

ZOFIA PAŁUCHA was born in 1993 in Częstochowa. She graduated from the Warsaw Academy of Fine Arts and is a postgraduate student of the Doctoral School at the Academy of Fine Arts in Wrocław. She lives and works in Wrocław. She has been collaborating with Warsaw's Piktogram Gallery since 2020. Through painting and drawing, Zofia Pałucha explores the stream of consciousness, using it as a tool for recording contemporariness in the Internet era. Her work focuses on the condition of the contemporary human individual, emphasising its fragility in the virtual as much as the real world. Recently, her work has been shown during a solo exhibition at Art Brussels (2020) and Piktogram Gallery (2020) and a collective exhibition in the Modern Art Museum in Wrocław (2021).

Øleg&Kaśka, Zofia Pałucha

THE FLUTTER OF THE WINGS IN THE TREETOPS.

There are stories that instructive, even if not true.

On a sunny April morning the branches of trees are covering the silent baby face of a doe-eyed giantess. The girl is listening to the wind. She wants to know it with all her might, like everything else around her. She is listening to a song telling of things that other people think about, as if those events had never happened.

In early spring, this is a good place for watching. Sunday, the transformation day. The heat is pouring from the sky and you can hear the trilling of the birds. The day and night are equal in length.

There are many Parklings out there, with dogs running around happily. The Parklings are a community with an extraordinary strong system of roots covered with moss. They are unity, they have collective cultural rituals and have developed a complex system of cooperation. They have learned to be helpful, respectful and understanding. They have lived aware of the fact that millions of years of evolution have not endowed them with the ability to move. They have been continuously exposed to unexpected threats without a possibility to escape. While immobile, they exude a kind of confidence that not everything has to end badly.

Suddenly, something appears from behind the branches. A leg; left, right, left; then a hand, pulled back to the body, throwing something. Then again, the right leg bent, the body twisted to one side, wide stride, the left leg stretched, the foot turned towards the direction of throwing, the right hip moving forward. (The girl moves lower to have a better vantage point) The elbow moves up to the shoulder, the arm thrown up and forward – and off it flies!

Little balls, one after another, cross the sunny blue of the sky, falling straight into the mouth of the happy dogs. Movement, green and hope – they all demand a wake-up call. Playing with the dog on this idyllic day seems an ideal combination of the useful and the pleasant. Lumpy bodies awakened from winter sleep try to ignore the extra layer of fat accumulated over the recent months. After long sleep, moving seems painful. In the meantime, the playful seeds continue their frolic.

A dog runs up to the tree, barking wildly. The girl, oblivious to irony, falsehood or vice, decides to dance her way down the tree, moving in a manner adopted over the years of lulling, to see it up close.

The Parklings are watching the giantess from their bench. The dogs are running around while the seeds are playing with the wind.

The seeds, these amateur actors, love to fly frivolously. Sensing freedom, they're not afraid of

anything. They are different from Parklings. They know they have an opportunity to move places. They haven't taken root yet. The giantess feels a strong urge to play with them. She quickly comes down the tree. The white fluff, jumping here and there, is trying to keep up with her. In a flash, she hears a question:

Freedom?

Freedom!

Resistance?

What is that?

