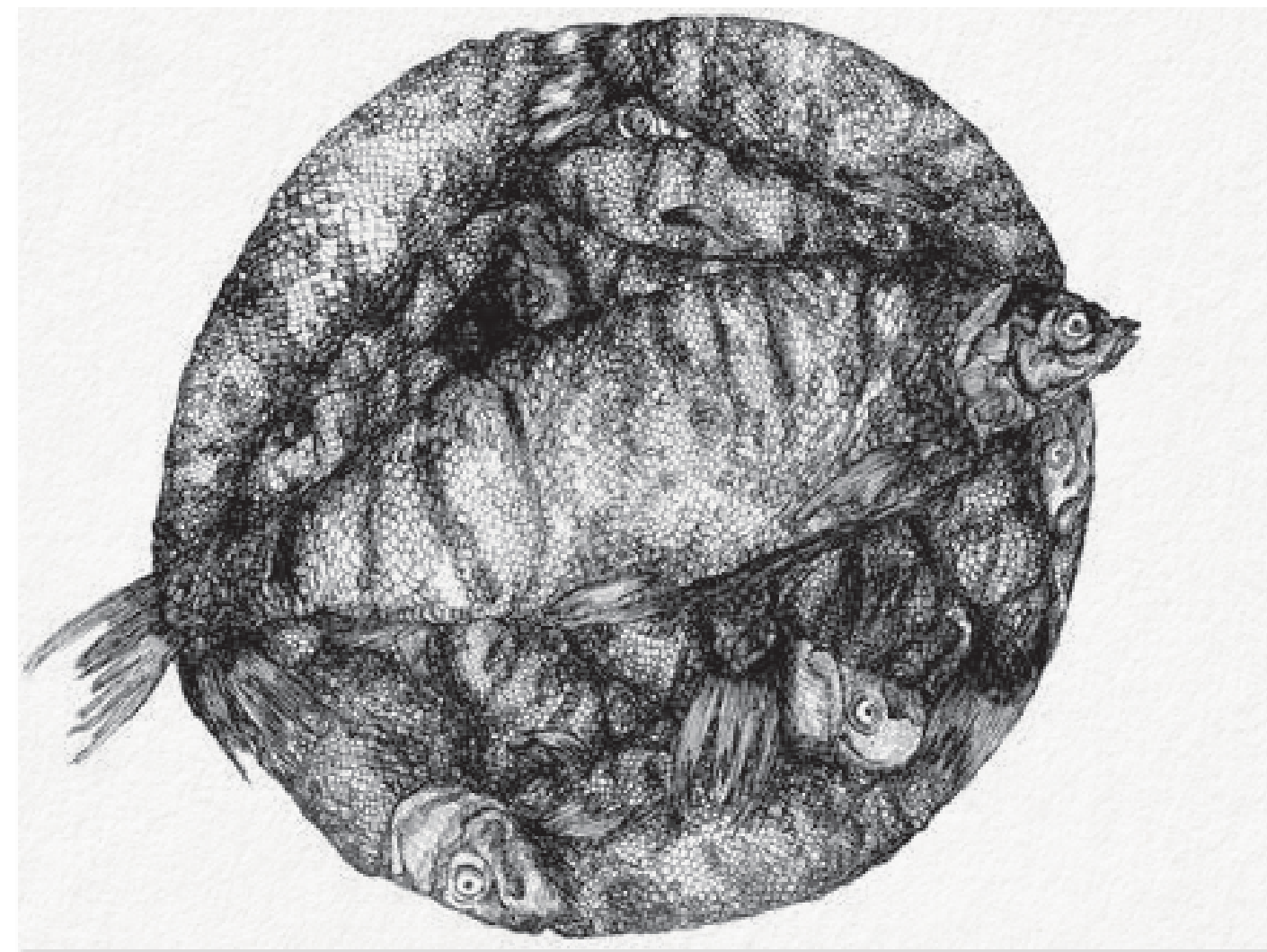
J’ai rien vu
An equine eye. I always find the presence of horses quite calming

Bird
A noble member of the corvus family. Mind your silver spoon!

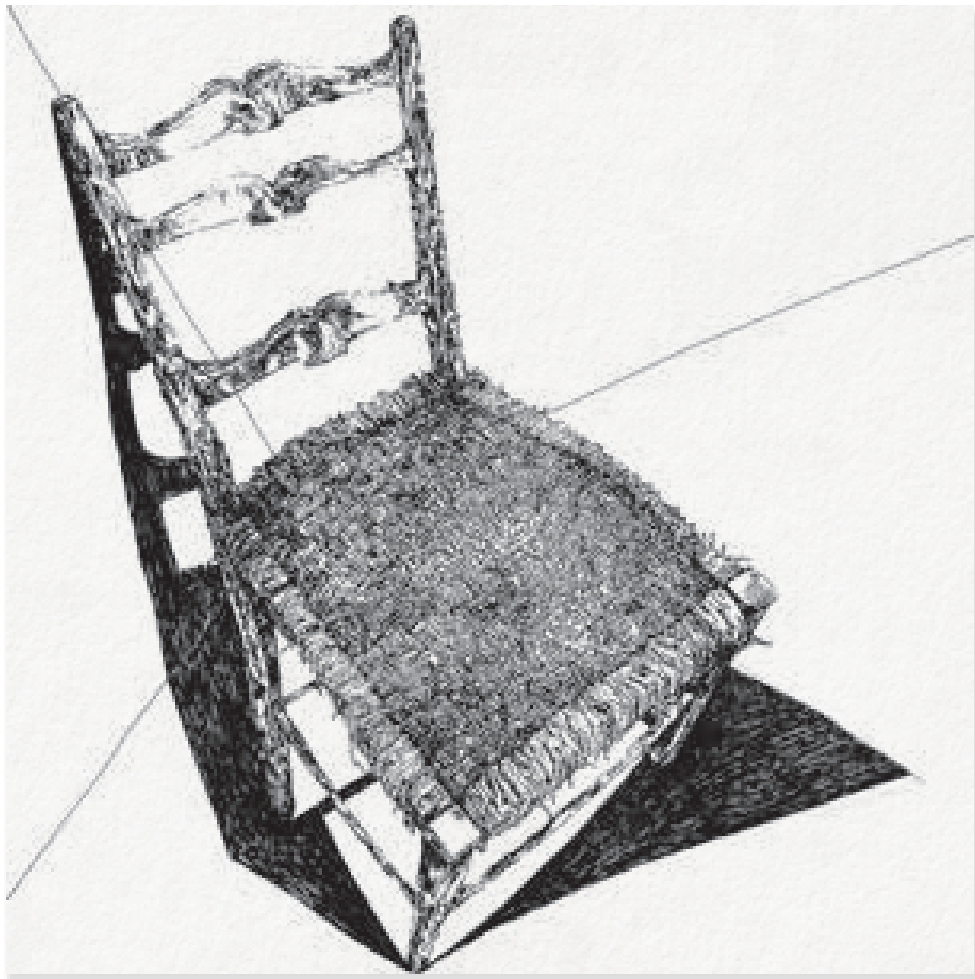




Screw you? 2022 pen on paper 30 × 30 cm £1,000



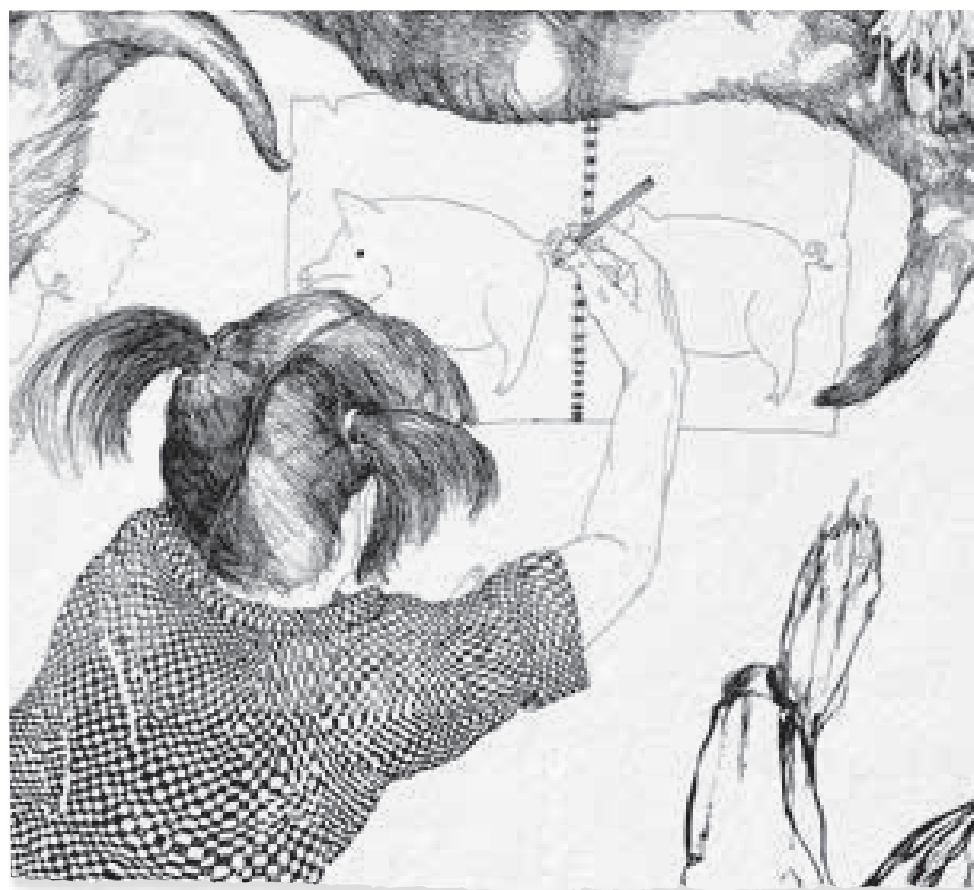
Memory of a rush hour 2021 pen on paper 28 × 38 cm £1,300



