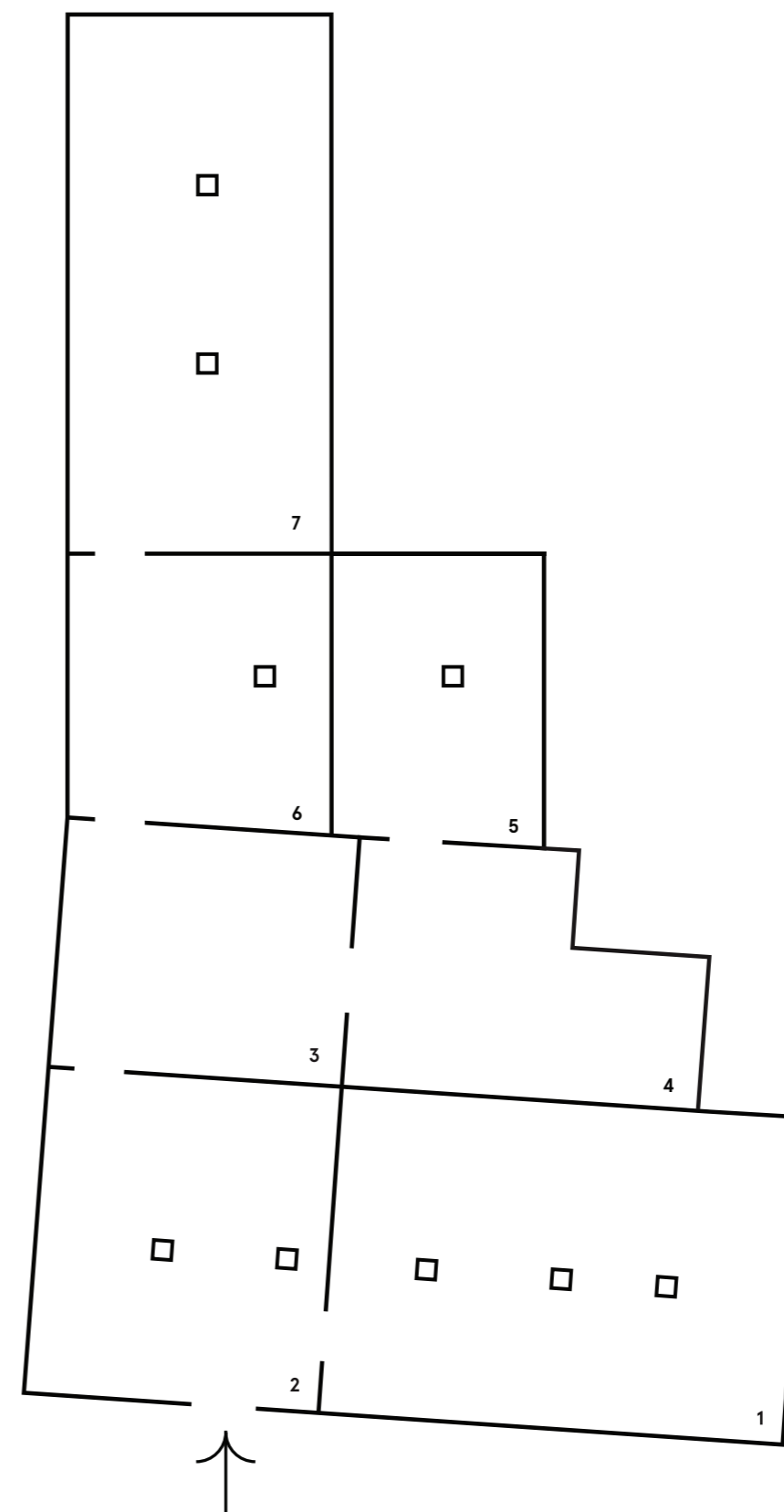


# kim?

26.8-8.10.2017



1  
ILYA LIPKIN

2-5  
"RETINA"  
ANDREJS STOKINS, GERMANS ERMIČS,  
KASPARS VANAGS, VENTS VĪNBERGS

6-7  
MARKO MÄETAMM  
*I'M ONLY STREAMING*

Patrons



Sponsors



kim? Contemporary Art Centre  
Sporta iela 2, LV-1013, Rīga, Latvia  
kim@kim.lv / www.kim.lv

