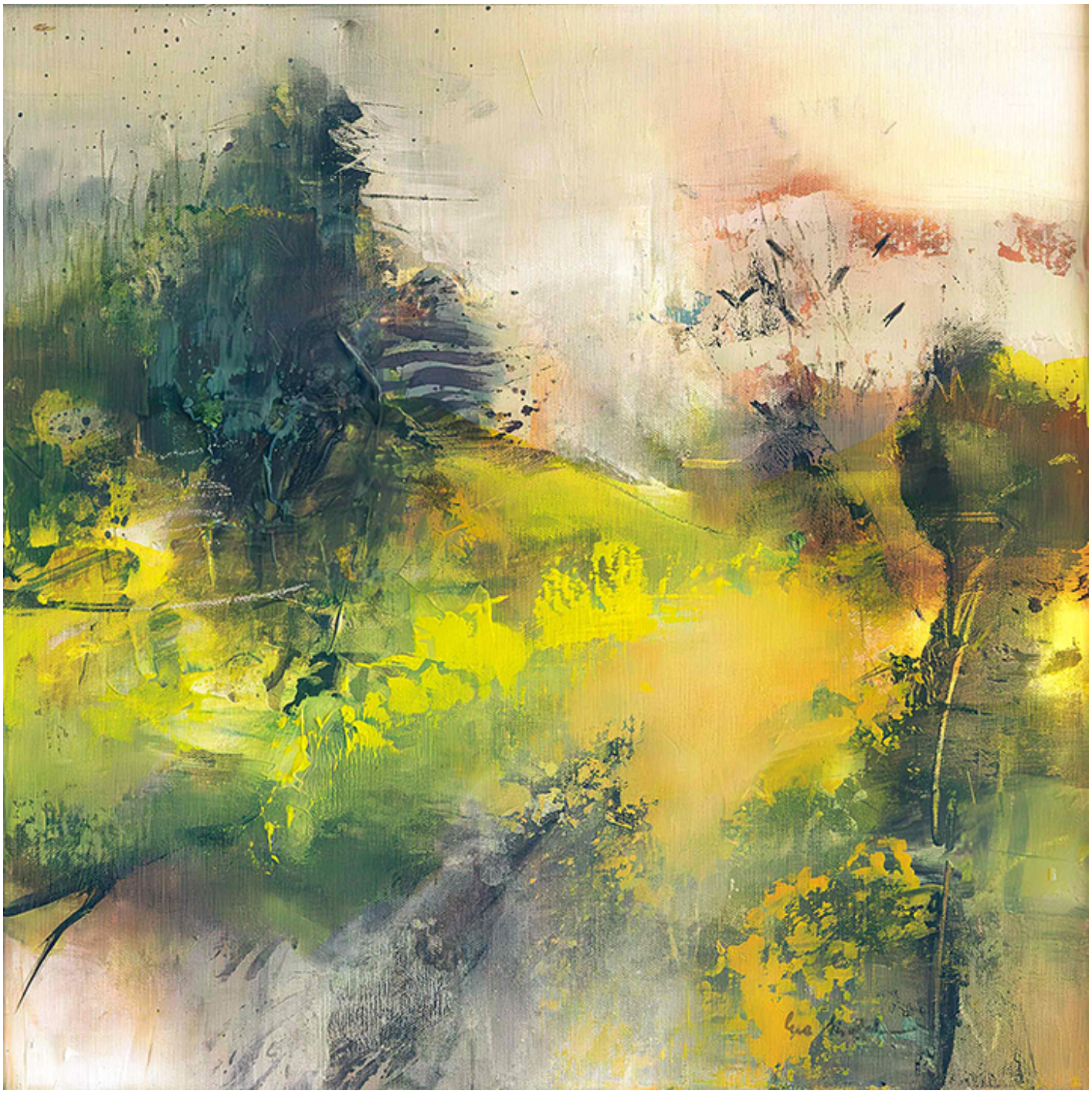
Captured moments...



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Eva Sim-Zabka loved life, people, and beauty. She loved dance and travel. She cherished the creative process, tuning into every rustle of her thoughts under the cover of night. She passed away in February 2024. She left behind her husband Irek and two children, Julia and Adrian. She left many emotions and colors encapsulated in her paintings. A gathering with Eva, her friends, and her vibrant artwork will take place on November 16, 2024, at her home in Leander, Texas. In the house with an endless view, where she could observe sunrises and sunsets, where she found peace and a place for meditation. In the house that embraced her with solitude when she needed loneliness to prepare for the longest journey of life…

I love life itself and the surprises it brings – said Eva. – I am inspired by people who share their deepest dreams, problems, and ideas. I am fascinated by human relationships. I perceive the world through colors, moods, changing lines, and shapes. Painting… is participating in the creative process that is natural to all of us.

