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Nicole Thomson and
Corrie Wilson
So Much Fun

Text by
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Bus Projects acknowledges the traditional custodians of the land on which we operate: the Wurundjeri people and Elders past and present of the Kulin nations.

**CREATIVE
VICTORIA**



Nicole Thomson BFA (VCA) 2016, BFA Hons (Monash) 2019 **Corrie Wilson** BFA (VCA) 2016). (Two friends). With exhibition text by Katherine Botten.

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Nicole Thomson
and Corrie Wilson
So Much Fun
02.10.19—26.10.19

Miss Marx

a picture in the middle and the middle
has been cut out and it's been stuck in the
middle with its insides cut out

I dreamed a world

I wanted to make this rhyme

I wanted to write something gorgeous so you
would think I was valuable

I know what it feels like to want to be
unconscious, sometimes all I know is go
back to sleep

It hurts to wake up I think they did nothing
wrong

Spores and spikes Artichoke Thistle

Breadcrumb

Yellow pollen, CBD weed induced dermatitis
around my nose tingles, a figure climbs up
the yellow thing by ACCA

Contact exposure both makes allergies go
away and makes them worse and brings
about new ones, how we let culture corrode
our souls and everything it touches makes
us weaker, a core principle of the Shaker
belief is to take responsibility for your
actions

I fly out of the state and I don't tell you

Everything agitates
Bobby pins and pitchers and pictures and tinctures and punctures
and that type of clip and this type of clip
We don't destroy ourselves, we girls radiate ourselves

Everyone lives through different seasons in their life
Some boys walk you around holding a carrot in front of your face

A pale pink balloon
Snake skin sliver slithers across another collage, another collage,
another day

Skaters, rappers, graffers; Bobby Shmurda, Bobby Pins, bobby
traps, prickles
Sonic Youth, again
A stamp leaves a trace of its Negative *Tokyo*, we don't move for-
ward, we are on a new page but it's the same paper
The paper has been radiated

Clocks stretched out
Pussycats stretch out
Silhouettes of girls, dance about

Tiny roses plant themselves on the paper like dirt, invested in the
dirtiness, invested in its own survival and growth
You think its hedonism but its mulch
You think its hipster posturing but it's a type of farming

A boy graffing on the outside of a building with a Hensen sunset
behind him, I want him to fall off and break his legs

A smoked love heart made of cigarette lighter flame, gestural
The one without colour is the saddest
a stamp leaves a trace of its Negative *Berlin*

Abortion
A chain link fence
It makes me want to grow up
Sometimes I throw up

The archive against itself
It is sad because it stays put
Can we get the bees swarming again? Not this way? Only this way?
A wood cabin in the hinterland, a picture, we won't get there
Designer dress bereft of a body
There's nothing where there is fantasy , there's fantasy where there
is nothing

- Katherine Botten