



*Les Enfants  
Pierres Déprimés*

presents

# void (poetry)

**Centre D'Éditions Melbourne  
July 9 - July 30 2022**

I write in my notes app.  
I send selfies to my friend first.  
I agree with my boyfriend.  
I am for my boyfriend.  
I buy food in small amounts.  
I delete and re-upload.  
I edit.  
I am particular.  
I'm ethereal and mysterious.  
I'm delicate and soft.  
I like being upset.  
I listen to Lana Del Rey.  
I desire to see surface.  
I post.  
I give myself away.  
I'll never dox myself.

*Bella*

to vaguely escape the captures of sexist rhetoric Tiqqun argues in theory of the young-girl that the young girl described is actually a non gendered term that is utilised in order to describe the current subject.

Contemporary subject as young girl 🧒. To bring this forward in time, the influencer/others names to describe this as contemporary subject.

Almost in an antithetical way to Benjamin's notion of mechanically produced art objects, the book in circulation, maintains its aura, uniquely for the owner, outside of its actual meaning and content. Constructed within the online spectacle and discourse, the young-girl? can tangibly obtain this hypothetical knowledge through the object of the book. The young-girl? is able to hold all the meaning in the world, devoid of actually consciously digesting it. To hold or to have the object that they believe infers the knowledge they want and know is always enough.

I once stumbled upon an Instagram account about a person who was trying to only produce one small waist basket of rubbish for the whole duration of six months. They mainly described the anxiety they had surrounding their potential waste and how it became physically debilitating to do things because of this. If you are a good consumer you can elevate your societal guilt. Even who you follow is virtuous. The extreme opposite of obtaining

The logic of social media is pervasive etc and it is perhaps just because it is monopolistic of cultural production

@adorno?

Just as subjectivity can form from a cultural structure such as movies and books etc what are the ramifications of subjectivity formed from tumblr and Instagram?

When we blur between each other, we are shocked and resentful to actually see ourselves as others.

*Will*

I found my therapist on Facebook and had to stop seeing him. I found another therapist online who I found very beautiful and her social media was limited and attractive too. She only worked with racially diverse clients.

My brother dies at 18 months old because of a hole in his ass.

At maybe 11 years old I broke my right arm doing a front flip on the school oval, fracturing my radius bone and dislocating my elbow joint from the humerus. I spent 2 nights in Hospital, horsed out on a morphine drip and sucking down mango jelly cups. My young male doctor admired my injury, telling me how impressive the break was considering children's bones are 'like rubber'.

I still feel sick, maybe it's because I drank a whole litre of water to get my body into action. I remember following this faux pornstar on snapchat from when i was maybe 14-16 who would post videos and photos of her naked for whoever followed her snapchat story, it was hot, and I got off on both the idea of her getting off on sharing herself so publicly without some financial gain and also seeing her naked. After one or two slides of her tits and her fingering herself she put up this slide saying, 'drink water in the morning it wakes up your blood and gets your body moving', I read that like gospel and whenever I wake up I remember that advice and do the same. It helps you shit which is also good. But I still feel gross. I think too much honey on my porridge, or I didn't eat enough veggie shepherd's pie that Ruby made the night before, it was good, the pie part wasn't structurally strong but it became a nice mix of textures.

Fantasy is the strongest force if you approach reality with indifference, fantasy can only be fully realised if you know reality will and always will, let you down.

Wake in total miserable fright and corner off your own wrong doings by assimilating the size and width of empathy, turn it edible and help them chew by softly rubbing their larynx while stomping on back of their parietal while their teeth are wedged open by a porcelain frank green water bottle

I need to shit before I even sip the coffee

clean slate

the world is my closet  
there's nothing to see here  
tattered thread  
dye that rubs off  
the thread we unwound  
got strung on  
a pirouette

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lock and key

caught between remembering and forgetfulness  
where does all the forgetting go  
i dont want to forget  
sometimes it just happens

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i don't know what i'm doing but i'm going to keep doing it

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pain is often meaningful and that is the point

