

BITTERSWEET
POSTAL SOCIETY

Poems and Letters

A response in poetry and letters to the exhibition
'Bittersweet' at Casula Powerhouse 2020

**CASULA
POWERHOUSE
ARTS CENTRE**

kerosene in our tongues. With Shivanjani's blessings, Cayn Rosmarin and I, from our respective workspaces in Darug country and Wurundjeri country, devised the Bittersweet Postal Society. Cayn had the idea for a penpal exchange where community members would send traditional handwritten letters to each other, inspired by provocations that I, who until now was just a disembodied voice hanging from the Casula Powerhouse exhibition speakers, would write. We developed a four-week letter writing experiment, where each week, members posted letters to a stranger. Each week was marked by new provocations and instructions for composition. Dreams. Transmutations. Incisions. Imaginations.

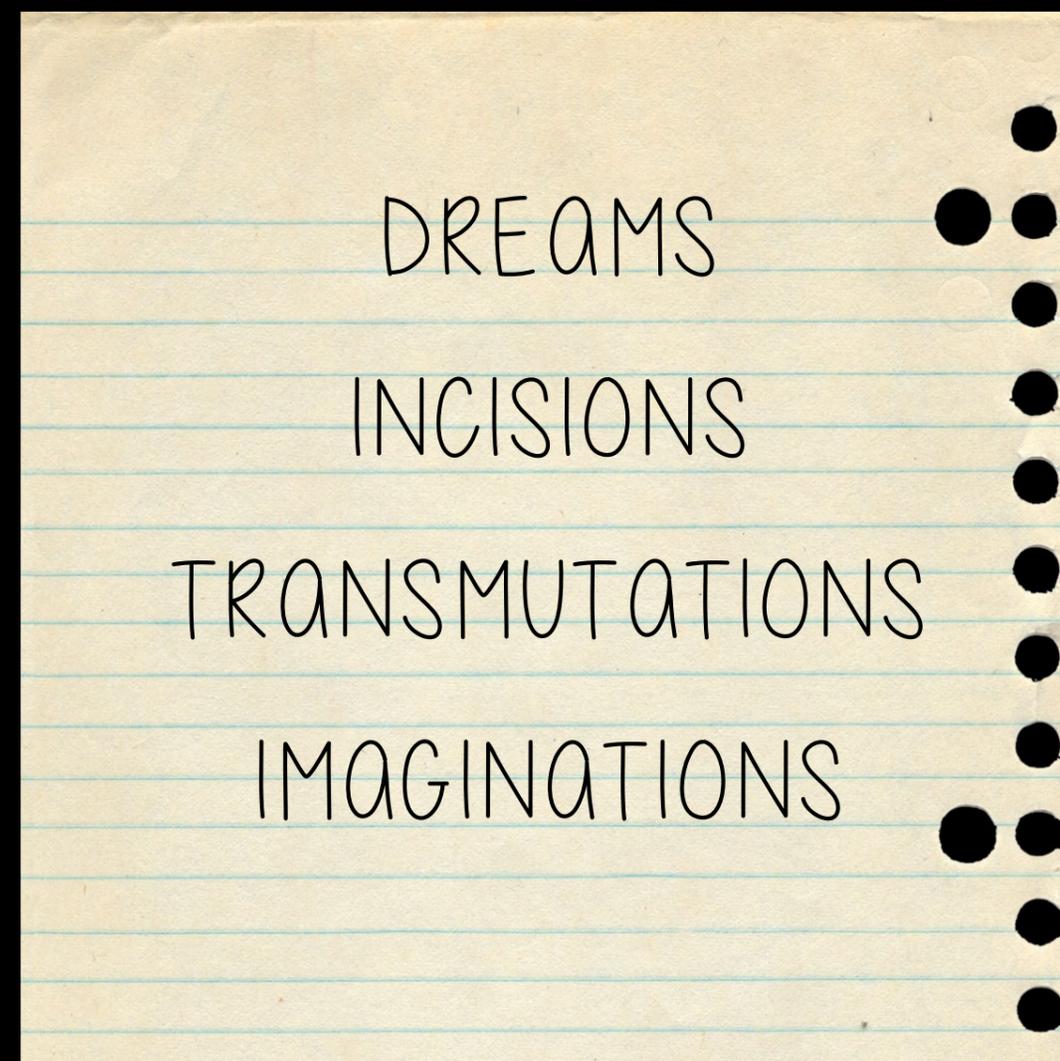
Our hearts continued to beat as the world changed, as it has done many times before, and to our surprise, almost eighty people signed up. Each week, Cayn mailed out individual provocations, and I hosted weekly gatherings online to deconstruct the provocations. In the first week, we posted our dreams to a stranger as a tribute to our innocence. Then, we changed into mongooses, tambourines and reptiles. We attached a tangible piece of fabric from our lives to our letter, so the receiver would be reassured that we were not just a figment of their imagination. Then, we cut a hole in the sky and walked into an unknown new world. We created a collaborative playlist to kindle our collective imagination, so our music would illuminate us like a flame through the realms of uncertainty.

