

work of art magazine

ISSUE 02

**WORK  
OF  
ART**

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Zlata Ruts kaya

# work of art magazine

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JERZY KRZANOWSKI

## THE VARIOUS EXPLOITS OF ANTHONY VAN DYCK

Between Anthony van Dyck and Peter Paul Rubens, you have probably heard the latter mentioned more often. Both were great artists of the Dutch Golden Age (17th century) and the reasons for which van Dyck is less known today are that he was a student of Rubens, and his works, dispersed between museums and private collections, are difficult to study. During his lifetime, however, he was famous independently of Rubens, always moving between courts and countries, and his life, though shorter and skipped over in introductions to Art History, was no less memorable.

Anthony or Antoon van Dyck (1599-1641) came from a merchant family in Antwerp (then Flanders, now Belgium) and began his artist's education at a very young age, being somewhat of a child prodigy, though he would likely resent any comparison with the infamous hyperrealist 14-year-olds of today. He studied under van Balen and Rubens, described by the latter as the best of his students, and became a master of the Antwerp guild in 1618. An adventurous character, he soon took off to London for several months, painting at the court of James VI & I, yes, the one who knew Shakespeare, but sadly, Shakespeare was dead by then. There van Dyck took on an elegant and aristocratic style of dress, including fancy feathered hats and gold chains across his chest, annoying some and dazzling others.



Figure 1  
earliest known self-portrait, 1613-14

After a short return to Antwerp, next came his stay in Italy, where he rose to great heights as a portrait painter in Genoa, Rome and Palermo. He also lived through the Sicilian plague of 1624, having been invited by the island's Viceroy who promptly died, but not before having his portrait painted. During that time – either until Sept. '24 or '25 – he met the elderly painter Sofonisba Anguissola, and established an iconography for a previously little-known saint, Rosalia, who became the island's patron in the plague's context, and about whom I learned because of our own pandemic. If only it had made me a famous painter. Well, there's still time for another wave.



Figure 2  
a Genoese lady



Figure 3  
Cardinal Bentivoglio,  
briefly brought to  
France after  
Napoleon's Italian  
conquests

In '27 he returned to Flanders and set to work again, this time producing his famous Iconography, a series of portrait engravings. "Portrait etching had scarcely had an existence before his time, and in his work it suddenly appears at the highest point ever reached in the art," writes art historian Arthur M. Hind. Having done that, in '30 van Dyck became court painter to Isabella, Governor of Flanders, but two years later was asked to return to England by the new monarch, Charles I, the one who later got his head chopped off. Establishing himself as the court portraitist, van Dyck brought new life to the formerly stiff genre. He would stay there until his death, gaining great fame, favour, and funds.



His fluid, refined style was a breath of fresh air, and quickly took over as the main trend that wiped away the saintly-icon style of the previous centuries, leaving its mark on British portraiture for ages to come. Art historians agree that "almost every portrait painted in England after his arrival in England till deep in the 19th century bears witness to his influence." (RKD - Netherlands Institute for Art History)

Elements of landscape were introduced into the compositions, indicating the sitters' ownership of land, and the figures themselves looked light and leisurely rather than severe like they had used to. A technical trademark of his style was the brilliant tactility of the textures, the shimmer of silk and lifelike flesh tones. He would often paint full-length portraits, allowing his sitters to present themselves as stylish and show off their best garments. Like Rubens, van Dyck had a sense for grandeur and luxury. Especially in his early years, he painted Biblical and mythological scenes, like most painters of the period, but stayed away from Rubens' frequently crowded, flesh-dominated scenes, opting instead for more subtlety and harmony.



Over the course of his life he stayed and painted in 17 cities across the west of Europe, as far as we know, scattering his works. He painted the king of England! Multiple times! And managed to die before said king had his head chopped off, which spared him a lot of running for his life from the new regime. And he had a style of beard named after him. Next time you're in a museum, any museum (though probably not a Polish one), take a look around for a van Dyck that might be hanging around between Rubenses and Rembrandts. He's everywhere, and quite hard to miss.



Figure 4  
Van Dyck's portrait  
of Sofonisha

Beloved and charming as he was to friends and clients, he also had his less dignified moments, like when his partner Margaret Lemon, jealous of his upcoming marriage, reportedly attempted to bite off his thumb. Notably, she was the most painted common woman of the 17th century.



