

Death in Venice

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curated by Amanda Weimer

26.05.2023 – 28.05.2023

CHESS

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*“Anarchy on ice freak flag flying faceless elitist*

*Crow on the down low end*

*Reppin' Orion's belt*

*Atlantis ancient vagina*

*Getting dusty on the shelf*

*Enter the pigs don't get it*

*No hands I'm shattering jaws*

*Double nickles on the dime*

*Fuck glam can lick my balls”*

*MC Ride*

Water carrying dirt and trash crawling through the surface of a tainted ruin of a European empire, a sinking trashfuck, a melting pot of traders and sailors and whores, as they all put pretty faces on going to the masquerade while carrying the weight of the expectation of romance one is always longing for — the city of Venice as the display of the infamous story giving its name to the exhibition.

Far off all the glory has faded, the palazzos have rotten from the inside, but every two years the art world sets their miu miu soles on those floors and gondolas and drink till every barrel of champagne is run dry, throwing their coke bags into the water killing the last pesce sobbing in the bouillon of the river.

The bourgeois physiognomy of their fading yearnings only unravels the visible surface to what it covers with the invisible: the gloomy light of hidden lust and self-despair that make the City look like a stage for a soap opera, fooling with a cheap pattina, full of scum, beauty and death.

With what is left from his life-force, an older man is putting makeup on trying to attract a young boy by adding layers of monstrosity and separation on his shriveled face. What was he really trying to achieve: Is it a doomed desperate narcissism, an attempt to cling on to a fading beauty of his own by clinging onto the disappearing image of Tadzio? Or a naive desire for immortality, a petty fear of *not existing anymore* — the curse that Christianity left on its conquered land such a long long long time ago ?