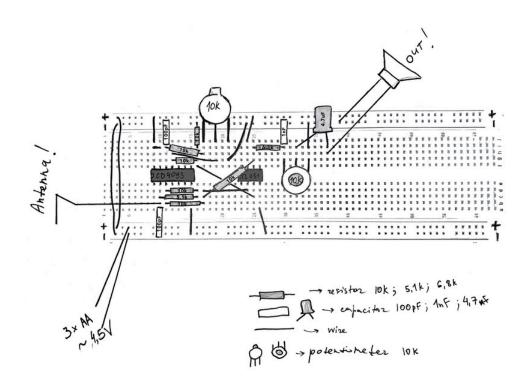




"How one becomes a Foucault Pendulum" in Energy and Technology museum Turbine hall, Vilnius. Selection of big format diagrams presented ambigious instruction on becoming a foucault pendulum mentally, mechanically, through basics of biotech, overthinking body mobility and being deeply hyper verbal about rhythmical bipolarity (literally). One of the diagrams "A Human Lives Few Times" documents resurrection of a flying human, helicopter into a butterfly, but I wouldn't put it like this into one sentence.

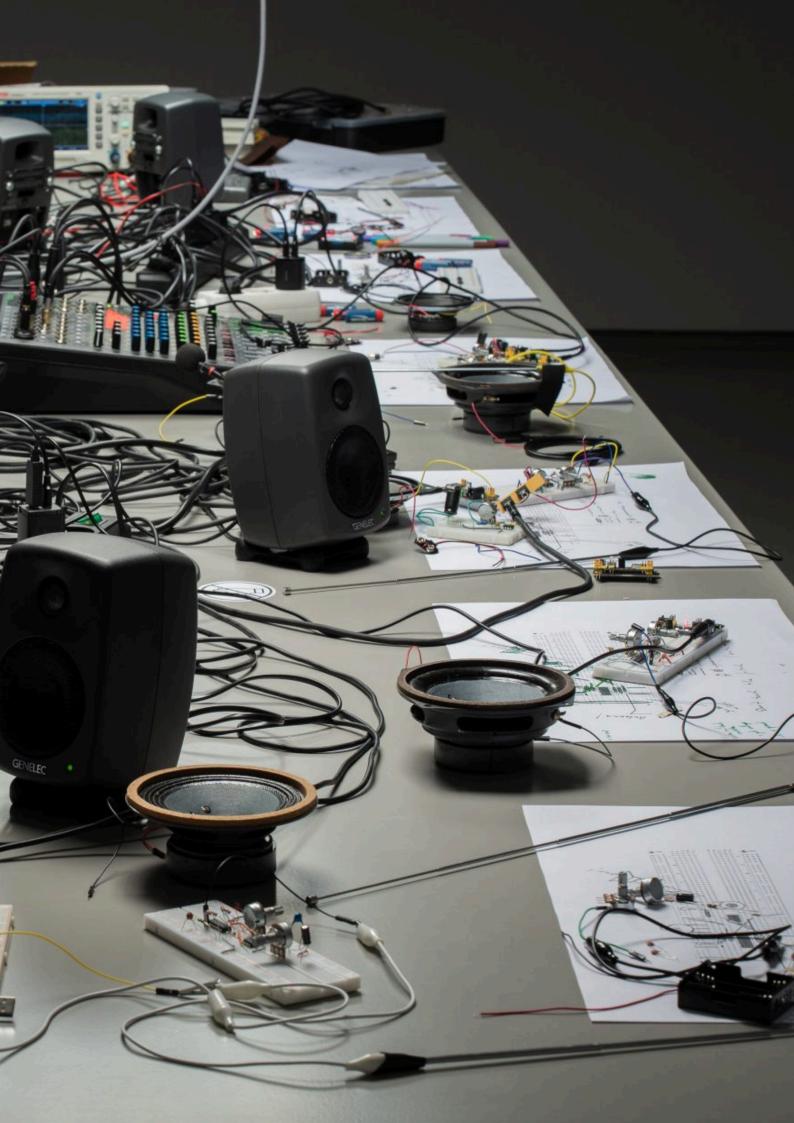






"How one becomes an Antenna" in National Art Gallery in Vilnius, a misunderstood living desk that has become a radio body. Whether an obsession with workshops or over explaining, my point was that if you touch the antenna - you detune position sensors and everything and activate central gloom, ether gets disturbed, it's like touching ones heart core. I've repeated multiple times not to ever touch the pitch, it was ruining my life (i'm fine). It speaks, if you listen; during the workshops we were constructing prototypes of space controlled instruments, their oscillators were generating the audible noise, it was beautiful, it revealed what i'd call local radio sky. As a thereminist, I am a hater, and if spying means playing, I'm actively sharing how to build all these circuits.









"How one speaks Copper-Tongues" in "Klaipėda Energy" power plant Turbine hall, an immersive temporary omnidirectional installation of sound system prototypes, if I must. It was 20 transducers that tried to communicate and speak (literally) to their near standing silent siblings, turbogenerators. Power plant is known to be inactive but ready to work in case of emergency in Klaipeda. Unfortunately, I had an emegency - organizers, for some reason, marketed my installation as a "concert" which brought there over 100 people. I told them to be super quiet if they are willing to listen, as they planned to. My transducers were unamplified, and we all shared whispers, and it was getting dark, I was happy finally to hear one of the metal dishes saying silently: "I'm stuck above, i move down, to the river, into the void and back; I'm above, down, to the river, into the void....and back...I'm above"





"How one levitates safely" in Tallinn City Gallery was an installation and my long concentrated talk. My verbal storytelling again was a reflection on technical, biomechanical and mental ways a person transforms into a Foucault pendulum, a flying machine, a Luftmensch, or a radio body. Accidentally, I've talked there about my whole being, and forgot about many things I've said. But if I linger long enough, I will remember.

