

FLOOR IS LAVA

Exhibiting artists: Hynek Alt, Petra Feriancová,
Adrián Kriška, Marie Lukáčová, Martin Maeller,
Ruth Novaczek, Anni Puolakka & Ellie Rae Hunter,
P. Staff, Iveta Schovancová

Curated by: Denis Kozerawski & Jen Kratochvil

Opening: 01/09/2023 (FRI) 7pm

On view: 02/09 – 22/10/2023

The international group exhibition *Floor is Lava* borrows its title from an eponymous children's game common in the Western context, in our geopolitical environment familiarized by computer games and reality TV adaptations. Basically, since the floor is lava, one needs to walk only on objects above the ground. Touching the floor means instant death, or rather, disqualification. The idea of a game where one needs to jump from place to place, constantly avoiding obstacles and completely redefining rules of engagement with one's environment, serves as a direct metaphor for the clashes between conservative societal settings and current critical feminist and queer discourses. To unlearn heteropatriarchal oppression is a task with only one alternative, and that is, truly, death.

Critically deconstructing and reevaluating layers and layers of hard-encoded traditional ways of seeing, being, feeling, and relating to one another is often like walking on burning lava with no cooling islands to escape. The exhibition is not attempting to formulate a complex image of the problem, mainly because such an image doesn't exist and never will, since it is, out of principle, in constant flux, elusive and unattainable. Therefore the show focuses on little glimpses of the overall idea of such a fluid mental image. Following specifically, issues of unlearning biases relating to aging, dying, being in pain, mothering, conjointly existing within non-normative communities, queering, and embracing the uncertainty of endless fluidity.

The exhibition layers and folds one on top of each other a series of parallel conceptual lines of thinking and questioning relating to the difficulties of unlearning hard-encoded ways of understanding our identity and bonds to people closest to us. In simpler terms, the exhibition attempts to challenge normalized and, by generations, codified understanding of gender, emotions, or aging. Doing so not in an over-encompassing analytical and systematizing way, but in a queer and often out-of-line kind of way. The point of the show is that there is no point. The exhibition aims to present seemingly disconnected elements from a much larger mosaic of the current critical discourse evolving around personal identity.

Every artist in the show brings in a unique perspective, forming a life-size game board for everyone who enters to play with, to play at, and to think of a game and gamification as something inherently liberating. Each artwork touches upon different strata of a complex four-dimensional image which is never revealed in its entirety, mainly because the implemented critical approach puts in doubt any possibility of actually grasping the full image. Such an image is an ongoing process of formulation, reformulation, deconstruction, and restructuring. Basically, we don't know, and hopefully, we'll never know what the whole image looks like.

This is not a show about death, or grief, or pain and suffering as a result of terminal illness. The occasional invocations of irony show its grabby tentacles, no romantic sublime, though, no depths and highs, no gargoyles or Mr. Dracula creeping from behind a mausoleum of the dearly departed Logan Roy - when the empire fell.

This is not a show about aging, about drawings of wrinkles spreading over one's face like the-last-of-us-style funghi, forming maps of long-forgotten desires, societal expectations, urges to be Gilgamesh, to conquer and divide and pass on to the future generations whatever your delusion deems significant.

This is not a show of beats and closeness and sweaty outsides of souls pulsating with chemically infused love somewhere over 150 bpm, even though their imprint in your grey matter is not going anywhere.

This is not a show about anger - even though that little monster burns all around so painfully that walking on lava must be a joy in comparison.

Life finds a way, they keep promising, but forgive me if I'm wrong, I don't see any dinosaurs flexing their feathered limbs anywhere, do you? They also say that emotions are real and we all have them, that emotions are the inner carpeting of our consciousness, the foundation on which you place your wisdom, Ikea experiences and other annoyances for which you slowly accumulate money during your lifetime of capitalist self-slavery. Emotions were meant to be one of the few authentic things left after the seas swallowed Atlantis and the Garden of Eden

Jen Kratochvil

got lost on your way to the nearest sex shop for new toys. But are they? Are emotions authentic? Do we feel them? As a species? Authentically? Or are we - as a species - emotionally shaped by the Logan Roys of this world, the Freuds, Gods and other father figures who tell us how and what to feel - with a clearly gendered dividing line in the middle of the Grand Emotional Manual? Are emotions only a product of the hetero-patriarchal industrialized nightmare we inhabit? Wait, is this a show about emotions?

