

BILL HAYDEN
café Uranus

MAY 4–31, 2023

The flight from New York to Europe was an unwelcome reminder that time and possibility are an impossible tangle. Having put that notion behind me, I sit at a cafe; one that I slowly come to understand is designed to suck the savings out of tourists. I permit myself to imagine some future in which burning a plastic table for heat is reality and simultaneously commend my sacrifice of yet another precious opportunity for personal growth to the satisfaction of necessity. In this moment of weakness, a bug flies into my open mouth. It ricochets off the back of my throat causing a choking sensation. I inadvertently swallow it. Gagging at the thought of all the organisms living in the pest's ass, I rush to the toilet and force myself to vomit in the sink. Composing myself, I discover the soap here is good quality. However, I am sweaty, very sweaty in fact. The sheets are damp.

EXHIBITED WORKS

ROOM 1:

Model, 2022

Ink on paper

30.4 x 41 cm (unframed)

51.6 x 62.2 x cm (framed)

“People lived in trees and were eaten by snakes”

Boots with Fur, 2022 – 23

Ink on paper

23.8 x 31.2 cm (unframed)

47.2 x 54.6 cm (framed)

ROOM 2:

Na'vi Evolutions, 2023

Ink on paper

46.3 x 32.8 cm (unframed)

71.5 x 57 cm (framed)

“Place the spice under your tongue to stop the ear ringing”

Arrangement, 2023

Wood, hemp twine

Dimensions variable

ROOM 3:

Room, 2023

Ink on paper

21.6 x 29.8 cm (unframed)

42.2 x 50.4 cm (framed)

“Go out for a cigarette?”

Doggie, 2023

Ink on paper

41.9 x 30.5 cm (unframed)

65.3 x 53.9 cm (framed)

Structure, 2022 – 23

Ink on paper

38 x 60.8 cm (unframed)

61.4 x 84.2 cm (framed)