# MEET RACHEL WHITEREAD

## THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN THE TURNER PRIZE



*Rachel Whiteread photographed by Matt Writtle,*

While Damien Hirst or Tracey Emin are undoubtedly household names, Rachel Whiteread, another member of the Young British Artists, is perhaps less well-known. As the first woman to ever win the Turner Prize, which is considered to be the highest honour in the British art world, she deserves much more recognition than she currently receives. While extremely innovative, none of her works can be dismissed as kitsch, as it sometimes happens with modern art. Her sculptures serve as a reflection on memory and permanence. She explores basic architecture forms and plays with empty spaces, often using casts.

Whiteread, born in London in 1963, started her career in the 90s, straight out of art school. The piece that skyrocketed her career was a plaster cast of a Victorian living room, titled *Ghost* (1990).



*Ghost, 1990, plaster with steel frame,*

This piece, as well as many of her later works, turns the idea of a room as an empty space upside down – it is no longer a space one can enter. The cast, as the title suggests, explores the idea of transience and permanence. While the Victorian room itself is not eternal, its memory is preserved through the sculpture. The traces of human presence in the room, now long gone, are immortalised by Whiteread. The cast reveals all of the scratches on the walls, the bits of wallpaper. As Kathleen Kuiper wrote in *Britannica*, it gives abstract geometries an emotional resonance.

Three years later the artist used the same technique, a cast, on a much larger surface. The *House*, created in 1993, is what brought Whiteread the Turner Prize and is often considered to be her most iconic work.



*House, 1993, concrete*

Whiteread poured liquid concrete into a house meant to be torn down and later removed the external structure of the house. Similarly to *Ghost*, the sculpture exhibits the insides of the home – something usually kept private – and removes the facade that passers-by are used to seeing. During the sculpture's short life (it was demolished by the town council after only 11 weeks) it sparked plenty of controversy. Whiteread earned the Turner Prize for the *House*, but she was also named the worst artists for the year. Some praised the artists for her creativity, while others were outraged with the funding it received during a public housing crisis.

Not all of Whiteread's works were as controversial. *Holocaust Memorial*, a sculpture created in 2000 and located in Vienna, is widely celebrated.





*Holocaust Memorial, 2000, concrete*

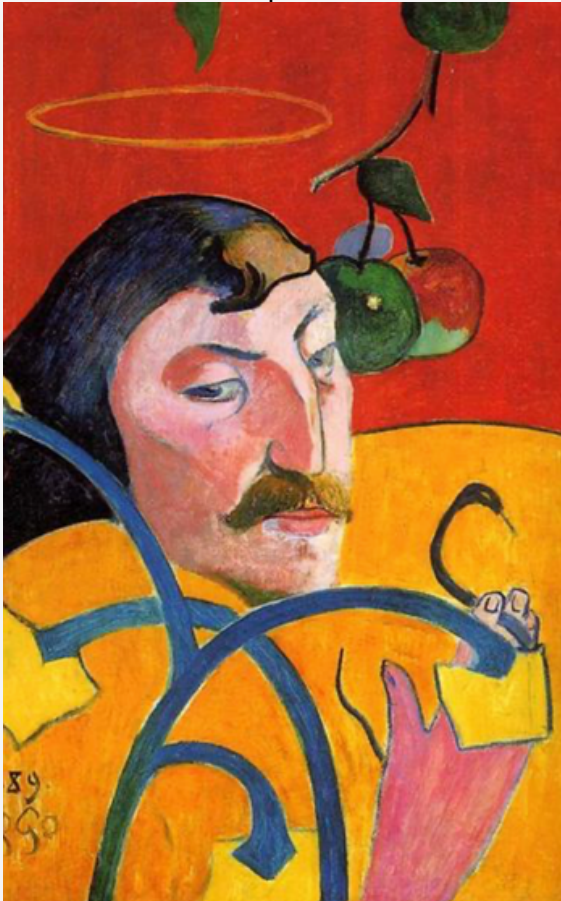
The structure is, once again, a building one cannot enter, with its concrete doors permanently closed. The surface is covered with rows of books, all of them facing the wall that are impossible to open or decipher. The simplicity and coldness of the sculpture works as a contrast to the baroque buildings that surround the Judenplatz, where it is located. The Memorial is not meant to be beautiful, it is meant to be an interruption in the space around it. The inaccessibility of the building serves as a metaphor of finality – the closed books represent thousands of victims of the Holocaust whose stories will never be known. As Adrian Searle reflected in the Guardian "The building's emphatic muteness and silence is the appropriate response to the enormity of its subject."

