

cartoons, wine, whiskey,
cars, sun, surf, skin
mags, wheels, tips

*Fatigue deserves its own history, if something like fatigue were locatable or in any serious way readable.
Or, to put it in a more familiar way, the history of consciousness might be reconsidered in light of fatigue
and the persistent wearing down of mind by weather or drugs or disappointment or grief and other nebulae,
other barely appropriable formations of mental eclipse that also belong to our histories without quite showing up.*

– Avital Ronell

The tanning salon is frequented by those who wish to look sunned, perhaps evenly, and sometimes with the shade of a garment line. a self-determined or fashioned territorialisation of body. the memory of kissing healthy glows sits among the multiple appeals. biscuit liquid, seeping pigments,

focused tanning time for rewards folding back. rapid and economical alteration to the surface. pare back the images of the apparatus for tanning into two:
1 – the spray booth, and 2 - the solarium shell.

the care for a body, moving against the notion of deteriorating value over time. a kiss from the sun that doesn't age the skin, like a turtle wax buff with a chamois across the enamel spray coated car and a fluffy glove dusting of its interior, fingerprints banished from the steel widges of the stereo. can a car lover be associated with a particular demographic? does a wish for a suntan pin itself to an identity? pump up the jam and cocoon of car hi-fi, which chassis are loved best and then, valuing experience besides an experience economy?

the body is something like a car, tuning dials, speeding down roads, free ways, pauses and rest, spaces to avoid fatigue or danger, infrastructural desire lines

(the difference between fluorescent, natural, or spot lighting in an exhibition space headlights casting shadows through a large open window.)

light and pigment containments, the sound of buzzing blue or hissing spray, controlling the effects of the sun. fashioned from parts, customised. or turning a shoulder to the clinic and face instead to the comfort of self application, sunless tanning with DHA – the pigmentation of the amino acids in the outermost layer; the dead skin, darkening, bronzing

the clad skin, then, is an organ that becomes altered on the surface.

carwash in a thong, suds up, fantasy splash
a glow in winter, even distribution, a pallid lie. disorientation or a spilling hourglass

think of an hourglass made from what is at hand. at hand are bottles of wine. two bottles of wine poured into each other. drinking, dripping, a vintage atop a vintage. time upon time. more bottles of wine dripped into one gastric sack. some sand poured into a bag, heaving and straining, a hamster in a tube sock.

local sommelier
as a tall drink of water,

you are a bowl of discharge, you are too, you are a bowl of discharge,
and discharge is anti-memoir. anti-memoir is not a matter of disclosure
– disclosure is memoir. anti-memoir notes the pathologies of memory,

constructing non-chronological narratives, refusing progress and closure

arturas bumšteinas proposes an exhibition that does not disclose and constantly disorients attribution. time is collected in volleys of invitations and contributions; let us first address the totemic objects: the inherently a-synchronous speakers that are built for this exhibition. hand crafted, it is unclear for whom they speak, let alone who speaks. multiple provenance, processes, tooling, tweaking, and as such they sit rendered on a page or placed in a room, rendered in speech as an exquisite corpse or golem. alignments, joins, a row, no sweet spots, uncertainty about the evenness / attempts to make fair or make seen / who is on the page? diversities, demographics, who is pouring and who drinks after the toast?

car carpets taken out and shaken
of the bits of grass and dust or dirt
and mud (perhaps even sand, if main-
tenance is more annual than seasonal
or regular). irregular habits, allocated
times, care and caring.
international roaming

care for your car is then a type of erasing of trace
and place, a removal of the travel that marks it;
keeping a thing as a thing, discharge of ownership

the room with a crashing wave form of car carpets adhered to wall,
tip of the wave flush to ceiling. grey sun shell, acoustic compound.
the room has quite a lot of outlets for European plugs or international adaptors.
trampled over and child safe, where to tap into? source, sourcy water, proclivity,
provenance, professionalisation, acuity, form
we being a shadow and feeling like a cartoon. a caricature of yourself, collapsed
unto something essence-like / let us / if when we avoid thinking about physical
characteristics are we left with the sound or smell? taste. is a vessel more than a
channel? the wine takes the taste of the cask. perhaps whiskey is better suited to
this community. replace all references to wine with whiskey. relate all drinks to
the bodies that imbibe them / whose line is it anyway?

mixed - - - mixer-y

diversifying, initiation; *ESTONIA*
a mini festival named for a piano named for a country,
a piano who has shuffled around the building and will
be played by guests and friends. programming peeks a
little more boldly as a form. this liveness casts another
net of proximities and

a set of hand crafted speakers in which it is unclear who speaks. golem animated
by the sound that is programmed by bumšteinas based on the suggested sounds
that the men who crafted them built them for. this group of enthusiasts give tacit
consent to being grouped. with no presumptions should a new body be met; the
group always holds the radical possibility. is not the counterposing or replacement
or maintenance of work integral to its flavour? a lust for objects, the generosity of
greeting a new body, treatments with respect and care. this body is gleaming with
the lustre of being a passion project, the desire and delicacy of the men that built
them, and they all arrive as individuated shapes. bumšteinas deploys architecture
to facilitate the conversation and lines up the content so clearly that the design is
aggressing the importance of the sound in the space. the speakers: not bumšteinas,
not the makers, not the room, not the sounds; a set of cartoon like lines that imply
and speak scripted lines

sandy golem
does the sand remember or does it fall?
hourglass figure
we're at a tributary
you as a causeway, as the peninsula, this is the link,
slender thrust,
a wearing down as coastal shaper

loofah for sloughing off dead skin
pigmented how, tinted far

there is no speaking out of the structure
an audience remembers that that is what
they are and will always be

saving wads of pocket money to buy a replica of the one true ring, in gold, platinum, and
to throw this capital expenditure into the supposed flames of mordor, the nightmare mantle