Thank you very much for coming, all of you. You really honor us today. It's a wonderful celebration and a wonderful honor, and I'm so glad all of you were able to make it. Thank you for your kind comments. They're most appreciated.

Special thanks to a number of people who are here, Shadi, who just spoke; Macol, who is the executive director of the Institute, who's been so supportive of my artwork; Jessica, who is the managing administrator here who does all the heavy lifting around here. And one other person I want to specifically mention is Matt Brett, who did
the death-defying task of getting up on a lift all the way up three stories, found the electrical wiring which was hidden and no one knew where it was, and he was able to connect it up to the motors that turn these pieces. Without his incredible, death-defying efforts on three separate occasions, we wouldn't have this exhibit, so thanks to all of them.

Now, there's one other person that I very much want to thank. That's my dear wife, Sigita. Without her ongoing years of love and support, this art wouldn't exist, this installation wouldn't be here, and this evening would not be taking place. So, let's give a round of applause to Sigita.

I'm recovering from the flu. I don't have a lot of energy to give a 35-minute talk, unfortunately. So, I'm just going to briefly comment about some aspects of this exhibit.

For the Lithuanians here who may have visited this exhibit before, the top piece of the circling ones was dedicated to Lithuania's 100-year anniversary of independence from Czarist Russia. This piece was put up in 2018. It was up for six months. It included the original handwritings of Kristijonas Donelaitis from the first Lithuanian literary work, *The Seasons (Metai)*. Underlying the words that he had written, I incorporated images dealing with the origins of Lithuanian culture and civilization.

Now that the year has moved on, the 100-year anniversary has ended, I decided to change the three whirling pieces, and these are new ones that we put up.

In the uppermost piece, my own memories cycle back to the very beginnings of my art career, when I started my sojourn into the world of art 40 years ago. At that time, the primary people who provided inspiration for my artwork were writers, not artists themselves, Samuel Beckett and Franz Kafka, so their portraits are up there at the very top pieces, and you can see them more easily through the second floor window up there.

The columns themselves are sort of... portraits of human existence. They're roughly human height and they all have changing colors and nuances, just like we do. We have our own emotions. We have our own feelings that change considerably day to day, moment to moment, and they all interact amongst each other. They radiate light, and they interact with each other just like humans in society do. We interact with one another, so these are portraits of our personal... existence. At least, that's what I tried to portray here.

Some of them have specific flavors to them. There's one column dedicated to the works of Hieronymus Bosch, another column to the fantasy world of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. The four pieces that are going to be remaining here are the *Columns of Writing*. The two that are farthest from us, facing the outside, deal with
Samuel Beckett and Franz Kafka. Included in there are segments of their writings. From Frank Kafka, it's *The Trial*, and from Samuel Beckett, it's *Waiting for Godot*.

The other ones, one deals with Sigmund Freud, who's a remarkably accomplished person. An excerpt there that I have included is from *The Interpretation of Dreams*. It's a very lengthy book, and there is one passage where he explains the interpretation of the fear of flying. This is the only one, I think, which is not psychoanalytical. It's just sensible, common sensicle. What he said is this: "Is there an uncle in the world that has not picked up his niece or nephew and spun them round and round? And what do the children do? They're screaming. They're screaming from joy; they're screaming from fear together, and they just want more of it." So that's where the dreams of fear of flying come from.

The last column is one that I had, a dream that I had, dealing with interconnections, 15 years ago.

In the afternoon, I took a nap, and during that nap, I dreamt that I was on a photo shoot on the Mediterranean coast. In those days, I was still using film, and I spent a week there, and my knapsack was full of undeveloped, exposed film cartridges. I was walking down the beach, and it was getting a little bit warm and hot, and I was getting
thirsty. I walked into a café to get something cold to drink, and I walked inside; it was empty. I put my knapsack, with my camera and the film in it, on an empty chair. I walked up to the counter. Nobody was there. Turned around, and my knapsack was stolen! That sent me into a tizzy. An entire week's work just disappeared into nowhere. I ran outside and started running up and down the beach in a panicked state, and then the phone rang.

It was my daughter, Milda, calling from Milan, Italy. She was a student at the University of Wisconsin, was doing a semester abroad, and she was calling in desperation herself. With a group of students, they had gone to an event, concert event, and she had put her knapsack down, and when concert's over, her knapsack was gone! In that knapsack, she had her passport, all her identification papers, all her cash, credit cards, traveler's checks, everything. The theft of her knapsack coincided exactly with my dream's knapsack disappearing. So there are inexplicable connections that take place between people, and this is just that sort of an event in our lives.

We've had other events, not as dramatic as that, dealing actually with Sigita's mother that have taken place. She just passed away, and we just came back from a funeral. Anyway...

The whirling pieces down here deal with the Sybils. When I started my sojourn in art, I was fascinated by the Renaissance painters. I spent a great deal of time at the National Gallery of Art in Washington D.C. and at the Metropolitan in New York studying the Renaissance painting techniques, design, composition, and tried to incorporate aspects of what I learned in my own artwork. The Sybils here are from the Sistine Chapel. They were the faces from Michelangelo's work. The Sybils are oracles. The most famous one is the Delphic oracle, and he portrayed her face which I placed here in the bottom whirling one.

The Sybil art works deal with human memory, now transcending into other worlds, into other concepts, into other dimensions, to be a prophet or be able to recognize things at distances, and to figure them out. It was part of what these Sybils were doing, so they were sort of fit into this theme of cycles and memory, and everything is cycling here. These three pieces are rotating. Other pieces, their lights are changing constantly.

So, my energy is running out, and thank you very much for coming, and it was wonderful to see all of you. If there's any questions or comments, I'd be glad to try and answer them.
Question:
Would you like to comment on your experience as a neurologist and how that influenced your art?

Well, when I went to medical school here at the University, it was specifically to study neurology, and during my years here, the seed for art started growing, and it blossomed during these four years here. I started painting more and more, going to art galleries and art museums more and more.

By the time I was towards the end of medical school, I was convinced that I'd made a major error, that I should not have been in medicine; I should have gone into art. Friends of mine convinced me at least to finish up my internship, and after that, I did drop out of medicine entirely.

Now, I had thought that medicine and art, you see, it's one or the other. You choose medicine, or you choose art, and so eventually, I did do that. I did do the choosing part and went off to do art on the east coast, and that's where I studied the artwork of the Renaissance, and things were going quite well. I had numerous exhibits, sales were starting to take place, but I gradually became more and more, developed a sense of guilt that I had learned all of this, aspects of neurology. I was really quite good at it, very good at it, and I wasn't doing anything with it. It was like Jesus in one of his parables saying, "You don't take a lit candle and put it under a bushel basket." And that's exactly what I was doing. I then realized that I was making a fundamental error, that aspects of medicine and art are not necessarily incompatible.

You don't have to choose one or the other. You can choose to blend the two together, and I said, "I'm a smart guy. I'm a University of Chicago alumnus, right? Smart guy, by definition. I should be able to do this." And that's what I've been doing now for over 30 years, blending the two things together. I've continuously done neurology and neurobiology and also art, and I've tried to incorporate aspects of my neurobiological concerns and interests in thinking and consciousness and investigating them in my artwork.

I haven't dealt at all with clinical aspects. I've kept those separate, purposefully, because in seeing patients, in seeing families, I'm in a very privileged position, helping people out and helping people deal with their difficulties. I never wanted to use other people's pain and suffering as a source of artistic inspiration. I thought that would've been inappropriate, so I never did that, but the neurobiology of it, very much so. Thank you for your question.