

Michael Slusakowicz

1980 Born in Cracow/Poland 2006/07 Foundation Diploma in Art and Design, Manchester College of Arts and Technology 2007/08 Artist in residence, Manchester College of Art and Technology Currently BA Painting, Camberwell College of Arts / University of the Arts London

Paradise Lost

The intelligence, sexuality, darkness, depth and terror of Michael's work has a gravitas not only to move, challenge, disturb and shock but also to question, explore and understand our capacity for brutality and the darkness that dwells in us all. In Michael's work I also see an outrage at an innocence and a love defiled for if love and trust are abused and lost then what do we become and what do we become capable of? He is exploring universal themes that nod to John Milton, where angels become devils and gods become flesh. This resonates in the global politics of the present. Morality is blurred. The aggressor becomes the liberator and acts of opposition become acts of terrorism. That which is beautiful can become forbidden and the depraved and unjust can become heroic. As in Milton's Paradise Lost we continue to walk through chaos in the hope of finding heaven.

Private view
 1 October 2009, 6pm – 9pm
 Exhibition open to public
 2 October – 31 October 2009

James Wainman
 Director, Artland Gallery

- 1 Fair 2009, pencil on paper, 20x14 cm
- 2 My Mother Loves Me More Than My Father 2009, acrylon canvas, 30x40cm
- 3 Counting Breaths 2008, acrylon canvas, 40x50cm
- 4 Birthday 2009, text
- 5 Hidden/Hidden 2009, photographs, 5.5x7cm
- 6 Favourite Toys Of Their Childhood 2009, colour pencils on paper, 18x13 cm each



(1)



(2)



(3)

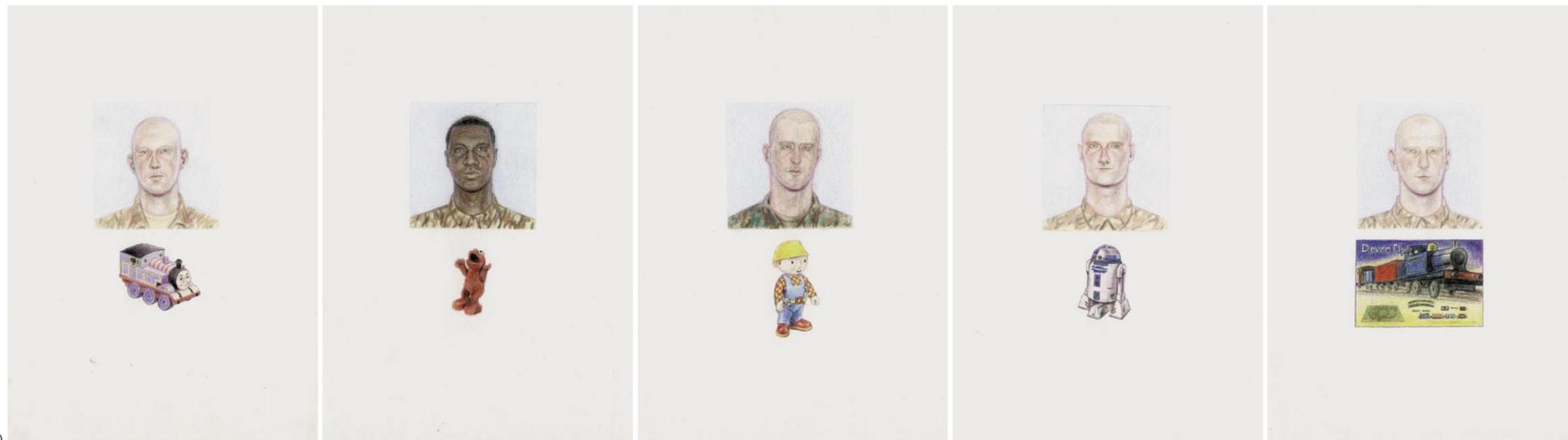
Birthday A bitch licks the hair of her new born pup. I wanted my mother to do the same. I wanted her to wash me. To clean up all the scars, everything that my stupid father made. I wanted to shine from her spit. Not as a boy, but as a man. That was what I wanted. And through all those years, every single night, I watched her lying under him. She was giving him all. She was licking his naked body. Inch by inch. And he liked it. Bastard. He was enjoying her company more than he deserved to. Every now and then I wanted him to die. I prayed for that. Night after night... And I was looking at him thinking it should be me. I should be there lying on my mother. Covering her. Night after night... That's what I wanted. And when I was lying in my bed, just before asleep, I was thinking about her words. "I love you more than anything in this world... I love you more than you know..." She used to say, holding me in her arms. And then I knew that I'm the only man in her life. "I would do everything for you... You know that, don't you?" I knew more than she said. I understood everything. And I was looking at myself

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in the mirror thinking it's me. Night after night... It's me. That's what she meant. And on my 13 birthday, I asked her for more than a cake and a Western Freight Train Set. I said "Go with me somewhere". I knew she would say yes. I knew she would do everything for me. And we went to that place. It was there, in the field at the edge of the woods, where the wild grass grows. She didn't know the way. I did. And when we stopped, I kissed her lips. For a moment she was confused. And then I saw her terrified eyes. "Mother!" I said. "I do love you..." She didn't say anything. And I asked her to take her skirt off. She made a step back. She fell down on the grass. She began to cry. I watched her carefully. Her beautiful legs, the soft line of the hips under a silky skirt... Her breasts... And long brown hair, wet from her own tears. And then I said "let me lie on you". I wanted my mother to do the same as she did with my stupid father. I wanted to lie on her. Not as a boy, but as a man. That was what I wanted, through all those years. 13 years ago I left her womb and now I wanted to get back there. Night after night.



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