We are tired of talking about uncertainty. But we know the gift of uncertain times is a portal for a new reality. To do this together, we awaken our inherent creativity and ability to connect deeply. The provocations and instructions I wrote were for the purpose of exercising imaginations and making offerings. Imagine. Write it down. Offer it to a stranger. Repeat.

Over the years many people have asked me why I make art. I say that it is because I want to have intimacy with the world. In the Bittersweet Postal Society, intimacy was forged between strangers, in exchanges of private letters comprised of secret dreams and freedom cuttings. We worked within the dichotomy of the public and the private, the lines which we contorted and defined together. What we have in this booklet are offerings and prayers to each other, and to the future. These are artefacts of our time of collective isolation.

In the post-lockdown world in Naarm, I began hearing whispers about Postal Society penpals meeting each other in person for the first time. I had encounters with Postal Society members at exhibitions, coffee shops and night markets. One member told me they loved the sense of freedom they experienced by cutting their name out of their letter. Another was moved by the concept of Transmutations and introduced it to her regional theatre group. Another loved the collaborative playlist and inspired her students to create one too.

The success of the Bittersweet Postal Society is a testament to the community spirit the exhibition evokes. It is a testament to the visions of memory, family and future held by Shivanjani Lal. It is also a testament to the working relationship between Cayn and I. It is my hope that members continue to write to each other, start their own postal societies, and keep sharing their non-physical travels. We will always hold that indescribable, bitter and sweet taste in our mouths, and we will always continue to seek community, connection and freedom.



A community writing project connecting people. Participants were sent letter-prompts by artist Manisha Anjali over a 4 week period during the COVID-19 shutdown at Casula Powerhouse. Each week a new prompt was sent to participants to complete with weekly online meetings to discuss the ideas and concepts.

Manisha Anjali is a writer, artist and dream collector. She was born in Suva, Fiji and grew up in Aotearoa/New Zealand. She currently lives in Naarm/Melbourne and was a featured artist in the Bittersweet exhibition at CPAC in 2020.

WEEK 1 - DREAMS

For those of us unable to leave our suburbs, state borders and countries; dreaming is our only means of travel.

Previously, regimes, rosters and timetables infiltrated our freedoms and we were whipped into fictional shapes and effigies. Now, government-sanctioned restrictions are symbolic of our past selves. We noticed very little before. Now, flowering trees, moon shapes and euphoric bird songs are at the forefront of our visions.

Dreaming, like many mystical practices, requires a kind of discipline and training. It is a state of being, a mode of travel, a symbol system, a mystery beyond science and religion. Some refer to the dream realm as the 'Land of the Dead', some refer to it as the origins of mythology, the source of all creation. Before we begin existing, we dream the world we wish to live in.

We begin our work as members of the Bittersweet Postal Society by posting our dreams to strangers. These are the keys to our Imagination. We have had to learn the language of contemporary reality, but the language of dreams is innate and ancient. Tell a stranger about the hidden meanings in a transcript of a phone call between your disembodied self and a demonic entity. Tell a stranger about levitations and pyramids.

Tell a stranger about cutting sun dials in half with violin bows, swimming in the black waters of Saturn and the twin doves at the milk bar.

One of the reasons people shy away from re-telling their dreams is because they are deemed too mundane. The truth is, there is so much magic in the mundane. Most of the time, the waters and labyrinths of our consciousness are puzzling to our own selves. We cannot be too concerned with interpretation and meaning.

What a time to dream. This wayward, diagonal moment in history when reality has become wavy and dreamlike. Slippery, incoherent, unplanned, absurdist. Has it not always been? Have you always lived this way? When did you throw all the rules out the window? Did you throw away your dignity with it? In the 60s, counterculture told us to stay in bed and grow our hair as an act of defiance, and now in 2020, the government is telling us to do the same thing as an act of compliance.

