

# Natalia Grezina



## Artist statement

Natalia's artistic practice is a constant dialogue with the many aspects of existence and aims to find a reconciliation between society, individuals and nature. It aims to find a common language between these three elements through the feminine medium of embroidery, which characterizes her practice in the strongest way. For Natalia, embroidery is a serious practice: even though its connotation to the female world has always played against it, it's a specific medium that allows her to combine different materials together and - at the same time - to include an emotional component into the objects through the use of colours and gore aesthetics. The objects she creates through embroidery are made of both organic and artificial materials: polyethylene is her modern canvas, which gets filled with soft cotton and is sealed with woollen thread and polished beads. They are a metaphor of human nature: even though we might be surrounded by a hard, manufactured layer, we always have something soft on the inside. And always a story to tell.

## Education

- 2017-  
2018 **Free Workshops**  
MMOMA, Moscow, Russia
- 2005-  
2010 **Degree in Geography**  
Faculty of Natural Sciences, Moscow State  
University, Moscow, Russia

## Residencies

- 2014-  
2016 **Bereg**  
Art residency, Nikolayevka, Crimea

## Personal exhibitions

- 2019 **Gift**  
MMOMA, Moscow, Russia
- Under the Mountain**  
CCI Fabrika, Moscow, Russia
- The Black Sea Always  
Turns Red**  
Raw Streetphoto Gallery, Rotterdam, the  
Netherlands
- 2018 **Fame**  
Elektrozavod gallery, Moscow, Russia

## Selected group exhibitions

- |      |  |      |   |
|------|--|------|---|
| 2019 | <b>Blood In the Corner of the Eye</b><br>The Others Art Fair, Turin, Italy   |      | <b>U.A...</b><br>XL Gallery, Moscow, Russia   |
|      | <b>Technogenic</b><br>Hiedanrannan Kartano, Tampere, Finland   | 2017 | <b>MMXVII*</b><br>Elektrozavod Gallery, Moscow, Russia  |
|      | <b>Will You Be a Witness? 2007/19</b><br>CCI Fabrika, Moscow, Russia   |      | <b>Workshop'17: There, Where No One Has<br/>Dreams: From Sacred Geography To No-<br/>Place</b><br>MMOMA, 10 Gogolevsky Boulevard, Moscow,<br>Russia |
|      | <b>Sans (T)reve et Sans Merci</b><br>Cube Moscow, Russia   |      |   |
| 2018 | <b>Workshop'18: Systems of Secret Symbols</b><br>Special project of the 6-th Moscow youth<br>biennale of contemporary art<br>MMOMA, 10 Gogolevsky Boulevard, Moscow,<br>Russia | 2016 | <b>Cultural Code. Non-Random Generation</b><br>Museum of Tauris, Simferopol, Crimea   |
|      | <b>Convenient Art</b><br>Special project of the 6-th Moscow youth<br>biennale of contemporary art MMOMA, 10<br>Gogolevsky Boulevard, Moscow, Russia                            | 2014 | <b>Power of Light</b><br>Kroshitsky Museum of Arts, Sevastopol,<br>Crimea   |
|      | <b>Artistry</b><br>Special project of the 6-th Moscow youth<br>biennale of contemporary art Memorial house<br>of A.Vasnetsov, State Tretyakov Gallery,<br>Moscow, Russia       | 2012 | <b>Reconstruction of Idleness</b><br>Faina Gallery, Sevastopol, Crimea  |
|      |  | 2010 | <b>International Festival 'Balaklava Odyssey'</b><br>Mikhailovsky Ravelin, Sevastopol, Crimea   |



First chapter of Hundred Years' War

## **The Black Sea Always Turns Red**

Sevastopol is a city that has witnessed conflict since its foundation. The city still bears the marks in its buildings and in the memory of its inhabitants, both in a ceremonial and a painful manner. Growing up in Sevastopol means being surrounded by this bellicose heritage and constantly being reminded of the painful past, along with a sense of pride that hides the personal, internal torment to the public. I have always been fascinated by how history is taught and romanticized in school: it's a practice that transforms gruesome acts of violence into a cold narration of dates, numbers and geographical coordinates, almost to the point of infusing it with an aura of mysticism. What I have found missing from collective knowledge (and, consequentially, from recorded history) are the personal stories of those that fought in the war and witnessed directly its many tragedies. My grandmother was one of these combatants and, throughout my life, she told me several stories and traumatic experiences, passing me down not only a first-hand knowledge of war but also a meaningful and influential emotional burden. In the first chapter of Hundred Year's War, I chose to explore my own private family history of war and trauma by combining my embroidered sculptures with the tales and witnesses from the visual archive of my grandmother.

