

THE END. AFTER BEFORE

BLIND ADAM's [Thanos Kyriakides'] work is about the hands and imagination. He invents worlds connected by thread, knits, paints, assembles, creates large and small sculptural installations in spaces that he has felt and organized by touch.

His theme revolves, as a narrative, around the immaculate space, the immaterial, the chthonic and the confrontation of the forces it produces, for good and evil. And his sculptures, detect ideas that exalt death but also the divine crime, as we know it from the texts of the revolutionary poets. This is the area of evil where, the perpetrator and the victim, in the history of civilization, is the man who tries to illuminate his space by exorcising it.

BLIND ADAM himself, referring to his sculpture and the symbols it produces, speaks of the heart of the creator-murderer which is cruel and rough. For the truth of death, the decay of matter and its surrender to apathy, as well as the power of a hopeless catharsis.

The works of BLIND ADAM, let's call them ceremonial pieces, compose again, in his own "words" what has already been said. The pieces that complete the puzzle of his bizarre workshop entitled "The End After Before" are in the field of nowadays that coexists with the one that has passed, but has not left. And it returns, forever to re-exist, looking for an answer in our time.

Down the Catacomb, in the basements of the Russian Church, the works are far from being the usual exhibits. Their role is not that of an artwork but rather that of a 21st century fragment that coexists with the finite, the sanctuary of Apollo Lykeios, the fallen columns, the remains of the baths, the Byzantine Monument of the 11th century, the ossuary of St. Nicodemus, the later "Holy Trinity". A well-hidden - difficult to access space, with its own traces and fragments. A mosaic that could hardly be distinguished, yet it exists, the bones of the 11th century first owners, a performance of an ancient reception where the deceased bids farewell to his family.

Time here is dense, the end of each era is the beginning of the next, while human presence cannot be but pure and innocent since it is the product of effort, while the relationship between man and the divine is consensual. The liquid element, the water that the visitor feels only as humidity, floats in the atmosphere, as the beginning and the end of a genesis.

The complex history of a city with a changing population, tormented by the infection of viruses and social strata, our modern mute and terrified art, in the deadlock of the market, the shock that has overtaken us, the era of the internet and global webbing, occasionally suffocating us, create discussions once again since all seek a meaning. Yes, you can look at your neighbor the Parthenon or see the virtual image of Botticelli's Venus or Rembrandt's old man in his self-portrait. Yet, you can find your "treasure" in the ugliness of your own demonic time.

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