

A fashion portfolio cover featuring a woman in a green floral dress standing inside a silver mesh structure, with a red watering can in the foreground.

Alexandra Boaru Portfolio



On being human and other speculative beings. A parable of becoming, Galeria Posibila, Bucharest; Romania, 2022
environment type Installation
video, audio, sculpture, photography



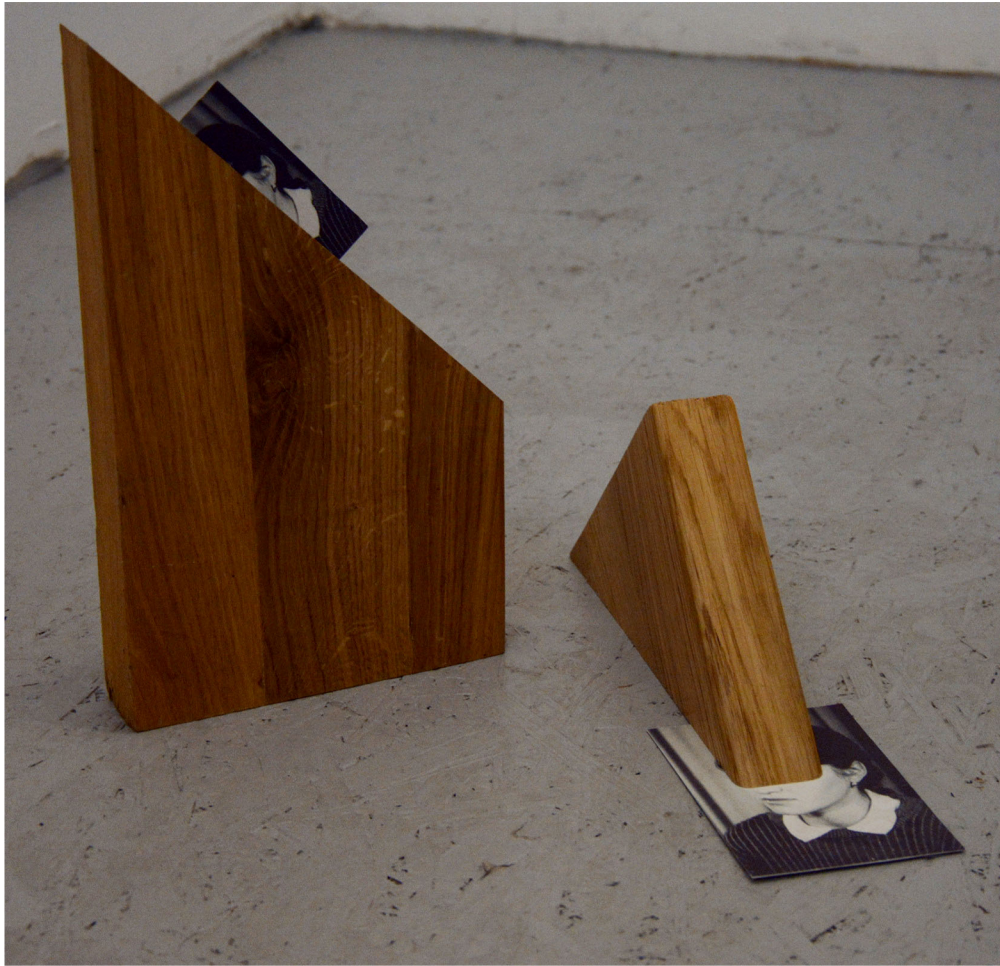
*I propose an alternative where species are on a spectrum. There is no temporal delimitation in being one or the other, but at the same time you also don't own the autonomy of becoming at your own will. It is a continuous circle of change and exchange that is chaotic and has no rules. To be an amorphous being in a continuous flux of transformation, your material body to be a frame. This could be a system of beliefs projected into a blob of consciousness. - extract from **On being human and other speculative beings***





Artificial Light and Timeless Air, Centrul de Interes, Cluj, Romania, 2021
photographic installation
walnut, rose thorns, wood, photographic prints, cement







Prehistoric Hunger - Permanent Sun, The apocalypse of the white elephant (group show), Comenduirea Garnizoanei, Timisoara, Romania, 2021
site-specific installation
fridge, television, microwave, monitor, weeds, sticks, rocks, magnetic letters



YOUR DORMANT SELF AND STEADY
MOUTH

SUSPENDED IN THIN AIR

VIOLENTLY DECOMPOSING

SINGED BY THE SUN

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND SLEEP FOR
DAYS

A COCOON OF RESTLESS MINDS

OUR BIOSPHERE IS EVOLVING

SOFT SCIENCES

YOUR SUPER-SELF

THE PERFECT SENTIENT

UN-SOLID SOFT ORGANIC FORMS

BREATHING TOGETHER

LOVE ONE'S FLESH AND BLOOD





I Hope The Future Will Imprint Our Fossils On The Same Rock, Biohazard (group show), Calpe Gallery, Timisoara, Romania, 2020
Live performance and spoken word



