

Corridor CHAIN/MAIL

Issue 1: North East



#1

‘I have a friend who’s into this sort of thing’ said Grace. We were figuring out how to play a role playing game in the Collective Studio space at The NewBridge Project, ‘I’ll have to introduce you’.

I haven’t been out in ages and I miss those encounters. It’s a **scene*** thing.

The North East is a large region with many *scenes*. The terrain is shaped by institutions and organisations, large and small, but the emotional, intellectual and creative energy is generated by individuals and groups like us, who are connected in a nebulous way. This pamphlet is a microcosm of this scene, a demonstration of how some of us in this particular geographical area loop, interloop and cross over, not just socially but through our practices and interests. There is dissonance where we rub up. Here are friends and friends of friends and people I might meet in person someday. I don’t know you but I *know* you, like an encounter in a dream or a scrolling newsfeed. I wish it could have gone on, creeping deeper into unknown territory.

Grace led me to Rene and Uma. Uma led me to Kara, who has made a GIF for the website. It’s been a blind gathering, re-orienting us into *this* particular shape, a mini-murmuration... and who knew we belonged together? The landscape is spiky and strange right now, so let’s see if we can blend our edges.

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Inspired by the essay, *A Scene as Big as the Ritz: The Logic of Scenes*, by David Burrows.

#2

I wrote on Instagram: lord grant me the power to complete my seventy-eight part to do list. Lesley commented: You can do it. Chunk it down!!! ~ I wrote in my notes app: I know what I would have been capable of if my days were not paralysed by an enormous elephant sitting on my chest, but also propelling me from room to room. @poetastrologers tweeted: You will go back and forth from room to room. What you are looking for is the message. ~ I forgot to message them on their birthday. I realised, but still didn’t message. It grew too late. ~ I started a list called ‘Things to remember’. I added only two items:

~ **Some days are just bad.**

~ **You are allowed to just exist.**

I ordered my brother a cheeseboard. It was delivered during a heatwave, while he was out of town. ~ I was singing the Only Fools and Horses theme tune and segued into It's Raining Men. ~ I woke with a start at 5am, convinced I had heard a knock. From completely asleep to completely awake. That never happens. Time doesn't exist at that time. ~ I moved to the cool couch and dosed fitfully, through dreams about the melting cheese. ~ There are dinghies of people trying to cross the water. There are journalists following them in sturdier boats, waving microphones. I can't unmute the videos. I can't hear what they are asking these people, bailing water from their only hope.

#3

She stared at the wall. **[enter]** a process of disembodiment, not there, but somewhere else, almost don't recognise yourself.

So you've got a new look to lift you out of this funk but also because you've had a lot of time to think, and you were hanging onto something that made you more digestible, harsh and not totally true, but this is what it came to feel like. So, my hair is gone but I'm still here.

No I haven't spent this time feeling productive, or making art, or having ground-breaking thoughts. Well actually you have in a way, you've realised that you don't speak to many people, and that's what you've been missing (perhaps obvious but not really when you don't feel safe outside, and live in your head). And these are the people that have held you up this entire time, the people that matter. You are tired but you have been for ages. It's amplified. All Black lives matter, have mattered, do matter and always will matter.

My brain is working extra fast and this is it, this is the overwhelm, this is the feeling, not thinking in sentences, switching all the time. Is this thinking in duality uniquely Black? Is it attached to this time? Has it always existed? The work has already been done, but you must find it. The idea that you belong with this wave, this movement of people that you can't always see but are connected to, fills you with hope, and tears.

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corridor8.co.uk

#1 Lesley Guy is an artist
and writer based in
Newcastle upon Tyne

lesleyguy.com
[@lesleyjguy](https://twitter.com/lesleyjguy)

#2 Grace Denton is an artist
and writer based in
Newcastle upon Tyne

gracedenton.co.uk
[@somethinggrace](https://twitter.com/somethinggrace)

#3 Rene Francis-McBrearty
is an artist based
in Gateshead

renemcBrearty.co.uk
[@wren.knee](https://twitter.com/wren.knee)

Cover:

‘Oh_the_Guilt_Puss_3’, digital,
Uma Breakdown, 2020

Uma Breakdown is an artist
and researcher based in
Gateshead

umabreakdown.com
[@supsupsupwhat](https://twitter.com/supsupsupwhat)

GIF:

‘Bread Bubble Face’, GIF,
Kara Chin, 2020

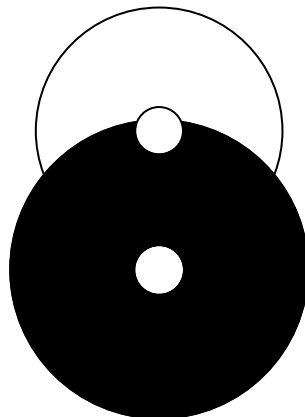
Kara Chin is an artist based
in Newcastle upon Tyne

karachin.co.uk
[@karachin](https://twitter.com/karachin)

Chin’s GIF appeared on the
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