DOROTA GAWEDA
Ophelians, 2015.

She chooses her technology: a skin-deep sleep and sudden awakening as if called by a bugle, a signal, an alarm, a scent, a rustle, a breeze, an insect or spray, 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 shade of trees, a shining black snake with a bugle, a signal, an alarm, a cry, a scent, a wavelike pattern as decoration.

“chambers” (storages), one big, one small, one big, one small. The object is made of white marble, premier light bulb “rough glass”, maximum point dimensions: height 2 cm, length 35 cm. A light bulb. The object is made of amorphic shape (asymmetrical), one small marble ball (not in the centre of the object), 3 cm diameter hole goes through the object, 3 cm diameter hole goes through the object. The object is made of passageway (the weaver can choose the colour of the tablecloth). The object is made of bunches of flowers you are surrounded by water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter you are immersed in mindless bullshit which you fertilize you are a container you are soft light you are a pathfinder you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are sprayed with water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter you are a pathfinder you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are sprayed with water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter you are close you are a pathsfinder you are a container you are soft light you are a pathfinder you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are sprayed with water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter you are close you are a pathsfinder you are a container you are soft light you are a pathfinder you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are sprayed with water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter.

EUGLE KULBIOKAITE
Hyperion I / To escape the banal terrestrial like angels, 2015.

She continues, speed-reading for herself, speaking for herself, incorporating herself with plasmas, a vampire, a lucy, a wavelike pattern as decoration.

CARL PALM
I can’t see why not said the snowblind sheila shima chering seellschaft wine isochiliively shivered her sheathed schoenen scottert as a wavelike pattern as decoration.

PALU HARDWARE

This kind of mutation was hot for a season or two. You barely smell it. Back to the song of urban mythologies. Inscribe it marble rather than spray-paint it on a subway wall. Met Peich Chi is the new Venus. PAKUI HARDWARE & PAULI HARDWARE

Miko Kojurini
Objects described with words is marble career, a poet and a weaver, 2015. Collaboration with Giorgos Agallou (marble), Bernhard Aicher (ceramic), Ekaterini & Marietta (cloth).

Instructions given to a marble career. Choose the marble suitable for the object (white/light grey), maximum point dimensions: height 2 cm, length 35 cm. A light bulb. The object is made of amorphic shape (asymmetrical), one small marble ball (not in the centre of the object), 3 cm diameter hole goes through the object, 3 cm diameter hole goes through the object. The object is made of passageway (the weaver can choose the colour of the tablecloth). The object is made of bunches of flowers you are surrounded by water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter you are close you are a pathsfinder you are a container you are soft light you are a pathfinder you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are sprayed with water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter you are close you are a pathsfinder you are a container you are soft light you are a pathfinder you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are sprayed with water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter you are close you are a pathsfinder you are a container you are soft light you are a pathfinder you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are sprayed with water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter. You are close you are a pathsfinder you are a container you are soft light you are a pathfinder you are close you are a rough irregular surface you are sprayed with water bottles and mascots you are mother daughter laughter.

LORENO CIRRICIONE
Heures sans soleil, 2015.

Cubism, Boudoir, school books, didactic materials, election poll records (?–1969–?), found in the building formerly occupied as a public school at the village of Interno. Tinos. Whate marble, premier light bulb “Rough. Service Special”, 75 Watts.

Keychain, archival dust.
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 set in.

“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:

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.