

Ewelina Figarska (95) - interdisciplinary artist. Co-founder of the Garaż gallery-collective. Graduate Academy of Fine Arts in Łódź, student of directing at the Academy of Theater Arts in Krakow (2022/23). Student of Athens School of Fine Arts (2018/19). She deals with intermedia and literature. She co-creates soundart podcast for Radio Kapitał #Cebula, where she looks for alternative forms communications, workspaces, brothels and privacy. She made her debut as a film director experimental form at the Short Waves festival in Poznań (2022). She has exhibited her Works in a.o.: Warsaw Cultural Observatory, WY Gallery, Jak zapomnieć Gallery. She took part in a.o.: Krakow's KRAKERS festival and Krakow Photomonth, and Warsaw's FRINGE. She published texts in a.o.: Malkontenty Magazine, Tlen Literacki, Stoner. She participates in the playwriting project Katowicka Round Theater in Ishabel Szatrawska's group. Participant of KBF literary workshops from Kraków, Unesco City of Literature. She is interested in everyday life as understood by Jolanta Brach-Czaina, interspecies and singularity.



One long day
Jak zapomnieć gallery, 2023
artists: Ewelina Figarska, Paweł Marcinek
curators: Tomasz Nowak, Karolina Jarzębak

One long day

Jak zapomnieć gallery

artists: Ewelina Figarska, Paweł Marcinek

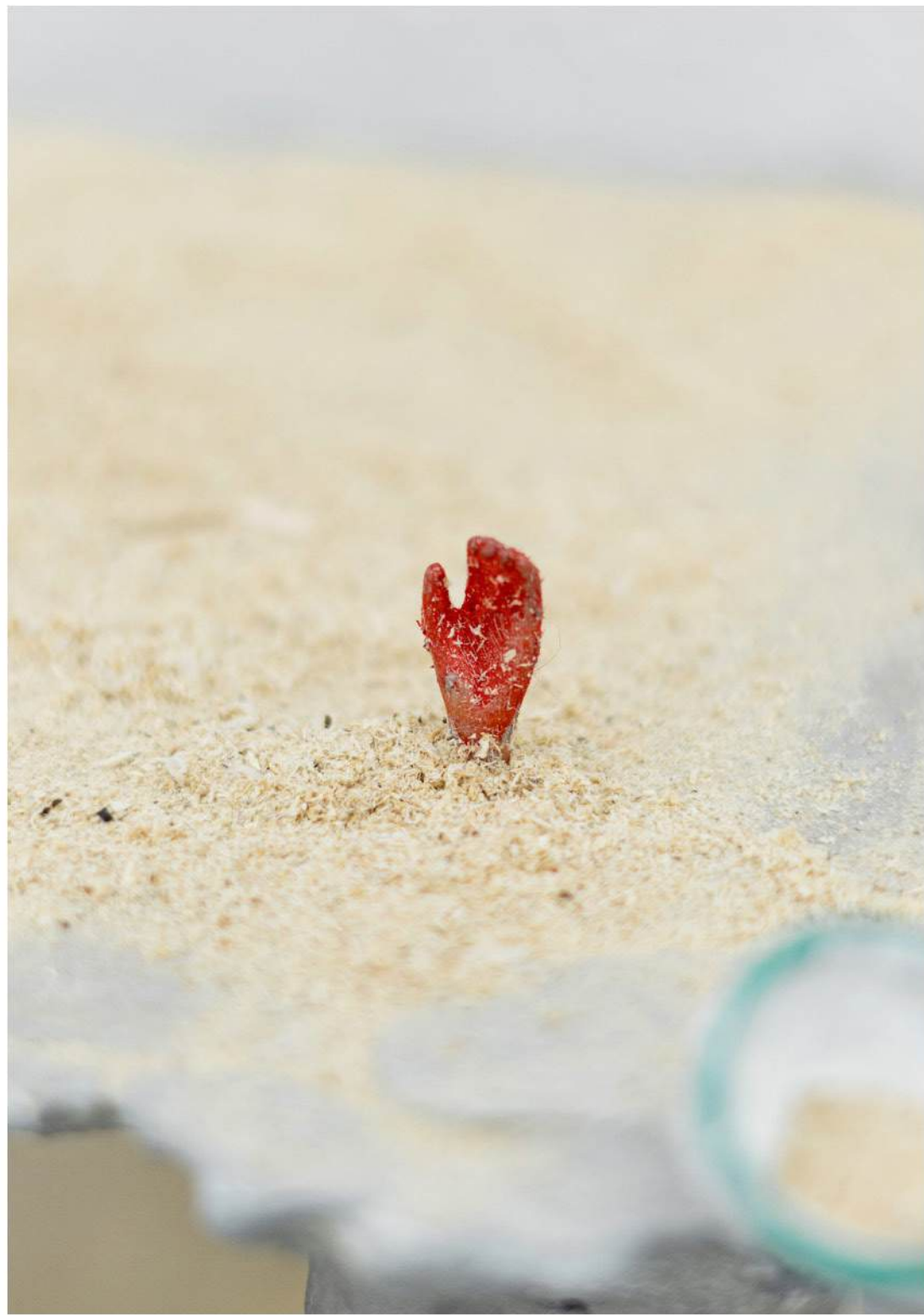
curators: Tomasz Nowak, Karolina Jarzębak