Electric 2022 pen on paper 38 × 38 cm £1,000



Little Sasha 2023 pen on paper 6 parts 200 × 150 cm overall £6,000

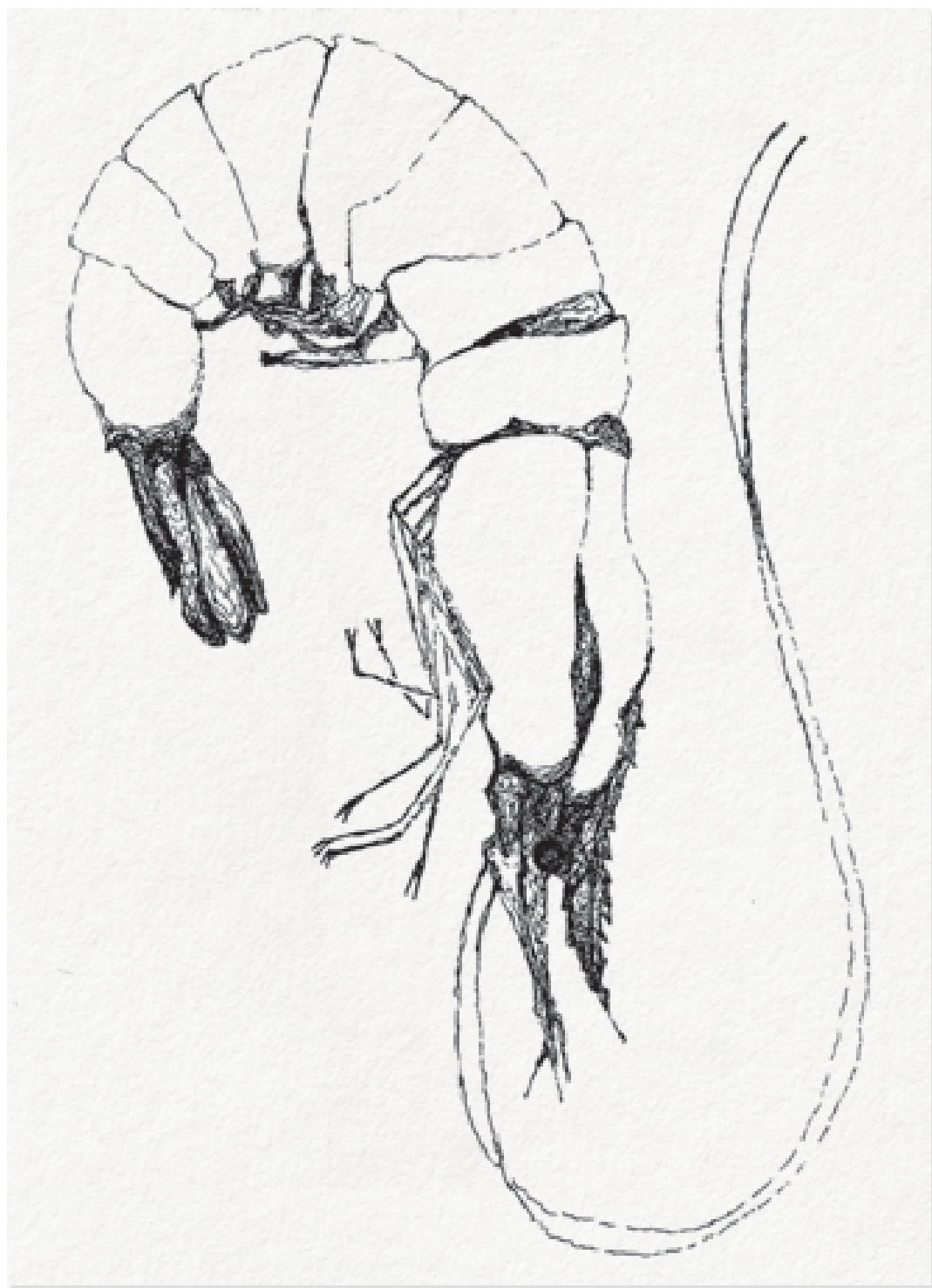


Woof! 2023 pen on paper 7 parts 200 × 150 cm overall £15,000 [detail above]





Fly by 2023 pen on paper 8 parts 200 × 150 cm overall £12,000 [detail above]



Prawn 2022 pen on paper 30 × 22 cm £1,000



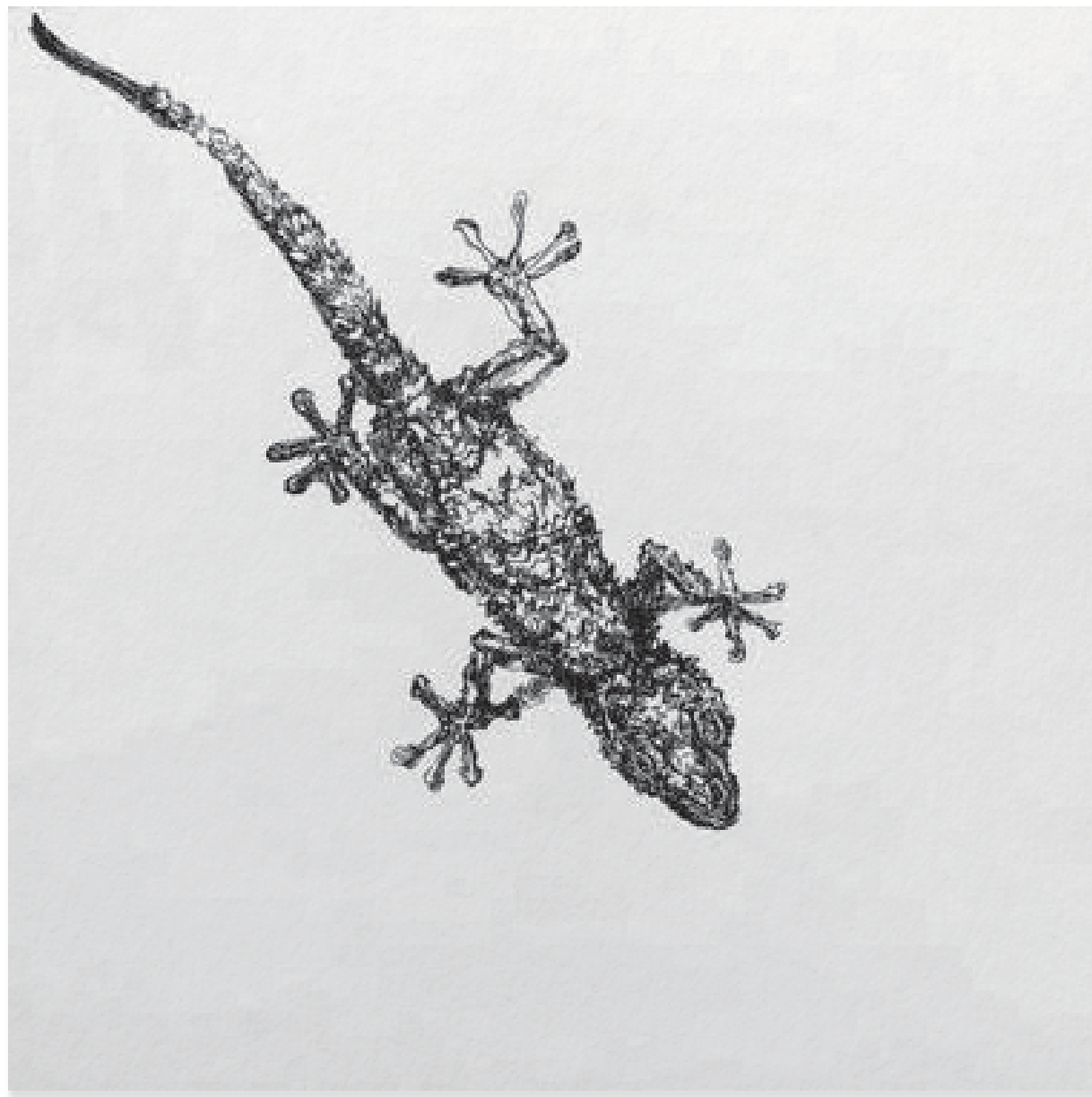
Chandelier 2023 pen on paper 30 × 22 cm £1,000



