

WORLD. B



World.B is a place that resides within. An inward journey or a leap of faith needs to take place if you are to visit.

The artists chosen for this exhibition have all traveled the distance required, allowing them to transcend their everyday and arrive in their own beautifully constructed realities.

Paul Johnson



Rebecca Geldard

If Plan.B is the contingency proposition should the heist go wrong, World.B provides the alternative view for when ‘real life’ disappoints. So what is World.B?

If it could be constructed as a single place from the works in this show its foundations would seep with weird and wonderful contradictions. The here and now coexists with the flipside: every tangible facet can be partnered with its polar other. World.B’s hybrid geography is honed from dreams and nightmares, horrorville and fantasy island, fact and fiction. The damned and the enlightened pop up and disappear, like gum bubble visions belched up from hell’s geyser. Unknown forms grow, sprout, mutate and fester against a changing illusory backdrop – whether halcyon grotto or crime scene. World.B can be anything you want it to be, but through the process of visualising it one is forced to negotiate a complex contemporary terrain paved with death and out-of-this-world phenomena.

It’s hard to imagine the brooding subjects of Rik Meijers’ mystical portraits being anything other than boys from the godhood presiding over World.B. Their mask-like heads float disembodied: part genie of the lamp, part tribal leader. Facial markings and ornamental details fascinate and repel. We are seduced by the innate humanness of these characters, yet remain unsure of whether we will be granted three wishes or taken hostage.

David Kefford’s curious creatures are straight out of the realms of B-movie fiction. Lumpish animal forms flirt with function but ultimately fail the medical. Mutant arachnid bodies sprout useless trolley legs or appear like the severed parts of a dysfunctional foe. They are neither scary, nor pathetic but like charming lab accidents whose beggarly pathos disguises monument-style drama.

Deaf from birth, James Castle never learned to read, write, speak or sign but communicated predominantly through his drawings. He depicted characters and places from memory and imagination, using found materials such as cardboard, soot and twine with his own saliva. Castle's 'Large Tan Book' reads like a spooky who's who from an unknown time and place. All inhabitants, from sculptural busts to transient shadows, have the same simple, but enigmatic expression. Are they good or evil, part of this life or the next?

Sam Basu's World.B artefacts are mementos from the final frontier – a place of discovery built around yesterday's obsession with space travel. Basu presents us with a lifeline to the past and the future through his prop-like remnants that reference several decades of sci-fi escapism. Evocative titles such as 'Moon fungus' and 'lupodada' take us back to a time of laser guns, lycra suits and knob-turning, bulb-flashing modernity. 'Amethyst Gateway', brings us back to earth with its waxy penile growths, seeming more missile awaiting entry than portal into another universe. It could be crystalline or fungoid, and while other-worldly remains reminiscent of natural life closer to home.

Mythical green-winged insects create an electric-blue vortex as they repeatedly snatch lumps of rotting flesh from an unidentifiable carcass. Mid-air, hanging or falling from butterfly jaws, the glistening strips of meat appear like red carp swimming through a dense pool of decay. Jack Duplock's painterly visions are the hellish snaps of World.B under insect rule. Sex and death are the order of the day. Swarms of life feed and pupate from suppurating orbs of organic matter. Who or what are they eating?

Eryn Foster's pinhole view of World.B reveals a psychological kaleidoscope of images that might have been cut and spliced from the dreams of its various life forms. Layers of partially exposed human and animal activities emerge from each frame like the scenes of a Dadaist film. With 'Land of the Giants'-style trick-

ery, bird watchers remain blissfully unaware of the giant thrush in their line-up; a man walks unscathed from some spinning entity.

According to Paul Johnson, World.B is also a filmic realm, but this time constructed from the psychoanalytical records of teen America. Photographs of familiar movie sites – the sports hall, changing room, space ship – individually sealed beneath a layer of blood-red plastic, appear like violently preserved memories. They serve as triggers for fictional places indiscriminately fused from facets of film history and our own imaginations.

