

SLASH DOT COM SERIES

Oil on canvas.

This series explores and condemns the adult web sites which are currently available and easily accessible by minors.

The image used in the painting and etchings was accessed with five clicks on the keyboard.

A ritual which could have been repeated blindfolded.

Some viewers will be shocked by these images and may condemn them as pornographic. Justifiably so.

Is your child sexually inquisitive or is he really doing his homework on the internet?

The shocking truth is the fact that such images can easily appear on a minors screen by way of accident, or through a child's curiosity using an unfiltered Internet.

Which is more frightening?

I have attempted to use an original image from the web and recycle it to the extent that the painting becomes almost animalism in it's appearance, taking the whole concept of a disturbing image into further depths of the unknown.

The etchings have been treated with a liquid composed from the melted down pornographic images printed from the adult web site which provided me with the original starting point. I have decomposed the images further using the liquid which was made from the original source.

In essence, I have taken a pornographic image and recycled it twice to create a thought provoking statement aimed at all parents with children who have access to an unfiltered Internet.

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SLASH DOT COM

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain

The child was allowed to play in the garden
She saw many wonders
She liked the poisonous flowers best
They sting at first
But bring the glad pain she longs for

This is a magic garden
Grown ups with tired eyes play here
Eating strange fruits and touching wild flowers
Only good children are allowed inside
Beautiful boys, fresh girls

Welcome to./com
www. Where Tokyo cartoon sex puppy
/ suck wet pap
/ oyster eyes laugh and weep
/ pores seethe with sweat

We have found the gate to the garden
We can touch what is evil
We are sick but cannot look away
Nor shut our ears to the slash dot commentary
Of screaming corruption

With each new spring new shoots appear
New minds to be nurtured
Then allowed to rot
Our roots are fed with poison
And our land is a desert

Il faut cultiver notre jardin

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