

CROOKED MIRROR

The anarchist is the real Girl of fashion, gossip will tell you. Not the one who follows the fashion, but the one who have the will to introduce something truly new and dangerous.

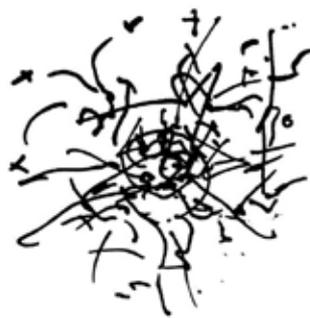
Illustration: Asta Plum

She is now, what She didn't was the day before. all her magic contained in that transition, she will, if anyone try to make up something for the doomed. Holy Mother, I been in a summer school all week discussing failed communist future, surplus values of branding and rumors, poison space of identity politics, I was in lecture 9 hour a day and in the evening I went out drinking and discussing geopolitics. Long Island ice tea made some furious discussions. When everything was over, I took a bus 3 hours to my favorite town in world, Venice, that city is the most sexy place I know. It's like livin in a mix of a very beautiful museum and a very expensive shopping mall, I always get super horny while I'm here. Everything is sexy, I even find the police here sexy. It's a crazy life here, I couldn't stop myself buying a bra glittered up with Swarovski, it's kind of an object, she told It will last a life time. Here I'm one of the Filini girls walking in my high heels down shopping Raddichio and Figs. I'm one of the Manara girls while I'm walking home alone. I'm the real actress of Venice, there needs to be the one for the movie scene, this city is made of the love of costumes. The city of parades. Masks, it's always been an island of plays and games, an Island of actors. So I'm thinking here, maybe Venice was the first to call the modernity, It's crucial, think about it. Venice is a construct of culture, 118 small islands made in to pompous palaces and small close streets, connected with 400 bridges and glued with money. It could now form a legend of the absolute. A legend with the Amazon's forest as the absolute nature and Venezia as absolute culture. Nothing is profane anymore and we need to take care of what is last. We can only go forth, that's important. I'm crying while I'm looking at history, but there's no way out of misery, it's a paranoia. We need the future

I visited the natural history museum they had all rooms full of stuffed animals, I was almost puking of sadness while I looked to all this empty eyes of Murano glass, elephant feet's as sockets for Abyssinian birds, a big Congolese gorilla with white spread body as it gave up, so you could shoot it one more time, my heart breaks while I'm looking at the long necks cut of from giraffes, this is the real cruelty of the civilization, in all it's stupidity and greed, It never thought there would only be this empty skin left from the wild life. Tears running, I can't stop myself for whispering a sorry, I'm so sorry and it will hurt my heart forever. But at least there is a hope in this old surface, when entering the new interactive museum with the animals in bubbles flying around your head, u feel like all this is already long gone and nothing is to be saved anymore. What's left is this never ending amusement park, the mousetrap.. Xo Mira

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CROOKED MIRROR - a weekly column - Det Kosmiske Hierarki



**Restaurant Spiseloppen serverer
nu også dagens vegetarret**

Åbningstider:
Tirsdag – Lørdag: 17.00 – 23.30
Søndag og mandag: lukket.

Det varme køkken lukker kl. 21:30
og dessert køkken kl 22:00.