Event organized as part of Cracow Art Week KRAKERS 2023

[FULL DOCUMENTATION](#)

The day is really long, with no end in sight. P and E traverse miles of tracts of their brainpans and find only big lumps to carve. On this day they might face endless disasters. As usual, all that is left behind are objects, wood chips and text lying on the windowsill. The exhibition is a story about the clash of everyday life of fictional characters but also a little real ones. It is also a presentation of board works by Paweł Marcinek and objects by Ewelina Figarska. The artists often create objects, drawings and texts together. They share similar materials and poetic thinking, constructing humorous and acidic scenarios and sculptures. A Beckett-like day like in *Endgame* cannot end and instead of diminishing, it prolongs itself. Thoughts begin to escalate and morph, Cronenberg-like mutating into ever more difficult to interpret constructs. One would like to escape for a while from the meaty mystery and observation of the surroundings. With this perspective, it might be nice to lie in the chipboard sands of the studio for a while.





I swathe you in the colour of green glimmer

artist: Ewelina Figarska

curator: Paweł Marcinek

solo show and site-specific exhibition in an office building in room 517 in Krakow, Poland, 2023

[FULL DOCUMENTATION](#)

I'm trying to create a terrarium for myself. Maybe when I get rid of my life and turn into an office lizard, a new perspective for life will appear next to the sales department. Will it be any different at all? Maybe—like Gregor Samsa—I'll fall on my back and never get out of here. An exhibition in a 12-square-metre office building with a bathroom, but with no toilet. There is a sink, there are pipes and windows. I'll just sit here and sit here; I have nothing else to do anyway. Maybe I'll be more like Abe Kobo's Woman in the Dunes in her cave. Like a woman-insect performing repetitive activities, I populate my room 517 with objects, drawings and notes. Like the sand in her apartment, what stabilises me is the swirling of little balls; clipping wicker together; spitting the Orbit chewing gum. I get tired. Then I fall asleep.

Covered with stares from behind the glass

Basked skin, scales. The sun is a light bulb, it provides warmth. Basked, reptilian skin. Eggs made of wicker. Paths of sticks winding along the walls. The glass fogs up and warm air lifts. Oxygen burns away and lazily lulls. Oddly stuffed, mass-sticking drawings sweat against the glass walls. They create a closed world. Their architecture is foldable, built from a head-hanger. The little box with a spike has been lying there for a long time, waiting for someone to pick it up. It wanders around the cube. Pastel people, strung beads, and more, and more. They breed like reptiles. They breed horizontally and vertically. They penetrate the room lights. More terraria. Vertical complexes. Made of sand, clay and stones. Here and there a stream of water flows in the corridors. The veins of the earth come to the surface. The flowing blood spills into billions of cubic metres. They breed. Saliva is dripping here and there, and another nest sprouts. Sticked with willow branches. The nails grow longer again. Hardened skin turns to stone. An insect falls in. It sticks to the adhesive tape. It will take it off with its tongue in the afternoon. Maybe tomorrow. Or later. Random objects that fall in are somewhere between the old stump and the cable. Together they meet the knee joint. Colours blend, eyes squint, eyelids droop. By the warmth of the radiator, the body falls asleep.





