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# C'EST LA VIE, SOLO EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY KATARZYNA GAJEWSKA

ORIGIN GALLERY, 37 FITZWILLIAM STREET UPPER, DUBLIN 2, IRELAND

PRIVATE VIEW: WEDNESDAY, 22ND OF FEBRUARY 6-8PM

EXHIBITION DATES: 23RD OF FEBRUARY - 14TH OF MARCH 2017

GALLERY OPENING TIMES

10 AM - 5.30 PM

MON - FRI

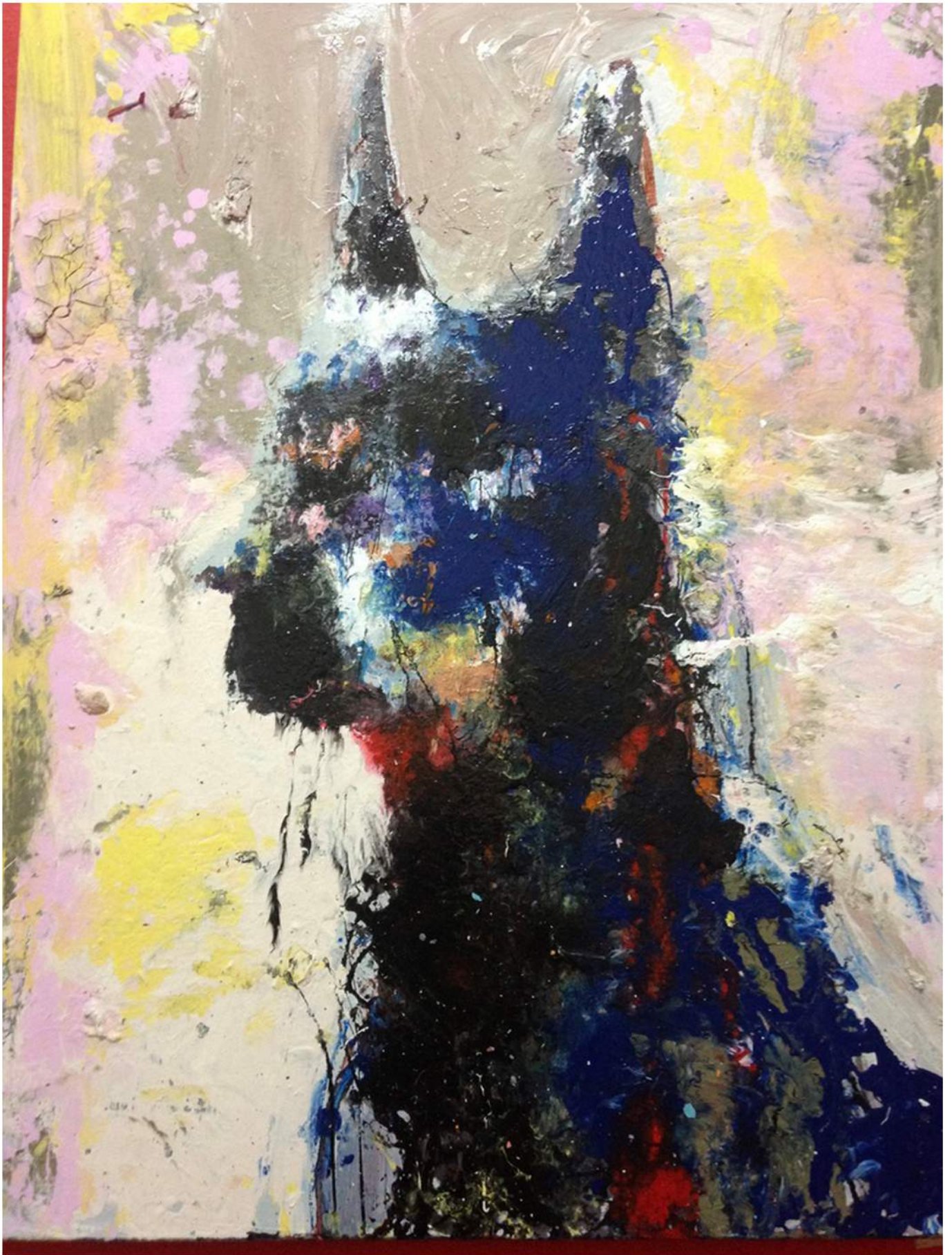
T: +353 1 662 9347

E: [THEORINGALLERY@GMAIL.COM](mailto:THEORINGALLERY@GMAIL.COM)

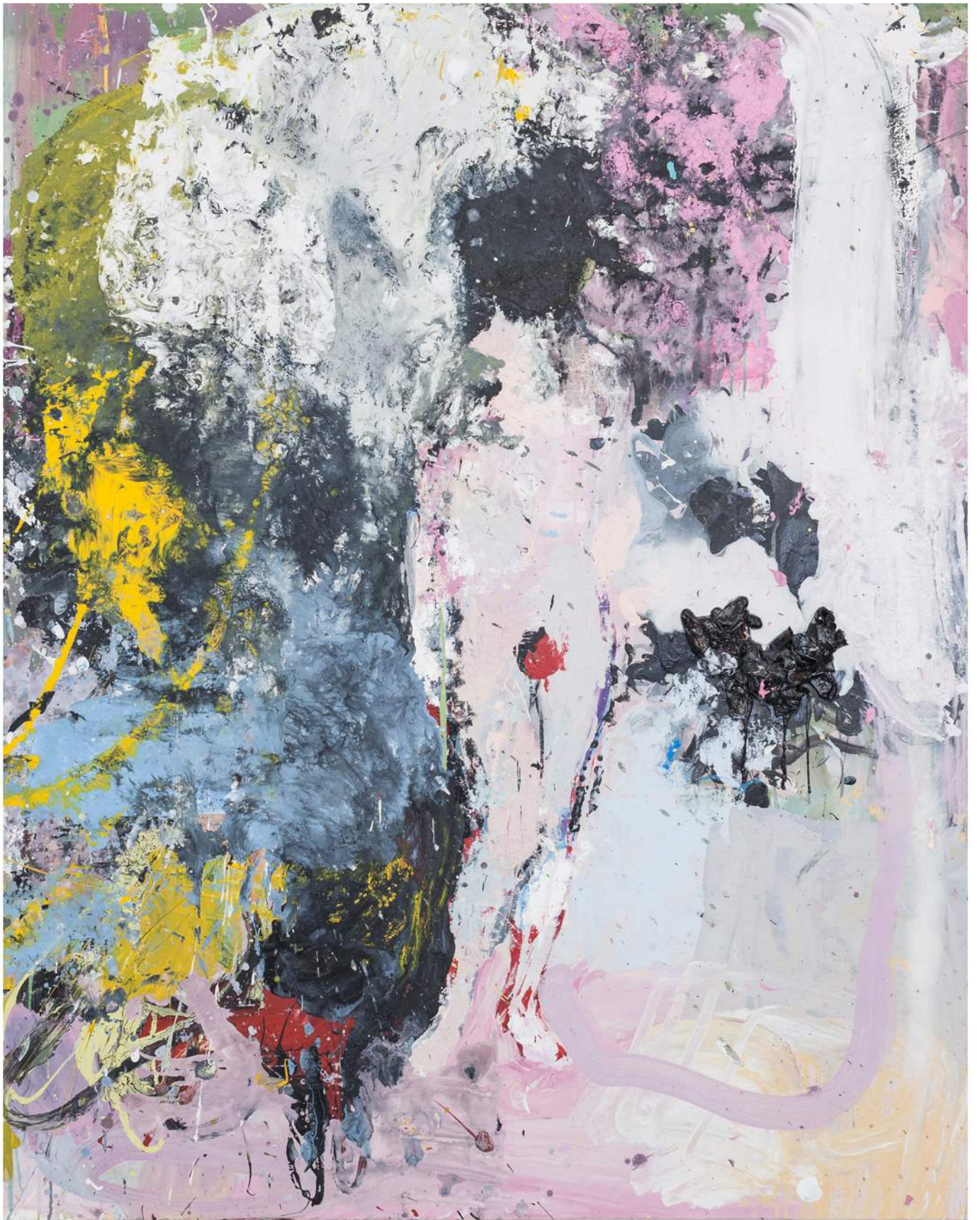
ARTIST WEBSITE: [WWW.KATARZYNAGAJEWSKA.COM](http://WWW.KATARZYNAGAJEWSKA.COM)