We begin our work by posting our dreams to strangers as a tribute to our innocence. Lucidity can be located in the roofs of our sticky mouths. Had we re-arranged the doors and drawers in our minds like free jazz musicians and extra-terrestrial cartographers, we would have known. Had we bitten down softly on hard toffee, cracked.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR DREAMING

Find a comfortable part of the ocean where you can take off your mask. Go to dream.

Wake up. Write down your dream and post to a stranger.

If you cannot remember your dream, write down what it feels like to not remember where you were last night, who you were with, what you said, what you did.

In the same envelope, attach up to three recent shopping receipts to give the recipient a glimpse of your waking habits.

Hi Deborah,

I dream in colour.
I dream in English.

I used to use my dreams to accomplish things - thinking about something before I went to sleep. I loved my dream world better than my real world.

Then I grew old. I had sleep apnea.

My sleep patterns are attached to my watch.
My face is attached to a machine.
My sleep is about graphs and numbers.

I can see that I spend time in a dream state.

I dream! I try to remember.

I know I love my dreams.

But I can't remember.

I dream in colour. I dream in English.

Di ♡

For best results, fold back-and-forth along perforation
Pour des meilleurs résultats, pliez en va-et-vient le long des perforations en pointillés
Am besten entlang der Perforation hin- und herfalten

1 October 2020

Lillian,

The ocean is a lover for dreaming. I am within it, before it, and part of it, swept up in fluid possibility. I am a young, yet ageing woman, and the waves are my company. I am meeting my own tides, rhythms & volves. I sink into abyss of ~~some~~ near into sky. We exist within the ocean of those who swam before us, brought by their power. My gestures of making are attempts to define myself within the salty waters of my own becoming. I am listening intently to the sands of the waves - women are fluid, flowing, feeling & fucking. I am swept up in oceanic thought. Peacocks roam & I wonder what my future holds as I watch them from the shore. The act of agreeing floating leaves me weightless and the fear seeps out of me. Am I bound for love & possibility?

With Care,

Josephine MEARD

xxx

Charishana,

1st Oct. 2020

I see yellow seeping into my dreams
this vision of beauty arrives during
uninterrupted sleep
where time suspends
and I hear deafening vibrations
permeate the walls
an intonation of an unfamiliar language
one that I'd like to know

I see a yellow light flickering
casting trembling shadows
etching slowly into the cracks of
grey concrete
the unrelenting yellow
gesturing toward a speckled marble
building

my curiosity enters and I follow
I am met with an accusatory
whiteness
blinding white
with no signs of discoloration
a smiling woman meets my gaze
she is also adorned in this reaching
milk
sinking into the stark interior
I hear a scratching sound needling
against white porcelain
as I become aware of my brown feet
resting on a bed of turmeric
which leaves my bare feet with stains
of undying yellow

2nd October, 2020.

Dear Leigh,

I'd like to share with you a dream
and a daydream that I had this week.

My dream:

I'm in a church that I had attended
weekly while growing up. I recognise
some faces that I had last seen some
20 years ago. We were in the church but
not at a service or any form of worship.
We were scrubbing away - though at
what I don't know.

My daydream:

I'm at home in bed. My dog (a tan staffy)
is lying beside me, shaking with fear as
thunderclaps sound overhead. Her warm form
next to me calms me. When the thunder
fades, she settles down and we both drift
off to a peaceful, comfortable sleep. I feel
a warm feeling in my chest.

In these uncertain times, I wish you
good dreams and warm hearts.

All the best,

Sandra

Dear Reina,

... *... m... .. m... ..*
... *... m... .. m... ..*
... *... m... .. m... ..*

Bed - a boat that we board every evening,
carries us to the shore.

I sailed off to Ryoji Ikeda's performance in my
dream land. Waiting at the concert hall with
friends. I had an extra ticket, I gave it to
a stranger. I left my friends, where I got
carried away by a beautiful scenery the stranger
described to me. I jumped on the train with
the stranger, we got off at a village that
looks like Tibet. Old wooden door, everything has
an age to it. I got locked up in a room,
pitch black, Ryoji Ikeda! Friends!

Where am I?

I escaped. The performance just finish. A friend helped
me carried my bag. She is always so caring.

