

Protest, the poster and manifesto Siggı Hofer about Jiří Pitrmuc

JIŘÍ PITRMUC:  
AN UMBRELLA  
INSIDE OUT /  
TEXT BY SIGGI  
HOFER / 09/09–  
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Nothing is moving in the vast landscape. Though, in reality this diverse life has already surrounded us. We ran into it, and it got stuck on us like cobwebs. Life watches us, walks in front of us, follows us, and reminds us. It acts, creates, expresses itself. In the form of a young artist, it fidgets with logs while a paintbrush is firmly stuck between the teeth. It swings from house to house, and in the room, it jumps from wall to wall and goes for a walk on the ceiling as if there were nothing to it, and when it suddenly crashes with the back at full tilt onto the floor, this happens deliberately and with a big grin. Despite the derision, which laughingly comes up with some strange things. Life is not to be killed. As quick as a lightning it reshapes again, transforms windows into doors, and straps a locomotive onto its feet. In a little village in the Carpathians, an avalanche smashed a train in a stormy night, in 1954. It lifted the locomotive with a weight of 120 tons from the rails and threw it against the train station. Here and now, things have emancipated, and because there are no hierarchies anymore, harmony prevails, countless overlappings seem to be possible — a crash, however, impossible. Every year, recollection gets more and more permeable, loses weight. The present relieves you of all the work, the present is calm, only here and there, every now and then, a gentle creak or sough is audible. The present is bright, nothing casts shadows. These days, the beds in which you lie are made of black smoke, from which you were once fleeing, and which extinguished life without mercy — nostalgia is only used when you want to drive it away, and poetry drops by without being asked. The latter, once again with empty hands and a splendid mood, is angular on one end and round on the other. The deepness makes itself 19 cm bigger and stirs up the events with its ridiculous behaviour — and it wins everyone over to its side, effortlessly and with an irresistible charm. Now, in front of the houses the snow is trampled down, but it is piling up on the back sides. It is a constant leaving and entering. Doors and windows are opening and closing. From the chimney smoke rises straight as an arrow towards the sky. One day is like the other. Happy days in hard times are reflected in the frozen lake, from which thin music emerges — the little trembling notes, which always come in pairs, a high and low one, are made only for very good ears. The protest, the poster, the manifesto is a left behind piece of coal. It agitatedly but without anger expresses, between thumb and index finger, the concern of a young human being, who has a lot on the tip of its tongue, who carries a burning desire, and who feels the jolt of the incoming train straight to the heart.

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