



Dear, let us invite you to:

birthday of a snowball, snowy boy

Qihang Li, Donatas Tretjakovas

Wednesday, January 22nd

6pm till 7pm

at **2Walls** (Tweede Leeghwaterstraat 5B, Amsterdam)

and **Casino for Social Medicine** (Sonnenallee 100, Berlin)

“Let’s go in one of those places,” said Donatas, snowy boy, with a broken smile and the sensation that he almost forgot how to articulate his own absence, "the last thing I said to you was don't leave me here," reminiscent of the soft texture of a glutinous rice ball in his mouth, that had been softened in a warm bath of water and dust, that wasn’t dust.

Memorial, dust to dust,

transporting the fermentation between dust and snow,
a room within another room, a soup within a soup ...
condensed, misty, the filing reveals a sweet presence (as absence)

Warmly,
Dário, Qihang, and Donatas

with a take on the linguistic nature of “snow”, “snowhood”, ‘spoke snow’ or ‘spoke this transitory/transient character of snow’ as a one-to-one analogy to the potentiality of *loss*, *birthday of a snowball* poses a question: are birthdays, as deathdays, dramaturgies? spaces for grief, likely and actual death; and invites dear people with performative sensibilities to be-become a gift, at a place and time; redefining grief/gift (birth, re-birth, hand-made death, and the after-life); accepting the risk of being alive, somehow sacrificed, in a dead-line, dead-dot.

Please feel free to forward this to whoever you think might be interested,
and we apologize if you weren't willing to receive this email.

z99zzd
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