Rachel Whiteread with her casts managed to achieve something that many modern artists strive for - being unprecedented.

# CONTRAST IN COLOR INTENSITY OF PAUL GAUGUIN'S BIOGRAPHY AND HIS ART

Gauguin is an artist known for being the world's most colorful character, yet his life is marked by tragic stories of death, abandonment, alcoholism, depression, and syphilis... So, what influenced his artistic drive to be this full of color? Why did Gauguin make himself known?

Paul Gauguin was born in Paris on June 7, 1848. Due to the political climate, when Paul was only three, his family moved to Peru. His father, Clovis Gauguin, died on the journey, leaving the rest of the family in misery and the loss of the head of the family. Even then, Gauguin was passionate about art, yet he did not pursue formal training. Instead, he trusted his inspirations and vision. As a young adult, Gauguin became a pilot's assistant in the merchant marine and later, joined the navy for two years. He then worked as a stockbroker in Paris for over ten years before he began pursuing his career as an artist full-time, and therefore, had to devote himself to the discipline.



Self-Portrait with Halo and Snake, 1889

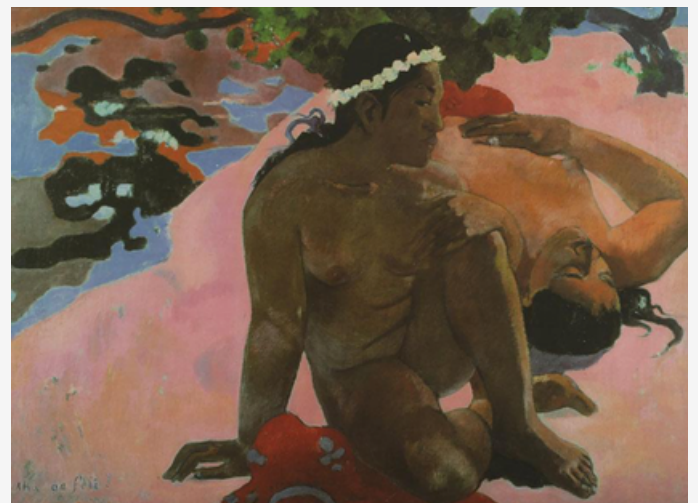
Gauguin quickly became very open about his negative opinion of Western naturalism, and slowly stopped noticing the world outside of his paintings. This is also when, he moved to Paris and left his family behind, losing contact with his wife and five children. Paul Gauguin consecrated himself to painting to the fullest. He strongly argued that art is following a pattern and it slowly turns into copies of what has already been produced.

*"Art is either plagiarism or revolution"*

He then explored the historical African movements, searching for primitivism and deeply hidden symbolisms within. He wanted to introduce change into the Western canon. He would paint in the primitive style; portraying scenes, and creating color harmonies, patterns, forms, and shapes. He tried to provoke thought and expose the unknown.

Throughout his time in Paris, he abandoned the artistic conventions of traditional European art, which was seen as controversial, and therefore was not getting the expected recognition. As a result, Gauguin was growing the will to further abandon European civilization as a whole, because he believed it to be artificial and conventional. His dream of living in the tropics and surrounding himself with nature was not only based on his idea of "civilisation makes you sick", but largely connected with the inspiration for his art he was constantly on the lookout for.

In 1891, in an attempt to find his place on Earth, the artist sailed to the tropics and set off for his first visit to Tahiti.



*Are you jealous?, 1892*



In his paintings, Gauguin would connect the visions from his dreams to the views he saw, and the local stories he listened to. "I shut my eyes in order to see", he stated, proving the significance of imagination in finding a meaning for himself, which he then shared through art. The scenes are, thus, unique: depicting culture, religion, and tradition, as well as the artist's fantasy.

At that time of his life, Gauguin's health had been drastically declining. During his voyages, he contracted dysentery and malaria. He also experienced high levels of depression due to solitude and life in complete poverty, several heart attacks, and continued to suffer from quickly-advancing syphilis. It is interesting to see that, despite everything that was happening behind the artist's canvas, Gauguin employed vivid and radiant colors in his works.



