



Eryk Siemianowicz

Portfolio
2020-2024

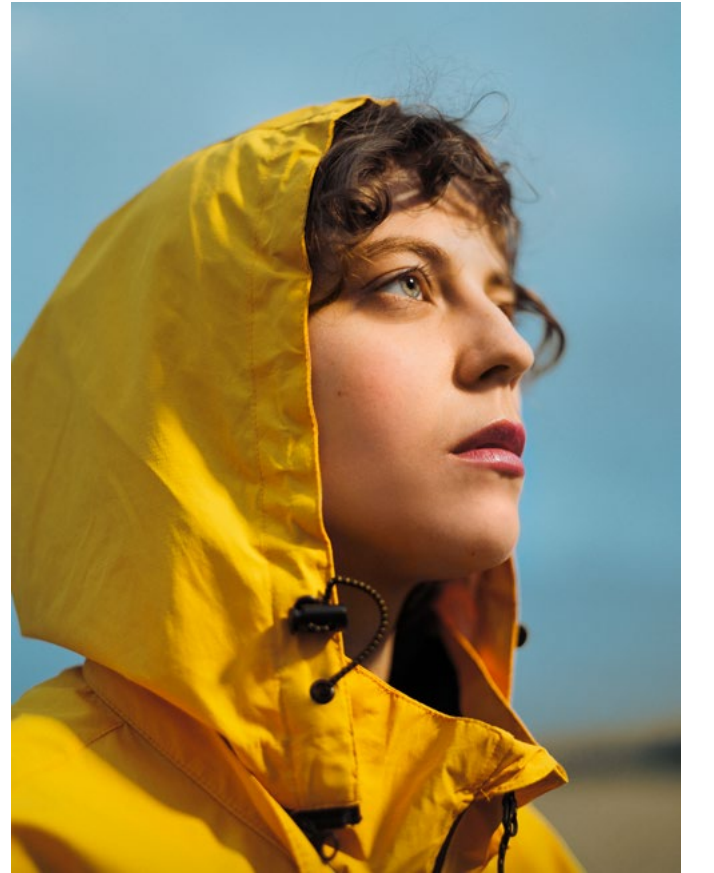
Chapter I

The search for the long lost.



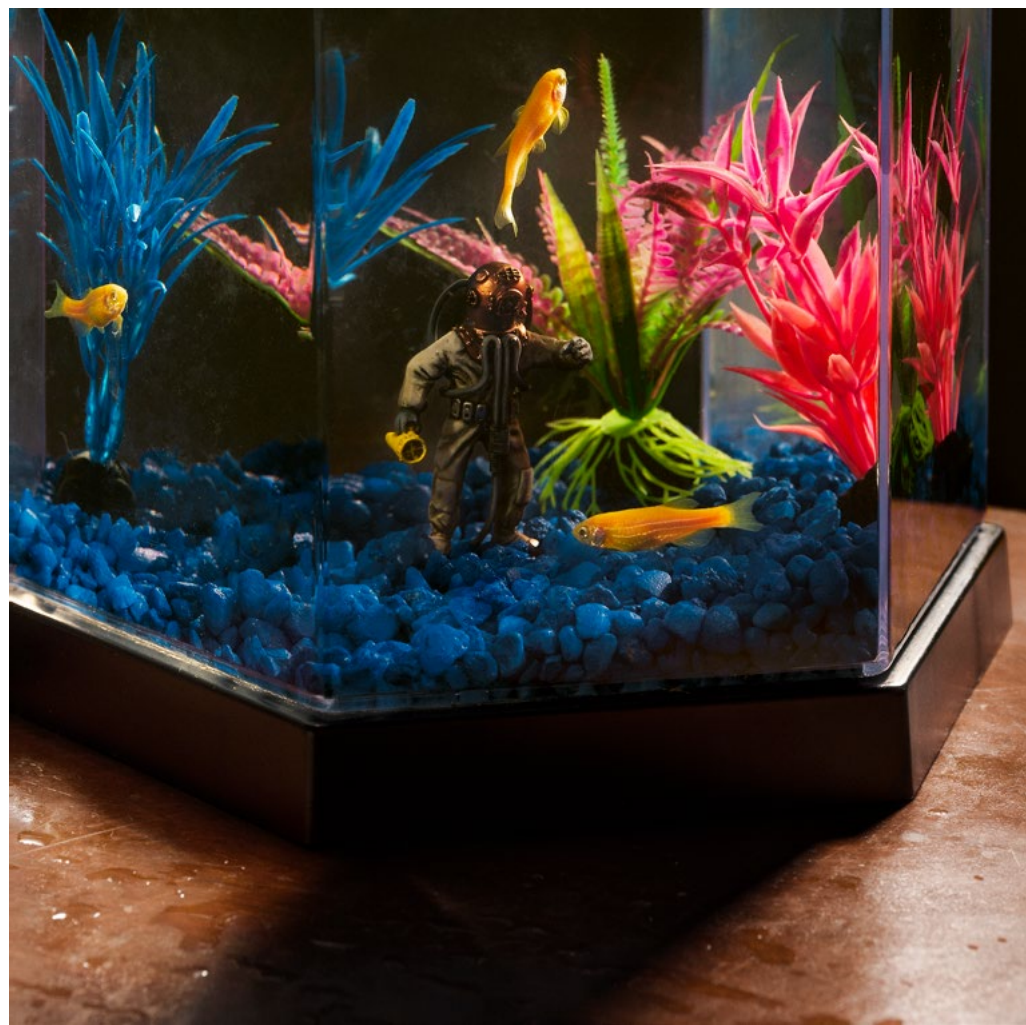
Inspired by the words of T.E. Lawrence, I went on a different kind of search—one that blends reality with fairytales. It tells the story of a diver who vanished into the depths of the sea, transforming over time into something more than just a man. This series is as much about the unknown as it is about the human need to chase after something just beyond reach. Like in my other work, I play with the space between what is real and what is imagined. Here, photography becomes both evidence and illusion, a way of questioning what remains hidden beneath the surface.







