

# SHTAGER SHCH

## **SAUCISSON**

Corsin Billeter, Gregory Georgescu,  
Rosie Gibbens, Sae Yeoun Hwang,  
Alexei Izmaylov, Cary Kwok, Bruce LaBruce,  
Lana Locke, Ankica Marjanovic,  
Louis Blue Newby, Leon Pozniakow,  
Glen Pudvine, Ally Rosenberg,  
Sabrina Shah, Paulina Otylie Surys

19 MAY–17 JUNE 2023



**SAUCISSON** – is an absurdist and unapologetically risqué premise for a group show that looks at the soft boundaries between the semiotics of desire, masculinity and consumption.

The exhibitors working in – ceramics, drawing, photography, video, painting and sculpture – propose a diverse set of narratives to examine and open up intricate topics of gender and identity.

Veiled by irony and employing humour as a tool for seduction, they explore these provocative subjects in ways that are both playful and subversive.

Curator  
**Alexei Izmaylov**  
*@ismyloveizmaylov*

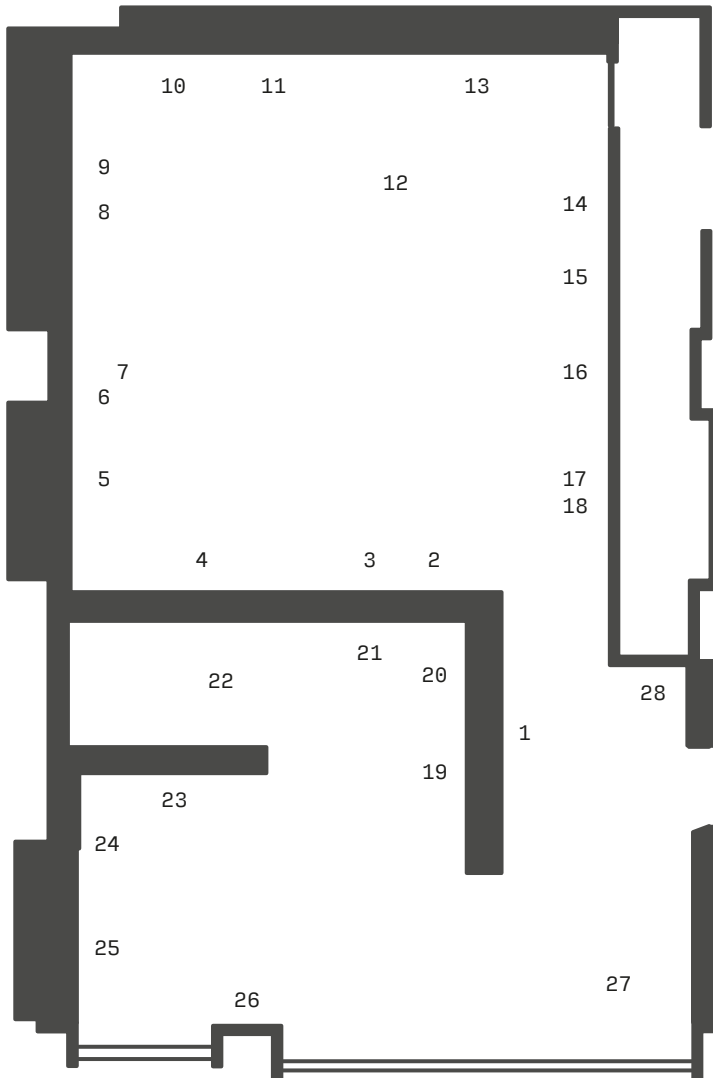
Essay by  
**Ashley Mauritzen**  
*@mauritzash*

Associate Curator  
**Antoine Schafroth**  
*@a.schafroth*

**Shtager&Shch**  
Lower Ground Floor  
51–53 Margaret Street  
London W1W 8SQ

Wednesday–Friday 11–6  
Saturday 11–5

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@shtager\_shch



**1. Bruce LaBruce**

*Envy*, 2016  
Archival Inkjet Print.  
28 x 42 cm  
*Courtesy of the artist and  
Bonny Poon / Conditions, Toronto.*  
@brucelabruce

**2. Louis Blue Newby**

*Training Set 2*, 2022  
UV printed aluminium, stickers,  
highlighter, flyer, paraffin wax,  
beeswax, sugar, pine, ply- board,  
engraved UV glass, spray paint,  
pushpin.  
55 x 36 cm  
@louisnewby

**3. Louis Blue Newby**

*Training Set 1*, 2022  
UV printed aluminium, stickers,  
highlighter, resin, blu tak,  
chewing gum, coffee, fasteners,  
figurine, pine, plywood, bottle,  
PLA, engraved UV glass, spray  
paint.  
47 x 31 cm  
*Private Collection, London*  
@louisnewby