*Two Tahitian women, 1899*

*"Pure color!  
Everything must be sacrificed to it."*

It is clear that for the artist, the use of color was the most important factor in his pieces, and maybe even his daily life. Perhaps he found that nothing could provoke his emotions as colors did.



*Mata Mua, 1892*



*Arearea, 1892*

Gauguin was sentenced to three months in prison, but he died before he could fulfill his sentence. At 54 years old, the revolutionary modern artist died of syphilis – isolated from civilization, but surrounded by color.

# ALL ARE NUMBERS

## PART 1

### HOW PYTHAGORAS DISCOVERED THAT NUMBERS GOVERN MUSIC

We all recall Pythagoras from math class. After all, he is credited with discovering the Pythagorean theorem, the fundamental part of our maths curriculum. Pythagoras was born in the 6th century BC in Greece, preceding the great Socrates, Plato and Aristoteles. He was a vegetarian, he founded a political-religious secret society, but he also concluded that numbers are the arche.

From Greek, arche literally means "origin" or "first cause". In philosophy, it is used to define the primary substance that forms everything else in the natural world. The Presocratics (Greek thinkers between the 6th and 5th century BC) each had their own conception of the arche. Thales thought it to be water, Anaximenes chose air, while Heraclitus selected fire. Pythagoras went with numbers.

One day, Pythagoras noticed that numbers govern music. The legend goes that during a walk Pythagoras heard the sound of hammers being hit on the anvil. Intrigued, he observed the blacksmith and noticed that longer hammers made much higher sounds than the shorter ones, thus discovering the properties governing pitch.

Pythagoras' discovery did not end there. He was also curious why two different hammers made consonant sounds, while others did not. So, he experimented with instruments and discovered that whole number ratios govern musical harmony. Pythagoras noticed that when strings are of proportionate length to each other (ie. when they are multiples of one another), they produce consonant pitches. Not only that, thanks to observing the sizes and weights of the hammers he discovered the perfect ratios that are still used to this day - like the octave (2:1), the perfect fourth (4:3) and the perfect fifth (3:2).

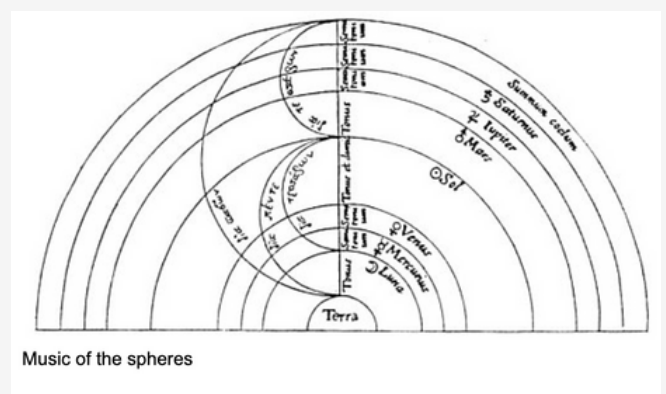
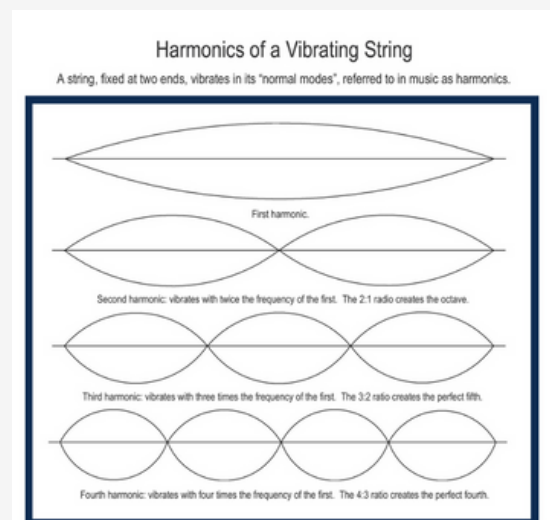
While Pythagoras' findings were purely observational, there is a science to them. Instruments produce a given pitch through the vibration of the strings - and these are created through wave patterns. When the numbers of waves of two different strings are proportional to one another, the notes do not interfere with each other. Pythagoras is also credited with discovering "the music of the spheres".

He deduced that if objects produce sounds while they are in motion, planets, too, should make some sounds. Having observed the proportionate distance between the planets ( e.g.between earth and moon or moon and mercury), he came to the correct conclusion that planets do indeed produce harmonious music.