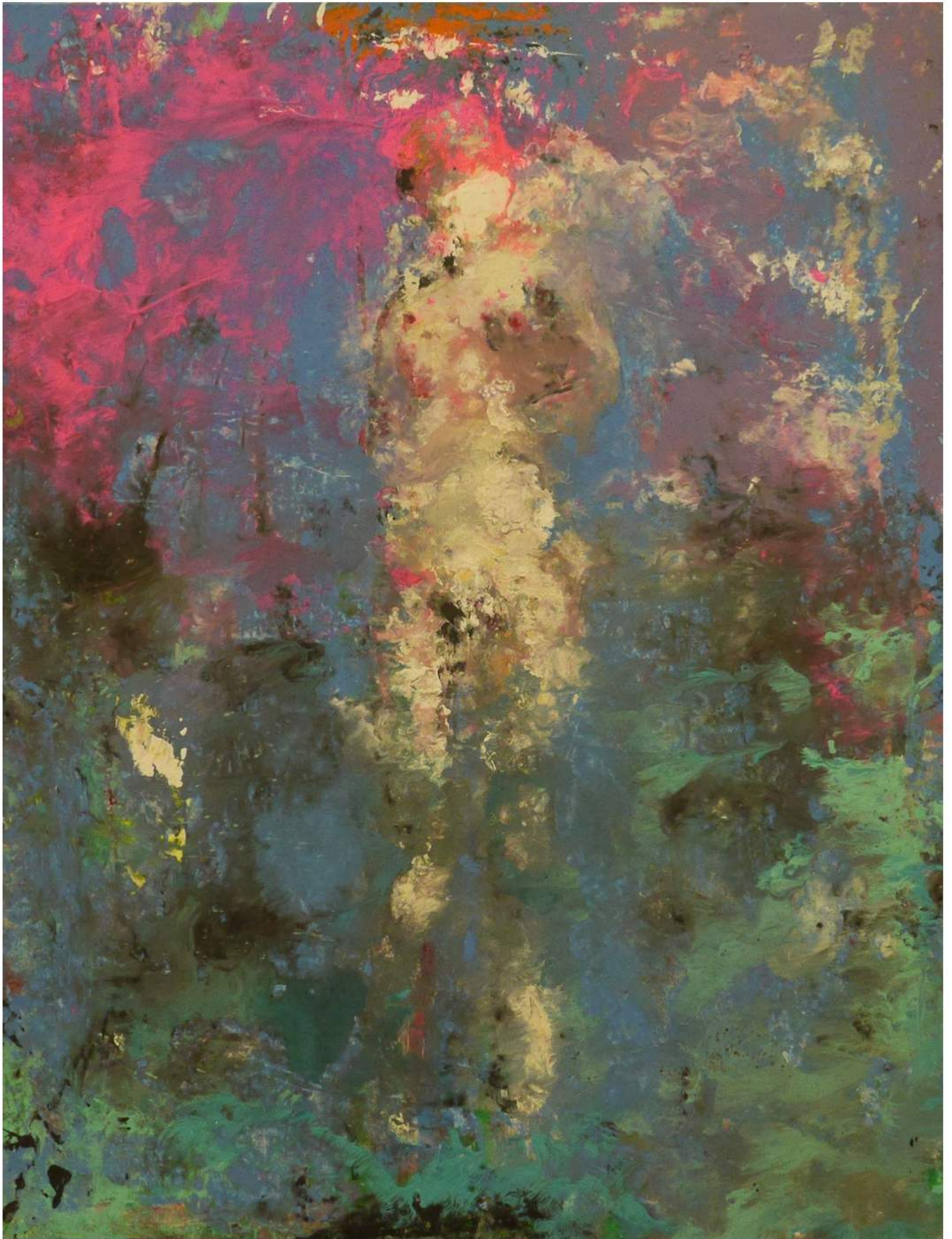
Amateurs\_ 160x140cm, Acrylic on Canvas, 2016



Lucifer, Acrylic on Canvas, 80x60 cm, 2016.



