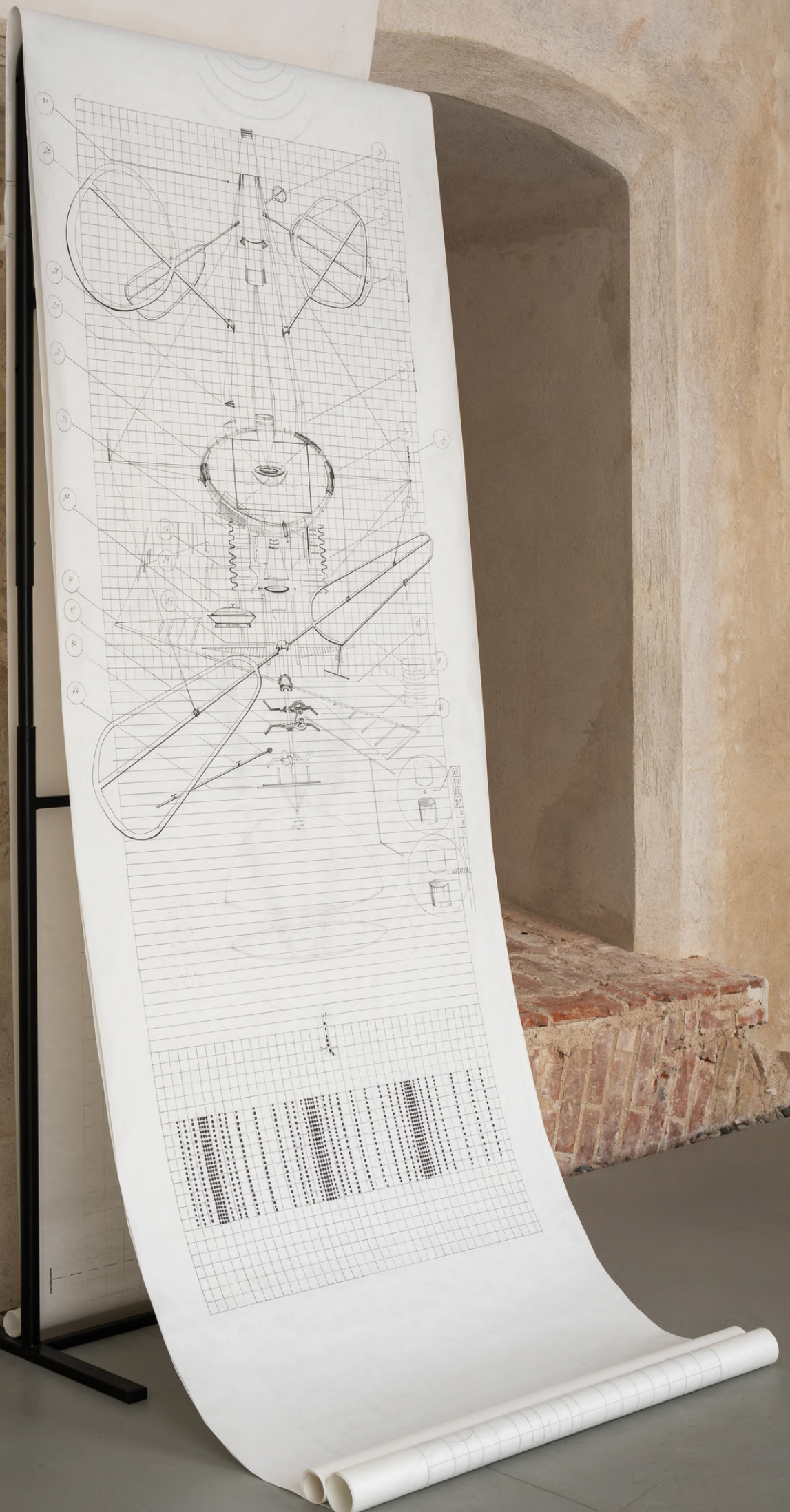










"Fortune whispers when the static is rising" solo exhibition at Sapieha Palace, Vilnius. Another title said "How one becomes the remnant of the big bang". Diagrammatic drawings, number station radio transmission, transducer, lottery machines of unseen prizes, levitator, series of mysterious tea workshops "Cosmic tea machines". An intense story of surviving and transmitting a health crisis, of grief finding its voice in the radio or tv static, a lottery where everybody is a winner, an extended series of drawings that hold every possible survival scenario in a narrative where articulation was failing and the worlds collapses repeatedly.