Mon: closed  
Tue: 12.00-20.00  
Wed, Thu, Fri, Sat, Sun: 12.00-18.00

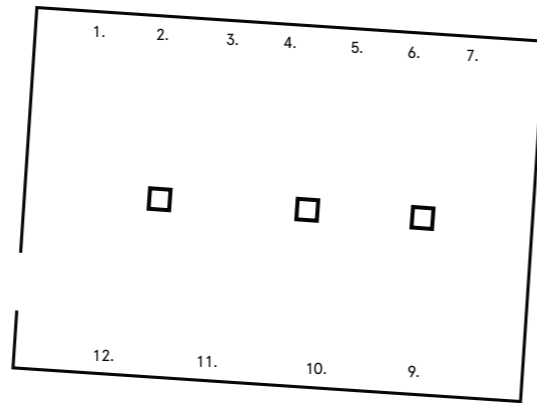
● ENG

# ILYA LIPKIN

Listing the literal content of the images on display is a tempting way to begin to write about a photographic exhibition. In the case of Ilya Lipkin's current outing at *kim?* these would be: graffiti on the walls of buildings in the borough of Purvciems, Riga; the closely cropped face of a young boy; and a shopping bag from the supermarket chain *Rimi*. Indeed, it is appealing to think through photography in general as an aggregate of technically reproduced and reproducible subjects; an ever expanding list of proper nouns. If it can be named, logic dictates, it can be tallied, arranged and cataloged. However, parallel to this managerial tendency in photographic discourse, one may begin to think of the subject and its representation as filtered through cultural techniques and attitudes. Prone to historical contingency and requiring a certain kind of literacy to recognize, attitudes are elusive. They are also subjective, which is perhaps why they are often conflated with style.

As both an artist and a commercial photographer, Ilya Lipkin employs a variety of photographic techniques in relation to his subject matter; in this case, the analog process of shooting and printing in black and white. Alongside the framed images on display at *kim?* the viewer has access to a copy of a 1974 article from the lifestyle magazine *Esquire*. The article, written by Norman Mailer, was accompanied by photographs bearing a striking resemblance to Lipkin's, shot by Jon Naar. Together, the text and images chronicle the rise of 1970's New York graffiti culture, and were later expanded into a book titled *The Faith of Graffiti*. The similarity of the subjects and their framing, chosen by Naar and Lipkin some forty years apart, only serves to underscore the marked attitudinal difference between the two sets of images. As with language, inflection affects meaning, and Lipkin's images do not chronicle the emergence of a subculture, but rather its atavistic imitation on the walls of Soviet-era buildings in 2017.

Since the appearance of the *Esquire* article, the lineage of graffiti that had its roots in New York subway writing has been comfortably recuperated into the fold of mainstream consumer culture. What was formerly considered "edgy" lettering is these days all too legible as wallpaper at a local *McDonalds* or the offices of a Facebook data collection center. However, something still remains to be said for its primal act – i.e. the choosing of an alias, the refusal of the original proper noun. When the internal acknowledgement of yourself as a subject in the world lies in responding to the call of your name by a police officer or a bank teller, perhaps this refusal is worth thinking about. If capitalism dictates what is perceived as real, pushing us to accept images as substitutes for the things they depict, questioning photographic reality on its own terms becomes the photographers refusal.



1.  
**Stirnu 16**  
analog baryt print  
24 x 16 cm  
2017

2.  
**Stirnu 39a**  
analog baryt print  
19 x 24 cm  
2017

3.  
**Madonas 21**  
analog baryt print  
19 x 24 cm  
2017

4.  
**Madonas 21**  
analog baryt print  
24 x 19 cm  
2017

5.  
**Madonas 21**  
analog baryt print  
24 x 19 cm  
2017

6.  
**Madonas 25**  
analog baryt print  
24 x 19 cm  
2017

7.  
**Žagatu 20a**  
analog baryt print  
24 x 19 cm  
2017

8.-12.  
**Untitled**  
analog baryt print  
24 x 19 cm  
2017

**Ilya Lipkin** (b. 1983, Riga) is an artist based in Berlin. He is a graduate of the Whitney Independent Study Program and his work has been exhibited at *Autocenter*, *Hamburger Bahnhof Museum fur Gegenwart*, *Lars Friedrich* and *Silberkuppe* in Berlin, as well as at *Nousmoules* in Vienna, among other venues. He is represented by *Lars Friedrich gallery*.

