

# By the Sea



K. Zaviero



## **By the Sea – A World of Light and Elegance**

It is with great pleasure that I present the work of Konstantinos Zannetos, an internationally established artist whose paintings have graced some of the world's most prestigious exhibition spaces, from Geneva to New York, London, Qatar, and beyond.

With a distinguished career spanning over two decades, Zannetos has cultivated a body of work defined by uncompromising artistic excellence. His paintings command both critical acclaim and sustained market recognition, affirmed by leading international auction houses and a consistent global appreciation of his work.

Collectors across the world are drawn to Zannetos not only for the enduring value of his art but for its undeniable cultural significance. They recognize in his work a rare mastery – a refined visual language that transcends time, place, and trend. Yet beyond its investment value lies something far more essential: beauty.

*By the Sea* unfolds as a journey through light, elegance, and the Mediterranean spirit. Each painting becomes a quiet meditation on aspiration, refinement, and the timeless beauty of existence. These are works that speak gently yet profoundly – rewarding both the eye and the soul.

It is with deep admiration that I present this collection to you. I am confident that these paintings will find their way into you quietly, beautifully, and permanently.

Welcome to *By the Sea*!

**Eleni Demosthenous**

# *When She Arrived*

Acrylic on canvas 123 x 63 cm

An elegant woman in red polka dots arrives on her crimson Vespa, searching for a direction, and in that single moment, the ordinary afternoon shifts into something uncertain. The setting is quintessentially Mediterranean, a checkered terrace, towering cypress trees, the glimmer of yachts on impossibly blue water, and the understated grace of a summer where time moves slowly. Gentlemen in impeccably cut suits, their sleek cars catching the golden afternoon light, embody a life of refined taste, quiet power, and understated sophistication. Players gathered around their game, each convinced they control the moment, each carrying the confidence of winners. And the game shifts entirely. She enters their world and in doing so, she becomes the game. The players turn their attention toward her, away from their cards. But who wins now? She has changed the rules entirely.



# The Big Cat

Acrylic on canvas, 67 x 57 cm

A man in navy sits in composed elegance, impeccably dressed, perfectly at ease, in a world of refined beauty and quiet luxury. And yet, into this refined world, something untamed is about to enter. On a Mediterranean shore glowing in afternoon light, cypress trees rising like sentinels, the azure sea stretching endlessly. And in this luxurious moment, his attention belongs entirely to the woman beside him, dressed in burgundy, poised with a confidence that commands the space. She is elevated above him and he is content with this, understanding exactly what it means. And in this moment, a leopard glides across the terrace. She and the leopard embody a singular essence fluid beauty, quiet power, elegant strength, and captivating grace. He perceives her fully. A mysterious journey has begun. And she is the key to all that awaits.



# *The Investors*

Acrylic on canvas, 106 x 56 cm

Four figures gather around a table, a man in sharp grey leaning in with curiosity at the architectural model, a woman in vivid purple and yellow studying every detail, and two men absorbed in quiet, measured contemplation. Before them, an architectural model sits on the table, towers rising in miniature, a project still taking shape. Each one carries a different stillness one leaning forward with curiosity, one studying every detail with cool precision, two absorbed in thoughts before they speak. Behind them, the Mediterranean stretches endlessly yachts on blue water, gleaming cars nearby, cypress trees standing tall. A world already built. And on the table before them, another one waiting to be.



# *The Collectors*

Acrylic on canvas, 67 x 57 cm

A modernist villa, a glittering pool, a red car catching the afternoon light, a helicopter tracing a lazy line across a flawless blue sky. The setting is effortless, the kind of place where beauty is simply the air you breathe. Three figures inhabit this world with the ease of those who have always belonged in it a woman in yellow absorbed in her art magazine, two men in quiet conversation nearby. Everything here has been chosen — the light, the space, the stillness by people who understand that life itself can be a work of art. And somewhere in the pages of that magazine, an exhibition. An artist. A painting. Perhaps even this one. She is surrounded by the beautiful, living inside it, reading about it collector and collected, viewer and viewed, all at once. This is the world of those who understand that art is not something you hang on a wall. It is something you inhabit.



# *The Morning Read*

Acrylic on canvas, 67 x 56 cm

A gentleman in a striped blazer and boater hat, a coffee beside him, small flowers on the table, the morning stretching open like a gift. The world moves around him sailboats crossing the horizon, seagulls tracing paths across the sky, the sea breathing its slow, eternal rhythm. He reads. What world lives inside those pages, what story carries him away for surely it is a journey? Like the sailboats drifting toward the horizon. Like the seagulls riding the open air. Some journeys need no sea the greatest voyages are sometimes found in the pages of a nice book.



