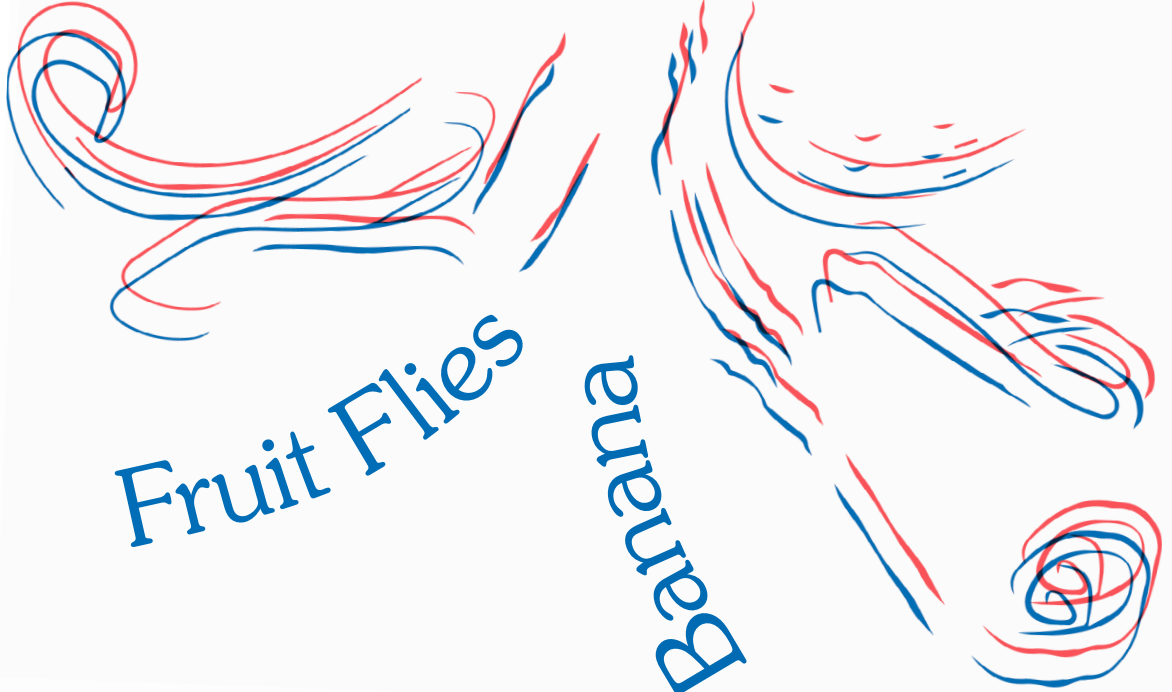




ΙΔΡΥΜΑ
ΤΗΝΙΑΚΟΥ
ΠΟΛΙΤΙΣΜΟΥ
CULTURAL
FOUNDATION
OF TINOS



Time Flies Like an Arrow,



Fruit Flies

Like a Banana

27.07.—
31.10.2015

DOROTA GAWEDA
Ophidians, 2015.



She chooses her technology: a skin-deep sleep and sudden awakening as if called by a bugle, a signal, an alarm, a cry, a scent, a rustle, a breeze, an insect or snake, pulse of a prey or threat pulsing death, sacrifice without idol. A shining black snake with carmine red rings lies coiled in the grass in the sun. Her body seems to be mineral, a sort of a jet. If touched with the tip of a finger she barely stirs. She barely stirs even when she is picked up to be used as an ornament, when she is coiled lengthwise round the neck, the chest, the waist. Replaced on the ground she seems to go to sleep. In this connection she recalls the existence of an ancient sect, the Ophidians, who used to worship snakes. She demonstrates one of their ritual gestures, one phase of which, consists of kissing the snake. Then she puts her lips to her neck indulging into the sensation of the black scales.

DOROTA GAWEDA
Turritopsis dohrnii, 2015.



She is a huge fan of LAQ skins, she uses her own shapes and spent many, many hours getting her avi to look as she wants her to, but there are a lot of good skins out there to choose from, she just has to keep looking until she finds the one that fits her morphing extremities. All of her embedded spaces are the result of not merely two strings hanging from the end of an open, if concealed mouth, but many strings tying and retying the body and its contents. All her polypous becomings arising from a single planula are her genetically identical clones. Tied together with red string. If she is exposed to environmental stress or physical assault, or is sick or old, she can revert to the polyp stage, forming a new polyp colony. She does this through the cell development process of transdifferentiation, which alters the differentiated state of her cells and

transforms them into new types of cells. These form membranes that follow the mesh of her body. If she wants to buy a shape, body doubles is a place to go where she can find a variety of multiple shapes that are matched to her specific skins. She personally loves Elysium skins.