The Floor Is Lava is a game, and as such, it needs to talk of rules and ways of overcoming (or overruling, haha) them. They say gender norms, I say fuck you. They say, listen to your dad, and I say, here comes the sun, goodbye.

You know what? I heard that all those strangers you talk to in the righteous high of excitement about astrology, are not your friends! Did you know that? Astrology bonding is not real, allegedly.

This is a show about death; grief; pain, the pain of dying and watching someone die - literally or figuratively; suffering; aging, loss of bearings, loss of strength, loss of the skin firmness, and growing weird new habits; this is a show about vampires, hetero-patriarchy, capitalism, old mythologies, and their gods; about raving, closeness, a collectivity of one, two or hundreds; about the gender binary and ways to deconstruct it; about anger, coping mechanisms, alcoholism, substance use and abuse, therapy - basically, ways of dealing with the shitshow called life. Everything and nothing. Take it or leave it. Just watch your steps. And yes, there are truly no dinosaurs in the show.

Our inner world takes shape even before we are born. In the womb, we feel the amniotic fluid on our skin, hear muffled sounds, the flow of blood and digestion, and we move and turn with our mother's movements. After birth, physical sensations define our relationship with ourselves and the surrounding environment. In the beginning, we experience hunger, satiety, wetness, and sleepiness. A cacophony of incomprehensible sounds and images pushes into our completely new nervous system. Our system of bodily sensations continues to provide us with the important feedback about our state, even after we gain consciousness and acquire language.

Its constant buzzing informs us of changes in our internal organs and the muscles of the face, torso and limbs, signaling pain and comfort, as well as hunger or sexual arousal. Physical sensations are also influenced by what is happening around us. A familiar face or certain sounds - music, a siren - or a different temperature changes what we pay attention to, and without realizing it, influences our further thoughts and actions. We all play *Floor Is Lava*.

The year 1980. She finally broke free from the conditions of the early Middle Ages. No running water. Mold. The chronic screams of her father. Underestimation. Bullying at home. Bullying at school.

Denis Kozerawski

A safe space at the bottom of an old wooden closet. The scent of old clothes in a wardrobe no one ventured into. "I have to leave." Those words echoed relentlessly in her mind. School and education became her sole chance for escape, a realization she had embraced from a very young age. Immediately after school, she managed to secure a bachelor apartment (a state-provided housing for singles). It felt like an infinite stroke of luck. Finally, a taste of nightlife. New acquaintances, but nothing serious. My parents don't like you. I have to say goodbye.

Sometimes the stones she stepped on were still flowing and not fully hardened lava.

First love. He speaks a different language. Coming from another country. The ups and downs. Occasionally reminding her of home. So addictive. So seductive. Everything is happening too fast. She had always wanted a child. She tried her best. During the day, she sold books at the newsagent's stand in the winter, and she helped smuggle jeans and curtains on weekends.. Fear was a constant companion in her everyday struggle for survival. When she had to go to the maternity ward, she hailed a taxi. He stayed at the bar celebrating.

"I feel your anger." It's intoxicating. "I love you."

Ruth Novaczek

And what generation are you? I'm Gen Death, says Ruth. All Gen Zs turn around, thinking of critically addressing the cynicism of this little joke, but the room stays silent, and the generational gap cuts a clearly queer line between different laughs. How do we laugh together? And have we ever ... laughed together?

A performer enters the room, an old ghost, a wise ice-white-haired woman who is actually not wise at all, because being wise is a virtue of men from old canceled legends. And who would want to share a characteristic with these people?

They laugh as the volcanos keep erupting and the wings of a low-cost airplane do their little wiggle waggle dance that makes people inside sick to their stomachs and a deep voice from within sings about crying and dying with a contagious joy.

