



Kasia Fudakowski



*Obstruction 1, 2 and Obstacle, 2009, steel, plaster*

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*Gleaning the Gloss*

**ŻAK | BRANICKA**

## *Gleaning the Gloss*

If you've ever been to a 'Sarah Party' (<http://www.sarahness.co.uk/>), you'll understand the joy inherent to an irrefutable certainty that you will, without exception, know everybody's name: Sarah. There is comfort, regardless of the consciously ridiculous premise, in the nameable parts. Not only can you define the party, but you can lay claim to understanding what it entails: the food, the drink, the exchange, and the Sarahs in their numerous roles as supporting actress. The familiar piles on top of the familiar and there is a shrewd self-confidence in operation. With the same staunch and unflinching presence that the wine bottle has asserted over the design vernacular, so too has 'Sarahness' (the characteristics, the name, the girl) canonized the landscape of forenames. The very idea of such a gathering, of a party, is grounded in lunacy, but it is a measured dollop of madness and the whole event is underlined by a delicious blend of the serious and the frivolous. It is this new pleasure in the outmoded and the overused – an unapologetic celebration of the ubiquitous – that instills the 'Sarah Party' with its prevailing cheek.

But if you asked 'who designed the triangle?' you would be faced with a wildly different set of propositions. Like 'Sarah', the idea is rooted in the everyday. It is familiar, even ordinary. Yet with the triangle, nothing is fixed and the whole process of examining – of reading quite literally between the lines – is subject to slippage and referential exchange. Where painting dissolves, is transient and sometimes fleeting, the triangle, like the cartoon, exposes itself dumbly to receive animation. It is objectified, and at times empty and silent. It can be both artificial and resisting movement, yet also active or infected. It's an image like holding your breath. The tangents pile up in a whirling mass of moves, unfixed and multiplying only to divide, establish co-existent relationships, and then reformulate, once again, into a readable whole. And between the classical boldness, the sweat of thought, the minimal authority, the triangle now bends towards new readings. A new hybrid logo it's gaudy, trashy, sexy – a staple of club posters and over-designed t-shirts, the triangle surrenders to a kind of flaccid formalism. Minimum becomes maximum in drag (Rem Koolhaas, JUNKSPACE, October, issue 10), driving a demonstrative earnestness into the welcoming arms of kitsch and camp.

And it is somewhere between these two poles – this abstract meander between character and form – that you can improvise a negotiation of *Gleaning the Gloss*. The gloss is the shine, the camp, the sex of it all. It's the tarty layer of disguise that clouds things we think we know. It hints at a fugitive symbolism, reflects and deflects, is a physical and linguistic shiny second skin. And the glean is the assembling, the putting together, the story, the narrative. The glean is the insane piling up of parts – like a Phillip Guston where you encounter limb upon limb knotted together in great bundles. It is the arena, the absorber, the social condenser, great emancipator and connector all at the same time. The glean is the disassembling, the fragments of circuitry, the patterns, shadows and game of visual dress-up with each element poised to deliver numerous punch lines. It is the wonder of the atomic, of bits made of bits, of suppositions and latent images. To 'glean the gloss' is an explicit invitation to unravel. It's a waiting for Omega kind of moment with each object, each character proposing ever-changing scenarios for itself.

There are scripts and storyboards that act to fill the fragile gap between observation and experience, but every component falls into an entirely subjective space of loops and feedbacks. The blank after blank of a deliberate obstacle is combined with an assault of the obvious, of designated

