



PIOTR FROLOV
Russia

Piotr Frolov is a leading Russian Artist, enjoying a wide international recognition.

Piotr's paintings reveal his exceptional depictive skills. His work is remarkable not only by exposing an absolute unconditional professionalism and maturity, but very compelling by the fact that his paintings reveal to the viewer the constant search for new techniques; new meanings; forms; and subjects.

Most of his works celebrate the sensual beauty of women. His paintings are filled with an expressively romantic aura, obviously wishing to create and represent a symbol of truthfulness & perfect harmony. His artworks share with you a delicate and feminine, almost mysterious atmosphere with a transparent glaze of eroticism prevailing.

The picturesque images created are light and poetic, leading the viewer into the magical world of magnificence and symbolism.

Peter Frolov was born in 1974 in Saint-Petersburg, Russia.

At the age of five he started his studies at the State Art School at the Hermitage.

From 1985 to 1989 he studied at the Art School of Repin State Art Academy and from 1989 to 1991 at the Art Museum in Saint-Petersburg.

Peter continued his studies at the Mukhin Art Academy in the department of Literary Graphics and illustrations and later on in the Theatrical Institute in the department of Stage Design.

Peter is a member of the Union of Artists of Russia.

Piotr Frolov lived and worked in France & USA. Currently resides in St. Petersburg, Russia.

His works have been exhibited in numerous group and solo exhibitions. In the middle of 1990s Piotr moved to the USA, and was taking part in all major art festivals of New England. He organised three personal Exhibitions in Stratford, Canada. In 1997 moved to France, and was exhibiting actively for 7 years in Paris and Coter d'Azur by taking part in various exhibitions and arts festivals, such as: "From Dream to Fantasy", "Autumn Salon Sanary Sur Mer", "Woman from Africa to Russia", to name a few. Twice a year he participated in the exhibition of contemporary art "Place de La Bastille". He also exhibited his work in Brussels, Luxembourg, Helsinki, Delhi.

Piotr was taking part in the world's largest art salons. In 1999 in Barcelona Art-Expo; In 2001 at the Spring Salon in Moscow; In 2004 at the New York Art Expo & Art - Tokyo and Fuar de Paris. Since 2006, Peter Frolov has started exhibiting regularly in Russia. Starting from 2010 he had three solo exhibitions in Hong Kong, Red Square Gallery, resulting in publishing a large album of his works. The introductory article in this album about Peter's work was written by the very well-known Russian writer, Alexei Ivanov. In 2011 Peter opened his own gallery

Tamburinn in Moscow. In 2017, the "ABC" book with illustrations of Peter Frolov's was published.

Piotr Frolov's works are presented in private collections in Russia, France, Germany, Finland, Sweden, Spain, Belgium, Luxembourg, Israel, USA, Tokyo, and Hong Kong

«The traveling bag full of ideas»

'Monsieur Frolov, where do you get the ideas for your paintings from?', a well - educated French woman with a little sheared dog on an elegant leash asks me. I've heard this question a thousand times at exhibitions and cocktail parties, I've read it in guests - opinions books at all my shows...

I was 12 and I just entered the School of Arts. At that time, I was a huge fan of Dostoevsky. After classes, I would put my sketch-book and pencils into my big burlap bag and go to Sennaya Square. Playing Raskolnikov, I would shuffle my feet along embankments and side streets. (Already back then I was a well-fed, solid and pink-cheeked lad and my resemblance to skinny and exhausted Raskolnikov was quite doubtful). Looking out of the windows of dirty St. Pete's front staircases I drew yards that looked like wells, read names on the door plates under the bells of communal flats and counted steps from the yard-keeper's place, where Raskolnikov stole an axe, to the house of the old pawnbroker. Most of all, however, I liked attics and roofs of the old town.

Very quietly, so that neighbours couldn't hear me, I would open a door to the attic. I would listen to the sounds of the attic; it was always a bit scary up there. All attics were dark and dusty, pigeons were ruffling up at roof timber, homeless cats were hiding in the corners. Fighting my fear and making small careful steps, I would creep to the dormer-window. Three shaky steps up, a latticed door creaks a little – and I see huge open space in front of me; graphic roofs are striving to the horizon, pipes are smoking heavily, domes are shining, the sea wind is rumpling my hair...

Once, during one of such walks, I came across an amazing house. Its architecture was weirdly eclectic – it had narrow windows, chaotically placed balconies and a small round window right under the roof. Not thinking too long, I decided to go up to the attic (I really hoped that that attic door wouldn't be locked) and draw the view from the round window. The door was open; the attic was lofty, resonant and full of different kind of rubbish, a pair of skates was hanging under the roof, sun rays were cutting hundred year old dust through the cracks in the walls. I sneaked down to the window and suddenly... I lost my breath, I rejoiced! I found a treasure. It was a small old-fashioned traveling bag. It was very dusty and made of ground leather, a label that said something unclear was attached to one of its handles. The brass little lockers opened up easily and a carton rectangular ticket Bucharest-Constantinople fell out of the silk core of the traveling bag. Full of boyish excitement, I flopped on the dirty floor and, exploring my wonderful find, I started to fantasize.

I pictured an elegant Lady in an unimaginable hat with swaying veils. She must have had a huge apartment in this house in the beginning of the XX century. She exits the house, she carries this traveling bag in her thin hand covered with a long glove, her servants in peaked caps are dragging trunks with a multitude of labels indicating overseas journeys, hat boxes, a samovar and a cage with a fat cat in a monocle and a knitted cap. A phaeton is already waiting for the traveler. The teamster is wearing a tall black top-hat, a black crow is sitting on it and holding a little clock in its beak. The servants fasten the luggage to the roof of the phaeton – 'I'll take my cat Innokentiy with me', the door closes and a graceful little hand draws the curtain. The horses are wearing hats with peacock feathers, little puffed up sparrows in vests and caps are swarming in the horses' manes. Horseshoes clatter has dissolved in the side street around the corner. The Lady has set out to a round-the-world

journey. I spent a lot of time at that attic and followed the phaeton in my fantasies. Hiding behind the poster pillar at the Warsaw Railway station, I saw the Lady entering the train, I saw a steward in a fez and shoes with pointed toes with little bags and purses hanging all over him help her walk into the wagon, I saw Innokentiy the cat tickling the nose of a sturdy porter in a checked apron through the bars of his cage...

I realized that it was a magical traveling bag and as I open it, I start picturing the most unimaginable things, fairylands, unthinkable clothes, objects coming alive. It's been 21 years since that day and today if I have no inspiration and I can't put together a painting, I unlock the traveling bag and...