And then the plane transforms into a steam engine and endless line of train cars and no, this is not an Auschwitz reference. Or is it? This is a technoship, we are all flying across time and space, searching for a portal to a different undetermined place. Jean Marais's *Orpheus* and his mirror is no longer the main protagonist, though. That much must be clear by now.

Ruth Novaczek utilizes found footage from the canon of 20th-century Euro-American cinema, combining it with her own lethargically distant yet curiously descriptive footage. Simply put, Italian neorealism meets the iPhone camera. The material used is meticulously deconstructed into emotional expressions, gestures and direct renditions of instant mood swings that mean universes. During the process all the leading instruments of male-dominated history of cinema are dissolved, restructured, and solidified anew as the female gaze, and female queer domination, and suddenly all the previously silent and numb women speak, touch, and present their reconstructed agency and history is no more. Because, as we know, memory is an unreliable narrator and as such, things seemingly given have an inherent potential for change. Weaving together an endless series of queer romances, Novaczek makes an exchange with what used to be, like those hands in her film *A Movie* when handing over money from one person to another.

It is a transaction. A revolutionary transaction. Sounds, scenes, voices and fields of perception shuffle, with enough space for all kinds of laughter. All that remains is to ask: "what's the story" or rather "what story" and "why". A careful, yet stormy curation of black-and-white nostalgia gathers power for new consciousness-raising activism. The viewer is placed in a specific time-frame, at least seemingly, to actually lose orientation, and as such, be forced to formulate their own new narratives. What's the story? It's a story of passion.

(JK)

Martin Maeller

A gossamer layer of plastic foil stretched over a construction of aluminum tubes. A reminder of the simplicity of the unseen. Plastic bags for corpses, plastic soil bags to cover the corpses, surely a favorite item from the morgue's supply depo.

Did you know that a specific type of soil is sold for ceremonial purposes during funerals? Well, there is, a very nicely packaged, structured, and carefully pigmented soil. Its properties are so smooth and elegant that you might just for a second convince yourself that the whole earth is formed by such a polished luxury product, and you rest assured that your own body will one day lie in comfort. And on top of all that, the soil is really efficient in retaining moisture. It's also pumped with fertilizers so badly that flowers grow in it like magic.

In his practice, Maeller explores the individual drama of the self and deals with psychological and physical states arising from emotions such as melancholy or loss. He circles around death as a cultural and societal phenomenon attached to a particular register of behavioral patterns and learned forms. Being on a level of care, ceremony, sympathy, grief, and search for solace. All of the above focused through the lenses of governing systems, spirituality and pop-culture. What Maeller brings to the fold is in its core a haunted study of memory, vulnerability and the search for belonging.

Who buys a monumental mausoleum and whose ashes are spread across a designated claustrophobic patch of plastic can grass? Who takes the whole Dante & Virgil trail, and who can participate in the samsara cycle? And what does Lucifer have to say about it all?

Maeller's practice goes directly over and beyond the conventions and their geopolitical boundaries, combining various traditional elements with a nonchalance of a postmodern syncretic, bridging otherwise separate concepts after a painstakingly precise dissection of all their features. Maeller is a surgeon, a deconstructivist, or better put, a queer deconstructivist surgeon. With the sharp minimalist incisions of a scalpel, he separates death from the powers that lay claim to it, bringing it into a queer context in a very Promethean way. Maeller's work blurs notions of social convention and at times references identities that see themselves as disconnected from the world. His practice tracks open-ended, circuitous investigations that embody non-conformist processes of commemoration. His work furnishes us with a contradictory grief that is not or cannot be openly acknowledged, socially supported, or that is misunderstood or trivialized. Maeller fills in post-cataclysmic scenes and revels in the forensic spectacle of narratives to expose further recesses or collapse them to unleash new meanings.