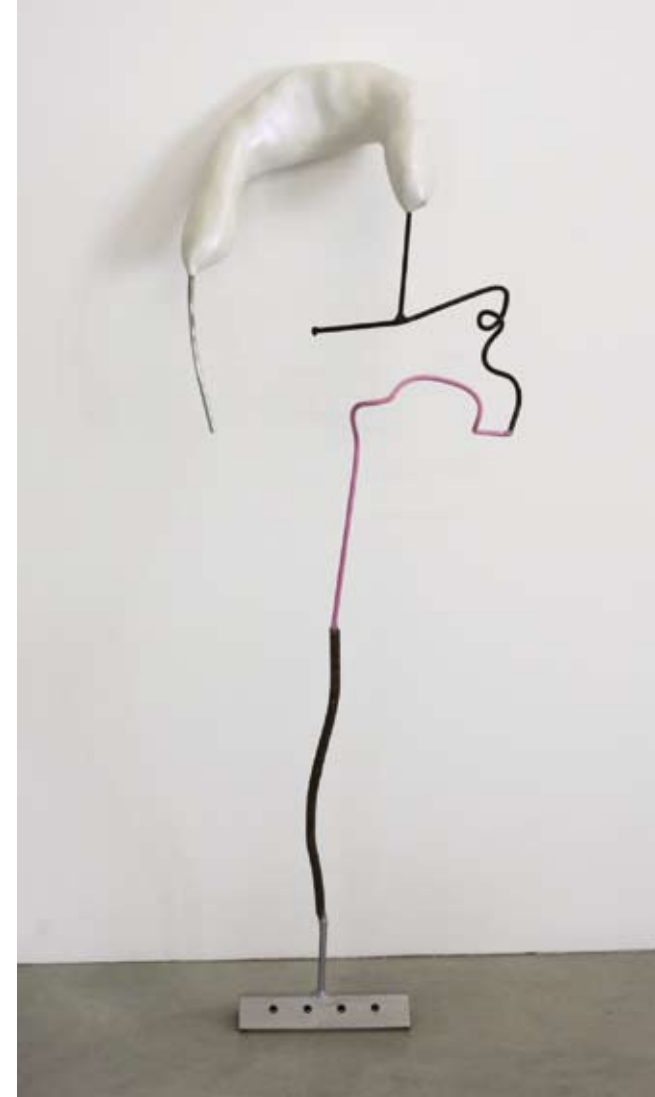
symbols and personalities. The scene is a domestic melodrama, but it is one that has been bundled into a complex knot of knowing and unknowing.

The sculptures are not action figures, and like Teflon-coated Play Doh, we can pull and squish their meanings, but never fully penetrate the chain-mail of irony and humour. The agent provocateur – flabby and dubious – is a spindly transvestite, sloping upwards via hairy limbs to a ravenous midriff. The pearlescent blonde mash of collar is slick and sleazy, seedy and shuffling. At every turn, some wonderful foam expands on its own accord. Ups are negated by downs, and streaks of flesh and wild limbs offer themselves up gleaming and irresistible. Hints of the figurative rear up to be squashed by formal gestures and slapstick inferences. Sex is diffused everywhere – in the drips, the oozes, the uprights, the horizontals; in the wetness, the gloss, the pungent air of shame and the fun of being a pervert. There are objects, characters and obstructions, all bundled between the threat of grotesquery and comic potential.

It's a yelping, struggling, to and fro kind of spectacle. Instead of walking, things may roll or simply bounce. The script is fixed in place, but it is a dangling, weaving thread of imaginative forces to which we cannot lay authorship. And somewhere in there – pert, objective, disagreeable and intuitive – are the Sarahs and the triangles.

*Helen Marten*

*T.V., 2009, steel, plaster*





*Knackered is for Horses*, 2009, steel, resin, gloss paint, wire

*Gleaning the Gloss*, exhibition view



### *How They Grow*

This really is how they grow. Colorless asparagus, a dark room, planted in rows. Caged and refused the chance to photosynthesize. From toothless white masses these asparagus melt and are leaked out, find themselves in bundles under the bridge, scattered in a just-damp riverbed. There they are harvested and taken to be packaged and distributed by the spider.

