

HISTORY

Farmstudio is located on the premises of a historical farm in the village of Vysoká in the Kokořín region. The first documented owner was the farmer and bohemian **Antonín Horyna**, who at the beginning of the 19th century generously rebuilt and expanded the site. Horyna became famous not only as the owner of the largest farm in the area, but also as a **literary model** for the peasant Dolina in the short stories of the Czech writer Vítězslav Hálek. We can get an idea of his real, undeniably distinctive and **peculiar personality** from two references in historical sources. One shows that Horyna openly spoke out against the establishment in 1849, and the other is an obvious foreshadow of the future transformation of his farm into a cultural centre. The **first artistic performance** in the history of the Farmstudio, and probably in the world of art, was performed by Antonín Horyna in at the beginning 19th century:

“A troop of soliders walked through Prague along the Prikopy Street. Music played and Horyna peeked out of the hotel “At the Black Horse”. He walked in front of the troop and suddenly shouted “Halt!” – The troop stopped at once. The commanding officer was alarmed – who dared to stop them!? Horyna humbly approached the commanding officer and begged for punishment. He said, “I **saw the soliders so sweaty and tired**, I just wanted to invite all of them for a pint of Pilsner beer. But I didn’t know that I must not stop the troop.” The officer sternly replied that if he wanted to escape the punishment, he must immediately invite all the men for a glass of Pilsner. Horyna waited for this. When it turned out so well,



FARMSTUDIO JOURNAL

published by:

Farmstudio Association –
Centre for Arts and Culture

prepared/translated:

Pavel Matela a Barbora Chmelová

editorial address:

Farmstudio, Vysoká 26, 277 24

info@farmstudio.cz

graphic design:

Johana Kratochvílová / signatura.cz

he said – I will **invite everyone for two!** All we know about Horyna is that he unfortunately died childless and the farm changed owners several times. Finally, in 1908, the **Kabriel family** bought the farm and successfully managed it. They kept cattle, ran a brickyard and cultivated sugar beet and onions on a larger scale. From the 1930s they also opened a milk processing plant, which they supplied to the wider area. The family business and tradition were lost forever during the **communist coup** in 1948, followed by the confiscation of the private properties. The farm survived the period of so-called socialism, but any flourishing was out of question. This “stand-by” regime lasted until the change of the political system in 1989. However, it is worth mentioning that the inhabitants and employees of the farm during socialism did not deliberately destroy anything here and took care of the buildings used within the limits of their possibilities and motivation. The greatest devastation of the buildings and equipment occurred after 1990, when the entire site was completely **abandoned for almost 20 years** and the new owners gradually sold it off piece by piece for private building plots. In 2014, **Pavel Matela** became the owner of the “heart” of the former Horyna and then Kabriel’s lavish farmhouse, and he is trying to save and sensitively renovate it to create a venue for **contemporary live art**.



FARM STUDIO JOURNAL

ENGLISH
EDITION

ART &
CULTURE
BULLETIN

PERFORMANCE ART SINCE 1819

POETRY

Peter Schlemihl

(from the collection Pizza in a puddle)

For fire as long as everlasting,
I would be grateful,
so I strike a match, strike and strike,
Catching at the touch
My pockets are full of boxes
of burnt matches.



FOREWORD

Dear readers,
the issue of our magazine in English proves Farmstudio guilty of continuous and **tenacious activity**. We are ploughing the field of contemporary live art and expanding our perimeter of action into other areas of **non-mainstream culture**. Although we are a not-for-profit "leisure" organization, our dedication, knowledge and experience create a program shifting Farmstudio towards an increasingly well-known and respected institution. But we are also still learning, and we make mistakes. We are still a **"work in progress"**, like a plant that does not sprout sharp tendrils all at once, but takes root slowly, grows stronger and flourishes.

We run our own **exhibition and residency programme**, we present music, theatre and dance **performances**, creative workshops and for children, we are involved in volunteering, **ergotherapy**, nature protection and gardening activities. We also offer our facilities and space for use by anyone looking for a quiet place for concentration, contemplation or running their projects.

At the same time, the whole Farmstudio venue is undergoing a multi-year self-help **renovation**, in which we are putting all our remaining strength and resources. Unfortunately, our focus on contemporary live art does not allow for elementary economic self-sufficiency, and we thank all those who **support us**. From our adventurous boat on a stormy sea, we do not call for a rescue tug and evacuation, but instead we offer the opportunity to engage, participate and **sail together**.