Fleurs du mal , Flowers of Evil, 150x120cm, 2016



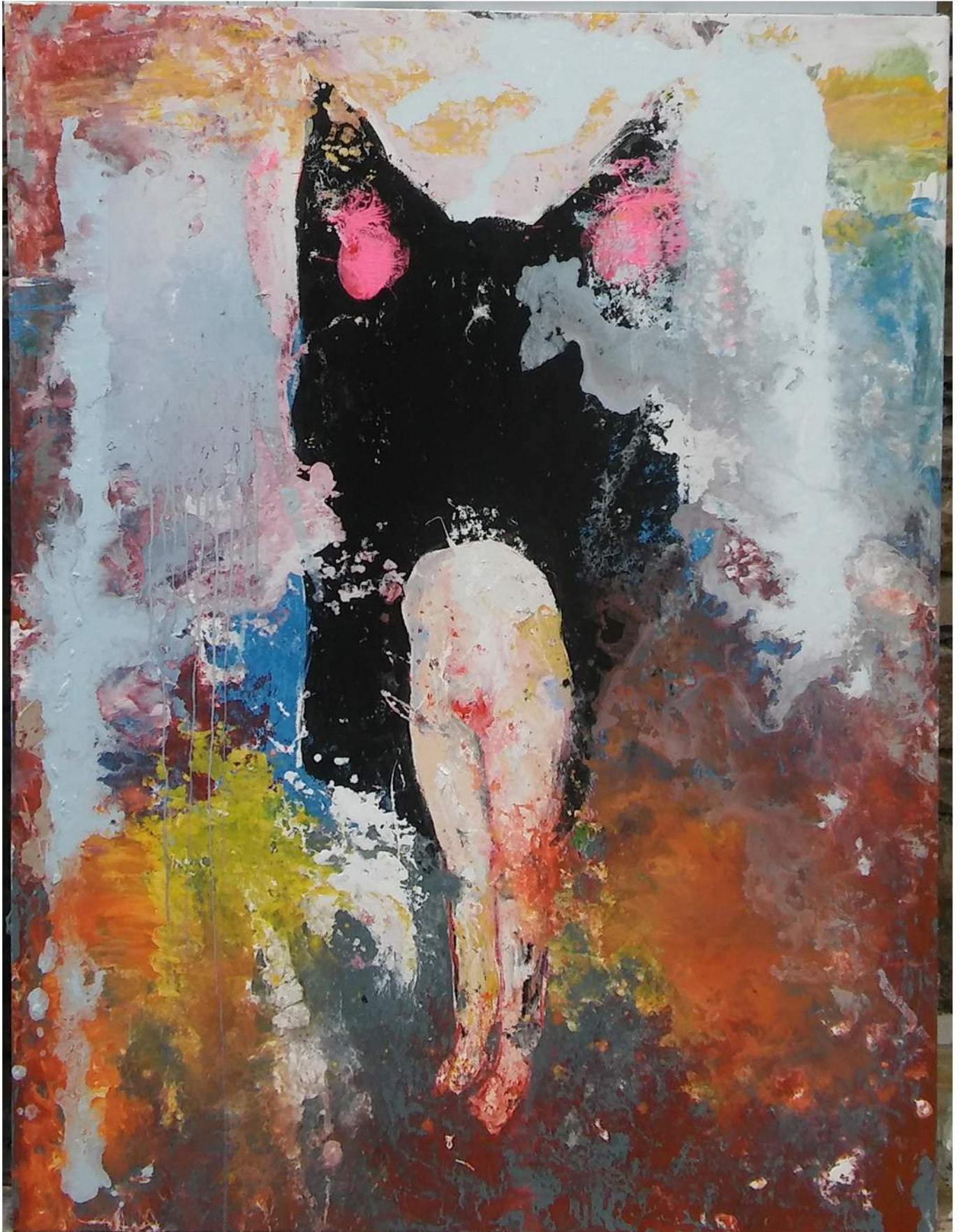
Lonely I, Acrylic on Canvas, 130x100, 2016.



All the images of the day after tomorrow, Acrylic on Canvas, 100x80cm\_2016



And I fled in fright, Acrylic on Canvas, 150x120cm, 2015



Entre le chien et le loup / Between the dog and the wolf, Acrylic on Canvas, 130x100





Floral Wallpaper\_100x100cm\_2015



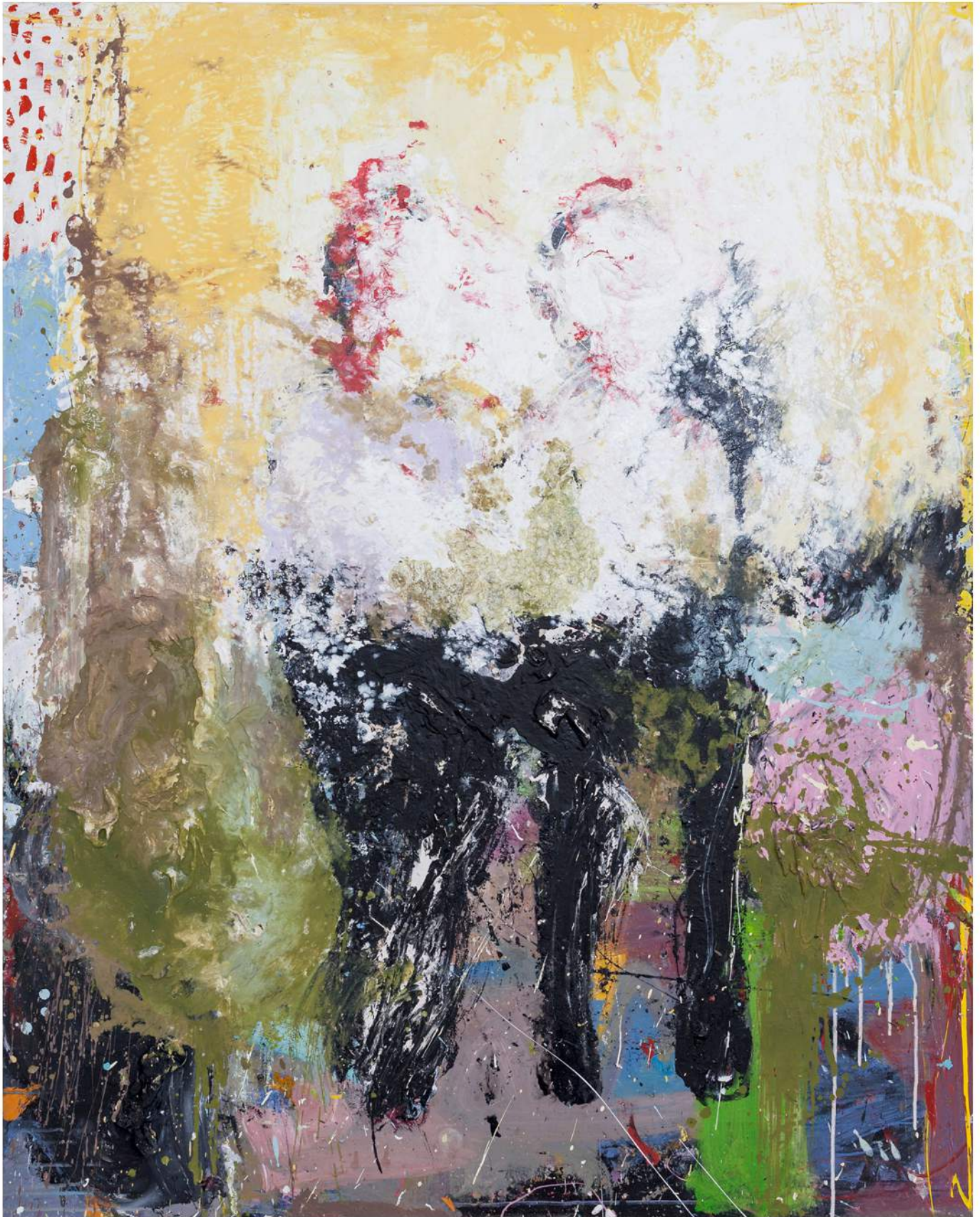
I've walked these miles, 151x195cm, Acrylic on Canvas, 2015



