

Anna
Orłowska

GNG

Portfolio



Ribbon
2019
Inkjet print on archival
paper, aluminum frame
50 x 40 cm

Anna Orłowska

Photographer, born in 1986 in Opole, Poland; she also makes objects, testing the boundaries of the medium. She studied Photography at the National Film School in Łódź and at the Institute of Creative Photography in Opava. In 2013 she became the laureate of the Photo Global scholarship at the School of Visual Arts in New York. The artist uses photography

– mainly of architecture and interiors – to unveil the invisible layers of history and their ideological determinants, usually absent in the official narrative. She plays with various conventions, from documentation to staging, revealing hidden myths, legends, and fantasies on the past, and creating new constellations of meaning. Her objects, based on photographic

imagery, form a dialogue with this faulty medium. Orłowska treats the medium of photography as an instrument of research on the very notion of knowledge and a possible tool for the work of memory, which are both fragmented by nature. She lives and works in Warsaw.

Sankt Anna

When we arrived, everything here was covered in snow. We descended the mountain towards the forest. I watched as a path, made up of basalt cubes, emerged from the powder we had trampled. In the old days, this raw material was mined nearby. A large hole was left behind, which was turned into the religious Grotto of Lourdes. To support its weight, a large basalt wall was built. The necessary raw material was brought with difficulty up the hill from the nearby villages and fields. And so the stone returned, but as a mined transfer, the foundation of human growth.

We are on the road to another inactive limestone quarry. It was formed from shells and is full of their traces. We look at the information board next to it. The rock has stood here for at least 200 million years. Around that time, the supercontinent of Pangea was falling apart. And now here we stand, facing this wall, orientating ourselves. Our journey through enigmatic Sankt Annaberg is just beginning. Our guide is Anna Orłowska.

Such regions and places are said to be “territories of history”. They are well recognised and have many experts. However, it is difficult to express their idiom

briefly. This bizarre combination of circumstances and nuances about which the textbooks say nothing. It is the same with St Anne Mountain, which one can try to decipher in many ways and never grasp its meaning. This extinct volcano must have had a symbolic function for the people who lived here in the early days, and yet not a single trace of them has been discovered. Later, from the Middle Ages on, the paths of pilgrims crossed here, coming from the East, among others from Kyiv, to the tomb of St James in Santiago de Compostela. The place started to grow and much changed here at the time. In addition, at the end of the Middle Ages, a small wooden statue of St Anne appeared here, whose worship overshadowed other local beliefs with time. It stands in a sanctuary at the top of a mountain and is the subject of bizarre practices, part of which involves dressing it in elaborate robes that vary according to the liturgical calendar. In her hands she holds two infants – her daughter Mary, and her grandson Jesus. When dressed up, she resembles a dragoness with three heads. Grandmother, mother and child in one person, a bizarre figure symbolising the mechanics of generational exchange. The

embodiment of invisible reproductive labour, about which little is still known, although it forms the real foundation for everything that happens in the world.

They say that miracles have been taking place here for centuries, also thanks to the statue, which is here often called a picture. Although its magical relics were stolen from it, this did not prevent healings. There are frequent recurring tales of regained sight, which strangely rhymes with the everyday life of the mountain, so transformed as to form a setting for various spectacles, faith and power. At the edge of the limestone quarry, an old amphitheatre emerges, recalling the former *Thingplatz* Germanic cult site – the propaganda machine of the Third Reich for 50,000 people. Even when it was created, it belonged to the old world, just before the explosion of radio and film, the new tools for putting crowds into a hypnosis-like state. Here the performances took place in analogue, with natural acoustics. We talk about an old photo documenting stands full of Nazis.

After the war, the repertoire of the amphitheatre was overwritten by festivals and games, organised here, among others, by the local workplaces. Appar-

ently, thugs hang around here sometimes, looking for their place of power. Nature seems to be slowly reclaiming the area for itself. Nobody here feels responsible for this great site, which from a bird's eye view resembles a human fingerprint. The ominous Nazi crypt on top of the rock was blown up in the first post-war revulsion. It hid the exhumed remains of Silesian insurgents who fought on the German side. It was then replaced by the austere mass of a monument also dedicated to Silesian insurgents, but those identifying with the Polish side. A mighty foundation fills the space of the former mausoleum, carved into the rock by the Nazis. Among the characters of the monument we see a mother with a child in her arms, a symbol of reproduction, but abridged, deprived of the figure of the grandmother and cut off from her ancestral line.

A Silesian treasure, a panorama of the region, an extinct volcano, a sacred place for Catholics, the territory of an uprising, a performance space. One could go on for a long time listing the faces and nuances of St Anne's Mountain. Its namesake, Anna Orłowska, weaves intimate and familial threads into

her complex story. The *Sankt Anna* series includes two plans. The first refers to the mountain, its rich material and spiritual culture, intertwining conflicting symbolic orders; the second concerns the family, represented mainly by the artist's immediate female line. In this part, Orłowska also reaches into her home archives and transfers selected photographs onto photographic objects, subjecting them at the same time to various operations: cutting and stitching, starching, dyeing in a nearby spring with a huge concentration of iron.

A special place in this symbolic order is occupied by the statue of the matron, St Anne accompanied by the Virgin Mary and the Child Jesus, not visible in any of the photographs, yet resonating with the whole representation. It is the archetype of the grandmother, the exchange of generations, a force calculated to last a long time. But also transience, invisible reproductive work, tenderness and knowledge from experience. St Anne is only known from the apocrypha, dating from the early Christian underworld. In Silesia, she has been worshipped for centuries, which is reflected in specific rituals on the mountain dedicated to her, such as crowning or dressing the statue in gowns. Orłowska

takes up the gesture and dresses some of her works in textiles, made by local women. They create white, festive, semi-transparent dresses, props for rites of passage. The image shines through them, and their role is ambiguous. The control of the gaze here takes the subtle form of a cover which, like a curtain, can be both a refined decoration, an attempt to protect against intrusive vision, and a perfect vantage point.

The history of the mountain and personal motifs are intertwined in one story that stretches beyond linear time. We are in a place where road signs in two languages, Polish and German, mark the borders of its spectrum; for the identity of the area is a specific gradient. It is made up of events recorded in the pages of history, but also of discrete micro-histories, realised in the everyday lives of people who have lived in the area for generations. New images and connections precipitate from their intersection, forming a continuum, which in turn contains the idiom of this place.

Katarzyna Roj

Sankt Anna, Gunia
Nowik Gallery,
Warszawa, exhibition
view





Silesian Mother

2022

gelatine silver print, mounted on dibond, black wooden
frame, museum glass, silk, silk thread hand embroidery,
unique

61 x 49 cm





Foundation

2022

gelatine silver print, mounted on cardboard, ivory wooden
frame, museum glass, cotton crochet, polyester, unique
37 x 30 cm



Sankt Anna, Gunia
Nowik Gallery,
Warszawa, exhibition
view

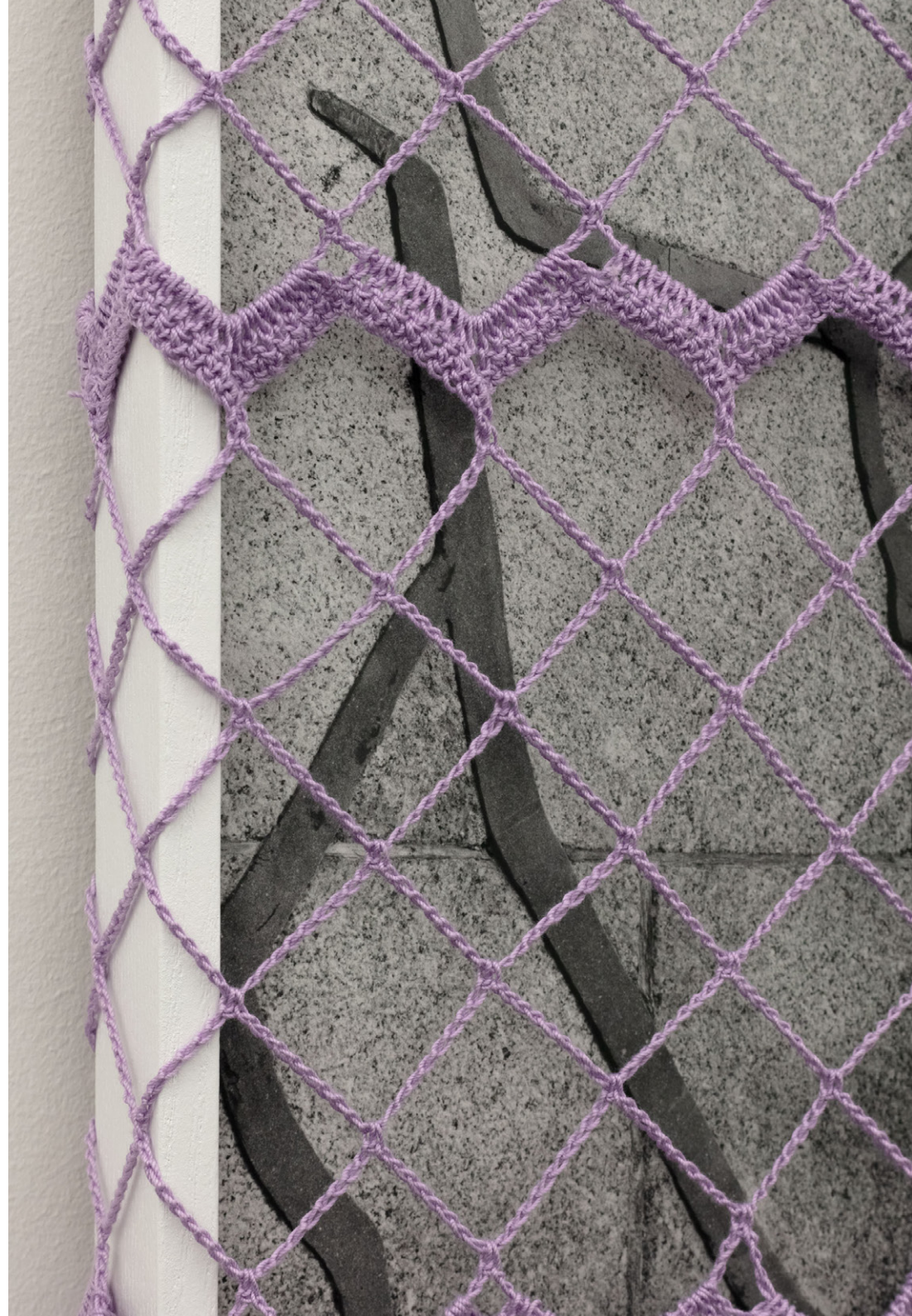




Vessel
2022
gelatine silver print, mounted on dibond, black wooden
frame, museum glass, cotton crochet, unique
61 x 49 cm



Fist
2022
gelatine silver print, mounted on dibond, ivory wooden
frame, museum glass, cotton crochet, unique
37 x 30 cm





Sankt Anna, Gunia
Nowik Gallery,
Warszawa, exhibition
view



Thingplatz I

2022

gelatine silver print, mounted on dibond, black wooden
frame, museum glass, unique

61 x 49 cm

Sankt Anna, Gunia
Nowik Gallery,
Warszawa, exhibition
view





Downfall

2022

gelatine silver print, mounted on dibond, ivory
wooden frame, museum glass, unique
37 x 30 cm