So, maybe numbers do indeed "rule the universe", as Pythagoras said. In the next issue you will have a chance to explore how numbers rule the outside world.



Pythagoras noticed that numbers govern music while he heard the sound of hammers being hit on the anvil.





## WHAT HAS FASHION TO DO WITH THE ENVIRONMENT?

A few decades ago, most people associated fashion with beauty and elegance but the clothes at that time were also very expensive which made them a luxury. Now, in the era of fast fashion and numerous retailers, garments are affordable which grants instant gratification for consumers, more profits for companies and the democratisation of stylish clothing.

On the other hand although, we have to consider the whole process of creating such cheap and quickly changing attire. With the rising urgency of preventing global warming, it is important to note that the fashion industry largely contributes to the world's carbon footprint by using huge quantities of fossil fuels in manufactures.

The fashion industry is responsible for roughly 10% of the world's carbon dioxide emissions. Experts estimate that throughout the last decade, sinks, which are natural materials that can store carbon, have absorbed nearly half of it from the atmosphere that humans produce annually. The amount of it in the atmosphere rises every year, as more carbon dioxide is released into the airspace than natural processes can absorb. Because of that, it stays there for between 300 to 1,000 years, slowly slowly increasing the average surface temperature on Earth. The melting of glaciers, ice caps, and icebergs, rise in sea level and more extreme heat waves are already occurring as a result of the Greenhouse Effect, caused by increased carbon dioxide levels. Severe weather damage might also increase and intensify. Intense storms can damage property, cause loss of life and temporarily disrupt essential services such as transportation, telecommunications, energy, and water supplies.

Fast fashion is also particularly problematic because of how much plastic is produced globally each year. It has been estimated that the industry contributes around 300 million tons of the material – primarily in the form of polyester, which is a synthetic fibre derived from coal, air, water, and petroleum. In just a couple of decades, it has overtaken natural cotton as the backbone of textile production, which has been used to create clothing for centuries. Garments made from polyester and other synthetic fibres shed tiny pieces of plastic with every wash and wear. These plastic particles, called microplastics, pollute the oceans, freshwater, and land, and pose a danger to the animals. Because of the fact that they can't distinguish between real food and plastic, they consume them which inhibits their growth and reproduction.

What's more, practically all of the clothes we purchase contain some polyester. The majority of these clothes are constructed from mixtures of several fibres, such as polyester and cotton or polyester and nylon. Such blends help achieve different textures in clothes but make the process of recycling textile waste even harder. Although new techniques are being developed, sorting garments by material for recycling is labour-intensive and requires a skilled workforce. The actual process of transforming blended fibres into reusable yarn requires separating materials with chemical solvents. As a result, only a small portion of what is manufactured is recycled. Ultimately about 87 percent of the entire amount of fibre needed to make garments is burnt or disposed into the landfill. Recently fashion brands have come under criticism for such practices as the pressing need to stop global warming rises.

Sustainability has become a major focus of fashion brands in the past decade. Many designers now focus on a higher quality of tailoring and construction of garments, which is the first step in addressing the issues faced by the industry. For instance, some environmentally friendly brands use materials that can be recycled without having to separate them in order to make clothing. Conscious product design is essential in accomplishing this goal. Using hemp buttons, which can be recycled with the rest of the garment, is one example.

And what can an average consumer do?

There are a few simple rules to follow to reduce the environmental impact of our fashion choices: buying higher quality, well-tailored clothing is an example of how we can contribute to a healthier planet. Furthermore, we can invest in garments made by sustainable brands or donate the clothes you don't wear anymore, so that they can be upcycled and reused.



## IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO; A CLOSER GLIMPSE ON BALLROOM DANCING



Some dance styles were created purely for amusement, and those who perform them don't really mind if they have an audience or not. Some dances, however, are intended to be viewed. All displays of theatrical dance, from hoofing to ballet, fall under this category. The hand movement feels natural, the smell of intense hairspray, the touch of velour dresses and the view of an audience fulfills the performer's lust and hunger for applause.

With the soothing sound of foxtrot or slow waltz, dancers embrace their decent formality and etiquette. Whereas, with the melodious waves of various latin music during paso doble or jive, they are able to show lively smiles and the combination of energy and passion. The constant movement, which highlights the dynamic of various rhythms, every foot placement, every mimic they present on their faces while keeping deep focus is a difficult and demanding performance to master.