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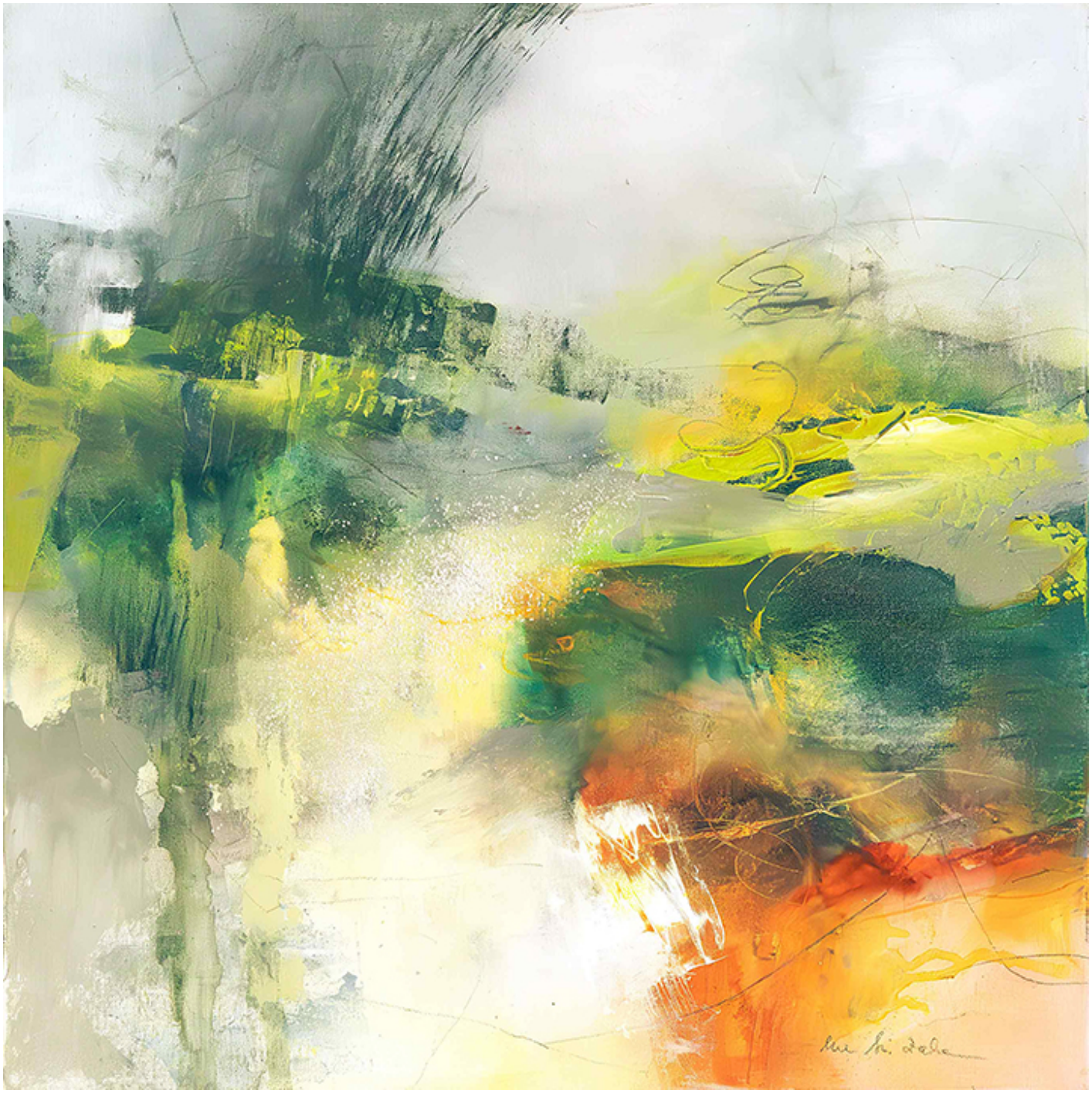