**JW:** There is a theory – Freudian possibly – that as we were unable to witness our own births, we are subconsciously driven to be spectators of our own deaths. As if to compensate ... On another note, today I got the plans for the installation of your *Just Checking* video. i.e. with the narrow winding black corridor that leads to scrolling SMS texts. Such a labyrinthine journey reminds me of the agonizing that often precedes a short text. It's not easy to be easygoing. A light spontaneous thought can be so difficult and contrived. You won't believe how long it took me to write that last sentence!

**MM:** Well, easy going is the hardest thing.. Especially if you are not easy going.. I never felt myself easy going and I have always envied people who in my opinion are. Same thing with me – people often think I am very easy going guy who sits in his studio and makes, tongue in cheek, funny works. This is exactly what people have told me about how they think of me. That shows how different it is how we see ourselves and how other people see us. And I believe that we all think that everybody else has much better life, much less problems etc. This is pretty human. In art I have also preferred possible simple solutions. Rather low tech than high tech. Rather primitive than highly sophisticated. Rather emotions than thinking. Somebody said to me recently that there is so much animal/animalistic (I don't know the right word) in my art – all that shit and blood and patterns of basic human emotions and behavior). I had never thought of it but this is probably exactly how it is. I always prefer real life experience to theory and I want to offer the viewer something that is possibly close to my lived experience, my feelings which are often very basic and primitive. Summer, especially if it is that short as it is in our region here in The Baltics is tricky indeed. People totally switch to some different mode from the end of June to half August. Kind of a dead time when it is so hard to concentrate and be busy. It is all in the air, and you just get that weird message – holiday-holiday-holiday (sounds like Mayday) with your antennas. Although I must admit I have learnt to ignore it. If I really have some deadlines then I do what I need to do of course, I am a reasonable man.

**JW:** 'Holiday, Mayday'. This could be the chant of a suicide bomber ... or, more benignly, the Protestant spoilsport in all of us. My last question: do you think sometimes that art is too much like religion?

**MM:** Art is too much like religion...? To be more clear – for me religion and belief which are often put together are not totally the same thing. Belief for me is something that comes from deep inside and I could also call it "need". Religion is a form or a structure to make this inner belief or need visible. It's like casting it to some particular shape. Like a sculpture is the final solid shape of the original idea.

So if to think of this question again – if art can be a religion then yes – absolutely. And for many people. Art world is like a cult – certain written and even more often unwritten rules how to behave, how to act, how to dress even (in black!!!). How to communicate, write e-mails etc etc. Most of the rules doesn't seem to have any logic or even sense but they become very meaningful when you happen to misunderstand or ignore them – then you immediately see the consequences. Also strong hierarchies in every possible level – between institutions, between people.

There are lots of people in this art world who have nothing to do with any inner belief or need but they are very good at operating in this great Kafkaesque structure and use it for their own good. And there are people who have both – a great inner belief or need plus skills how to operate in the structure for their own good. And there are also people who have very strong inner belief or need but they don't literally give a shit about all these rules, hierarchies and so on.

So to put it short I think there are lots of people to whom art is always like religion. And lots of people for whom it isn't. But maybe I didn't answer to your question at all ...?

**JW:** [No, it's] perfect. I'll edit (very slightly) and send, cc'ing you. A thousand thanks.

SUPPORTED BY:



Latvijas Republikas vēstniecība  
Vācijas Federatīvajā Republikā

# MARKO MÄETAMM AND JONATHAN WATKINS

emailing in preparation for the exhibition

July 6 – August 4, 2017

**Jonathan Watkins:** Marko, hi. It's been a while. How are you?

**Marko Mäetamm:** Thanks for asking really, I am fine, although it has been a super busy spring-summer so far, I have never had so many different things coming in a row with only one-two days in between. But I feel I really good. I have a good feeling about how things are at the moment. I have had some struggles lately with how to move on with my art and stuff. I was dealing with mainly domestic issues and family stories for some years and had a large show in Estonian Art Museum 2015 where I draw all these things together. And after that I wasn't very sure about it anymore. I felt kind of lost. Now I feel I am more connected with things again, the world has entered into a new era and it really speaks me and I feel like I need to speak back.

**JW:** The title of your exhibition at *kim?*, *I'M ONLY STREAMING*, is neatly pertinent...

**MM:** [A lot of the] material in the show is very much like just scrolling news stream in computer smart phone. Not putting values, not thinking if I like it or not, just streaming. This is how I feel it is these days - we are actually drowning in this constant and never ending flow of information, we don't take time to analyse, we just read titles and think ok, this is interesting, I will come back to it later. But we never do because there are new titles, new news, new facts. We also don't know what is fake and what is true and probably we don't even care. It is like looking at some pattern, rich in different details and colours. And I think we are only learning to read this pattern at the moment. We learn to distill important information out of this constant stream. Streaming is probably the new reading.

