



Paul Becker
William Cobbing
Bob Cobbing
Christian Freudenberger
Nadia Hebson
Hannah Höch
Alexandra Hopf
Alex Jasch
Markus Karstieß
Andrew Palmer
Ulrich Pester
Eddy Robinson
Joanne Tatham & Tom O'Sullivan
Detlef Weinrich

Corridor Plateau IV

The Northern Charter
39 Pilgrim Street
Newcastle upon Tyne
Opening: 08.11.2013, 6 - 9 pm
Finissage: 20.11.2013, 6 - 9 pm
Bob Cobbing whisky tasting
08. - 20.11.2013
Open Saturdays 2 - 5 pm
and by appointment: 07811-343688

The old fashioned hi-fi drones out its drone, booms out its boom, the sounds sardonic somehow, sinister and inescapable. This noise. From where? And so the room begins. It is as though his entering it creates it, as though it has been awaiting this first tentative step for countless aeons, stretching out time palpably, but in both directions simultaneously, twin horizons. A black light goes on in the darkness. It is like entering the tomb of an Egyptian Pharaoh, the mummy reforming in front of one's eyes. He is overcome with a breathless, unassailable nausea, instant symptoms of a classical death trip that clasps itself in turn around each one his vertebrae. Each step forced, considered, consciously made as he wades through an invisible jelly. The air is so thick, so wonderfully breathless, so obscene. Another step and the shapes begin to loom out of the crepuscular light, at first as schemata, apparently the light shining off the patina of what are slowly revealed to be sculptures. Effigies? No. Shining clay, varnished earthenware? Sculptures, sculptures the like of which he has never experienced, as though an ancient tribe has constructed them. And for what shamanic rite, what demoniac ritual? A strange and ancient power within them, or so he feels. He feels that. To look at them conjures up that same ineluctable combination of sensations he had experienced in Mexico looking at Aztec iconography, especially the sacrificial sculptures, redolent of some ultimate negation, fetishisation, even atavistic eroticism. The stone seems to buzz, to hum into an evil life. He thinks of the heads of leeches, raised at the scent of passing host. The room narrows without his noticing and the sculptures grow larger, more totemic, stretching up towards a ceiling that appears limitless. Does it open onto the night sky? No, not a star in sight. Further in, on. The space now

widens out and moves to the left, an aperture in the wall is in fact a larger space at the end of a corridor, lit by a source he cannot locate. Further come further. On a large wall a series of rectangular images, each giving off a dim, nacreous light. At first sight the images are wholly ambiguous, but on closer inspection somehow repellent, even loathsome as though his eyelids have turned back on themselves. The gorge again, rising. He starts catting but is unable to bring up anything but a taste of bile. He begins to consider that the air may be poisonous, that the room is located at the top of some noxious subterranean volcanic vent but he continues on nevertheless. Go on. Come on. Now, the walls he assumed were stone are softer, more leathery to the touch, as he goes deeper it gets quickly darker come further but he can still discern row after row of sculptures that stretch from floor to ceiling. He walks across the chamber, come come examines the sculptures, their organic protrusions, leans his head against one overcome by exhaustion and the nausea, the faintness move inside and there is a pulse against his head that answers. He feels an odd tingling sensation down in his loins and loses consciousness, the nausea turning to feverishness, as though he has been dropped into a pit of it. High fever, confusion of the brain, delirium. Impossible to tell how long that lasts. When he comes around the air is cooler, finally breathable and the leathery skin of the sculpture is only cold stone. Nevertheless, something fundamental stays changed. The excitement in his genitals remains but is somehow heightened, more intense. His hand, moving down to adjust his penis, finding nothing there remaining, without blinking, she moves further along into the room, her shape gradually vanishing, in and amongst the enveloping darkness.

P.B.