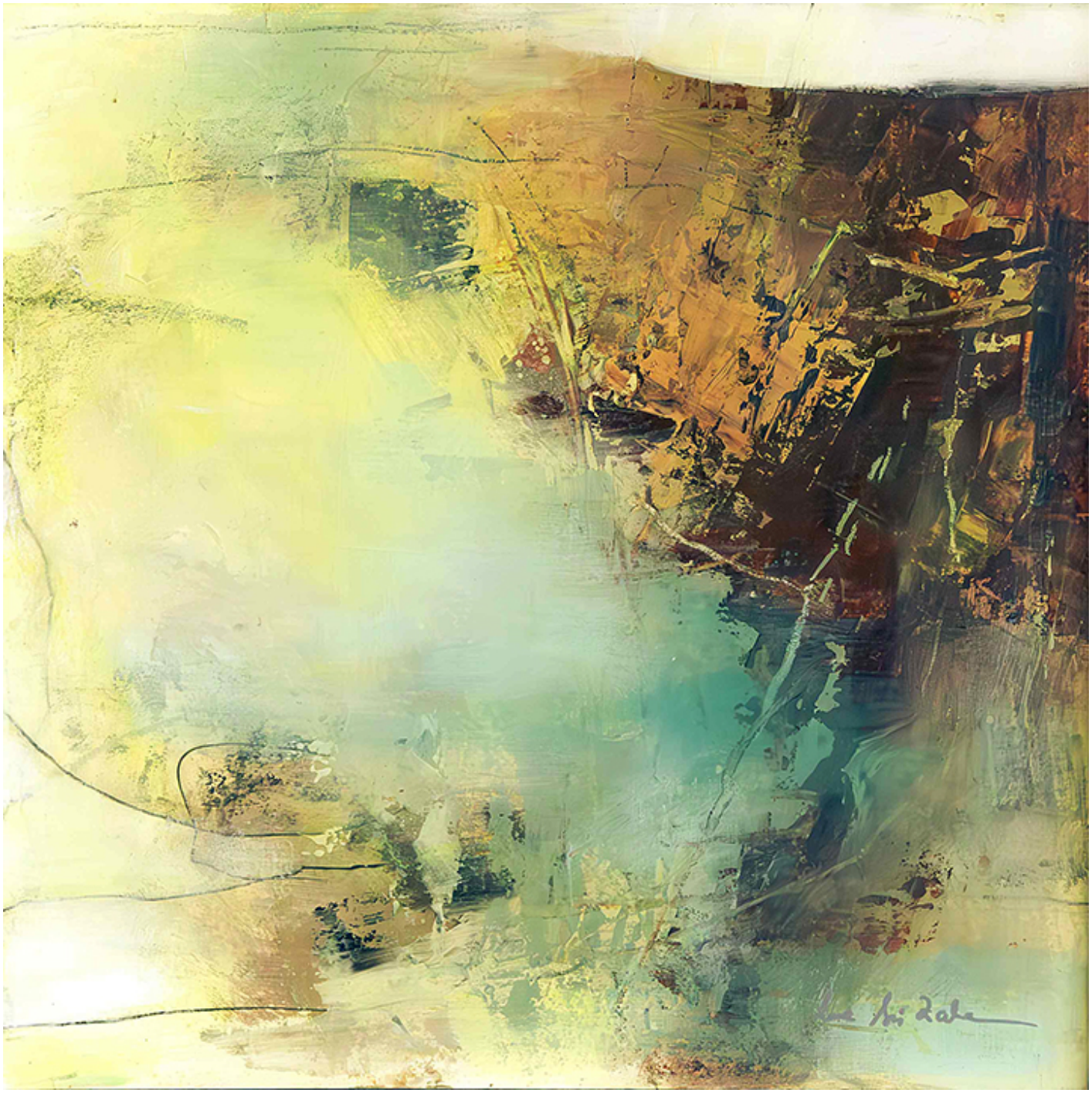

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Creative self-expression is as necessary to us as food or sleep. People who have suppressed the process of expressing what they feel become 'dead', despondent, often fall into depression, and

go through life without a sense of satisfaction and fulfillment. We are shaped to create. Writing, painting, art, dance, building a business—not for publicity or fame but to express one's personality and showcase talent—are the gifts of our life.