Lourdes Grotto Exterior

2022

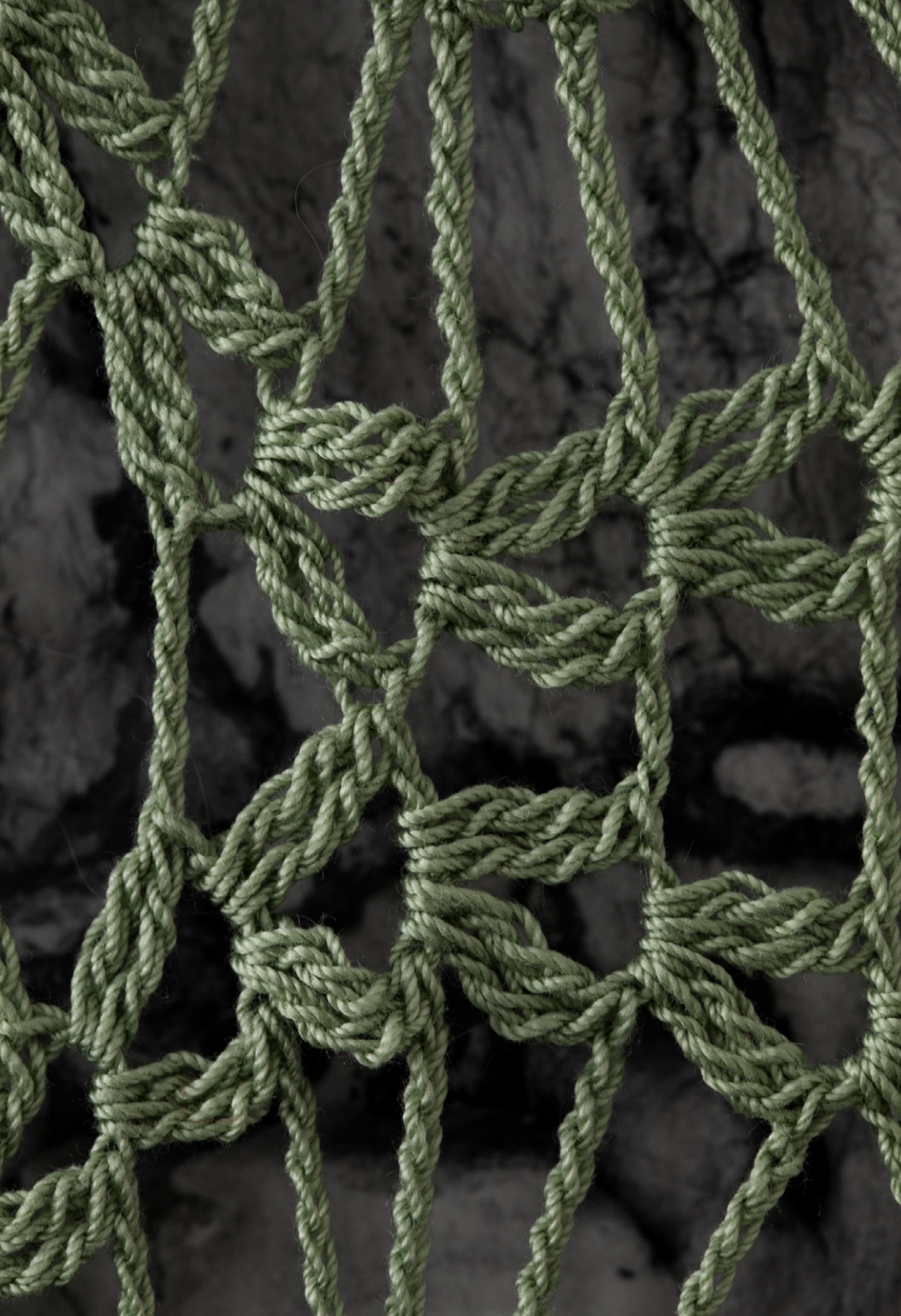
gelatine silver print, mounted on dibond, ivory
wooden frame, museum glass, unique
37 x 30 cm



Polyhedron

2022

gelatine silver print, mounted on dibond, ivory
wooden frame, museum glass, natural pearls,
unique
61 x 49 cm



Lourdes Grotto Interior

2022

gelatine silver print, mounted on dibond, ivory wooden
frame, museum glass, cotton crochet, unique
37 x 30 cm



[click for a video
documentation](#)



Sankt Anna, Gunia
Nowik Gallery,
Warszawa, exhibition
view



*Warm Mother,
Cold Mother*
2022
print on cotton,
all-natural dye,
aluminium panel,
95 x 77 cm





Elena Behind the Curtain

2022

inkjet print on archival paper, mounted on dibond, ivory
wooden frame, museum glass

37 x 30 cm

Duvet
2022
inkjet print on archival
paper, mounted on
dibond, ivory wooden
frame, museum glass
37 x 30 cm





Mess
 2022
 inkjet print on archival paper, mounted on dibond, ivory
 wooden frame, museum glass
 37 x 30 cm



Amelia
2022
inkjet print on archival
paper, mounted on
dibond, ivory wooden
frame, museum glass
37 x 30 cm



Sankt Anna, Gunia
Nowik Gallery,
Warszawa, exhibition
view



Tablecloth
2022
print on cotton, bone
glue, iron ore residue,
cotton crochet,
cardboard
170 cm x 20 cm x 20 cm



Sankt Anna, Gunia
Nowik Gallery,
Warszawa, exhibition
view



*Elena in Johanna's
Wedding Dress*
2022
inkjet print on archival
paper, mounted on
dibond, wooden frame,
museum glass
120 x 100 cm



Ein Teil des Teils

A Part of the Part

Work commissioned by
Photoszene United as
part of the Artist Meets
Archive program &
Deutsches Tanzarchiv
Köln.

The German Dance Archives Cologne is chock-full of photographs of a certain type: a dancer, striking an elegant pose, is seen in a single segment of the sequence of movements that comprise a given choreography. Sometimes there is a series of images allowing one to glimpse a phase of movement, recalling Eadweard Muybridge's famous photographic motion studies. However, amid the vastness of this historical collection, what often happens is the whole is dispersed, order is confused, and one ends up trying to make sense of a single syllable that has slipped out of an unknown sentence. These photographic sentences, supported by drawings and notes, were meant to preserve something that is, in principle, impossible to record: the energy of conscious movement emanating in the moment from the bodies of dancers in motion.

Dance is physical labour. The dancer's body is subjected to a never-ending training regimen to prepare it to perform (produce) the desired movement, which should be effortless, airy, gracefully upsweeping—an ideal of beauty. Despite the innovative approach of

generations of dancers and artists, this romantic vision endures as the most popular. At first glance, the contents of the Cologne archive reiterate this image. It was a challenge to find photographs that did not reinforce this inherited ideal. And yet, so many of the artists whose careers are documented within the German Dance Archives Cologne were trailblazers who catalysed dynamic advances in the development of modern movement and dance. Rudolf Laban, and then Mary Wigman, Kurt Jooss, Harald Kreutzberg, Gret Palucca: through their experimentations with the body and movement, they disrupted existing canons of dance art, which had been founded upon classical, spectacular narratives.

Although the archive's photographs exist to preserve these legacies, in part by conveying the radical emancipation of the body, they generally adhere to the visual form of conventional representations of classical movements. The body posed in the photograph still only generates at most an illusion of motion. When we efface the human, two elements generally remain

undisturbed in the photograph: the fabric of the costume, suspended in a vacuum of human intention; and the background (also textile) or space (stage, studio, a plein-air setting). In the absence of bodies, we become aware of the weight and the solidity of stillness in dark, empty scenes. Steps, drapes, and walls come to the fore. Masks hang in a void. Costumes become as heavy as the robes worn by marble sculptures. Empty stages, rehearsal studios, academy corridors. Barres, props, scenographic elements. This stilled matter—an ensemble cast accompanying the body of the dancer immobilised by the photographer—has become the material out of which I assemble my pictures and objects.

The representation of the body of the dancer is etched in the public consciousness as an image of perfection incarnate; thus, it is part of the long history of corporeal signification, which at a certain point in time became politicised. Beginning in the seventeenth century, when a young Louis XIV set out to construct his quasi-divine identity through ballet, dance assumed

ideological dimensions. The Sun King's genius lay in his understanding and harnessing of the possibilities of forging an identity by shaping the body and its ways of moving. Performing in front of members of his court, he reduced them to an audience. In commanding their gaze, he established a refined form of subordination.

It was a highly particular form of movement of the body, with its vestment and surroundings (palaces and gardens), that characterised the identity of the aristocracy, which nobles embraced to distinguish their bodies from those of 'the rabble.' Choreographic gestures, an extensive etiquette, an elaborate manner of dress and coiffure, and decoration of the face with makeup: all of these contributed to the spectacle of power and control. While male clothing became simpler with time, the female costume underwent a succession of convoluted modifications, turning into a tool of oppression, which in extreme cases could even lead to immobilisation and deformation. Pounds of fabric, the steel bones of corsets, attachments and padding for arms, hips, and buttocks, along with

prescribed forms of movement, contributed to the era's idealised, desired image of a woman. Such oppressive devices reached the height of their popularity in the nineteenth century. The both literal and symbolic weight of the female body would be borne until the twentieth century, when it was replaced by shapewear and fitness regimens.

The turn of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was a period of accelerating mobility, the world gaining momentum and shrinking owing to more efficient means of locomotion. The concept of mobility goes hand in hand with the cult of progress, of advancement at all costs, of perfecting a world in which the desired body is a healthy, strong, and disciplined body, ceaselessly striving—exactly like those belonging to dancers or gymnasts. Dance plays a dual role in these processes: it is an ideal propaganda tool and a symbol for various ideologies; on the other hand, it can also be subversive when it broadens the boundaries of what is accepted, exposing and challenging the cultural construct of the body. By the logic of progress, and in the nomenclature of capitalism,

a state of motionlessness correlates to stagnation, weakness, even disability. The immobilised body is unproductive and therefore unacceptable. The social imperative of constant motion and productivity pushes any exceptions into a gap for shameful weakness. However, dance, contrary to the popular conception, is based upon weight and states of deceleration and coming to a standstill. Working with these qualities is critical to creating a controlled, aesthetically attractive movement. Here, stillness is not movement's negative, but its necessary counterweight. It is part of it.

I cannot look at photographs of bodies in a way that is free from the prejudices stemming from the thousand cultural clichés that have been grafted onto them. Around the body, especially the beautiful and agential one, thrums a static of associations. In silent, empty spaces devoid of the main protagonist—motionless, suspended, frozen, marginal, incidental—there is room for my thoughts.

The dancer does not see their body. The dancer is the body.

The Green Table
2021
ink print on cotton
fabric, wood
180 x 180 cm





The Cloth
2021
ink print on cotton
fabric, wood
180 x 180 cm





Tanzräume

2021

ink print on cotton fabric, resin

110 x 500 x 25 cm

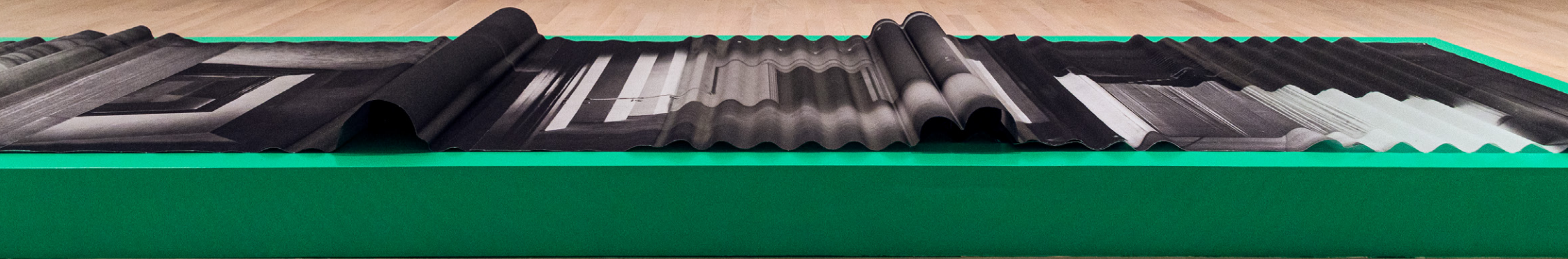


Hexentanz
2021
Inkjet print on archival
paper, wooden frame
84 x 65 cm



A Part of the Part,
Tanzarchiv Köln,
Germany, exhibition
view





Workout equipment
2021
leather, polyetser, brass,
microball glass, ballet
barre
180 x 180 cm





Flatlets

Those who have visited a burgher house in Gdańsk's Main City are probably no strangers to its multi-storey layer cake chaos. Covered on the outside with an icing made of paintings and stonework decoration, the interior of the building hides uneven layers of walls cemented with plaster resembling confectioner's custard. The corridors and staircases suddenly lose their continuity intersected by a few steps. The bends and windows face an unexpected side of the building, ruining the logic of the route from the hall to a room or from one floor to another. The rooms seem too big or too small for their designated functions. The air circulation may be too dynamic or too slow. The temperature and humidity inside are completely unlike what we expect judging from the thick, solid walls.

Kazimierz Lelewicz's famous photographs of the Main City in ruins after the end of World War II explains this spatial and construction material hotchpotch. The area was reconstructed on the basis of the remnants of pre-war walls, basements and traffic routes. Missing structural elements were often supplemented using reinforced concrete, with preserved decoration fragments pasted therein. Efforts were made to improve the functionality of old burgher houses according to the doctrine of modern ergonomics. Steel handrails were added in some places, while in others a dark basement was given extra light. The mock-up effect was not feared and the decisions made during

the post-war reconstruction were brought into relief.

The Uphagen House in ul. Długa 12 is one of such layer cakes, created anew during the rebuilding of the Main City between 1946 and 1953. Only a tiny part of the building's fabric is original, while the majority results from the reconstruction supervised by heritage conservators. Partly preserved interior decoration elements, which survived in the conservator's storehouse in Gdańsk Oliwa, were used in the process.

The interior details and elements have been portrayed by Anna Orłowska in her photographs. Sensing the organoleptic and formal inconsistencies between the "old" and the "new", the artist divided the house into the eponymous flatlets – autonomous spaces. Framed in wood veneer, her photographs depict their individual completeness.

Paradoxically, it was not the mock-up of the building with marked original and added areas that offered evidence of the inconsistency and autonomy of the elements from which the Gdańsk burgher house was assembled. This evidence should be looked for in close-ups, in the analytical perspective on details, in photographs that highlight the structure of upholstery or traces of brush strokes on a plaster ornament, like in a historic preservation laboratory. The new function of the space, used today as a museum, a tourist attraction, unites and justifies all the tricks – not always fair – used in the rebuilding process.