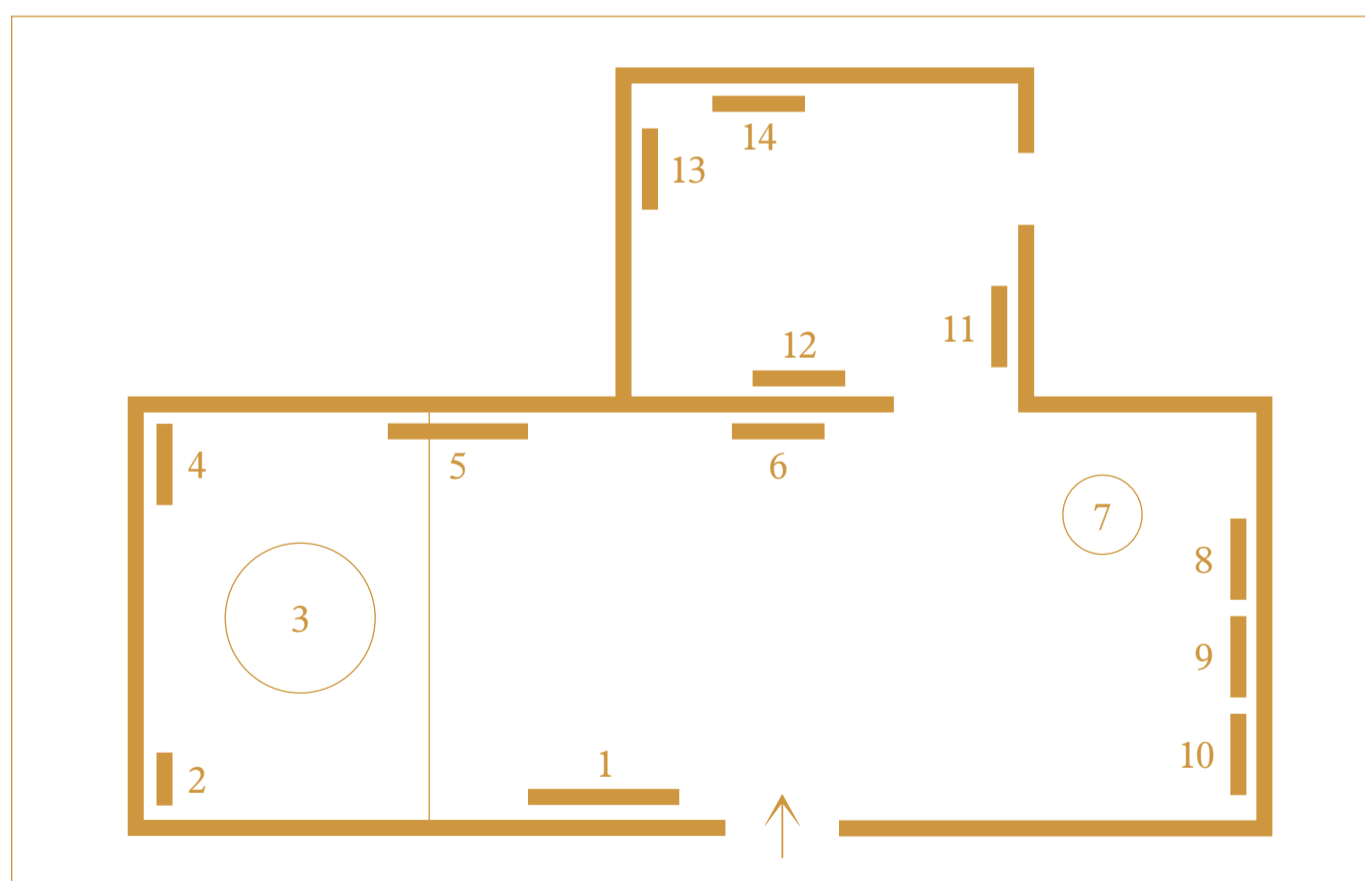
Resistance is pleasure, learning, revelation.

I like learning very much.

In a rhythmical movement, the seeds and the Giant Innocent Eyes begin to put their feet on the ground: the earth that will never be heaven.

What's in a dream, is certain, it won't come true. "A better world, yes; a perfect world, never"¹.

¹ Rebecca Solnit, *Hope in the Dark. Untold Histories, Wild Possibilities*, Canongate Books, 2016



1. Øleg&Kaška, *Wolf Skin*, 2021, colour pencils and acrylic on canvas, 145×110cm
2. Øleg&Kaška, *The Giant*, 2021, colour pencils and acrylic on canvas, 30×30cm
3. Øleg&Kaška, *Wishful Tree*, 2021, recycled paper, metal net, pinewood, plywood, acrylic, vicol glue, 442×336×440cm
4. Zofia Pałucha, *A Scene at the Seaside*, 2021, colour pencils on paper, 50×40cm
5. Zofia Pałucha, *Rare Air*, 2021, oil on canvas, 160×120cm
6. Øleg&Kaška, *The Giant*, 2021, colour pencils and acrylic on canvas, 40×30cm
7. Øleg&Kaška, *Nest (part of the Wishful Tree)*, 2021, recycled paper, metal net, pinewood, plywood, acrylic, vicol glue, twig, 50×50×120cm
8. Zofia Pałucha, *Rare Light Air*, 2021, oil on canvas, 70×100cm
9. Zofia Pałucha, *Rare Grey Air*, 2021, oil on canvas, 100×70cm
10. Zofia Pałucha, *Rare Blue Air*, 2021, oil on canvas, 100×70cm
11. Øleg&Kaška, *Revolution*, 2020, colour pencils on canvas, 160×100cm
12. Øleg&Kaška, *The Giant*, 2021, colour pencils and acrylic on canvas, 45×45cm
13. Øleg&Kaška, *The Giant*, 2020, colour pencils and acrylic on canvas, 140×100cm
14. Zofia Pałucha, *Rare Cold Air*, 2021, oil on canvas, 100×70cm