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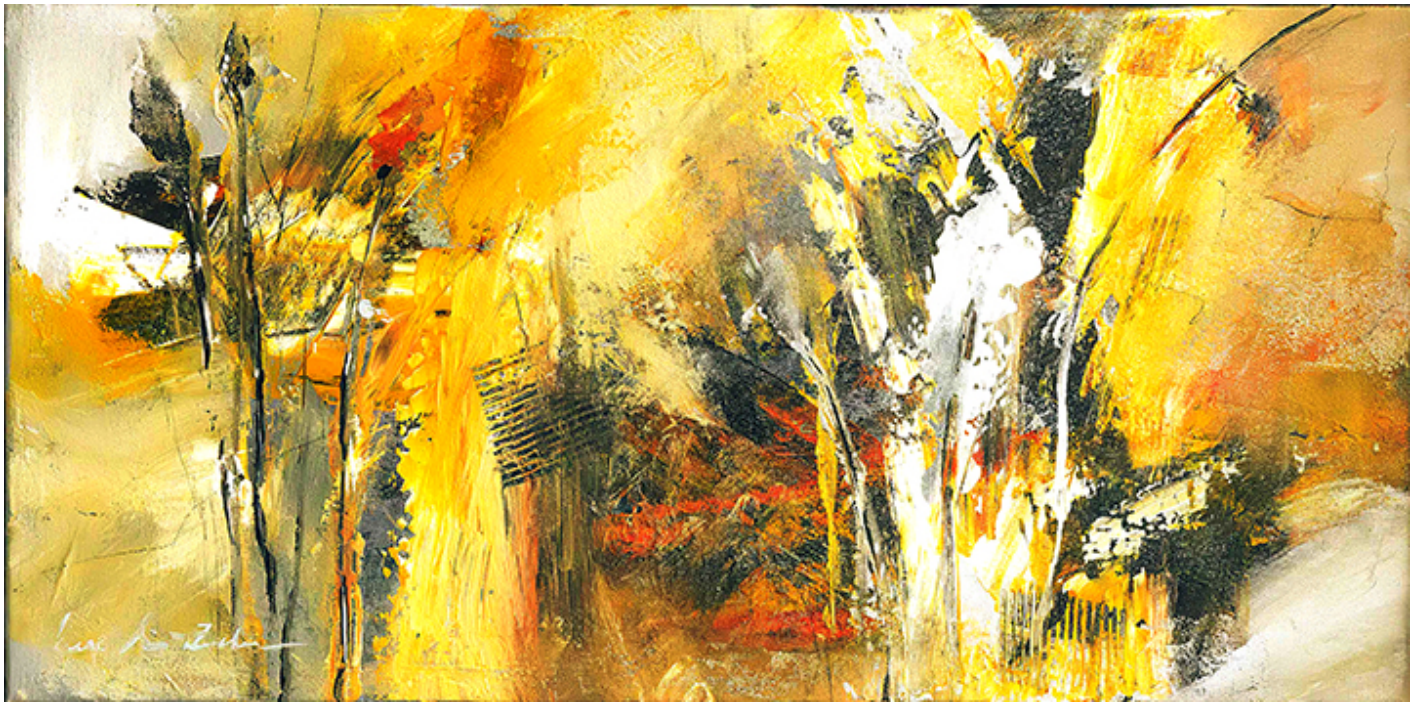

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I paint intuitively. I never have a plan. I simply start playing with colors, shapes, lines, waiting for something to begin happening—something that fascinates me, draws me in, stimulates my imagination and inspiration. Sooner rather than later, it always does. And then the sense of time and place disappears. Nothing exists except me, the brush, and the canvas. Everything that emerges on the canvas comes from my imagination. I move colors and shapes around and watch what comes of it, what my intuition tells me. My goal is to capture a mood and feeling. Even if I paint nature or a person, I won’t rest until I feel sufficiently saturated with emotions.

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I wait for inspiration, and if it doesn’t come within the first 30 minutes, I accept that it won’t come at all. I never try to 'finish’ one shape before beginning the next. Sometimes I don’t know whether I am creating art, or art is creating me. It’s a process of energy exchange.

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I love when the world sleeps, my hands are dirty with paint, and everything that has appeared on the canvas begins to live. I like to paint at night because then it’s easier for me to transition from everyday life to magic. I’m fascinated by large canvases. I struggle with small ones; it’s hard for me to express myself. The bigger the canvas, the more energy I feel inside me. I don’t analyze what I paint; I don’t know if it’s good or bad. I know

that’s not what matters to me. Painting is not work for me but play.

