

EXTRACT: ALEKSANDRA WALISZEWSKA

More often now and not unpleasantly, she finds she is going back over old terrain. Some of the buildings at least have the feeling of having been visited once, even twice before and yet none of the works on the walls seem familiar. At other times, she feels the buildings and their architectures are utterly new to her but when she enters them, their rooms, the corridors, the picture galleries, it appears she has somehow seen some of the works before: this print or that drawing. And it isn't long before she begins to convince herself that certain paintings are no more than figments or collections of figments in her memory, bits and pieces from other paintings she may well have seen or wished she had, or wishes she hadn't.

This is true of a certain painting of a green faced figure. She cannot remember where she saw it. Or if she has seen it at all. The green face stares out at her indifferently, trapped behind grey bars of what looks like watercolour or gouache. A beautiful pink, withered hand reaches out to drop a handkerchief; only the handkerchief is not being dropped. Things are more complicated. It is in fact a fan or more likely, the folded concertina of a map, roughly painted or drawn across with an assortment of scatological or erotic imagery. There is something troubling about the way the map is being dandled there, as though not just the green faced figure but the image itself, cares little for whether or not it is looked at, or what any potential viewer might make of it.