White collar Narnia 2023 pen on paper 38 × 33 cm £1,000



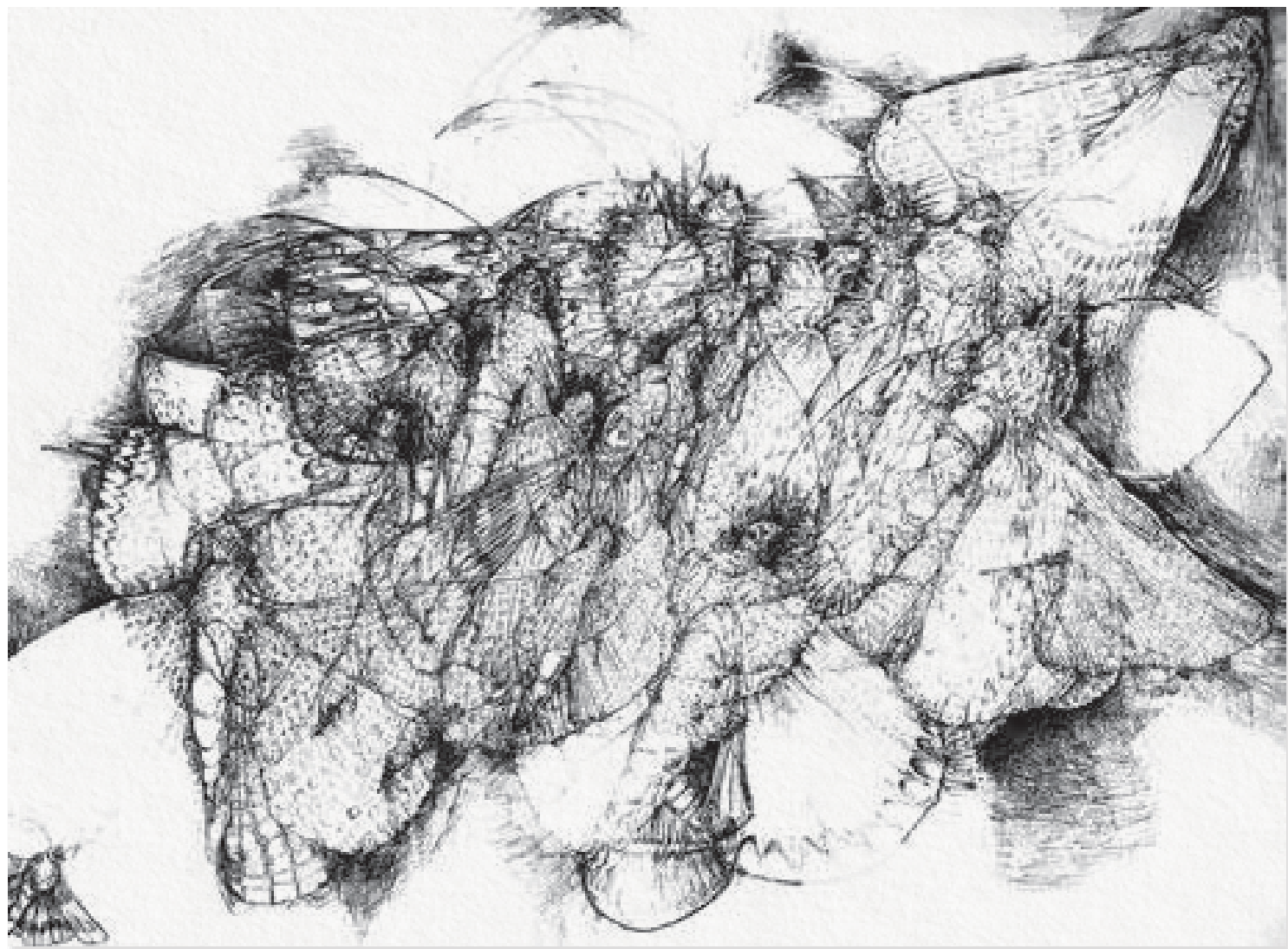
Who wears it best? 2022 pen on paper each 32 × 56 cm £2,500 the pair



Gecko 2022 pen on paper 38 × 38 cm £1,100



I Do 2023 pen on paper 50 × 60 cm £2,000



In my stomach... sometimes 2022 pen on paper 56 × 76 cm £2,500



Death cannot exist without life 2022 pen on paper 113 × 77 cm £5,000



Hide and seek 2023 pen on paper 30 × 22 cm £1,000



J'ai rien vu 2021 pen on paper 76 × 56 cm £2,000



Ink drawings

Aphrodisiac

Oysters on a date

Tell me

Elephants have the longest memory so why not tell them all of your secrets?

From life and from memory

The guardian angels of the past. One is an experimentation in drawing with ice

Where is my hairbrush Part 2

The relationship between man and hairbrush is a story of a thousand hairs

Nap

A moment of a dog asleep with its owner

Tinder date

Every time I wait for a friend at a restaurant I entertain myself by guessing which couple is on their first date, blind date or well into their marriage. As my male figure reaches awkwardly for his asparagus under the table I wonder if he is truly enjoying his tinder date. Meeting people online and finding out that there is someone on the other end of the line, and suddenly there they are sitting in front of you has always felt very odd to me

The bottom line

Before becoming a full time artist I worked in offices of large galleries and museums. This is what I imagined when some high-up curator or gallery manager would say “the bottom line”

What is left of a man?

During the first Covid lockdown I lived with a friend of mine in the Connecticut countryside. With an abundance of time we began to look through all of the paperwork which lay in boxes around the house. One day I came across my friend’s uncle’s papers, who had died long before I was born. The papers were not themselves so interesting: some tax returns, holiday snaps, notes to do this or that. Letters. Christmas cards from every year of the 1950s and 60s. To him, this would all have been so important, but to me it lacked context. That is what will be left after most of us die, not some grand statue, but a couple of notes and some tax returns

They/Them 2

Every year a friend gives me a pair of tights from Wolfords. This small gesture made me appreciate and notice people’s legs much more. What happens below the waist is just as important as the expression on people’s faces. These tights and shoes, which in New York could be worn by men and women alike, are a reminder that someone’s entire personality could be expressed in one’s lower half of the body

The lower leg of a gallerina

In New York City, where I now live there is a definite art opening dress code. Somehow, at some point, the art world decided that Issey Miyake was its chosen designer — all who wear him are by association “important people”. In this drawing I wanted to commemorate this sartorial phenomenon

Inconspicuous

A study in ten legs



Aphrodisiac 2023 ink on paper each 30 × 23 cm £2,000 the pair



Tell me 2023 ink on paper 31 × 22 cm £1,000



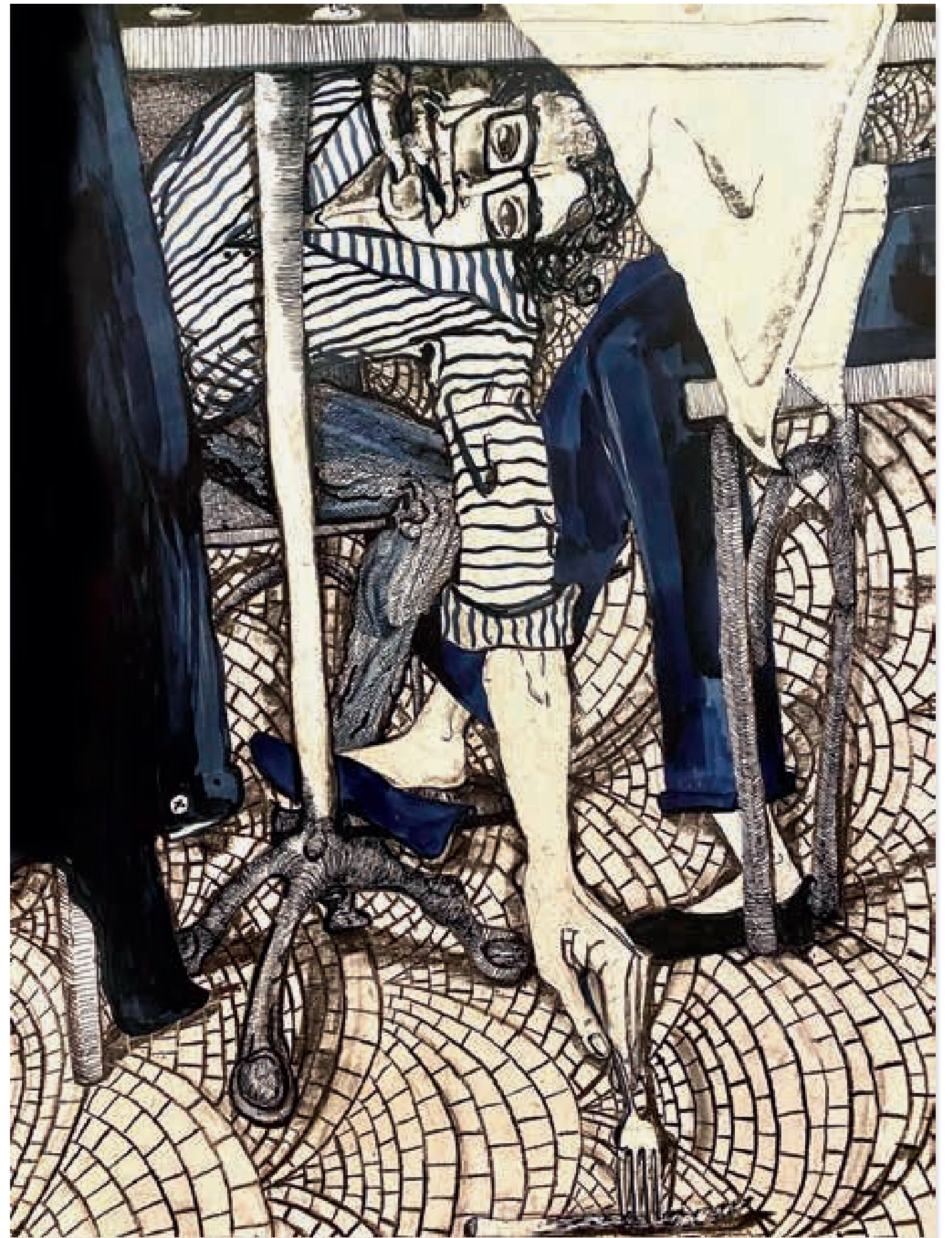
From life and memory 2023 left: ink on paper right: ice and ink on paper each 50 × 38 cm £1,250 each



