

James Lewis, b.1986, London, UK, lives and works in Vienna, Austria.

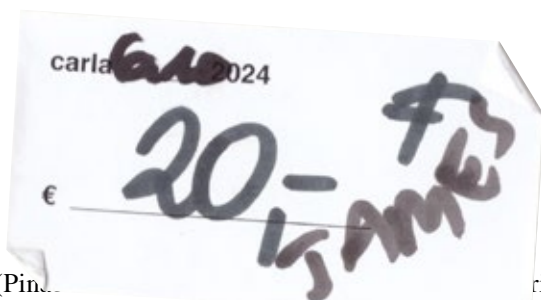
James has recently exhibited at Leopold Museum, Austria (2024); Mostyn, Wales (2022); Kunstverein Salzburg, Austria (2022); Fondazione Benetton, Treviso, Italy (2022); Capc Musée d'art contemporain de Bordeaux, France (2021) and is included a forthcoming group exhibition at The MassArt Art Museum (MAAM) in Boston, United States opening in January 2025.

He is currently a Tutor at The Academy of Fine Arts, Prague and is an Associate of Conditions, an artist studio complex in his hometown Croydon, UK. He has taught at The University of Applied Arts, Vienna; The Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna; Leeds University, UK; Norwich School of Art, UK; Kingston University, UK; Paris College of Art, France.

James Lewis

Living Stone

November 28 – December 31, 2024



Pech (Pinakothek der Moderne, Galerie für Experimentelle Kunst und Praxis), Große Neugasse 44/2, 1040 Vienna, Austria. Tel: 157434583. Supported by the Federal Ministry of Arts, Culture, Civil Service and Sports (BMKOES), the Department of Culture of the City of Vienna (MA7), and the 4th Municipal District of Vienna, Wieden.

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Thu–Sat 12–17

Notes, transcripts, doodles: it is common to court these marginalia as minutes, as these pertain to the transcribed traces of our statistical experience. Implied is a lot of dead time, dead-ends, marked by clocking in and out, calling, tracing, marking, and re-marking, as it were. Themes of stagnation simmer in petri-dishes, which we are asked to watch like television: enlarged, scaled-up insignia of the real. Life becomes TV static swimming at the atomic scale inside of us.

'Time' comes up in my notes 237 times.

Time, as in: statistical time, markers of time; phones going ring ring, phone numbers, calls with no caller ID, cut lines, power-outs, dial signals. I think about telephone-related movie tropes. But then there is time, also, that rings in alarm clocks, death knells, keypad sounds, ring tones. Trains and planes, arrivals and departures, flight paths, best laid plans, and lines of navigation. I get stuck on the notion of the lines of 'tropic' as a curious marker of time, and space, inverted across the globe.

Two idioms:

Midnight is only dissimulated noon.

and

Night is the winter of the tropics.

I keep thinking about the tropics in winter, and dissimulated midnight, the night of the tropics, the everything that traverses the globe in latitudes and longitudes, measuring distances and sensations.

That is, our attempt to capture, count, and measure everything—even the ruptures.
Impatient time trying to grasp the slowness of space.

(1)
James Lewis
Living Stone, 2024
Second hand furniture, TV screen, HD video
(01 h 07 m 04 s)
variable dimensions

(2)
James Lewis
The Age of Decanting (Biscuit Tower), 2023
Cast aluminium
68 × 68 × 3 cm

James adds to the list:

Masturbating	6177600	seconds
Watching TV	289749600	seconds
Cleaning	46425600	seconds
Driving	136566000	seconds
Sex	10108800	seconds
Working	324000000	seconds
Sleeping	827859600	seconds
Eating	115552800	seconds
Showering	43200000	seconds
Toilet	7948800	seconds

(Extract from *Kermit the Frog is the face of Omega*, an essay by Sabrina Tarasoff, commissioned for *Mucosa*, p1-6, published by Nir Altman and Galerie Hubert Winter, 2023)