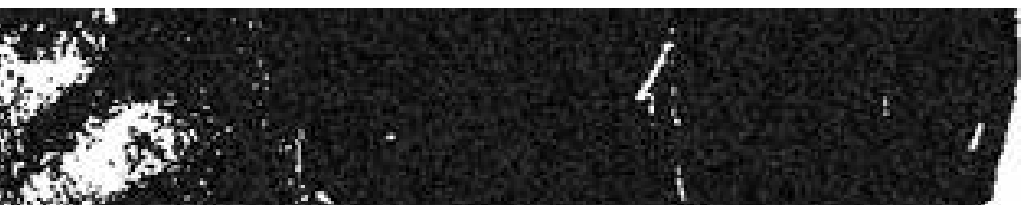


Sasha Bazhenov

Catalog of Works

Acrylic, enamel, aerosol
on 30x30 cm ceramic tiles.



Sasha Bazhenov

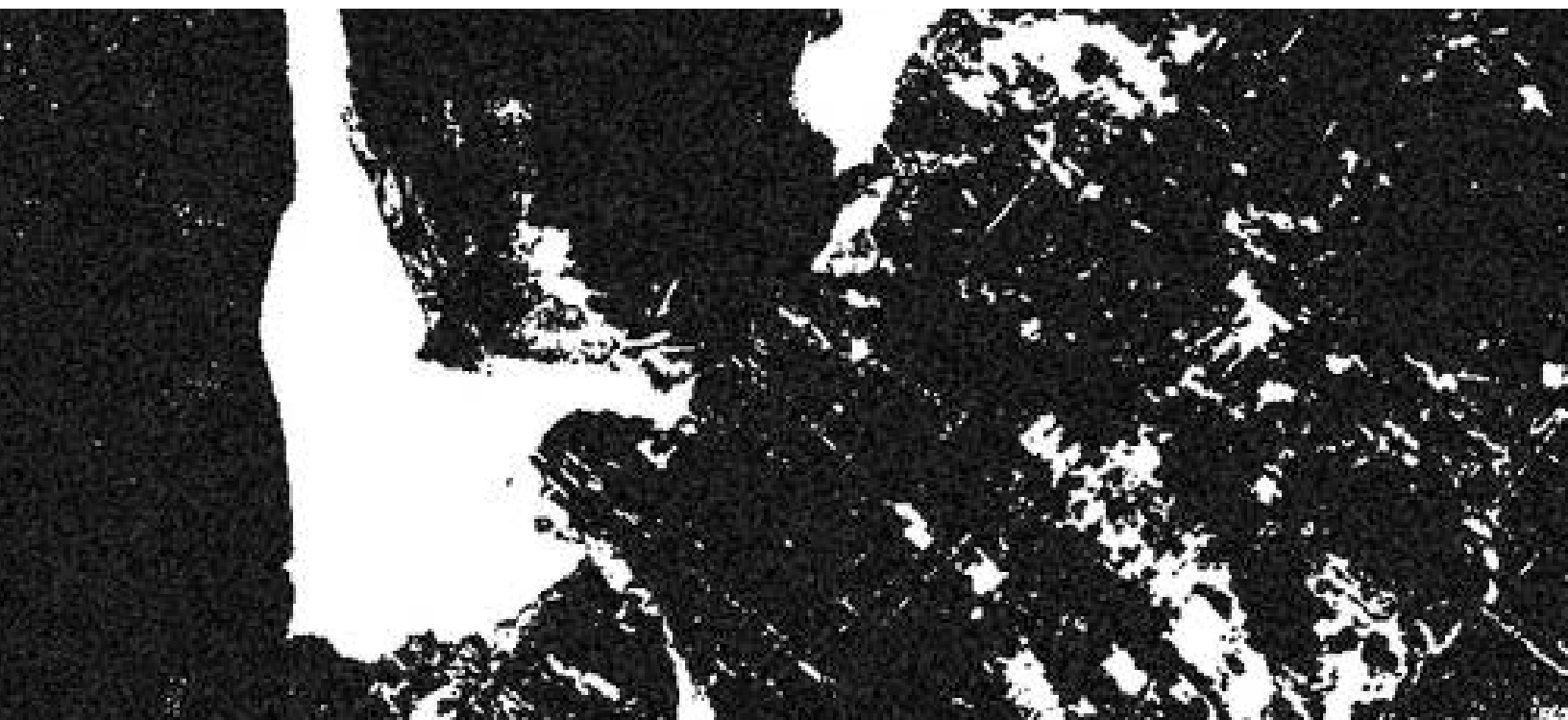
Painting on ceramic tile. I work with layers of acrylic, enamel and aerosol, bringing them to the point where the material starts acting on its own: reacting, crazing, delaminating, exposing the coats underneath. The chemical interaction between paint and household cleaners produces a texture that cannot be applied deliberately