The possibilities are walking around in circles

WY gallery

artists: Ewelina Figarska, Ania Jeglorz

curators: Joanna Szumacher, Piotr Strzemieczny

Come sit with us on the purple couch
In the kitchen
We're going by tram
to Priest Mill's to watch the carpet hangers
We're sitting in a red bus
it's raining
the chair in your head might be red
But in mine it's different
Anyway, Idk

I'm talking to you from my reality. In my reality I pay attention to the reality's noses, you remember the reality's eyes. Rumbles, noises, hiccups, yawns, lines to nowhere, monologues to the wall, dreamy delusions. A hole in the panels, heavy, not washable stain, spot, shuffling back and forth, drying, sweeping. Things fall to the ground, roll around, the choreographies performed to avoid the furniture, are followed by footsteps and voices. Look, the possibilities are already groveling here, multiplications and choices are flooding your eyes. They are going around in circles, like in a wheel of fortune made of socks scattered on the floor. You are looking for the right pair. You put your head towards the ear cup and hear us calling you from our hiding place. We are calling you in order to draw you here. Various possibilities abound here. They are crawling along the timeline, the clock is covered with dust and milkskin, just watch out for the objects enlivened by us, put on your favorite slippers, make yourself comfortable.

It's an exhibition about how you paused on the stairs to converse about a way to some place. About how you borrowed salt or hummus, about mold in the fridge and shared onions or potatoes. We are a garage collective, we are interested in whispers and notes, overheard conversations, sound art, voice, private rubbish and poetry written on the back of a notebook or drowned in telephone notes. The title comes from Miron Białoszewski's work "Faramuski".





The possibilities are walking around in circles
WY gallery, 2023
artists: Ewelina Figarska, Ania Jeglorz
curators: Joanna Szumacher, Piotr Strzemieczny