A supplement to the exhibition comes in the form of cases for storing various objects. The only formal extravagance which their old-time artisanal makers indulged in are luxury and costly materials: leather, velvet, amber, sepiolite, silver, satin, brass, tortoiseshell, mother of pearl. Reflecting almost ideally the shape of the stored and enveloped object, without superfluous decoration made de rigueur by modern-day design, these cases resemble casting moulds imitating castings made of durable materials. Displayed in the museum today as outdated and not quite functional "flatlets for things", they seem superfluous and somewhat eccentric. Is it really so?

Let us think about boxes, mouldings, foils of various sizes filled with air, wire wrappings, stretchy materials, intricately curved pieces of grey cardboard and lacquered paper. About the containers and cases in which we receive – recently in an ever greater number – the diligently packed objects and trinkets, with separately wrapped accessories.

Each of them is an individual artwork. The difference between them and historic objects in terms of material and style is the same as between the rococo apartment of Johann Uphagen's family and servants and the materials used in its reconstruction as well as the somewhat theme-park-like function of the place today.



Anna Orłowska

Mieszkanka

GGM

25.09-21.11.2020



Flatlets, GGM, Gdańsk, exhibition views





Flatlets, GGM, Gdańsk, exhibition view

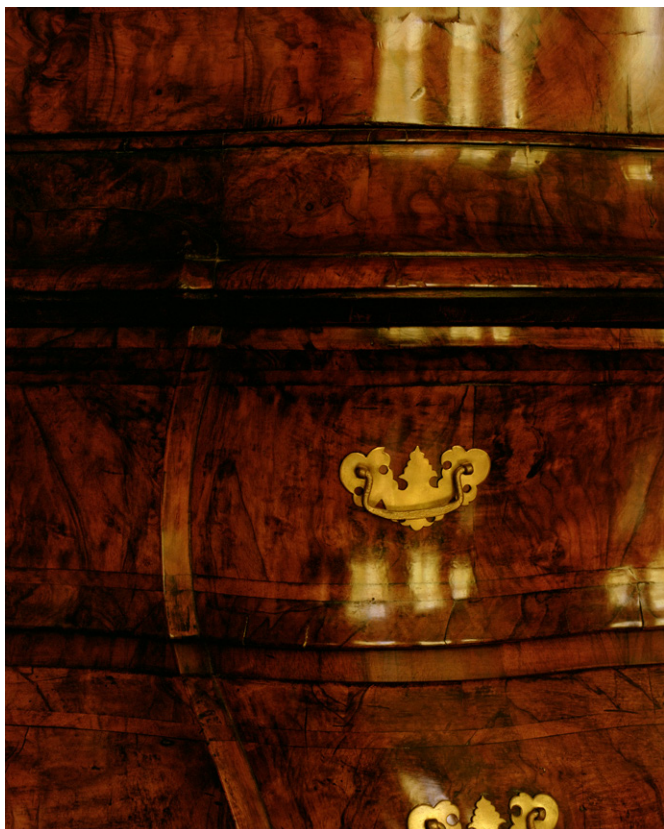


Flower decor
2020
inkjet print on archival paper
50 x 40 cm



Flatlets, GGM, Gdańsk, exhibition views





Veneer I
2020
Inkjet print on archival paper mounted on dibond,
burl veneer on birch plywood frame
84 x 104 x 5,5 cm



Veneer II
2020
Inkjet print on archival paper mounted on dibond,
burl veneer on birch plywood frame
84 x 104 x 5,5 cm



Veneer III
2020
Inkjet print on archival paper mounted on dibond,
burl veneer on birch plywood frame
84 x 104 x 5,5 cm



Szafa Gdańska
(Gdańsk Wardrobe)
2020
Digitally cut MDF, silk,
sound
262 x 240 x 60 cm



Tea room
 2020
 inkjet print on archival paper
 50 x 40 cm





Birds
2020
inkjet print on archival paper
100 x 80 cm

Pompier, Muck, Socrococo

In the aftermath of World War II, Poland's castles and palaces were compulsorily nationalised. The process of adapting them to new functions was soon underway. The landed owner was replaced by the tenant and the user, but a fascination with *la vie de château* lingered in awkward contradiction with the ideology that now undermined the *raison d'être* of the palaces and contributed to their degradation. The new nation state additionally appropriated the symbolic dimension of the palace to bolster its prestige. Postwar architectural styles were rife with such contradictions. Modernity and 'progress' conflicted with a penchant for historical quotation, and the push to erect monumental buildings projecting the 'greatness of the era' hardly served the interests of the proletariat. The

creation myth of socialist realism can sound a bit like a fairy tale, as in the case of the construction of Nowa Huta, the model socialist district oriented around the Lenin Steelworks: a utopian 'happy city for a happy future', rising along the fertile banks of the Vistula River on the outskirts of Krakow.

Train a magnifying glass on Nowa Huta and the complicated myths and ideological fantasies of the era come into full view.

Artist Anna Orłowska, whose recent project, *Futerał [The Case]* (2018), explored the strange afterlives of postwar Polish palaces, chose the Lenin Steelworks' fortress-like administrative centre, popularly known as the 'Doge's Palace', as the starting point for her exhibition. The 'Palace' epithet, spontaneously given

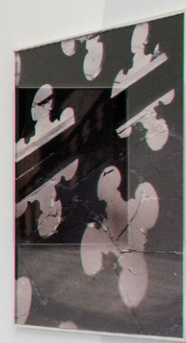
to the complex by locals, evokes visions of 'once upon a time'; but it also applies to the contemporary renown of this singular district. Nowa Huta has assumed legendary status, becoming a tourist destination and pilgrimage site for foreign admirers of the communist 'exotics'. In addition to photographing the 'Doge's Palace', Orłowska photographed the nineteenth-century manor house of painter Jan Matejko, located just a kilometre away. The physical proximity of these two buildings, constructed in eras so apparently antithetical to each other, became a point of departure for reflections on the intellectual and formal affinities between the art of Matejko—the greatest of Polish pompiers—and socialist realism.

Shadow II
2019
inkjet print on archival
paper, aluminium frame
50 x 40 cm



Column
2019
inkjet print on archival
paper, aluminium frame
70 x 56 cm





Pompier, Muck,
Socrococo, MOCAK
Kraków, exhibition view



Curtain, 2019
inkjet print on archival paper, aluminium frame, 50 x 40 cm



Untitled
2019
collage, wooden frame,
30 x 24 cm



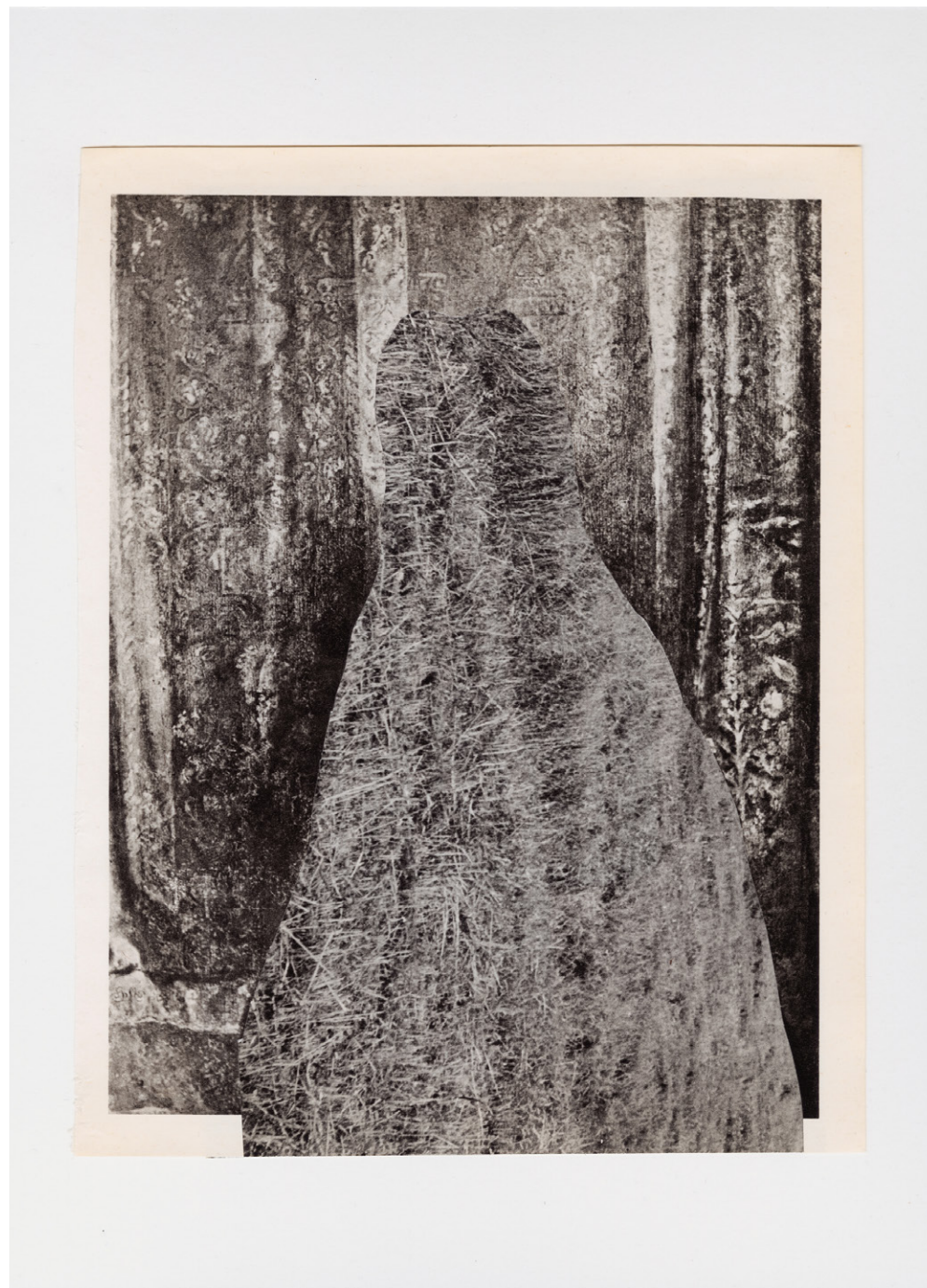
Telephone, 2019
inkjet print on archival paper, aluminium frame, 70 x 56 cm,



Handle, 2019
inkjet print on archival paper, aluminium frame, 50 x 40 cm

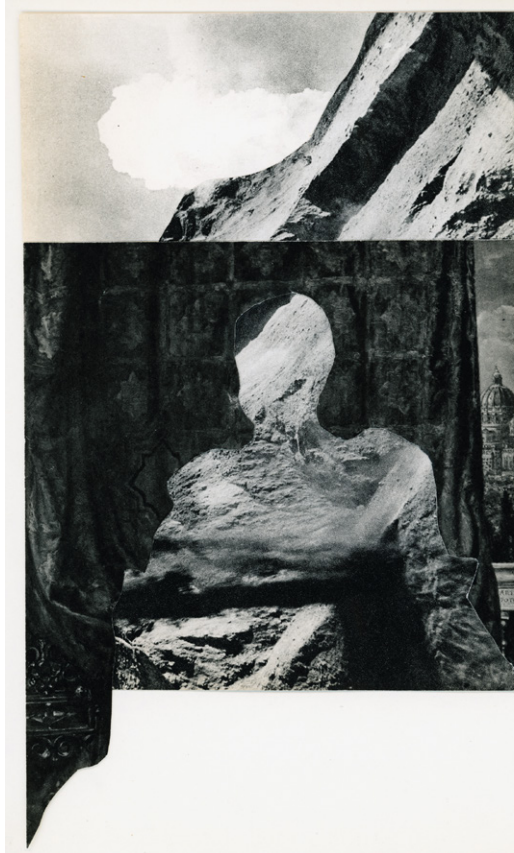


Untitled
2019
collage, wooden frame,
30 x 24 cm





Untitled
2019
collage, wooden frame,
30 x 24 cm



Untitled
2019
collage, wooden frame,
30 x 24 cm



Untitled
2019
collage, wooden frame,
30 x 24 cm



Sofa, 2019
inkjet print on archival paper, aluminium frame, 50 x 40 cm



Wooden Column, 2019
inkjet print on archival paper, aluminium frame, 50 x 40 cm



Fluting, 2019
inkjet print on archival paper, aluminium frame, 50 x 40 cm



Untitled
2019
collage, wooden frame,
30 x 24 cm



Versailles from above
example of baroque town planning



Nowa Huta from above



Lenin Steelworks' fortress-like administrative centre, popularly known as the 'Doge's Palace' archival photograph



The nineteenth-century manor house of painter Jan Matejko archival photograph

Four Golden Rings

In Pompier, Muck, Socrococo, Anna Orłowska accepted the daredevil task of retrieving for contemporary viewers vital and aesthetically appealing images from the fetid well of socialist realism.

Nowa Huta, Krakow's model socialist district oriented around the sprawl of the former Lenin Steelworks, is an area loaded with political, social, and cultural content and meaning. As such, it is compelling territory for artists as well as historians. By this point, the visual vocabulary of socialist realism has been so thoroughly trawled as to have been exhausted. In the 1980s, revisionist takes on figurative art of the Stalinist era animated Poland's painters. For historians of the art and architecture of socialist realism, this ephemeral artistic movement—it petered out within a couple of years—has rarely presented any interpretive difficulties. Somewhat perversely, Orłowska charged herself with the ambitious task of imbuing socialist realism with a measure of mystique, and the grace and aesthetic allure it was always deficient in.