**JW:** In this vein, the reflexivity and fluidity of your work is very appealing...

**MM:** ... I don't know if I am even looking particularly for some links between my works. In the other hand I think there are actually links between everything we do, the author is the link. We all see things differently and I would rather trust the viewer to find his/her own connections and links. In the other hand again - talking more precisely about this show there are works which are more about domestic issues, family stories, and also works which are more about things that are happening in society around us. These things are equally important for me to talk about and to share with other people.

**JW:** It's a wild world these days, isn't it? I like the idea of you speaking back to it with an absurdist sense of humour... Is there anything else we can do, something to make the world a better place? My wife is having a baby in the new year - it's true! - and so this question is occurring to me a lot these days. Or are we condemned simply to watch the world get wilder?

**MM:** This question resonates with me and brings me back to the time when I had my first child with my first wife back in the end of the 80s. I was still a student of first year in art university then. I remember thinking, or actually not even thinking but sensing or having a strange feeling that this generation will see some cataclysms or fatal things and may not have their normal length of life even because something is going to happen. I remember telling this to my sister and she said she has had similar thoughts. It was completely out of the blue, I don't remember any particular reason to feel that way but this is how it was.

Today the world feels way more on the edge of the cliff then back then. And to be honest I don't believe one person can do something to fix it. Because I don't think it is even broken or needs to be fixed. I believe we need to accommodate it somehow, we need to accommodate ourselves in this constantly changing situation. This is like living in a house that is in constant change. Today the kitchen is in ground floor, tomorrow in is the basement, then it is on the second floor. The door we came in last night is now where yesterday we had a widow etc. If you can not acclimatise with it you will die out because you can't find refrigerator in the morning. And to acclimatise you need to observe and accept it. And as an artist I believe I can help people to acclimatise. And of course making art helps acclimatise myself and probably this is why I am doing what I am doing.

**JW:** It is interesting to think that we might need to evolve into more quickly evolving creatures. Darwinism, to the second degree ... our child could be a transformer! Alternatively, in the face of a too-quickly-coming extinction of the human race, as Stephen Hawking suggests, perhaps some super-smart ones could make spaceships to zoom away from the mess we've made here on Earth, towards paradise on some other planet. Hopefully, without suicide bombers on board. Speaking of which, do you have a theory about such self-destructive behavior?

**MM:** I am over fifty and comparing my parents my children are already almost like transformers, I think. How they handle all electronic equipment and use internet, how much they know about everything. And some people already have chips under their skin. Our cat also has a chip! So...! Self destruction is an interesting thing. I think of it sometimes because I can see it a lot in people's behavior. I can see it in myself a lot, too. There must be some function for it I think, otherwise it would degenerate. So much music and art and literature, I also believe science is made by very self destructive people. Pushing your limits to the red line and even beyond. Maybe this is the only way to achieve something really remarkable in life - to be able to be self destructive towards yourself. And sometimes it slips out of control. Probably this is very human behavior, although it sounds completely in the opposite. There is definitely a strong connection with desperate need to achieve something big, consciously or unconsciously.

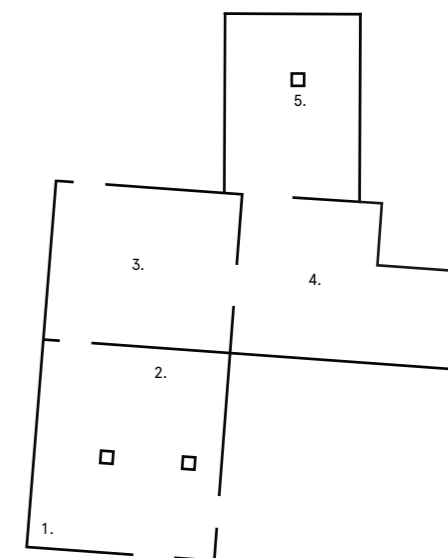
## “RETINA”