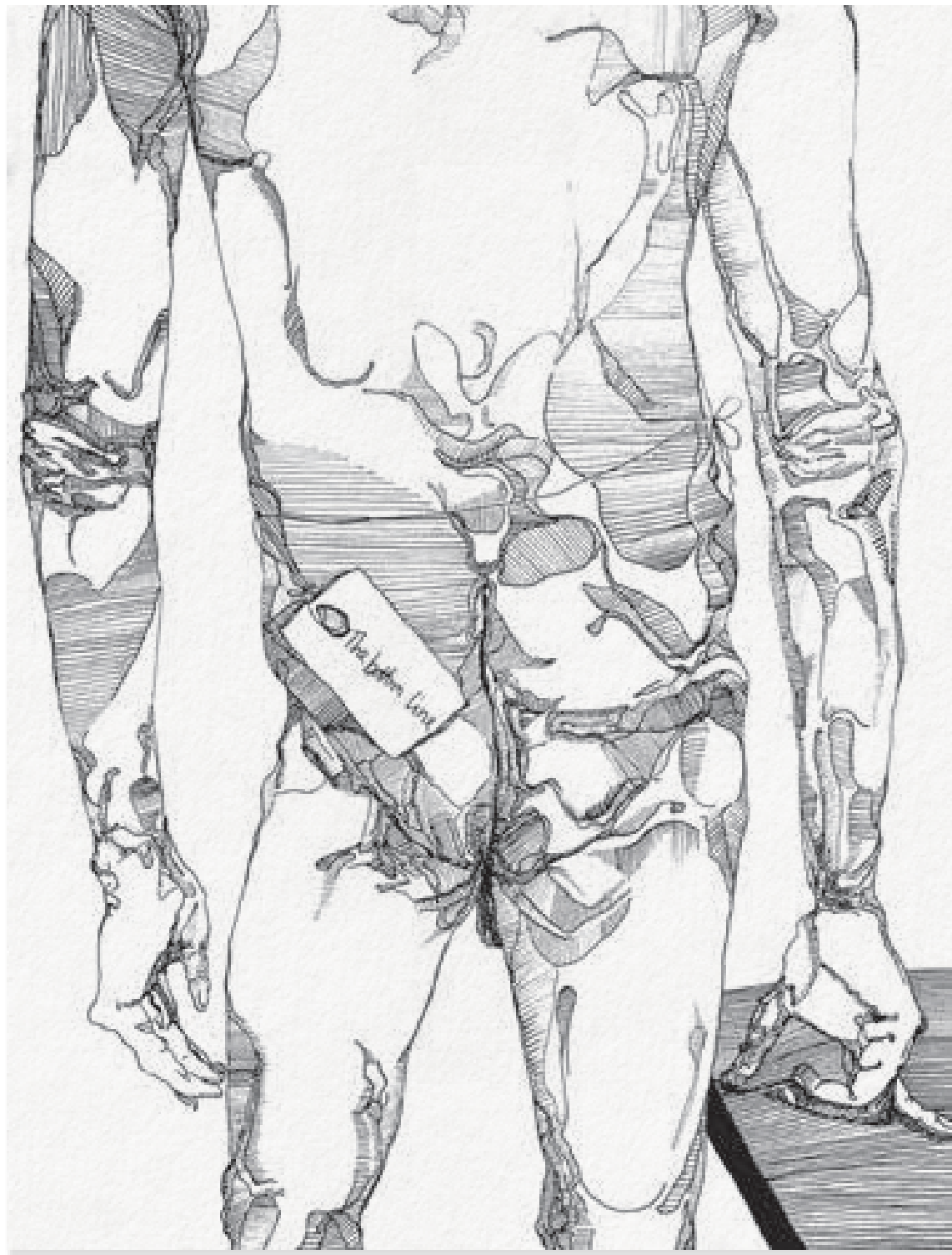
Where is my hairbrush Part 2 2023 pen and ink on paper 39 × 31 cm £1,000



Nap 2022 ink on paper 35 × 43 cm £1,000



Tinder date 2022 charcoal and ink on paper 76 × 56 cm £2,000



The bottom line 2023 ink on paper 51 × 38 cm £1,500



What is left of a man? 2021 ink on paper 105 × 108 cm £4,500



They/them 2 2023 ink and wash on paper 62 × 45 cm £2,000



The lower leg of a gallerina 2023 ink on paper 77 × 62 cm £2,500



Inconspicuous 2023 ink on paper 56 × 36 cm £1,500

Charcoal drawings

In flight

In this drawing I looked to draw a moth in flight in charcoal. This experiment led me to expanding the same theme in pen and ink (on pages 20 and 21)

Art student

I never know how any of my portraits will come out and who will appear on the page when I am done. This to me is a quintessential art student, tired and talented

Had to draw in the kitchen

A grating image

Piano

The most upright have nothing to hide

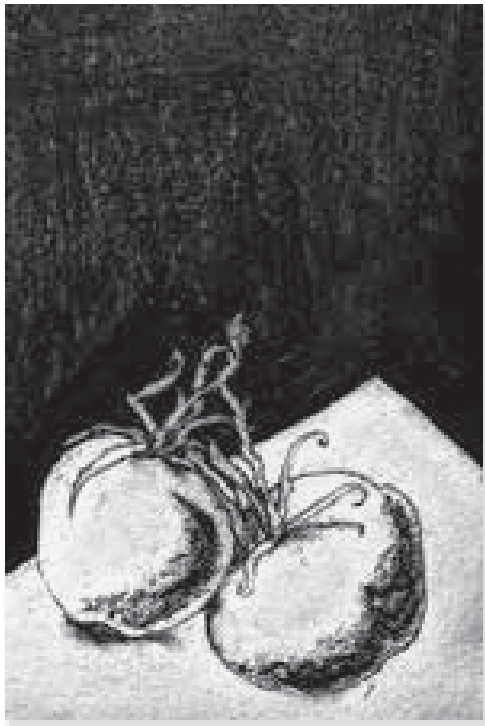
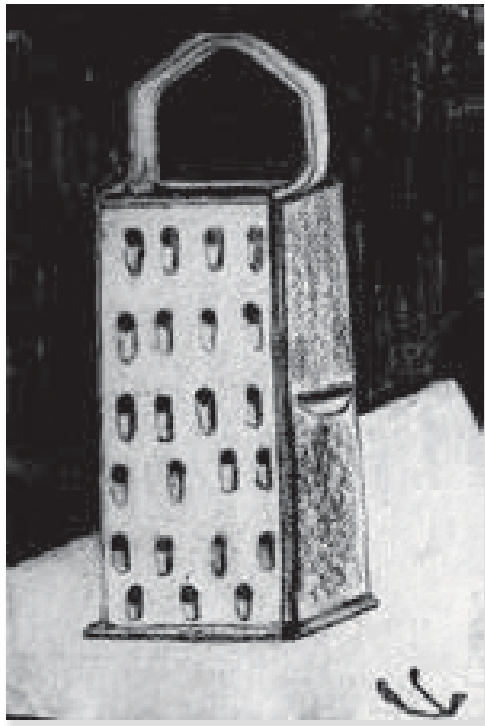