(DK)

Hynek Alt

Sobriety and Intoxication. The circle of life — from morning till night. We wake up to boost ourselves and remove the last bits of nightmares with our first coffee, during the day, we dose as much caffeine into our veins as our bodies can sustain in order to stay productive till our brain stops responding to the given stimuli, till the moment we feel fatigued rather than energized by yet another cup. At that point, we already tried a lot of sugar too, some who still smoke, pumped their bodies with nicotine. All of these highly addictive, societally normalized (and sanctioned by the rule of capitalism) drugs have a limit to their effectiveness, which means it's time to move on to other substances. Most of society turns to alcohol either to work a while longer or if they are blessed by a simple old-fashioned 9-to-5 job, maybe they just go out to have some fun and complain about their 9-to-5 jobs. Individuals with high-stress occupations might switch to efficiency-boosting pharmaceuticals, or just get their first line of speed or coke of the day.

Politics of drug intake, be it coffee, cocaine, ketamine or psychedelic mushrooms, are of the essence. Only kids or lost souls would take drugs mindlessly. Some take them to find clarity in the fight against capitalism, others to serve it till their last breath. Some seek to be able to see the horizon, others want to lose sight of it, at least for a blissful moment. There are also people who profess sobriety as a political act. Such sobriety then might give them quite a productive high too.

Hynek Alt in his works explores the societal mechanisms of coping through the utilization of mind-altering substances and its political implications on the struggle against and within capitalism. His video *Untitled (Howl)* takes a different approach to the topic of the coping mechanisms we use to survive our quotidian struggles; delegating our emotional and care labour to pets, in this case specifically dogs. The looped video shows a CGI-rendered dog with the movements and expressions of a drunk human onto which the digital skins have been mapped. The dog either sleeps or howls, representing the on and off cycle of a human being, a worker within capitalism, available or not. The work references the endless streams of cute puppies and kitties constantly filling our social media.

Small Talks with Fire, a 4K slow motion video presenting a series of burning torches with unsynchronized fire sounds, co-authored with Iveta Schovancová, presents dystopian handheld devices of possible gloomy futures. While time passes 40 times slower than reality in this looped depiction of thirty DIY torches (using a Phantom Flex4K camera, capable of shooting videos with 1000 shots per second), the projection of possible future takes place at the hyperspeed of speculation. Small talk with these fires brings out the usual suspects of reactions, from fear of harm to security of safety in the bright dancing light. While the composition, with motionless devices, following one after the other with clear cuts in between evokes directly an ambience of a computer-generated image, everything you see is shot in real life, with a very little post-production. *Small Talks with Fire* gives the exhibition yet another series of burning questions, as well as a navigation tool to find your bearings.

(JK)

P. Staff

Who is to say where poetry ends and the illness begins. Technology is to be blamed and celebrated for it. The good old pharma. Chemotherapy or T or E or The Pill and such.

Weed Killer, a 2017 film based on the memoirs of the artist Catherine Lord, titled *The Summer of Her Baldness* (2004); it describes the writer's experience of cancer with a focus on chemotherapy, depicted as something medieval, something which makes a person crazy miserable, yet not enough to put them out of their misery. *Weed Killer* explores the erratically flaky boundary between the contagious and the cure. The good ancient Pharmacopoeia, medicine and poison at the same time. Scrutinized on the one hand by the voice of Debra Soshoux, an American Trans* advocate and activist, recounting Lord's story, and on the other by the artist Jamie Crewe lip-synching "*To be in Love*" (*Masters at Work*, 1999), a song about the all-consuming power of love. *Weed Killer* speaks of biotechnology transforming our bodies to their total detriment; or their desired mental image.

Juxtaposing cancer treatment with the experience of gender transition, the work follows the logic of societal change from Foucauldian biopolitics to Paul B. Preciado's pharmacopornographic rule.

The exhibition presents P's poems *eat clean ass only* and *ancient & celibate*, on a holographic fan, levitating with a center of gravity somewhere in the world of queer and trans intimacy, somewhere deep within the realm of pleasure and pain, somewhere where bodily fluids meet and merge and form something mundane and radical, at the same time and in the same space.

(JK)

Ellie Rae Hunter & Anni Puolakka

"Mother, I remember you once said that you wanted to live inside as many bodies as possible, not just the five bodies that came from your belly. Art is a non-linear form of reproduction, it moves back and forth in time. I want to be part of something like that. I want to be pregnant with your legacy, mother. To unfold and birth you with the others. Maybe then we wouldn't all be so lonely."

