

## Room one

Clockwise from door

1.  
quaff 2018  
dark stoneware  
10 × 2.5 cm  
\$ 150
2.  
clops 2019  
white raku, Wimmera terracotta, underglaze  
59 × 49 × 15 cm  
\$3,200
3.  
puy I 2018  
raku fired clay  
28 × 17.5 × 3.5 cm  
\$1,100
4.  
puy II 2018  
raku fired clay  
17 × 13 × 3.5 cm  
\$ 900
5.  
loolegs 2019  
cuttlefish, casting plaster, copper,  
patina, dark stoneware  
six parts, dimensions variable  
\$ 900
6.  
newt (with ear) 2018/2019  
white raku  
two parts: 28 × 35 × 68 cm and 29 × 22 × 8 cm  
\$3,600
7.  
butter hair 2019  
flashe, acrylic, ink and pumice powder on  
Mingeishi paper  
frame size 102 × 72.5 cm,  
paper size 96.5 × 65.5 cm  
\$3,000
8.  
modern country 2019  
lumina porcelain, Wimmera terracotta,  
underglaze  
34.5 × 26 × 3.5 cm  
\$2,200
9.  
flares (chartreuse soaked) 2019  
lumina porcelain, Wimmera terracotta,  
underglaze  
35.5 × 24.5 × 3.5 cm  
\$2,200
10.  
sepals & petals 2018  
flashe, acrylic, ink and pumice  
powder on Mingeishi paper  
frame size 71 × 53.5 cm,  
paper size, 65.5 × 48 cm  
\$1,600

## Doorway

11.  
chain of pools 2019  
lumina porcelain, Wimmera terracotta,  
underglaze  
34.5 × 25.5 × 3 cm  
\$2,200

## Room two

Clockwise from wooden wall

12.  
woo 2018  
flashe, acrylic, ink and pumice powder on Mingeishi paper  
frame size 71 × 53.5 cm,  
paper size, 65.5 × 48.5 cm  
\$1,600
13.  
breath for b 2018  
flashe, acrylic, ink and pumice powder on Mingeishi paper  
frame size 71 × 53.5 cm,  
paper size, 65.5 × 48 cm  
\$1,600
14.  
possible coins or planets 2017/2019  
plaster, flashe, acrylic, ink, dark stoneware,  
underglaze, copper, iron, patinas  
dimensions variable  
\$ 60 each
15.  
with thanks & nails for your look poems 2018/2019  
steel, bailing twine, white raku clay, resin, pampas grass, tin,  
pencil, vice, gauze, ink, casting plaster, copper, patina, dark  
stoneware, Cape Schanck sand, Wimmera terracotta, porcelain,  
glass, brass, wool, petals, bells, pompoms, pewter, cuttlefish,  
hessian  
dimensions variable
16.  
free love 2018  
white raku  
75 × 43.5 × 5 cm  
\$3,600
17.  
sum tungsten 2019  
lumina porcelain, Wimmera terracotta, underglaze  
37 × 27 × 3 cm  
\$2,200
18.  
vice vera blue soft 2019  
lumina porcelain, underglaze  
29.5 × 23 × 1.5 cm  
\$1,800
19.  
brow & handle 2018  
dark stoneware  
30 × 21.5 × 1.5 cm  
\$1,800
20.  
clips 2019  
lumina porcelain, underglaze  
30.5 × 22.5 × 1.5 cm  
\$1,800

# Aaron C. Carter

## *free love*

22 June to 22 July 2019

ReadingRoom  
37 Swanston Street, Room 4,  
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[www.areadingroom.com](http://www.areadingroom.com)

# We understand Free Love

assume we understand Popular as a descriptor and not a genre

there is Pop all over these walls, they are running with it.

making money by my body doing regular work

the shaft, dig, shine of 'free love,

ecstasy  
Joni's long ass hair

stirrup-ing a Brumby. what lithe vinegary excuse is this!?

to touch up in your crotch.