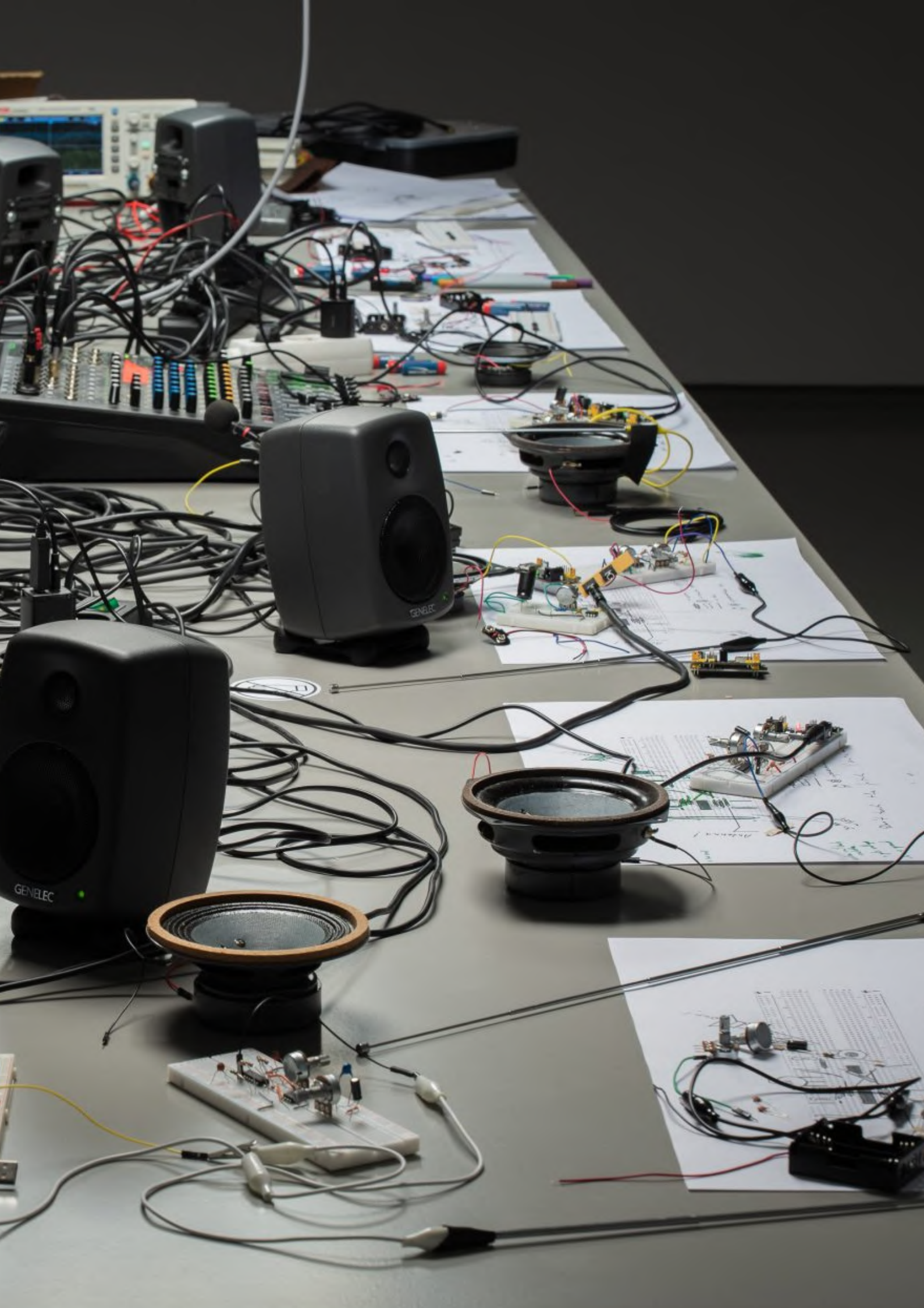


“How one becomes a Foucault Pendulum” in Energy and Technology museum Turbine hall, Vilnius. Selection of big format diagrams presented ambiguous instruction on becoming a foucault pendulum mentally, mechanically, through basics of biotech, overthinking body mobility and being deeply hyper verbal about 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.