Digital designer 12 years of practice
Motion design, generative graphics, video production, branding. Working with typography in a digital environment preceded the move into physical materials.

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Over this I place a short text. It explains nothing and describes nothing — it exists as a mark left by the process.

Education. Self-taught studio practice.



Method

I work on ceramic tile. The method rests on three actions: layering, removal, displacement. They do not run once in sequence — the cycle repeats, and each new pass is laid over what the previous one opened up.

Acrylic, enamel and aerosol are built up until the coating begins to act on its own: reacting with household solvents, crazing, delaminating, exposing what lies beneath. The accumulation is cut back with an angle grinder or dragged aside into ridges, then reapplied over what has been opened. The work ends where I stop, not where the material is exhausted.

I set the conditions, not the form.



Two States

The "Two States" a work of two canvases.
A process of filling with color that changes
state and form. The canvases are called
"State No. 1" and "State No. 2".

Izhevsk. September 2026.



State No. 1

Color fills the space and changes its state.

Acrylic, enamel and aerosol worked into each other. Black dragged across the surface; white remains where the coats never closed. One drip runs half the height and stops.

Acrylic, enamel, aerosol on 30x30 cm ceramic tiles.



State No. 1

Close-up photo of canvas.

Crazing along the left edge where the upper coat contracted and split. Toward the centre the two coats grind into a soot-fine grain. On the right the surface closes into a smooth silver pour, punctured by burst gas bubbles. Three states of the same material within.



State No. 2

The space is completely filled with color.

Acrylic, enamel and aerosol, settled.
The surface has closed. Nothing shows through. One dark band along the lower edge. Visible only at a raking angle.

