



KIM SIMONSSON







Skier, 2022-2023  
Stoneware, nylon fibre, epoxy resin, and readymade  
32.68h x 11.81w x 27.56d in  
\$ 28,000





Enlightened Ruler, 2022-2023  
Stoneware, nylon fibre, epoxy resin, and readymade  
40.55h x 17.72w x 15.75d in  
\$ 28,000







Fashionable mossgirl, 2022-2023  
Stoneware, nylon fibre, epoxy resin, and readymade  
37.40h x 11.81w x 15.75d in  
\$ 28,000







Tennis Player, 2020-2023  
Stoneware, nylon fibre, epoxy resin, and readymade  
41.34h x 17.72w x 19.69d in  
\$ 28,000







Mossgirl with Stereo, 2019 - 2023  
Stoneware, nylon fibre, epoxy resin, and readymade  
23.62h x 11.81w x 23.62d in  
\$ 28,000







Birdboy, 2023  
Stoneware, nylon fibre, epoxy resin, and readymade  
41.34h x 25.59w x 19.69d in  
\$ 28,000



Kim Simonsson's makes work that is beautiful and strange, magical and unexplainable, rife with references to fairytales and pop-culture— mythologies old and new.

The Moss People carry the mundane little bits of daily life entombed in old toys, skis, and stereos, the specter of an apocalypse hiding in between the lines; Simonsson once wrote, "When creating them I had an apocalyptic moment in mind, a horrible disastrous event in mankind, after which only children survived. These kids needed to become strong and self-reliant as nobody could look after them anymore. In my mind these kids are on their own and have to survive."

The figures are uncanny, dreamy, and just a touch melancholic. In spite of their size, their presence is monumental— you wonder if they look at you with equal curiosity when your back is turned. They have a quality about them which can only be put into words that don't exist, describable only in terms that vanish as soon as they are spoken, things which cease to exist as soon as they are named.

These sculptures feel ancient, yet contemporary. They are children, creatures of boundless potential. They stand covered in Moss as though they've been frozen in time— or, as though they exist in a time outside our own. They are impish little fairies, occupants of a feral schoolyard lost deep within in the Taiga. They are temporal nomads who slip in and out of our world, collecting hobby horses, shovels, and tennis rackets as they come and go.

The Moss People ask us to suspend disbelief as they weave tales around us— impossible to pin down, and even harder to look away from.