ANDREJS STROKINS, GERMANS ERMIČS, KASPARS VANAGS, VENTS VĪNBERGS

*Retina* is an exhibition based on conversations between it's four participants - Andrejs Strokins, Germans Ermičs, Kaspars Vanags and Vents Vīnbergs - on the obscure relationship between contemporary art and the visual, and also image as such. It's also about eyesight and viewing. About seeing and the invisible. The exhibition was created as the notes following these conversations, each participant coping with the aftertaste of the exchange and the mentioned examples of visual culture history. *Retina* does not claim the status as an art exhibition, as each of the four makers' relationship with art might be interpreted as something uncertain. Andrejs Strokins is the closest to being designated an artist, but is joining the conversation as a collector, who believes in the creative potential of found photo-material. Vents Vīnbergs is an essayist and architecture critic, who is fascinated by the historic situation of architecture criticism in the pre-photography age, when the adventure of space was conjured up in the reader's imagination purely through language techniques. Germans Ermičs is a designer and, among other things, experiments with mirrors, allowing one to think about reflection as being physical, physiological as well as a taught construct. Kaspars Vanags is an art curator, who can't stop thinking about the idea of post-art utopias in the era of image inflation. Their conversations often linger on the curiosities of the image-based world, and thus the exhibition has also been formed in layers, where the images and comments merge indistinguishably into a whole, just like the retina, despite its peripheral location, is part of the central nervous system and is actually brain tissue.

**Kaspars Vanags** (1970) is a curator and writer. In collaboration with other likeminded young culture practitioners he founded group "Open" in 1994 to organise interdisciplinary art events as creative mix between visual arts, electronic music, new media art and literature. Curator of projects in which art had a critical role of a social platform, turning against or creating an alternative to consumerism culture - *Slaidlugas* (1998), *Subversion* (2000), *T-Shroom* (2002). Later studied art history obtaining MA at the Courtauld Institute of Art. Curator of the Latvian Pavilion at 56. Venice Art Biennale (*Armpit* by Katrina Neiburga, Andris Eglītis). Latest curated exhibition - *Slash: In Between the Normative and Fantasy* (*kim?* Contemporary art centre, Riga, 2015). Since 2015 he is the Head of Art Programmes at ABLV Charitable Foundation and is working on the conceptual guidelines of the future Latvian Museum of Contemporary Art, planned to be opened by 2021.

**Vents Vīnbergs** (1979) graduated from the Rīga Technical University, becoming an Architect in 2004, but since 2007 he has been active in his field as a writer. Reflecting on current architectural and cultural developments, he is the author of more than 100 publications in Latvian and foreign media and in professional publications such as the series *Process* (Arhitektūras veicināšanas fonds, 2008-2013) and the book *V \* X. Latvian Architecture since 1991* (*Nucleus*, 2011). Vents writes a regular column for the cultural Annex of the largest newspaper *Diena* and he has been the scenography designer of multiple theatre shows as well as the co-curator of exhibitions. Vents stands by the idea of architecture as an essential component of cultural life and is interested in the role of individual personality in architectural processes.



1. **Retina I**  
(*Colourscape Mirrors*, Germans Ermičs)  
2017

2. **Retina II**  
(*Six Obvious Cases*, Vents Vīnbergs)  
2017

3. **Retina III**  
(*Non-verbal Facts*, Andrejs Strokins)  
2017

4. **Retina IV**  
(*Eight Other Cases*)  
2017

5. **Retina V**  
(*Riga City Hospital No.1*, author unknown)  
2017

**Andrejs Strokins** (1984) graduated from the Printmaking Department of the Art Academy of Latvia and he has furthered his education through photo-courses and workshops. He has been active in group exhibitions in Latvia and abroad. His solo exhibitions include: *People in the Dunes*, at the Kaunas Photo Gallery (2014) and the Photo Museum of Latvia (2015), *Disorders and Obstacles* at the Latvian Centre for Contemporary Art's Office Gallery (2015). Andrejs Strokins works as an independent photographer and has won multiple significant photo-competitions in the last few years: *Foam Talents* in 2016, *Kaunas Photo Star* in 2013, and he also got second place at *La Quatrieme Image Foam* competition in 2015 and the Photo Annual Awards competition in the documentary photography category.

**Germans Ermičs** (1985) is a furniture and graphic designer based in Amsterdam. He studied graphic design in Denmark, where he interned at the *Rasmus Koch Studio* in Copenhagen, in 2011 he graduated from the Man & Living Department, with a focus on interior and furniture design at the Design Academy Eindhoven in the Netherlands. He opened his own studio in 2014. Over the past three years, his work has focused on experiments with simple glass forms and in-depth studies of existing and potential relationships between the material and its colour options. In 2007 he co-founded the magazine *Veto* as its Artistic Director.