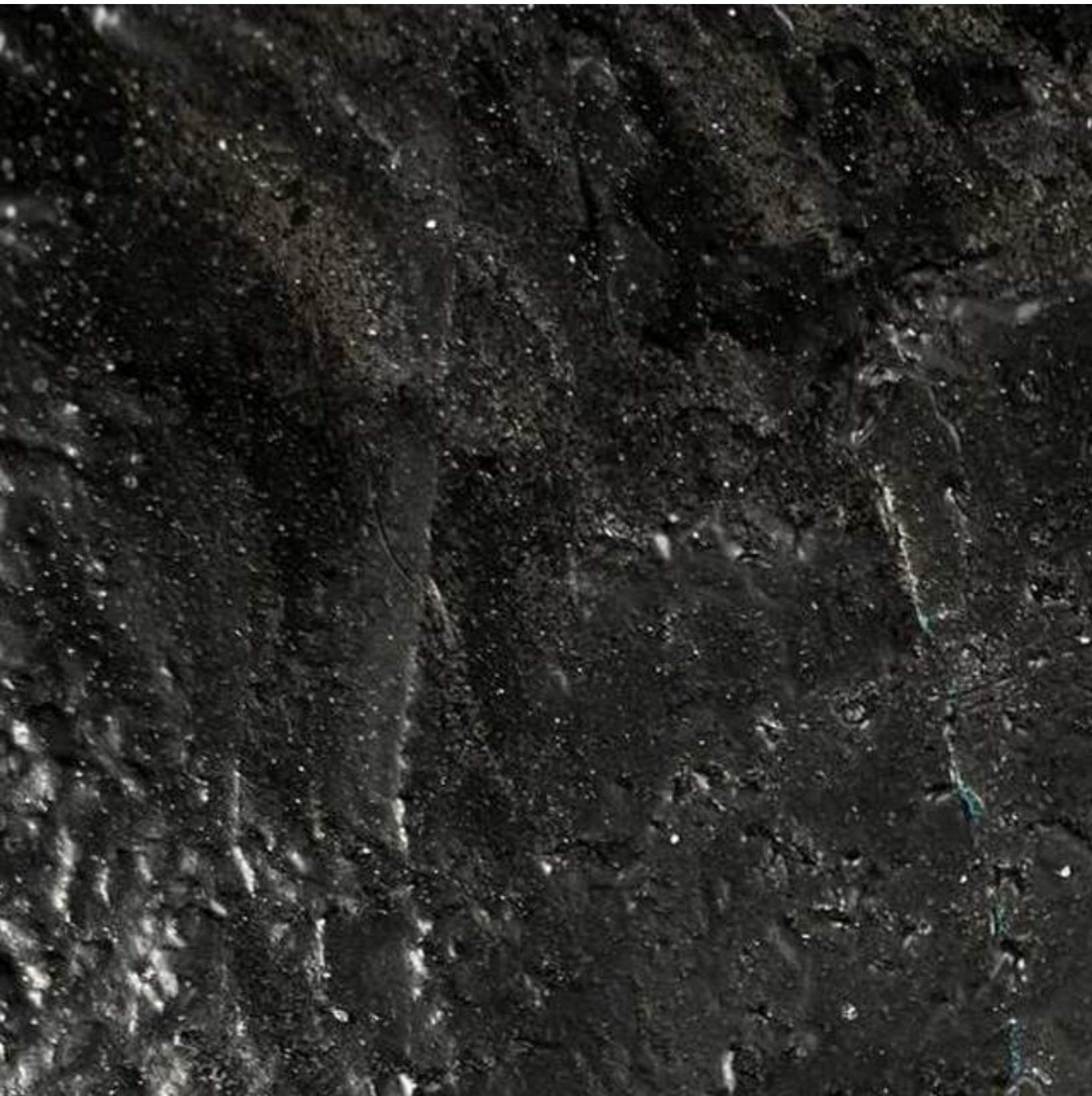
Acrylic, enamel, aerosol
on 30x30 cm ceramic tiles.



State No. 2

Close-up photo of canvas.

Ridges raised where the mass was dragged and left to set. Between them the coating grinds down to a dull, sooty grain. A thin turquoise seam runs through the centre — an earlier coat surfacing through the black. Along the lower right the surface smooths into a grey pour.



Work in progress

Layer by layer. The process will never stop.

This work begins a series of studies dedicated to what labor leaves behind — a trace, not an intention.

The chemical reaction of acrylic paints and bath cleaner created a textured and complex texture. Layers, shapes, patterns, and typography create a poster-like appearance.

