KINGS

CAMILLE THOMAS

a short index on desire

EMERGING
WRITERS PROGRAM

Artist Run

Established in 2003, KINGS Artist-Run provides a location for contemporary art practice, supporting distinctive experimental projects by artists at all stages of their careers.

Open 12–5pm Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

69 Capel Street,
West Melbourne VIC 3003

KINGS Artist Run acknowledges the Wurundjeri Woi-wurrung people of the Kulin Nation as the Traditional Custodians of the land on which we operate. We offer our respect to Elders both past and present and extend this offer to all First Nations people.

A short index on desire.

You can't beat a dead horse that's already down.

Barthes/ Winnicott

angoisse (noun)

anguish, distress, anxiety (psychiatry), angst (philosophy), fear, dread.

The psychotic lives in the terror of breakdown (against which the various psychoses are merely defenses). But "the clinical fear of breakdown is the fear of a breakdown which has already been experienced (primitive agony). . . and there are moments when a patient needs to be told that the fear of the breakdown, fear of which is wrecking his life, has already occurred." Similarly, it seems, for the lover's anxiety: it is the fear of a mourning which has already occurred, at the very origin of love, from the moment when I was first "ravished". Someone would have to be able to tell me: "Don't be anxious any more—you've already lost him/her".

[screenshot meme] *Desire is the root of all suffering.*

Make myself cum to 'Yves Tumor - *Limerence* [Extended]' in attempt to stave off all this nervous energy in my body . . . I need a cigarette.

Which adaptogenic supplement should I take next?

Nietzsche, *Zarathustra*

The worst enemy you can meet will always be yourself. . . You must be ready to burn yourself in your own flame: how could you become new, if you had not first become ashes?

Lacan

Desire can never be satisfied, because it is a desire to desire.

Miranda July

It's hard to be knocked down when you're on all fours.

Carson, *Finding the Edge*

Pleasure and pain at once register upon the lover, in as much as the desirability of the love object derives, in part, from its lack. To whom is it lacking? To the lover. If we follow the trajectory of eros we consistently find it tracing out this same route: it moves out from the lover toward the beloved, then ricochets back to the lover himself and the hole in him, unnoticed before. Who is the real subject of most love poems? Not the beloved. It is that hole.

Kristeva, *Ego Affectus*

rerum absentium concupiscentia
concupiscence for absent things

Kristeva, *In Praise of Love*

It is mad. No doubt the risk of a discourse of love, of a lover's discourse, comes mainly from uncertainty as to its object.

Desire as object.

Barthes Greek:

(But isn't desire always the same, whether the object is present or absent? Isn't the object always absent? -This isn't the same languor: there are two words: Pothos, desire for the absent being, and Himeros, the more burning desire for the present being.)

Man muss mit den Pferden pflügen, die man hat.
One must plough with the horses he has.

I am fiendish, restless, and impatient.

Adrienne Rich, *Some Notes on Lying*

The liar is concerned with her own feelings.

The liar lives in fear of losing control.

The liar has many friends, and leads an existence of great loneliness.

. . .The unconscious wants truth, as the body does.

Truisms4-dummies

And although the head hurts, the heart knows the truth.

I tell Juliette it's curious that when you search 'horse racing' into your ethical/unethical search engine of choice, betting apps come up before anything else. I am looking for wikipedia.

She replies "I know a bit about dog racing, the true poor man's sport".

. . . I bet on losing dogs.

Carson, *Finding the Edge*

When I desire you a part of me is gone: my want of you partakes of me.

In the morning you have to leave. Half asleep, in the dark, I kiss your bare bum as you pull on your socks. In my stupor I resist saying *I love you.*

Instead the words *love you* come tumbling out of my mouth as I hand you a plate of steak.

Nelson, *Argonauts*

Instead the words 'I love you' come tumbling out of my mouth in an incantation the first time you fuck me in the ass, my face smashed against the cement floor of your dank and charming bachelor pad.

Carson, *Finding the Edge*

Eros as lack alerts a person to the boundaries of himself, of other people, of things in general. It is the edge separating my tongue from the taste for which it longs that teaches me what an edge is.

Joni Mitchell

Part of you pours out of me, in these lines from time to time.

In therapy this week we open by talking about how godlessness might be one of the roots of this modern loneliness.

Love thy neighbour and such.

Prayer consists of attention. It is the orientation of all the attention of which the soul is capable towards God.

[Open meditation app to the quote:]

Correspondance Simone Weil, Joe Bousquet

"L'attention est la forme la plus rare et la plus pure de la générosité."

Attention is the rarest and purest form of generosity.

I like to routinely tell my friends I'm thinking about giving up on my creative practice. "Are you making anything atm?" drones out at any and all art adjacent social gatherings. The truth is I hate working. I like hedonism, lying in the sun, having too much sex, and trying to ignore the well of anxiety in the pit of my stomach.

Working doesn't leave much time for making though. . . or hedonism. Woof.

[screenshot of a girl on the verge of tears] when u experience the suffering that comes with desire.

. . . I would appreciate if the body could keep slightly less of the score.

Encore.

Beat the dead horse.

Get back on the horse.

Dubbing 2026 the year of the dilettante, **Camille Thomas** is an artist, librarian, and after a short five-year stint of writers block, is giving it another crack. Camille is one of the Co-Directors of TCB gallery, loves thinking too much about movies, cooking, and is an Aquarius.

The Emerging Writers Program was established in 2015 with the aim to provide publishing opportunities for emerging arts writers. This program is run in partnership with unProjects and is supported by Creative Victoria and City of Melbourne.