Pavel Matela
Impresario

RECIPT

FRIED PEPPERS MACEDONIAN STYLE

Green peppers – cut off the top with the stem and remove the core with seeds. Keep the top cut off as a "lid". Grate the Balkan cheese, add chopped garlic, pepper and a whole egg. Mix everything together. Stuff the peppers with the resulting mixture, not quite to the brim and cover with the "lid" of the peppers. Fry in a frying pan in olive oil on all sides. Serve with white bread.

Hana Čížková



PERFORMANCE

MÁŠ TO ŠEL / YOU GOT IT CROOKED

glass and music improvisational performance,
Bohemia Farmstudio, 17. 9. 2022

written and directed by Pavel Matela and Miroslav
Liederhaus

performers Miroslav Liederhaus (glass furnace)
& craft team, Pavel Matela (drums), Wan Yuk Bun
(guitar, synthesizer, shakuhachi) & music team

Verštat, cvokajz, burgulec, hefták, pangl, kerbl, folajzl and bucna. And šoršár, paclšár and šmelc. Words of original meanings, no longer understandable, which have been twisted and distorted by the old glass-makers. And šel, originating from the German schief, meaning skewed, crooked, slanting, oblique and **incorrect**. Simply, the way we were told it shouldn't be. The way it is not following the norm, the standard, it does not conform to the rules and the code of our traditions, of our custom, of our time. Not the accepted way to do things. Máš to šel as a sentence condemning the work, diverting it straight to the dump site. But how do you **transcend an archetype** when it becomes an empty vessel and a worn-out model? How can you **hear the pure sound of noise**? How do you prolong the solidification of a substance for just a moment?

The performance Máš to šel takes the heavy steps **back to the origins**, our bodies hunched over by a heavy load of shapes, instruments and tones. By bridging the chambers between the artificial matter and the artificial sound, it seeks a space for a more **natural existence**. It becomes both the initiator and witness of embodiment of energy and matter. In an endeavour for a redemptive error in the tactical field of **experimenting mastery**. Attempting to defibrillate mentally through a method of metamorphosis of the viscosities of the matter and sound. To make music with glass and shape it through music. **Not just being there, but becoming it.**

EXHIBITION

LHOTKA-HARASOV

Jitka Králová (June 2021)

The creek bed is inaccessible. It's hard to walk off the roads here and it costs some effort. I often use the **animal trails** that criss-cross the area between the road and the hiking trail. They take detours but always lead to the water in the end. That's what I need. A fine net stretched over a large metal frame must not be torn. Carrying it through thorny bushes is dangerous.

In the current of the stream, I hook the net on a fallen log. Leaves, sticks and straws start settling on it immediately. I'll sew them on the net. The water is shallow, reaching the first quarter of the net. I have to **lie in the water while sewing**. I feel cold. I limit my movements to a bare minimum. Time here is measured by the flow of the water. When I raise my hand above the surface, dozens of tiny **worms wriggle** on



THANK YOU!

Transparent account for the renewal
of the historical farm buildings:
8280000828 / 2010

Transparent account to support the cultural
activities of Farmstudio-Centre for Art and Culture, z.s.:
313666313 / 2010

it. They bite gently into my skin. I quickly brush them off into the grass by the shore. Then I feel sorry for them. Next time, I'd better flick them gently with my finger in the water before the current carries them away.

It takes a long time to find a place for the second net. I walk along the creek and measure the depth of the water. If it's above my ankles, it's good. The water is muddier here below Lhotka. In some places, my foot will sink deep **into the pond silt**. It's hard to pull out. It smells of fish and decomposing biomass. And there are river mussels. When they get between the sole of the foot and the sandal, they cut my skin. I wade around the pond banks, looking for the right sort of mud.

I put it in a bucket and mix it with sand from the sandbanks under the rocks. Kneading it with my hands, squeezing out the water. Eventually, the mixture is the same colour as the sandstone rocks around it. It's not really important, but I'm very happy about it. I **think of the people who dug ornaments** into the rocks here, wanting to make their mark, leave their mark, make contact. I'm basically doing the same thing, just in a different way.

I'm retracking the route from Lhotka to Harasov. I walk past the rocks and imprint Adina, M, Z, 1876 and other engraved inscriptions and names and all the various circular holes and bowls, joints, mosses and lichens into the mud. I store it all in my backpack, take it with me. I cycle to Harasov and Lhotka. Apples, plums and pins ripen along the roads. I carry pockets full of them. They come in handy at night. At night **wait for everyone to go to bed**. I turn on the light in the gallery and on a large piece of paper I draw a record of my walk through the valley, of the fast and slow places, the rocks and views, the ponds, the road that split the valley in halves so sharply, and the motionless, dark corners with alder trees and nettles. Often the cats come and **lie down on my paper**. Then I go to sleep.

