Intervals Of Stale Time

Lychee One Gallery

Diego Delas | Giorgos Kontis | Hiu Tung Lau

Curated by Giorgos Kontis

Lychee One, 38-50 Pritchards road, London E2 9BJ

13th - 17th November, 5 - 8 pm
Opening Monday 13th November 6 - 9 pm
Closing event on the 17th with a music performance by 'dhrupadhamar'

Intervals of Stale Time

In suspension and with a sense of imminence, the interval might be figured as a coiled spring, seemingly in stale time and inertia, and with a pregnancy that doesn't necessarily relate to the time before and after.

The interval is a threshold, a moment of stillness, a time with a distinctive sense of finitude that renders it a cluster within time with a paradoxical sense of autonomy. It is a time of anticipation and it is the feeling of waiting that becomes characteristic in it; an absence that becomes present and something yet to come that remains always elusive.

A self-contained time in between times, a no-time that becomes the ground for a different function of things to take place. In the interval, in parenthetical time, things may be on hold yet they are still able to move without necessarily the directness toward a specific purpose, and in a manner that becomes able to form its own figures; a mixture of boredom and fascination.

It is there where language seems to find a ground to function beside prosaic constraints –does the same happen with painting as well?

Sideways is perhaps a way this could be approached; on the margin and with the flexibility this may offer, beside any constraint or heaviness of needing to follow a dominant, pre-set narrative. Seemingly purposeless and rather pointless, without this though suggesting that they are meaningless or of less importance, with the pointless exactly being a part of their function and identity. Gestures and movements that are made and taken in a sense of stillness and inertia, become liberated from causality, with the elusiveness of things that move, occur and happen within the gaps; in stale time and with the flexibility offered by it.

Text by Giorgos Kontis