Eyes Jr. is a collaborative work by artists Ellie Hunter and Anni Puolakka. The film follows a group of five siblings on the day of their mother's funeral. Through an ongoing conversation that takes place around a table, the siblings cut cake and discuss their relationship to their recently deceased mother, while glossing over and debating their varying opinions about the role of the mother and their respective reproductive politics. The film features characters portrayed by handsewn puppets that are operated like marionettes off-screen. The mother of these marionettes is only hinted in the film. We suspect it is a statue of a giant metal spider. For those of us familiar with this work of art history, this clue is fairly easy to read. It is the sculpture created by Louise Bourgeois. She created the first of her dark and striking spider sculptures in the mid-1990s, when she was in

her eighties. For the artist, spiders were at once fierce and fragile, capable of being both protectors and predators. For Bourgeois, the spider represented a complex and sometimes contradictory mix of psychological and biographical references. For her, the spider was partly a reference to her mother, partly to herself, and also represented foresight, industriousness and protection. Hunter and Puolakka use this reference to take her work further, recontextualise it and reveal other ways of looking at the figure of the mother and coping with her death.

(JK)

Adrián Kriška

In his work, Adrián Kriška explores the symbolism of devils as the embodiment of anti-mass life. From his perspective, these beings exist on the fringes of society, singled out by their eerie or non-binary appearance. While devils traditionally carry negative connotations, Kriška sees them as rebellious entities that embrace a harmonious existence with nature. He believes that devils, often unjustly stigmatized due to their otherness, possess inherent goodness that is overshadowed by the traumas inflicted upon them by society. Notably, they have a keen awareness of the flaws in mass society long before others recognize them. This narrative serves as a guiding principle in Adrián's work.

Anarcho-occultism is a term that particularly resonates with him. While he does not align himself with any particular book, he has delved extensively into anarchist manuals, seeking inspiration and understanding. He finds the intersection of anarchism and paganism particularly compelling, especially in the context of ecology, nature preservation, and the celebration of diversity, love, and freedom. Nature serves as a profound lens through which Adrián Kriška perceives anarchism. In Adrián's exploration of ideas, he recently engaged with Nastassja Martin's book *Eye of the Wild*. New York Review Books, 2021 (Croire aux fauves, Paris, Verticales, 2019), which delves into shamanism and emphasizes the importance of non-interference with nature. Adrián finds value in Martin's exploration and integrates it into his evolving understanding of the interplay between society, nature and human experience.

(DK)

Petra Feriancová

The exhibition presents a fragment of Petra Feriancová's analysis of Villa d'Este and the Sanctuary of Hercules Victor from the 2020 *FABVLAE* series. From the *FABVLAE* series, we decided to select a reinterpretation of the classical myth of Hydra carved into a series of marble slabs. One of Hydra's most remarkable qualities was her regenerative capacity, which the artist uses within the work as a metaphor for the mother from whose body other beings will emerge. Hydra is invincible, its heads can reproduce countless times. And one of the heads is immortal – the asexual one.

The Hydra myth embodies the themes of resilience, adaptability and the enduring nature of evil. It serves as a metaphor for the challenges and obstacles we face in life, emphasizing the importance of strategic thinking, teamwork and perseverance. The Hydra remains an iconic symbol in popular culture, representing a formidable adversary that tests the hero's courage and ingenuity.

(DK)

Marie Lukačová

There is a dragon. And there is a fish. They coexist. It's not really clear where one begins, and the other follows, or rather continues. They are together, and even though time is always of the essence, in this case, time is disputable. It is hard to figure out whether things are growing gradually, linearly, or not. But how else would they inhabit reality?

Various forms of cyclicity are offered as potential answers. The seasons of the olden days – when spring followed winter and autumn brought a smooth transition from a sweet sweaty closeness to grumpy distance in both dialogue and touch. Or the cycles of traditional rites and eschatologies. There is never just one answer. Transformation is a fierce process, an emotional and physical labour worthy of the Titans and Amazon Warriors of the old legends. Does it hurt to be a Phoenix?