She also likes Dreese skins, New Faces and Glance. Theoretically, this process of exfoliation can go on indefinitely, effectively rendering her biologically immortal. The red line circles the line and she sees no end of it and no beginning.

DOROTA GAWEDA & EGLÉ KULBOKAITĖ
She wanders through the cities of deserted islands, Video, 2015.

Works by Dorota Gaweda and Eglė Kulbokaitė were conceived of in close relation to the online exhibition on the Museum of Post Digital Cultures *She wanders through the cities of deserted islands and six episodes of Young Girl Reading Group* that happened throughout May-June in-between Isteria, Greece, Berlin, Germany, and Basel, Switzerland.

Human beings live there already, but as uncommon humans, they are absolutely separate, absolute creators, in short, an idea of humanity, a prototype, a woman who would be a goddess, a great Amnesiac, a pure Artist, a Cyberflesh Girmonster, a consciousness of Earth and Ocean, a follower of the Sun, a software engineer, an enormous hurricane, a beautiful witch, a statue from the Easter Islands. Each in relation to each other, to the animal, to the plant, to the stone. Even voluntarily, she is not identical to the movement that puts her on the island, she is unable to join with that what produced the island, and she always encounters it from the outside. As now, she sees the new geography displaces the old, the digital subject becoming more visible than the physical subject. She wishes that geography and the imagination would become one. That her thousand of tiny sexes, epithelium and bone, her charged atmospheres, swords, canvases to paint on, arms with at least eight dildos, tentacle legs, her lobes, her grasses, her peoples would become part of this landscape. For those conquering a digitally underrepresented region of the world, she is the final of final.

EGLÉ KULBOKAITĖ
Hypersea I // To escape the banal-terrestrial like angels, 2015.



She continues, speed-reading for herself, speaking for herself, incorporating herself with plurals, a vampire, a Lucy,

who is eating everything, appending everything, linked in, like Diogenes, dishing up water with hands, getting rid of her cup. When she first appeared, in the seas, it was a sudden thing. Very quickly she filled the oceans from deep sea to shoreline. She began the infiltration of estuarine and freshwater environments and could soon be found under damp rocks ... and eventually ... kilometers underneath ... seesoo, the necessity—hrss—of this existence, rssees, oos, iimpossible to make-just. This is language moving into the sea as her very bodies might, swinging arms around, ending up newly buoyant somewhere between her watery mov-ing energy and the human facility with mimesis. Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rssees, oos... In cups of rocks she slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels: seesoo, hrss, rssees, oos. If the history of bacteria was going on, not alongside but within the history of multicellulars, and what if she should seesoo, hrss, rssees, oos understand herself on the basis of symbiotic populations of microorganisms, what shape could she take in the coming era of motherless fatherless births...

—DOROTA GAWEDA (Poland) is an artist and writer based in Berlin and Basel. Together with Eglė Kulbokaitė she is co-initiator of YOUNG GIRL READING GROUP and Agatha Valkyrie Ice. Gaweda is a graduate of RCA, London and currently co-directs OSLOIO in Basel, Switzerland.

—EGLÉ KULBOKAITĖ (b. 1987, Vilnius, Lithuania) is an artist, writer, and curator. She is working within a few extended collaborations including the post-gender avatar Agatha Valkyrie Ice, developed with artist Dorota Gaweda as well as the magazine *Good Times & Nocturnal News* produced with artist Carl Palm. Under Agatha Valkyrie Ice, Kulbokaitė co-directs OSLO10 in Basel, Switzerland.

CARL PALM

I CAN'T SEE WHY NOT SAID THE SNOWBLIND SHISHA CHAIN-CHOKING SEASHELL SHELLY SCHUMACHER & CHILLELY SHIVERED HER SHOESHINED SCHOTTISCH SHOULDERS SHABBY-CHICLY IN A CHILLAXED SHANGHAIAN CHIMICHURI SHELTER. Fabric, 2015.

—CARL PALM (b. 1980, Sweden) is an artist based in Stockholm. He builds hybrid discourses generated form conversations between objects of a plural nature. The concept of "mixed media" finds here a clearer sense through his approach to objects: it considers relations of resemblance and contrast inside the exhibition room, the changing significance of goods through changes and displacement, and sculpture's own memory. Not that far from animism, Palm approaches a wide sculptural practice from a post-curatorial behaviour, researching the inner capacity of objects to interact inside the white-cube, being especially sensitive to their previous story outside of the museum.

PAKUI HARDWARE
Mei Piech Chi

Dionysos marble, Tinos marble, tripod, Nike sports bag, various textiles, 2015.