The combination of skill, talent and dreadful practice characterizes many ballroom dances, the roots of which can be traced back to the deep history of music, sport and art.

The waltz may appear to modern eyes to be an outdated status symbol that represents wealth and classic taste. Its flowing 3/4 pace and delicate variants like the long-stepping chassé and the pursuit, with which a lady dancer "chases" her male partner make it an image of class and elegance.

The waltz is the oldest dance step recognized in contemporary ballroom competition, developed from courting dances performed by commoners in 18th-century Germany and Austria. The dance, which got its name from the German word "walzen", meaning "to rotate," pushed the boundaries of social norms in affluent circles. When the aristocracy learned the dance steps from their servants by watching their feisty celebrations, they decided to try it—and loved it.



In contrast to the time-honored, precisely orchestrated minuet, waltzing permitted partners to be in close proximity and allowed them to improvise, which in the late 18th and early 19th centuries gave rise to the public dance hall.

There, individuals could mix and mingle with total strangers while dancing the night away to the music of Johann Strauss and other composers. According to historian Ruth Katz, waltzing allowed for freedom, romanticism, and social mingling between the elite and the lower classes.

Despite concerns that it was overly sensual or frivolous, the dance became so popular that it started a trend in the 19th century.



Katz believes that the waltz "made possible a type of 'escape' from reality via the delicious dizziness of spinning one's way in a secret realm of sensuality." The waltz also "made it feasible for diverse kinds of persons to join together on an equal basis."

The cha-cha-cha is another ballroom classic. It was inspired by Cuban culture and the violinist-composer-bandleader, Enrique Jorrn. American dance floors saw a rise in the popularity of Cuban dances like the mambo and rumba in the 1950s, but Jorrn put a spin on an earlier musical style called danzón, which utilized a 2/4 pace and drew on Afro-Caribbean elements.

The danzón melody gave rise to a three-part dancing style that would eventually become the national dance of Cuba. But in certain late 1940s performances, Jorrn added his own spin to it by introducing a new beat to the dance's final section.

American ballroom dancers will continue dipping, swaying, and fast-stepping for years to come thanks to the immigrants who brought many well-known dances from the late 19th and 20th centuries to the United States.

Both vigorous Latin American dances, as well as elegant standard styles focus their form on gentleness and dynamic accents of the rhythm. They represent many cultures, traditions and combine complex and precise techniques into one storyline presented on the dancefloor to the captivated spectators.



As a result, dancers performed a vigorous triple step that the band leader termed the "cha-cha-cha." The dance, often referred to as the cha-cha, gave rise to a new trend in both music and dancing.

While many older dance styles have lost favor, the cha-cha-cha continues to be performed in both ballroom dance contests and contemporary clubs, where its cousin, salsa, is also quite popular.

POETRY

SEASONS AND SELF: PART 2, AUTUMN

Still

It's been months  
And I'm coming back home  
And I'm letting myself feel again.

The same petals I left are back  
Taking home in my trachea,  
Vines curling around my throat.  
A thorn is putting pressure on my lung,  
Wonder if it'll pierce it through this time.

In September, I'm bad at forgetting  
All the feelings that were surgically removed.  
Your tender flame that's a forest fire in my chest  
Is merely an echo of the scorching heat of the summer.

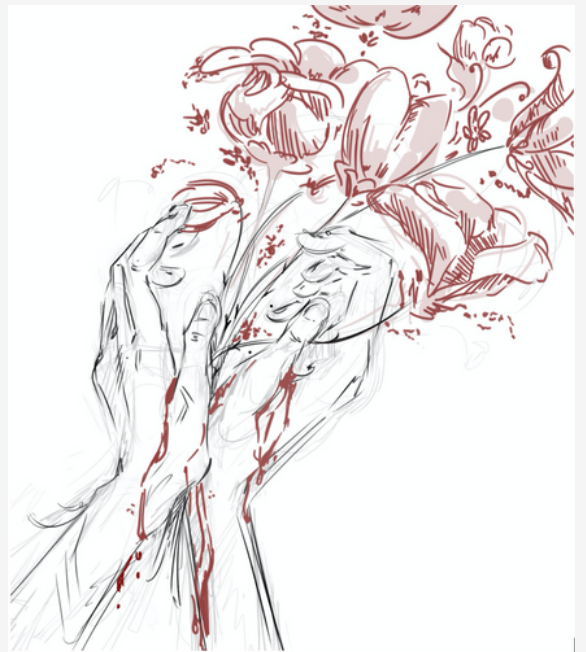
And it's licking at my skin  
And it's touching my veins  
And it's colliding with my nerves  
And it's disturbing my intrinsic rhythm  
And it's a ghost of yesterday  
And it's not gone tomorrow  
And I'm laying alone  
And I can't trust my words  
And back home, nothing changes.

