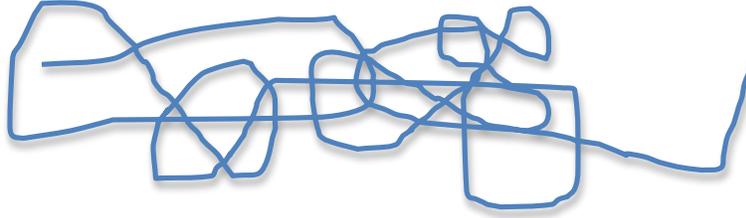


Review for Marija Jociūtė by David Bernstein, June 2013

Endlessness



Look at this sea, this ocean, this sky-reflection.

Look at this guy,

Maybe he's your brother or your cousin?

He's actually a bus driver named Jonas and he's thinking about yesterday's drive to Zverinas. He pushed the gas pedal while looking in the rearview mirror, and he noticed out of the rectangle of his eyes, the horizon behind him.

The sky and earth meet each other at a distance of $\sqrt{(13 \times \text{the height of eye level})}$

And her, look... she's on the same street, I think it's Gediminas Prospektas. She lives in this box, this apartment building, and she sees the bus pass by everyday, bringing other people from boxes to other boxes, maybe people who live on the same line, her line, her Gediminas Prospektas.

"Did you grow up in a rectangular home?" She asks

"Who didn't"

So... I'm wondering to myself, what do we have here?

I see photos of crowds that get smaller as you go away, like a horizontal progression of space to a vanishing point. So that is like this:



From my eyes to the distance straight on

But the photos of the crowds are from another perspective, the distant detached view from above, but an angle looking down, like this:



And these cuts are negative lines connecting the images...they remind me of a map of streets in the city.

But that perspective is also different, that is not straight on or angled down, it is from directly above, like the satellite god. Like this:



So what we see before us is 3 different perspectives at a single moment.

I am crowd, I am away looking at the crowd, and I am in outer space looking at the city full of crowds. I am in 3 places at once and that is a strange feeling.

And what is it that I'm looking at?

Well, a lot of people looking.

And what are they looking at?

Well, I don't really know, but does it really matter?

And does it really matter why they are all together?

Maybe they are watching a football match?

Maybe they are marching in a parade to celebrate a new scientific development of genetically modified foods?

Or maybe they are protesting genetically modified foods?

Or maybe they are genetically modified food?

Of course we want to know but we can't. Though we know one thing, they are crowds; they are representing what they are. And because the image is cropped in a frame, we don't know their size, we don't know their organic blob shape. We can only see them as endless. And all these endless crowds are woven together by fragmenting lines, so all the crowds join into one super crowd that gets smaller in the distance until they disappear. The super crowd is so big that it can only be represented by the image of a horizon, the ultimate endless view.

And we see these lines creating another composition, an internal collection of little fragment shifts. They build borders and gaps in the images that extend beyond their frames, but cannot go beyond the horizon. They are framed by our sight too. The lines can continue beyond their frames, but they are just framed once again by the floor and by the columns. They are framed then by the box we are in and by the situation we are a part of, a critique in Vilnius, and it makes you wonder, can we ever not be in a frame?

We are in a mise en abyme

And the miss is on a beam, she is shooting over there, and she's drinking Droste hot chocolate from her shoe.

These images are repeating themselves and getting bigger and bigger and bigger

And actually are we a crowd too?

Marija said to me,

As you walk towards the horizon, you will never get there because it will always move further away. This is true, but we can watch the other person walk to the horizon, and when we think they have disappeared or blended into the crowd, they come running back to us, to say something incredible, something full of excitement, but then the movie ends before we get the answer.