The sun is not yellow, it's chicken
Victoria Pidust

5 December 2025 - 20 February 2026
OPENING 4 DECEMBER 2025, 6 - 9 PM

The sun is not yellow, it's chicken — says Bob Dylan in his lyrics.

Upon entering Victoria Pidust exhibition, I encounter two large prints of chickens. The sight momentarily unsettles my sense of reality. For a few strange seconds, the chickens feel both generated and hyperreal — as if they exist somewhere between worlds.

Pidust looks at the world through her iPhone lens. In her series iphone zooms, she pushes the zoom function of this mundane device to its limits, creating an abstraction within our otherwise clearly defined vision of the world. Suddenly, colors become sensational, the grain becomes impressionistic, and ordinary objects are revealed through a microscope of imagination.

Dino, Chicken, Pulpo, and Egg are waving at me and I am not sure what it all means, but it fills me with joy and awkwardness. Victoria tells me that the images were taken with her iPhone and underwent only minimal post-production. I am wondering: When technology is literally at everyone's fingertips, where does art begin?

Pidust's exhibition offers only four images from her densely packed iPhone camera roll. This careful selection makes the endless flood of images we encounter daily seem almost obscene. Every large printed image has a smaller counterpart - a large chicken opposite a small chicken. Each work asserts its presence and reveals how scale affects perception. This is not a purely conceptual exercise but an insistence on how transformative the physical encounter with an image is. Each size creates a distinct experiences.

I think it's funny, that Victoria took my (and many peoples') urge to take candid photos for our online persona to a whole new level: a personal expression suddenly stands in relation to the wider world. It makes me think of Wolfgang Tillmans and his way to break hierarchies of hanging and choosing subjects, and him paying attention to seemingly unimportant moments.

Pidust elevates something, everyone is trying to use for their personal aesthetic reasons. But she goes beyond aesthetics revealing something grotesque and ambiguous. Boldly, she confronts what photography struggles with today: an unthinkable tool (iPhone) producing unthinkable quality (pixelated) from mostly unthinkable subjects (Dino, Chicken, Pulpo, and Egg).
It's photos that don't try to be photographs.

Now, enjoy Dino, Chicken, Pulpo, and Egg. Nothing here is yellow—but thinking about it, it's true: the sun is not yellow either. Only in kid's drawings. Next time I step outside, I will look at the sun properly.