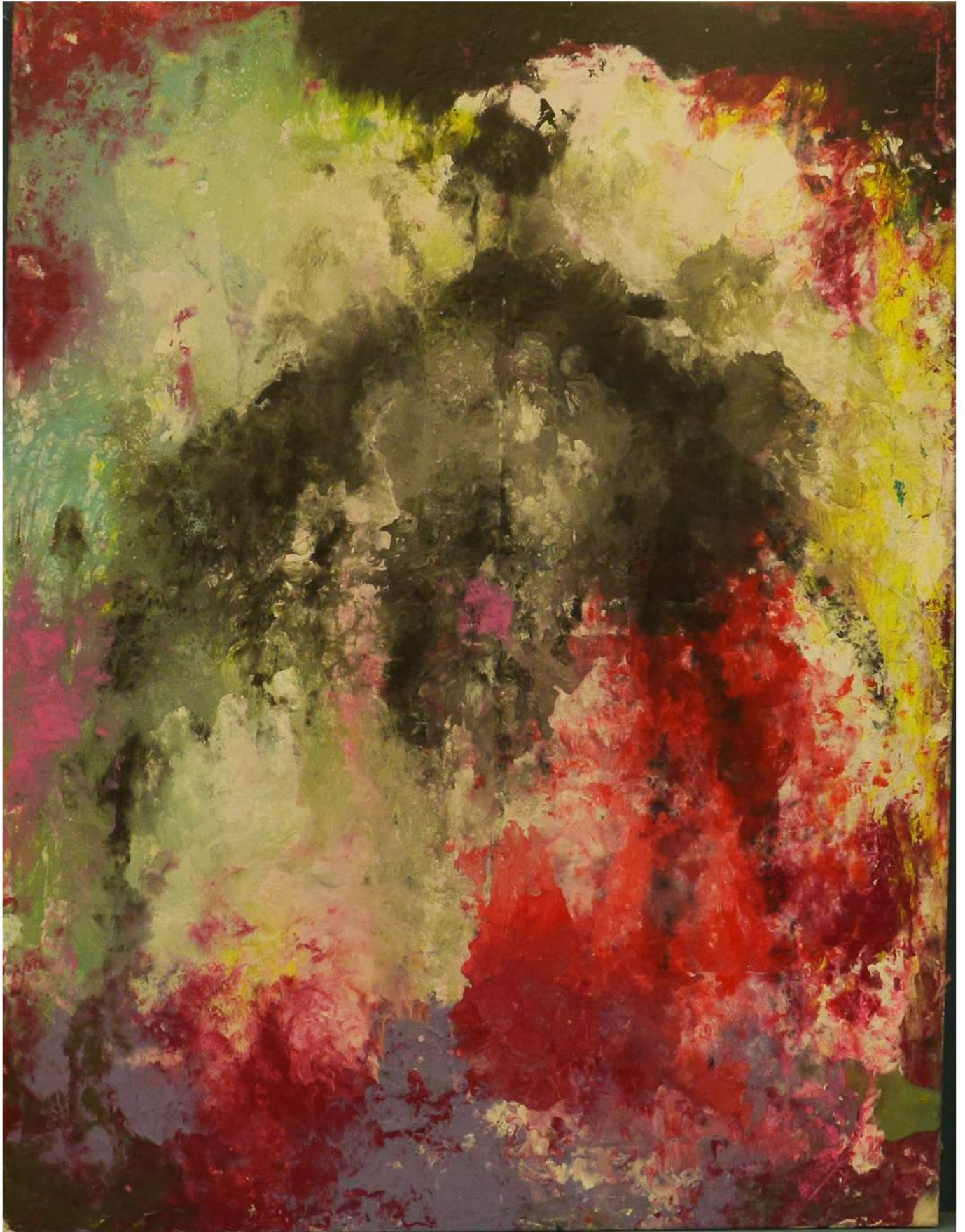
Ibbur\_140x140cm, Acrylic on Canvas, 2016



Kaddish, Acrylic on Canvas, 140x140cm, 2016



Laughing Gas\_ 150x120cm \_mixed media on canvas, 2016



Le Chat, Acrylic on Canvas, 130x100 cm, 2016.