EXHIBITION PATRON: **IBDO**



## I

Who’ll blink first? The wind stings watery eyes; hands clench into fists. Breath comes ever more shallow, until, mixed with saliva in the mouth, it almost seems swallowable. A game of stripping right then and there, behind the sheds. Just don’t avert your gaze, bore it into your opponent’s, until your eyes feel like popping out of your head. Will they still serve to check out the other’s nakedness?

## II

At the Battle of Pamplona in 1521, mercenary Ignatius of Loyola had both his legs shattered by a cannonball. He spent his recovery in several monastery hospitals, where he devoted himself to prayer and mastered meditation techniques. A little taste of a beggar’s life and a few months of ascetic existence in a hermit’s cave allowed him to practise the concept of the role of religious images in the evolvement of empathy which he had gleaned from the treatises of Ludolph of Saxony. At the time, attempting to feel at one with the Son of God through focused exploration of hideously deformed by pain yet realistic depictions of the suffering of Christ was a widely accepted practice. At times it allowed the images to come to life: an arm would move, an eyelid would twitch, blood would drip from the broken skin. Ignatius experienced several instances of the same vision: a snakelike silhouette twisting in the air above him, covered in something like glowing eyes, which were not really eyes. From then on, Ignatius decided to direct his gaze inward.

## III

’In vertebrate embryonic development, the retina and the optic nerve originate as outgrowths of the developing brain; thus, the retina is considered part of the central nervous system (CNS) and is actually brain tissue.’ says one of the parties of the conversation, referring to a Wikipedia entry he’s looked up on his phone. This is not discussed any further.
’Have you ever thought of how there’s no externally discernible difference between blinking as an involuntary physiological action to hydrate the cornea and supply it with nutrients, and as a culturally constructed gesture – for example, a wink,’ asks another, seemingly returning to the beginning of the conversation. This is what he routinely tells his students as a part of their course on theory of visual culture. A stupid interjection. Delivered with a smoothly glib intonation. It ruins the effect of his recent sentimental tale of boyhood sexuality in tenement courtyards. His childhood is the colour palette of ORWO slides, memories replacing one another with a barely audible click. Every once in a while, there’s one that’s upside down. Sometimes there are mirror-image signs. The most unpleasant moment of the slide show evenings of the 1970s was the last slide of the night. Unexpected, light-saturated emptiness across the expanse of the sheet serving as a screen.

## IV

Ignatius develops visualisation skill exercise sets as a part of his first book, *Exercitia spiritualia*. One of them envisions using one’s imagination to revive a carefully memorised image file as a personal experience space for Biblical scenes. At the next level of exercise, however, the mediating image is no longer necessary. Through discipline of imagination, the contemplation creates finely detailed settings and characters, and brisk, strictly scripted action. Zooming in or quickly panning away must create no disconnect at the seams, nor provoke any tiny detail to disintegrate into the vagueness of pixellation. *Exercitia spiritualia* becomes one of the key works in the counter-reformation attempts to coexist with the Protestant doubt of the necessity for the presence of religious images in the everyday life of the faithful. The Jesuit order founded by the author played a vital role in the dissemination of these efforts through the newly established education system. With the help of new printing techniques, the holy images were reproduced on paper in unprecedented numbers, while the established custom of grinding them into a powder and ingesting them fell out of favour.

## V

The State Culture Capital Foundation’s application deadline is looming in a few days. Meeting up for a deeper discussion has not been deemed wise. Several people are seriously under the gun.
’To which programme are you applying?’
’Visual arts.’
’But you have no visuals there to speak of. However, it is often said that there’s not much to see at kim? exhibitions.’
’So you think interdisciplinary would be better?’
’I don’t know. What should Germans go for, design or visual arts?’
’What’s he got?’
’Coloured mirrors in a quirky original technique.’
’Cool. Any contemporary art exhibition has to look good on Instagram.’
’So go for design then?’
’Don’t know. Depends on the concept.’
’Vents’ texts, when written, are definitely visual, and...’
’Wait, just imagine how the output of architecture critics changed with the advance of photography! Before that, the entire spatial experience of the reader’s imagination was created through the means of language.’

## KASPARS VANAGS

’When there’s nothing to see at a *kim?* exhibition, everyone still has a look. They walk around some piece of crap, step back to examine it from a distance, change their viewpoint a little, squint to blur the image. In essence, it is the reflex-driven behaviour of a painting-adapted gallery goer. An atavistic behavioural pattern.’
’I’ve always liked the premise of “depends on how you look at it”.’
’Well, it’s mostly askance.’
’Cheated spectator syndrome.’

