

Anatoly Purlik

24 Hours in the Life of an Artist

Colored sailing boats hide in the crimson dusk on the waters of Lake Alster, while night life in the red-light district of the Reeperbahn goes into full swing, pulling in the idle and dissolute as if by magnet.

In the morning the streets are filled with the smell of coffee, as cyclists with starched collars and briefcases hurry to the office, the clinic or the practice. The rare passers-by study the boutique shop windows while a few homeless awake at the foot of the fountain at Hansaplatz.

In short, life starts again. This is Hamburg.

The main meeting place for office workers, idlers, tourists and lovers is the remarkable central station, drawing everyone in with its impeccable architectural construction, comfort and minimalistic beauty.

HafenCity is a place of particular pride for Hamburg, where contemporary architecture blends in effortlessly with 19th-century buildings. Everything functions well and impresses at the same time, and a single visit is sufficient to steal one's soul.

So what is an artist to do with all this? Simply copy what he sees onto paper or canvas? That would be both dull and misleading. A good way to see if a painting has "melody" is to step back and look from a distance, where you can't make out the detailed subject. And if it does have melody, it will also have meaning and stay in your memory

A little patience... Set your alarm clock to go off every hour, and TAKE OFF. It costs nothing to purchase impressions. There are clocks on every lamppost, and the surprising thing is that they all show the correct time. Just enjoy life, folks. 24 square meters of canvas -- that's what's required to convey the emotions of each and every hour you lived through. Images appear like juice from a ripe fruit -- capable of quenching the thirst of the goblet of creativity, not quite drunk up. To analyze what is happening, by the way, is a thankless task. The last thing is the most difficult -- don't be a slave to CORRECT impressions.