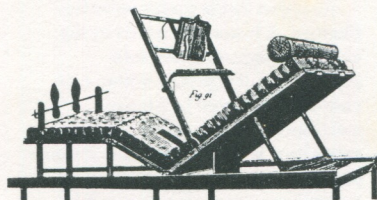


Strange • Bedfellows Exchange ~ 95

H-Block Gallery, Q.U.T
24th-28th July



TIME FOR BED

Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock, said Johnson, is a scoundrel: having nothing particular to do himself, and having none of his time appropriated, he was a troublesome guest to persons who had much to do.

He rose unwillingly as he went to bed.

LIFE OF JOHNSON,
J. Boswell

Bedridden

...And the little one said:

"Can't we have a concept of difference without it being based on a model of diametrical oppositions?"

The artists in *Strange Bedfellows Exchange 95* were hand-picked from a huge bunch of strange and interesting students, spanning the scope of third year in 1995. They were brought together to provide a comprehensive spectrum of just what *is* going on at the University of Western Sydney, Kingswood.

Now, beds are a place in which to rest, a comfortable ground on which to dream. The notion of sticking eleven artists in the one bed is somewhat interesting. What happens when eleven artists become bedridden for a week...in the same bed? Does a pillow fight ensue or does everybody fall soundly asleep? I suppose that it all depends on the size of the bed.

Tim Hilton and Erna Lilje

The Artists

Daniel Mudie-Cunningham

Hickey

We were kissing all night; staining my neck:
purple and amazing.

"We are not so much surfaces as profound depths, subjects of a hidden interiority, and the exhibition of subjectivity on the body's surface is, at least from a certain class and cultural perspective, 'puerile.'"
Elizabeth Grosz, *Volatile Bodies*, 1994: 138

Erna Lilje

I like to play with my motif...vag dens again. This time in partnership with her well endowed friend Mr. Hard 'n' Hairy. But has the marzipan sausage already been indentured?

Hamish Casimir

The economic position of the artist in the late 20th century means that the artist must push away the artisan. The

artisan suffers from having to exploit themselves, messing up the job to the point of losing pleasure and pride from the work.

Theiry de Duve (p33) suggests that painting is a form of olfactory masturbation, ie a sublimated substitute for literal masturbation. The artist can mechanise himself, a change of perspective and the schizoid body endlessly produces the ultimate readymade.

Pictorial Nominalism: Marcel Duchamp's Passage from Painting to the Readymade University of Minnesota Press, 1991

Hugo Rojas

Edification / Sanctum Sanctorum / A(l/m)ma (r)[dura]

161. Production N. production, creation, construction, formation, fabrication, manufacture; building, architecture, erection, edification.

987. Piety N. grace, unction, edification; sancti-ty, -tude; consecration, spiritual existence.

edify (ed-i-fy) v. (edified, edifying) to be an uplifting influence on the mind of (a person). **edification** n.

893. Seclusion. Exclusion N. cell, hermitage; convent etc 1000; sanctum sanctorum study, library, den; hide out.

a(l/m)ma(r)[dura]

alma alma
armar armar armar
armar armadura

alma [ˈalma] *nf* soul; (persona) person;
(que anima) life and soul; (TEC) core.

armar [arˈmar] *vt* to assemble

amar [aˈmar] *vt* to love

armadura *nf* (MIL) armour, (TEC)
framework, (ZOO) skeleton, (FISICA)
armature

Jennifer Leaby

*The room was round and the walls,
floor and ceiling were coloured in
different shades of blue. The ceiling
had been painted in such a way that it
looked like the surface of the water
seen from underneath, and for a
moment the children were fooled into
thinking that they were actually
underwater, and they felt the air rush
in through the sides of their throats as
their gills opened.*

The Children of Lir retold by
Michael Scott.

Joe Ersten

'Little Lamb, Who made thee?'