I got distracted ... I forgot ... the seed of intention.

Will I ~~rem~~ remember for next time? Will I be able to
be present? To focus?

... *... m... .. m... ..*
... *... m... .. m... ..*
... *... m... .. m... ..*

dream - reality

conscious - unconscious

feeling - thinking

... *... m... .. m... ..*
... *... m... .. m... ..*
... *... m... .. m... ..*

Mango Cheeks Australian	0.074 kg NET @ \$77.00/kg	\$5.70
Cacao Nibā Organic	0.119 kg NET @ \$40.00/kg	\$4.76
Buckinis Cacao Org	0.399 kg NET @ \$30.00/kg	\$11.97
Figs Organic	0.324 kg NET @ \$24.50/kg	\$7.94
TOTAL		\$30.37

Hi Elish!

I hope you're doing ok down there,
in these wild, transformative times.
Perhaps it is the nature of these
times that lead me to offering you
nothing clear in the way of poetic
narrative. In saying that, I offer
you some vignettes from the sea
of a full throated moon, in times
no less. Tealiness, reaping, racing
towards conclusions, Ecdysis.

This year my dreams have been
anxious.

Last night I was followed - stalked -
by a ginger-haired man with a
knife. He followed me to a kind
of public swimming pool, and
into the changing rooms - which
were partitioned to a frosted glass.
He was no idea but in onto him.
I lead him into what becomes
a labyrinth of frosted glass chambers.
Lockable doors allow movement
between them. With the help
of a group of mothers, I lock
him away. I can see him moving

on the other side of the glass.
I feel like he may break out.
I wake up deliberately.

At exactly the same moment
my partner hests upright in our
bed. He is being swooped by
a magpie in his dream.

I try hard to fall back to sleep,
and instead slip into a liminal
realm in between.

Rosie Murphy's new album came
out yesterday, and Utopian queer
club spaces are on my mind. In
auditory hallucination I can hear
pounding house music. I wake again,
flap fine with the quickened pulse
of excitement, moved to dance.
A sense of possibilities.

Warmth,

Blake.



"The soup" (dream from 01.10.20) by Rilika Staud Vohra.

Mixing the fresh ingredients of the soup,
sharing it with my ancestors.

There, they are waiting,
now they have gone but,
yes! They were waiting. They wanted to hear
and so, I mix and mix, stir it a bit
the slurry so thick.

Get it before the ones that once lived,
giving them a hand to share my ingredients -
the ingredients long being fed into all of us
in our childhood, holding possibilities for
the future, of present of course.

The ingredients of hope, my memories, emotions,
the power and relations;
those that were mine & ones passed on to me.

These are all hope of connection with my
ancestral beings, deeply embedded in my daily life.
Deeply embedded in the celebratory days & nights.

Deeply connected to my being, my becoming of me,
in my foundation - a me which is not just me.

It is a soup of oneness, of diversity, the milestones we achieved
and buried.

It is a soup of freshness, prosperity, the abundance that taught
simplicity of life & its actions.

It is a soup of heartfelt emotions and attachments, as roots and stems
of the same old tree;
the same feeling of warmth;
the same shade of red, our blood;
the same set of cells flow in our bodies.

We share similar values, same ethos, and now the same soup.
You are here, gathered to tell me this soup,
is an idea of simplicity that we are born of;
the idea of complexity, the lumps of tragedies that we are living in.
We have to dilute,
add water and dilute.

A little more I know, just a little bit more.

As a family, one blood, one thick blood
we need some more.
To dilute, I shall
and I will,
yes I can and this is how "I shall break the curse with the
making of this thick orange, soup of carrots and more fresh
veg, some greens and purples and more carrots, a few
more cups of water... and I shall break the curse."
"let me feed you with this soup"



"The soup"
01.10.20

Thankyou Igra for going through my dream! Hope this was worth your
time. Do let me know your thoughts on this... I guess next time
you make a soup, you will remember me. Good dreams!
Take care
Rilika Staud Vohra.
(05.10.20)

WEEK 2 - INCISIONS

In a letter to the ocean, we want to make a gesture to our place of birth. We began as raw sugary liquid. We did not have eyes or names. Is this place the origins of thought? When civilisation began, it began in the water first. The first traveller was instructed to decipher the heartbeat of the ocean. A structure for living was revealed in the notes. The structure would be torn down, rebuilt, re-envisioned and re-enacted over and over again.