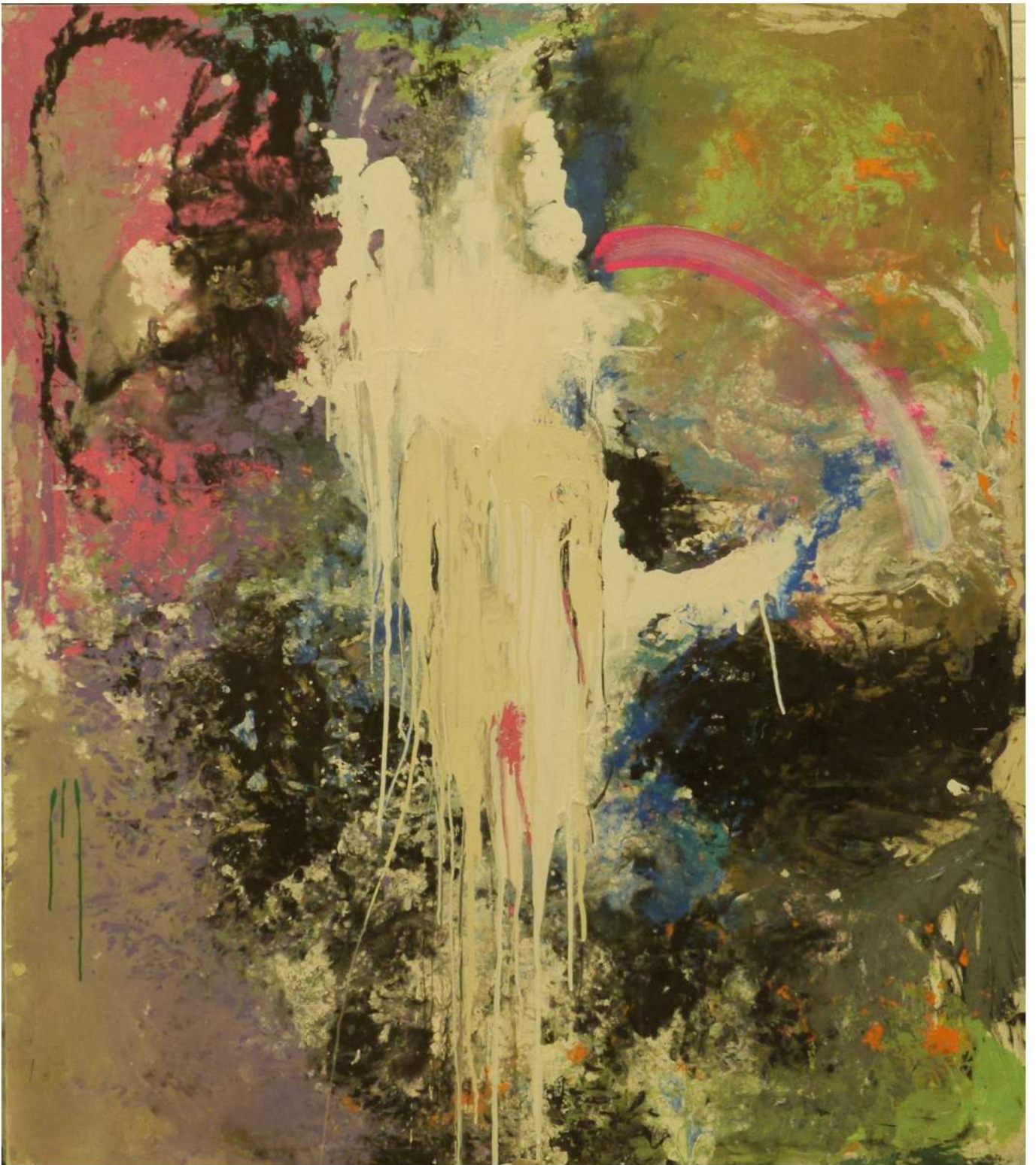


Love, Acrylic on Canvas, 140x140cm, 2016



Ceramic Rose, Acrylic on Canvas, 140x140cm, 2016





Ohr / Light\_160x140cm, acrylic on canvas 2016



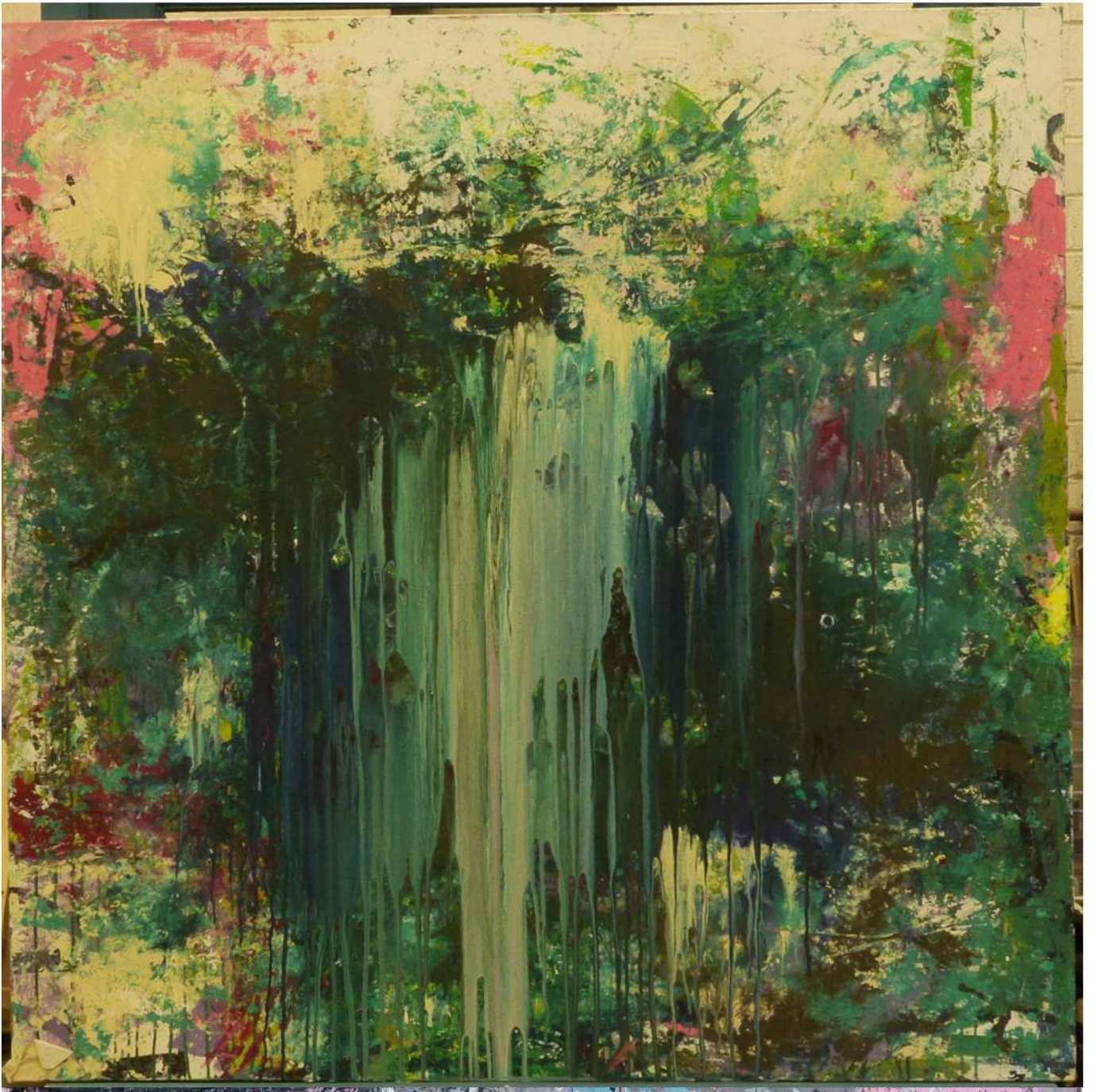
Riget, 142 x 195 cm, Acrylic on Canvas, 2015