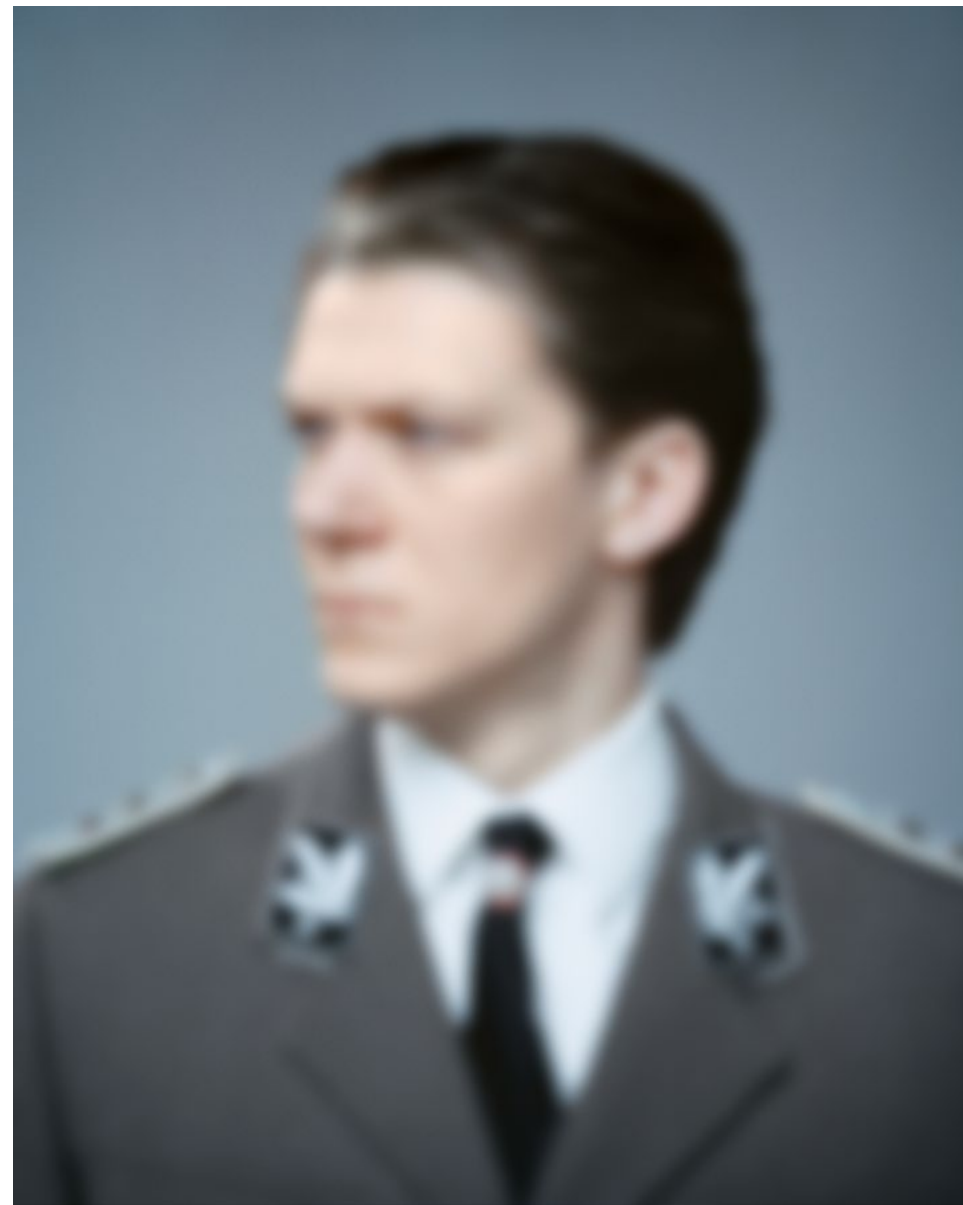
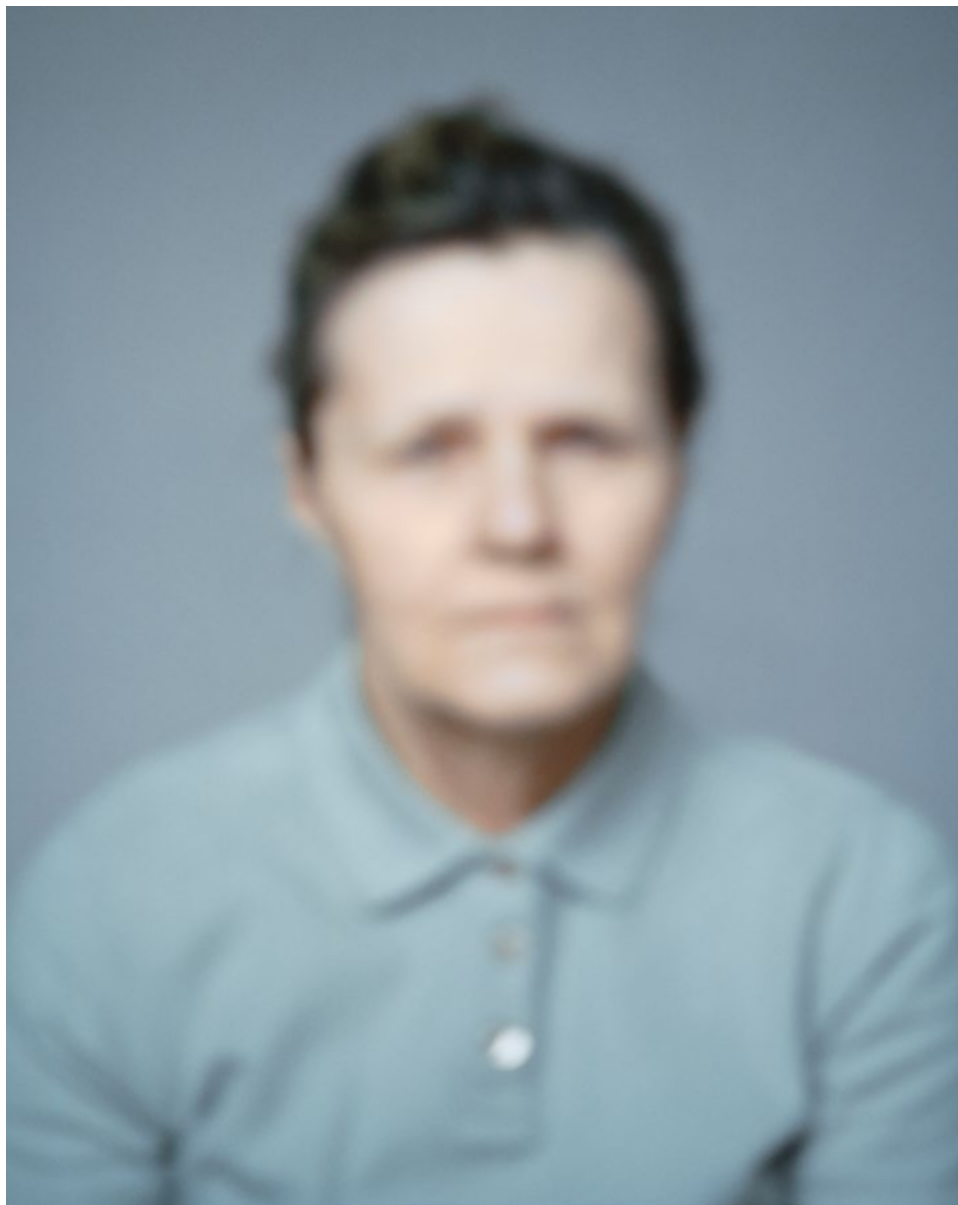