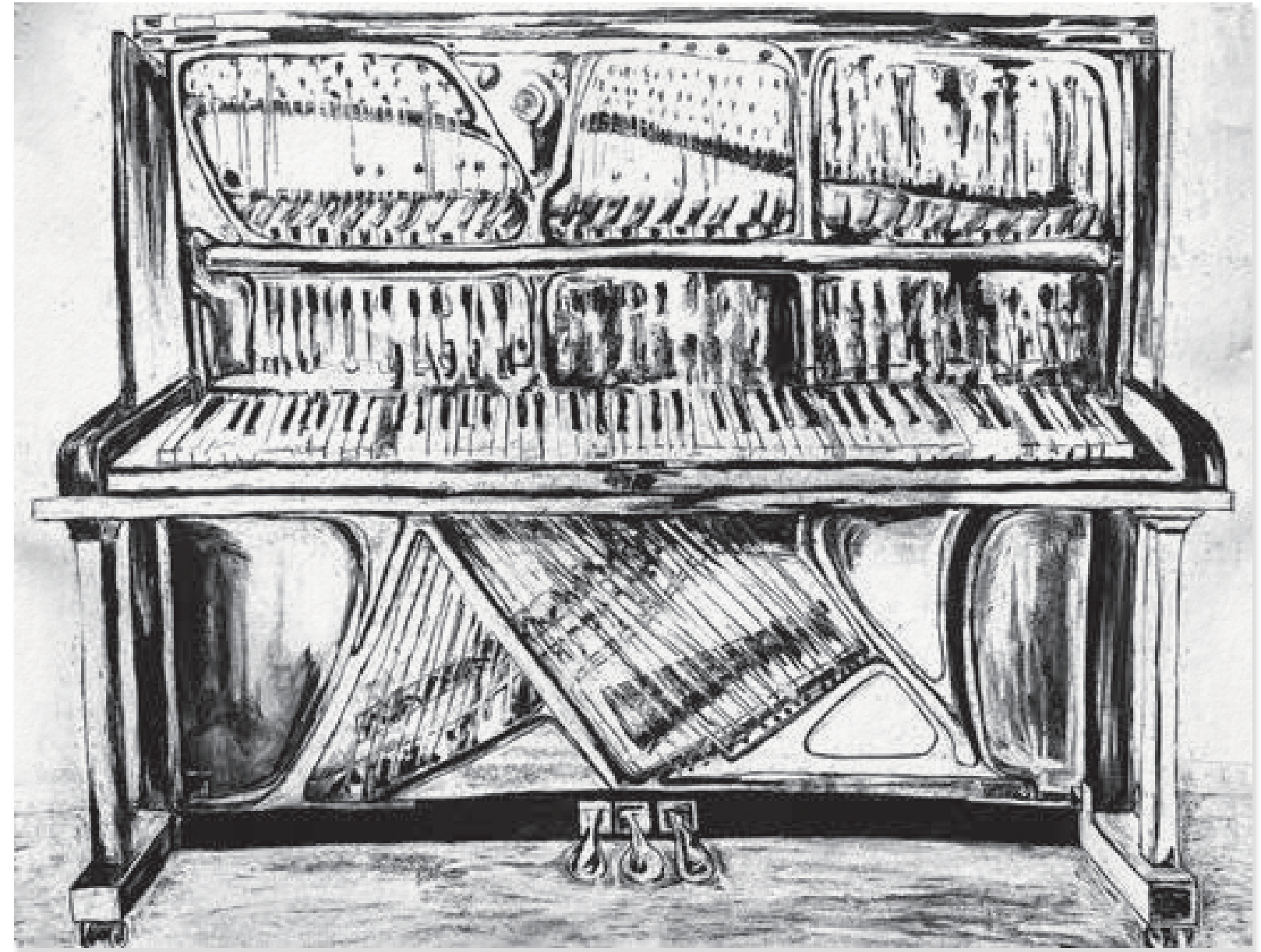
In flight 2022 charcoal on paper 39 × 50 cm £1,500



Art student 2023 charcoal on paper 61 × 59 cm £2,500



Had to draw in the kitchen 2023 charcoal on handmade paper each 45 × 30 cm £1,200 each £3,000 for the set



Piano 2023 charcoal on paper 147 × 107 cm £4,100

You are welcome

Twelve works with charcoal on paper

Bacchanalia

Nothing good happens after 3am, is a creed that I stand by. This drawing depicts a scene of what happens after 3am

Idle hands

As I made up the composition for this drawing I thought about how my mother built our country house. The more rooms got completed the more our family life in Paris got dismantled. Does one thing have to be dismantled for something new to be built? Is it all just an endless brutal cycle of a phoenix?

So it never happens again

Dentist in Denmark. My grandmother loved to tell stories about her mother. The tale about the dentist in Denmark was her favorite. Because of a famine caused by the Russian Revolution, in 1921 my great grandmother fled from her Georgia (at the time a member of the Russian Empire) to Denmark. She assumed the trip would last only three months. On arrival in Copenhagen, she went to a dentist. He told her that he needed to remove a tooth and replace it. Surprised, my great-grandmother asked how long she could wait, three months was the answer. “Oh, take it out now and replace it! In three months I will be back in the Russian Empire. There will be no time for teeth!” She never did go back. I asked my grandmother why she kept telling us this story that we all knew by heart. She looked up at me with her Scandinavian blue eyes and said, “So that this never happens again”. The Danish dentist story died with my grandmother last year. Ever since then history has begun to repeat itself

The past is informed by the future

On the hunt for cooler spaces in Italy I would make sure to walk into every church we walked by. The ceiling in these Renaissance buildings often depicted heaven that I viewed from below. But what would the world look like if I was in heaven looking down? In this picture I positioned the viewer as the spirit of the cat which her friends are trying to conjure up via a Ouija board

You may be five, but I am not

When I was five my father didn’t know what to do with me but to play chess. When I asked him if we could play something like hopscotch, he said, “You may be five, but I am not”. Next time we went to a toy store and he bought me a big teddy bear and my brother a toy car. Adults and children play the same games, only adult toys are just bigger. Being a child is practising being an adult. Playing chess is practice in making real-life decisions. Practise makes perfect. Apparently not

I am thinking of getting a driver’s license

A detail from *You may be five, but I am not*

Full house

In this work I looked to depict what a drunken card game would look like. Who would cheat and who would just eat an egg, sunny side up of course!

Christmas in July

In my family Christmas is a huge deal. We start planning it in July. Because everyone in my family lives in far flung corners of the world, planning Christmas in the summer is essential. In this work I wanted to commemorate the family celebration. The Turkey walking itself into the dish, a drunken uncle and all the other details that make up a family union, good and the bad

Life and death

Last December my grandmother died. In the Russian Orthodox funeral tradition burial takes a week. The family is to gather around the body at the deceased’s home, with a priest, to chant for the soul to go up to heaven. Coincidentally, this happened to be the week in which my brother and two of my Greek cousins had birthdays. Since we were all together for the burial we decided to celebrate the birthdays as well as my grandmother’s passing. And so issued a very peculiar week during which, in the morning we chanted for her soul and in the evening we blew out candles and ate cake. I made this drawing as a reflection upon a life’s past and future. I have structured it like an Orthodox icon with heaven at the top and the cutting of the string which commemorates end of life in the Greek mythological tradition at the bottom

Exploding birthday cake

A detail from *Life and death*

The fish was a poem

In this drawing I wanted to recreate the sound of a busy musical evening. The second course for the assembled guests was fish... and it was delicious!

