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Wax Kid

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Cataracts in Pony's Eye, 2023, 50 x 40 cm

Last year I moved from Warsaw to Berlin. Luckily, I found a studio next to a petting zoo. There are goats, sheep, ponies, bunnies, geese and a cat. One of the ponies has cataracts in his eye. Its pupil is shaped like the silhouette of a knight or saint standing on a plinth.

The Ceiling with Glowing Stars, 2024, 100 x 120 cm

I didn't have them, but some children did. It's a painting of having a sleepover at a classmate's or cousin's house. A mixture of fear (unfamiliar house, unfamiliar rituals), longing (for mum, for home), and excitement (unfamiliar house, new toys, gossip). Also, I've always wanted to paint darkness, which after all is not black but sparkling with colors. This is one of the first approaches.

Riveted Christ Vert, 2023, 40 x 30 cm

This painting is a bridge, it brings together two threads present in my oeuvre, a religious thread that stretches back to devotional days in my childhood and a fascination with industrial architecture, with a particular focus on riveted iron structures. The "Vert" in the title to indicate inspiration from Denis' painting "Christ Vert".

Life (A Biography), 2023, 100 x 120 cm

The picture shows a random life in a nutshell. Motherhood, cheating, suicide attempts, caring for the sick, etc. I was worried that its directness would distract from more subtle images in this exhibition but in the end I decided to optimistically assume that if one is sensitive to subtleties one will recognize and appreciate them.

„Words that were incomprehensible he would repeat silently to himself until he had learnt them by heart, and through them he would see glimpses of the world actually surrounding him”, 2024

I painted this one very quickly, cluelessly. Above the field levitates an inscription that has been painted over. Sometimes graffiti on buildings are overpainted in this way; you can see the shapes of the lettering under the paint. I didn't know how to title this painting, but a sentence I read in Joyce's "Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man" came to me.

Wax Kid, 2023, 50 x 40 cm

Wax Kid is a child made of wax. Wax Kid can be killed not only by a bullet, but even by a simple match. Doesn't have a wick. Dreams of bearing stigmata and believes in God. Wax Kid is a crybaby. Older folks are saying that my generation is as fragile as snowflakes. Well, maybe. Wax Kid is a self-portrait. Childhood is eternal.

Portrait of My Mother, 2023, 100 x 70 cm

This is a portrait of my mother a year before I was born. Sometimes I think about what her life would have been like if she hadn't given birth to me. We can only see the back of the photograph because this past is locked up.

The Prince of Egypt - God Speaks to Moses [1080p HD], 2023, 40 x 90 cm

All my life I have not understood why I know the story of Moses from the Old Testament so well. I remembered vividly a few scenes from Moses' life. Last summer a memory suddenly unlocked for me, I realized that scenes were coming from the animated film "The Prince of Egypt". I must have watched it when I was a kid. I searched on YouTube for fragments I found most moving. The image shows one of them, it's the moment when God speaks to Moses through the burning bush. The title of the painting is the title of a YouTube video, I decided to leave part of the inscription on the canvas. I had a long conversation about this painting with Ulrich Loock, during his visit to my studio. I took the painting out at the end of the visit, tentatively, because I didn't like it and wanted to paint over it. During another studio visit, I made a line with my finger crossing out the tree along the dent of the badly stretched canvas, to show off and prove how much I despised the work. The paint was wet, so the line is still there. Anyway, Ulrich found the painting successful, and after a long talk, he concluded that this painting was a metaphor for painting in general. I completely forgot what he meant now.

Rivets, 2023, 50 x 40 cm

This is a close-up of a column from a Berlin subway platform. I began taking pictures of riveted constructions last year in Antwerp, at the famous train station. I especially like when they are painted with oxblood. As a child, I dreamed of bearing stigmata. Is this where my fascination for riveted steel originates, or is it too far-fetched theory?

Gambler Baby, 2024, 50 x 60 cm

Once a friend of mine got a craving for ice cream, so he asked his mother for some change and went to the shop by himself. He was about six or seven years old at the time. His mum gave him what an ice cream on a stick cost at the time, like 2 or 3 zloty. In the shop, there was a slot machine. He threw money in there, won a pile of money and came back to the hut after some time with a big bucket of ice cream. Also, I watch people in the subway, they often play games on their phones like Candy Crush Saga. Sometimes you can see a baby playing a game on the smartphone which is bigger than baby's head.

A Child Enters the Room, 2023, diptych

We don't know what she or he sees. Maybe the primary scene, maybe the death of a dog. These two variations and their impact on a child's life are flashing like traffic lights.

Mama, 2023, 100 x 120 cm

This scene came to me while I was falling asleep. The mother is watched from the child's perspective. The child doesn't know why the mother is hiding behind the curtain, it's watching the play, and the shadows on the ceiling are scary. It is warm and cozy, still a bit like being in the womb.

Bullets Too Big for the Target and Too Many Bullets for the Target, 2023

I've been tormenting babies in my paintings for a while now, previously one was crucified ("Baby Jesus on a Cross", 2022), another was working in a mine ("Coal Miner Baby", 2022). These two are a reaction to the photos and videos I saw recently, showing the victims of the genocide in Gaza.

Shadowplay, 2023, 65 x 50 cm

Learning and playing are becoming intertwined. The shadow forms the shape of the first letter of the alphabet. As a child, I found it difficult to distinguish between the letter J and the number 9. Certain colors and letters seemed to be associated; for instance, 7 was always purple to me. To this day, J and 9 are orange. So many new shapes and symbols, so hard to remember them all!