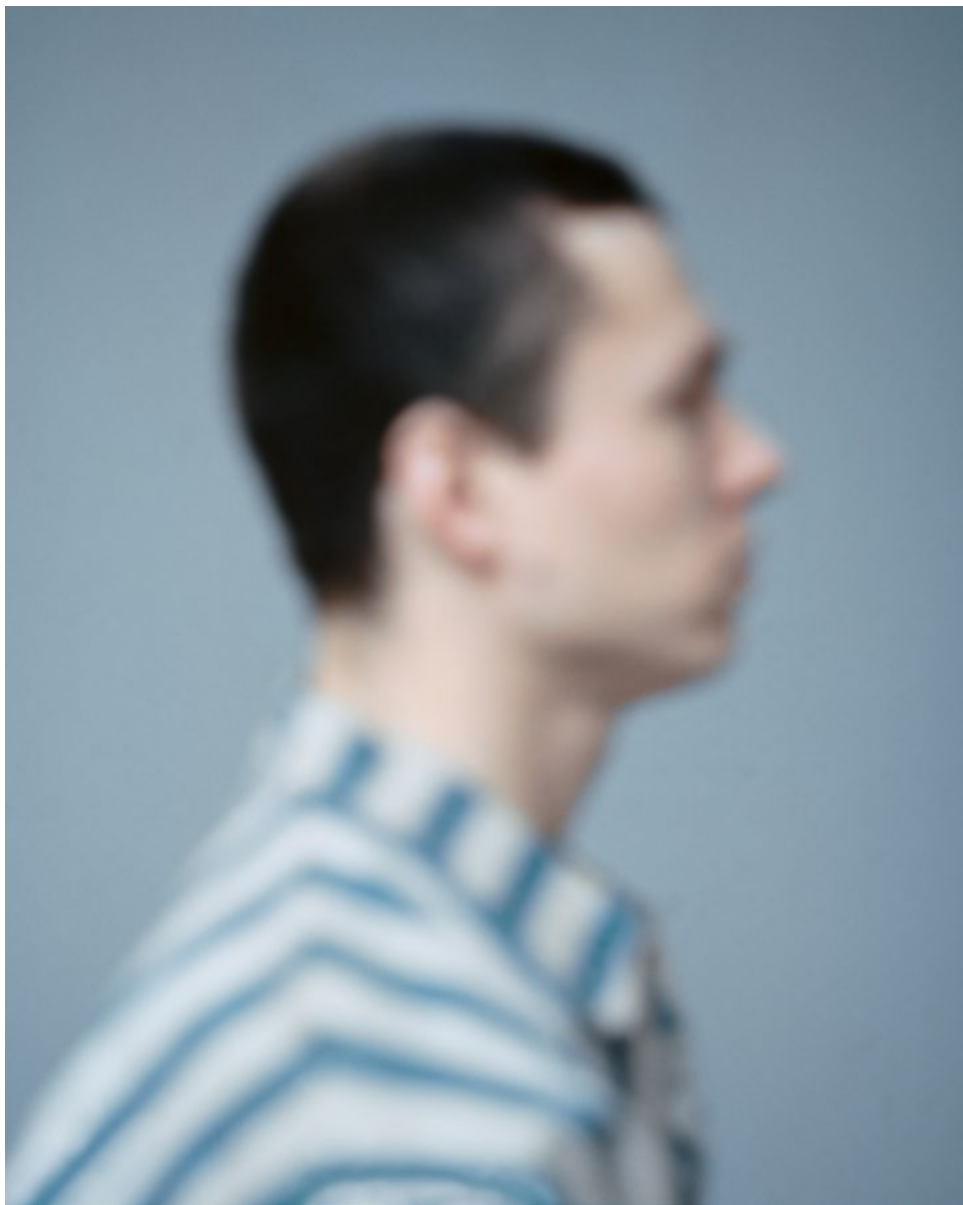