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“Neither do I - human nor you - plant, know the exact outcome of our existence and we understand the uncertainties of being living matter, as we all fade inside the same planetary memory. But I hope that, under the replaceable components projected in strange structures, the future will imprint our fossils on the same rock.” -extract-





I Want to Become a Plant, Young Artists Connections, MNAC, Bucharest; Romania 2020
Installation (photography, video, performance, sound, plants)



To grow my leaves, to bloom my
flowers, to harvest my fruits

On a wooden table covered with a green
cloth, between a potted plant and two
clementines,
I placed my naked torso. I want to become a
plant, I said to myself.
Vanny leaves started sprouting from under
my skin
No longer moving
Transformed from an opaque figure to a
translucent matter.
I thought not to the past, present or future,
Feeling the flux of sap moving up and down
inside me;
I sent my roots deep into the earth
Searching for nutrients to grow my leaves, to
bloom my flowers, to harvest my fruits.
The wind is hitting cold on me ;
Making my stem to lean, my leaves to
tremble, my petals to scatter
With each day I feel more absorbed into the
soil.
Warm, smelly, precious soil.

-transcript from the audio work-





“To practice soft care is to encounter everything, every variation at high speed, and be ready to sink in a transspecial hug that will be never ending and forever evolving. In this volatile landscape, you pile up all that is organic, soft and extremely touchable. It is hard to breathe after such heavy constructions built solely with confusion and unpredictability.”

-extract

Incidents of soft care, META Spatiu, Timisoara; Romania 2022
Installation
video, sculpture, photography, vegetal arrangements







A collection of small guns, Variations of here and elsewhere (group show), Pogo Gallery, Bucharest; Romania 2023

Installation

sticks and branches, nails, zine



There has always been something with my hands wanting to hold onto things; grocery bags, my cat, a glass bead or someone else's hand. My fingers are electrified with the need to touch. My hands are two separate entities that have been mercilessly attached to the rest of my body. I try to contain them by giving them things to do. For a couple of years, I have been foraging for my collection of small guns. I do not intend to use them but rather speculate on their possibilities.

- extract from *A collection of small guns* (zine)





The Sun Is Eating With A Thousand Mouths (solo show), MV Sci-Art, Timisoara; Romania 2023
Performative installation
plastic foil, wheat seeds, glass, iron



There is a hot pressure building inside my mouth and as I part my lips to release the invisible burn onto a cold surface, I am spreading my transparent self. When the body is in high demand, the skin starts to evaporate. The mechanism runs smoothly, and the water begins sliding, following the outer body's contour. My body is leaking and I want to water you. In this machine, we breathe in reverse, keeping each other dangerously alive. But with these loosely defined and deeply flawed arrangements, I solemnly swear to forever exchange breaths with you.

Can I... can I be self-sufficient for me and you, for both of us?

In this performative love letter, Alexandra Boaru is narrating the invisible connection between the Transparent breaths of “the human” and “the plant”. The space is being transformed into a speculative laboratory with oversized inflatable sculptures, inspired by Petri dishes. She is studying the specifics of human and nonhuman breathing and trying to trace the effects of such sincere and automated acts.





Dear, National Peasant Museum, Bucharest; Romania 2023
Installation
metal plates, airdry clay, black spay paint



Dear,

Laid flat, put to sleep, with a mother-of-pearl spoon.
Many options to pair it with;
Best served by itself, but sometimes lonely.
Lonely as in the almost geological process
of making a mud pie for no one.
Expectations - always
a gold child, an early peaker
It will not be opened by sharp forces
but broken into by warm hugging pressure.





For Beginners Only, Museum of Art, Brasov; Romania 2023

Installation

stones, artificia hair, metas supports, pink plastic cover, 100 perforated pages, with text



** This is for beginners only as their main body has not yet been calloused by twinning gestures.*

I could tell big things from far away; anyone, anything. But as soon as flowers started blooming in Antarctica, the left side of my care muscle started to tremble, to feel cold and in the end, to paralyse. It might have been my hypersensitivity to strange logic or maybe just an insatiable boredom that used to crawl inside my hothouse body, from time to time. The dysfunction of such an organ in my body, something so small, so local, has put me in a consistent line of degradation.

I used to hold my breath for two years. But now I can no longer fit my body between rocks and fulfil this almost geological process.

Oh, how much I miss the small, smooth bites of a weaver ants' nest, and if I still had my body, it would be glowing a fierce bright red.

But I am as of today, under ideal conditions, practising the tenuous exercise of being painfully human.

