

IGOR HOSNEDL

Galerie EIGEN + ART Leipzig

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www.eigen-art.com

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In Hosnedl's dusty field of equivalence, where parts are shattered, flora and fauna merge, time is confused and depth is undermined, it's just surface, everywhere. Alternating between a surfeit and deficit of body parts, gestures and markers of the human, the completion of a figure is promised but withheld. This universe is an insistently fractured one, revealing asymmetries to equalise, diplopic images to reconcile, and cognitive and physical dissonances to resolve. Though unsettling, this sense of being both inside and outside a narrating self, produces a general, and familiar, atmosphere of ambivalence and opacity.

It is ambiguous as to whether the phantasmal creatures – often headless and organless – that populate Hosnedl's crepuscular, pulverous paintings are living or dead, or either. Are they undergoing formation or are they already disintegrating? If the artist's images are oneiric they are, more specifically, the ones drafted between dreams, that brief interval where delirium reloads itself. Together, the works form something of a fragmentary, paranoid dreamwork, with certain symbols and threats appearing over and over and never finding resolution: the claustrophobic chamber; the risk, and the event, of castration; the hand that cannot grab the knife in time; the pouch that must be guarded at all costs; the masked golem whose identity is recognised nonetheless.

Hosnedl dips his brush into pyres of coloured powder, sweeping the particles onto swathes of glue, his painted scenes play out in aseptic chambers that could be a workshop or repair shop; they might also be morgues or operation theatres. In their exclusion of outside stimuli they afford total attention to the task at hand. Everywhere tender nerve endings: frayed fibres, tangled cables, coiled tendrils, split ends, thirsty roots. Everywhere amputation and dismemberment. It should be said that the cut is always clean. This is a bloodless realm. The stuff of flesh is less animal, more vegetal – the cut endings reveal concentric circles, like the rings of a tree, or the xylem and phloem of a carrot.

The amputated limb-tendrils hybrids in Hosnedl's still lifes are often set in small glasses of water atop a desktop for safekeeping: the promise of a future propagation. New specimens will be bred from the injured parent stock, which is already showing signs of regeneration. The unrelenting drive of life beats on.

The glue, upon which Hosnedl disperses and crafts his ground up forms, dormant bodies and compressions of time, becomes the site not for repair but for adhesion. It becomes the petri dish in which the coalescence of Others, a sublime intermingling and fantastic cyborg building can take place. What do we want to do with it?

Biography

1988	Uherské Hradiště, Czechia lives and works in Berlin
2007 – 13	Academy of Fine Arts in Prague, Czechia, Drawing studium under Prof. Jitka Svobodová,
2020	Residency, The Fores Project, London, UK

Selection of solo and group exhibitions

2022	DISSONANCE, Platform Germany, Künstlerhaus Bethanien, Berlin DISEMBODIED, curated by Ben Lee Ritchie Handler, Nicodim, Bucharest, Romania In Between Dreams, Galerie EIGEN + ART Berlin
2021	Ká Quills' Room, EIGEN + ART Lab, Berlin RAPUNZEL, hunt kastner, Prague, Czechia Space and Place, Galerie EIGEN + ART Leipzig 10, PM/AM, London, UK
2019	Emerald Syrup from the Orchard of Promises, Fait Gallery, curated by Domenico de Chirico, Brno, Czechia Hundred liters of diet ink, EIGEN + ART Lab, Berlin