

The Birth of the Universe

*Disturbance from cosmic background radiation is something we have all experienced. Tune your television to any channel it doesn't receive and about 1 percent of the dancing static you see is accounted for by this ancient remnant of the Big Bang. The next time you complain that there is nothing on, remember that you can always watch the birth of the universe.*¹

Kim Kardashian sashays through the dark matter of the small screen to a hissing track of television static. She danced, but badly, sang badly, but still she jumped up from her place at the table, screamed that she wanted to be a person, went out and was one.² *Oh baby, she's a star.* The love child of two great machines, she was born from the marriage of Hollywood and the small screen. When she arrived the dull moments got better, Reality suddenly had more capital. And boy, what cosmic capital! She changed colour like Jupiter on a cold night, her Armenian nose was Anglicised, her butt was super-sized, she was a Woman and a Thing to regard. We took her as our own, eternally ours.

Relaxing poolside recently at a luxurious six bedroom villa, a glowing Kim was photographed looking confident in her toned pregnant bikini body. We keep the image in our magazines and on our screens as proof that the divine and celestial can be seen from Earth. Kim was photographed because *being poolside*

is the cultural currency that delivers her financial manna. She might not say it out loud but she knows, in part, that she is an image. And soon she will give birth to another image. All the more for us.

Let's buy into it all. Turn the sun-bed on inside and leave the lid up, fill the room with UV rays, pay for a stock photo of the ocean and stretch it across our walls like salt water taffy. Let's buy the wind in the shape of a Dyson fan. Let's take our bodies and join them together and make them eternal. We don't need the TV anymore to watch the birth of the universe. Let's make images from other images until we realise what Kim already knows; that there is an art to leisure and *having time* doesn't mean you aren't working. Kim knows that it's possible to conceive your own universe and she's doing it poolside.

Stella Rosa McDonald

1. Bryson, Bill. "How to build a universe" in *A Short History of Nearly Everything*. Black Swan, 2004. Pp 31

2. Text adapted from Germain Greer's dedication to her friend Caroline in *The Female Eunuch*. Paladin Books, 1971.

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