

L.A.L.A.

Brick

BRICK

It was one of those winter mornings where the cold seemed personally offended by your existence. The kind that turned bus stop benches into slabs of punishment and made everyone stand with their shoulders up around their ears. Outside the café, steam pushed against the windows while people inside held takeaway cups like emergency heat packs.

The two men sat beside me at the communal table, both dressed as if they'd assembled themselves entirely from online recommendations. Heavy jackets, tiny silver jewellery, aggressively clean sneakers. One of them kept rubbing his hands together dramatically.

"Bro," he said, staring out the window, "it is brick today."

The other nodded solemnly. "Actual brick. Like medieval conditions."

They sat in silence for a moment watching pedestrians march through the wind with expressions usually reserved for tax audits and funerals.

Then, without warning, the conversation shifted with the smooth confidence only modern men possess.

"I've been thinking," the first guy said, "I genuinely think I could go from like… an eight-two to a nine-one with minor tweaks."

"Easy," said the second. "You're wasting your potential with that side profile."

The first man touched his nose thoughtfully. "Yeah. I'm considering rhinoplasty. Not even for me fully. More for my future son."

His friend blinked. "What?"

"I just think it'd be cool if my kid inherited the upgraded nose. Why should he suffer because I hesitated?"

There was a long pause while the other man processed this logic.

"That's actually selfless," he admitted finally.

The first nodded. "Thank you."

They both drank their coffees with the seriousness of surgeons reviewing scans.

"I've accepted," the second man continued, "that my issue is mainly frame. Like genetically I'm narrow. Victorian orphan shoulders."

"You do have famine-era posture."

"Exactly. I'm frame maxing now."

"What does that even involve?"

"Dead hangs. Creatine. Standing differently near women."

The first man considered this carefully.

“I’ve started chewing harder foods.”

“To sharpen the jaw?”

“Yeah.”

“What foods?”

“Mostly jerky. One time a whole baguette.”

Outside, a woman walked past wearing an enormous scarf and both men watched her with anthropological interest.

“That’s good winter layering,” one of them observed.

“Very European face.”

“Insane bone structure.”

The conversation drifted further into the abyss from there. Buccal fat. Hairline preservation. Calf genetics. The tragedy of “kind eyes” on a man trying to look mysterious online.

At one point the first guy sighed deeply and said, “I just wish I had the sort of face where people assume I know about watches.”

His friend nodded with genuine sympathy.

The café door opened and a gust of freezing air tore through the room. Everyone visibly recoiled.

“Brick,” they both muttered together, almost spiritually.

Then they returned to discussing whether clavicles could be improved naturally.









Ben Reid

***Edgelord with parachute fragment*,** 2026

PLA plastic, epoxy resin, enamel, felt, nylon, pins

180 x 60 x 20 cm





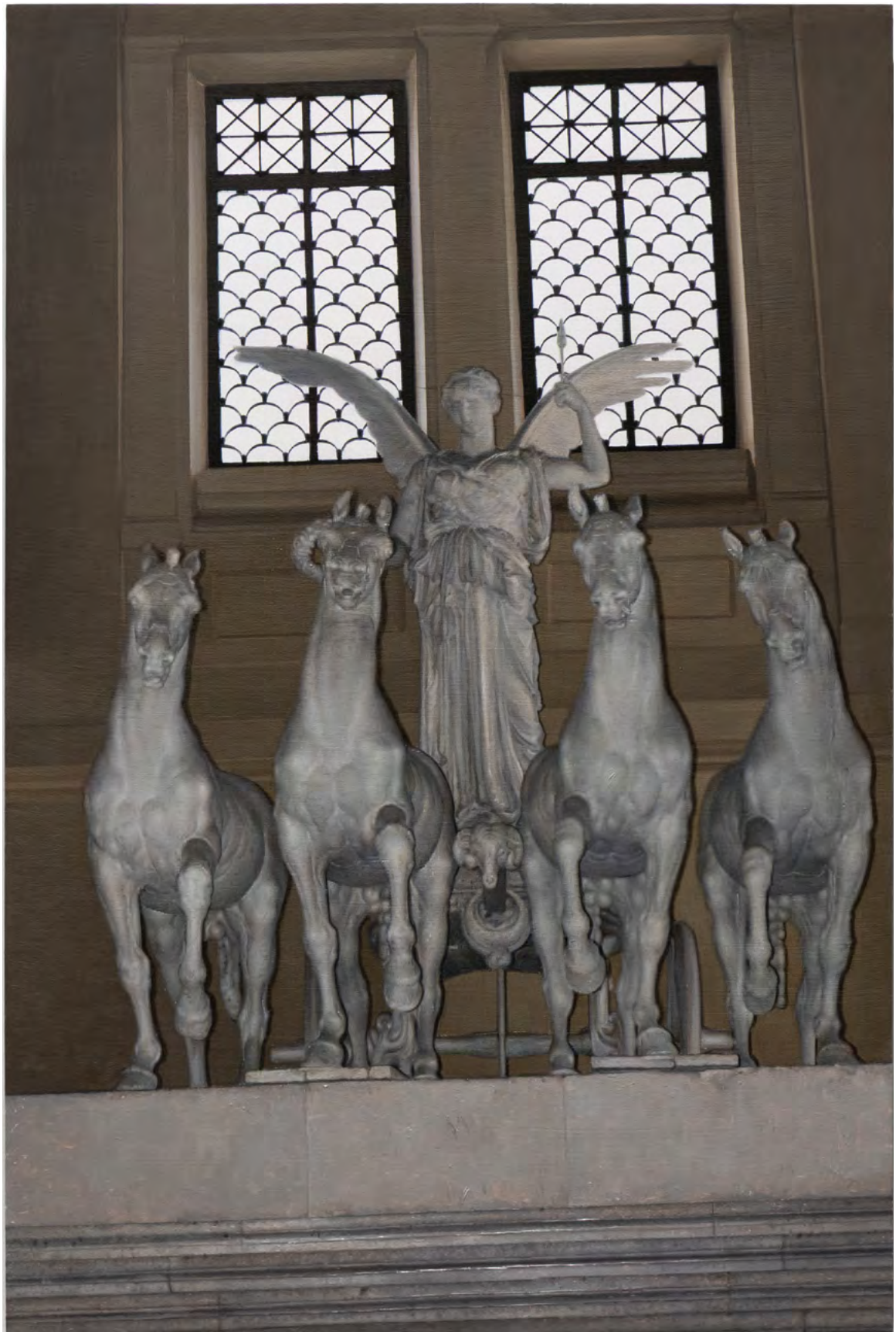


Anthea Duffy *Supreme Being* 2026

PVC
120 X 200 X 120 cm







Tessa MacKay

Rome 2026

Oil on walnut-stained board

75 x 50 x 2.5 cm







Seamus Heidenreich
Untitled 2020

Charcoal, raw pigment, graphite powder
on paper in artist-made frames
248 x 141 cm



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