(Will it make sense in the morning?)

And maybe I'll stop coughing in the winter.  
Maybe the petals will freeze or decay,  
Maybe I'm tired of feeling cold,  
Maybe I'll keep forgetting you just to fall back in and  
remember.

Touch me like I'm your cello.  
Play me, take care of me, worship me with your fingertips.  
I'll make a sonata with my raw throat,  
I'll stand straight and polished,  
I'll fall to the floor if you don't hold me,  
I'll burn if I'm near fire.  
Scrape me to bare wood with your passion.  
Leave my insides exposed:  
An array of lilies, camellias, and roses.

In September, I'm ready for an encore.



Ewa Raczkowska



POETRY

The Rain

She collected raindrops as personal memorabilia.  
She kept them in jars  
Lined up along her windowpane.  
Whenever she'd come on holidays  
She'd always bring a jar home –  
She'd label it with the name she gave the place she visited.  
"Terry" was Reykyavik, Iceland,  
"Vittoria" was Tuscany, Italy,  
"Sophia" was Phuket, Vietnam.  
She spoke to the raindrops as if they were sentient  
And groomed them every night with a hair comb.

All her jars knew that she favored "Anastasia", the jar from her home.  
She took it everywhere she went  
And always cleaned it so that the water was crystal clear.  
She would gaze at the light reflected by the raindrops for hours on  
end.  
She loved Anastasia more than the simple joys of books and bathing.

Anastasia accompanied her to Faro.  
They wanted to see the sunset on the beach  
For the last time  
Before the  
Sun fell  
To  
The water.

On the beach, they found a girl  
That was also gazing at the still water,  
Holding a glass bottle,  
Standing on her toes,  
Almost falling but somehow still upright,  
Trying to capture the wind in the bottle.

"What's their name?" she whispered  
But her voice got tangled with the waves.  
The same question was asked again and again,  
In a slow crescendo but  
The sand kept stealing the words  
And the sunset melted away their meaning.

She wasn't holding Anastasia anymore.  
The wind was howling around them  
But the girl couldn't catch it in her bottle.  
The waves surged and caught the jar  
In their embrace.  
Two bodies of water, reunited.

"What's your name?" she tried again  
And finally, the girl turned around.

"I'm Anastasia."

And then, the rain began.

POETRY

ZOFIA CZERSKA

Novembers Ago

I see not who you are  
but who you had become.

From my window, I see a birch tree  
with scorch marks  
but it's healing.

The snow fell  
and it covered up the ugly dirt.

For you, I'll open the blinds and set the bed,  
my old journal long forgotten  
under blankets of second chances.

I'll bleach my linens  
so don't make love to the balcony floor.  
Drop your regrets and 'what ifs'  
from dozens of Novembers ago.

Nothing is holding you back,  
be with me in the present.

Colour that doesn't exist

I dream in colours that don't exist.  
My thoughts travel through a chromatic range  
of a Gamut of emotions,  
so they change-

Rich,  
sometimes Pale.

My attention caught by the face of a tranquil male,  
I wish he had smiled-

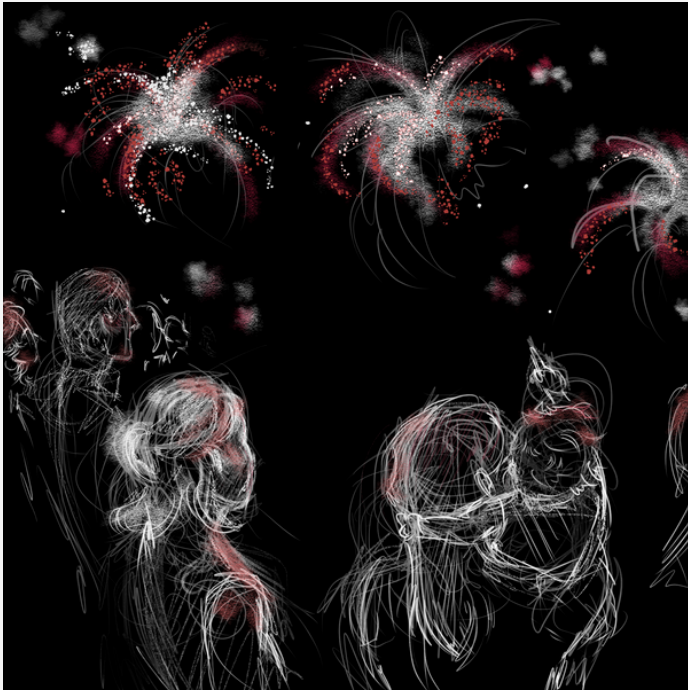
A colour that doesn't exist.