# Precious Gift

Acrylic on canvas, 67 x 57 cm

The people we love gathered together. In this moment, the world softens into beauty. Time becomes a precious gift as bright as the Mediterranean sun. Where love is eternal, unbreakable, and luminous. Father and daughter lean together over a fairy tale, their joy visible in every shared moment. Another child floats on the colorful wheel, utterly contained in her own world. Floating in the luxury of solitude, the joy of being completely herself. And the light dances playfully on the mother's golden dress. She holds her coffee close, breathing in the sweetness of the afternoon, watching those she loves. In this moment, where presence is everything, this precious gift reminds us what life is truly for. A beautiful frame surrounds them — a modernist villa, cypress trees rising like sentinels, a pool that mirrors the sky, sailboats drifting on the endless sea. A moment where beauty and belonging become one.





## **A Few Words from the Artist**

Walk along the shore. The seagulls drift above the horizon, their calls weaving through the salt air. Sailboats rest on the water, their white sails catching the light. The waves arrive in rhythm, each one a whisper that has traveled far. The blue deepens and shifts a color so clear and luminous it seems almost dreamlike. Here, in this open space of brilliant blue and white, the mind begins to wander. And it is here that the artist gathers these fragments the clarity of light, the purity of color, the sharp definition of forms and transforms them into something unexpected. Memory surfaces. Emotion takes shape. Figures emerge from the depths of experience, from dreams half-remembered, from quiet observations of a lifetime. They populate this shore in scenes both intimate and monumental. Moments of solitude and connection. Encounters between the familiar and the strange. All of it rendered in the same luminous clarity as the landscape itself, a visual language where the inner world and the outer world become one, where dream and reality speak in the same pure, crystalline tones. The open space and the eternal blue colors make us release our senses and open our imagination through words that live in our inner self. Listen to the seagulls. Open your inner eyes. Step into the realm where the mystical falls.

**Konstantinos Zannetos**

# Men at the Edge I

Acrylic on canvas, 88 x 75 cm

At the water's edge, the world opens up, a deep blue sea scattered with white sails, seagulls wheeling freely overhead, the horizon stretching toward something unnamed and beautiful. Side by side in their elegant hats, drawn together at the water's edge, they stand still and silent, together yet each completely alone, their thoughts drifting outward with the tide. These men exist outside of time, they are every man who ever stood before the sea and felt that quiet, unnamed longing. What pulls them here, to this edge, to this blue? Is it a memory? A hope? A dream they never found the words for? Perhaps the sea knows. Perhaps it has always known, carrying their unspoken wishes quietly, tenderly, the way it carries everything that cannot be said.



# *Men at the Edge II*

Acrylic on canvas, 43 x 83 cm

The sky opens wider.  
The sails multiply like dreams set free.  
And still they stand at the edge.



# *Across Time*

Acrylic on canvas, 84 x 71 cm

By the sea, sailboats drift through blue water, their white sails catching an endless light. Seagulls wheel overhead, carrying with them the sense of flight, of openness, of vast horizons. The blue expanse speaks of journeys made and journeys yet to come. In this world, two figures meet. Yet before them stands a table. On it, clocks. Different times occupy this space. Different dimensions linger in the silence. The clocks show different hours, different moments, as if past and present and future have all gathered at this single table, waiting. And then — the two mysterious figures step toward each other with the weight of all times upon them, and their hands find each other. In this touch, in this joining of palms, lies a question that transcends the very nature of existence itself. Are they two persons, or is one person meeting himself? And what agreement transpires here, beyond the reach of time?



# Chess Play

Acrylic on canvas, 73 x 53 cm

"Two men stand by the sea after their chess game has ended. The chess pieces remain on the striped table. On the table, a pair of dark gloves—symbols of the challenge that brought these two men together. The men have turned away from each other now, in silence, each moving toward the horizon, toward the vast blue where the sea stretches endlessly, timeless and eternal. The sea continues its eternal rhythm, indifferent to the game that has just finished. On the table, an egg waits—fragile, unbroken, ready for rebirth, echoing the same eternal cycle as the waves that never stop arriving. The sailboats glide past. The seagulls wheel overhead. Who finally won will remain a question, a mystery held in silence."



# Did You Win?

Acrylic on canvas framed, 107 x 67 cm

The silks are bright, the numbers sharp, the horses bred for one purpose alone — speed. These jockeys know every fraction of a second, every shift of weight, every tactical move that separates a champion from the rest. They have trained for years, sacrificed everything, and today they ride with the focused fury of modern athletes at the peak of their craft. The crowd roars, the odds are set, the prize money waits. This is the world of precision, performance, and relentless competition. Somewhere in the pack, almost unnoticed, rides another figure. And then it hits you — one of these riders is wearing armor. Golden, ancient, magnificent armor, pressed impossibly close against neon silks and numbered saddle cloths, hooves all thundering the same earth, breathing the same salt air. Two worlds that should never meet, sharing the same furlong, the same heartbeat, the same burning desire to push forward. But the knight carries a different weight — honor, duty, a code that existed long before starting gates and photo finishes. He has no sponsor, no odds, no ranking. He simply rides. And in doing so, he quietly asks the question that modern competition has almost forgotten: were you worthy? Behind them all, sailboats drift across a sunlit sea and seagull's wheel freely overhead — indifferent to who crosses the line first. And somewhere in the thunder of hooves and the salt of the sea breeze, the oldest question in every race echoes forward — did you win? Or were you simply... worthy?



