

Plastic bag semiotics

Preach the word

This idea, that the readers of this paper most likely tend to think of themselves as not „material girls“ or „boys“, is quite appealing. Well, I hate to be the one who breaks you the bad news but unlike the common saying, the best things in life are actually really expensive. We search for inner peace, praise the Lord, caress our lovers and at the same time we wear the cheap stuff from our local multi-billion-dollar brand to cover our even more cheaper skin. It makes us feel unique but the biggest sorrow comes when we acknowledge that we are all the same after all. But I don't want to waste this space and time to bash our consumer society and give you a teaching speech of bullshit, I love it! There's nothing to hide, I know you do too.

Short story of how man climbed down from the tree

I grew up in a small town somewhere lost in South-Estonia. It was so romantic, they taught all the best love things, especially the books you had to read. Suddenly you find yourself in between the world full asphalt and concrete and come to the understanding, there is no room for love in the emptiness inside. At first, I thought there is not much interesting to it. Until I realised I am a fine product myself, they take the best of it and throw the package away. Humans evolved from apes and we're becoming unfilled plastic expansions. There is no other concept describing the contemporary man better: the pollution, the desire, the pointlessly short life, the bullshit you have to deal with at your 9-16 work. It's the plastic surgery you can actually afford.

Trash bag is the most important bag in the hierarchy



1

2

3

The bags you can get from the grocery store are the most awful ones. Ugly, made in China or even a worse god forsaken place and they remind you of food, which in its essentials, is quite nasty. They have an awful composition of colours and made from an unpleasant material, which is not sexy at all. In India, the respective people are called „untouchables“, basically invisible people, who don't have any position in the caste system. We are aware of their presence, never really noticeable though.

The bourgeoisie, the middle class, people who contribute to the capitalistic world by shopping at the ready-to-wear facilities and not at the second-hand shop. They never rot, just lose actuality. Aspiring people belong to this caste, but not successful enough to get their paws at *haute couture*.

In the end, everything finds their destiny in the faceless black monster. The superstar of everything, everybody knows its name tonight. It doesn't matter if you're a crippled pensioner or Kim Kardashian, in front of the trash bag everyone is equal.

CV

2017 –	Johannes Gutenberg University Mainz
2016 –	Estonian Academy of Arts (painting, MA)
2011 – 2016	University of Tartu (painting, BA)
2017	„RIGHT NOW / JUST NÜÜD“, annual exhibition of the Estonian Painters' Union, Museum of New Art, Pärnu
2017	„Wall of Shame“, Galerii 3,14, Tallinn
2016	„Viva Arte Viva“ ARS project room, Tallinn, supervisors Jaan Toomik and Vladimir Dubossarsky
2016	„Mimikri“, Baltic station, Tallinn
2016	„Rebirth of venus“, BA of fine arts thesis exhibition, Tartu Art House, Tartu