

IGOR HOSNEDL
The Opening of the Wells

June 20-August 3, 2018

June 20, 1954
Nice, France

Dear Mikeš,

It was worth it. The ragged smoke from potato fires will shroud the start to next year's dandelion romance. Beside us, communist functionaries compromise advantageously, slumped in alternate readings of alkaline mud and plains grated down to silt sand. Two figures, thus pontine, bridge two totemically classificatory schemes. Together among performers, this is, parenthetically, a show of chromophilous hands.

Letnění: the drying out of ponds in summer. And, so, we spatter oatmeal among the grave goods and watch this space for a little status quo that does not come. In Polička, a hornet buzzing childhood nocturnes; in Vienna, a growling appetite for Beethoven's frieze mints machinic inclusions: rabbit skins for the museum's hierologies. In Berlin, a hollow as night doubles into lack of day; when we first arrived in New York it was then a gray market for windscreens or a parure of misremembrances. Thus, where claims to jurisdiction are typical signs of the grain of another's fields, we did find two of everything and charming dividers. Shaped like a molar, the gajdy dances quarter turns inlaid with unison tuning.

It's been days of searching for symmetrical faces, but we are just now noticing the tragic calm of the beneficiaries, saccades between grass snakes and sacrificial birds. The auditor repeats: a cosmos of geometric embellishments is to be the first work of design. A slipslop of polychrome apertures above Hoffman's stairs, likewise, sieves the stars full of rocks. "A cimbalom is built from the sour scent of sessile oak," others say among the standstill of things not to be mentioned. And, all sorts of nebula on the table, "The trick to realism is ellipsis."

The inorganic character of the ornamental envelope is a lake is a hole is the Janus-faced, terricolous laugh of anti-fragility and velvet divorces. They lobbed gobbets of bonito off the side of the boat, and you watched from one of five copses while one of us drank leisurely for a spell. By then we had long been singing of the pear pits that grew in the river and oozed sap as you bit them. Snow leopard harmonics are a ritual of huge pastels covetous of the slow chamois notoriously difficult to speak to.

Yours always,
D.R.

Igor Hosnedl (b. 1988, CZ; lives and works in Berlin). The artist gained his arts education at the Academy of Fine Arts Prague, where he studied under Jiří Kovanda, Vladimír Skrepl, Florian Pumhösl, Silke Otto-Knapp, Althea Thauberger, and Jitka Svobodová. Solo exhibitions: Downs & Ross, New York; Horizont Gallery, Budapest; Galerie Jelení, Prague; Café under the lindens, Prague; Studio of Ladislav Šaloun, Prague. Group exhibitions: PS 120, Berlin; Gallery Kostka, Prague; Hunt Kastner, Prague; Horizont Gallery, Budapest; Ponrepo Cinema, Prague; The Apartment of Adolf Loos, Pilsen; Adam Gallery, Brno; Nod Gallery,

Prague; Trafo Gallery, Prague.

Exhibition Checklist (Second Room, Clockwise from Entry)

Emerald Twilight

2018

Handmade pigments in glue on canvas

86 ^{1/2} × 55 in. / 220 × 140 cm

I open into dark

2018

Handmade pigments in glue on canvas

53 ^{1/2} × 35 ^{1/2} in. / 136 × 90 cm

Trees and Truths

2018

Handmade pigments in glue on canvas

86 ^{1/2} × 55 in. / 220 × 140 cm

Autumn Journey I

2018

Handmade pigments in glue on canvas

86 ^{1/2} × 55 in. / 220 × 140 cm

Autumn Journey II

2018

Handmade pigments in glue on canvas

53 ^{1/2} × 35 ^{1/2} in. / 136 × 90 cm