The artist's core idea, brilliant in its simplicity, was to connect two sites located a kilometre apart: the manor house of painter Jan Matejko (1838–1893), where the Polish 'pompier par excellence' lived and worked, and the administrative centre of the former Lenin Steelworks. Their geographic proximity, although incidental, is nonetheless profoundly meaningful. Socialist realism, the official style of Stalinist art and architecture, drew extensively on nineteenth-century narrative techniques and decorative historicism. In communist Poland, Matejko's canvases were deemed the quintessence of engaged, national art in terms of both content and form. In the hulking industrial complex and the city rising around it, socialist themes were bracketed by traditional motifs, an appropriation which lent the ruling regime an aura of the legitimacy it so craved, and at the same time offered it a lan-

guage it could employ to reach a mass audience.

With admirable finesse, Orłowska has melded two extinct visual languages, with an emphasis on the pomp and circumstance typical of both Matejko and Nowa Huta socialist realism. In her series of collages, she juxtaposes excised snippets of Matejko's paintings with fragments of the factory-city's architectural landscape sourced from vintage albums and postcards. In these collages, Nowa Huta, prematurely aged by the primitive printing technology of the time, is suffocated with cascades of drapery. Molten pig iron pouring out of the bottom of a smelting furnace burns holes through intricately patterned Sarmatian fabrics and carpets while heavy drapes are pulled aside to reveal expanses of emptiness—classical architectural figures, brutalist slabs of concrete, bulldozed heaps of earth steamrolled into flatness. Two faces of a crude lavishness entwined in mute embrace.

The artist hones in on interior details, both in the photographs taken in the executive suites of Nowa Huta's administrative centre and in Matejko's nineteenth-century manor house. Orłowska is not interested in ideology, be it nationalist or socialist, so much as its attendant accoutrements and prop-like paraphernalia. Here, the curving forms, the chiaroscuro, the colours, from pinks and golds to beiges, greys, and browns. In her collages and photographs, Orłowska focuses on material superfluity, framing the vestiges of an old style characterised by exaggerated rhetorical flourishes.

The artist outlines the schism with the worker-peasant doctrine in the fluting and filigrees, stitching and burnished sheen of columns and banisters, wall hangings and light fixtures. Such palatial opulence laid bare the regime's proclivity for plushness, while at the same time highlighting interesting deviations from historical forms, visible in the accessories probably

dropped in somewhere along the way: an imitation Bauhaus side table assembled out of four garish, golden rings, or a dangling light fixture in the form of three opaque, milk-white globes. This yearning for ritzy, whether in its post-Romantic or Stalinist manifestations, amounts to the same covetousness, and yields the same material result: a collection of photogenic exhibits destined to be entombed in a museum.

Orłowska has managed to radically deconstruct that language by selecting from its lexicon specific image-nouns: column, cabinet, telephone, door handle, chandelier, drapes. With calculated precision, she captures the glint and gleam of their surfaces. Here, socialist realism is described using terms drawn from the avant-garde lexicon, such as photomontage and New Objectivity. It could even be said that in this way, the historical dialectic of the avant-garde versus socialist realism—two ambitious undertakings which fed on their mutual antagonism—comes full circle.

Were we to delve deeper into Orłowska's aesthetic experiments, we would eventually discover within a universal story of representation and its many forms, the visual peregrinations of exaggerated verbiage, the belief in the allure of scenery, and the meanings embedded in backgrounds. By parsing the historical narrative into visual monosyllables, the artist disassembled and neutralised a political adversary. If her frames reveal Nowa Huta as nothing more than a purely aesthetic assemblage, it means that the experiment has succeeded in turning recent events into distant history, trauma into myth, and technical photographic documentation into seductively handsome images. The enemy will have been vanquished with its own weapons.

Łukasz Gorczyca

Futerał

Futerał brings into focus the convoluted histories of several Polish castles and palaces: their transformations, architecture, intended purpose and actual uses.

As a result of the forced nationalization campaign carried out in Poland following World War II, all castles and palaces were taken away from their rightful owners. The practice of adapting them to new uses

intensified, marking the start of a new chapter for many buildings. Their functions changed over time, leaving visual traces in the appearances of these once-exquisite homes. The user replaced the owner, but the fascination with the *vie de château* never disappeared completely. The post-war authorities appropriated what they failed to destroy or exploit, making the pal-

ace a symbol of their prestige. Some properties were turned into museum-residences; in other instances, their form and contents were borrowed in part and transferred to newly constructed public buildings. Futerał is a perverse reconstruction of the contemporary status of these strategies, one that brings to light the transformative capabilities of architecture.

Yellow bouquet
2018
Inkjet print on archival
paper, mounted on
dibond, oakwood frame
175 x 130 cm





Futerał, Wschód,
Warsaw, exhibition view



The Stage
2018
Inkjet print on archival
paper, oakwood frame
100 x 80 cm



Untitled
(from the ongoing series
Errors)
2016
Inkjet print on archival
paper
50 x 40 cm





Untitled
(from the ongoing
series *Errors*)
2016
Inkjet print on archival
paper
50 x 40 cm



Untitled
(from the ongoing
series *Errors*)
2016
Inkjet print on archival
paper
50 x 40 cm



Untitled
(from the ongoing
series *Errors*)
2016
Inkjet print on archival
paper
50 x 40 cm

Futerał, Wschód,
Warsaw, exhibition view





Pompeian Room, 2018
inkjet print on archival paper, oakwood frame, 70 x 55 cm



Rococco Room, 2018
inkjet print on archival paper, oakwood frame, 70 x 55 cm

Magenta bouquet
2018
Inkjet print on archival
paper, oakwood frame
100 x 80 cm



Futerat / The Case

Book essay

The title word—*futerat*—which was originally chosen in Polish, is difficult to translate into English, with there being no better option than “the case.” The English word, thanks to its double meaning—“case” as in instance or situation, but also: a box, chest, container, or phone case—works very well as the title of Anna Orłowska’s artist’s book. However, it carries with it completely different connotations than the Polish original. The Polish noun *futerat* reflects the English word “case” only in the sense of a container, and not in all possible applications. In contemporary Polish usage, the word *futerat* sounds decidedly anachronistic, and is used only when we talk about a case or container for historic objects or those that are traditionally timeless. We would use *futerat* when speaking, for example, of a violin case or a snuffbox; but when referring to the carrying of a camera, Polish phonetically borrows the English word “case” and its pronunciation, and, similarly, the French word *etui* (as in a pouch) for smartphones.

Anna Orłowska’s book includes, amongst others, photographs taken in several historic aristocratic and bourgeois residences that today serve alternative functions. Each situation (case) is different. An exclusive hotel was opened in Moszna, while state museums operate in Nieborów, Łańcut, and Pszczyna. In the Renaissance Castle in Płakowice, the Elim Christian Center of the Baptist Church replaced several institutions operating there before the Second World War, one of which was a psychiatric hospital. The last decade of the latter’s activity was given over to the horrifying policy of “racial hygiene,” which in the Third Reich was directed against individuals with disabilities. In the first decades of the Polish People’s Republic, there was an orphanage in the castle, and, between 1952 and 1959, Korean War orphans were hosted there, at the invitation of the PRL. Later, the

castle housed the headquarters of a battalion of the Territorial Defense Forces of Poland. The relics photographed by Orłowska were, in the last century, mute witnesses to war and genocide, the violent shifting of national borders, brutal displacements of entire communities, and the fundamental redefinition of the terms of ownership. Partially or entirely wrecked and ransacked buildings bear testimony to the convulsive nature of these transformations. Adaptations made by subsequent tenants have also left their mark: smudges of stucco appear on hospital paneling, grand salons are partitioned into subdivided rooms, and a marble floor is smothered by linoleum.

Those residences which managed to pass with little trouble from the post-feudal period into modernity now act in the role of museums, providing a unique opportunity to explore the scenery and examine historical props. A socio-economic system has taken shape, supporting the common existence of estate owners, guests, and household members, as well as numerous workers hired (often from generation to generation) to maintain these complexes. On the basis of architectural blueprints and interior design elements, we can guess what life was like; ways of life which, like the word *futerat*, irretrievably belong to the past. Chattels were also subject to the upheavals of war and revolutionary turmoil. Countless pieces of furniture, implements, and artworks were, between 1939 and 1958, passed from hand to hand; looted, confiscated, sold on the black market, cached in lockers, and deposited in museums. The collections of the National Museum in Warsaw, the largest cultural institution in Poland, nearly doubled after the Second World War. Included in them were objects seized as state property from manors in Wilanów, Jabłonna, and Nieborów (the latter which, to this day, houses a branch of the National Museum), as well as from dozens of other

manors and palaces. Also ending up in the storerooms of the Warsaw museum were items from the Western Territories which came from repositories of works of art that housed both those looted by the Nazis and items abandoned by the Red Army during hurried marches. And so it is that today, in the Decorative Arts Collection of the National Museum in Warsaw, there are 125 objects described in the catalogue as “cases” (*futeraty*). There are several cases for firearms, numerous cases for teacups and cutlery, for a hat, for an autograph book, for travel stationery; there is a case for a Chinese fan and a case for a scroll of the Book of Esther in Hebrew. They were made of leather, tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, filigree, or exotic grades of wood. Their interiors, molded perfectly to the shape of the objects that were to be placed within them, are cushioned with chamois or velvet lining. Their exteriors, although correlating less precisely to the contours of the encased possession for which a *futerat* was intended, still repeat the object’s form: teacups with saucers, an inkwell, a violin, a clock. These objects were often lost; only the air in the shape of the former objects has remained, enclosed in a velvet, negative form.

Anna Orłowska photographs unfilled spaces: empty corridors, dormant dumbwaiters, cabinets emptied of their trinkets. Whilst creating photographic objects, she covers the images with a layer of wax with a transparency that changes under the influence of heat. Like a glazier, she overlays photographs of empty display cases found in auction catalogues with a small pane made of sugar. She speaks of a case that has nothing left to protect. She shows vitrines that have nothing left to display. At exhibitions, she generates processes related to covering, revealing, and the passage of time. And at the same time, she is still peregrinating around countless Polish castles

and palaces. She buries herself in books on the history of domestic life. She seeks to unearth the aristocratic roots of contemporary aesthetics, and reflects on the evolution of such concepts as lifestyle, comfort, intimacy, and leisure time. Why, she has even taken costumed part in a role-playing game organized inside the Moszna Castle, in the Opole region of southwestern Poland.

This palace, which, beginning in the 1860s, served as the residence of the dynastic Tiele-Winckler family (whose fortune was made in mining and heavy

Center. Today, the palace in Moszna, although theoretically still public property, is ever more reminiscent of the times of “former glory.” In order to manage the palace, the provincial government of the Opole Voivodeship has established a company that runs an exclusive hotel there, complete with conference center and spa, and also permits the organization of costume games. Nobody, however, dresses up in Moszna as Red Army soldiers or as neurotic patients of the communist era. The game, as in popular British TV serials, depicts palace life from the early twentieth

well as the atrocities of the wars and revolutions which upended it, have been selectively scrubbed. And the servants’ corridors, which a century ago the downstairs staff noiselessly skirted carrying buckets of coal, remain, as the artist points out, invisible to this day to visitors who arrive to admire the salons of the palace museum.

Let us note, however, that today, the utilitarian passageways and kitchen stairs, other than their former invisibility, are also characterized by a modern emptiness. Neither leftist, anti-upper-class fluster nor

Thomas stood calmly on his spot and waited. I loaded the pistols... bullets into my sleeve, into the oversleeve. I then handed Thomas the pistol, though empty, Pitskal handed the other to Gonzalo, likewise empty. When we stepped aside Baron called out: “Fire! Fire!...” But his call was Empty because the barrels were empty. Gonzalo, having flung his hat to the ground, raised the pistol and fired. The report resounded through the meadow, but ’twas all Empty. The sparrows (fatter than ours, yonder) sat on little bushes, but took flight in fright; likewise a cow.

Thomas, realizing that Gonzalo’s bullet missed him (because there was none), raised his weapon and aimed for a long, long time: but he didn’t know that his aiming was Empty. He aimed, aimed, fired, but so what, ’twas empty, empty; and from his paff

naught but a whack. The dearie sun has already risen a bit, began warming (because the fog had dispersed), and here from behind a bush a cow crept out; Gonzalo waved his hat; while from a distance, from beyond the bushes, the Cavalcade appeared; thus first two Coachmen, one of whom had two, the other four greyhounds on a leash, on their trail the Ladies and their Chevaliers are riding in a boisterous procession, chatting, singing along... and hence they’re riding by, riding by, first on the right is H.E. the Envoy in cavalryman’s hunting attire, on a big, piebald stallion, then the Councilor and next to him the Colonel. They’re riding, riding, as if nothing to it, following the hare, although, mark you, all is empty because there is no hare... and thus, you know, they’re slowly riding by...