Chapter II

Untitled





The image feels familiar — but the closer you get, the more it starts to fall apart. Memory isn't fixed. It shifts with time, with distance, with how we choose to look. What once felt certain begins to dissolve into something else.

Three figures. Three gazes — each rooted in history, but by different rules. Victim and perpetrator. Witness and participant. What was meant to disappear lingers in subtle, fractured traces.

The longer we look, the more the lines blur. The harder we try to pin them to a place in the past, the less they want to stay still.

Memory builds up like photons on a light-sensitive surface. From a distance, it seems whole. But up close, it reveals its fragility. It's what binds their fates — and what refuses to let go.

Forgetting isn't absence. It's a process — a slow, quiet transformation of fact into story, of history into memory. Time doesn't erase the marks. It only softens the edges. And the pattern keeps repeating.

In Auschwitz, each prisoner had three photographs taken upon arrival: en face, profile, and three-quarters. These were meant to reduce individuals to files — remove story, emotion, name. But even through the rigid format, something human remains. A look, a tilt of the head, a flicker of resistance. These three images — supposed to be the last trace — somehow resist being the end.

They're echoes of presence in a system built to erase.



Chapter III

Ascending to the heavens.





This is a story about model aviation in Poland—about people whose technical and manual knowledge turns into something almost poetic. It's about the balance between precision and uncertainty, the fleeting moment when the object they've built takes flight, and the intergenerational bonds formed around this craft.

In many ways, it mirrors my own fascination with process—the hands-on nature of working in the darkroom, the act of making something tangible and then letting it go.

These photographs capture not just the mechanics of the sport but the devotion behind it, the quiet tension of waiting, and the dream of reaching the sky.