Christian Ward's vivid subterranea add a bewitching element to World.B. Navigating his cave interiors must be like potholing on acid. Vibrant arcs of paint denote rocks, tunnels and gullies, whether reflected in a radio-active stew, or leading to an unknown chromatic realm. These unnatural habitats emit a seductive siren's song that seems designed to lure passers by into their exotic midsts.





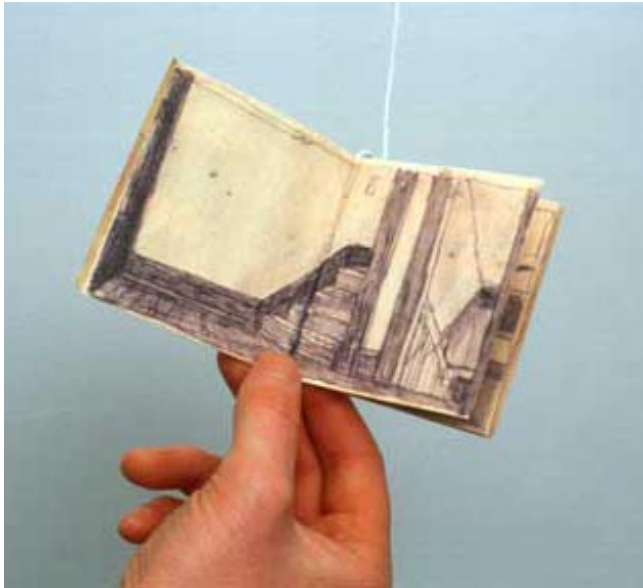
Sam Basu  
James Castle  
Jack Duplock  
Eryn Foster  
Paul Johnson  
David Kefferd  
Rik Meijers  
Christian Ward





Amethyst Gateway  
Sam Basu





Untitled sketch book  
James Castle





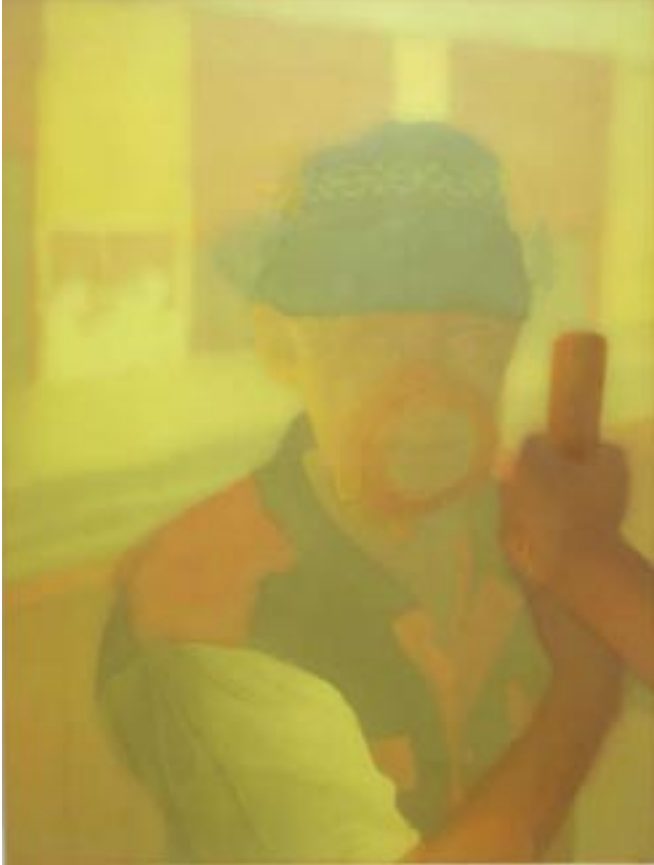
Pod  
Jack Duplock





Transparent Ghost Lady  
Eryn Foster





Caretaker  
Paul Johnson





Husk  
David Kefford





Mystical Portrait  
Rik Meijers





The First Cloud  
Christian Ward

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