PAKUI HARDWARE
Toop Toop Toop.ppt, Power Point template, loop, 2015.

This kind of mutation was hot for a season or two. Now, the only way to return it is to smuggle it back in. Back to the canon of urban mythologies. Inscribe it marble rather than spray-paint it on a subway wall. *Mei Piech Chi is the new Venus*.

PAKUI HARDWARE* is the name (coined by Alex Ross) for the collaborative artist duo Neringa Černiauskaitė and Ugnius Gelguda. They track Capital travelling through bodies and materials. Their latest solo exhibitions include: MUMOK, Vienna (forthcoming), kim? Contemporary Art Center, Riga, Jenifer Nails, Frankfurt, Contemporary Art Centre, Vilnius, 321 Gallery, Brooklyn, New York, NADA New York.

MIKO KUORINKI
Objects described with words to a marble carver, a potter and a weaver, 2015. Collaboration with Giorgos Agallou (marble), Bernhard Aicher (ceramic), Ekaterini & Marietta (cloth).

Instructions given to a marble carver: choose the marble suitable for the object (white/light grey), maximum point dimensions: height 2 cm, length 35 cm, width 20 cm, no straight lines, amoebic shape (asymmetrical), one small rhombus carved (but not in the centre of the object), 3 cm diameter hole goes through the object (but not in the centre), object is sort of a shadow or cosmos or puddle.

Instructions given to a potter: unpainted & unglazed clay, hand created structure, surface has irregularities, maximum point dimensions: height 30 cm, length 10 cm, width 13 cm, object can stand stably on a flat surface, object is hollow, object has two "chambers" (storages), one big, one small, object is a little bit deformed, object is somehow related to a hand (to be held), maybe it has a small handle (for the hand of child), object has a wavelike pattern as decoration.

Instructions given to a weaver: size approximately 100 cm x 100 cm, colour of the fabric: white/natural white (the weaver can choose the shade), small pattern with plant green colour (the weaver can choose the shade): two thin slightly curving flowers stems, the length of the weavers hands, placed near the corners on the opposite sides

of the tablecloth (weaver can choose the exact position and the shape of the patterns).

MIKO KUORINKI
You look at your bones gone loose scattered in all directions. Poem, 279 words, 2015.

you are digital silence you are autistic nature you are silent oracle you are mediocre you are immersed in mindless bullshit which you fetishise you are a container you are soft light you are a pathfinder you are guided by flowers you are mistaken you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are surrounded by water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter thingy you wash away the handshake you carry an object across the room you lay in the bed and talk you lack meaning you rub your right eye you try to hold on to things passing by you buy outdoor gear for being homeless you look at your bones gone loose scattered in all directions you know more than I know you rub yellow jam with your feet on the table legs you slowly lose meaning you say "shit, I'm sorry man" you drink a non-alcoholic beer you crack the glass you melt the steel you seek warmth you feel the pull you feel empty you go for a jog you observe the sky you observe the trees you chew a melatonin pill you eat the language you give easy answers you give into the void you unlock the phone you wake up in a hollow room you experience no time you don't know what "tangible" means you download cries and whispers you eat a hot dog you think about if it's ok to mix paracetamol and alcohol you sit inside a car with a slightly shattered window you have a gracious face you have eyes you have no input you have legs your lips are glossy your eye gets clogged-up

—MIKKO KUORINKI (b.1977, Finland) holds a BA in photography from Turku Art Academy and an MFA from the University of Arts and Design, Helsinki. He has held solo exhibitions at the Contemporary Art Center in Vilnius and The Finnish Museum of Photography in Helsinki.

JENNIFER TEETS
The contingency of cheese (Tinos) Cheese, pantyhose, ribbon, broomstick, stamp, three Tinos woven reed baskets, 2015.



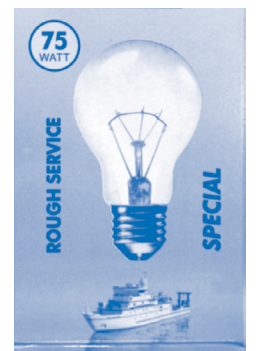
Energy and disjunction, metabolics, political crutches and ambulations, body tapping, and the lactic process as an activity on Tinos Island, 2015. With special thanks to each of the cheese makers and goat farmers interviewed and met on Tinos Island in July 2015.

—JENNIFER TEETS (b. 1978, Texas, USA) is a curator, writer, and researcher. Her research and writing combines inquiry, sciences studies, philosophy, and ficto-critique, and performs as an interrogative springboard for her curatorial practice. In 2014, she initiated Elusive Earths (w/ Lorenzo Cirrincione) as a research methodology and a continuous transforming exhibition body.

