

A Whole Different Animal

exhibiting artists

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Zbyněk Baladrán Josef Bolf Dalibor Chatrný Dominika Dobiášová
Igor Hosnedl Klára Hosnedlová Anna Hulačová Selmeči Kocka Jusko Olga Karlíková
Viktor Kopasz Alena Kotzmannová Eva Kořátková Dominik Lang Basim Magdy
Ján Mančuška Jaromír Novotný Ewa Partum Daniel Pitín Jirka Skála Jan Šerých
Michaela Thelenová Jiří Thýn Tomáš Vaněk

curators

:

Laura Amann Marín jen kratochvil

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You know how you're supposed to write your dreams down as soon as you wake up, or else you'll forget them? Well, this is me doing that, because by now I'm not sure what really happened and what my cold-medication-fuelled mind made up. In my dream, aka yesterday, it's finally the big day: HK's long-awaited birthday party¹. I arrive a little late, already slightly tipsy, with a mix of emotions that hasn't really left me since the pandemic: mild horror at the prospect of social anxiety and tedious small talk, and a tender, joyful anticipation of hugs, laughs, and deep conversations about this never-ending existential crisis we call the 21st century. I step into a damp and animated atmosphere, hang my hat – or maybe my whole head – on a nail², and choose which carnival mask to put on. Parties always make me feel like a court jester³, and you never know which one you'll get: the truth-teller, the joker, or the sad clown dealing out self-deprecating jokes like playing cards⁴. Then I take a first peek into the room full of people and... decide to leave. i can't do this now. outside. through the windows. i notice a bunch of gravity-defying plastic bags⁵. american beauty all over again. except the wind. and kevin spacey not allowed anywhere anymore. Speaking of closeted gays and disgraced stars, i wonder what everyone is gossiping about these days as I watch them pretend to watch the art while mostly watching each other and... ..and so the artist informs the politely listening crowd that their father's advanced age leads to conversations about war and the end of the world as we know it at every single family gathering. "So how can one rejoice? How can one sing songs of love and happy days to come when gloomy gloom glooms through the rooms? Yet now," continues the artist in their proclamation/confession, "perhaps more than ever, we have to understand that joy and desire have become practices of resistance and of protest." I see some roll their eyes⁶, others nod in agreement, the rest unsure whether the artist is being serious or cynical. Next to them, a yucca plant⁷ and an assortment of half-empty glasses, cups with lipstick marks, vases with fresh flowers, and all sorts of carafes, bottles, and decanters filled with colourful liquids has grown into a full-blown fantastical landscape⁸. I make my way to the next room and, to my demise... i get stuck in a vortex of thoughts, flashbacks and the most peculiar imagery relating to times so far away in the past that i almost forget they actually once formed my reality. eh. drama queen/drugged fairy mode. neo and the oracle and trinity and and. lost youth. or what. why did they ever even try to follow up on that. and here we are living through it, some strongly believe. batteries – excuse my language – my ass. candlelight⁹. festive. east and west unified¹⁰. and in the next room, put aside again¹¹. in the most symbolical fashion imaginable. and across, the war which made us doubt who the empire and

who the rebels are¹². is a map a territory? is a satellite a friend or foe or an invisible dragon spewing flames one should try to slay? the good old naive questions, from the good old simpler times¹³. the cat wisely left the room. as they usually do¹⁴. where do we go from here?... ..upstairs, I guess. But first... let me catch my breath... or powder my nose. "Curiosity killed the cat", I hear someone say¹⁵. I make my way to the toilet; on the way I pass the kitchen and spot some strange gelatinous compositions. "If one had to decide which food is closest to poetry, it would have to be Sulz" my Austrian grandmother used to say – dense yet transparent at the same time. And what is it called in Czech? I forget. *sulc*.¹⁶ before eat pray love it used to be love space peace or was it salvation glory and honour? who knows, each era to its own¹⁶. no matter how many years you count, it is always a fun time though. we grow younger each year anyway. parallel temporalities. and as in the bathroom mirror we praise emptiness¹⁷. back in the office things again fully defy gravity, clouds¹⁸ and piles of silver and gold¹⁹, up and down, roller-coaster across decades. all shined on through endless mirror-ing²⁰... Okay, I'm getting a little dizzy here, need some fresh air. I manage to extricate myself from any in-depth exchange by shyly waving at various people in the room (or at least that's what it looks like) and make my way out into the garden. Deep breath in, deep breath out – is that a mouse I just saw? I imagine a version of Pixar's Ratatouille, but instead of rats it's mice and instead of haute cuisine it's contemporary art, and the mice do slow, awkward performances using traps as metaphors for something, snort coke in tiny bathrooms, and endlessly hustle to raise just enough cheese for their next project. Mon Dieu, Earth is calling! Žižkov, we have a problem!²¹ And suddenly I've arrived on a new planet: the garden shed/former storage or, as we say in the art world, the project room. voilà. the sun rises over a new world. or dawns. or. who knows. the sun being an architectural intervention (a sister to one downstairs), and a display solution for the show. animals and their collectors²² heading towards it, while the hay (or is it wheat?) field²³ calmly rests motionless in changing winds meeting to form a tornado. all watched over by a boy and cat of loving grace, a counterpart to the girl with her dog reappearing on the walls downstairs²⁴. only a head of stone²⁵ and countless weights hold us to the ground, anchor us to reality while flower petals take a diagonal exit²⁶ towards the unknown universes way above our heads, our visions, our pay grades. uh la la. dots²⁷. leave it to dots. no polka needed, to calm one down. à demain. thank you. I look at my hands, left and right, almost as if to double-check if I am really there. *or if i actually stole any tools or not*.²⁸ Somehow I was at the party, but for once I let myself be drawn from work to work instead of person to person. Let's pretend it all was true.