## VI

In the evaluation of an image or a depiction, its practical application, entwined with legends of the saints as a guarantee of true quality, once held more weight than any aesthetic property. Art of this era presents much difficulty to art historians, because at the time of its creation, the idea of a `work of art´ as such did not yet exist. Religious images constantly competed for influence on daily life as well as the exclusive branding of the shrines that housed them. Although some had to contend with outright doppelgangers, the unique provenance legend and area of competence of each particular image disproved any stereotypes of serial mass production. One was best at stopping the plague, another was better at warfare. The copies kept multiplying, reinforcing the miraculous status of each in the process. The Vatican as well as the San Bartolomeo degli Armeni church in Genoa hold relics of Christ linked to the legend of King Abgar of Edessa, who, stricken with leprosy, ordered a messenger to seek out Jesus and create a healing image of the Son of God. Seeing the messenger’s unsuccessful attempts of depiction, Christ helped him by wiping his face on the canvas – job done! Just like his face left its mark on the surface of the canvas, the sacred image itself went on to leave traces of its presence on the walls on which it was hung and the cloth used to wrap it for transportation.

## VII

’Knowing there have been pre-art eras makes it easier to deal with the hypothesis of a possible post-art age. Through technological reproduction of images, pragmatic wonders of creation – art among them – can freely develop beyond the boundaries of the primarily visual.’
’Creating ever new depictions is almost like shooting a squirt gun underwater. It is better to just sit on the shore and watch the sunset.’
’Or not get too carried away with creating new photographs before all the old ones are used up.’

## VIII

The Manets and Picassos of the world are like the spectacular large mammals that capture everyone’s attention; but things like insects and protozoa and bacteria are most of life, outnumbering large mammals millions of times over. A field that aspires to look as broadly as possible at images has come to terms with its own limiting interests, just as conservators who fight to save the panda have to realize they are saving it, in large measure, because it is impossibly cute and cuddly, not because it is more biologically important or complex than a paramecium. (James Elkins, ‘The Domain of Image’, 2001)

## IX

Strokins brings over a couple of black and white photographs. Their provenance is unknown. Such pictures are most often sold at flea markets or antiques shops, stacked in shoe boxes in great numbers. Finely bound photo albums are said to sell better if they’re empty. People have mostly been taking pictures of each other. The dress styles seem a bit different from the current fashions. It’s also difficult to tell who’s really rich and who might be struggling. Everyone’s all spruced up and looking back at us with the gaze of a past moment, gone by in a blink of an eye. Should we see something in them? Or simply exchange glances?

## X

Even tasteless subjects must be excavated. The scarring of drainage ditches does not endow them with any new charm, but sometimes bald rationality is enough to dispel any sense of discomfort. Just a moment ago the conversation revolved around Gutenberg and his early business idea of selling little long-handled mirrors that would enable pilgrims to see the healing image of the holy relic even from the distance of the crowd. Such mirrors were then given a pretty frame and used as religious images. One wonders what it would be like to see one’s reflection in such a thing.
’Are we really going to talk about selfies and those extendable sticks?’
’Mirror, mirror on the wall...’
’Selfie sticks. Selfistics. It almost sounds like academic terminology. Very respectable.’
’Although the purpose of selfies is to gain the support and acceptance of selected social groups, statistically – and contrary to expectation – the practice shows a very low potential for stimulating social empathy and support. That’s what Wikipedia says.’
He settles into his chair in a way that precludes the others from seeing him bring up a dating app on his phone. He ignores the foreground images of the profile photos, centring his attention on the rest. The faulty seams between a selfie and its backdrop can sometimes spring an empathy leak. For instance, a washing machine door left ajar, with brightly patterned bedding like wilting flowers in a vase. Focus on that!

# MARKO MÄETAMM

*I’M ONLY STREAMING*

CURRATOR: JONATHAN WATKINS

## 1

*kim?* Contemporary Art Centre together with Bank M2M Europe and *Temnikova & Kasela Gallery* is pleased to present the first solo exhibition by Estonian artist Marko Mäetamm in Riga.