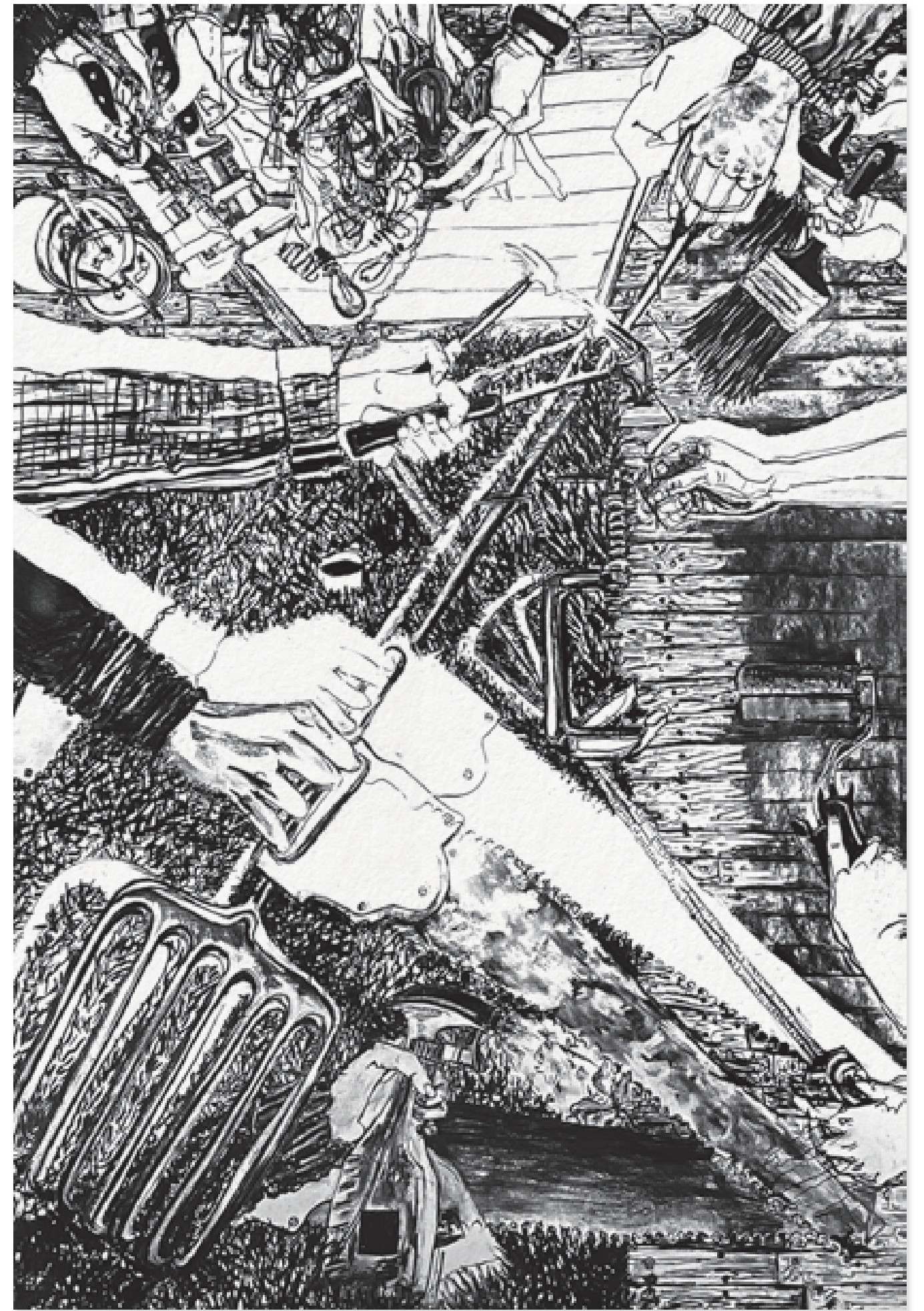
Shabbat flowers

“Artist” is not considered a proper occupation by officialdom in the US, so I got a job as a cloakroom assistant at a Sephardic Orthodox Jewish venue to justify the extension to my US visa. I was particularly struck by one *grande dame* who somehow managed to hand in her fur-lined Gucci coat without losing the lit cigarette permanently lodged between her fingers. At Bar and Bat Mitzvahs, children would depart laden with goodie bags. Almost always left behind were the glorious flowers





Bacchanalia 2023 charcoal on paper 114 × 84 cm £5,000



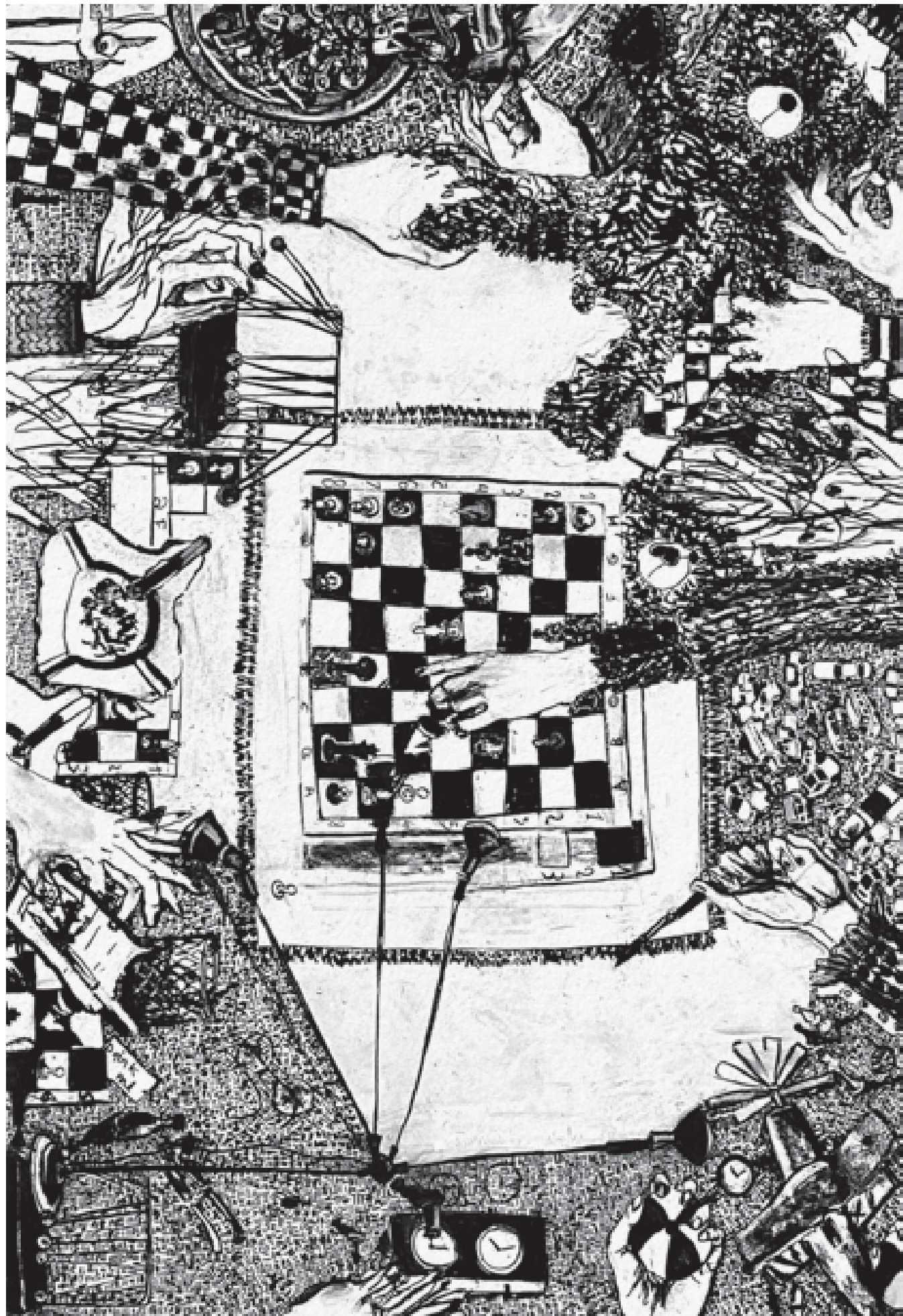
Idle hands 2023 charcoal on paper 114 × 84 cm £5,000



So that this never happens again 2023 charcoal on paper 84 × 114 cm £5,000



The past is informed by the future 2023 charcoal on paper 114 × 84 cm £5,000



You may be five, but I am not 2023 charcoal on paper 114 × 84 cm £5,000



I am thinking of getting a driver's licence 2023 charcoal on paper 30 × 43 cm £1,300



Full house 2023 charcoal on paper 114 × 84 cm £5,000



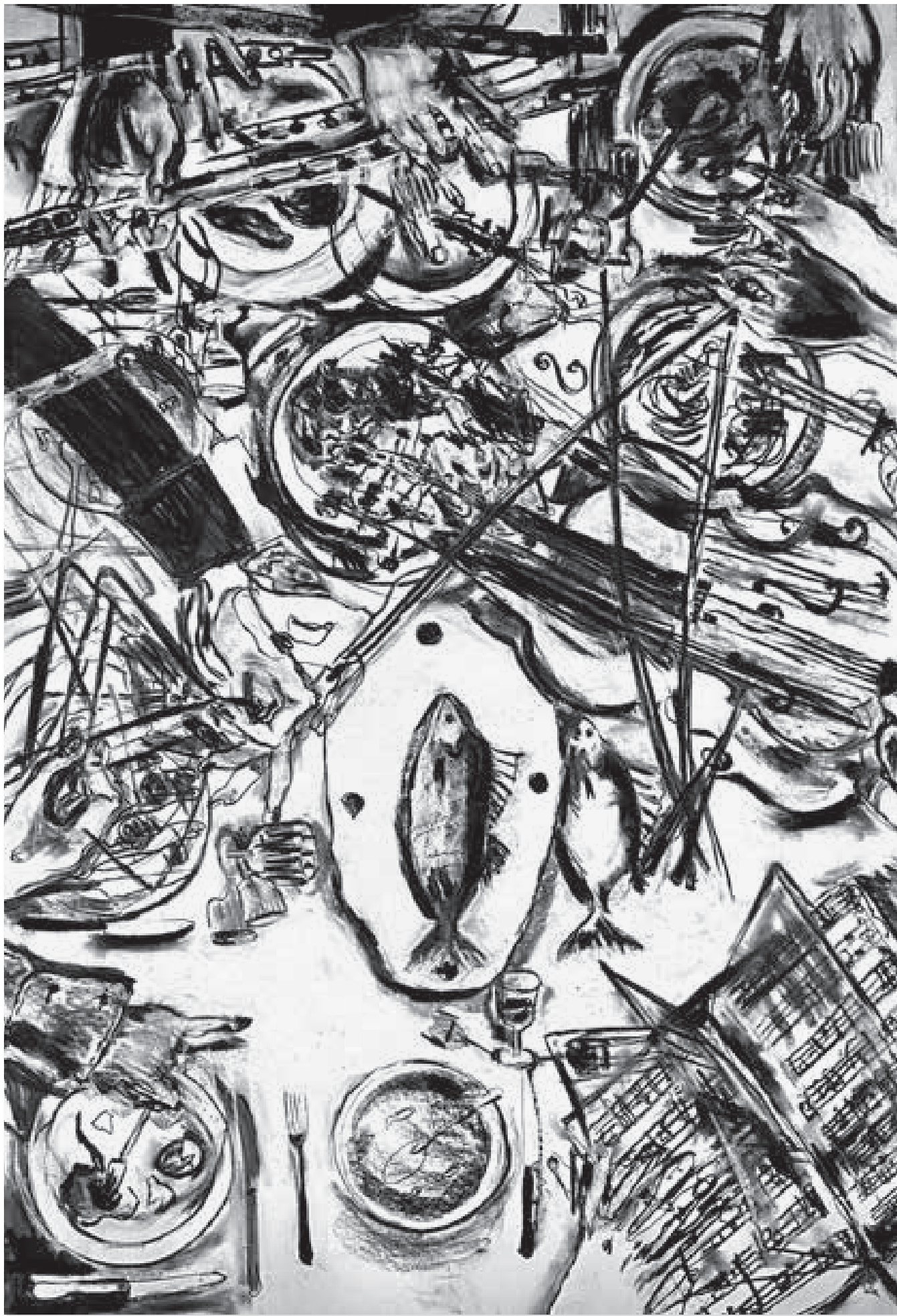
Come for Christmas 2023 charcoal on paper 114 × 84 cm £5,000