- 1 VIKTOR KOPASZ, *Identikit*, 2026, author's book with contributions from all the artists featured in the exhibition, A4
- 2 KLÁRA HOSNEDLOVÁ, *untitled*, 2019, textile, 38 × 24 × 22 cm
- 3 DOMINIKA DOBIAŠOVÁ, *Feast*, 2026, acrylic on canvas, beech frame, 150 × 104 cm
- 4 ANNA HULAČOVÁ, *Jester with Toaster*, 2025, stainless steel, concrete, pencil drawing on sheet metal, 175 × 65 × 95 cm
- 5 TOMAŠ VANĚK, *Particip 245*, 2026, plastic bag, spray paint, variable
- 6 IGOR HOSNEDL, *Eye*, 2026, handmade pigments, glue and damar varnish on canvas, wooden frame, 100 × 70 cm
- 7 JÁN MANČUŠKA, *Yucca in the Corner*, from the series *It Only Hurts When I Laugh*, 2003, wall installation, nails, colored string, metal chain, 213 × 162,5 cm
- 8 DOMINIKA DOBIAŠOVÁ, *Cooperation Is Beneficial*, 2022, glass, metal, dimensions variable
- 9 DANIEL PITÍN, *After Party*, 2026, oil and mixed media on canvas, 110 × 90 cm
- 10 JIRKA SKÁLA, *Journey to the Sources of Contemporary Political Imagination IV*, 2024, bw gelatin silver print, Fomabrom Variant glossy baryta paper, 47 × 93 cm framed
- 11 EWA PARTUM, *East-West Shadow*, postcards on cardboard, 1984
- 12 ZBYNĚK BALADRÁN, *A Synchronisation of the History of the Display Association for Research and Collective Practice in Prague With the War Waged by the U.S. And Its Allies in Afghanistan From 2001 to 2021*, 2021, lightbox, color print on textile, 50 × 200 cm
- 13 JAN ŠERÝCH, *On Exactitude in Science*, 2003, print on fabric, 260 × 260 cm
- 14 DOMINIK LANG, *Cat*, 2026, rectangular cut out, cat door, 19,8 × 19,8 cm
- 15 BASIM MAGDY, *Curiosity Built Civilizations*, 2026, 4 x C-prints on Fujicolor Crystal Archive Pearl Paper mounted on dibond, 35 × 187 cm
- 16 EWA PARTUM, *peace*, 2001, acrylic paint, blue lipstick, cardboard, 20 × 26 cm
poem, 2001, acrylic paint, blue lipstick, cardboard, 20 × 26 cm
love, 2001, acrylic paint, red lipstick, cardboard, 20 × 26 cm
- 17 JIŘÍ THYN, *In Praise of Emptiness*, 2025, colour photograph combined with digital drawing, digital print on mirror, 40 × 30 cm
- 18 OLGA KARLÍKOVÁ, *Lark*, 1971, mixed media, oil, canvas, 146,5 × 112,5 cm, framed
- 19 SELMECI KOCKA JUSKO, *untitled (Narrow Dwelling VI)*, 2026, anodized aluminium, aluminium foil, 30 × 45 × 2 cm
- 20 ALENA KOTZMANNOVÁ, *untitled* from the series *Globes (Disco Ball)*, 2007, bw photography on dibond, 100 × 150 cm
- 21 MICHAELA THELENOVÁ, *Pink Planet*, 2026, print on fabric, 100 × 170 cm
- 22 EVA KOŤÁTKOVÁ, *Animal Collector*, 2026, textile, wood, string, ceramics, 120 × 72 × 105 cm
- 23 ANNA HULAČOVÁ, *Wheat Harvest*, 2025, stainless steel, 135 × 100 × 55 cm
- 24 JOSEF BOLF, *untitled*, 2026, series of four charcoal drawings on the wall, 23,5 × 17,5 cm
- 25 EVA KOŤÁTKOVÁ, *Collector of Ideas*, 2026, textile, wood, stone, paper, string, 50 × 95 × 155 cm
- 26 JAROMÍR NOVOTNÝ, *untitled*, 2024, acrylic on polyester fabric, textile, paper, primed, canvas, wood, 140 × 110 cm
- 27 DALIBOR CHATRNÝ, *untitled* from the series *A deux mains (With Both Hands)*, 1986, pencil on paper, 94 × 68,5 cm framed
- 28 DOMINIK LANG, *Present*, 2026, installation tools, wrapping paper, dimensions variable

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and many more

HUNT KASTNER