You were never here. I'm eating pudding

bwa Drewniana gallery

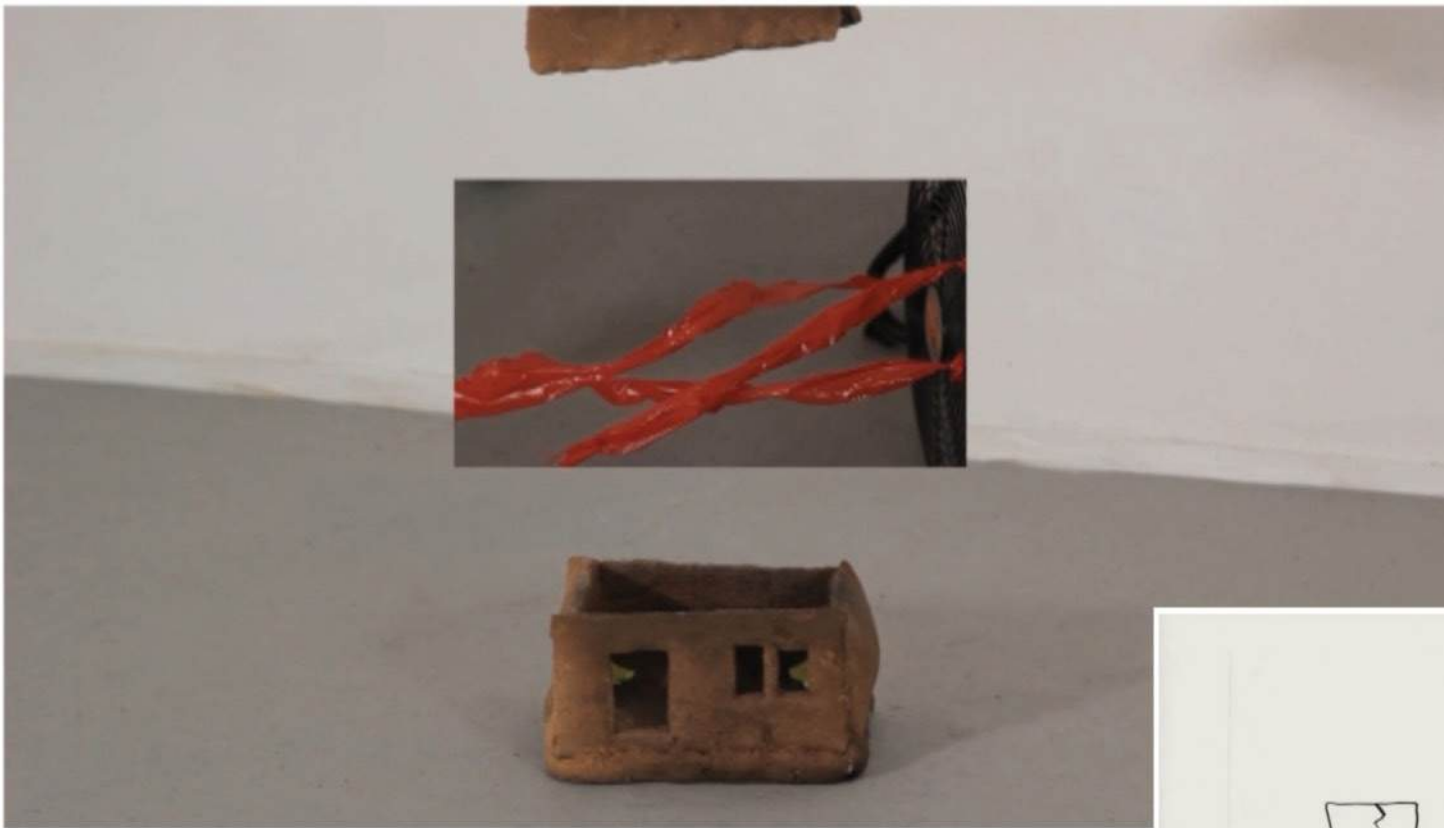
artist: Ewelina Figarska

curators: Paweł Marcinek

[FULL DOCUMENTATION](#)

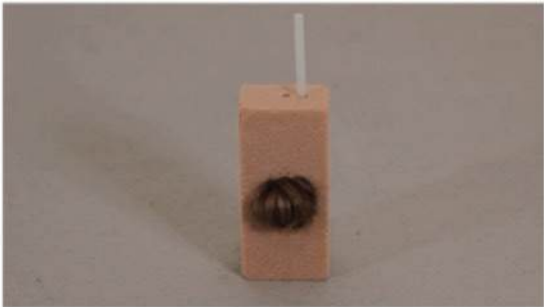
The fabulous world is on a motley scale, sometimes too big, too small elsewhere. You cannot fit in it. Jumping, we fly through it as if it were a net. It turns out to be very openwork. It stretches like a dough, shrinks forming candelabra's plugs, minuscule hats, cones that prick. The flour we are made with, white as snow, baked in the oven blushes like sweet buns. The artist tries to buy her way (into reality and hearts) with these treats, to satisfy the eyes craving for warmth and affection, yearning for colourful confetti confectionery sprinkles. The flavours she is bestowing on us are written in our cerebral cortexes. We know them from dreams and fancies, legends about lands of milk and honey. What grew out of the work of her hands may in shape resemble (s)hellfishes – conch-creatures having cephalothorax, sharp thorny sea urchins. This can be seen in fairy-tales. Tales in which the main characters' behaviours are often ambiguous: they bite, they are senselessly laughing an instant later. We are eating pudding and nothing changes. In the ethereal world heavy with sensations, dense with vibrations, objects from bazaar, which resembles the décor of a Mongolian yurt – here, perhaps we would find butter from goat's milk, the smell of fur, a sticky tuft of hair. We recall at this moment the side of our nature we ignore while focusing on improvement and self-realization. Everything ugly and spontaneous, what is effectively repressed can be a cure for premature freezing of one's intuition, closure to fifth dimension's stimuli. The volatile world we live in, the matter that surrounds us, thoughts that flow incessantly. They makes us realize that we ourselves are composed of small particles, flecks, bits, coils; we layer ourselves, we fall into place, one body against another, binding into more and more elaborate forms occupying space of the matter and matter of the space: thick pudding, viscous condition, of nourishment, of human tissue. Depiction of greedy dematerialisation, inanimate materiality. Objects from the world of bizzarres come to a stop to succumb to the power of time. Reality is shrinking, dwindling like a drying potato. We were never here.





Is the human scream definitely falling apart? Experimental Film
 Short Waves Festiwal 2022
shortwaves.pl/goscie/
 artist: Ewelina Figarska

The theme of scream came to me from my semi-therapeutic practice, but also along with the attempts at using the scream, releasing my emotions. I felt that it connects with the magic of the word, especially considering early peoples conviction that every sound or word emitted by a human is as an event inscribed in space. The phenomenon turned out to be increasingly spatial and expansive as if it would echo not only in sound. The work that came into being combines many ways of representing the scream: oil drawings, animations and objects.



In the fascination with the mirror the feeling is showing through, that the person on the other side will snatch us away, will grab us by the hand, replace us.

Poszukuję miejsca, w którym tworzenie łączy się z refleksją nad ekologią, produkcją i filozofią. Jestem przekonana, że w czasach, gdy przedmiotów jest zbyt wiele, a konsumpcja sztuki przypomina konsumpcję produktów, należy szukać również nowych sposobów na wytwarzanie sztuki. Sugeruję skupienie się na tym co jest, a nie na tym czego nie ma. Nie produkcja, ale tymczasowe pożyczanie, odkładanie i dzielenie się. Interesuje mnie tworzenie sytuacji z wykorzystaniem tego, co jest w pobliżu.

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