**Pile o' Bones (from The Black Sea Always Turns Red)**

Polyethylene, threads, beads, wool, branches, soil

2019



**Wound (from The Black Sea Always Turns Red)**  
Polyethylene, thread, beads, wool  
2019



**The Man Without Skin on His Face (from The Black Sea Always Turns Red)**  
Polyethylene, thread, beads, wool, branches, soil  
2019



**The Wounded Heart (from The Black Sea Always Turns Red)**  
Polyethylene, thread, beads, wool  
2019

## Second chapter of Hundred Years' War

### **Under the Mountain**



Sapun Mountain is a hill located southeast from the city of Sevastopol, Crimea. It is a seemingly unimportant ridge in the nature surrounding the city, while, instead, it has been of crucial tactical importance in the past. Both during the infamous Crimean War (which raided the land from 1853 to 1856) and the Second World War, Sapun Mountain was the epicentre of important battles, witnessing the bloodshed of countless valorous warriors coming from different countries who lost their lives fighting over this hill. On top of the hill, a large area dedicated to the fallen soldiers of the Soviet Union was erected after the end of Second World War, with a towering monument at its centre. It is a painful spot for the city and the inhabitants of Sevastopol: a place where different ages are woven together and the burden of the past still has a strong influence over the future; where historical facts meet traumatic memories from the wars and become the dreams of new generations. In this second chapter of the project, I wanted to pay a tribute to this beautiful place with a heavy legacy: the soil of Sapun Mountain is drenched in blood, rich with the metals of bombshells and explosives, and has become a resting ground where the spirits of the many fallen soldiers have found a sleepless dwelling.

#### **Khorovod (detail, from Under the Mountain)**

Polyethylene, threads, beads, wool, pine needles, soil

2019



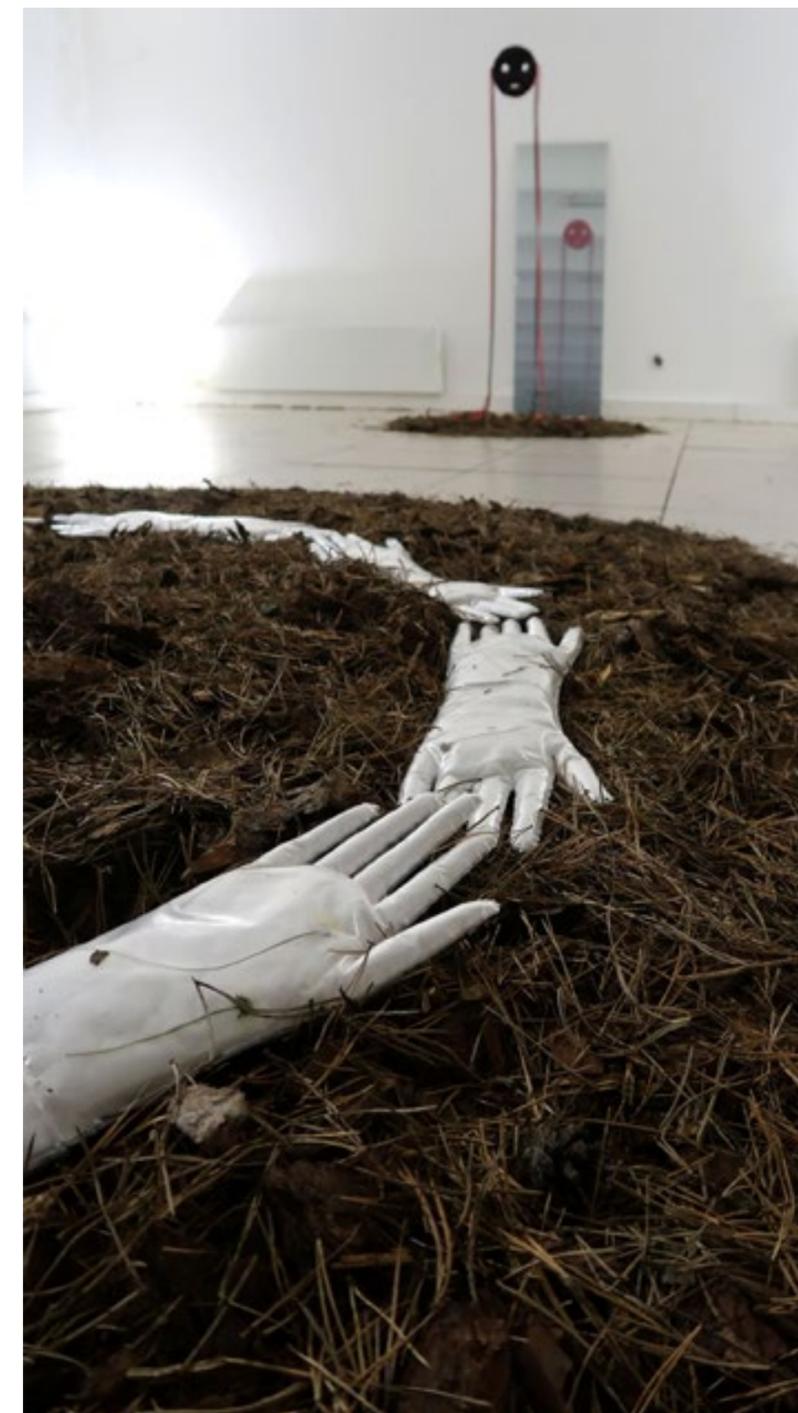
**Blood Pool (from Under the Mountain)**

Polyethylene, thread, beads, wool, oine needles, soil  
2019



**Burning Horse (from Under the Mountain)**

Polyethylene, thread, beads, fabric  
2019



**Khorovod (detail) and Burden (detail)**  
**(from Under the Mountain)**

Polyethylene, threads, beads, wool, pine needles, soil  
2019



**Burden (blood side, from Under the Mountain)**  
Polyethylene, thread, beads, wool  
2019



**Burden (from Under the Mountain)**  
Polyethylene, thread, beads, wool  
2019



**Burden (shadow side, from Under the Mountain)**  
Polyethylene, thread, beads, wool  
2019



**Patience**

Polyethylene, threads, beads, flowers  
2018-ongoing