

**Michał Budny – Trap Head**

28.5. – 9.7.2016 (11.7. – 20.8 by appointment)

Opening: 27.5.2016, 6pm

We are delighted to be showing the fifth solo exhibition of works by Polish artist Michał Budny (\*1976) at the annex14 gallery. "Trap Head" consists of works from his most recent work group, which reflects on existential issues and experiences in both a radical and poetic way

"The phenomenology of the poetic imagination allows us to explore the being of man considered as the being of a surface, of the surface that separates the region of the same from the region of the other."<sup>1</sup> This quotation from Gaston Bachelard's *Poetics of Space* describes the surface as a membrane separating inside and out. In the ideal case, it becomes a mirror by means of which a free space opens up where the individual and collective anxieties and hopes provoked by an unmanageable and contradictory world can be reflected.

Michał Budny is an artist who encounters inner states and outside situations with self-awareness, sensitivity and artistic imagination. Consequently, his works are multi-layered and topical. As for those on show at annex14, such as *Tears* or *Flying Carpet*, the titles point to themes that are both socially and individually motivated. While the materials and colours used give the exhibition space a dense and sensual atmosphere due to their plainness and directness, the simple geometrical forms recall archaic gestures. If you follow the trail laid by the titles, you discover an open narrative space. The simple ceramic dishes, for example, can be associated with primordial human practices. The *Tear* made out of plaited rope alludes to elementary emotions. But perhaps the titles also put us on the wrong track, and the works are about an fundamental feeling of alienation, the presentiment of a loss that is not, or not yet, precisely nameable. In favour of this interpretation is the fact that the artist's pictorial strategies evokes a strong feeling of emptiness and or absence: through a black surface, empty vessels or an empty frame.

If we regard Budny's works metaphorically as surfaces in Bachelard's sense, i.e., as the artistically shaped experience of a contemporary man who exposes himself to the tension between himself and the other, then the basic melancholy mood not only speaks about an individual, but at the same time becomes the signature of a fragmented and greatly splintered present.

Elisabeth Gerber

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<sup>1</sup> *The Poetics of Space*, transl. by Maria Jolas, Beacon Press, Boston.