

LONDON

My heart is an old museum | 10 Oct — 19 Dec 2025

Radek Brousil, Greg Carideo, Henrik Potter, Jungwon Jay Hur, Kamil Dossar, Marlon Kroll, Minh Thang Pham, Viktor Timofeev

Curated by Radek Brousil

and the museum guard with his girded belly would never know you tore up the morning streets with cries the size of kitchen knives, once, before silently rearranging the room to make sure it left no gaps where your furniture had been removed. It was done to perfection; only the books looked a little crestfallen where their twin editions were abducted. There you are, idling in the corner of reason when I turn a folding screen and approach you and see how carelessly you let your breath gather up on the glass, in luminous, feathered circles. Your turn seems unusually well-timed when I sidle up to you with hopes of planting a small kiss on your brushed cheek (you were always master of the artful dodge). All this was bracketed by the shrill call-and-response of whistles at the train platform where you finally left me; one pair of prosthetic voice boxes assuring each other, in all the ways we could not.

The grammar of time is emergent. Friends said things to the effect of 'time will tell', and other phrases with a misplaced sense of ominous knowing. Only my indefatigable refrain could force them to resort to this; I know that when I am sad I have no resolve and indulge my obsessions with 'what went wrong' and who-did-what and time runs on with the continuity Bergsonian duration, which I've no wherewithal to explain, being hopelessly sleep deprived, and it was months of exhausted clichés before the same friends garnered sufficient courage to ask, very tentatively, 'are you over her yet'. I am but a semaphore wanting for naught. You can lose the sole of your shoe just as easily on your way to a wedding, it seems, so here I am: trying to forget that that's exactly where I'd clumsily revealed I'd been reading everything I could find about you online.

Today I find you in the Southeast Asian quad of the museum, and your gaze is arrested by a moulting piece hailing from Vietnam. It is produced by a technique I dare not pronounce (*son ta*, the plaque reads) and you speak of it as a 'process of inversion, that nevertheless produces a palimpsest'. I wish to say something about Marker's *Statues Also Die* but think only of your breath in my mouth. Astride the beam of your thought (now a rumination on the methods of the ancients in relation to time and proportion involving jute string and nails), forget it, it no longer matters. It's kind of embryonic in here; there is no movement but our stirrings, only depth and hollows and the most of gorgeous eyebags which I have always worshipped. Our interaction is conditioned by impossibility so instead I train my focus on avoiding ill-fated attempts at inordinately complex words that just wind up entangling me in awkward syntactical constructions. Of course, these are the formulations that adoring you were made up of, and nothing makes me feel safer than recourse to formula.

I am the happiest simply being entrusted with your museum locker key, and every so often I finger it lovingly in my pocket. Certain rooms of the museum harbour a stillness that hardens or gapes, others draw spider threads from where I stand to all the dark corners of the room. (The girded belly lumbers behind us, cheesily scratching itself.) If I take the time to overthink this, we are our very own examples of indexing and ruin, for which museum

conservation provides too perfect an analogy. A structure is made to surrender itself to representation, before duly being destroyed. (To shore up against our years is unforgivably hard to do in your presence.) When I call you by your private nickname, I sound like a progressively degenerating feedback loop that tarnishes itself as it haplessly stutters on, but still, it conjures that weather-worn image of us delightedly discovering Basinski. You are not playing my game though, and so I find myself pleading with my reflection in the face of an old, Czech clock. Is imperfection the only reliable feature of anything; the very style of substance?

Among these objects of conquest (which we agree need repatriating, as an aside), your iciness finally thaws and the between the fading summits of your peaks dawns the senselessness of loss. Bourgeois restraint forbids our tear from leaving your duct so you quip the much-quipped 'unprecedented for our times', as if you were one of Brecht's newspaper fragments swept up in the maelstrom of a collage. I am just another museum donation of an uncertain make, age and pedigree, falling into a plume of obscurity, your box titled 'miscellaneous'. The silence of the museum is deafening, like heaven, or second to. Except nothing is forever; your ringtone is a 1990s lyric that reaches out into the stretches of an adjacent hallway and beyond it, to where you wander. Interrupting us is your mildly irritating best friend, a curator, who strictly refers to himself as an 'organiser' in all public communication. Outside the pigeons absent-mindedly pattern the sidewalk within the fold of the season; even they know love that little bit better.

Text by Elaine ML Tam

ARTISTS

Radek Brousil is a Czech artist. He works predominantly with textiles, alongside ceramics, film, photography and video. His themes address social testimony, presenting an activist expression on an uncertain future. His interest focuses on post-colonial tendencies in contemporary artistic discourse, for example, his investigation into the issue of the origin and distribution of flowers or textiles. Through his work with textiles, Brousil emphasises their Czech origin and African destiny, enabling him to highlight the problems of market economy and its power structures. Radek Brousil graduated from the Studio of Photography at the Academy of Arts, Architecture and Design in Prague, where he is currently continuing his doctoral studies. In 2015 he received the Oscar Čepan Award for Young Visual Artists.

