

Intimazine

Intimacy is a shared reality;
intimacy is a reality we share.

Intimazine is a stand in for brain wave
synchronisation.

Intimazine is a reality we share at
disjointed moments in time.

Net-A-Porter Fantasy

You'll have to dig deeper if you really want to know more than what I wore yesterday. Go beyond the superficial. My heart is this big - big enough to hold you. It can take it...

I saved up to say "I want it all"
I want to shop

I want a ready to wear collection in French

it's a Net-A-Porter fantasy!

I want fantasy and I want reality
a wasteland selection

I want the 'New In'
not to waste a feeling on
an immediate click n collect

I want it without the label
I check the policy'

NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR 30 DAYS

This sounds like total freedom. Give me 30 days of policy.

I am well aware of the after care instructions for delicate and intimate silks' leather and finer things worn closer to the skin

I only scroll these illicit labels in bed after hours
you think only to pass the time no' it is obsession

it's desire the longing that I want her to be
consciously fussy while she selects matching earrings

it's the hate for the weekly designer remorse
A depression pile melting into my linen sheets'

waiting a week

A quick start cycle creates an entire ready to wear new collection
A week is only the time it takes to arrive in the mail. This time
I will come and collect' no returns necessary

Open yourself up.

Open your draws.

There are the intimates.

Take a risk on her.

Show me what you're made of.

Show me what Intimazine is made of.

"Does she still want to come back here
after that?"



1 Does she still want to come

83A

I. Warm 1 pint fresh milk to blood heat—this can be tested with the finger; do not over-heat it.

I. To fillet a flat fish, wash it, remove the head, and make a cut down back to the bone.

I. To skin tomatoes, pour boiling water over them, leave a minute, then pour cold water on and peel.

I. Stuff the chicken at the neck end with a good forcemeat stuffing, but avoid over-filling it.



back here after that?

Did you want to share a reality with
me?

Or was that a little too much?

The two of us together;
that's what Intimazine is made of.





Piper Kennedy-Lim





We move together differently when
someone takes the floor.

Take the floor!

Tell Me How You Really Feel

"I don't like to give too much away of what my songs are about," I proclaim, "I've already done the vulnerable thing by writing them, I'm not just going to hand you the keys to my psyche and say, 'here you go, here's my heart stripped bare and a guidebook to my most private thoughts.'"

Onstage at my favourite small jazz venue in Brunswick performing my first gig of all-original music to a cosy audience of friends and family, I wrestle with transparency and 'authenticity', clinging sharply to my personal fears and loves. My parents are here, for fucks' sake!

As a singer, I've always felt resentful of the requirements and expectations placed on us to 'perform' and 'entertain' while being 'authentic', as opposed to other kinds of musicians. My natural inclination onstage is a little more self-conscious and overthought than the charismatic and confident way a singer is often expected to present fronting the band. I've always found it unfair and annoying, complaining that the instrumentalists only have to worry about the music, but I have to put on a show! I feel a pressure to present a likeable and compelling image: where my facial expressions and between-song patter and physicality portray more to the audience than just the music does. Especially in the oft-misunderstood genre of jazz, that I have for some reason hitched my wagon to, it's frustrating that many singers I see performing are advertised as 'sultry, sassy, or sophisticated', their value in the persona they create rather than their musical ability or originality. (Don't even get me started on the 'jazz seductress'.)

However, it's undeniable that being a musician at the highest level involves showing and accepting oneself then submitting that to the music. The best performers, in my opinion, are ones who present in such a way that the audience can see the threads of personhood and expression throughout their entire appearance on a stage. Not with a persona, or a marketable gimmick, but working at the kind

of level where the music exposes and elevates the self.

Intimacy between an audience and performer is often connected to honesty.

At its

most affecting, intimacy comes with a performer allowing the audience insight to their selfhood, a special peek into their soul. This doesn't just refer to personal lyric writing, but the way someone embodies and transmits the music they perform. In order to allow that intimacy to exist in a musical context, the performer gives something of themselves, meaning the trade between artist and audience can feel inherently imbalanced. That's part of why it feels so uncomfortable for me to talk about the meanings behind the songs I write, like I'm exposing my soft, pale, emotional underbelly. Many people fear intimacy in platonic or romantic contexts, and creative intimacy seems like a far magnified version of that. Much like with emotional openness, there is a level of artistic connection that can only exist with a willingness to be vulnerable.

However, true intimacy between artist and audience does require a mutual exchange. An audience member must be open to affect and be affected by a work. The personhood and perceptions of the audience member contribute to the experience of the performance, and intimacy can only be fostered with that willingness to really consider and allow art to affect you.

On that little Brunswick stage, discussing the meanings behind lyrics lifted from my journal seemed embarrassingly prescriptive, confrontational, and unambiguous. Those humble words feel much less personal and much more universal when transformed through the medium of song into music. I've always valued art that has an entirely different meaning or experience for me than what is intended by the artist. My only hope is that through my performance, an audience can take a chance on my songs, maybe see a piece of my soul, but please don't ask me about it after the show.

