

Home Video  
Flora Fritz

11 January - 28 February

There is a specific kind of silence in the newly developed outskirts of cities that have become ubiquitous in recent years. I recognize them instantly, whether in Amsterdam or elsewhere. It is a landscape defined by massive lakes or manicured parks, places constructed to offset housing density. These sites are forced into existence by a mix of complete randomness and complete determination, creating an environment that feels simultaneously developed and entirely artificial. In her new body of work, Flora Fritz captures the profound discomfort of these spaces, looking specifically at the periphery of Amsterdam to place her interest into digital image generation in direct dialogue with the slow, physical reality of landscape painting.

The connection between the two starts on the surface. Fritz primes her canvases with a specialized gray gesso, a material typically used for video projection to absorb light. This choice transforms the painting into a dormant monitor awaiting a signal. On this ground, she depicts these “non-iconic” suburban views with a deliberate sense of suspension.

Fritz approaches these physical spaces with the same logic she applies to her digital practice. Having long explored the malleability of truth through pre-trained image generation models, she now turns that skepticism toward the physical world. She documents the suburbs with a “distance from judgment”, an attempt to describe the scene accurately but through a medium that inherently fails to capture the precision of reality.

Punctuating this series of landscapes are other works from Fritz’s previous investigations into AI generated imagery. Their presence acts as a deliberate interruption to the stillness of the suburbs. Like the sharp hum of a synthesizer interrupting a piano concerto, these works break the uniformity of the view, reminding us of the algorithmic roots of the artist’s thinking. They serve as anchors, reinforcing that the logic governing the “fake” landscapes is identical to the one governing the digital image.

Home Video behaves like a series of buffering screenshots. Edges dissolve and forms seem to hover, capturing the feeling of a reality that is still “loading.” By connecting the mechanical logic of the algorithm with the limitations of the hand, Fritz suggests that whether we are looking at a digital hallucination or a real lake in the suburbs, we are witnessing a constructed reality that might, at any moment, simply disappear.

Home video

Who steals during a fire shall be thrown into the fire  
(Code of Hammurabi 1754BC)

My uncle told my sister and I that his biggest dream in life was to film at the moment of the apocalypse.

He would watch a lot of Phoenix and N24 and tell us that one man during the cold war refused to fire the nuclear weapons and how nobody knows his name.

He fell from the balcony of his home on the 11th floor so he will not film the apocalypse. My aunt lives there now.

Aunts bring up a somewhat biographical reason for loving. Like their youth or getting pregnant. She's loved him forever. Riding the roller coaster with me and Amelie while he does something else on the computer. Gently something else.

People have their own time.

It would be good if some adults were less industrious. Like conscious experience is a trap to them, where they make moves constantly or even make new children.

They introduce ideas like rare earths and how to think about rare earths in a way that is racist.

I found out later that

Adorno describes 'the new' as a blank page in consciousness, awaited as if with shut eyes. He also says it makes evil flower.

Are Tender situations true? An imaginary hare of human proportions.

Kathy Acker. The only nation is the nation of imagination.

It Never Entered My Mind. Miles Davis Quintet

*Flora Fritz*