We stand gaping at them, and chiefly Thomas. They rode by. On with loading the pistols, I bullets into my sleeve, fire, fire, Gonzalo waved his hat, fires from an empty barrel, but naught; and Thomas raises his weapon, he aims, aims, aims... oh, and how he was aiming! Oh, how he was Aiming for a long, long while, assiduously, oh, so earnestly, so fearsomely was he aiming that, although the Barrel was Empty, Puto shrank, looked dead, it even seemed impossible to me that Death wouldn’t plummet from the Barrel. Thomas boomed. But from his rap nothing but a paff.”

Witold Gombrowicz, *Trans-Atlantyck*, trans. Danuta Borchardt (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2014), 102–103.

industry), was, in the first decades of the twentieth century, expanded with the addition of new wings and studded with dozens of towers in a clash of historical styles: Neo-Gothic, Neo-Renaissance, and so on. In 1945, the palace, plundered by Red Army troops, was left bereft of its original furnishings. After the war, various institutions were, for short periods, placed in the palace, with it becoming, in 1972, the headquarters of a sanatorium, and, since 1996, an Independent Public Healthcare Neurosis Treatment

century, when the former divisions of the landed and working classes seemed immutable, and an inviolable hierarchy and codified rituals freed individuals from the strain of having to find one’s own way in life and independently forge relationships with others.

In her artistic-cum-research project, Anna Orłowska looks not only at history, but also at the contemporary phantasm of the noble residence, containing within it figments of the imagination, from which memories of the injustices of the former class system, as

infantile neoconservative delight over the charms of the “good old times” can replace what really happened to us during our participation: emptiness and a lack of personal ties, even those that are cruel, unjust, and violent. The palace chairs bear the inscription “Do Not Sit,” and so are not sat upon. And our gestures, too, are as empty as Gombrowicz’s un-loaded dueling pistol, which was likely kept in a *futerał* lined with velvet.

Agnieszka Tarasiuk

Sunday Night Drama



Bath 1 and 2
2017
photograph, steel,
paraffin, electric heating
system



Bath 1
(servants staircase
at Nieborów Palace)
2017
photograph, paraffin,
steel frame
detail
150 x 120 x 15 cm

Bath 2
2017
photograph, paraffin,
steel frame
150 x 120 x 15 cm



Like a Sick Eagle,
Exile Gallery, Berlin,
exhibition view





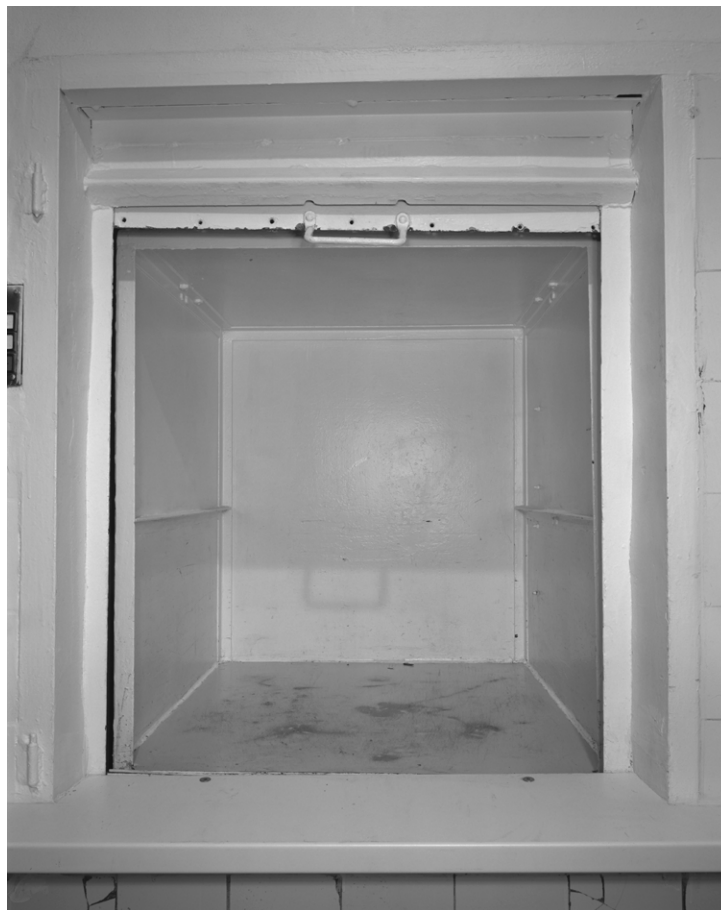
Wentletrap (servants staircase at Pszczyna Palace), 2017
inkjet print on archival paper, framed, 75 x 60 cm



Wentletrap (servants staircase at Łańcut Castle), 2017
inkjet print on archival paper, framed, 75 x 60 cm



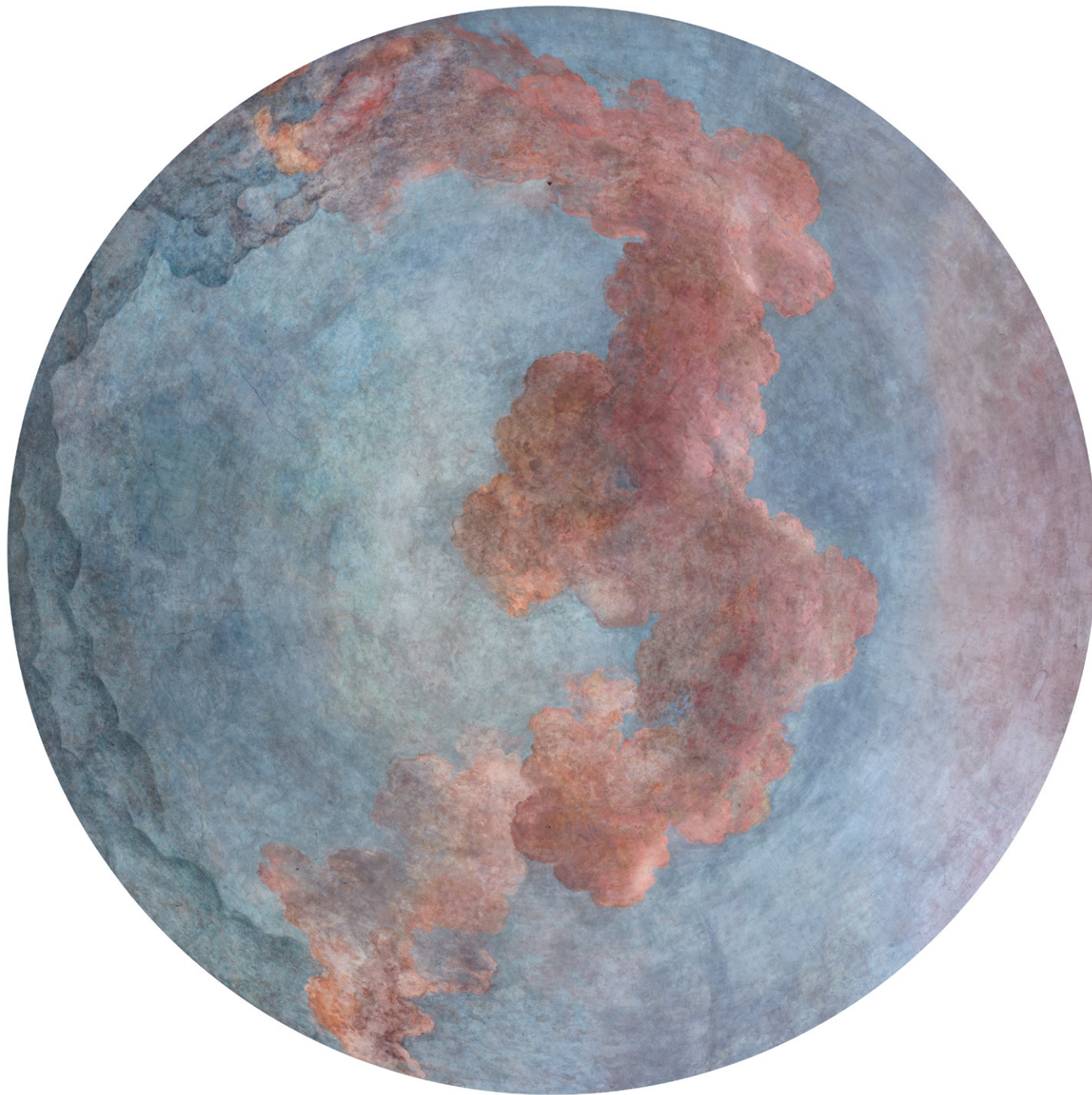
Sunday Night Drama,
CSW Ujazdowski Castle,
exhibition view





Bath 3
 (hidden doors to servants
 corridor at Łańcut Castle)
 2017
 photograph, paraffin, steel
 frame, electric heating system
 90 x 72 x 15 cm





Morning Star Plafond
(Diana Temple at
Arkadia Garden)
2017
ø 415 cm

Sunday Night Drama,
CSW Ujazdowski Castle,
exhibition view



In a permanent refuge, the most important thing is the conviction of its impermeability. If only for looks, whenever one wants the eyesight – and the fantasy of a passive bystander appearing along – to rest and turn off from the rushing reality.

The past, especially of one's dreams, borrowed – and unlive – seems to be one of these refuges. Pushing towards it is the Benjamin sentiment, which can be treated as a sort of escape from a complicated reality.

One example of such an escape is the fascination with the pre-war lifestyle of the privileged classes. It has been growing since the mid-twentieth century, along with a fashion for trips to British country residences and the popular literature of the era, British period dramas and films like *Gosford Park*, and finally the restaurants of Polish castles such as Puszczyna, Łańcut or Moszna. In all those places a need arises to look into the past, whose very depiction is the fulfillment of the promises of the "good old days," in which the rules were simple and followed, the hierarchy of power unchanging, and the environment beautiful and sublime. Anna Orłowska, through the exhibition *Sunday Night Drama*, herself admits to cultivating such escapes and also to attempts of delicately deconstructing them.

What is most significant in this trend, which speaks to the masses' imagination, seems to be the palace with its complicated, box-shaped structure. Therefore, Orłowska takes a perfect image of a building together with its interior architecture as the starting point and frame for the visual deconstruction. It is her giving it

the specific characteristics of a complex organism with two blood vessels; they are separated by rigid rules and doors hidden behind ornamented wooden panelling.

The first, belonging to the aristocracy, flowed through all the main rooms that today's tourists admire. The stylish interiors, ornate furniture, stucco – all bathed in light, to better show the wealth and status of the owners. In their surroundings, the piercing pace of contemporary life, counted with every second, is becoming almost perceptible. The palaces' spaces were designed in opposition to this feeling. They acted as arenas wherein those in power manifested a discord over the effective, pragmatic approach to time itself. Hence the concept of the Leisure Class, proposed by Thorstein Veblen. Leisureness is a form that is realized through the acquirement and practice of useless knowledge – the complex etiquettes of rituals and gestures. An example may be the refusal to install a fixed bathroom in the palace, because the bathtub should be brought to its master. So your time and those of others was wasted – for show and in front of those who could never reach such a state.

The second blood vessel belonged to those who carried that bath; usually remaining invisible to tourists, and sometimes marginalized by researchers. It ran through narrow corridors, often hidden in walls surrounding the grand rooms, through the tunnels, into the windowless kitchens. There, time was counted directly by the masters of the household in proportion to the possibility of it being wasted. The servants

were, therefore, along with the double architecture of the castle, part of the mechanism that allowed the leisure form to function. This all had to be carried out invisibly, so that leisureness itself remained light, with no apparent signs of effort.

Anna Orłowska discovers the complexity of this system, drawing attention to the omitted part of the ideal image of the palace lifestyle. In the course of ensuing visits to palaces and the exploration of attractions based on costume games, she discerns the often unconscious cultivation of this invisibility of the former servants in the activities of contemporary hosts. Many of the premises, even before the arrival of the restaurateurs, were walled or converted into offices, amputating half of the palace body. The artist understands the fate embedded in the very architecture of the objects, which in the moment of them being designed as well as now are trying to stop the visibility of the traces of the servants' activities, sealing the permanence of this perfect image.

What is fascinating about escaping into the past of the palatial lifestyle, is a certain viscosity and sweetness accompanying the ideal image; the same escape, which we know from numerous guilty pleasures. In subsequent works of the exhibition *Sunday Night Drama*, Orłowska gives the viewer a variety of visual flavors, which may be unbeknownst to a tourist. Fragile, sugarcoated structures and moving images in paraffin baths make up the unknown face of a sweet refuge.

Jakub Śwircz

Place.
Tłomackie 3/5 St.

*Gripped by
a Terrible Heat*
2017
Inkjet print on archival
paper, wood board,
silicone
board: 130 x 170 cm
sheet: 150 x 260 cm





Anna Orłowska focuses in the featured works on a theme that is a result of 3/5 Tłomackie Street's history and remains part of the building's daily functioning. As a war survivor and a repository of documents, it is an important place for those travelling into the past. Visited by historians, family history researchers, and history-themed tours, Eber's building becomes a pilgrimage destination. This is not an ordinary trip, the visitors frequently deciding to perform special gestures, such as praying in the space of the reconstructed synagogue interior (consisting of elements brought from different places). Many write letters, submit documents and testimonies, which fill the building with their meaning.