Marie Lukáčová's mystical creatures have unchained themselves from the shackles of doctrinal iconographies and officially sanctioned ancestral stories to formulate new narratives, to create new intersectional relationships, and to find their emancipated selves. Siren joins the choir with Ouroboros and Bones, watching the egg that might hatch at any moment. The task of defining time remains unfinished.

(DK)

Hynek Alt is a graduate of Photography Department (MA), FAMU, Prague and Visual Research Lab (MFA), State University of New York, New Paltz, NY. He holds a PhD from the Academy of Arts, Architecture and Design in Prague. Since 2016 he has been the head of the Studio of New Aesthetic at FAMU, Prague. Between 2008-2016, he taught at the Academy of Arts, Architecture and Design in Prague. His work has been shown at Fotograf Gallery, Prague; House of Art, České Budějovice; Futura Gallery, Prague; Rudolfinum, Prague; Škuc Gallery, Ljubljana; Plato, Ostrava; National Gallery, Prague; <rotor>, Graz; Galerie Fait, Brno; Astrup Fearnley Museet, Oslo; Mumok, Vienna; among others. Shifting between photography, video, object and installation, he deals with the forms of perception of the human in the current digital era and the navigation in between physical surroundings and constructed social systems.

In 2013 **Petra Feriancová** exhibited at the Czech and Slovak pavilion at the 55th Venice Biennale. In 2011 she was a resident at ISCP, New York, and in 2010 she was awarded the Oskar Čepan Award for young visual artists. Petra Feriancová uses a variety of media including photography, sculpture and installation while she also creates books. She often works with archives of people closest to her as well as other materials, which she interprets and reorganises in a non-linear way in a pursuit to find alternative structures for how meaning and matter are constructed and perceived.

Ellie Rae Hunter received her BA in Studio Art and Latin American Studies from Dartmouth College, and participated in residencies at OxBow in 2014 and at Brooklyn Art Space in 2013. Hunter's work engages operations of veiling, fragmenting, reflecting and re-contextualizing objects to highlight hidden systems of perception, and to bring awareness to subconscious methods of locating objects in space. Hunter was the recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts grant in 2014, and has been included in shows at Galerie Christian Berst, Woman Made Gallery, Ooga Booga, Have Company, Scene Metrospace, and Basic Land & Water.

Adrián Kriška combines rural ceramic objects, textiles, short films and sound collages into introspective, playful, poetic and occult installations, in which he often seemingly and haphazardly, but quite intentionally, inserts essentially contemporary generational issues. In terms of content and material, and with the help of often traditional craft methods, he interprets his key themes such as anarchism, freedom, occultism and queerness. In stark contrast to traditional craft practices, these themes play out a playful contrast between the old and the new world, as if casually suggesting the very clash of outdated patriarchal values and contemporary postmodern society. He is currently finishing work on the relationship between occultism and Christian culture in queer avantgarde and experimental cinema at Film Academy of Performing Arts in Prague. Kriška's works have recently been shown at solo exhibitions at Page Five (Prague), Diera do sveta (Liptovský Mikuláš), Neverneverland (Amsterdam), Lunchmeat Festival (Prague), GAMU Gallery (Prague).

Marie Lukáčová is a graduate of UMPRUM in Prague, she also studied at the Faculty of Fine Arts of Brno University of Technology and Kunstakademie Mainz in Germany. She is one of the three founders of the feminist group Čtvrťá vlna. She works mainly in the medium of video and video installation, transforming characters borrowed from politics, mythology, geology or science. They move across different time planes and locations, and through specific narratives and poetics, they comment on stories of an uncertain future. Lukáčová has presented her work mainly within the independent Czech gallery scene, but also, for example, in Wrocław, Ljubljana or Stuttgart.

