



STEPHANIE SYJUCO
DUBLIN + GALWAY, IRELAND

Stephanie Syjuco's *Unsolicited Fabrications: Shareware Sculptures* conveys an unsettling duality [Pallas Contemporary Projects (PCP), Dublin, in collaboration with 126, Galway; May 2—30, 2009]. On the one hand, the exhibition stands as a solo effort: an installation of structures constructed by the artist in situ. On the other, it exhibits a diversity that obviates the notion of authorship, presenting itself as a group exhibition. A glance at its contents indicates a host of contributors. As we move through the gallery, labels noting titles and the names of contributors come to the fore. The obvious discrepancies throw our expectations into turmoil. As such, the exhibition prevents us from being passive consumers, urging us to carefully examine what the artist has put before us.

Looking like an eclectic survey of students' projects, *Unsolicited Fabrications: Shareware Sculptures* consists of agglomerations of geometrical volumes and planar elements that evoke eccentric furniture, architectural structures, machines, and art objects. Basic materials, such as cardboard, colored papers, and pressure sensitive films, elicit playfulness and incongruity; so do the surprising juxtapositions of pattern, shape, and scale. Energetic, amateurish, and wistful, the works fail to belie their origin. Predominantly produced by non-artists using the free version of SketchUp—Google's 3-D modelling software—Syjuco's realizations faithfully evince the characteristics of CAD visualizations. They appear tentative and unanchored; they lack references to their intended context. The smooth surfaces, which only rarely convey patterns or intimations of texture, depersonalize the structures. Like Lexi, abstract sculpture or banana, some of the web names to which the sculptures have been attributed, the works bear an anonymity that keeps us at a distance and induces a feeling of awkwardness.

The inclusion of remarks from the SketchUp database and an accompanying projection extend the installation. Additions to the attributions, quotes such as "strange sculpture made while some kids were being stupid" or "a load of different materials and shapes put

together," underscore the designs' provisional character. The projected images reveal the original scale in which some of the structures were designed. For example, the gallery version of eric99's *thing*—a yellow cone-like shape smaller than a breadbox—has been conceived in the scale of an Olympic stadium. Not only do the images reveal significant differences, they also recast our relationship to the sculptures.

Syjuco toys with the conventions of gallery presentation and creates a multi-layered puzzle for which there is no evident solution. She lets us decide whether we should see the sculptures as the production of one artist or a group, if the work should be interpreted as a single installation or a series of individual pieces, and whether the structures exist as completed works or models that merely materialize ideas. In the process, we also attempt to resolve the inherent contradictions between the objects' appearance and status, and the artist's roles as fabricator, curator, and exhibition designer. We see, for example, how the materials and methods used to make the objects and their pedestals unify an obviously dissimilar set of structures. The fact that the artist poses as a non-artist to realize non-artists' work also destabilizes our relationship to the sculptures and contributes to the sense of displacement that operates on multiple levels. Included in this are the exhibition's sponsors. Curated by 126's Jim Ricks as part of an exchange project with PCP, curator and venue exist as stratified entities.

Long interested in counterfeiting, bootlegging, and re-appropriation, Syjuco dodges the realms of licensed knowledge and licit activity. The exhibition also throws light upon a circumscribed social and cultural phenomenon thoroughly engaged with a modernist vocabulary. Syjuco also intends to further the project by contacting her unwitting collaborators following the exhibition. Anomalous and open-ended, her work draws viewers into a dialogue, but offers no straightforward answers.

—John Gayer