Ruby Glynn

If you let me, I'll read you like

Intimazine.

Turning pages,

Lines of a poem,

Beats of a song.

Learn you off by heart.

Beat Beat Beat
I feel close to you.

In a haze, time has rendered itself still.
Trapped in a locket, safe-kept from weathering loss.
Time always makes itself a straight line,
But it allows us moments, such precious rarities.
A scar in a tree, an impression on a rock's face.
Seashell trails yet to be unearthed; remnants of time displaced.
It succumbs to our mortal bargains
And sweeps away all our miseries'.
The midnight tide will wash clean these golden sands
and become the morning dew.
But it has allotted this space in time for me,
To be occupied with you.

Low in lighting,
dim in the night.
A connection; familiarity
The burning of a cigarette the same old feeling of you.
Burning in my throat, stinging inside my nose.
Alerts my mind that this is entirely
Your very essence.
Company turns the bitter to sweet.
All in a rolled paper that is passed back and forth.
I can feel like we share something.
Watch the smoke rise,
"us" floats away in blue-grey curls
embodied by a cigarette on the balcony.
The one you hold in your left hand -
a pseudo-likeness -
a tribute to Marilyn Monroe.
Tenacity towards this phantasmal connection,
Makes me hold my tongue in confidence.
For I will never tell you, to guard your integrity,
all that you idolise and self-proclaim to know.
But admirability clouds my better judgement,
I'll allow you this blissful ignorance.
For Ms Monroe was never left-handed,
But I guess I will never tell you that.

These little things become a map of all that you are.
I have become a student of You.
Allow me to study, drink in your skin,
All your colours and hues.
Reaching over the table,
you ash the cigarette.
Freckles arrange themselves,
dancing along your extended arm.

Silvery chimes accompany your movements.
Adorned; your appearance is pure opulence.
It's map of thought, constructed onto you
These tiny collections
Read more than spoken aloud.
Sacrilege sits as a cross on a chain
That hangs itself between your collarbones.
A glinting memorial.
You have been thrown from heaven, or by those that told you so.
Defiance and Desperation,
Creation of your own religion.
You've always yearned for answers,
and in this, want meaning.
What happens on the impact? Or after?
And why do we feel the fall at all?

If you need salvation,
surrender your head in my arms.
For I love you with all your sins,
Your wrongs and impurities.
Please allow for me to hold them all,
For you I'll be mounted on a cross.
I would defile myself, become a martyr -
In complete decadence, all for your cause.
I can't turn water to wine,
But I can pass you the bottle and a glass.

The faltering time begins to move in swift movements,
Quietly and subtle like a thief.
The ticking becomes faster
Arms began to move more rapidly.
Soft corners, the haze become hardened.
Eyes become weary and fall heavily.
The veil has been lifted,
Exposed we are to all.
Like the days last reluctant rays
Grappling at the edge of the horizon,
in reluctance I become white knuckled
desperate to sit longer,
I fight off the weary.

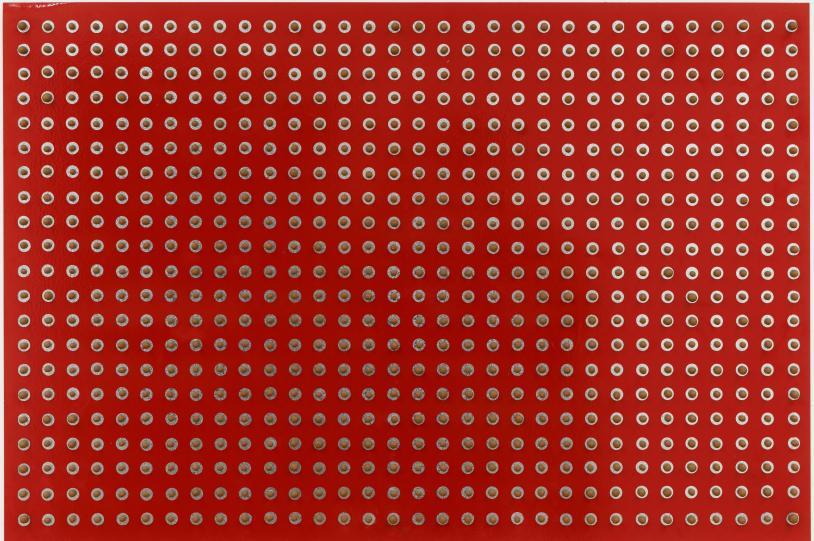
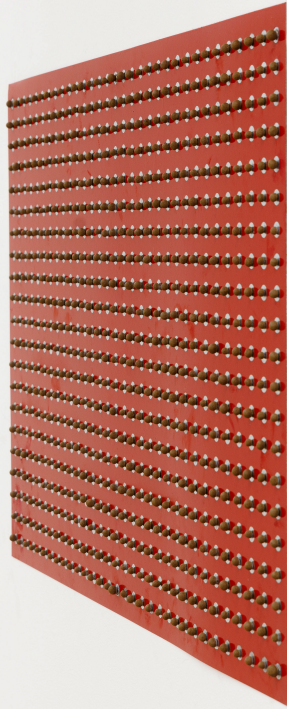
One body split apart, love in isolation with itself.
Wholly within, fragmented in belonging.

