

## Pozzetto

Opening: Thursday, 22nd January 2026, 7–9 pm

Duration: 23rd January until 14th March 2026

Galerie Martin Janda is showing the group exhibition *Pozzetto* from 23rd January until 14th March 2026.

*Pozzetto* features **Căcilia Brown**, **Werner Feiersinger**, **Katharina Hölzl**, **Tania Pérez Córdova**, and **Miriam Stoney**, each presenting works that negotiate the boundary between space, object, and body.

While Căcilia Brown uses mass as a tool to convey weight and balance in relationship to the viewer, Miriam Stoney extracts the corner from the structure to build new architectural narratives. Katharina Hölzl examines imagined movements and sculptures, each reinforcing its own perspective. Werner Feiersinger detaches specific objects from their original function, thereby creating sculptures that are metaphorically charged. Tania Pérez Córdova utilizes compression to envelop material and emotions, closing in on itself.

### Sculpture or Space?

The comedy is between the lines, or is it both funny? I'm actually not as sure as I use to be on this because I've always felt that the parallel lines were touching. It could be because I'm squinting or straining my neck to look close. There is a pain to the feeling that the paint is a sticker applied to the surface that can be peeled off to reveal a deeper, more earnest truth. The walls are telling me a story, but exactly what they're saying isn't always clear. They are telling me I'm enclosed, entrapped within this stagnant position, but how should I feel about this? There is an exhilaration to the bursting of these walls, but a security to their presence. I'm trapped. I'm safe, once again I'm unsure where the lines meet. Sometimes I feel that the safest part of the room is to stand directly in the center, but other times I feel that it is safest to constantly walk along the walls, mapping the perimeter with my footsteps. I can feel a thumping from the ground through the soles of my shoes and it slowly begins to work its way up through my ankles, through my knees. The torment becomes unbearable in my hips, I feel that I'm being overtaken, drowning, sunflowers, love, death, sorrow, the thumping raises to my shoulders, a tightness in my neck as it overcomes my spine to encapsulate my mind. It doesn't feel funny anymore, the radical disposition, the distance, the discourse, the anger, the sympathy, the mess. My mind feels my body like an irresistible electric shock, and my body is numb. I have transcended the feeling, the comedy, the tragedy, the loss, I feel the pain again as the lines bend closer together until they are almost touching. This is anarchy, this is the end, the defined, the containment. A stain in my mind is slowly growing.

There is a soft crack in the fabric, almost too subtle to notice, but it begins to tear, the thought beginning as a fleeting unwanted idea that slowly grows, but you can't stop it. Is this true, am I really here? I look around and I see my entire history as I enter the room, and the room's history. All of this, but strangely I do not see the room. I take another sip and look around uncomfortably. I have nobody to talk to and I cannot be alone for more than 5 minutes without an unbearable feeling of self loathing and despair. I take a deep breath, the only thing I can do to calm down without anybody noticing, and it slightly works. Everybody is a molecule on the body of this sphere. I do not worry that my blood will stop pumping and I also do not try to pump blood through my veins. How is this any different? This space is an organism that breathes and responds to its environment. If it is dark outside, the space is dark, if a loud slap hits the wall, it reverberates. I hardly feel

satisfied with this conclusion, but it is the only one that I have, so I try to remain calm and put aside the harmful feelings to become one with the space. Violence? More like brutality. There is a brutal nature to removing these curtains of existence in operation, where I am an independent being and the space is outside of me. It hurts to understand the reality that we are one in the same and these are frames that only get larger. Brutal as in honest, but also understanding. I feel the pain again in my head getting more severe as I arrive closer to the source. I cannot pretend any longer that I am an object in space, looking at objects in space, we are the same. To objectify the object is to objectify oneself. If I am here any longer I am going to explode. I need to swallow deeply and drown. The difference is between understanding something and feeling it. The most profound and significant realizations are also the most cliché. It only depends on whether you know it or believe it. Everywhere I look there are a million stars smiling back at me with the same intensity as the sun. This is god, this is the breaking. We are determined by the perimeter.

Seymour Polatin

**Căcilia Brown**, born 1983 in Sens (FR), lives and works in Vienna (AT)

**Werner Feiersinger**, born 1966 in Brixlegg (AT), lives and works in Vienna (AT)

**Katharina Hölzl**, born 1987 in Rum in Tyrol (AT), lives and works in Vienna (AT)

**Tania Pérez Córdova**, born 1979 in Mexico City (MX), lives and works in Mexico City (MX)

**Miriam Stoney**, born 1994 in Scunthorpe (UK), lives and works in Vienna (AT)