



THE HOLY
MANDYLION

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A Face Born of War

The Holy Mandylion is not painted. *It is formed.*

Formed from fragments of artillery shells and the debris of war, the image emerges without altering the nature of its material.

What was made to destroy now remembers a face.



Selection

Each fragment is selected by hand.

There is no reshaping. No correction.
The material is examined, turned, compared —
until it finds its place.

Nothing is forced. Nothing is altered.
The form is not imposed — it is discovered.

What appears as chaos is, in truth, a search.
The image begins here, long before it becomes visible.



Material

The “veil” is formed from sections of 30 mm artillery shell casings — cut, opened, and flattened into sheets.

Each element retains its original structure: its thickness, its stress, its memory of force.

Bases of the casings remain present — not as decoration, but as evidence of origin.

Nothing is concealed.

Nothing is reinterpreted.

The material is not transformed into something else.

It is allowed to become what it already contains.



Emergence

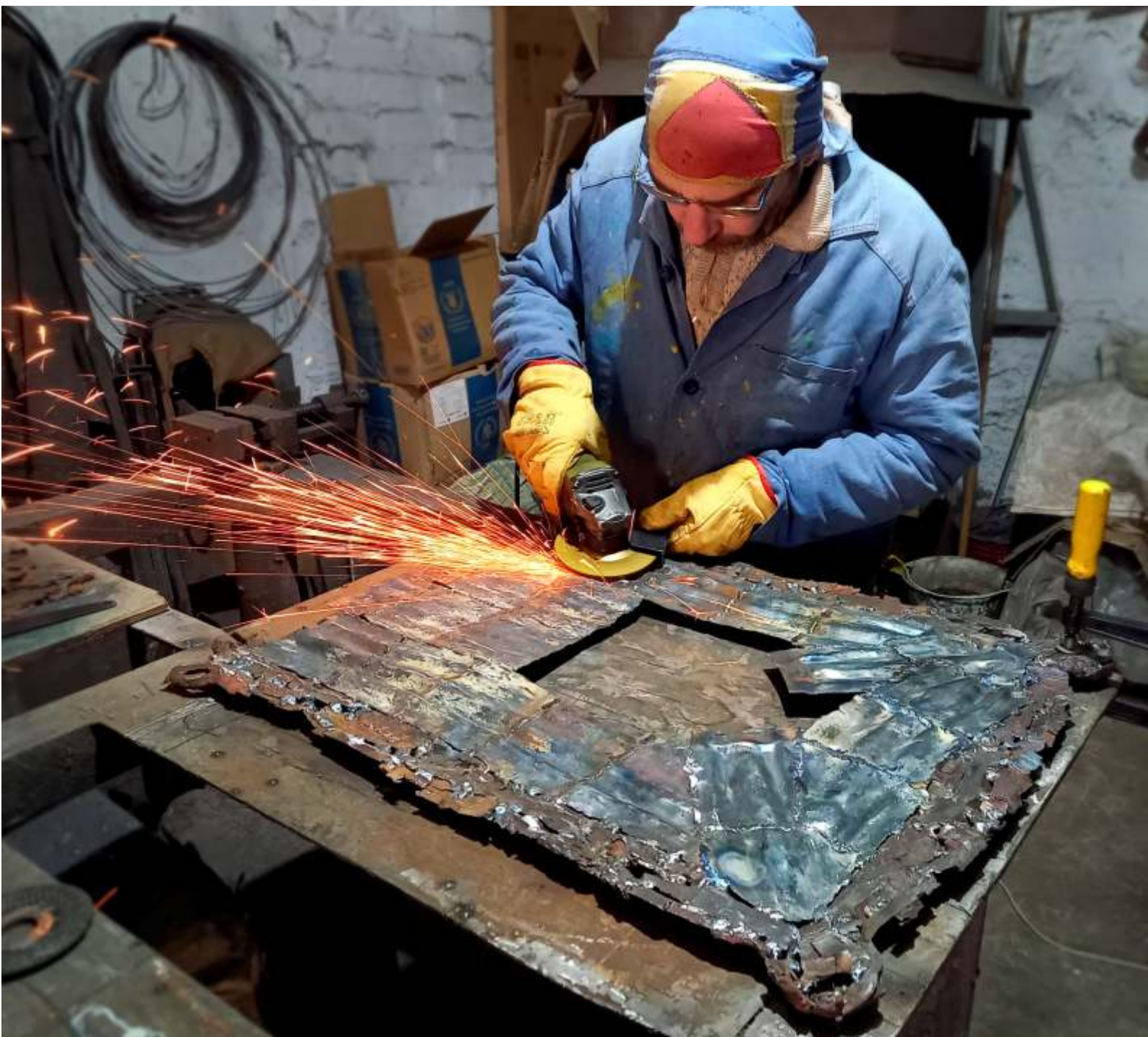
The surface is not polished for perfection.
It is opened.

Fire reveals what the material holds —
its fractures, its tension, its memory.

The structure is complete,
yet the image is still concealed within it.

Through heat and friction,
the form begins to surface.

Not imposed,
but released.



Formation

The face is not sculpted.
It is assembled.

Fragments are not shaped into likeness —
they are allowed to align.

There is no model,
no imposed symmetry.

What appears is not constructed.
It is discovered.

The gaze has not yet emerged.
But the presence is already there.





Presence

It is no longer an object.

The form has been found — not imposed.
What was assembled now begins to exist.

There is no gesture of completion.
Only recognition.

The gaze is no longer constructed.
It meets you.



Revelation

The veil is plated in 999.9 fine gold.
The face is left in its original state.

No surface is unified.
No material is disguised.

Transformation belongs to the fabric.
Truth remains in the face.





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