Song of the Afternoon, Acrylic on Canvas, 140x140cm, 2016



The House is the Body, Acrylic on Canvas, 140x140cm, 2016



Waterfall\_160x140cm\_2016\_a



Women as Lovers\_140x140cm

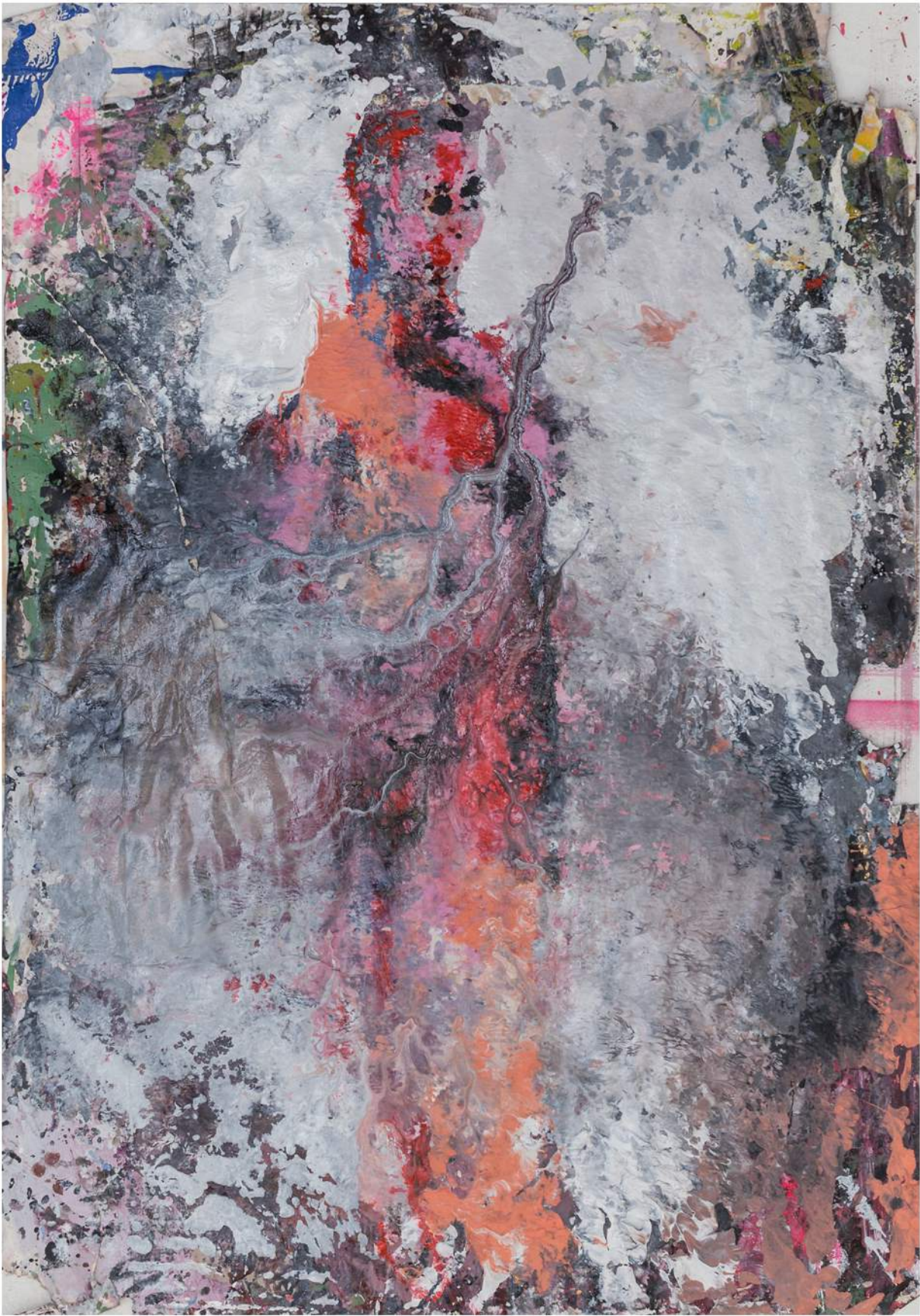


Messenger, 140x140 cm, Mixed media on Canvas, 2016.