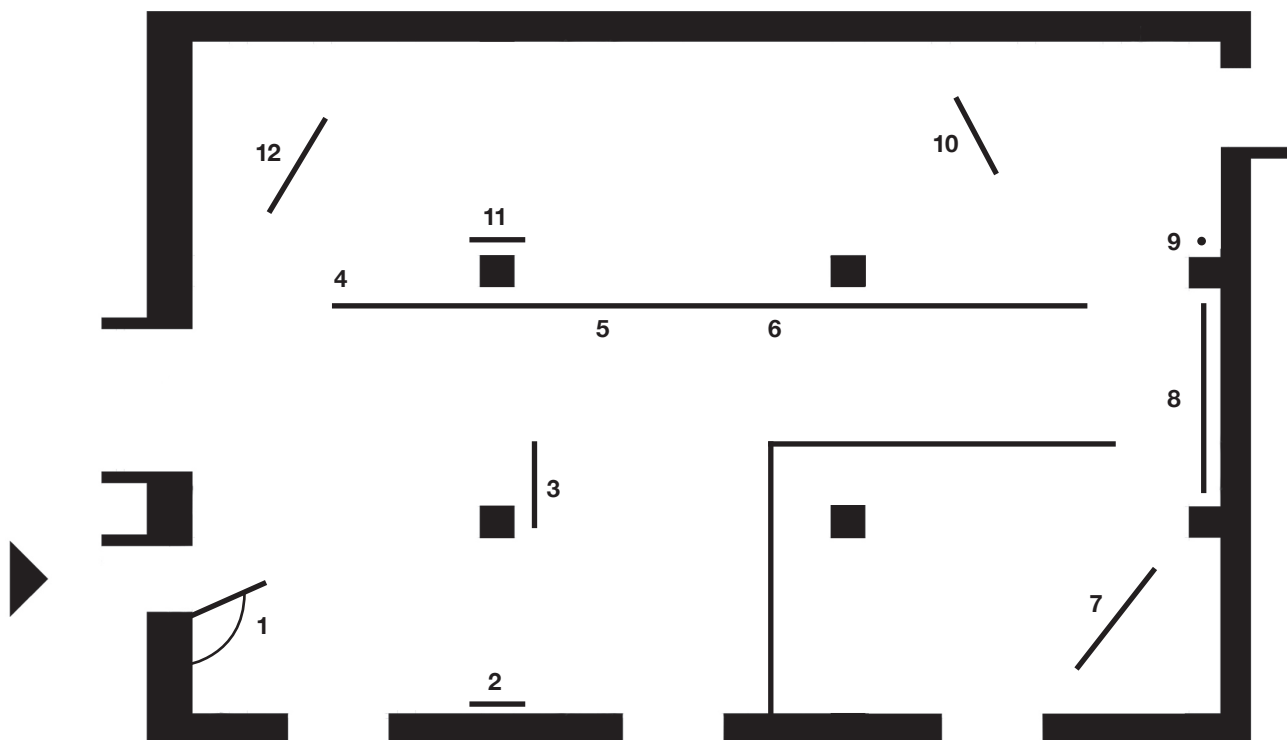
Ruth Novaczek is an artist and curator. She studied fine art film at St. Martins School of Art in London and received her MA in Fine Art, at Central St Martins in 2000. In 2015 she earned a practice-based PhD, entitled '21st Century Avant-Garde; New Vernaculars and Feminine Ecriture' from the University of Westminster, London and is currently a Visiting Research Fellow at the University of Westminster. She has since been making film, performance and installation work that explores diaspora, gender, humour, sexuality, cinematic language and philosophy. She has been a DJ and played in bands, and applies an eclectic musical compositional element to her work. She received an Arts Council of England award for her film 'Philosopher Queen' and has had solo shows at the New York Kunsthalle; Arsenal, Berlin; and the BFI Southbank, London.

In 2016, **Martin Maeller** graduated from the Weißensee Academy of Art Berlin. He has participated in numerous institutional solo and group exhibitions, including *Mélange*, Cologne (2023); Kunstverein Göttingen (2022); Neuer Aachener Kunstverein (2022); *Dům umění*, Brno (2021); Museum for Sepulchral Culture, Kassel (2020); Basis, Frankfurt (2019); and Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin (2018), among others. He was a scholarship recipient of Stiftung Kunstfonds (2023/2022), the Mart Stam Foundation in 2019 and Alexander Tutsek-Foundation in 2017.