Life and death 2023 charcoal on paper 114 × 84 cm £5,000



Exploding birthday cake 2023 charcoal on paper 35 × 43 cm £1,300



The fish was a poem 2023 charcoal on paper 114 × 84 cm £5,000



Shabbat flowers 2023 charcoal on paper 43 × 30 cm £1,300

Collage

Insideout

Don’t choke on the art!

Water-melon

A minimalist expression of summer

Collage hands

A meditation on the instrument of creation

Christmas in July — grandfather

My grandfather is ready to extinguish any burning tree

Christmas collage

My maternal grandparents were very different people. My grandmother spoke eight languages whereas my grandfather only spoke French. My grandfather, Catholic, celebrated Christmas on the 25th of December. My grandmother, Orthodox, preferred to drag in the neighbour’s dried-up Christmas tree on the 7th of January and decorated it with real candles. My earliest Christmas memory is of my grandfather guarding our candle-festooned Christmas tree with a fire extinguisher

A day in the life of a dieting snob: breakfast

In Paris there is an expression — “cafe-clop” — meaning coffee with a cigarette. In the morning the cafes are full of cafe-cloppers reading newspapers. I wanted to commemorate this citywide morning ritual in collage

Nothing to wear

Before my father met my mother he had eight teeth and two brown suits. Brown suits to match a grey life. When my father married my mother and came to live in Paris, she decided to get him a handmade French suit. After leaving his ministerial post my father gained so much weight so fast that he had to get the entire suit remeasured every time he went for a fitting. He never did fit into mama’s French suit. He never did fit into Paris life. The second time I came to New York I dated a Savile Row tailor. I liked him, not for his good looks, but because I hoped he would finally make a suit that fitted us. We broke up when I realised that was not going to happen

Chapter 1 Fin

Life is always lived between the beginning and the end. Are we ever done? Is the story ever finished, does writing “fin” really truly finish the story or just pause it

Flying

A study of how to make space and the sensation of life in geometrical collage

Let me eat cake

A dieting prerogative inspired by Marie Antoinette’s infamous phrase

Black swan

Memories of the first ballet I ever saw, despite having fallen asleep at my bedtime, midway through the first act. Ever since swans have captivated me with the way they glide across the pond with their feet paddling at double time beneath the water

The tiger and I

When asked what I wanted to be when I grew up, I always replied “tiger”. Dad would often take us to the circus which he loved as much as us children. After one performance I disappeared in the rush of the crowd only to be found petting what must have been, a hopefully highly sedated tiger

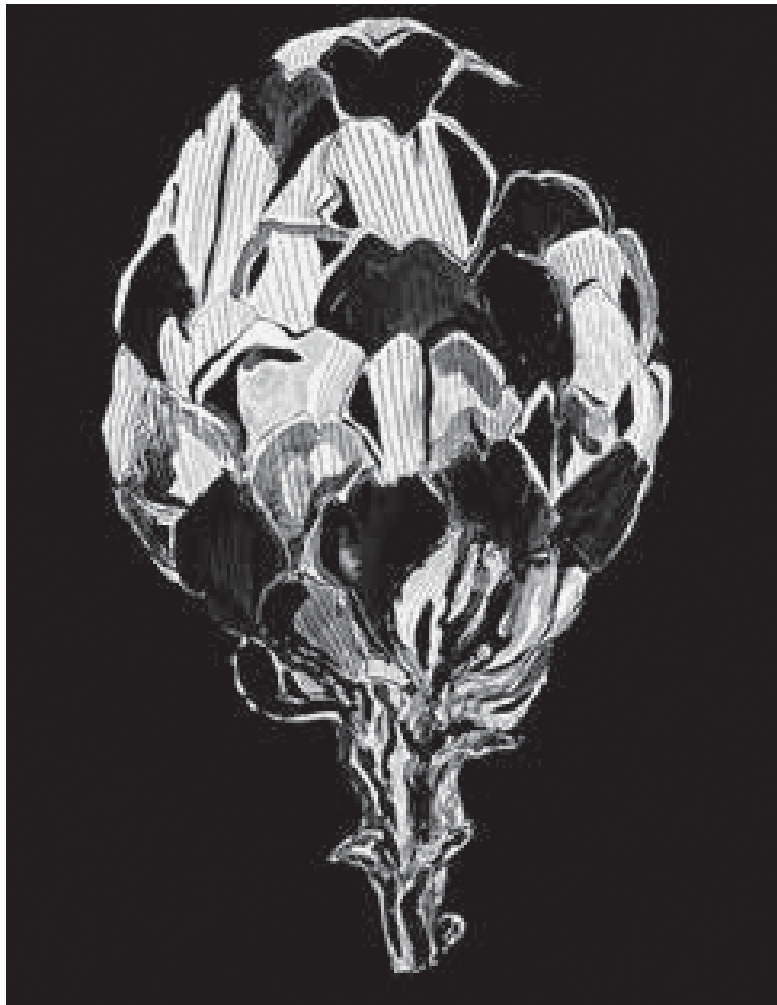
Yum

On holiday in Thailand my friend and I saw a crocodile in a cage. This collage commemorates what if the crocodile ate my friend leaving his sunglasses behind

Caged

This work is inspired by Oswald Short’s parrot Laura; she refused to talk, but sang soprano arias very beautifully in Portuguese





Inside out 2023 collage of black and white paper left: 42 × 30 cm right: 38 × 31 cm £1,500 each



Water-melon 2023 collage of black and white paper 61 × 46 cm £1,500



Hand collage 2023 collage of black and white paper left: 20 × 10 cm £500 right: 27 × 20 cm £800



Christmas in July — grandfather 2023 collage of black and white paper 38 × 15 cm £1,000
Christmas collage 2023 collage of black and white paper 28 × 32 cm £1,000



A day in the life of a dieting snob: breakfast 2023 collage of black and white paper 29 × 20 cm £1,000



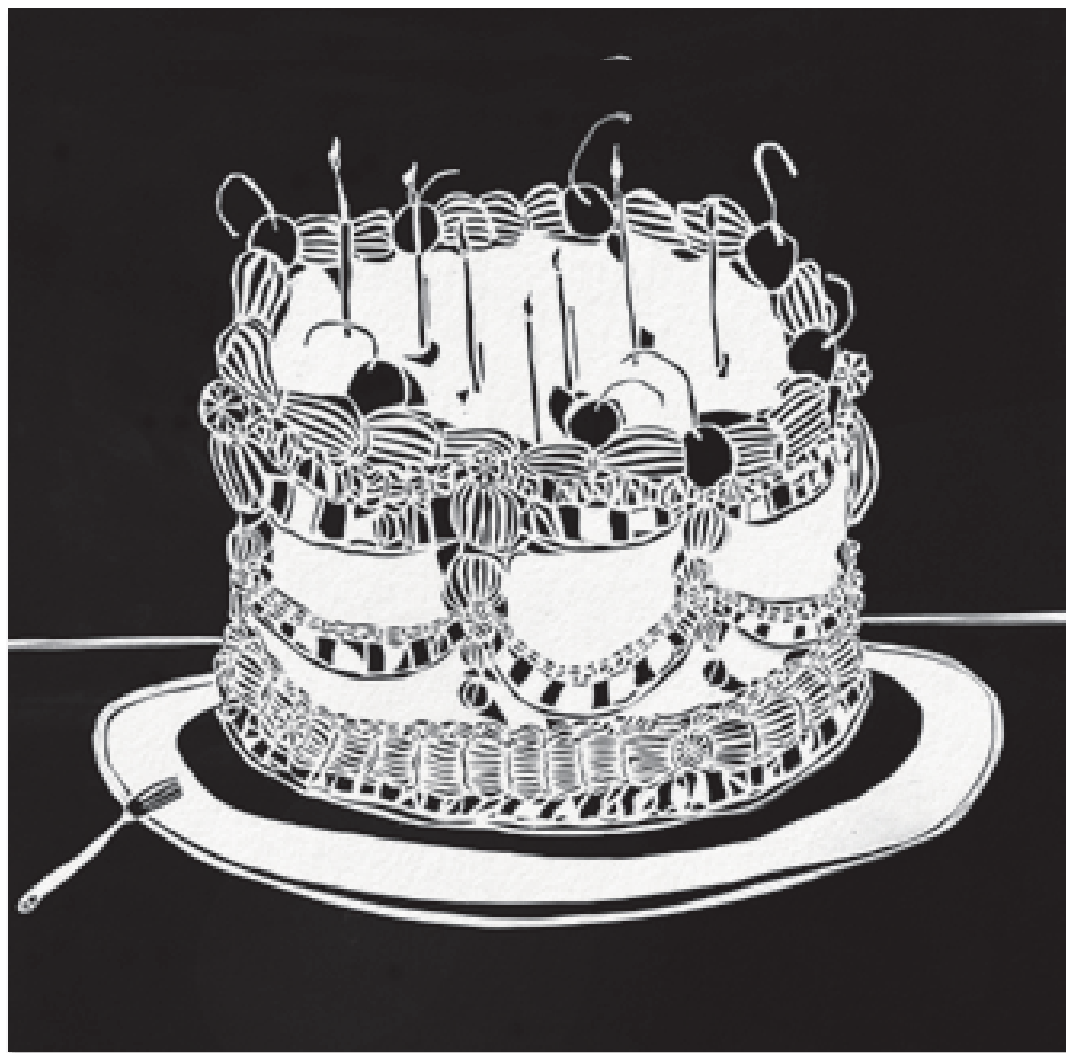
Nothing to wear 2022 collage of black and white paper 33 × 30 cm £1,300