Miss Kitten, Acrylic on Canvas, 100x70cm, 2016

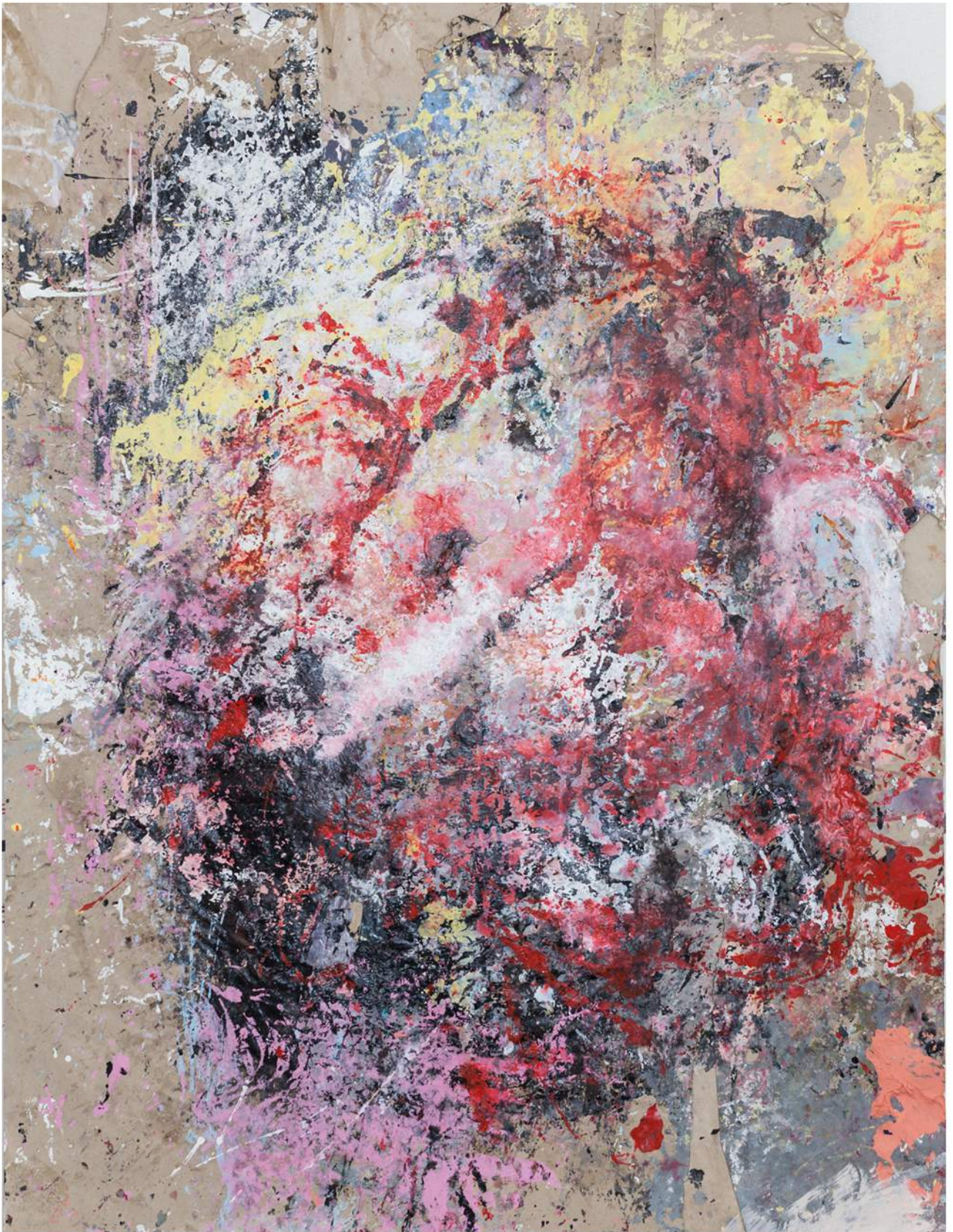




Catwalk / Leda, Mixed Media on Paper, 100 x70cm, 2016



Floating gardenias II\_paper\_100x70, 2016



La Vie est Belle, Mixed Media on Paper, 130 x100cm



Lost, seperated, a worm, a thought, a self, Mixed Media on Paper,



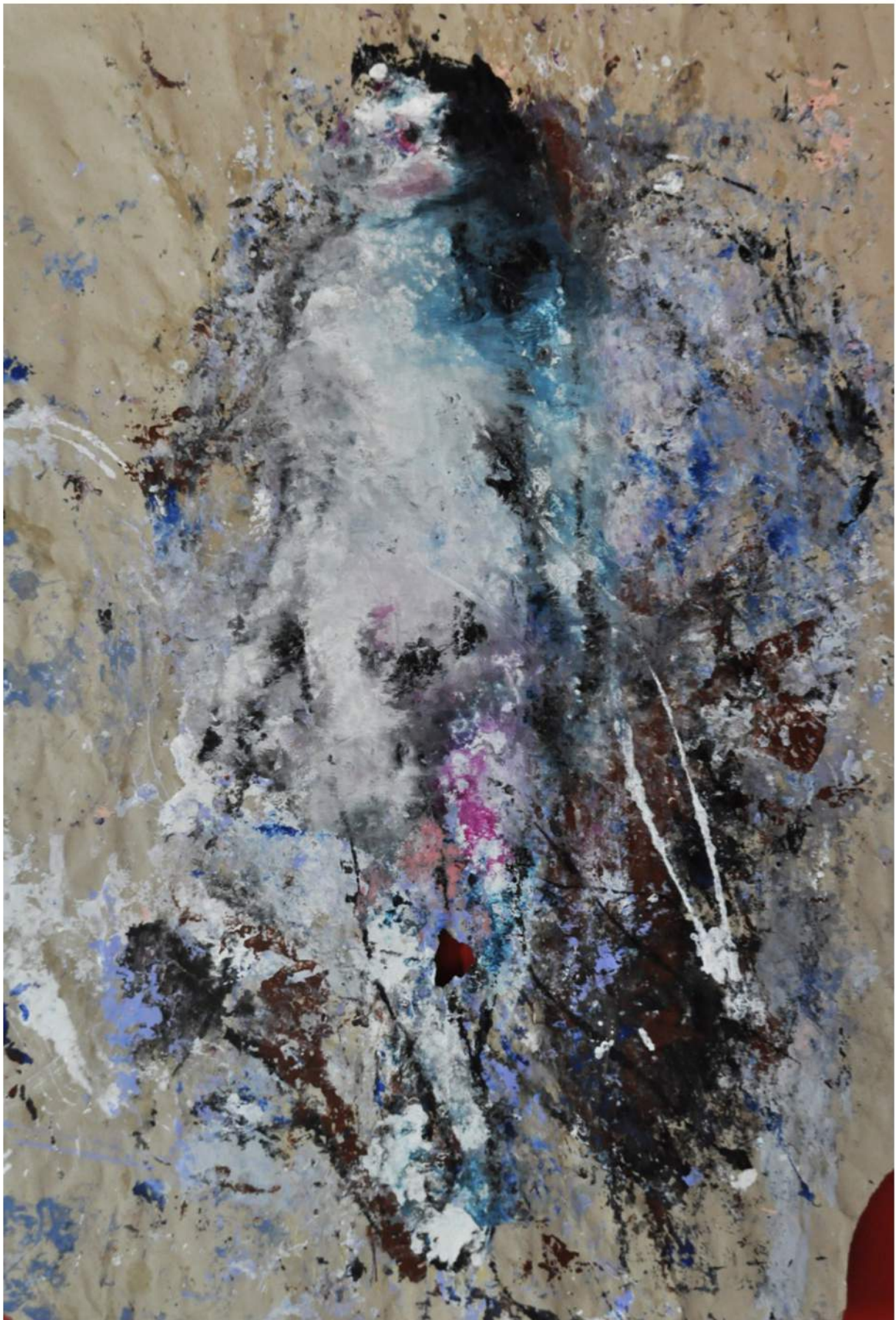
Chance encounters, Acrylic on Paper, 130x100cm, 2016\_



Maladie Imaginaire\_mixed media on paper\_100x70cm



Motherhood, Mixed Media on \_paper\_ 130x100 cm



Spirit and Matter \_River of Life, Acrylic on Paper, 130x100cm





Stitches\_Mixed Media on Paper



And as sad as love itself, Acrylic on Canvas, 30x30cm



Back at home, Mixed Media on Canvas, 30x24cm



Edible Mushrooms, Acrylic on Canvas, 30 x30 cm



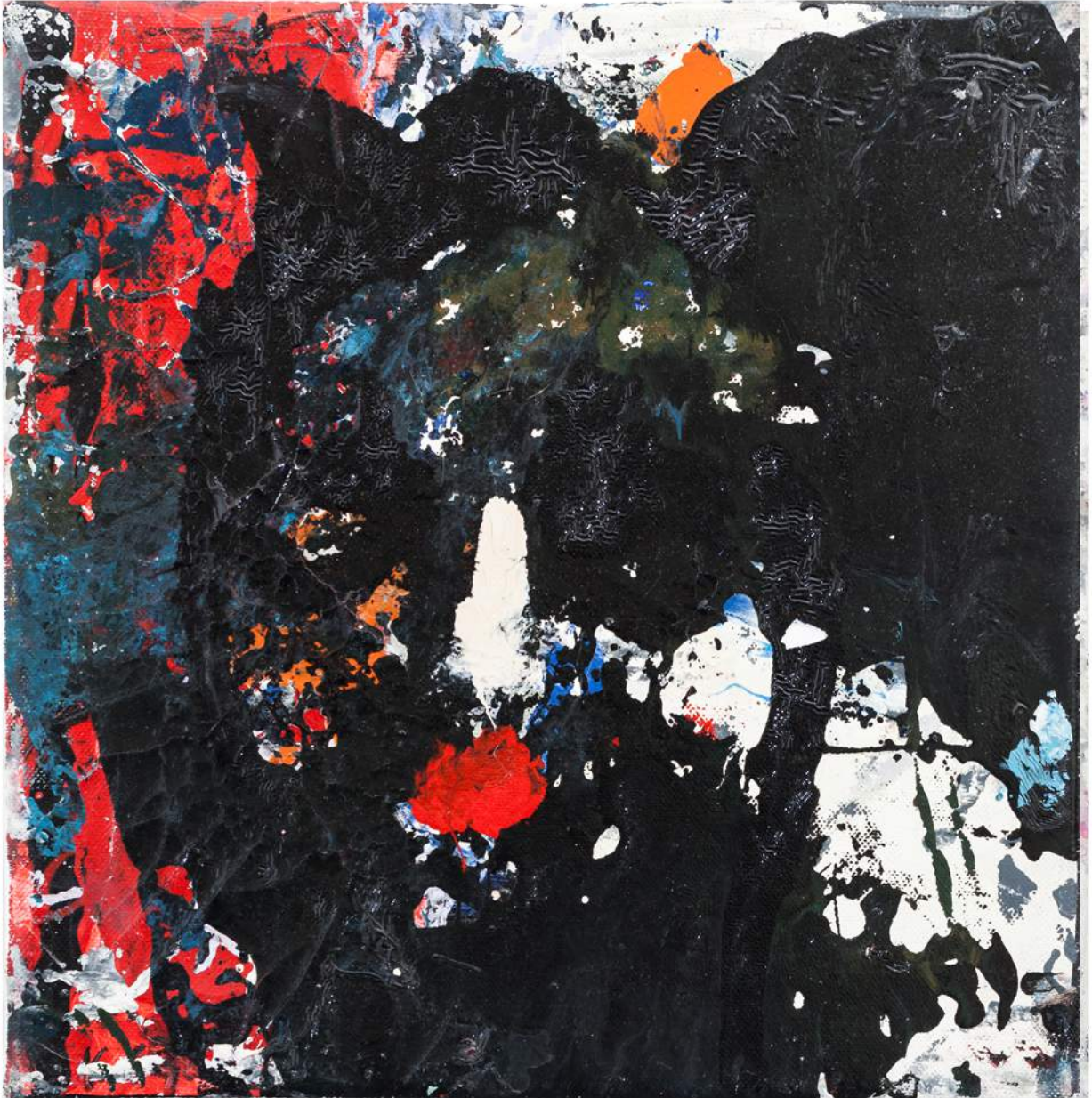
In a house that was not mine, Acrylic on Canvas, 2016