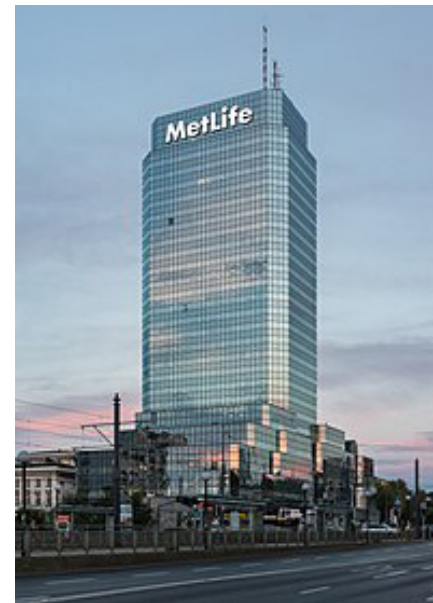
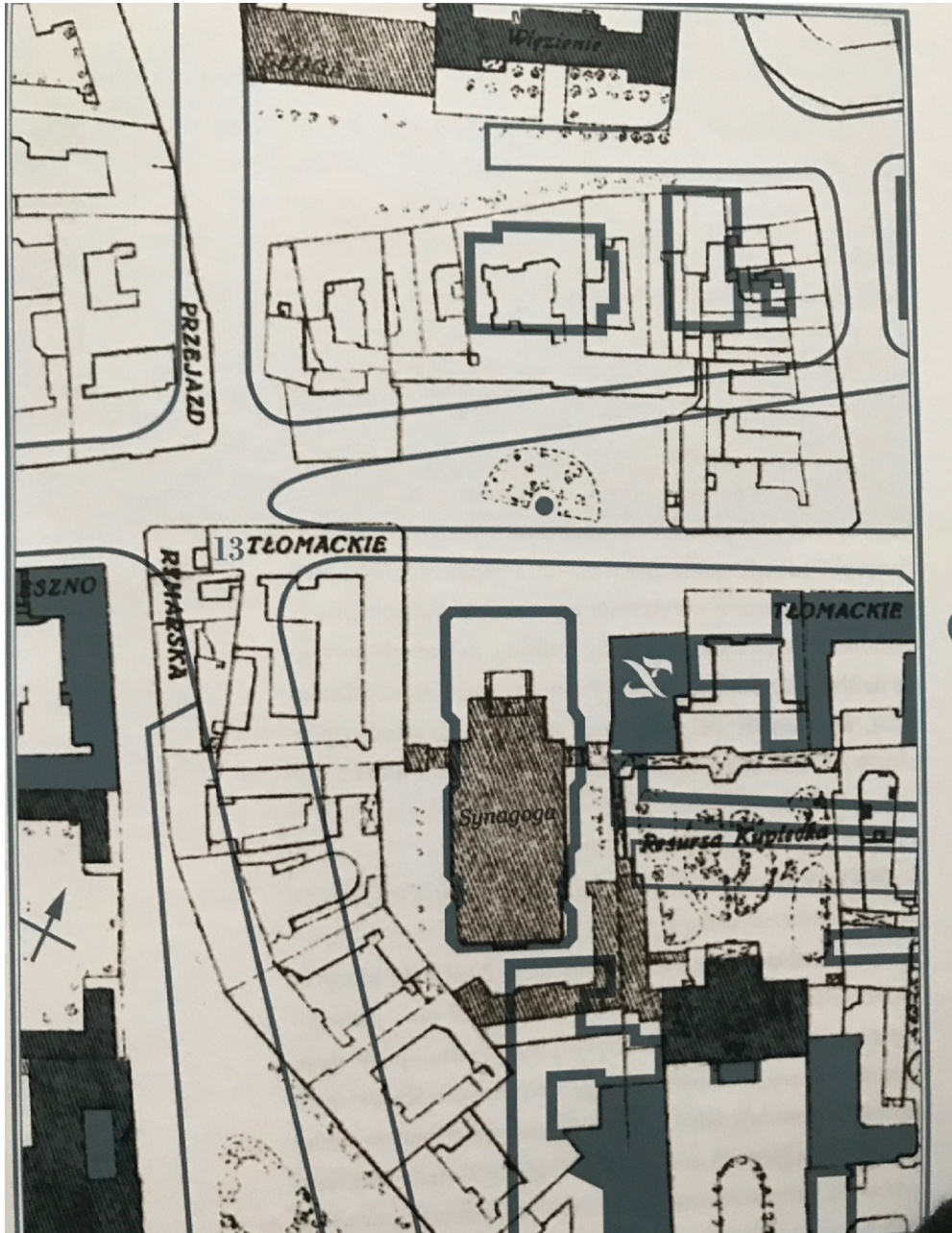
Orłowska, who usually makes photography her first instrument of reflection on knowledge, fragment-

ed and often lost across the span of time, here expands her formal repertoire. This is most evident in the sound installation *Clatter*, a joint project with Ola Bilińska and Mateusz Śmigasiewicz, which is the first performance of the *Special Prayer for the Present Times* drawn up by the rabbis in the Warsaw ghetto. Rendered in Yiddish by a female voice, it serves as a kind of bridge, a transgression similar to that effected by those visiting the building. At the same time, its linguistic inaccessibility is a marker of the distinct character of this part of Warsaw, its cultural echo. The melody itself is contrasted with a rhythmic noise, the clatter of the artist's footsteps as she climbs the steps to the top of the blue tower.

The sound of the installation engulfs the whole exhibition as well as penetrating the walls, one of which

is occupied by Orłowska's second work, *Gripped by a Terrible Heat Wave*. A large-format photograph of the charred floor in the Institute's main lobby shows through a white, virtually organic coverlet. Its title borrowed from Monika Sznajderman's book *Falszerze pieprzu. Historia rodzinna* [Pepper forgers. A family history], the work has a noticeable, rough texture, an effect of removing the mask from this architectural scar. As a photographic object, it evokes healing compresses and the sight of museum storerooms, but also the very sensuality of architecture, manifesting itself when one studies its history, its relationships with people, all that accrues with their arrivals.

Jakub Śwircz



3/5 Tłomackie Street before the war and now.



During the process of making silicone molding of the ŽIH floor.



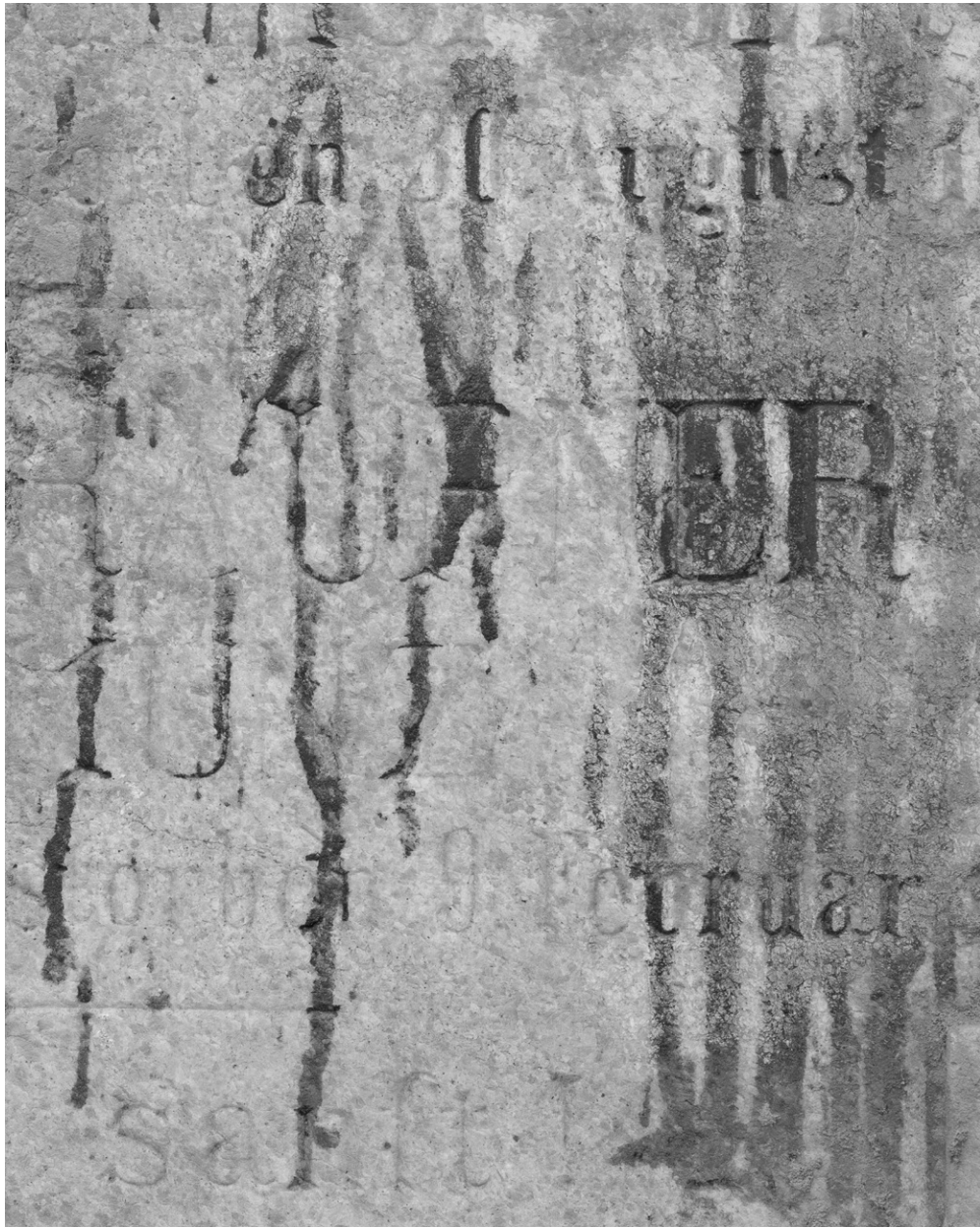
Clatter
5 chanel sound
installation
16 minutes

[click for a video
documentation](#)

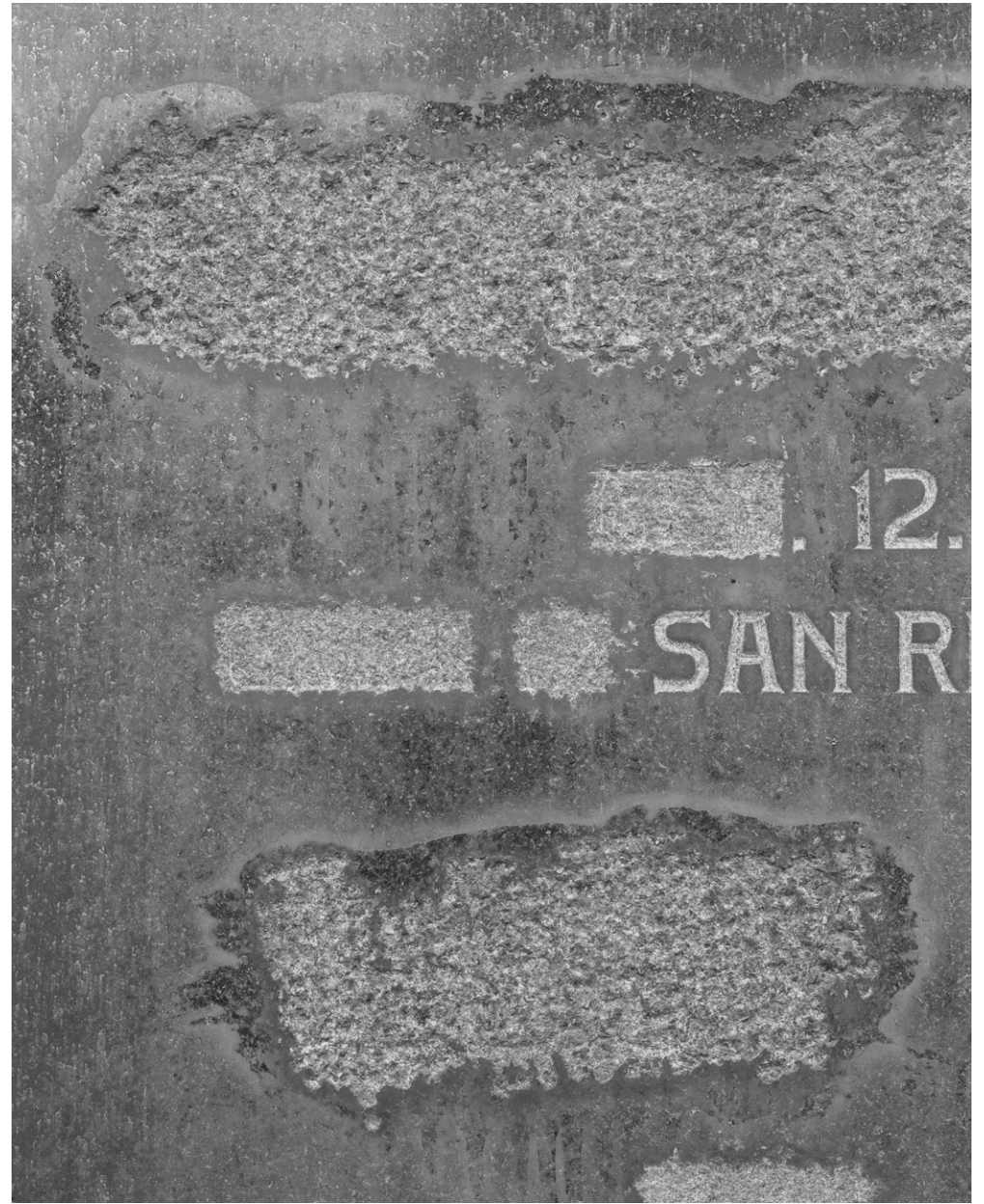
Whitewash

Whitewash
Galeria Szara, Katowice,
exhibition view





Untitled (from Whitewash series), 2018
 Inkjet print on archival paper, light grey frame
 50 x 40 cm



Untitled (from Whitewash series), 2018
 Inkjet print on archival paper, light grey frame
 50 x 40 cm

On Whitewash

Before 1945, much of present-day western Poland, including most of its southwestern Silesian region, was German territory. During the first half of the twentieth century, this region stood mute witness to war and genocide, the violent shifting of national borders, and the brutal displacements of entire communities. But the land itself remained where it was. After the war, the complicated question of the region's German identity had to be addressed by the new Polish state. Rather than acknowledge it, the authorities chose to systematically excise it—a process referred to by historians as “de-Germanization.”

