



Quiet Enjoyment was exhibited by Anna and Aiden on 29 January 2015 at 24 Barkly Place, Melbourne. We lived in this studio apartment throughout 2014.

The following text is taken from *Anna's Book* (a work displayed in the show)

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Maybe I'm the smartest person in Melbourne right now or maybe should I ditch the attitude ?

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I take so many Rescue Remedy pastilles that I become fearless. I walk into the Westin and steal a petit four from the sandwich tray. I drink straight from the spout of a conference water jug. Rescue Remedy is made from varieties of flowers; if you overdose you wilt.

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Dreaming of cooking in a rich man's kitchen using a KitchenAid mixer. Then I will drink some herbal tea containing St John's wort and it will interact badly with my other medications, causing me to get drowsy and disoriented. I will fall asleep on his lounge and accidentally leave the mixer going. KitchenAid mixers are very quiet technology and I won't wake up until the man comes home and shakes me awake.

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An adult with a lunchbox forgets and leaves her lunch inside the lunchbox for months on end. Soon there is a mice invasion; the mice are leaping about and jumping from cupboards. The mice get interested in what's in the wardrobe, not just the kitchen. Some baby mice form a nest in a dressing gown pocket where she had left a wad of tissues.

She uses a door snake to keep out the mice but that is of no use. Soon she forms a tendency to hallucinate out of the corner of her eye: clothes start to look like people and stars look like UFOs.

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My dark thoughts

I have four stolen black milk crates waiting for me in my room, I am going to kill myself with them. (When I die I'll look like Jack in the box. But in reverse)

Every night when I lie in bed I feel heavy and lumpy, so I encourage myself to slip into something more comfortable. Like a coma. When I wake from coma my boyfriend will be watching all these QI eps on youtube

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Dinner party at a house where Banksy prints are all over the walls and Banksy print mugs are next to the Elderflower cordial in the cupboard

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My house is great for entertaining but I am not great for entertaining

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My landlord posts memes on Facebook in an album called 'funnies'.

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Asset rich cash poor

I imagine my landlord has a heart attack right on my floor. So he'll be talking about his many investments then he falls down sweating and shaking. I won't know what to do except pray for the best. When the paramedics carry him off I'll think "someone must have negatively geared his heart," (real witty). He is divorced retired and alcoholic.

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I fear food that others have prepared.

I can't hardly eat out anymore.

Someone noted on a forum that the term "food poisoning" has always made them laugh because it seems so dark and twisted. "It's like somebody has deliberately poisoned a particular food about to be eaten by someone they don't like--though I'm sure that's happened before--when most of the time it could just be something simple like it was merely undercooked."

I found this in a conversation hosted on the cartoonzone site.

In year 10 at high school I went to debating camp in Hobart. I didn't have a very fun time as it was my first debating event and I felt left out from all the friendship groups. I had just met Aiden and I was deciding whether I wanted to date an artist or a debating boy. That was my big debate.

We were only allowed a few hours of sleep at camp due to how many resolutions and readings we had to work through. Because of sleep deprivation, all the debaters were on edge. One of my teammates cried all night about the conditions the people who made our clothes were forced to live in. The resolution I brought to camp (requiring high-schoolers to do 100 hours of community service) was incredibly unpopular. Everyone turned against me in the final vote.

On the final night of camp, we were told to prepare for an unscheduled event called 'FOF'. The camp facilitators said it would be scariest event of our lives and told us to put on five pairs of underwear. We were blindfolded and led by some of the older guys onto a bus. I kept bumping my head on the walls of the bus cos I couldn't see what was going on. We had our blindfolds taken off when we stopped at the entry to a nature reserve outside Hobart.

There were tea light candles leading down to the oval in the centre of the nature reserve, where the camp facilitators had created a huge bonfire. It turned out that 'FOF' stood for 'Fire of Friendship' -- it was a secret YMCA ritual that the debating society felt obliged to follow since they'd received grant money from the YMCA. All the debaters were very solemn and we stood around the fire holding a candle each. We could choose to step in closer to the fire and confess whatever was on our mind. Some people spoke about depression, or their difficulties moving up their school student leadership hierarchy, or confessed to no longer believing in God.

One boy saw his dead uncle in the fire; he was so frightened that he ran deep into the nature reserve and disappeared. The ambulance was called and paramedics chased loudly around the bushes looking for him. We were told to ignore the noise and keep making our confessions around the fire. I didn't make any confessions because I didn't have any problems that I could think of.

We were told not to breathe a word of the Fire of Friendship to anyone. One of the debaters, I recently found out, hadn't spoken about the fire to her boyfriend of three years. I hope I don't get in trouble for this, as a couple of camp facilitators follow me and my writing on Tumblr. Fire of Friendship has been a YMCA tradition since 1925 (a well-kept secret!). It's customary to sing "Kumbayah" at the end of the night on which FOF is held. I don't think we sang that, but I remember I ordered \$100 worth of pizza for all the debaters to eat when we returned to camp HQ.

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I think if I found out that my boyfriend and I were related I would continue to be with him. Because what else could I do? We've built a life together.

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Prey Animal

I am not very good at feeding myself my boyfriend says it is Darwinism in action

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Anna fuck you

Learn boundaries

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I pay for everything that's the law

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Having a fantasy where Aiden has an affair and says "Anna, now I've tasted caviar I can't go back to fish" then he kicks me out of our home

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I lived in student accommodation for two years

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Sorry if I sound like I am doing a residency at a funeral or at "bleak house" or something

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A girl in my primary school told me that our minds could take and store about 20 photos like a digital camera. She said she had stored only one photo in her mind and she'd taken that photo when she was on the swing, had swung to the top of the curve and could see over everything in the playground from a bird's-eye view.

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I am waiting for myself to go properly crazy it should happen soon

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Money talks... like everyone else.... it says 'Hi Anna! It was nice to see you but it's time for me to leave and hang out with my cooler friends'

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Me as a young person hides in paternal grandma's room at the retirement home. How long I can I live here before people notice... I love her room it's painted pink I can't remember if dad pays for it or not

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I always wanted to be a model but now I know I just don't look right

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Aiden is leaving to go overseas soon it will be my first time in the house alone. I got a print-out of the powerpoint presentation that shows their itinerary. I'll cut out each slide and put them together on a pinboard with mini bunting flags marking out his journey. Make the house look like Pinterest. When Aiden leaves it is like a pin in my chest. lol. He can come home and find me hanging dead from the bunting either I got caught up in decorating or it was something more sinister.

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I stand in the way of all my boyfriend's dreams. Don't like to get in the way but I often do.

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MY VIEW

Opinion piece

By Anna crews

A lot of people like to rag on install shots, they say it's irresponsible to put more images out into the world. Also they say it's boring to have pictures of every art show that looks the same. 'Every install shot makes the art look too good -- better than it could ever look in the gallery!' However, install shots help me see the paintings when I am too scared to go to the opening. Many people have social anxiety yet wish to participate in art world. Because we have to stay at home from the openings we may as well deserve to see nice install shots. (Rose-tinted glasses and flash lights.. ha. ha what a way to view the world!)

Furthermore I'm someone whose partner makes hundreds of dollars from doing installation shots. Also, if I do go out, I like to be able to look back, in hindsight, at a show I've seen and review what happened.

Maybe it was you who was standing in front of the painting at the gallery opening so no one could see it..... With your high hat. Now everyone has to go online and check what the painting looked like. Really gives you food for thoughts

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Instead of contouring I want a scar under each cheekbone

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My bf won't let me use a waist training corset he never wants me to stop breathing