



# SEX!!!

Now that I have your attention.

Look...

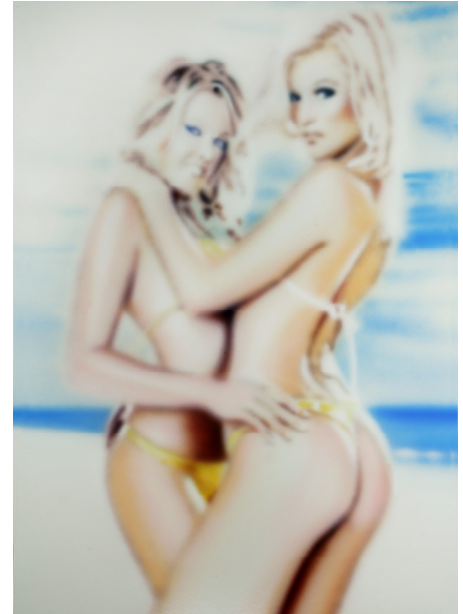
Taut, tight, tanned, toned, girlish giggles and string-strung bikini,  
sun on strapless, salted back as sunshine sheds skin and strips inhibitions.  
Hello boys, noticed the curves? They serve a purpose, they promise...what?  
They promise laughter  
going faster  
ever after  
clothes that are removed  
and clothes that could be...  
Use me, muse me, abuse me, confuse me, just so long as someone will choose ME.

200 pounds of sun-kissed flesh  
sweaty pounding barrel chest  
biceps flexed  
Adonis, don it, darn it, done it!  
phallic, frolic, feel it, flaunt it!  
immaculate pecs,  
Hey ladies, here's my doof-doof car, here's another seedy bar,  
A city spa? It's not so far,  
Who's rockin' your world tonight, baby?

O! perfect rounded breast  
the soft caress  
the salty breath  
the tenderness  
the scent of stale bitterness  
or cigarettes  
or **bigger** breasts  
or bodies, bronzed and browned and burnt.  
I am youth  
and YOUTH  
and YOUth.  
And truth and strewth! and so uncouth  
iPhone, I know! I moan ringtone  
tweet, tweet, upload, repeat.  
Don't you know there's no delete?



Hayley Bateup, Ironwoman on Broadbeach Gold Coast 2007.  
Photo Janine Nel McIntosh. Courtesy Hayley Bateup



Paul Wrigley, *Meter Maids* 2012, synthetic polymer paint on canvas. Courtesy the artist

Long  
long  
longer  
lean

warrior form that pierces the surf.

The sand in your eyes and between your thighs and between the sighs of the translucent waves  
on sand on shore for salty sure.

The surf ski, wave ski, kayak, surf board, who needs weapons when your body's your sword?  
In the wrestle, the rustle, the raffle of fate, in the liquid mountain and hold-your-breath-haste,  
in the swell and the sell and the shell and the hell,  
rise conquistadors of the sand and sea.

B-I-K-I-N-I, teeny, eenie meenie minie mo,  
spot the tourists in a row,  
some too shy for flesh to show,  
you wear a mask here, don't you know?  
High-rise holiday, hip hip hoo-rays of sunshine  
and feelin' fine  
and just incline  
and hey! unwind  
and never mind  
no one here knows you so no one cares.  
Melanoma, carcinoma, does this remind you of Barcelona?  
Or Verona? Or New Caledonia? Or somewhere else where no one owns ya?  
Mother nature, nurture, hurt ya, don't ya hate to go back home?

*Here's your postcard. Sunset on Surfers. Don't you wish that you were here?!  
I got you this lighter shaped like a penis. It seemed like a good idea at the time...*

Alone, in the shallows, haloed and hallowed,  
her face is joy and childhood and free.  
In her private universe she dolphin dives and pantomimes and doesn't see your peering eyes  
or recognise  
that anyone knows that she exists.  
Puppy fat and missing teeth,  
golden laughter as waves retreat  
and castles rise  
and fall with tides.  
And the saddest photo ever taken, for this is the happiest she will ever be because she does not  
see your eyes.

And  
one more glimpse, through half drawn curtain,  
Beach house, neat house, lounge room view,  
TV silent, computer idle, books and magazines asleep.  
P  
E  
E  
L  
off clothes and gentle repose and ...*hush, the rest is  
silence.*

Now step back, blink, blank,  
block this from your sight.  
This site, the right, it's not polite...

Now that I have your attention.

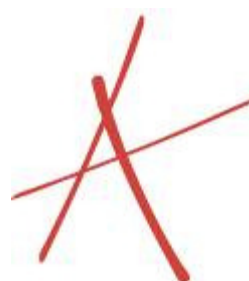


Abbey McCulloch, *The illusionist* 2012, oil on canvas. Courtesy the artist and Helen Gory Galerie, Melbourne

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## SEXUALISING THE CITY

IMAGING DESIRE + GOLD COAST IDENTITY



GOLD  
COAST  
CITY  
GALLERY