In recent years, I have tackled this difficult subject in my artistic practice, with works that examine issues of German identity in Poland's Silesian provinces through the prism of material remnants. I myself grew up in the Silesian region, in Zawadzkie, about fifty kilometers east of the city of Opole. My grandmother, who lived in the nearby village of Żędowice—German Sandowitz until 1945, Polish Żędowice thereafter—was German. After the war, her family, together with a majority of the village's residents, were given no choice but to declare themselves Polish. Names and surnames were altered, new identities assumed. Before the war, my grandmother spoke German; after the war, she spoke Polish.

In 2018, I was invited by the Silesian Museum and the Szara Gallery, both in Katowice, to participate in a residency connected to an exhibition on the 500th anniversary of the Protestant Reformation, with a focus on the legacy of Silesian Protestants. Among the artifacts on display, there was one grouping that unsettled me: gravestones, from a Protestant cem-

etery in the city of Bielsko-Biała, which had been censored after the war via the grinding out of German inscriptions. This remarkable, if disturbing, collection of headstones pushed me to continue my research into the ways in which traces of the region's German heritage had been effaced, with the removal of symbolic buildings and monuments being the most obvious example.

One such emblematic case concerns the demolition of the dynastic Tiele-Winckler family's “Castle,” a manor house built, in 1841, in the then-German city of Kattowitz, by mining and heavy-industry magnate Franz von Winckler. The manor house, enveloped by landscaped gardens, once stood in the center of Katowice. In 1967, a swath of the gardens, where paths had previously meandered, was paved over and punctuated with the monumental Silesian Insurgents' Monument, which commemorated the three interwar uprisings of Polish Silesians against German dominion. The house itself, in later years dwarfed in the shadows of a massive, communist-era hotel, was eventually torn down, in 1976. In the process, the identity of the site was inverted, with what remained of the gardens opened to the public and rebranded the Silesian Insurgents' Park. My work *Hedge Maze* (2016, see p. 39) relates to this history. The phantasmagoric shape of this fantasized maze was created by multiplying the contours of paths I had lifted off old blueprints of the Castle's original gardens. Evoking an earlier epoch's tradition of knot gardens and hedge mazes, the series symbolically retraces the memory of the site, which contemporary residents of Katowice have mostly forgotten.

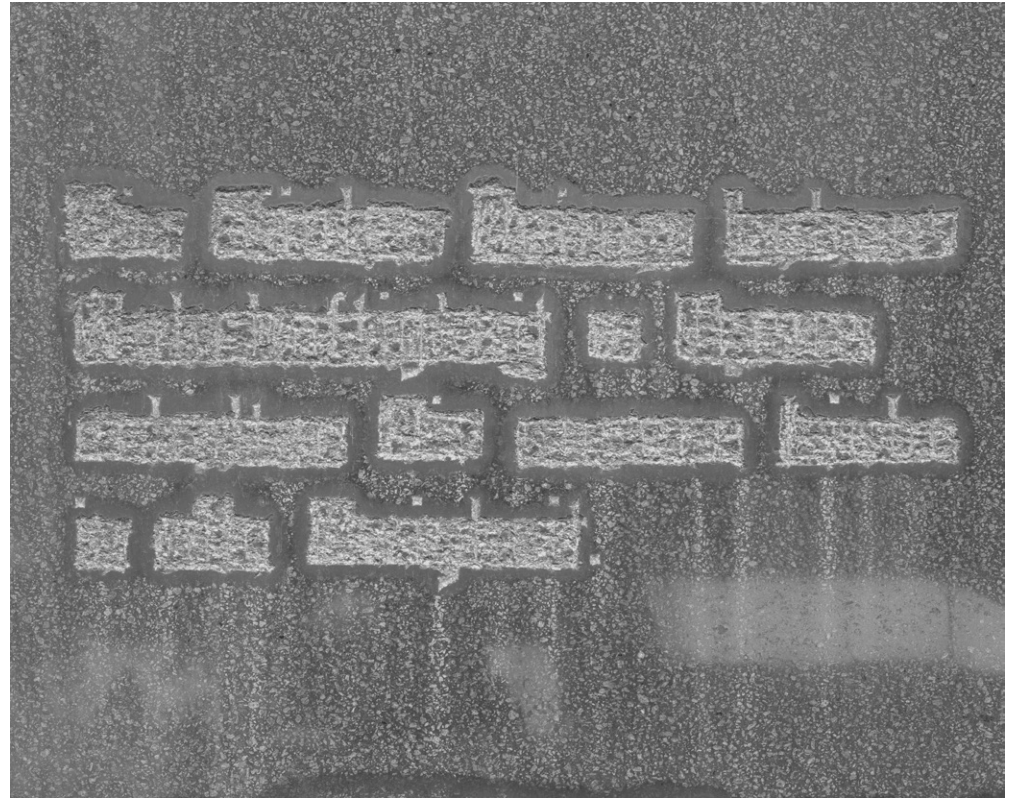
Culturally representative monuments and buildings, given their large-scale visibility,

exposure, and outsize symbolism, are the most obvious targets for being toppled or razed during campaigns of ideological revisionism. But there is also a more intimate kind of monument that was deemed irreconcilable with postwar Polish identity: gravestones with German inscriptions. For me, it was distressing to learn that these small-scale monuments to individual lives lived had also been singled out. After the war, not only Protestants, but Catholics and Jews as well, were required to remove all German words from cemetery surfaces under anti-German laws aimed at the erasure of the language from the public sphere. In the case of gravestones, there where three methods for doing so: by roughly effacing engraved words which, as if redacted, were scraped into solid rectangles; slathering headstones with tar; or encasing them in cement. My photographs capture gravestones from two Lutheran cemeteries in Bielsko-Biała. I also made silicone casts of six gravestones belonging to the members of one family, the Sennewaldts of Bielsko, which for the exhibition were hung from swing-arm metal hangers. In a way, they emulate the indexical nature of photographic images. Here, hanging in space, they felt extremely fragile and vulnerable; and yet at the same time, like a negative or printing plate, they could potentially serve as a matrix for a new cast, in case the original headstones were ever to be pulverized.

Anna Orłowska



Untitled (from Whitewash series), 2018
Inkjet print on archival paper



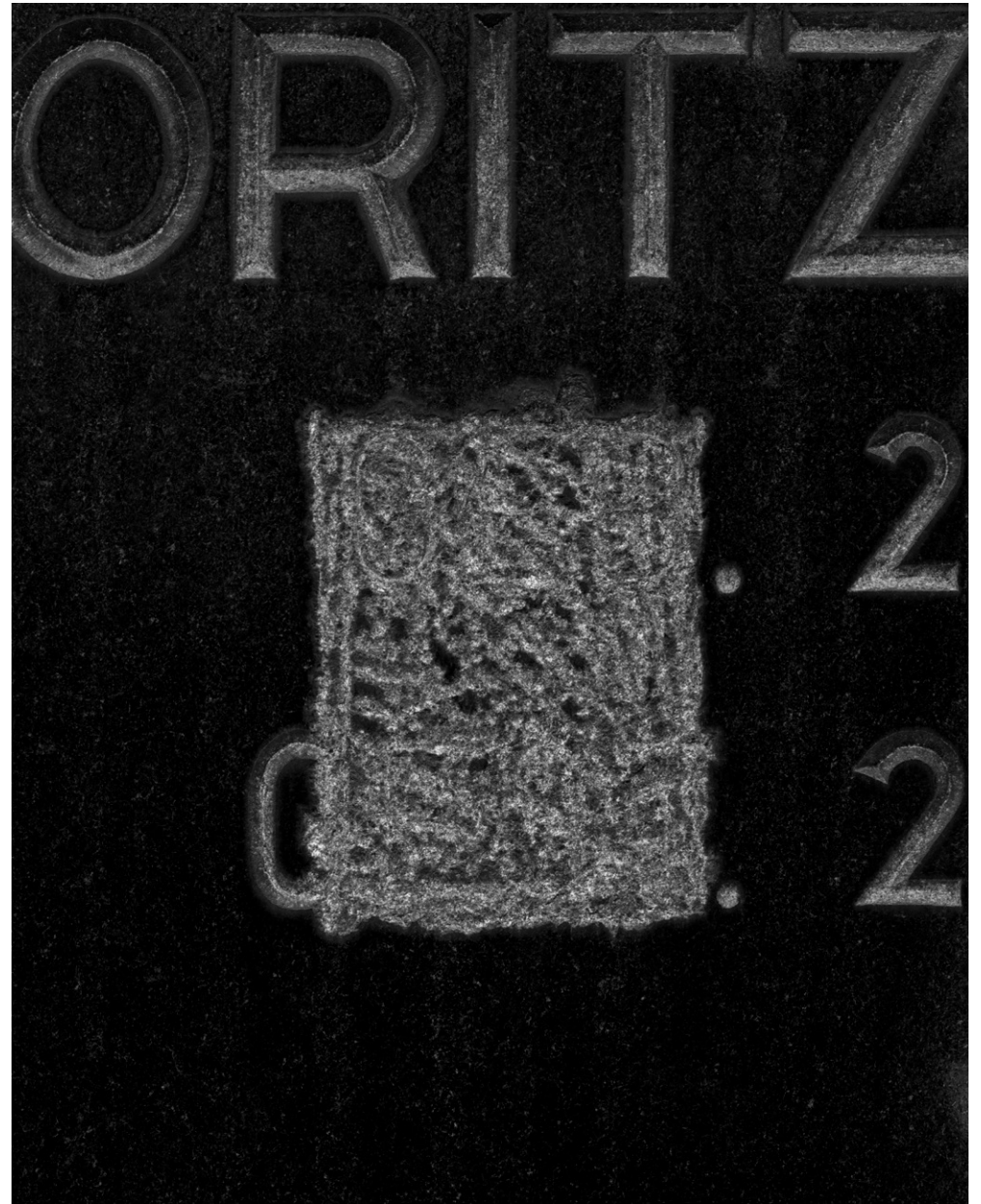
Untitled (from Whitewash series), 2018
Inkjet print on archival paper



Whitewash
Galeria Szara, Katowice,
exhibition view



Untitled (from Whitewash series), 2018
 Inkjet print on archival paper, black wooden frame
 90 x 72 cm