*Jaz*

i never really believe what people say  
how i became invisible  
this is a shambles, we don't know where we're going.. but let's sublimate that  
the lady and the trucker  
a woman emerging from a orgy  
fancy dress  
need to hate you to move on  
psychic poisoning page 49 the uprising  
margaritas guacamole sand sun and fun  
big earrings  
yellow orchids  
multicoloured poppies drooping  
colouring in my face  
face fucking jaw ache  
blush  
cream blush liquid blush only bright pink blush for olive skin tones  
an art girl to fuck  
art girl self portrait in black and white hand printed  
i don't write down my good ideas or thoughts m  
need to throw my phone against the wall and destroy it  
my private life  
different bits of my life that don't overlap  
thoughts are all scattered but in a good way happy and excited but idk what  
abt just energetic

bed full of sand but the sand is crushed up stale bread loaf  
stages of drunkenness and stages of complete soberness but tiny  
mostly being totally drUNK  
and FUCKING ANNOYING  
loneliness is a curse

my dreams feel more real than awake  
negative self talking myself  
blunted emotions  
clinical  
pathologised  
need something to make sense  
creative spark  
a narrow road leading to my bed  
bedroom diary  
sanctuary

heightened  
keep calm and get over it

drawings pictures of double doors and special apartments where i want to live  
clay model of my cat  
wet clay with finger prints  
floating away from my body  
my own private apartment .. everything is clean in my own cluttered way  
look at the lights down on the street in the night, look at the leaves during the  
day

Evie

(probably not this for the text)

Guttural excitement for the first time in maybe 2 years

After my dealer used my phone to go on his Facebook messenger and giving me access to all the groupchats:

OpiatesONLYnohot/heroin

Cooookers\*\*scriptsnonly

ColdandHotA1shard

Its Cold Down Sth East

West's Spinnas

Justurlocalscripts

WI-FI187

Harmony2021Reboot

Opiates only, lean, Oxy (nohot/heroin)

GumtreeMelbourneAnythingGoes

MelbourneGoods1000%

Support Club

MultiLVLDRUGSnoHotorCold

Hot222

If only the language and aesthetics of hard drugs weren't so lame, infantile, and gay maybe I would feel like I was participating in something special, and sexy, but sadly even the semantics of fringe subcultures mirror Docklands and Bourke Street Arcade.

*Ignatz*

If I can't chew it why the hell would I freeze it. Dog called Sherman. Red Spatchcock. Feeling of lower shin slightly perspiring inside pants, with fabric softly swaying and brushing against your shin. Jacking off the monster under my bed. Stoy Tory. Living your life in maxims. Stains. Universal Fate and Order. This is just one of the many reasons why people commit arson. Red Spatchcock Red Spatchcock you don't know what you have till it's gone. Thoughts have consequences. If this is the Point Where it all Started, I just want to say I was here. We are in End Times/Sunset before Sunrise/The Edge of Tomorrow. You fuck off! You fuck right off! I've got something rhyming with cruset that comes out of my musket! And it's looking at your forehead buddy! sometimes when I think of the future I'm really just thinking of Clifford the Big Red Dog. ducks...why are they like that!? Jam, on this or any other day. The thing with going between two doors is that you always fall through the second. You don't exactly trip through the second door. You more slide downwards after seeing the perfectly reticulated cornice on the frame. You've got to live it. Third passing of Saturn over the NWC. We all know what happened the last time.

*Moss*



List of Works  
Clockwise from the Left

*Book Stack*  
Cardboard, Acrylic  
Will Presser

Text  
Jasmine Erin

*(Poetry)*  
Acrylic  
Bella Besen

*Meridian Couture*  
Oil on Canvas, Artist frame  
Ignatz Cady Freer

*ggirl1, ggirl2, ggirl3, ggirl4*  
Inkjet Print on Foamcore  
Moss Lasica Wood

Text  
Jasmine Erin

*Void*  
Acrylic  
Bella Besen

*Spun out with slippery grace (snails dream)*  
Oil on Canvas  
Ignatz Cady Freer

Centre:

Mise En Scene with Video and Podcast  
Les Enfants

Book  
Cardboard Acrylic  
Will Presser