# Poeta Vates

Acrylic on canvas, 67 x 56 cm

Three shirts hang in quiet repose striped, solid, paint-worn — each one a mark of days spent at the easel in the house by the coast. The wooden Trojan horse watches from the corner, conjuring Seferis' Helen that great beauty, but illusion, for whom worlds burned and heroes fell. Beside it, a cup of paintbrushes, the artist's most valuable tools. For the poeta vates is the artist the one who sees through the dream and paints it, because the dream is the prophecy, and the prophecy is always already coming true.



# Sea Lullaby

Acrylic on canvas, 56 x 56 cm

She sleeps as the morning opens around her — striped sheets rising and falling like the sea itself, curtains parting on a sailboat and a single gull. The world is already moving, already luminous. But she lingers a little longer in the lullaby, red lips soft, dark hair still, held by a dream the morning has not yet claimed.



# *Sailing Joy*

Acrylic on canvas, 68 x 57 cm

The day shines. The sky is endless blue, the water calls, and the sailboat answers. On the shore, striped umbrellas bloom like flowers – red and white sentinels of summer leisure. A child plays with a dog, and a watermelon sits waiting. Seagulls wheel freely overhead. This is simply the joy of being alive on a perfect summer day by the sea.



# Vers Minuit

Acrylic on canvas, 75 x 65 cm

The night is alive with pattern and color Art Deco splendor rising from every surface, rich burgundy and gold, geometric forms dancing with organic curves, a world ornate and luminous and endlessly layered. Pink blooms soften the grandeur. A grand piano anchors the space, its sheet music open, and waiting. Somewhere in the patterned depths, a shadowy figure watches. And then her. A woman in a luminous yellow gown, standing at the microphone, eyes closed, her voice weaving through the ornate night like smoke and gold, like warm light through stained glass touching every surface, filling every pattern, leaving nothing untouched. Vers Minuit. Towards midnight. The hour when a voice becomes a confession, and the night holds its breath.



# *La Salle Où Vit la Musique*

Acrylic on canvas, 105 x 75 cm

The pianist plays. His hands move across the keys with quiet confidence, his striped jacket catching the light, his boater hat tilted just so. Beside him, a woman in radiant yellow holds the microphone, her voice rising above the room. Around them, elegantly dressed figures gather and linger — a woman in jeweled tones leaning forward, pink blooms spilling between the tables, a couple in the shadows lost in their own quiet world. And behind it all, the room itself hums with a life of its own — the music filling every corner, the light touching every pattern, the night belonging completely to those inside it. The night is young. The music is everything. And in this room, that is enough. The painter was there — lost in the same music, the same light, the same magnificent night. And what the morning would have quietly taken, the canvas remembers forever.



# *La Femme en Rouge*

Acrylic on canvas, 115 x 75 cm

A woman in a red dress sits at the piano, her bare back to the world. Around her, elegant figures lean and whisper pearls glinting, fans raised, and secrets passing between them like whispered melodies, soft and intimate. And in the background, there is another moment a woman's face visible, her expression caught between two enigmatic figures in formal dress. What passes between them? What is being said, decided, felt? The night keeps that secret. A vase holds blossoms of pink soft, luminous, glowing gently in the candlelight. The room glows deep and rich around them all gold and pattern everywhere, a room ornate and beautiful, where every surface whispers of elegance. This is the deepest hour of the night when the night has become completely itself.



“Enter the horizon - where beauty,  
stillness, and aspiration meet.”

By The Sea



**Konstantinos Zannetos** is an internationally recognized fine artist. After graduating cum laude from the Athens School of Fine Arts, he went on to develop a body of work that includes solo exhibitions, large-scale murals, and participation in group exhibitions and competitions worldwide. His paintings are held in public and private collections across the United States, Switzerland, the United Kingdom, Austria, France, Poland, Qatar, Greece, and Cyprus. He currently serves as a lecturer in the Department of Fine Arts and Architecture at the University of Nicosia, Cyprus.

#### **Solo Exhibitions**

KAC Doha, Qatar  
Palais de l'Athénée, Geneva, Switzerland  
The Cyprus House in New York City, USA  
C.John Gallery, Mayfair, London, England  
Decorason Gallery, Dallas, USA  
Bonham's Amalias 36 Athens, Greece  
Little Gallery, Nowy Sacz, Poland  
The Aerides Gallery, Athens, Greece  
Villa Paradiso, Chirokitia, Cyprus  
French Institute, Nicosia, Cyprus  
The Center of Visual Arts and Research, Cyprus  
Tilemahos Kanthos Foundation, Cyprus







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