

Effeminacy

Kah Bee Chow

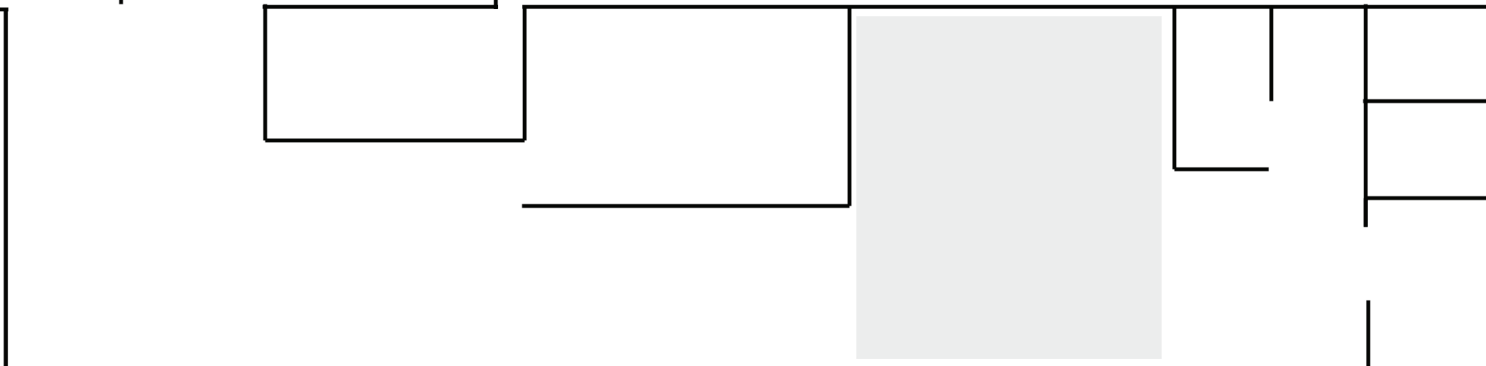
KHM Gallery

25 February – 10 March 2012

cast concrete, cast portland cement and crushed marble, pigment, gjutrör, plastic roofing, glass sheets, broken double pane windows, broken security glass, digital prints, video, Youtube 'Three Marus' video, globe pendant lamp, faux fur, wood, MDF, chipboard, carpet, steel chains, cyanotype on Arches Aquarelle paper, cyanotype on silk, crystals, marble base lamps, plexiglas, teapot, scaffold, flowers, bubble wrap, spray-painted plastic, galvanized metal tubes, wax, rock, styrofoam, pallets, ikebana instruction booklets.

Youtube video 'Three Marus' appear courtesy of Youtube channel mugumogu. I do not own copyright to this material.

Thank you so much to all my helpers. Thank you to Nell May for poster design.



Opening hours: Tues -Sun 13-17 KHM Gallery Ystadvägen 22A, Malmö

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I channel the savages when I eat watermelons. Oranges also. They taste better when your teeth tear the flesh off the rind; puncturing the sacs so the juices run and collect into a pool inside your mouth. It doesn't work with a mediocre orange. I once read: "We love beauty within the limits of political judgment, and we philosophize without the barbarian vice of effeminacy."

Barbarian vice of effeminacy: imagine this compatibility.

Effeminacy pours from an excess of refinement not reined in by a soundness of thinking; it rings of aristocratic overkill, a persistent, eternal infantilism afforded by privilege. How does the barbarian; the cannibal fall for the effeminate? Where do they even meet? I could not draw a line around a territory, not because one belongs on the outside and the other within, but because they operate as a kind of corrupting impulse; their shared lack of restraint comes to surface but eludes arrest. They don't meet up for coffee and they don't scope out each other's Facebook profiles; they are criminals on the run, they go chasing waterfalls.

When I was four years old, I came across a pack of crayons on the new lounge suite in the living room. I started testing out what the crayons could do and I learned I could leave markings on the textured upholstery of the sofa; a revelatory assignment. So I got to work that afternoon, I worked hard, attacking the surface with manic and more manic scribbles. I worked to colonize this expansive territory, smearing waxy residue over the entire set of furniture. I would use up one crayon, move onto another and another. It was exhilarating work. I had found my calling.

When my father returned home from work, I don't recall what happened immediately after – but suffice to say, I didn't anticipate the response that would come. At some point, I was placed outside the House. I clutched onto the grill of the gate outside our home, wailing like the banished offspring of an all-powerful God.

When I was finally allowed back into our house, I remember my father's back turned towards me. He didn't have a shirt on, he was on his knees, sweating profusely, scrubbing the sofa with his life.