Chapter 1 38 × 38 cm *Fin* 40 × 40 cm 2022 collage of black and white paper £1,500 each £2,500 the pair



Flying 2023 collage of black and white paper 88 × 93 cm £5,000



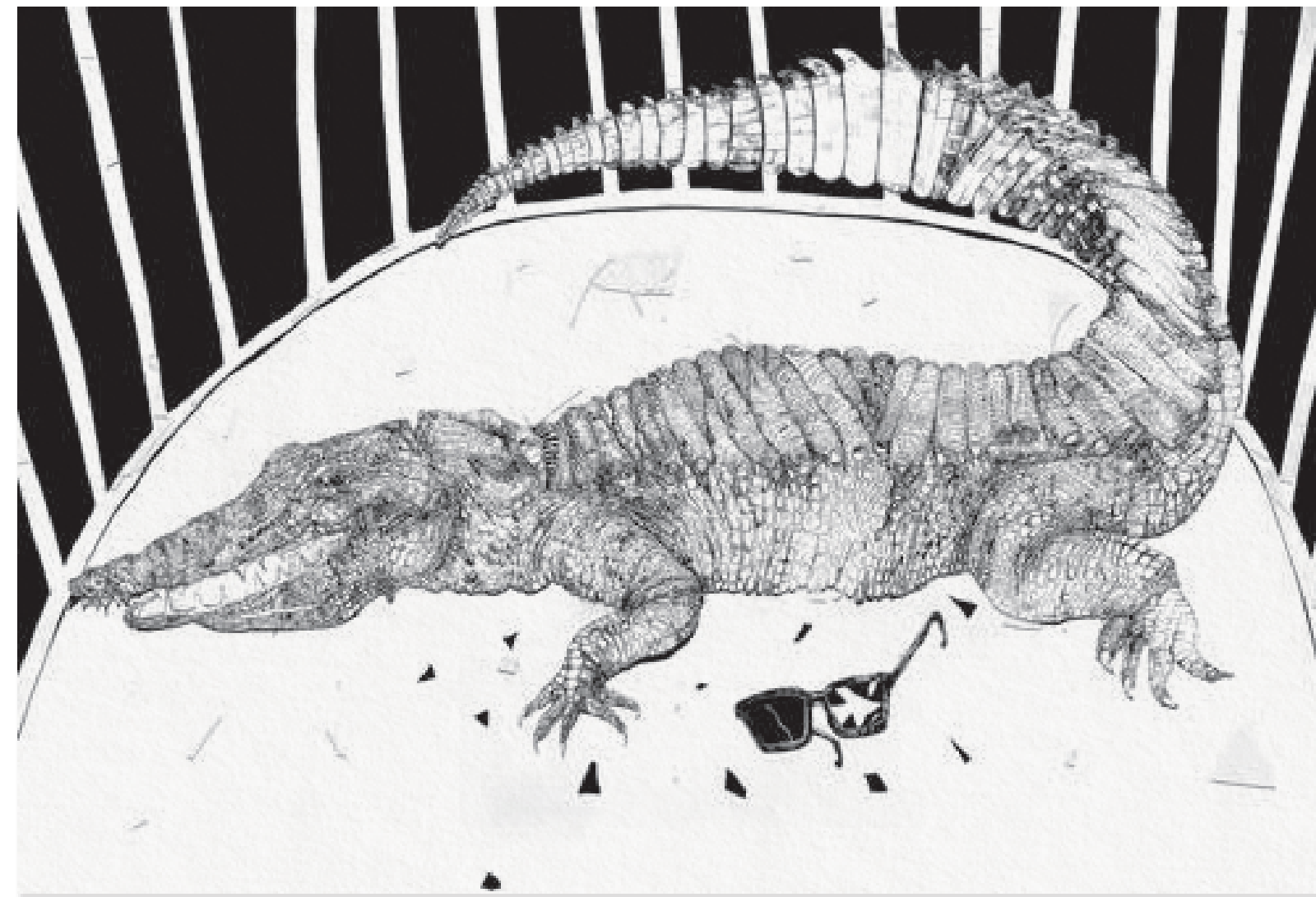
Let me eat cake 2023 collage of black and white paper 79 × 78 cm £4,000



Black swan 2023 collage of black and white paper 81 × 114 cm £5,000



The tiger and I 2023 collage of black and white paper 191 × 122 cm £14,500



Yum! 2023 collage of black and white paper 96 × 132 cm £7,100



Caged 2023 collage of black and white paper 130 × 91 cm £7,100

Kond

These are eight collages I made in memory of my trip to Kond, a secret city within Yerevan. Kond can only be accessed by an inconspicuous tunnel which runs under a big Stalin era residential building. Originally, Kond was a Muslim enclave, later it became overridden by gangs. Nowadays, Kond is a charming, ramshackle, windy neighborhood which stands in sharp contrast to the orderly straight streets of the rest of the Armenian capital. It comes to London from Venice where it hung in the Armenian Monastery on the island of San Lazzaro Degli Armeni during the Architecture biennial. I did not want to compete with sixteenth-century architecture so went in the opposite way.



Kond 1 2023 collage of black and white paper 41 × 31 cm £1,600



Kond 2 2023 collage of black and white paper 41 × 31 cm £1,600



Kond 3 2023 collage of black and white paper 41 × 31 cm £1,600



Kond 4 2023 collage of black and white paper 41 × 31 cm £1,600



Kond 5 2023 collage of black and white paper 41 × 31 cm £1,600



Kond 6 2023 collage of black and white paper 41 × 31 cm £1,600



Kond 7 2023 collage of black and white paper 41 × 31 cm £1,600



Kond 8 2023 collage of black and white paper 41 × 31 cm £1,600



House of Kond 2023 collage of black and white paper eight parts 100 × 132 cm overall £8,000 [detail above]



Anastasia Lopoukhine

Education

- 2019–21 MFA The New York Academy of Art
Major in Drawing; minor in Printmaking
- 2015–20 MA Scot The University of Edinburgh
2.1 level degree majoring in History and Russian studies

Solo exhibitions

- 2024 Galerie L’Aléatoire Paris
- 2023 *Kond Collage* San Lazzaro Venice
- 2023 *On line* Randle White Fine Art Gallery Different London
- 2022 *You are welcome* Café Privé New York City
- 2022 *Anastasia Lopoukhine, Dessins* Traits.libres Gallery Paris

Group exhibitions

- 2023 *Here, There, Everywhere* Here Cafe, Bushwick New York
- 2022 *Miami Art Week ’22* Apostrophe gallery + Plant Passager Kayak Hotel Miami Beach
- 2022 *Roots and Wings* Arthouse2b Harlem New York
- 2022 *Upstate Art Weekend* Lexington House Catskills New York
- 2022 *We stand with Ukraine* Immigrant artist biannual Grace exhibition space New York
- 2022 *Art on a Postcard* The Bomb Factory South London
- 2022 *The Christmas Group Show* A3 gallery Moscow
- 2021 The Russian Artist Fund Museum of Applied Arts Moscow
- 2021 *Ghost of Presence* (online) Susan Eley Fine Art New York
- 2020 *Réaction* (online) UK

Auctions

- 2022–23 *Take home a nude* Sotheby’s New York
- 2022 *Third International Women’s Day Auction* Dreweatts London
- 2021 *Russian Artists* The Auction Collective/Rabota Collective London

Contact

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