This piece concerns studies into
"famous" sex murders as represented in
various forms of popular culture. We
live in an age of technical reproduction
that brings violence, fear and death to
our doorstep daily. Yet far from
antipathy we (as a society) seem to
covet more. We have a morbid sense of
curiosity about the perpetrators and the
hows and whys of their deeds. We
immortalise them in books and movies
and admit to an uncomfortable affinity
with them, whilst the victims are
inevitably forgotten.

This work muses over our urge to
both know and not to know, and the
intricacies and ramifications of such
repulsion and desire. Just who is the
victim and who is the perpetrator and
what part do we play in creating both?
To what extent do they, or popular
culture's representation of them, mirror
ourselves, service our own fantasies,
represent our own phobias, or possibly
even quell our own deviant potential?

John South

The Lost Umbrella no.2 Finding the perfect place

Umbrellas are often seen
abandoned. They are often used up and
end up in any possible space imagined.

The Lost Umbrella is about the
sensation of displacement.

An object that is irrelevant to the
situation. A history is created by the
visitor's imagination and their
assumptions. It is private within each
viewer. It is created by personal
association with the object. The
association is derived from the voyeur's
personal past. Each viewer assumes.
Because the history is made up it is
unlikely to be the same as the next
person.

The present time is frozen in the gaze
before the game of association begins.
The frozen time is short, before the
viewer's rational skills kick in, creating
the history of where the object came
from and how it got here.

The umbrella is a device of
protection, valid only at certain times. It
is brought out usually when it rains.
Many times the umbrella is left at home
and you get wet...or you are stopped
from moving on, for the fear of getting
wet.

Michelle Seamons

dirty objects

Encountering a corpse may very
well be the stangest of things. First the
silence one reserves for occasions such
as these. Seeking comfort in the rise and
fall of your own breath. The olfactory
sense is unable to ignore the copious
smell of formalin. Underneath a wet
green towel, dead body parts lay waiting
for living eyes to ~~scratch their~~
form/lessness, for fingers to touch their
toughened leather skin (what remains)
of their slippery innards, for stomachs to
turn inside out and upside down with
excitement and repulsion.

It is about a vacated thing/host, like
the empty box of an acquired product, a
wind sock in a still place with no gust,
or an escape tunnel already used. I have
thought a great deal about addressing
the internal space of the objects I make.
But now I prefer to think about the
absence of "anything inside" as
something intriguing and strange. They
become containers meant to be filled yet
are not, or once were, but not
anymore...the cadaver, the corpse, the
"dirty object"

Nathan Waters

Satin Strangulation

Satin sets the scene
of soft smooth serenity.
Sexy silent silky sweet
Sanguine sleek and sensual.
Such saucy sexual seduction!

Suddenly!...soumess!...

Satan seizes the senses
and swiftly snatches sanity.
"Must smother mother"
See the snap snarl, struggle scratch
strike.
Suffocate strangle,
smother spite.

Relaxed in a riot of rage
the ravishing red ribbon wraps
repetitously round and round and round
and round.

A sad resolve for a sorrowful sickness
A small son for sweet salvation
A split second situation suffocates any
sane solution.
Sadly the satin stains forever.

Paul Gifford

I have been exploring the issues
involved in the changing definition of
masculinity for the last two years. I have
pursued a multi-disciplined practice in
performance and object installation.

I have focused this year on the
relationship between fathers and sons.
My installation for this show will be a
machine with human traces intact. A
machine that will be made from hybrid
materials: plaster and hair.

Tim Hilton

Nancy Boys (a pink hang-up)

Have you ever wondered about the
colour pink? It's a funny colour that
delineates so many different things.

My cat's got a penchant for all things
pink. He's got a pink suede collar, and
he just adores pink woolly things. It's
his favourite colour.

When I think about the phenomena
of pink I end up thinking about my
pinky. But my favourite pink things are
pink bits. I think I've got a pink hang-
up.

Thanks to Peter Charuk and Simon.