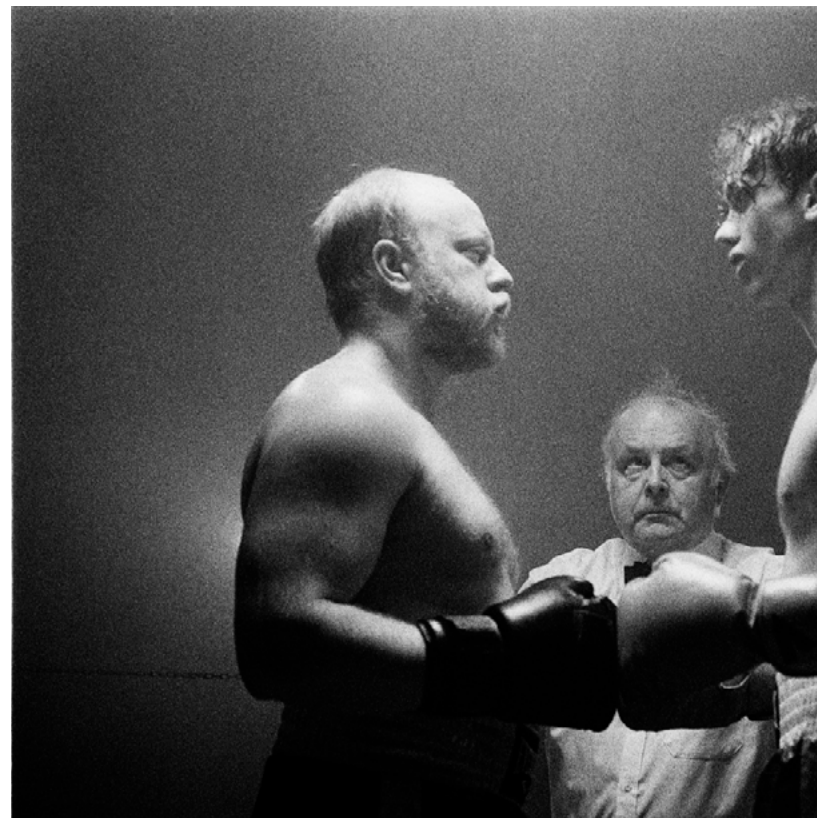




Chapter IV

The Fight







A cooperation between Benedykt Rogala, Mikołaj Marciniak, and me, captures the raw energy of the boxing ring—where strength, passion, and determination collide in a relentless dance of movement and impact.

Shot on traditional analog film, these photographs place the viewer right at the edge of the action. Every punch, every dodge, every fleeting moment of the fight is preserved—etched into the frame, impossible to ignore. The longer you look, the closer you get, until it feels like you're standing in the ring yourself, caught in the intensity of the fight.

But these images aren't just about fists meeting flesh. They capture something deeper—the clash of emotions, the will to push forward, and the singular pursuit of victory. A goal that, in the end, only one fighter can claim.





Chapter V

Dreamland



Some places exist on the edge of memory—half-remembered, half-imagined. They linger like a dream just before waking, familiar yet impossible to hold onto. Dreamland is a search for those in-between spaces, where reality and illusion blur, where the past seeps into the present, and where what has been lost still leaves a trace.

It is about what fades but never fully disappears. Abandoned places, forgotten faces, fragments of stories that refuse to be erased. Through photography, I try to navigate these liminal spaces, piecing together a world that feels both distant and deeply personal. Each image is an attempt to grasp something slipping away—to hold onto the feeling of a place, a moment, an existence that may or may not have been real.

But Dreamland is not about finding clear answers. It's about wandering, about allowing images to guide the way when words fall short. It is a landscape of memories—real or imagined—that still lingers, waiting to be seen.













Chapter VI

Bestsellers



A body is more than just flesh. More than skin, curves, and the way light falls on it. Yet, in these old playing cards from the 90s, the body is stripped down to something singular—an object, a product, a fleeting moment of pleasure captured in glossy print. The women in these images were never meant to be seen beyond their function. Their presence reduced to a pose, a look, a promise.

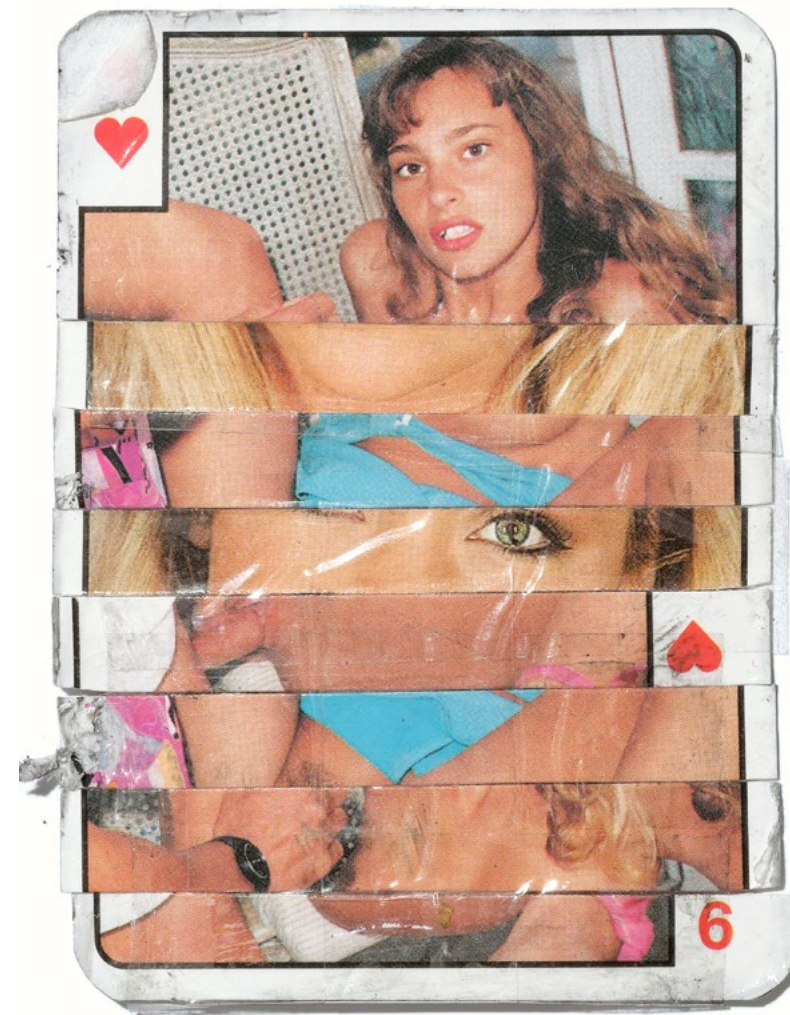
But the cards themselves held another layer of meaning. Playing cards exist to be used, shuffled, dealt, and exchanged between hands. The women depicted on them were not only stripped of identity but placed in a system where their images became part of a game, a transaction between players. They were assigned value, ranked, and played with—reduced to commodities in a cycle of consumption. The rules of the game didn't allow them agency, only exchangeability.