The Patience of Ordinary Things by

Pat Schneider

It is a kind of love, is it not?  
How the cup holds the tea,  
How the chair stands sturdy and foursquare,  
How the floor receives the bottoms of shoes  
Or toes. How soles of feet know  
Where they're supposed to be.  
I've been thinking about the patience  
Of ordinary things, how clothes  
Wait respectfully in closets  
And soap dries quietly in the dish,  
And towels drink the wet  
From the skin of the back.  
And the lovely repetition of stairs.  
And what is more generous than a window?





Ewa Raczowska

POLA JANCEWICZ

new year's eve

warmth permeates my stomach,  
my lungs, my heart,  
golden, it reaches my cheek,  
I smile

a child crying loudly,  
his head hidden in his mother's arms,  
he's scared,  
but he knows it will be alright

a couple - that had just been fighting,  
I turn around, only to find their arms tied together,  
hopeful that regardless the struggles,  
they will face them together.

my eyelids close, and open  
watching the red stream disappear in the sky,  
I'm sad to see it go,  
but peacefully, I smile  
one goes, another will come

All looking at the sky,  
gazing at the light  
we know we will be here next year,  
we will be fine.

EMILKA CHAŁUPCZAK

ripe and rotten

my father stands tall with glasses smelling like dish soap  
short nails feeling the core of the apple  
teeth tired from work digesting through the white flesh  
juice has stung my throat since i was nine  
it scratches at my throat like a hungry crow  
while he can swallow it whole  
my dog's claws dig into the cream tile  
as he begs the starved ghost for the scraps  
sharp teeth will snap the fruit in two  
the carpet hairs stuck between juice droplets forever

rotten clementines crave the release of death  
they beg, scream, bargain with me from the kitchen counter  
red fingers clog my ears as my knees drop to the floor  
asking for the exoneration of waiting for the past to come  
no sun can melt the block of grey snow on my roof  
i stick my head under the dirty drops that pretend to be rain  
fingertips that no longer recognise my touch  
dig into the open pores of orange skin  
ripping the layers of life away to expose soft flesh  
waiting for the feeder to bite and chew into oblivion

amongst the most beautiful sunset i have seen  
the one that did not look like one person or a castle  
stood a tall cherry tree in the scandinavian summer  
my rough hands have never picked fruit from god  
who had let my eyes explore the pink blossoms  
my biggest regret is not asking the tree's name  
as it unharmed nature cradled me into a peaceful sea  
it didn't bite my tongue and didn't silence my truth  
but let my calves burn from running  
and eyes hurt from wetting the pages of a book

i only managed to glance at him once  
in the half-darkness of the last days of summer  
i lay hidden in bed sheets made from frankincense  
every woman's thoughts bleeding through an open artery  
he knew my body's crevices like his mother's neighbourhood  
and let the poison eat through the soil to the roots and grass  
we peeled a green banana from the wrong side  
he left teeth marks in the hard muscle and bones  
he wiped clean of fingerprints to not be convicted  
while the pulp clung to my cheeks and glued my mouth shut

i lay on an operation table like a half-eaten fruit  
rotting away into the green roughness of the future  
mournful eyes turn to watch the fruit blossom and embed  
years spent on printing photos that were never taken  
i grew allergic to the sweetness when petals covered my ears  
juice only ever stings open wounds and burns my mouth  
i watch as it drips down cracked lips of strangers  
and calls the buzzing of flies that eat through corpses  
while winter holds frozen and muted flavours of  
disappointment  
i dig through the memories hidden in my glands and valves

work of art magazine

ZLATA RUTSKAYA



DARIA BICZUJA





# INTERPRATATION OF ART TECHNIQUES

