

**BAD MOON RISING**



**SARAH CONTOS**

## **Bad Moon Rising**

Chloé. So much in a name. The kind of pseudonym given to pretty masseurs with translucent pink skin and fluttering, modest eyes that search the ground for a reply to compliments, dispatching your pleasure with quiet efficiency; and to small, trembling dogs who travel around in the fakery of monogrammed handbags. But our Chloé, the one in this room, is beyond the semiprecious and fragile affectations her name suggests. She gave up the pretense of all of that a long time ago; the glow of high-maintenance ‘natural’ and all the effort it took simply to exude. Health. Youth.

Although from a distance she still seems to shimmer, refracting a hard light syncopating a hard beat.

Slowly pour the liquid down  
For miles and miles it flows along  
Rose coloured neon lighted  
Swirl around turn around \*

Chloé is the aggressive pulse in your bones of thick, heavy bass that still resonates the day after. She is the dark circles under your eyes and the faint sparkle of glitter tracing the rime of sweat around your hairline, and the creases in your neck. She is the calamity of an upended wardrobe and an upturned life, cascading all of the cheap and dazzling armor that repels any suggestion of depth; sequins obliterating her body but enhancing the minutia of her every move; opalescent peacock make-up; her perfume worn like a force-field. Captivating. Impenetrable.

Glass eyes. The dilated, obsidian disks that take you in and flatten your dimensions to a form so attenuated, your image could shatter inside them the moment that you perceive your reflection. They liquefy the world into a dark, synthetic viscosity that drips from the walls in black sagging sheaths; a sticky, petroleum web in which to catch your nightmares. Move closer. Feel the distillation of her breath; peony; lychee; magnolia; lily of the valley; nicotine and an acrid chemical aspiration that forms the base note, catching you as you pull away from her embrace. You are too intoxicated.

She has been busy, manically arranging forms and cohesions into towers and totems to the false gods of luxury, quality. They are bound and adorned with ribbons and offered up like a sacrifice. A high priestess, she fashions an alchemical still to ferment and extract a replication, an imperfect copy of the thing she worships. But it is never quite right. The taint of plastic synthesis corrupts its flavour and there is always an edge of something borne of fright, which lingers on the periphery of your vision after you have become drunk on its liquor.

You can't quite distinguish its form.

As the numbness washes over your body, you become enveloped in its scent.

It seems to creep forwards.

Bec Dean

\* Sonic Youth, *Ghost Bitch* from "Bad Moon Rising" 1985, Geffen Records

## LIST OF WORKS

WALL (LEFT TO RIGHT)

Tattooed Cunt	Oil on Belgium linen	\$280
Kill Your Idols (ONJ)	Sequins and glass beads on found album cover	\$320
Pastel Pasties	Glass and plastic beads on Belgium linen	\$400
Teresa	Oil on Belgium linen	\$280
Crack Chloé Dream Catcher	PVC, synthetic rope, hydrocal plaster, enamel and wood	\$1000
Kill Your Idols (Ray Conniff)	Sequins, glass beads, plastic rhinestones on found album cover	\$390
Kill Your Idols (Dame Joan)	Sequins and glass beads on found album cover	\$390
Kill Your Idols (Reg Lindsay)	Sequins and glass beads on found album cover	\$390
Kill Your Idols (Barry Crocker)	Sequins and glass beads on found album cover	Private Collection
Norma Jean	Sequins, synthetic fabric on Belgium linen	\$280
Marilyn	PVC, sequins, synthetic fabric on Belgium linen	\$750
Kill Your Idols (John and Jacki)	Sequins and glass beads on found album cover	\$320

## LIST OF WORKS

### FLOOR:

#### Totems (SHORTEST TO TALLEST)

Blue Balaclava (Alfred)	Polymer clay, wool, wood and ceramics	\$350
Untitled (Ida)	Polymer clay, jarrah shellac, wool, wood and ceramics	\$650
Black Balaclava with Cock (Aleister)	Polymer clay, wool, wood ceramics and enamel	\$450
Double Headed Balaclava (Man Ray)	Polymer clay, wool, wood, ceramics and enamel	\$550
Pink Balaclava (Frances)	Polymer clay, wool, wood, ceramics and enamel	\$450

#### Crystal Meth Lab (Includes one hit of Crack Chloé)

Cutglass, sticky-tape, hydrocal plaster, nail polish, boot polish, glow sticks, caviar jars, plastic, Perspex, wood, synthetic carpet and stolen milk crates  
\$950

#### Crack Chloé (Edition of 5: Sold separate from Crystal Meth Lab)

Nail polish and boot polish on hydrocal plaster  
\$260

LOVE & THANKS TO:

George & Ron, Queen St. Studios, Bec Dean, Tania Doropoulos, Peter Fay, Daniel Mudie Cunningham, Joel Mu, Abby Moncrieff, Micaela Giffney, Mills & Morte, Joan Ross, Susan Saleeba, Dad & Gem, Lachlan, Emma & Seb Goldspink,

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THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 9th – 26th

**MOP**

2 / 39 Abercrombie Street Chippendale Sydney.



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The Visual Arts and Craft Strategy



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