Marko Mäetamm’s art practice is very autobiographical, focusing on family life and society, exploring the grey area between what is private and public through a variety of media such as photography, sculpture, animations, painting, and text. His work is humorous despite its some–times dark content, with stories, very personal and intimate at first sight, that are in fact relevant to each of us as they touch on some very basic human instincts. Often what they depict is so close to our experience that we don’t recognise it, or sometimes not so comfortable to talk about. Curator of the exhibition Jonathan Watkins introduces the upcoming exhibition with following lines:
”Estonian artist Marko Mäetamm specialises in human frailty. Internationally renowned for his observations on domesticity – the politics of family life (especially his own) – more recently in his work he has been making explicit reference to current affairs in the world at large. This exhibition embodies the angst we all feel as we swing wildly between everyday “little local difficulties” and the urgency of major international problems: climate change, North Korea, world trade, Ukraine, mass migration and discord in the Middle East. It is made worse by the pervasiveness of social media – epitomized by the smart/stupid tweeting of Donald Trump – keeping us on red alert at all times. True words are spoken in jest. Mäetamm thus brings his wonderfully dry sense of humor to bear on both global awfulness and seeming triviality, encouraging us to consider more closely what it is that motivates our behavior. Why are we so self-destructive? Can the religious fanaticism of the suicide bomber – “more in love with death than life” – be too easily read as a symptom of the kind of low self–esteem and feelings of powerlessness that hang out in countless teenagers’ bedrooms? Are we any more than mammals with an especially selfish gene? The combination of paintings, drawings, videos and sculptures comprising this exhibition places emphasis on such questions.”

**Marko Mäetamm** (b. 1965, Estonia) lives and works in Tallinn, Estonia. He studied printmaking art at the Estonian Academy of Arts, where he received his B.A. in 1993 and his M.A. In 1995. His work has been exhibited at such international venues as Gallery Platan, Budapest, Hungary (2001); la Biennale di Venezia, Italy (2003); Wäinö Aalto Museum, Turku, Finland (2009); Dorsky Gallery Curatorial Programs, New York City (2009); NADA Art Fair, Miami, Florida (2012); Gallery Iragui, Moscow, Russia (2014); the IKON Gallery, UK (2014) and many other places. Mäetamm has received numerous awards such as the Kristjan Raud Annual Award, Estonia (2000), the Baltic Assembly Prize for the Arts (2009), and the Annual Award of the Cultural Endowment of Estonia (2011). He was given the Estonian State Decoration, Order of the White Star, V Class in 2008, and in 2003 and 2007 represented Estonia at the Venice Biennial.

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

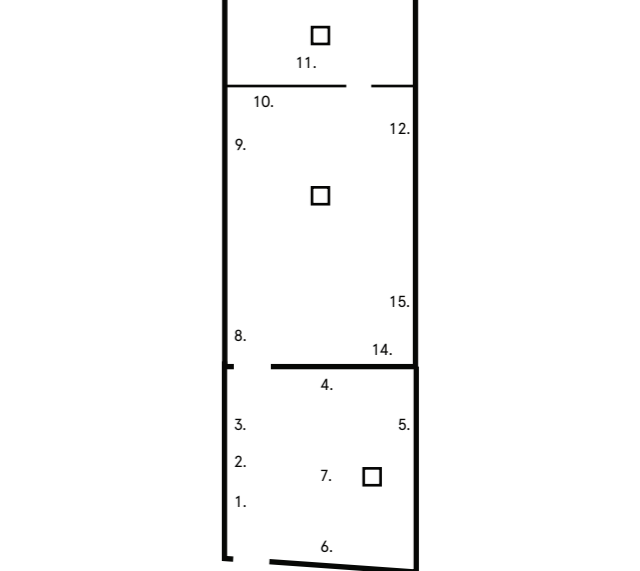
EXHIBITON PATRON: **M2M**  
EUROPE

Exhibition is supported by *Bank M2M Europe* and is organized together with *Temnikova & Kasela Gallery*.

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015



Marko Mäetamm, 2015

1. **Book Donald**  
acrylic on paper, 100 x 70 cm  
2016

2. **Sunday**  
acrylic on paper, 70 x 100 cm  
2016

3. **Skyline of A City With an Enormous Blast**  
acrylic on paper, 70 x 100 cm  
2016

4. **Answer Me!**  
acrylic on paper, 100 x 70 cm  
2016

5. **Going to the Cinema**  
acrylic on canvas, 300 x 200 cm  
2012

6. **A Bigger Blast**  
acrylic on canvas, 200 x 300 cm  
2017

7. **Self Portrait in a Cage**  
mixed media, 44 x 70 x 84 cm  
2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015

Marko Mäetamm, 2015