Anni Puolakka is based in Helsinki and makes performances, videos, installations, drawings and texts in which autobiographical or documentary materials are incorporated into fictional worlds. The works play with the boundaries and potential of human animals as they seek meaningful and vibrant – sometimes drowsy or dirty – involvement with other beings, objects and surroundings. They experiment with theatrical and cinematic traditions as well as contemporary methods. Puolakka's works have recently been shown at BOZAR (Brussels), PLATO Ostrava, W139 (Amsterdam), Kiasma Museum of Modern Art (Helsinki), Baltic Circle festival (Helsinki) and Performance Space (Sydney). They have an MFA from the Piet Zwart Institute in Rotterdam, The Netherlands, and they teach at the Aalto University, amongst other places.

As a filmmaker, installation artist, and poet, **P. Staff** draws from a wide-ranging assortment of inspirations, materials, and settings, including necropolitics, transpoetics and affect theory, as well as their own studies of modern dance, astrology, and end of life care. In Staff's interdisciplinary practice, these varying threads serve to emphasise the processes by which bodies – especially those of people who are queer, trans, or disabled – are interpreted, regulated, and disciplined in a rigorously controlled society. Solo exhibitions have been held at Kunsthalle Basel; Commonwealth and Council, Los Angeles LUMA, Arles; Institute of Contemporary Art, Shanghai; and Serpentine Galleries, London. Selected group exhibitions have been held at the 59th Venice Biennale; 13th Shanghai Biennale; Julia Stoschek Collection, Berlin, among others. Staff is in the collections of Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; LUMA Arles; Museum of Modern Art, New York; and Julia Stoschek Foundation, Düsseldorf.

Iveta Schovancová graduated with a Bachelor's degree in photography from UMPRUM in Prague and received her Master's degree in the New Media Studio at the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague. She works in the medium of photography and moving image, often combined in installations with textile objects. She transfers her experience of creating photographic images into thinking about the object and translates the conflict in space into the surface. She has exhibited at City Surfer Office Gallery, Prague; TIC, Brno; Photoport, Bratislava; Czech Centre, Seoul, among others.



1. Hynek Alt, Iveta Schovancová:
Small Talks With Fire, 2023

4K video, 45'
In collaboration with Oliver Torr,
Jáchym Kachlík, Ondřej Konrád

2. Adrián Kriška:
Chorts jerking off under the Satan (peak), 2023

Leather, suede, sheep wool, 65 x 115 cm

3. Ruth Novaczek:
Drama, 2023

HD video, 4' 23"

Ruth Novaczek:
A Movie, 2023

HD video, 6' 50"

4. Martin Maeller:
Untitled (jealous god), 2023

Silkscreen on Idpe-folie, aluminium, 9 x 2,5 m

5. Martin Maeller:
Untitled (in my dreams), 2022-23

Silkscreen on PMMA, 26,5 x 26,5 x 26,5 cm

6. Martin Maeller:
Untitled (catacomb kittens), 2022-23

Silkscreen on PMMA, 26,5 x 26,5 x 26,5 cm

7. P. Staff:
Weed Killer, 2017

HD video, 16' 49"

8. Marie Lukáčová:
Dragon and Fish, 2023

Acrylic paint, digital print, 286 x 250 cm

9. Adrián Kriška:
Spade, 2022

Ceramics, wood, 123 x 27 x 7 cm

10. Hynek Alt:
Untitled (Howl), 2023

CGI video, 42' 22"
In collaboration with Maxine Vajt

11. P. Staff:
Poems (ancient & celibate, eat clean ass only), 2020-2023

Holoprojection

12. Ellie Rae Hunter & Anni Puolakka:
Eyes Jr., 2021

HD video, 18'

13. In the space:
Petra Feriancová:
FABVLAE, 2018-2020

Engraved travertine marble, 9 pieces, 75 x 90 cm

14. In the space:
Ellie Rae Hunter & Anni Puolakka:
Siblings, 2019- 2021

Fabric, stones, pine branches, artificial hair, mixed media,
dimensions variable



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