

KRIS LEMSALU

Love Stories

Opening: Jun 9, 6pm
Duration: 9.6.–30.7.2022

Kris Lemsalu: *Love Stories*

Love Stories combines three settings, three self-encounters each of them a site on a voyage, where memories and premonitions pierce the present. Sometimes an intuition materializes, a fear rings a bell, lust escapes, contradictions merge into unbearable certainties.

When the fortune-teller collapses all the lush symbolism of the prophecy is doomed to implode and reveal reality as a dusty diorama.

Lazy Flower

As of this world I have an ancient native name: *Lazy Flower*. This name approached me in an altered state of mind. It came to me as a manifold spirit. There was an image of me around it like a subjective bodily experience. More myself than me. A mirror, a jungle, a clown on a crane. I have my own zodiac sign. Our identity is so weirdly attached to our name. We all have a different name inside us and outside society. Mine is *Lazy Flower*.

River Rock Bird Sky

My seven-league-boots always step forward and through. I know myself as far as investigated myself, as far as I tried myself out, as far as I went. I can grow together with someone, I can live in a parallel state entangled like quanta with someone, I can be difference and equality, a conglomerate of future and past, surrendering to the possibilities, a freeze image of my own plurality, pointing in all directions in time and space. I laid the card of the five swords, I could only breathe under water, I took the hollow wooden unicorn as full of cunning. All in the same moment.

Love Is A Beautiful Thing

It is obviously a mighty gnome, a little fairy-tale creature, coming down centuries of imagination into my metabolism. It bypasses my regulations and seduces me with a greedy grin and a beautiful bouquet. Friendly or hostile, it won't matter, as it promises to please me and my soul is sore. A sucker for love, it knows when I am off guard, when I am ready, when I am willing to believe that it is a love affair, but it is not me *and* something, not a relation, it is only me.