We could talk about the way we changed from dreaming fish to land-dwelling mammals, but there will be plenty of time for that later.

Cutting into the sky is a surgery of metaphors. To force an inquiry into an existing body is a way of making sense of double meanings. Existence and common sense aren't mutually exclusive.

How far will you go to quench your thirst for knowledge? How deep did you cut?

It is in the nature of water to give life and dreams. It is in the nature of water to take these things away. We can say similar things about gods and mothers. It feasts on sugars that line our hearts and guts.

Is the incision unprecedented? How many incisions can you cut in a day? Will it make the news? Will there be a press conference? Will the mother be declared a dictator? Tomorrow, will the incision be closed to non-citizens and non-residents?

The incision is the origin of creation and destruction. A slit we cut in the sky, an ear piercing, a needle in a flower. When was the last time you listened to the waves backwards?

INSTRUCTIONS FOR INCISIONS

Find a comfortable part of the ocean where you can take off your mask. Using a sharp instrument, make an incision in the sky. To cut time in half, make an incision in the sky.

What is it that you wish to know?

To make a gesture to our place of origin, throw your name away by cutting it out of the letter.

To make a gesture to water, write down the number of times you have been inside the Ocean. The ocean remembers every time it has been touched.

Cut out a piece of curtain, piece of linoleum, piece of t-shirt or piece of face mask and

Attach to your letter. This will prove to your recipient that you are not a figment of

Their imagination.

H. Madison,
I'm writing to you from
Little Congeray Beach,
a nude beach in Sydney's
South East. It's a
beautiful sunny day with
a cool southerly breeze.
In thinking with "Incisions"
I am also thinking about
Love. In 2019, around
this time of year I met
a couple from Norway/Denmark
and in a few short
weeks we became quite
close. Friends and lovers,
and of course, they had

to go home. I brought
them to this beach many
times, and on its sand
and in its water we
shared laughter and
tenderness. My primary
partner is amazing, though
not the most outwardly
affectionate man. With
this couple I found something
I hadn't realised I'd
been missing. Being here
today in imagining
cutting an incision into the
sky, that might open
a portal between

Oslo and Little Congeray.
And they would step
through, and I would
explain why I'm writing
about them in a letter
to a stranger, and
we would kiss and cuddle
until we were sweaty
from the sun and
then we'd swim and
we'd all kiss in the
water, and our bodies
and hearts lighten.
Part of the reason I'm
thinking about them is
because, a year later,

I don't hear from them
a great deal anymore.
I suppose for them I was
a vacation fling, and
I'm at peace with
that I suppose, though
if I could carve a portal
in the sky that's where
it would go.
Thinking about beginnings
and endings, I might
also carve an incision
in the horizon, and
let my past, present
and future bleed
into one another.

I grew up on a sugar
cane farm in Northern
NSW, a complex history.
It backed onto a
beautiful estuary, where
we would catch mud-
crabs and you could
watch Brodga & Tabin
if you were lucky.
I imagine an incision
at the horizon, with
the muddy estuarine
water pouring into the
small cove in sitting
at today. I imagine
it washing away the

fancy yacht in looking
out, and the golf
course on the hill.
It rises deeper and
washes away the shipping
terminal to my right
(out of sight) and
all the expensive
houses along the shoreline.
Maybe it doesn't though,
maybe the water will
tear together and hold
me perfectly. Maybe
the concrete and iron
solid steel, and pierce
my heart, and I

flow into them, a
fluid incision.
They're playing house
music on the yacht.
But not good, queer,
house music, embracing
deep, black roots. No,
they're playing hollow
straight-boy house
music. It sounds empty
to me. If I could I'd
cut an incision above
their speaker,
and let the whole
history and transformation
power of queer

dark music flow
onto their luxury deck.
A deafening 4x4
stomping that threatens
to sink their boat.
The saddest part is
that they're doing
gay. Now this has
formed into a
revenge fantasy.

There's lots of
Australian Ravens
here today. They know
all about incisions.
My friend Joel is

making a perfume
work about indigenous
perspective - Crow stories,
Crow medicine. They
see all horses. They
fly through miasma
daily. They make
and hold eye contact
like a scalpel.
I'm glad they're
here today.

By Warrick.
Flako.

