

Aleksandra Waliszewska



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18 September – 30 October 2021
PV Friday 17 September 2021, 5–9pm

THE NIGHT SLIDES IN

Broken toys stream from the broken woods. Cats creep to kill in impossible dreams, killing unbelievable creatures. Disturbed mermaids interrupt the night whilst dreamlike lips blossom and burst like flowers or tentacles.

Aleksandra Waliszewska's uncanny work is a fantasy of supernatural nursery rhymes deeply felt and darkly twisted. The hair uncoils, the respectable girl feeds the nightmare, one face, one mouth, at a time.

I know of no work like Aleksandra's studies in bright decay, cartoons of corruption, sinking and lost, where what you dreamt is what the dream meant, and it brings no good news, no sweet relief.

The grim twilight slides in, and bright beams blind the children's eyes, whilst they cuddle ruins of faces—the naked child bemused in a stark dusk.

I first met Aleksandra many years ago, though a strange loop of odd synchronicities beginning with my being sent a painting of seahorses by an American artist friend, who suggested I look at Aleksandra's work. I was—and remain—amazed at her kaleidoscopic vision, overflowing with those spectral figures who stand frozen in unholy pose, or who gambol in bloodfields, or whose games are invaded by the fell and the fetch.

Her technique is extraordinary, as extraordinary as her imagination. Everything she creates is different, but inhabits the same disturbing, disturbed, world. All the beings and unbeings who strut and stalk and shiver and shudder through her poisoned landscapes, all the frozen boys and girls, all the unpretty little horses, empty miming, seem to me to be stopped in time, rehearsing rituals that have no end, nor point—a static dynamism, a burning sadness, a colouring-book for the lost and the watchers.

It seems to me incredible that she creates, too, so feverishly. When I and my partner Ania Goszczyńska stayed with her in her apartment in Warsaw, I was astonished at how constantly she creates—paintings pour out of her. She is a spinning-top of shadow-making, a brilliant maker of murderous universes.

I am honoured to have been asked by Aleksandra to offer some thoughts of how I react to her work, and how addictive her worlds are—worlds of awful shatterings. I would imagine that anyone—everyone!—who encounters her work has glimpsed such beings, and vistas, in their own disturbed sleeps. But I know of no other artist who has so precisely captured those vague and stilted terrors that stretch their awful threads through the visions we have at the far and suffocating end of nights.

These images are final frames, turning the scribbles and scrawls we see at the corner of our eyes, whilst the stars pull our hearts into breathless Æons. Aleksandra has caught the threat and menace that hides behind every skipping song, every playground chant and challenge. Her work is indeed “darkness visible”, and I love every single report she has made from that gleaming, majestic, terrifying realm. She is the Queen of her own sinister, sly, Queendom, and can have no rival or pretender to her tremendous and terrifying throne.

Thank you for everything, dearest Aleksandra!

With love from your fan and friend,
David Tibet, Hastings, 2 IX 2021

poster design and text layout by Ania Goszczyńska



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