AEG

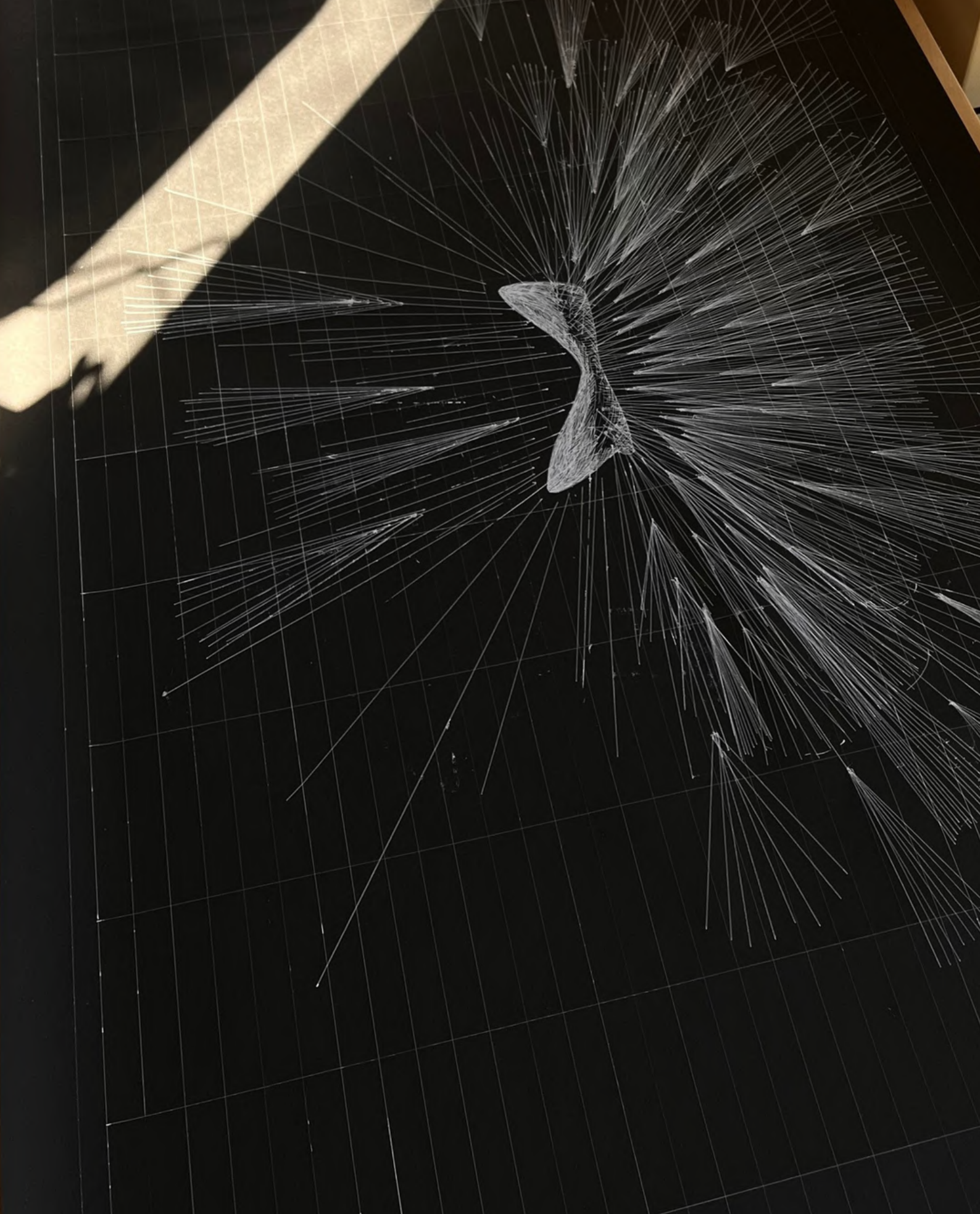


“How one speaks Copper-Tongues” in “Klaipėda Energy” power plant Turbine hall, an immersive temporary omnidirectional installation of sound system prototypes, if I must. It was 20 transducers that tried to communicate and speak (literally) to their near standing silent siblings, turbogenerators. Power plant is known to be inactive but ready to work in case of emergency in Klaipėda. Unfortunately, I had an emergency - 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.



"How one selects their own routines, then shuts the door" excerpt from the ongoing series of drawings. In this drawing there is depicted a wild tea tree antenna conspiracy.

FACTS ARE STRANGER THAN FICTION

