



Jess Tan
The Stink Inside My Soul Is Coming To Get Me
September 2019 © Mailbox Art Space

Cold showers to temporarily absolve the crankiness which latches on 2 me, symptomatic of awakening from extended periods of deep sleep. I pretend I'm at a waterfall, falsifying the adrenaline rush. I think about the core of what I mean in life, when maybe there is no core but instead a fragmentation of things which levitate together and then apart and together without me as well.

I've gone so inside my self that my tethering to the outside is weak. I've been thinking about the privilege of daydreaming, of pretending, of propositions, but also the necessity of them to think about how things can change when everything feels like it's on the geological cycles' edge of erosion (hella dire)

To have intentions but decentre them
The intertwinement of the ecological/biological/political/morphological (in no particular order)
The intertwinement of all of these but none of these simultaneously

desire as fleeting romanticised things that will ultimately damage ur psyche
The falsification of desire but if not desire, then what?
The desire to change how I am because of the way I have been cultural conditioned to construct meaning

To overcome recurring mental barriers
I need this idealistic vessel to be everything I'm not
But to not reduce it to reparative gestures which claim to overcome things
A Working Through rather than an Overcoming
(dunno if I believe that things resolve)
Smells linger and then even when their odour disperses the particles still exist and u can get food poisoning
Love from Germophobe xxxxx

The need to be in bodies of water to feel O.K

My **psychological pants** are twisted
as well as my physical pants

A breaking away from; an unfocused thinking that is clear, but everything feels broken.
Broken as in, circulating within the contradictions of existing under neoliberal ideals, cultural constructions and resultant of this, understandings of my own experiences which I feel tricked by.

Disorientation in responding/reading from the way I know (which I'm trying to change) and what I believe at present (in flux/accumulating from lived experience)

Paranoid/insecure that my thinking processes are becoming over-institutionalised
business vampires that want to preserve their longevity
stored beneath the kitchen sink, a teaspoon of treacle a day

collage as kinship, just wanna be, wanna resist flattening meaning, don't wanna participate in the circulation of stale information, don't wanna grow mould in the dark under inflated patriarchal hand that slaps me on the back every day in a condescending way, which becomes internalised pain, but is also in a **Fucked Up Way**, a momentary gesture which dresses itself up as encouraging.

Paranoid about the size of my foot print in the era of ecological collapse; the waste I produce in a city where recycling now ceases to exist. I often think about how things that go in to landfill are preserved in a coffin 4eva.

Every Thing in Coffins

Within a sand mould I recover thoughts that my art practice idealises the life-outlook-approach/on-being values I have but struggle to manifest within myself, instead reflected through approaches to materials/things/stuff in the hope that its transformative state might transform me.

In the advertisement section: seeking the feeling of ~free~ but finding most public spaces oppressive except for the klerb, the pool, the oval, the forest, the sea

swimming as a language in itself

The slits say
even the air is dizzy
even the leaves are weezing
even the clouds are coughing

Dancing to cut through existence
Can't co-ordinate and that's why I like it
The saga of the armpit
If I stare at the naked sky for too long my eyes begin to water

I long to visit an oval which is not contained by fences
and sneeze as vocally as I can
Sneeze farm harvesting energy
But everyone would have to sanitise the machinery afterwards

I dunno if I should/can
Pink/black/orange/white/so many questions to ask
my vomit this morning
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Music to listen to whilst cutting the lawn with a blunt machete
The loaning of emotions (oceans)
(the empathic brain)
The vomiting centre; to rid the body of toxins
the cough centre, the sneeze centre
And,
If,
But,
By

Falling Asleep
the language of secret trees dispersed across layers of skin time erasures
hollowing out spaces to Live in
Next Year I will remain the same age (thawing since birth)the global climate will have risen by 1.5 degree

Wikipedia describes nacre (*[/ˈneɪkər/ NAY-kər](#)* also *[/ˈnækrə/ NAK-rə](#)*),^[1] also known as **mother of pearl**, as an organic-inorganic composite material produced by some molluscs as an inner shell layer; it also makes up the outer coating of pearls. It is strong, resilient, and iridescent.

Jess Tan, August 2019

I live and work on stolen land. I acknowledge the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation as the traditional custodians of the land. I pay my respects to their Elders; past, present and emerging. Sovereignty has never been ceded.