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I don’t have a favorite theme. Themes come and go on their own, depending on what’s happening in my life, whom I’m talking to, what I’ve observed, where I am. For a while, I painted women; I

wanted to capture their beauty, strength, fragility, charm. Then flowers came to me—meadows full of colors and the sound of the wind. I couldn’t help myself; I had to paint them. Lately, Polish poppies are with me. I don’t know where they came from or why poppies, but they reside somewhere within me. Life has taught me not to ask too many questions but to work with what is inside me. Sometimes there’s only abstraction and color. I like to play, laugh, dance, and experiment. And I want to pour all of that onto the canvas.

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I never wanted to become a famous painter. I didn’t even intend to exhibit my works. I painted for myself. But I am happy when I see that my paintings move people, when I hear that they are fresh, unique, colorful, spontaneous, loaded with emotions. I don’t want to permanently tie myself to any gallery because such cooperation is often associated with deadlines and stress. And I like freedom. I nurture what made me start painting… the need to show the world as I see it with my heart and spirit, the need to

share what moves and inspires me—the freshness of life, captured moments, and that elusive 'something’.

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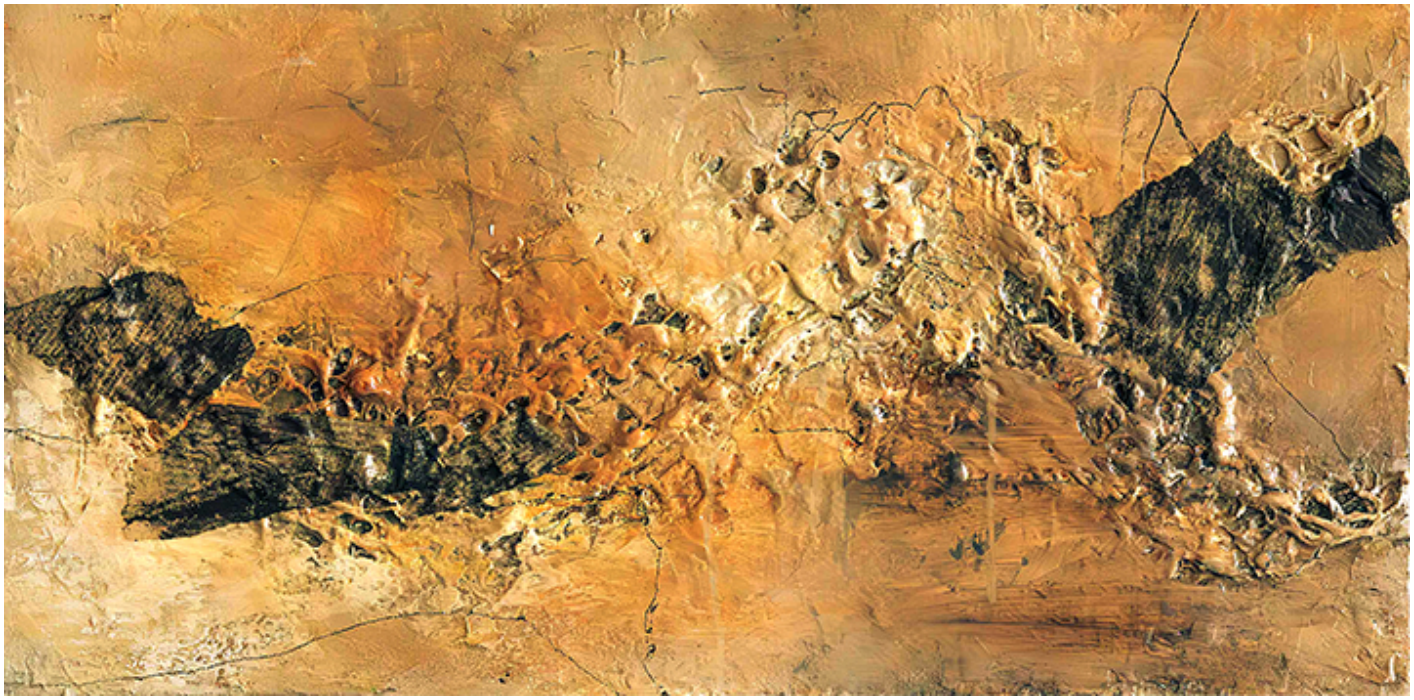

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Paintings: Eva Sim-Zabka, courtesy of Irek Zabka

Photographs of paintings: Czesław Sornat

Text: Eva Sim-Zabka

Compiled by: Joanna Sokołowska-Gwizdka

See also:

> Eva Sim-Zabka. Uśmiech natury.

> Eva Sim-Zabka. Wszystkie kolory piękna.