**4. Alexei Izmaylov**

*CHANNELS. SAUSAGE FEST*, 2023  
Synthetic polymer, PLA, silicone,  
Jesmonite, UK plug, paint, surface  
mounted electrical sockets,  
multi-plug adapter, steel hardware.  
Dimensions Variable  
@ismyloveizmylov

**5. Sae Yeoun Hwang**

*Manly Man*, 2019  
Oil on Canvas.  
160 x 130 cm  
@yoyokoolkool

**6. Gregory Georgescu**

*Ghost 11*, 2022  
Glazed ceramic.  
28.5 x 16 x 14 cm  
@gregory\_georgescu

**7. Gregory Georgescu**

*Ghost 12*, 2022  
Glazed ceramic.  
32.5 x 22.5 x 15.5 cm  
@gregory\_georgescu

**8. Paulina Otylie Surys**

*Vlad Gomulka in a sausage dice,  
"Dreamatorium" series*, 2017  
c-print mounted on foamex, acrylic.  
40 x 50 cm  
Edition of 3 + 1AP  
@paulinaotyliesurys

**9. Anika Marjanovic**

*23321*, 2022  
Oil on paper.  
35 x 45 cm  
@anika.marjanovic

**10. Anika Marjanovic**

*17816*, 2023  
Oil on Fabriano paper.  
78 x 108 cm  
@anika.marjanovic

**11. Leon Pozniakow**

*The Candy Boys in the Garden of the  
Ogre (Sucking)*, 2022  
Ablated Opal Glass, Jesmonite,  
acrylic acetate, acrylic, Shellac.  
31 x 40 x 3 cm  
@leonpozniakow

**12. Lana Locke**

*Between Labours*, 2022  
Found objects, bio-resin, plaster  
206 x 30 x 24 cm (including base)  
@lanalocke

**13. Leon Pozniakow**

*The Candy Boys In The Garden Of The  
Ogre (Pinus Strobilus ~ A Pedilavium  
For Pine Cone)*, 2023  
Ablated glass, Jesmonite, acrylic,  
shellac.  
40 x 30.6 x 4.5 cm  
@leonpozniakow

**14. Ally Rosenberg**

*As a Fact of Matter (I)*, 2021  
Marble, expanding foam,  
OSB board, lacquered paint.  
60 x 90 x 15 cm  
[@allyrosenberartist](#)

**15. Gregory Georgescu**

*Ghost 04*, 2021  
Glazed ceramic.  
44 x 22.5 x 20 cm  
[@gregory\\_georgescu](#)

**16. Cary Kwok**

*Whisky on the Rock*, 2023  
Acrylic and ink on paper.  
29.8 x 21 x 4 cm  
*Collection of Alexis Livingstone  
Burgess, London.*  
*Courtesy of the artist and  
Herald St, London.*  
[@cary.kwok](#)

**17. Corsin Billeter**

*Untitled (Rush Diva)*, 2023  
Ceramic Decal on Fused Glass.  
8.5 x 20 cm  
[@cbilleter](#)

**18. Corsin Billeter**

*Untitled (Narcissus)*, 2023  
Ceramic Decal on Fused Glass.  
13.5 x 13.5 cm  
[@cbilleter](#)

**19. Louis Blue Newby**

*Training Set 3*, 2022  
UV printed aluminium, stickers,  
tape, highlighter, resin, duct  
tape, fasteners, blu tak, pine,  
plyboard, engraved UV glass, spray  
paint.  
65 x 43 cm  
[@louisnewby](#)

**20. Lana Locke**

*Bruised flowers*, 2023  
Patinated bronze (unique-direct  
burnout), pigmented wax, antique  
19th century bronze Warwick vase.  
50 x 28 x 18 cm  
[@lanalocke](#)

**21. Glen Pudvine**

*Weighing*, 2019  
Oil on canvas.  
160 x 180 cm  
[@glenpudvine](#)

**22. Sabrina Shah**

*Smile*, 2023  
Acrylic and printed fabric  
on canvas.  
140cm x 10.4 cm  
[@sabrina.a.shah](#)

**23. Bruce LaBruce**

*Queens in Rage over Snub*, 2012  
Archival Inkjet Print.  
28 x 42 cm  
*Courtesy of the artist and  
Bonny Poon / Conditions, Toronto.*  
[@brucelabruce](#)

**24. Lana Locke**

*Corn-bomb*, 2023  
Cast bronze (unique-direct burnout)  
53 x 12 x 19 cm (including base)  
[@lanalocke](#)

**25. Ankica Marjanovic**

*261221*, 2022  
Oil on Fabriano paper.  
78 x 108 cm  
[@ankica.marjanovic](#)