2/11/20

Dear Anton,

To recover, I had to walk down a Californian mountain, touch the ocean, and then walk back up the mountain, for 10 days. The ocean can rip the sky, evaporation. When it hits, body fries, and disappears. of first floating in a body the elements. Otherwise, "me" indistinguishable. A course memory back, and now I levitation.

I have seen a portal in the sky, as invisible as it was dark. The future that revealed itself was haze, to low level disturbance, circling. to clarity, through circling.

electrical charge powered by the memory of water surrounding the we need an aura of that memory - of sugary liquid - to separate us from and "all around me" become of fringed violet draws the water have a memory of altitude, of

in the sky, as invisible as it was dark. itself was haze, to low level disturbance, circling.

I look to the skies for cloud writing.
I look to the skies for cloud writing.
The future is everyone looking to the skies.

Warm wishes,

Zoe



19th October

Dear Hamora,

Since I don't know how to cut time in half, I started this letter to you by going to the kitchen to get out the blue scissors from the drawer to cut a piece out of rag which I had already cut from an old T-shirt that was becoming holey. As I got out the scissors I thought of how much I use it, to cut the corners of bags of muesli, or rice, or the little bags of spices that come with food from Marley Spoon, and the bags of gummy water that come as ice packs, with that food. I've cut Spring onion out of the garden, the most successful of my covid shutdown plantings, well I could say the only edible one! It cuts the tape wrapped around parcels of books, boxes, and through that dreadful hard plastic around newly bought stuff like wires. I cannot count the times I have been inside the ocean but I can



Count the number of cutting devices in my home, perhaps. Sewing scissors 1, Big 1 small (tiny) 1 kitchen scissors, 4 cut scissors, 3 craft knives + 1 that is broken (I have so many because I do collage, and make artist books as well as etching + linocuts so I need to cut the plastic & paper). 3 saws - they were a set of 3 varieties of pruning or garden cutters. I could add the lawn mower - it has a circular saw, which reminds me of my grandfather whose job it was to check and repair the saws of timber saw mills. There's also an axe! Come to think of it we have lots of sharp knives - maybe 2 sets of 6 + a few longer ones. It's too many. Our home is dangerous! Then there's the nail scissors - 2! And the shaver, and the disposable shavers!! Maybe your home is much the same.

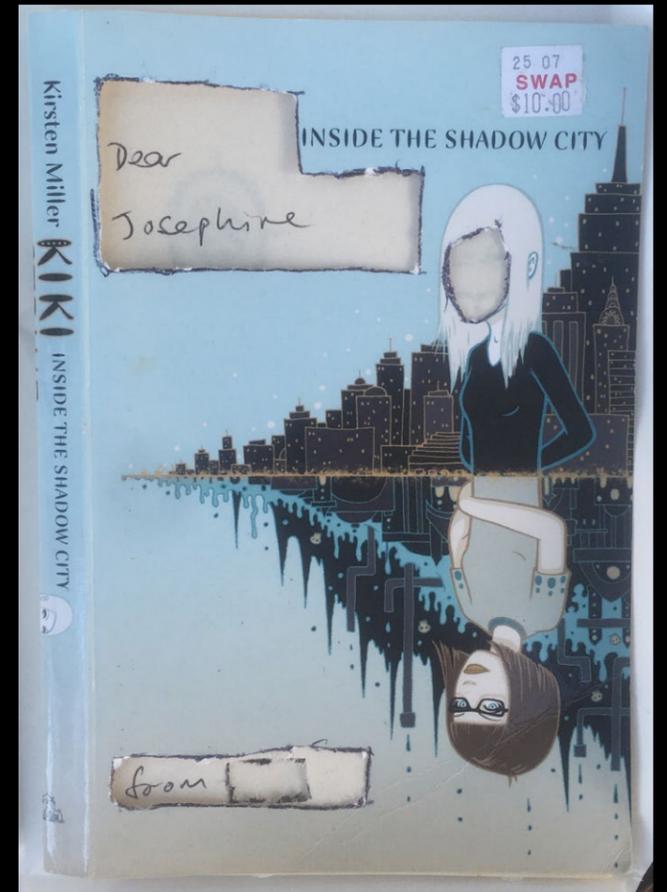
All this cutting we do - to open things, to create, to cook, to tame the growth of grass, leaves, hair, nails. I'd never thought of it before!
This instruction to cut time in half, I'll leave that to someone with more imagination maybe you? I can manage a haiku!
in the sky
sun and moon cut
time in half
Ironically the word cut is a cutting word!
Hope you have a good week.