The cards were produced by Climax Corp, a Danish company that was at the center of controversy for its use of exploitative imagery, including featuring underage models in suggestive poses. It was a time when the line between adult entertainment and unethical practices was dangerously thin, and corporations like Climax thrived on that ambiguity. These images were never about the women they portrayed; they were about feeding a market that demanded compliance, youth, and the illusion of availability.

The way I chose to alter the images—using stickers, tape, and scribbles—is almost childish in its approach. This was an instinctive, honest reaction, not a calculated artistic strategy. I covered nudity with the tools I had at hand, much like a child might when confronted with something they don't fully understand. There's something raw in that response—something that exposes how absurd it is that these images were ever treated as casual, everyday objects in the first place. By turning them into something awkward and clumsy, I reclaim the space they once occupied and shift their meaning away from desire and back toward presence.

A face that was never meant to be seen with curiosity, a body that existed beyond the viewer's desire. Through destruction, I search for presence. What remains when the surface is disrupted? What happens when we are forced to look past what we were told to see?



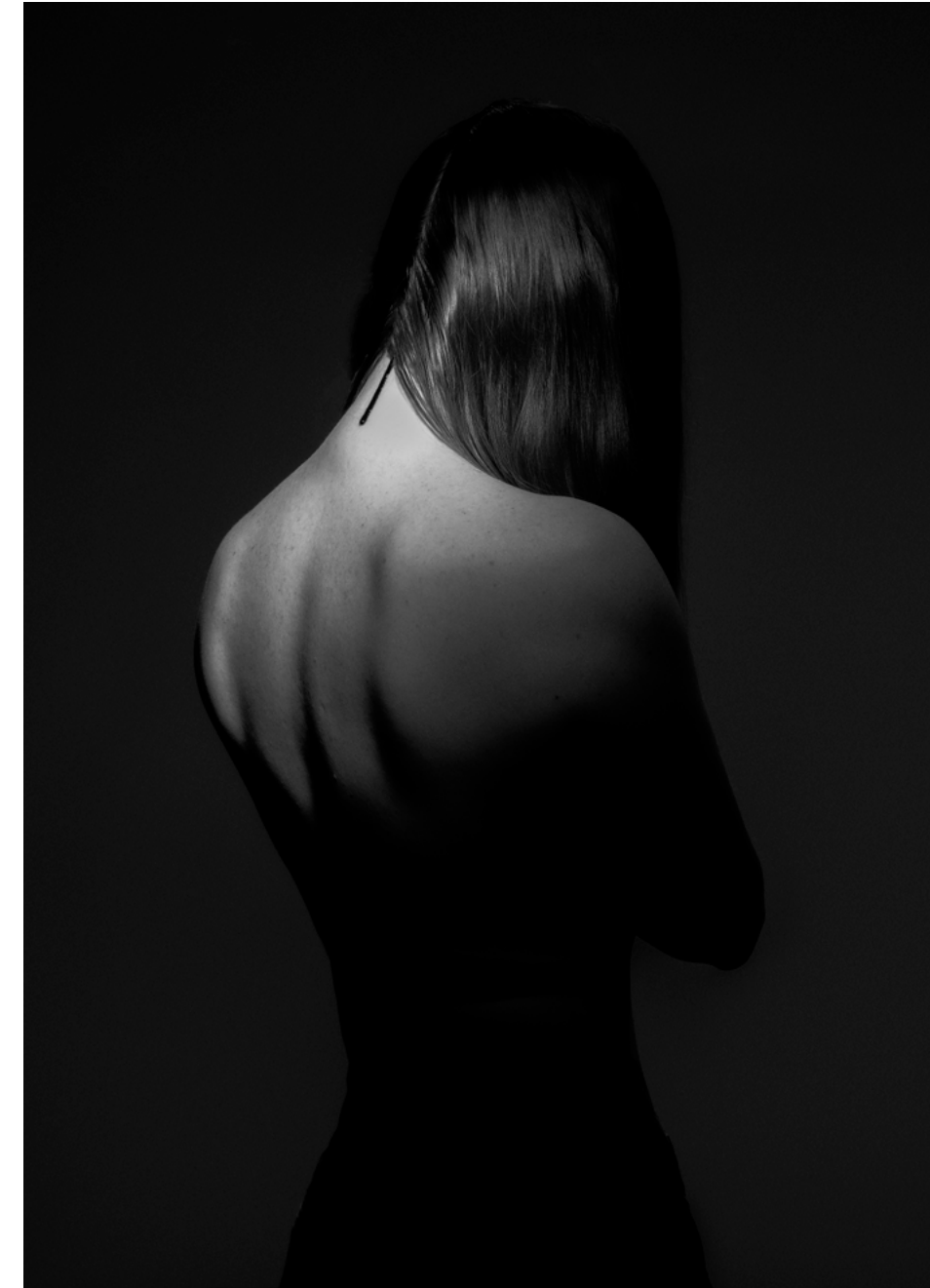






Chapter VII

Black



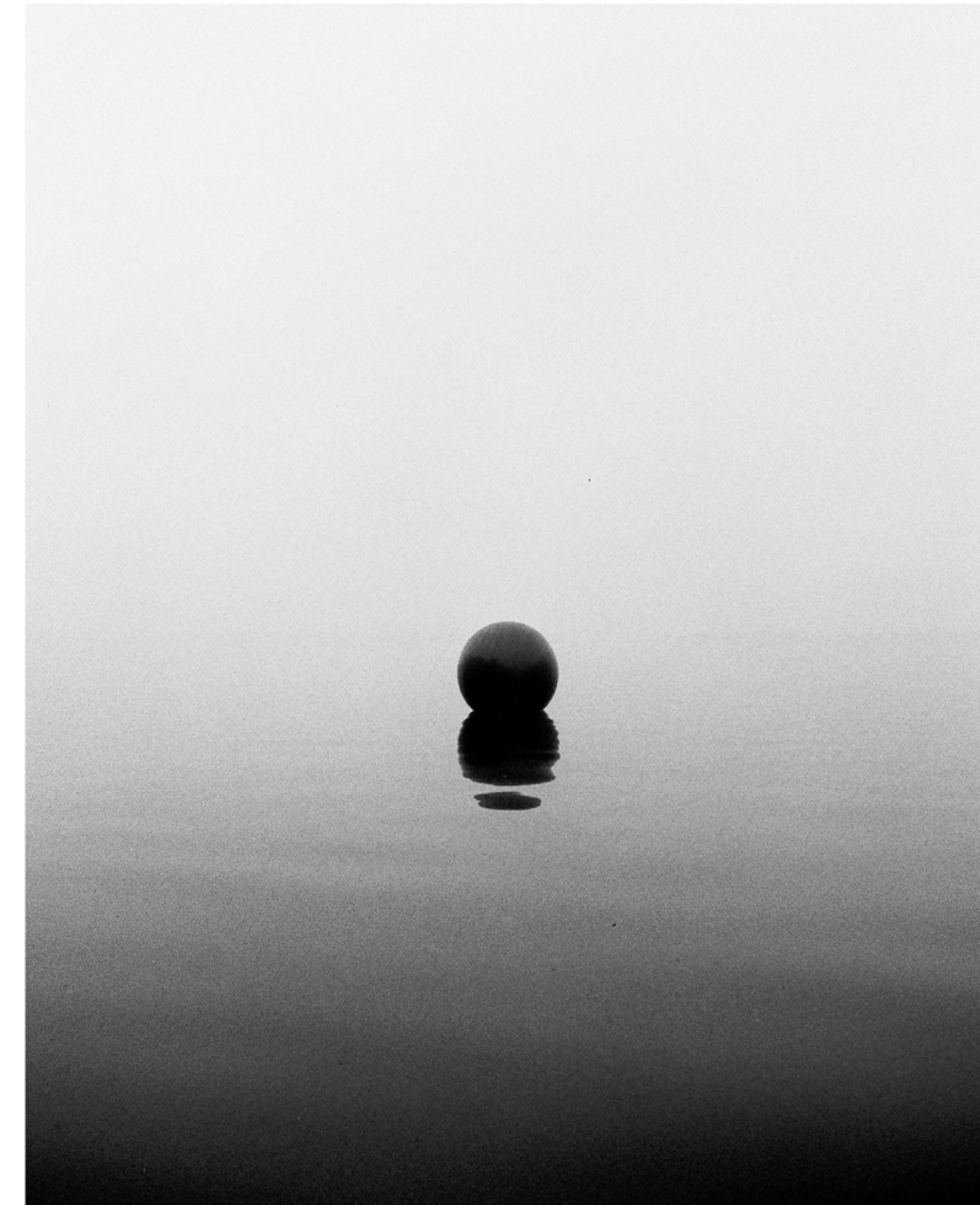


The project is a series of ten large-format prints—part meditation, part reckoning. At its center is terra, a stand-in for Mother Earth, slowly swallowed by an encroaching darkness. The blackness isn't just a color; it's a force—something foreign, something that erodes, something that takes.

