



Lewis Miller

Draught

Organised and hosted by Mickael Marman

Opening: Sunday 22.09.19 , 15-18
& by appointment until Sunday 29.09.19

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Draught

22.09 - 29.09.19

one cannot see the wind, it blurs ones eyes and brings forth sobless tears if faced direct.
Its effects, though clearly visible, are felt rather than observed if one *is in it*.

Safe away and sheltered from it, its effects are isolated and can be observed.
Through a window -the origin of the word being wind-eye, - the wind, or temporary lack thereof, becomes an image.

Behind the glass we are down to two senses, and that makes things easier to handle, we seem capable of seeing just about anything as long as our bodies are somehow separated from it.

From the magnificent spectacle of a storm to the gentle relief of a breeze, the caresses of the air seem alive with intentions, bent on steering and directing with divine might or subversive whispers.

The wind represents change, as the scorpions said, as if though the wind had toppled the wall,
and change, increasingly, seems to be bad.
The winds now carry our debris through the oceans and back to land, like a toilet that stops cooperating.
It appears the reasonable thing to do is to seek some lee, somewhere to keep ones cheeks dry and eyes clear until it all blows over.

- text by Ellie de Verdier