

# CHÂTEAU SHATTO

*To The End of The Line*

Curated by Marta Fontolan

Opening Saturday, November 22

6 – 9 pm

Through January 7

For isn't the life of a man a momentary booziness of the soul? And an eclipse of the soul as well?

Aids 3D

Rosa Aiello

Sam Anderson

Marco Bruzzone

Skye Chamberlain

Simon Denny

Matias Faldbakken

Gilbert and George

Calla Henkel and Max Pitegoff

Morag Keil and Marlie Mul

Jason Matthew Lee

Raimundas Malasauskas

Win McCarthy

Seth Pick

Stephen G Rhodes

Benedicte Sehested

Lucie Stahl

A screening by Stuart Sherman

Château Shatto is delighted to announce the group exhibition *To the End of the Line* curated by Marta Fontolan.

And you Venya? Moscow – Petushki to the end of the line as usual?

The exhibition *To The End of the Line* refers to Venedikt Erofeev's prose poem *From Moscow to Petushki* written between 1969 and 1970 in Moscow. After traveling via samizdat through Israel and Europe, the poem was finally published in the Soviet Union thanks to the literary almanac *Vest* in 1989 during the time of the Perestroika, Mikhail Gorbachev and his glasnost policy reform.

Considered the first example of Russian postmodernism, *Moscow to Petushki* is a metaphysical train journey, narrated by a quasi-autobiographical speaker whose individual quest provides an opportunity for an extended discussion about history, philosophy and politics. Erofeev takes the chance to question Russia's cultural heritage and Soviet contemporary life during some heavily censored times. This political and private poem embodied a silent disavowal of dominant concepts in the political discourse of the late Soviet period.

And he immediately had a drink. . .

The exhibition takes advantage of looking at the world through the lens of an empty bottle and through the mindset of a hangover. What seems to be celebrated in this historical poem – and what the show hopes to gain from – is the ability of alcohol to both allow and increase wayward thoughts. It lets the mind wonder while society's dogmas often don't. It celebrates the blurry and visionary state of the hangover and the journeys which take us nowhere. It tells about the powerful visions of disenchantment.

# CHATEAUSHATTO

The road from Moscow to Petushki is a subjective and fictive one – the need for escape from reality and the deep desire for criticizing it.

For Some reason no one in Russia knows why Pushkin died but how to refine furniture polish – that, everybody knows...

Tear of a Komsomol Girl

Lavender Toilet Water	15g
Verbena	15g
Herbal Lotion	30g
Nail Polish	2g
Mouthwash	150g
Lemon Soda	150g