October 16th, 2020

Dear Shivani,

I hope this letter finds you well, if circumstances permit, please read it out loud using a stanley knife, I make an incision in the sky water begins to fall, sticky salt water resting on my tongue I swallow and think about the nature of the ocean with her malevolence yet peaceful energy blanketing bodies in breaking waves rolling towards sunburnt sand the ocean remembers everytime she has been touched, unfortunately I don't remember how many times I have been touched by her more than a hundred instances I would think submerged in her choppy turquoise

I pierce a hole through my belly button performing surgery on alive brown skin and new life spills out, in the form of salt water, running down my legs, into the sea we began in the water born from her liquid embrace she is a portal a doorway to new life imaginings of a new world



WEEK 3 - TRANSMUTATIONS

Change into a mongoose. Change into a plastic tambourine. Change into milk. Change into separation. Change into closure. Change into home. Change into a horse. Change into a library. Change into a banana leaf. Change into wine. Change into a fern. Change into a mirror. Change into a chicken. Change into a camera. Change into a manifesto. Change into a fire. Change into a snake eating its own tail. Change into a snake eating another snake's tail.

In a letter to the new world, we want to acknowledge our radical transmutation from one thing to another. Whether we are changing into animals, plants or

matter itself, the nuances of the change must be documented and communicated to a stranger.

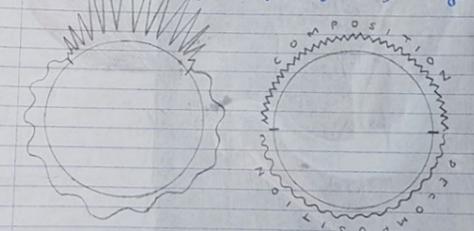
It is important to document the changes in our DNA as we move through this time characterised by 'the uncertainty', as they say. Those of us who were terrible at planning, saving; those of us who were always shrouded in indecision and were always clouded by doubt, are currently celebrating 'the uncertainty'. We ask, how could anyone have been certain before? What kind of life is a certain life?

How strange is the stranger, when the uncertainty is shared?

INSTRUCTIONS FOR TRANSMUTATIONS

- Write or draw your past self in a circle.
- Cut it out and send to a stranger.
- Then, fold yourself in half and in half again. Fold yourself in half and in half again.
- Fold yourself in half and in half again. Fold yourself in half and in half again.
- Fold yourself in half and in half again. Fold yourself in half and in half again.
- Fold yourself in half and in half again.

12/10/2020
Dear Grace,
(Transmutations)
The words of the magpie's call - what is now and what was before. A settling, perhaps. I am lucky to be here and am discovering the future in modalities of text. There is still a familiar stirring, without a doubt. I awake from dreams of alternate city skylines and mountain views. The stirring is quieter than before. Only small moments and amidst a now and gracious pause. But, step over that and move back to the settling, momentarily. The call of certainties past, touching now & reaching forwards - to remain present within my happiness - It is not the call of my own country, but I have grown up with it. To stand still & be blanketed in a bird's sweet chorus. To echo my call for civility. Perhaps I am unsettled because this land does not belong to me. Yet others settle still, calm in structured gear. I will always be within modes of standing. Yet I am stilling, sinking into a new love-filled fate. We agree we will always find laughter. I asked her to remind me that I am rooted by the natural - a reminder needed when my wings settle in closed country borders meet with my imaginings and I find myself revisiting my own dreams. To come and spare for another in image. My visions re-forming, moving through realms of change. To listen deeply to a songbird's refrain.
With love,
Josephine McAB

Dear Heidi,
From the age of four to ten years old, I went to Greek school every Saturday morning, so I can speak, read and write σε δύο γλώσσες. I had a large two ring binder folder for Greek school; this is a sheet of paper from that folder. A child's exercise book into a letter to a stranger, two decades later. A flange into a pelican. And so forth.
I won't speak too much of my past self in this letter, because I am tired of unpacking memories all the time - seven months of lockdown makes me weary of internal deconstruction. It's like moving house over & over again.
So instead here is something that came to me as I was falling asleep a few nights ago:

My favourite ways to change are due to causes of weather, art, or exercise. What are some of your favourite transmutations?
xx Georgia