LORENZO CIRRINCIONE
Heures sans soleil, 2015. Cupboard, school books, didactic materials, election poll records (?–1969–?), found in the building formerly occupied as a public school at the village of Isteria, Tinos.

White marble, premier light bulb "Rough Service Special", 75 Watts.

Keychain, archival dust.



—LORENZO CIRRINCIONE (b. 1973, Paris, France) is a philosopher, curator, and artist. He is currently writing on early modern scientific collections and how they challenge us today and stretch beyond obsolete ideas of artistic privilege and appropriation. Since 2004, Lorenzo Cirrincione has also co-directed France Fiction, an artistic and curatorial entity that has organized over eighty exhibitions in France and abroad.

Time was once measured by running water, sand, and, besides flying like an arrow, it was running like a river; possibly, as a river of sand. Your tablet's touchscreen, the one that shows, but also waists our time, may be produced from the same sand.

After he became blind, the Argentinean writer Jorge Luis Borges visited the pyramids in Cairo. There he scooped up a handful of sand and sifted it through his fingers. When asked what he was doing he replied, "I am rearranging the Sahara." Like the internet or any other vast amount of information or material, the desert and the ocean have no beginning or end, and may be called hyperobjects as coined by Timothy Morton. Hyperobjects are so massively distributed in time and space that they transcend spatiotemporal specificity, such as global warming, Styrofoam, or radioactive plutonium. Living with, between, or even inside the aforementioned hyperobjects—like how plankton lives in the ocean, or how sand runs in the desert and in one's palm, we also rearrange the real and metaphorical Sahara and oceans, don't we?

If you prefer, another example comes to mind—the weather. In physics and other sciences, a nonlinear system is a system where the output is not directly proportional to the input. In a similar manner, the exhibition was curated by non-linear dynamics: algae, yeast, calendar, the moon, Venus and Jupiter, making a perfect triangle in the sky just before the opening, showering in marble quarries, a referendum, goat's mating season, the wind, and many more objects and factors to come.

"To ask a human being to account for time is not very different from asking a floating fragment of plankton to account for the ocean. How does the plankton bank the ocean?" asks Raqs Media Collective while being concerned about the qualities of time but also making an eco-poetical connection between plankton and humans. They continue:

TINOS QUARRY PLATFORM
Tinos Quarry Platform supports artists with a process-focused residency program on Tinos Island in the Northern Cyclades, Greece. Adminstrated by Tinos Quarry Platform and the Cultural Foundation of Tinos.
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Artists: Dorota Gaweda, Eglė Kulbokaitė, Carl Palm (May); Pakui Hardware, Mikko Kuorinki (June); Goda Budvytytė, Lorenzo Cirincione, Jennifer Teets (July)

*What is time?
What is the time?
The time is of your choosing.
The time is not of your choosing.
The time is out of joint.
The time has come.
The time needs changing.
The time has gone.
The time has come and gone.
The time has flown.
The time is not convenient.
The time is at hand.
The time has been spent well.
The time has been wasted.
The time is awkward.
The time is ripe.
The time has passed so swiftly.
The time is now.
What is the time?*

Looking from the perspective of the New York Stock Exchange, which is trading and crashing in nanoseconds, a month spent on a Cycladic Island, Tinos, may be compared to a significantly longer period than a month somewhere else. Similarly, from the perspective of a fragment of plankton, a month for the artists on Tinos Island might disappear as soon (or as long) as a nanosecond on Wall Street.

The residency and exhibition does not ask the artists or the audience to be accounted for the time spent, but seeks to create artistic and poetic links between the organic and the non-organic, a part and the whole (as in plankton and the ocean), and constructs distinct perspectives to look at ourselves, not to mention the time and space from the point of view of an ophidian, a voting ballot from the last referendum, or an immortal jellyfish *Turritopsis dohrnii*, just to cite another example.

Curator: Valentinas Klimašauskas
Architect: Viktorija Rybakova
Designer: Goda Budvytytė
Printer: Typos, Tinos
Paper: Bristol, 190gsm

Special thanks: Sotiris Bakagiannis, Giorgos Agalou, 'Lorenzo' Marble Workshop, Viotechniki Scholi Syllogos Kyrion 'O Euaggelismos', Pottery Studio Bernhard Aicher, Yiannis Kamolinos, Vasiliki Sohou, Mrs. Tereza, Maria Lameraras, Iakovos Malakates, Anna & Nikos Rigos, Giorgos Karagiannis, Venia Papathanasopoulou

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