Joni is more pop than rock given a way at Woodstock

save her soul, or something her market categories

in some subsistence of agrarian routine or an Anodyne Trust

it's a bad dream bruited pitchy rusted bucolics'R Us

like make-up applied to the inside of the mouth

my body speaks in these gestures of a wooden house

a well shaped loaf harvested not-native to the country but specifically remote

and we forgot to score, so the guts fell out  
a wooden bladder  
reasonable beyond measure

Woodstock  
Is a moderate man

He stands in the centre in His justification for being modest

shooting forth unit measurements

peace in pellet form emancipatory politics

the family-as-labor turns in on themselves- they cannot imagine such a despicable body

stealing like a rich person shops inherently rich like the favourite child

land requires a small coffin-grab her toffee Switch thick as the slabs, moderate men throw their pitted fists into, yelping

180-degree roast and grafting a straight line; romance ascending, coincidentally, incrementally,

yam fields covered over by a deep dive in emotional repression

got know-how.

The cars are swerving round our laughing bodies, and we well, we're full of anxiety

Hard to leave, hard to stay, eh.

until we all tumble down- dumpy-like-still laughing amongst the riots. the broken shop-fronts. the ways it could be

...how the heel... as you dig it in

the lines on both sides, two descending, coincidentally, incrementally, to *your* junk

that leading with the hips from the hips, towards the

Yes, Ah, ooOf,  
gutters (i'm a Real Catch)

always writing like it's trendy and discomfoting

because there's this secret wish to change my mind

and your sick, yellow, paisley flanks buoyed in the world by an optimistic, sinking anchor

to the deconstructed blundstone the original degustation shoe

cuttle and windmill, the charred silver skin of manna gum, wet in the rain, metal on the fire

branded by the genres we take as a granted.

I will abolish myself in the revolution  
clarity is green and full but this is brown and honest, like Hilary Swank's jaw in *Boys Don't Cry*

I can draw a line between it and this inky pot of subcultural colours

people also asked: what is a psychedelic person?

brushing teeth too hard exposing the nerves a little to time

you spend time dedicated to unlearn this kind of maniacal brushing, 15 years or so

dreaming about the appropriated vernacular

your eyes bedded in their sockets by downy lids: this endless feedback loop

where your doggie has this come-hither look about its hewn raspy, outdoor-smoke smelling fur

it's holding empty plates of appetizers, obeying the familiar smell that *thwomps* in your groin, actually

hard not to obey, pasture, hay, a *thwomping* in the limbs

so small it kind of lacked lustre, but the hands that assembled the whole rig are sassy,  
have known me my whole life

things with tops to slice very fine peeling every part to dismantle

tandem snorting, calling it quits in the board room.

OK, Let's Wrap it Up. only Psilocybin, for me, existed

in a world where disorder is more habitual or loved alike or deathly- not neuro-typical- not efficient in the kitchen

you can't blame me for what I've done (but yes, you can), for my Bruce Springsteen cordiality

that wholesome, tightly bunched pocket of fake smiles and smile-eyes

How's your soul?  
How's your *Mother's* soul?

bc I'll never buy Green glass again because I take part in if it sells enough

because I don't fuck with poet Laureates, their beautiful wings sometimes rigged

I enact to Fill its Search Field for *types of grasses*

like your wooden insides, crow's feet exterior

a beak scratching its name onto your inside walls

7 drops under the tongue destined for light now

and I'd happily peel vegetables onto the floor around my feet

for the rest of my hagrid happy litl life.

in a way that seems natural, we understand our Free Love its limits, its excess, its excuses, its radical queer politics, the 60s and 70s, its circulation and its jaded opulence, its feeling of the time, groping glow and after-hours practice, its private fence posts and its land distribution, its radically presumptive, wayward nature and voluptuous steady ways, its silly rascal, sinister undertones wrapped up like candy fed as light.

—Madeleine Mills

*Madeleine Mills is an artist living and working on unceded sovereign land of the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation, and pays their respect to elders present, past and emerging. When it comes to reading and writing, Mills believes it is good to be moved beyond reason, and feel a word brush against your hip.*