**26. Sabrina Shah**

*Shelf life*, 2023  
Oil, acrylic and print on canvas.  
66.5 x 40 cm  
[@sabrina.a.shah](#)

**27. Rosie Gibbens**

*Brush*, 2015  
Moving-image with sound,  
duration: 00:54  
Edition of 5  
*Videographer Benjamin Neustadt*  
[@rosiegibbens](#)

**28. Sae Yeoun Hwang**

*Deep Heat*, 2022  
Acrylic on MDF  
34 x 34 cm  
[@yoyokoolkool](#)

# SAUCISSON

by **Ashley Mauritzen**

*This is an essay about sausages. I mean dick. Wait, did I write sausages? Well, I definitely meant dick.*

This is an essay about sausages that is also an essay about dick. Not because life's wordcount is short (it is). But because, in a world of 'weiners', 'meat and two veg', 'pork rods', 'hiding the sausage', and 'getting stuffed', it can be hard to know where the bangers end and the banging... you catch my drift.

If individual obsession and societal anxiety is a Venn diagram, the dick is the sticky sweet spot. Phallic imagery and structures are omnipresent (you may be reading this in one) but the literal phallus is as under-represented in art as it is over-represented in the boardroom. Why? Not because the dick is uncommon (approx. 50% of people have one). Not because it is unwanted (your search history suggests otherwise, my friend). But because it travels with a formidable cultural baggage-train, which only intensifies its capacity for fascination.

The dick is a physical and symbolic shapeshifter that mirrors human proportions. A curiously autonomous organ, possessing both head and... brain? Vulnerable and formidable; bestower of life and thief of virtue; agent of pleasure *and* pain. The less we see, the more we speculate. Once glimpsed, it's hard to look away. Making it easier to NOT look in the first place.

In this context, we owe a debt of gratitude to the sausage. A semiotic rock in the unsure waters of sexual evasion and repression - it taketh away the awkwardness of the world, enabling us to talk about a thing and, yet, you know, not talk about it.

*But why the sausage?* Well, it was always going to be food. Eating, intercourse, and reproduction share biophysical attributes - from their contribution to life and growth to their capacity to pass through bodily boundaries and mingle discrete individuals. No wonder edible gifts can represent offers of sex (you'd better KNOW the lady loves Milk Tray), there is nothing sexier than a slow-mo swig of a Diet Coke, and the most intimate moment in Disney is a moonlit kiss over spaghetti and meatballs between a Lady and a Tramp. You don't need to go the Full Freud to acknowledge that the metaphorical and symbolic identities of food and sex are closely entwined.

*Mais pourquoi le saucisson???* Ah yes, that. Well, it's meat - naturally. But unlike its butcher-shop brethren, it is ALL the meat. A fleshy cornucopia of innards and out-ards. In that sense, it is much like us, making it both relatable *and* profoundly

mysterious; its consumption, an act of synchronised mastery and self-negation. Ah, but the sausage is ancient - as old as butchery itself. Universal (every culture has one) and, yet, infinitely diverse (300 variations and counting). A regular feature in breakfast, lunch, and dinner, it is enviably fluid: a platform for expression and endless interpretation. It is both highly covetable (a dynamic, polyphonic sizzler that knows how to take up space) and of questionable (nutritional) merit. It is evocative of the full spectrum of human experience - from sunny family barbecues to fetid late-night street-side snacks. Miraculously, it is much more than the sum of its parts: in link form, simultaneously singular and multiple; ICONIC enough to be both shape *and* object.

Sausages also look like dicks. It might have been simpler to start with that. The resemblance is so uncanny that the Catholic Church fleetingly banned them, and the emoji wears a modesty bun. Far from a discrete agent of tactful allusion, the sausage is unapologetically, riotously brazen - humour must be deployed liberally lest the Full (frontal) English make us blush.

At which point, we must pause for thought (before we conclude indefinitely). Because is the moral of this essay/story that the sausage and, ergo, the dick are, somehow, ridiculous? No, and yes. The point is that we, the people - those who possess 'sausages', those who desire 'sausages', and those who never have to think about them - are ALL ridiculous. Ridiculously brilliant. Ridiculously complicated. We long to consume and to *be* consumed. We disambiguate and demur only to find ourselves showing up in surprising ways and places. Our bodies embody both the elevation of social order and collaborative mechanisation, and the anarchic, infinitely creative ribaldry of the down and dirty self. They are vehicles of precious separateness and life-giving connection. Finite and infinite. Signifier and signified. Meat *and* transcendence.

So it turns out, this wasn't an essay about dick at all. Glory be, but we are ALL sausages. And the frying pan? Well, that's just life.

BIOGRAPHIES



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