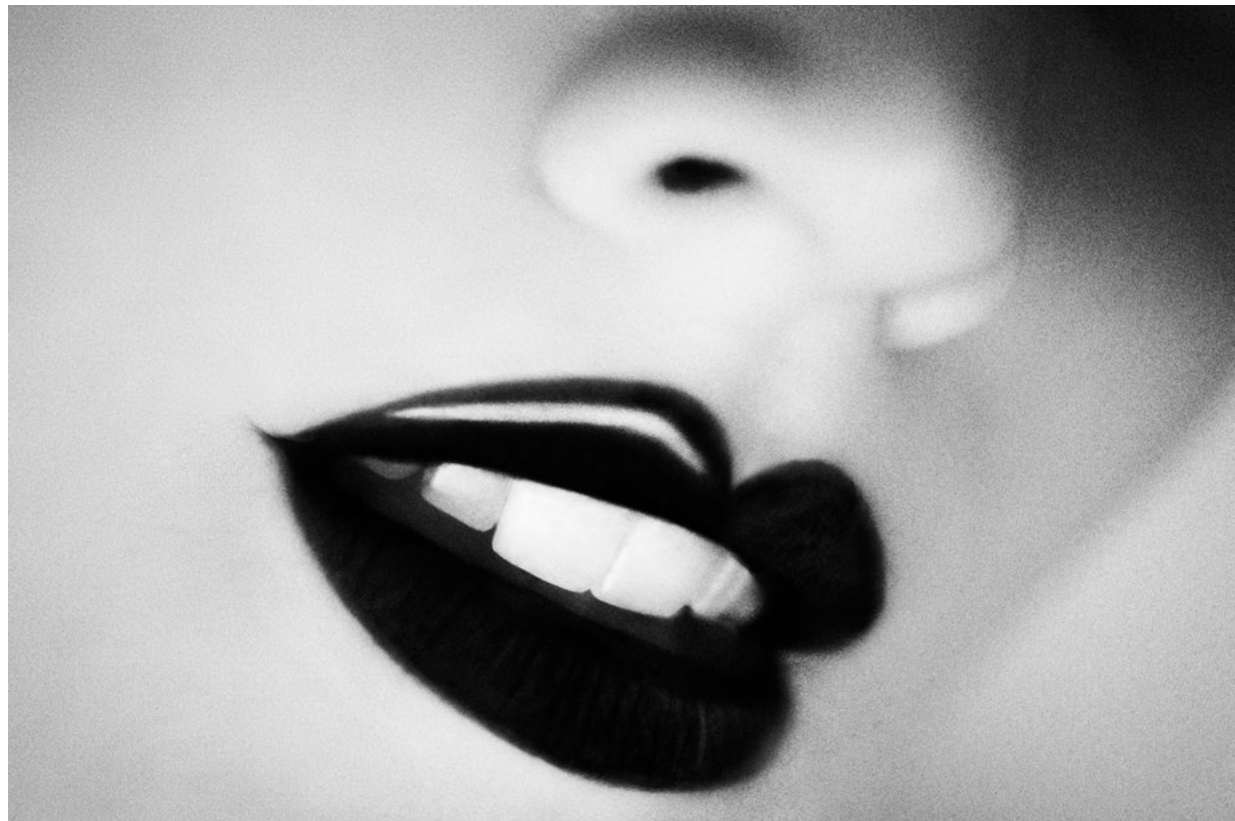
Each image is a document of change. A body—alive, whole—begins to shift, losing its shape, becoming an object. The transformation isn't sudden. It creeps in, like water rising in a basement, like ink bleeding through paper. The body resists, but the blackness seeps into every crack.

This work is about what happens when something natural meets something it can't absorb. It's about the tension between what we know and what we fear. Between what's familiar and what's unknowable. The blackness in these photographs is more than a backdrop—it's an antagonist, pressing against skin, reshaping it, erasing it.

BLACK is a quiet, unsettling reflection on loss and change. It lingers in that space where identity blurs, where the edges of the self start to dissolve.











About me

I'm a Polish-American photographer, born in 1998, and a graduate of the National Film School in Łódź. My work floats between the realms of reality and fiction, where the quiet tension of human existence comes into focus. I'm drawn to the fragile threads that connect us—memory, relationships, and the psychology of being—creating images that invite a slow, deliberate gaze. It is a way to linger in the space where the ordinary becomes something deeper, extraordinary.



Exhibitions

Galleries:

Fort Institute of Photography, Poland, 2024

Gallery Marchand, Poland, 2024

Frydek-Mistek, 2024

Spisska Nova Ves, 2024

Budapest, 2024

Gallery ASP, Poland, 2024

Artistic Activities Center, Poland, 2024-2023

Galerie Daniel Vignal, France, 2023

Festivals:

Young Fashion Festival, Poland, 2024

Neue Kunst Festival , Germany, 2024

„Interphoto” Photography Festival, Poland, 2024

Polish Art Review, Denmark, 2024

Rybnik Photo Festival, Poland, 2024

Photography Festival in the Frames of Sopot, Poland, 2024

Fotofestival, Poland, 2024

Krakers, Poland, 2024

Neue Kunst Festiwal, Germany, 2023

Awards

Photography:

No Borders Photography Awards, Czech Republic, 2024
Monochrome Photography Awards, USA, 2024
True Portrait, Poland, 2023
XXXII Artistic Photography Salon, Poland, 2023
Galerie Daniel Vignal, France, 2023
ArtVUE, Belgium, 2023

Film:

“Different Paths to Holiness”:
Grand Prize at Debut22 Film Festival, Switzerland, 2024

“Venus of Willendorf”:
Best Short Film, Vancouver Polish Film Festival, Canada, 2021

“Strawberry Boys”
Grand Prix, Film Festival „Opolskie Lamy”, Poland, 2019

Other:

Artistic Scholarship for the Best Art Students, Ministry of Arts and Culture, Poland, 2024
President of Białystok Scholarship in the field of heritage protection, Poland, 2024

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