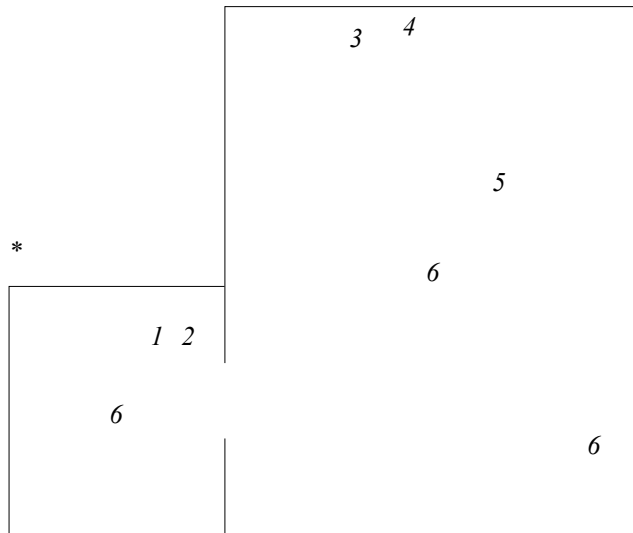


ANTON – a duo show by Anna Hostek & Bartholomaeus Wächter
04.04. - 22.04.25

cladding is the application of one material over another to create a protective or decorative layer. In construction, it provides thermal insulation and enhances the appearance of a space. In their new studio on Antonsplatz, Anna and Bartholomaeus removed the nest-like layers installed by the previous tenants. Some of these *claddings* have been transported to the exhibition space, where they have been rearranged into a kind of *Scheuklappe* – a spatial mind cuff spanning the entire room.



- 1 Bartholomaeus Wächter; *We are such stuff as dreams are made on (worm's eye view series)*, 2025, colour pencil on paper, artist frame, 59,4 x 84,1
- 2 Anna Hostek & Bartholomaeus Wächter; *A little studio situation*, 2025, work materials
- 3 Anna Hostek; *Faith*, 2025, textile, plastic, yarn, flourglue, ink, 58 x 76 x 11 cm
- 4 Anna Hostek; *Bar Szene*, 2025, textile, print on paper, yarn, flourglue, gold, ink, 48 x 223 x 11 cm
- 5 Bartholomaeus Wächter; *Untitled (jig, stretcher and residual image)*, 2025, Pom-C, PVC, aluminium, stainless steel, acetone print, 330 x 458 x 86 cm
- 6 Anna Hostek & Bartholomaeus Wächter; *ANTON*, 2025, Eight wooden panels (former walls of our Studio space at Antonsplatz 1100 Wien), nine neon fixtures and tubes (leftover fixtures and tubes of the recently installed light-system of our Studio)
- * *Your Studio, 3D Postcard Edition*, 2025, available on request

Many mornings my blanket feels like a first wall that I have to pass through in a ghost-like transition to enter the space of the day. This sensory distortion was further complicated when a package containing a weighted blanket arrived at my 3rd-floor Oberstübchen. “Filled with non-toxic glass pearls,” the label reads, “these innovative blankets exert deep pressure on the body, creating a feeling of cosiness and relaxation.” Once you get used to *staying down*, it’s actually not that bad. Without the drama of getting up and going down, time flattened into a soft, quiet haze – a process I enjoyed very much, as I have long held the intuition that my best work comes from the floor. For the first grounded years I have relied on padded surfaces such as carpets and blankets, until my skin had developed an even thickness formerly exclusive to the soles of my feet. I was surprised, however, by how long some seemingly very old instinct kept pulling me up, repeatedly finding myself in semi-upright positions like king cobra, then baby cobra, until I finally let go of these maybe territorial concepts of overview and control. Now, free from the horizontal gaze and its inherent dangers of accidentally looking out of a window to perhaps see the city, or even its inhabitants, I soon entered, as promised by the weighted blanket producer, a deep state of cosiness and relaxation. My cardiovascular system slowly calmed down too, from pumping streams to a still koi pond, a personal hydraulic shift reminiscent of the infamous Donauregulierung (1870–1876). The obvious first step was to elongate all my brushes and tools in order to reach the wall now ahead of me (formerly known as ceiling), and I was ready to begin my vertical production..