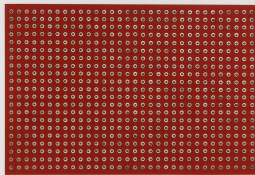
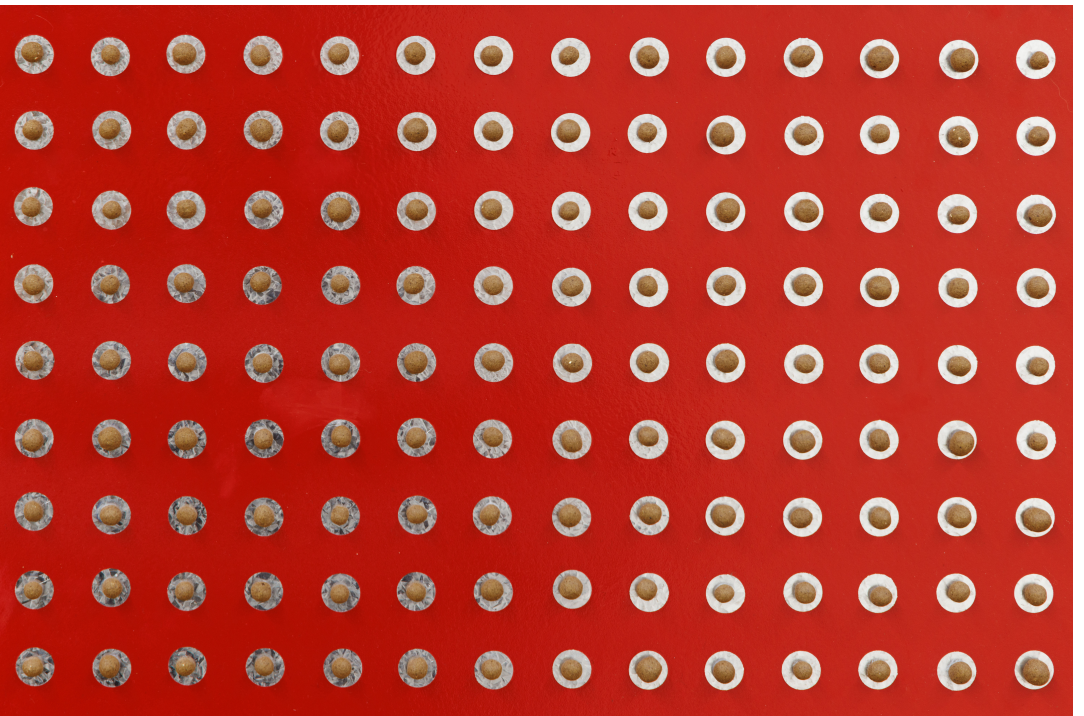
I want to know you like a mother.

What do you think of your mum?

...

Can I meet her?





Aliza Suz

Make something that holds you like a
mother.

That's how to make a space for
intimacy.

When we were taking apart the house that my mum grew up in, and her brother lived in, until he died, I came across a purple washing basket.

It was buried deep in the back garden amongst the grass and filled with car parts and dirt.

I didn't think much of it. Mum had said fondly of how it used to be in her bedroom.

That evening we went home and it wasn't until I was asleep that my mind found that basket again and my imaginings of Mum as a child danced around in my head.

The next morning I woke early, before the birds had sung. I caught the Alamein train, compelled to retrieve this basket.

Something was working greater than me.

And I just let it.

I brought it home and washed away the dirt.

Brought it into the house I now live in with my Giulia.

I don't exactly know what was working within me but perhaps I was trying to extend the love and care that Mum has always given me to something tethered to her childhood self.

X

I had a dream about you the other night.

You were quiet and lost in all the years you hadn't realised your softness was delicious and a part of you.

You asked me how you came to be yourself; you've been asking me that for your whole life.

Has it been a burden to carry?

The constant reflection, wanting to be true? I have always known you to be.

I noticed just recently something changed in you.

That you realised all the things you loved as a child, you (mostly) still love now.

That was reassuring to you.

I think remembering those things is as good as finding yourself.

You look just the same as yesterday and yet completely different.

I revel in you.

Maid of Conrith

I'm your maid of Conrith.

Thousands of years ago, I traced your silhouette on my wall.

The way your physical body sits in the light traced on my wall.

There's a memory of you I can touch.

Not a memory in the tissue of my brain, but a memory in charcoal and paper.

I can see where you were before you left.

I can remember where you were before you left.

I can remember how my hand cast and followed your trace.

Intimazine is made of your recollection.
That's the shared reality.

Scan for more information about
Intiamzine and Intimevent



Tara Denny, Aliza Suz, Piper Kennedy-Lim,
Mikayla Kennedy, Elena Hanke, Jas Shalimar,
Paris Douvlos and Ruby Glynn in
conversation with interstitial texts by
Jessica Wedding.