The first to receive his bundle is the knackered horse, shriveled and surrounded by buzzing gadflies. As they greet one another, the spider generously rids him of his pests, a pleasure for both, as the spider hasn't much chance to feed before his early morning route. During his own travels, the horse was once seduced by a Magnificent Frigate to whom he lost his innocence and from whom he eventually cultivated a bulbous red balloon protrusion of his own, an opportunistic chameleon. Now he attempts to use his own globular goiter to lure in his old friend, though it's unclear to both if it really is a matter of physical attraction or if the horse, in his old age and exhaustion, craves only a solution to his pest problem.

Just over the Popsicle Obstacle Mountain, near the lake in the valley that appeared one day out of nowhere, the source couldn't even be traced by the most brilliant geologists, is where Der Angler lives. Trapped by the illusive promise of this miraculous lake, he would be the first to catch a fish, if there were any. The lake ensnared Der Angler with its promises, but what promises? Endless fish? A golden fish? A fish to give him endless golden coins? Even he had long ago lost track. As the spider approaches the cabin, the old fisherman, blinded by his mission, frothing at the mouth, was struck by a brilliant idea. What fish, made of flesh or gold, could resist such delicious bait as this?

Narrowly escaping, he vaults over the suspended horizontal cloud. The packet is lost in the hustle.

The following delivery reaches the city, searching, as instructed, for a fur waiting for the bus. Incidentally, the first sight is of a luscious snow leopard shawl wrapped around a set of curves leaning gracefully against a wall. The figure offers the spider a cigarette as he approaches in a voice raspy and deep in contrast to the curve of the waist and the dress, shimmering in the soft, warm sunlight, that covers it. His new companion looks restless as though waiting for a long time and now only wanting to take the package and go. If she only knew what he had been through already that day then she would surely have a bit more patience. "But we've only just met." She smiles knowingly, stubs out the cigarette, caresses her fur and takes her package out from under the spider's arm. Huskily, she responds, "Sorry baby, you're just not my type".

Unconscious of the hours that have passed, the last parcel reaches its destination: a white room suspended in the air, open on one side. The white ceramic tiles that line its interior break off asymmetrically on the open façade, as though reaching for the spider and inviting him in.

As he lands, his feet cool on the tile. He approaches a circular bench and takes his place on it. Laying down the last present before the bent, contorted, and publicly humiliated. Looking around the white room he finds it empty. Suddenly, the last package begins to shake. It hurls itself from its position at the transporter's side. Rolling, cracking at both ends, it is ready to hatch.

*Roni Ginach*

*Gleaning the Gloss, exhibition view*



## Kasia Fudakowski

Born 1985 in London. Lives and works in Berlin.

Studied at The Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art, Oxford University, England.  
Received the Stephen Farthing Anatomy award in 2003, and the following year the Mitzi Cunliffe Prize for sculpture presented by Ania Gallacio, Brian Catling and Antonia Cunliffe- Davis at the Ruskin School.

### Solo exhibitions:

- 2009 Gleaning the Gloss, ZAK BRANICKA, Berlin, D
- 2008 Daytime Drama, ArtPol, Cracow, PL
- 2005 Sculpture, The Project Space, The Ruskin School, Oxford, GB

### Group Exhibitions:

- 2008 Birne, TÄT Berlin, D  
Lavafield, Nationalmuseum, Berlin, D
- 2007 Things Happen, Kompact Living Space Galerie, Berlin, D  
16 Things that might not have been found, ArtPol, Cracow, PL
- 2006 Detour, Waterstones Piccadilly, London, GB  
Tournament, Spital Square, London, GB  
100° show, The Ruskin School, Oxford, GB  
Omni-Shop, Albion Stables gallery, London, GB.
- 2005 Montana Butch, The Great eastern Hotel, London, GB  
One Happy O'Clock, British Embassy, Tokyo, J
- 2004 Atomic Art Bomb, Modern Art Oxford, Oxford, GB

*Circle of Shame, 2009, wood, glass, plaster, steel*



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