Untitled (from Whitewash series), 2018
 Inkjet print on archival paper

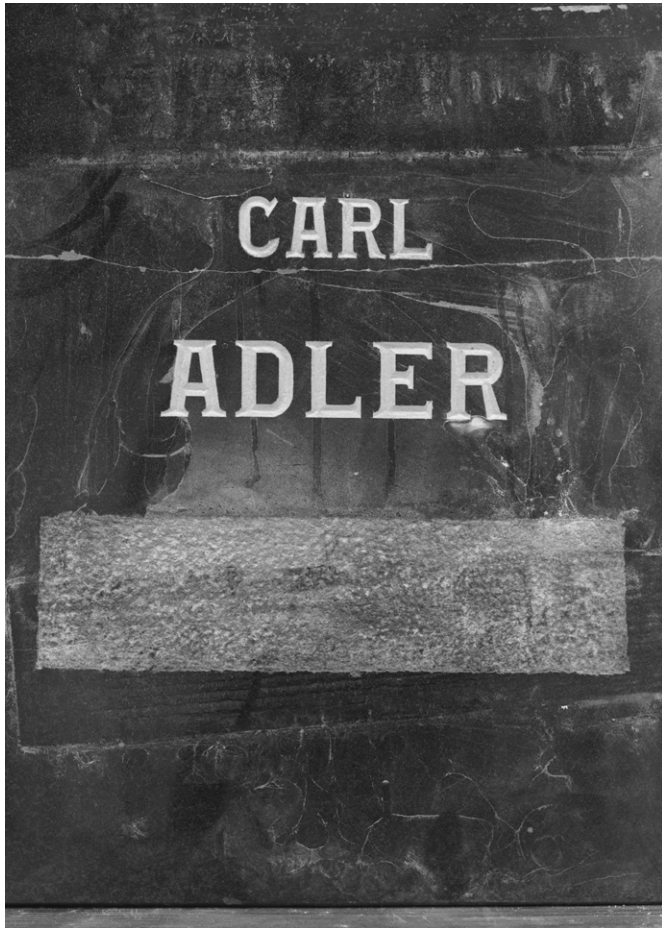


Ernst Arndt
2018
silicone sheet, steel



*Composition in Black
and White, with Double
lines, 1934*
2018
site-specific

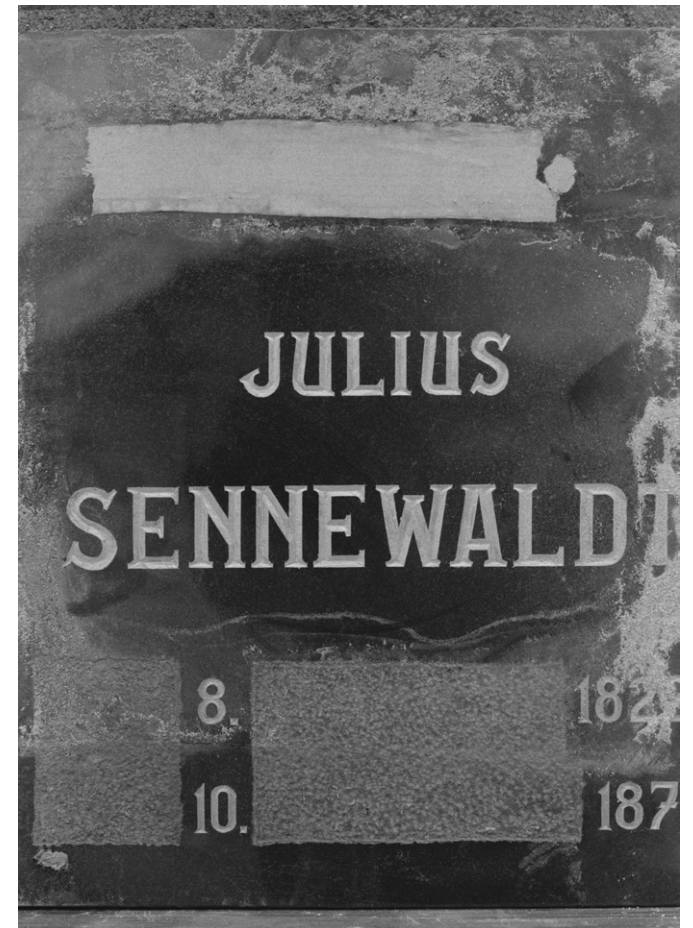




Untitled
 (from *Whitewash* series)
 2018
 Inkjet print on archival
 paper



Untitled
 (from *Whitewash* series)
 2018
 Inkjet print on archival
 paper



Untitled
 (from *Whitewash* series)
 2018
 Inkjet print on archival
 paper

GNG

Other

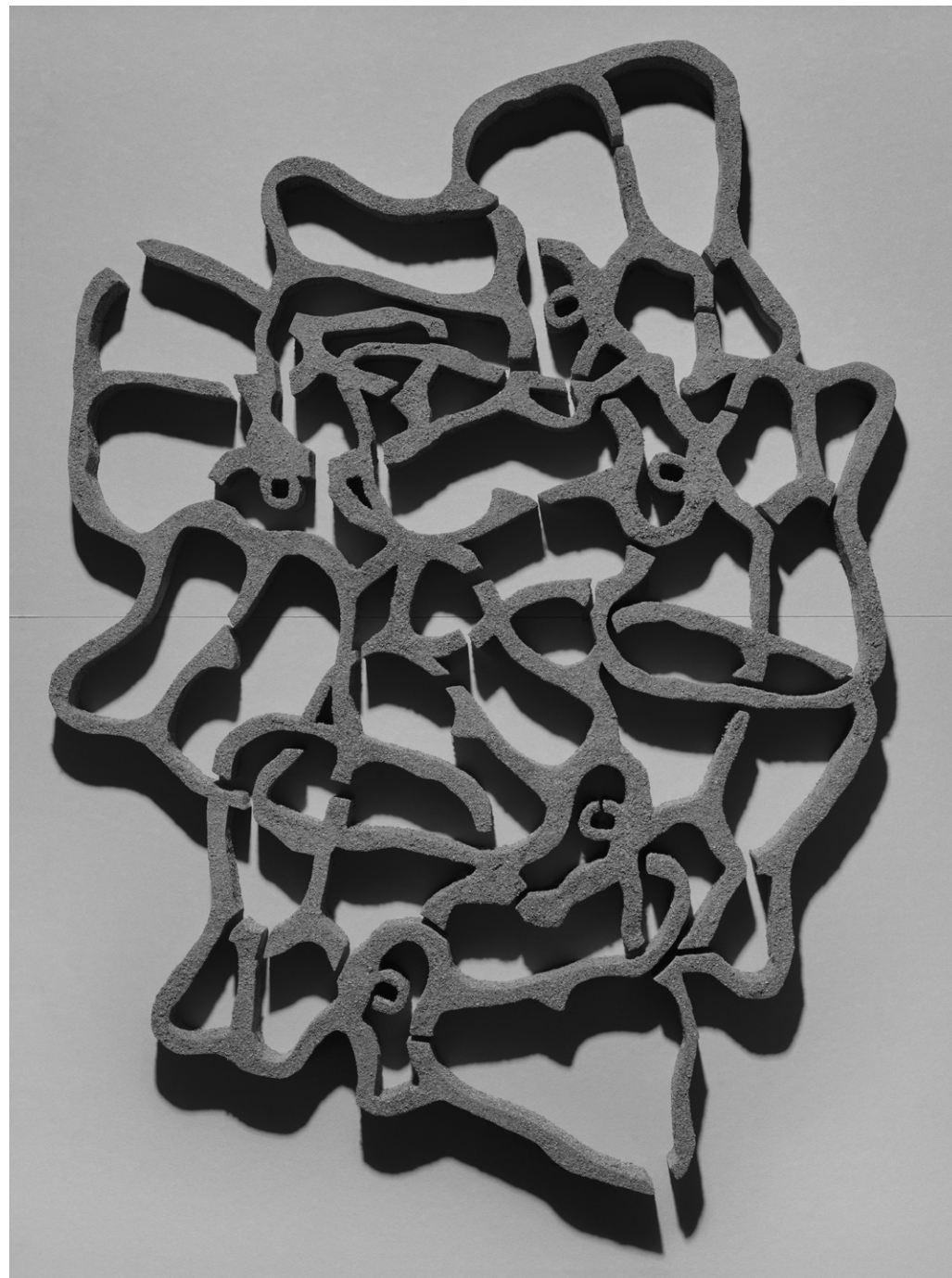
Erotyk
2016
pigment inkjet print
on archival paper,
mounted on dibond,
paraffin, steel frame
63 x 51 cm

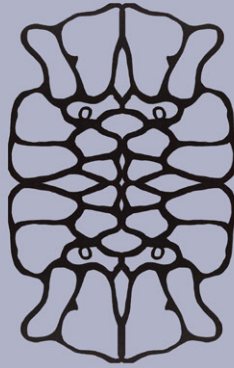
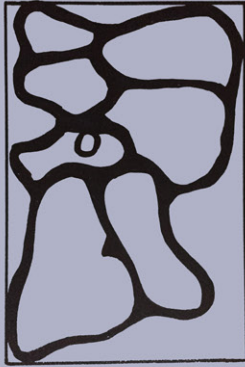






Hedge Maze
 (Winckler's garden)
 2016
 pigment inkjet print on
 archival paper mounted
 on dibond, wooden
 frame, steel pedestal
 120 x 90 x 20 cm





Hedge Maze
(Winckler's garden)
2016
draft



Effortless exercise
2016
pigment inkjet print on
archival paper mounted
on aluminium, paraffin,
brass
51 x 65 x 95 cm









Core
2018
glass jars, resin,
concrete, lime





Porcelain bathtub
2018
Inkjet print on archival
paper, oakwood frame
100 x 80 cm

Anna Orłowska

Solo exhibitions:

2023
Mining and Afterlife (with Michał Łuczak), BWA
Wrocław, Poland

2022
Sankt Anna, Gunia Nowik Gallery, Warsaw, Poland

2021
Part of the Part, Tanzmuseum des Deutschen
Tanzarchiv Köln, Photoszene United 2021, Cologne,
Germany

2020
Flatlets, Gdansk City Gallery, Poland

2019
Futerał, Galeria Bałucka, Łódź; Miejsce przy miejsku,
Wrocław, Poland
Pompier, Muck, Socrococo, Museum of
Contemporary Art in Krakow, Poland

2018
Futerał, Wschód, Warsaw, Poland

Whitewashing, Galeria Szara and Silesian Museum,
Katowice, Poland

2017
Like a sick eagle (with Mateusz Choróbski), Exile
Gallery, Berlin, Germany
Things, Higashikawa Photography Festival,
Higashikawa, Japan
Sunday Night Drama, Centre for Contemporary Art
Ujazdowski Castle, Warsaw, Poland
Belonging(s) (with Peter Puklus), Platan Galeria,
Budapest, Hungary

2016
The Loneliness of the Long Distance runner (with
Mateusz Choróbski), MANIFESTA, Zurich, Switzerland

2015
Dog and a girl, Archeology of Photography
Foundation, Warsaw, Poland
Leakage and other works, Rencontres d'Arles, Arles,
France
Case study – invisibility, Krakow Photomonth, Poland
Leakage and other works, Panopticon, Stockholm,
Sweden

2014
Case study – invisibility, Josef Sudek Studio, Fotograf
Festival, Prague, Czech Republic
The Loneliness of the Long Distance runner (with
Mateusz Choróbski), BWA Katowice, Poland and
Another Vacant Space, Berlin, Germany
Case study – invisibility, BWA Katowice; Asymetria,
Warsaw, Poland
Sound of silence, Festival International de Mode et
de Photographie, Hyères, France

2013
Sweet thing, PF Gallery, CK Zamek, Poznań, Poland

2012
Soaking in, Lookout Gallery, Warsaw, Poland
Leakage, Prexer, Fotofestiwal 2012, Łódź, Poland

Selected group exhibitions:

2022
State of Emergency, Zitadelle Spandau, Zentrum für
Aktuelle Kunst, Berlin, Germany
Art in Embassies – In Motion, Residence of the
U.S.A. Ambassador, Warsaw, Poland

Anna Orłowska

Kinds of Love, Gunia Nowik Gallery, Warsaw, Poland

2019
Die Ähnlichkeit im Unterschied, Polnisches Institut Düsseldorf, Germany

2017
Place, Jewish Historical Institute, Warsaw, Poland
High Blood Pressure, Koganei Art Spot, Tokyo, Japan
Self-organization, should the world break in II, Fundació Joan Miró, Barcelona, Spain

2016
A stitch in time saves nine, Wschód, Warsaw, Poland
Phantom, BWA Katowice, Poland

2015
WORTH REMEMBERING! A Tribute to Jerzy Lewczyński, Asymetria, Warsaw, Poland
Crisis is only a beginning, TIFF Festival, BWA Wrocław, Poland

2014
Stendhal Syndrome, Zona Sztuki Aktualnej, Szczecin, Poland
PhotoGlobal 2007 – 2014, SVA Gramercy Gallery, New York, USA

Invisibility – case study, PhotoGlobal New Releases 2014, Gallery 109, New York, USA
The day before, ReGeneration 2, Landskrona Museum, Sweden

2013
Leakage, Festival International de Mode et de Photographie, Hyères, France
Amber road, FLUSS Vienna, Vienna, Austria
Tribute to Robakowski, lokal_30, Warszawa, Poland
The day before, ReGeneration 2, ROSPHOTO Museum, Saint-Petersburg, Russia; Polk Museum of Art, Lakeland, USA; Fototeca del centro de las artes, Monterrey, Mexico; Rencontres Internationales de la Photo de Fès, Morocco; Galerie Azzedine Alaïa, Paris, France; Caocjangdi PhotoSpring Festival, Beijing, China; Aperture Foundation, New York, USA; Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art, Salem, USA
The day before. In the matter of things, Month of Photography in Bratislava, Slovakia
The day before. Disconnected images, BWA Bydgoszcz, Poland
Fission, Forward Thinking Museum, New York, USA

2010
The day before. ReGeneration2, Miami Dade College, Miami, USA; Flash Forward Festival,

Toronto, Canada; Pingyao International Photography Festival, Pingyao, China; Michaelis School of Fine Art, University of Cape Town, South Africa; Rencontres d'Arles, Arles, France, Musée d'Elysée, Lausanne, Switzerland
The day before. Some visible and invisible things, Polnisches Institut Düsseldorf, Germany

Prizes:

The Overseas Photographer Higashikawa Awards 2017, Japan
Photo Global 2013, Hyères, France

Artist book:

Futura!, ed. Krzysztof Pijarski, Anna Orłowska, Wschód Gallery, The Polish National Film, Television and Theatre School in Łódź

Selected collections:

MuFo Museum of Photography in Cracow, Jewish Historical Institute, ASOM Collection

Anna Orłowska
is represented by

Gunia Nowik Gallery

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Opening Hours:
Tue: noon to 5 pm
Wed—Sat: noon to 6 pm and by appointment
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