Lunatic Resentment\_30x30cm\_Acrylic on Canvas



There is no song for the choir, Acrylic on Canvas, 30x30cm, 2014



sokrare sex, Mixed Media on Canvas, 30x30cm





That is called symbiosis, Acrylic on Canvas, 30x24cm



Because the Night\_Portrait of Patti Smith\_mixed media on canvas\_30x30cm

All my previous work was based on a prosthetic memory. Provoked by different mediums, I – as a spectator - was conceptualizing events, images and memories I had not experienced myself.

For the first time memories of experience which contributed to my work were my own.

I no longer work with cadence; now my commitment to work is constant. There were a lot of parallels between books and music which lived within me during the last 5 somewhat perfunctory, overlapping years. William S. Burroughs treated language as if it was a type of physical matter manipulated by a visual artist. His method was similar to collages and cut-ups.

And so is the jungle of references, memories hanged to dry in the adaptive fecundity of the studio. How many days spent on work? In a process of constant looping, everything flows and finds its own course.

Painting, changing, collaging together information not necessarily in timely order. In a cage of physical limits, being objected, stereotyped – body becomes a shift from innocence to unsettling. I decided to explore an overlap, an alteration between worlds. I started seeing more intensely, sometimes worried, sometimes proud of self healing properties. This is the time when I began to wonder. The rhythm of breaths, breaths of co-patients, muffled noises, awkward silence. Newfound knowledge of people and their power. Power of love or power of contempt. Then you are becoming acquainted to be stared at, deconstructed with your brain redirected towards the past, future or simply void. There is no space anywhere else; body sickness, layers of tension, cold reality of everyday and social expectation.

Lack of certain stimuli, the fact that time has limits and loses its innocence makes the mind more intuitive and penetrative. The never ending wound – this is how Elfriede Jelinek describes her writing. By drawing a portrait of society and its non written rules she is showing a grotesque body which makes me laugh but reminds how powerful and devastating it can be if touched in a certain manner or if intruded upon. She places the woman in the midst of it and then she keeps exploring little figures resisting or bending; heroic or pushed around. Little figures; softened by the intrusion of darker colours, or emerging to the surface on a wave of different vocabulary and soft touches.

The sisterhood is pivotal; but what it means is the unity of the body and soul rather than someone else's presence. Before each surgery this is what I need to paint-conjoined bodies; before being claimed by tools, divided, stretched and stitched together, I am giving new size and form, three breasts, two heads; doubled up and protected. „If I could make the world as pure and strange as what I see, I'd put you in the mirror; I put you in front of me. I put you in front of me.“ – Lou Reed

Twinship establishes a playful relationship with risks. In African mythology twinship represents completeness and perfection; wholeness. I am hoping that paint can assert that sort of duality.

Candy pink, orange, bubblegum enamel, bright, seductive colours are a new language. Subverted bad conditions, a reflection of the banal horrors of life. In the chronicles of women, pink bodies are faceless; the future is unknown, it is not yet distributed in the rites of passage. Black masks, balaclavas, are preserving anonymity in a world of

exposure.

The mask, or „added face „from Spanish, is a veil which stands for expression of inner space.

“Whatever is profound loves masks; what is most profound even hates image and parable. (...)Every profound spirit needs a mask: even more, around every profound spirit a mask is growing continually, owing to the constantly false, namely shallow, interpretation of every word, every step, every sign of life he gives.

(Nietzsche, „Beyond Good And Evil”, section 40 translated by Walter Kaufmann)

Literature has become a materialism of time to me. How to reach the forefront of this game? The temporal vegetation is omnipresent and humiliating. I need words to crystallize all embarrassing moments. The work is being marked by words of Elfriede Jelinek, Herta Muller, Allen Ginsberg, Baudelaire, Jonas Gardell, Cave to name a few. They tear, scratch, paste, copy to their heart’s content. A bit of laughter is good as well. Showing off the absurd side of it all, musical and textual citation is a consequence of the very narrow proportions. Finding ways to soften, change, layer, reverse. Trading direct experience is also extending to the abstract lines, to fables, beliefs, personifications such as Ibbur (soul possessing body, impregnation), Dybbuk (dislocated soul of a dead person), Ohr (spiritual light) , Kelpie / White Horse , whose appearance used to be a portent of death, guardian spirit (in Ibsen) or triumph over negative forces.

Elfriede Jelinek who paints with polyphonic monologues over a stereotypical surface is telling stories about the inability of women. She is creating various subversive juxtapositions with her words. Those monologues; one by one, voices allowed to speak at the same time dictate a more allegorical approach to the space. Free form, improvisatory, unparagraphed, metaphorical writing helps to find my axis. And turns oppressive into ironic. I felt compelled to use her coarse language and formulate it into something tangible. The rhythm of applying paint, layered and dense is a system of unfinished sentences which apply to the same rupture. I decide to use paper, the energy and chaos of material so easy to model, the rough textures and monotypic patterns playing the role of repeated words. Employing chance in work is like a fascinating journey into the human psyche.

Society is like a stencil to decorate a house with; humorous in its stagnant predictable nature.

Oppression through reconstruction becomes useful. Such is the mourning in Ginsberg’s Kaddish. Fact and fiction becomes blurred; Ginsberg is restoring the memory of his mother through exposure, exasperation, and the desire to know. He is embracing her in the most direct way. I am shaping my work by fidgeting with the direct and the metaphorical. Draping dissonance between new and recycled; painting over new surfaces subsequently as an endless circle of life.

Katarzyna Gajewska, December, 2017