



Charlesworth, Lewandowski & Mann  
Point of Inaccessibility

Looking out it is clear and starkly bright. The earth's crust is pulled taught and there is nothing but flat expanse. The horizon slices up the offing, creating a crease that runs as far as the eye can see and which hides more than my imagination permits me to perceive. Far in the distance I can make out a sole construction, man-made and austere in its demeanour it ruptures the, otherwise pervasive silence across the plane. And out further than this, when opacity momentarily breaks free of itself, two flat vertical surfaces appear and meet at an angle forming an obtruding edge. These walls of immense stature are white, like everything else around me and appear to be an extension of all other surfaces in which I am trussed. I fear they may be an optical trick breeding in my mind. Of my whereabouts I cannot be sure about much more than that.

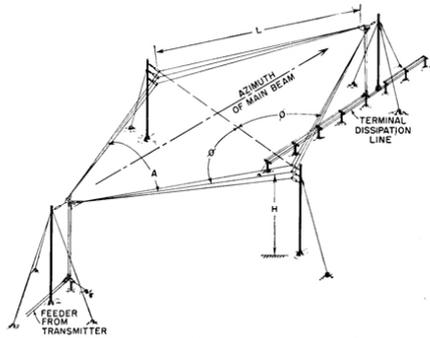
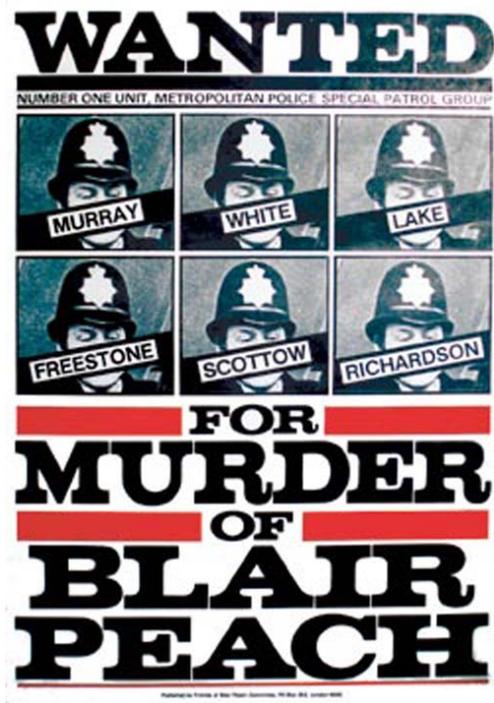


FIG. 3.77. Horizontal rhombic antenna (common three-wire form).

The woollen overcoat in which I am cocooned stays away most weather and I have learnt to keep my hands clenched with fingers tightly curled, furrowed blindly within my pockets. The patch of concrete upon which my back is pressed costs me precious warmth, but in turn provides me rest although not as much shelter as I would like. Goodness knows how I ended up leaning on Lenin, a political irony if ever I thought of one.

“Lenin.” I cry, my voice a small blemish in the overall landscape. “Did you know you are my only companion in this uninhabitable place?”

He looks passively onwards. No reply. "I thought as much." Scrambling to my feet I walk forward enough to be able to look back at him, tall as he stands I can still make out the contours of his jaw and moustache. If I walk back farther still I can even see as far up as his eyebrows.



I heard that in Kerala, the southern-most province of India, the streets are littered with statues of Lenin. A communist state nestled in the roots of a jungle, drawn up by long and ambling rivers and bejewelled by Thai fishing boats and monsoons. "It would have been far more accommodating of you to invite me there instead, don't you think?" No reply, as I continue to tilt my head back, staring past him and beyond to the barren nothingness in which he is set. My imagination flashes with images of remote tropical backwaters, bustling markets and colonial townscapes. I smile to myself; well you couldn't get much further from Kerala, could you?

Still he looks out, the arc of his gaze connecting with all his other concrete renditions in every which communist society where he has been erected. Looking up at this petrified apparition, whose impact imparts a similar, albeit diluted effect that Medusa inflicted on her victims, his watch burns through the fragile paper-sky.



Thinking of the people of Kerala; young girls menstruating; men arguing at injustices conducted in business transactions; the youth tending to their older relatives and former carers; I feel as if his political essence is vapid, as lifeless as his expression is proud.

“Bah, didn’t you spend most of your time in exile anyway?”

I remember learning about Lenin in school many moons ago and seeing pictures of a fragile old man sat in a chair with a blanket over his legs sucking on a pipe. I see that picture remote as it is in my mind’s eye (embellished with the passing years) withdrawn compared to the intricacies incurred by the architecture of time. There he sits, Lenin in exile, on a lawn clearing set within thick woods. A white-wash house with a porch behind him he is caught in the murky contrast of early photographic imagery and I wonder how this oversized ornament changed the world.



As I reflect on how to connect to Lenin here in this vast openness, melancholy spurs me onwards and I decide to begin the long walk to the next stoppage point in the distance.

As the journey moves forward I am less panicked by the remote setting. I am less inclined to feel trussed by the inaccessibility of my exact location. Before, every step I took I felt the emptiness bear down on me as the worldly weight of omission collapsed into gaping ravines just inches behind my every step and each foot I placed in front of the other sparing me just in time. Before, the ground would give itself up completely into this pressure. I pause and breathe, my fingers pawing at the innermost point of the inside corner of my pocket.

In an effort to remain calm I think about a book I once read. Losing myself in its pages I awake to find I am the main character, whose narrated life begins shortly after an undisclosed trauma. Suffering from the loss of his memory, intense headaches and unnerving black-outs he is unable to adjust to his new life and becomes increasingly removed from his waking reality. One day, whilst he is in someone else's bathroom, he finds himself caught in a trance and is transported to a moment in his past, free from his present affected state of mind. Intoxicated by this desire to break free of his present condition he launches into an attempt to duplicate this memory. Infatuated by these brief seconds he sets about re-constructing the bathroom, the building, even the street, right down to the grimy grout in the tiles. So arrested is he, by the intermittent details of the sallow air and the cold porcelain tiles, most of all of the presence of the world outside goes by unnoticed as he becomes increasingly more manic in his obsession to replicate these few precious memories. Having lost himself, he finds this re-enactment potently addictive and as I inhabit his eyes, both of us are caught in his memory of his life before the event, beholden to this marvel I feel removed from the feeling of myself. This is how it feels to be here in this point of inaccessibility, alone except for my thoughts, which in essence is all we are left with when we are alone with ourselves.



Just ahead of me is the construction. Sleek and cold, stone to the touch I look up to see the figure of a jaw and a moustache. Lifting my head and eyes upwards I begin to feel slightly giddy and sit down leaning my back against the concrete. I think.



I wait.

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## Biography

Charlesworth, Lewandowski & Mann are based in London and show nationally and internationally. In more recent works, Charlesworth, Lewandowski & Mann have continued their practice of the skewing of social histories through a series of commissioned projects and extended collaborations with music producers. The works finally taking the form of ramshackle sound systems and bootleg style documentation. These works position themselves between social political commentary and an archival process.

LENIN  
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