Greg Carideo (b. 1986, Minneapolis, MN, USA) lives and works in New York, NY, USA. He received a BFA from Minneapolis College of Art & Design, Minneapolis in 2008 and an MFA from New York University in 2015. Selected solo exhibitions include *groundwork*, Public Gallery, London (2025); *Nave, In Lieu*, Los Angeles (2024); *Dog Eared Reverie*, Foreign & Domestic, New York (2023); *Storefront*, FR MoCA, Fall River (2022); and *Framework*, GRIMM, New York (2021). His work has been featured in recent group exhibitions at The FLAG Art Foundation, New York (2025); Jack Barrett Gallery, New York (2025); Silke Lindner, New York (2024); Pangée Gallery, Montreal (2024); 12.26 Gallery, Dallas (2024); Galerie Nicolas Robert, Montreal (2024); Margot Samel, New York (2024); Public Gallery, London (2024); ICA, Portland, ME (2024); and International Objects, New York (2023). Several of Carideo's exhibitions have garnered press, including a New York Times review for his solo exhibition, *Dog Eared Reverie*, Foreign & Domestic, New York (2023), a BOMB: Studio Visit for his solo exhibition, *groundwork*,

Public Gallery, London (2025), as well as group exhibitions featured in Cultured Magazine, Artforum, and the New York Times.

Henrik Potter (Sweden/UK) is a multidisciplinary artist based in London. Solo projects include Duarte Sequeira, London (2024); Lucas Hirsch, Düsseldorf (2022 and 2019); PSM, Berlin (2020); Sundy, London (2019); Künstlerhaus Stuttgart, Stuttgart (2019); Palais de Tokyo, Paris (2012). His show 'Souls' at PSM was reviewed in Frieze Magazine, April 2020, and a profile on his practice was published in Conceptual Fine Arts, November 2021.

Jungwon Jay Hur (b. 1996, South Korea) is a multidisciplinary artist based in London, UK. She received her BA in Fine Art: Painting from Wimbledon College of Art in 2019 and her MFA in Fine Art: Painting from Slade School of Fine Art in 2022. Recent exhibitions include: Minor Attractions Art Fair, Slugtown, London (2024); Mind to Hand, Incubator, London (2024); The Future of Loneliness, Guts Gallery, London (2024); Our Teeth Are Reefs, Slug Town x Collective Ending, London (2024); Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain, Hive Centre for Contemporary Art, Shanghai (2024); Vessels, Cabin, Berlin (2024); Voyager I, Hive CCA, Shanghai (2023); A Woman from the Bird Egg, Incubator (2023); Contemporary Voices, Plataforma Gallery, Barcelona (2022); Why Don't You Dance?, ASC Gallery (2022); and Hearth, Lokal Gallery, Helsinki (2021).

Kamil Dossar (b. 1988, Denmark) is a graduate of the Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts (2024) living and working in Copenhagen. Dossar's upcoming solo exhibition at O—Overgaden marks his first institutional solo-show supported by the Louis-Hansen Foundation. He has previously exhibited at venues including Bianca D'Alessandro, Copenhagen (2024; 2022); Kunsthal Charlottenborg, Copenhagen (2024; 2022); Andersen's, Copenhagen (2023); Annual Reportt, Copenhagen (2021); and New Release, New York (2016). Dossar has been awarded the Poul Erik Bech Foundation's Art Prize (2024) and the Blix Foundation's Special Honorary Prize (2024).

Marlon Kroll (b. 1992) is a German Canadian artist living and working in Montréal. He holds a BFA in ceramics from Concordia University and was one of nine recipients of Fonderie Darling's 2019–22 Montréal Studio Program. He also received the William and Meredith Saunderson Prize for Emerging Artists in 2020. Selected recent exhibitions include Majestic Infinite Inner Choir, 12.26 (Los Angeles); All that we cannot see with Casey Callahan, Baader-Meinhof (Omaha); Cold Open, Unit 17 (Vancouver); The Kroll Show with Bryce Kroll, Gern En Regalia (New York) Lullaby, Management (New York); Map of Dusk, Afternoon Projects (Shanghai); Receiver, Galerie Acappella (Naples); Nesting, Fondation Phi (Montréal); Stress Tested, Public Gallery (London); A Chronique Fear, Marvin Gardens (New York); Rifts, hovels, a sighing tide, Afternoon Projects (Vancouver); La machine qui enseignait des airs aux oiseaux, Musée d'art Contemporain de Montréal; At the centre of my ironic faith, Cassandra Cassandra (Toronto); Red Sky at Morning, Interstate Projects (New York); and Thirsty Things, Clint Roenisch (Toronto).

Minh Thang Pham was born to Vietnamese parents who emigrated to the Czech Republic in the 1990s. He graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague in 2025, where he focused on painting and performance. During his studies, he participated in an exchange program at the Hue College of Arts in Vietnam, where he began exploring lacquer painting. His practice

revolves around meditation, layering, and memory, themes that become particularly evident in the body of work presented at Krupa Gallery.

Viktor Timofeev is a multidisciplinary artist from Riga, Latvia, currently living in New York, whose practice explores the intersections of inner worlds, language, bureaucracy, and individual experience within broader social and cultural systems. Timofeev creates fantastical environments through drawing, painting, video, and installation. Recent solo exhibitions include the Latvian National Museum of Art in Riga (2025), 427 Gallery in Riga (2024), Interstate Projects in New York (2021), and Karlin Studios / Futura in Prague (2020). Recent group exhibitions include 1st Klaipeda Biennial (2025), Hessel Museum of Art, Annandale-On-Hudson (2025), Tallinn Photomonth in Tallinn (2023), Digital Intimacy at the National Gallery Prague in Prague (2021) and the 14th Baltic Triennial at Contemporary Art Center in Vilnius (2021).

Private view:

10 October 2025, 6-8PM

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