She feels everything everyone feels. Instead of writing this text, I am anxious. In order to register my dog Simone in Berlin, I need to register her at the new apartment I just moved into. Simone has changed about 16 addresses during her life together with me, which has inevitably impacted her character. She has often struggled to get along with other female dogs. Now — even more so. There's a dog named Stella who lives in the entryway with us. They disliked each other at first sight. Every time we pass the door of the apartment where Stella lives, they make it clear to each other that they are not welcome. If Simone could type, she'd type the following: "we go home and there she is again walking on my stairs i hate her bitch i hate her bitch i have to tell her everytime we go outside she holds me hold me hold me i hate her bitch i have to tell her everything hold me hold me hold me hold me hold me good you hold me hold me hold me hold me hold me hold me good you hold me good you hold me hold me. I don't know how many times the dogs regretted that the wolves then approached the humans sitting near the fire. I hope Simone doesn't regret it — I couldn't have done it without her. In my head, Simone writes without commas to heighten expression. When Simone was a teenager I realized that I was living with the beast. There is an opinion among those who

live with the beast — dogs need to be left on neutral territory and let them figure out their relationship, they need to establish a hierarchy.

In the iconography of Stasia Grishina dogs are given a great place — in her world dogs have left men and returned to themselves. They now live a completely different life, they have gone beyond bureaucracy, insurance, veterinarians, kinologists, dog parks. They are moving on their own land; they have changed. They have become gods. Moving our gaze across the pictorial canvas, looking at the grinning dogs, it is worth thinking of what we see as a Titanomachy — a struggle between the titans and the gods of Olympus, a clarification of power relations within the same territory. Man witnesses it, but man should not interfere in it. They can attack only if you enter their territory: all because dogs are gregarious animals. The territory for which the pack depicted by Stasia is fighting is the territory of the canvas, and therefore your attention.

In April, the Russian Federation passed a law allowing regional authorities to decide what to do with stray animals. Among the methods now allowed is killing animals. In the recommendations of the World Health Organization in 1990, it is stated that killing stray dogs does not solve the problem with their number. The organization then suggested alternative methods: registration, vaccination, sterilization and public education. We lived with Simone in Basel for four months — the territory of Basel is delineated into zones where animals are allowed. During the four months of walking around Basel, Simone became calmer. She feels everything everyone feels.

Stasia Grishina (born in 1997) is UK-born, Frankfurt-based Russian artist with the background in stage design and sculpture. In her practice, through sculpture, painting, staged photography and objects, she addresses the theme of society's influence on the formation of personality, focusing on socio-political processes, issues of consumer culture, the system of relations between people and animals, most often dogs, reflecting the mechanism of violence elevated to a cult.

Referring to the body-horror aesthetic, Stasia Grishina creates animal-like objects that, on the one hand, reflect the artist's interest in creating three-dimensional forms and experimenting with different materials (ceramics, plywood, wax, metal, plaster, epoxy) and, on the other hand, express her concern with the established system of relationships between humans and animals, especially the bond between humans and dogs, and the mechanisms of violence in this system.

Artist is supported by fābula Gallery f



Voskhod Presents

Between the trunks of ancient oaks lies a white hill. Beneath this hill, wild dogs lie in a motionless slumber, a sleep that has lasted for decades. Rarely do they stir, and when they do, it is imperceptible to the human eye. Their presence can only be felt: the warmth of their breath, the heavy drops of saliva methodically falling.

Awakening these dogs from their hibernation is no easy task. Only the human race has the power to disturb their long sleep with forceful blows to the Earth. When this happens, the dogs open their dual-pupiled eyes, stretch languorously, open their mouths wide, spread their sixteen fingers, and hope that this time, they can dislodge the ignorant humans who have roused them.

"Dogs howl when they sniff yellow piss!"
Installation "It never happened before, and here it comes again"
Oil on canvas, triptych
150 x 570 cm, 2024

OPENING JUNE 9TH 1800—2000



DISPLAY UNTILTHE END OF JULY