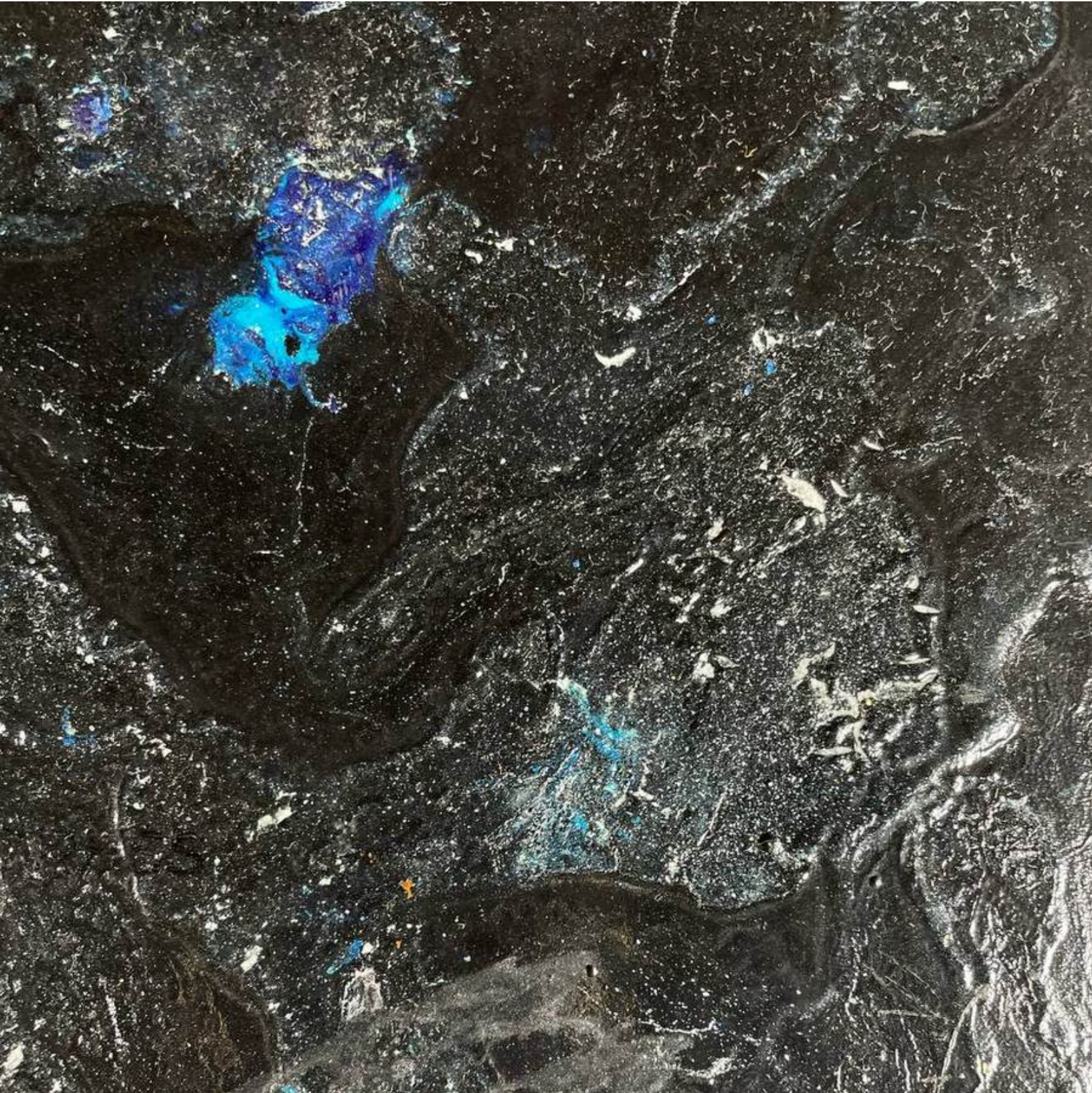
Acrylic, enamel, aerosol on 30x30 cm ceramic tiles.



Work in progress

Close-up photo of canvas.

Ridges raised where the mass was dragged and left to set. Between them the coating grinds down to a dull, sooty grain. A thin turquoise seam runs through the centre — an earlier coat surfacing through the black. Along the lower right the surface smooths into a grey pour.



I didn't sleep today

Grunge.

This work begins a series of studies dedicated to what labor leaves behind — a trace, not an intention.

"I didn't sleep today" reads like a calm, almost ironic confession. The orange disintegrates into two completely different states simultaneously: it's ingrained into the surface like a grainy, rusty crust, in places it flows like a thick, varnished streak, as if it hasn't yet dried.

Acrylic, enamel, aerosol on 30x30 cm ceramic tiles.



I didn't sleep today

Close-up photo of canvas.

Orange thrown across a grey-white ground and left to run: spatter above, heavier drips below where the paint gathered. Between them a pale, milky band — the only quiet zone on the surface.

Dark masses close the lower corners, one still glossy. The line sits at the centre, set in plain type, saying nothing about any of it. Everything visible here lies within thirty centimetres