~ Transmutations ~
Before, I had an affinity with the liminal. I hover, barely touching the ground. My music I would describe as liminal - suspension, slowness, dissolving edges, never landing as one thing or another. I first learnt about the liminal in first year anthropology. Balinese cockfighting - the structure of the village suspended for the duration of the fight, the new reality landing when the fight was won. I felt liminal as foggy, levitation. My anthropology lecturer was also my tutor. A Jewish intellectual from New York, into opera and sport. He became my employer, I became his children's babysitter. He asked if I could be their nanny - I wasn't able to, I had too much class pride to do. I wanted to see what the family life of a great academic was like - how does such a person move through the world? I found it fascinating. He moved interstate, I dropped anthropology, but the sense of familiarity with the liminal guided my work - the ambiguous, the expansive, the threshold. My mother moved to [redacted] to look after her aging parents. She took a job as an interviewer for the Bureau of Statistics, knocking on people's doors and interviewing them about their quality of life. She happened to knock on the door of my anthropology lecturer. They became a couple. He became my step-father of sorts, we became friends. Transmutations. He became a she. My mother and she broke up. And eventually the pandemic arrived. A global liminal. And it was/is nothing like my sense of the liminal. The sense of suspension is overlaid by the huge amount of protest, organisation, fighting, slaying, connecting, learning that has to happen before the new thicker lands, before we see who wins. And in the midst of all this, my lecturer died. Complications from a surgery. I wonder if their state - of her once-be-now she affected their care? Of course they were always she, but had to wait until their 60s before they could truly land. I'm not sure what my sense of the liminal is now, but I am slightly less naive.

WEEK 4 - IMAGINATIONS

Now that we have cut holes in the sky, changed into percussion instruments, and travelled through the dream realms, we can begin the cultivation of our collective imagination.

We could get caught up in how this is the most 'boring apocalypse' of all time. We could cry about the holes in our pockets and how all our coins fell out when we weren't looking. We could get caught up in what happened before, what happened before, what happened before.

Let's imagine that gravity is a thing of the past. Imagine you are sewing together a series of moving photographs depicting the falling of statues, surveillance and censorships. Imagine you are reaching inside a mirror and pulling out fragments of the future. Imagine you are growing another head. Imagine the conversation you would have with yourself. Imagine you are re-writing the world. This is the practice of dreaming while you are awake.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR IMAGINATIONS

Imagine your liver has a different personality from the rest of your body.

Imagine your liver contains the spirit of all your euphoric thoughts.

Your liver is laughing. Your liver is laughing.

Write a list of songs for your liver to perform.

Place the songs in this playlist for postal society members to experience: <https://cutt.ly/efklc9i>

make a wish. Attach it to your letter.



28/10/20

Dear Trixi,

For your liver - for my liver - for all the livers, may they sing and dance -

- Meditjin - Baker Boy, featuring Jess B
- Feeling Good - Nina Simone
- Another Weekend - Anel Pink
- Black Willow - Loma
- Dark Was The Night - Konos Quartet
- Aubade - Tashi Wada with Yoshi Wada and friends.
- You Take My Breath Away - Minnie Riperton
- Race For The Prize - The Flaming Lips
- Black Parade - Beyoncé
- Prelude from Cello Suite No. 1 in G major - Bach

My wish for you is that you find portals in nature -

Warmest wishes,
Zoe

2020.

Chausma,

Our home will be full of joy & no room will seem empty.
I'll be calm & I will be happy.
Songs of dual-company will slowly lead to children singing.
Time will mark our shores & we will grow ever-more in support.
I hope that I will not slip into another's train of thought.
How to stand with you & drip the sands of the siren's call.
How to say yes to being still,
embracing love,
wanting All.

- imagination.
With Care, Josephine MEARD

22nd of October
2020

Dear Rayneet,

my liver takes on its own form
transmuting from an internal organ
into a being with its own personality
my liver is laughing
as it contains my euphoric thoughts
thoughts of love
thoughts of lust
thoughts of new imaginings
I write a list of songs for my liver to perform

1. Weda Hauer Guzo by Hailu Merga
2. Sweet Jujube by Lettra Mbelle
3. Aaj Shanibar by Rupa
4. Arabian knights by Siouxsie and the Banshees
5. Life on Mars? By David Bowie
6. Bitter Sweet Symphony by The Verve
7. Do I make you feel shy? (Japanese Version) by Conran Mochasin
8. Interlude: Tina Taught Me by Solange

These songs hold old memories, my liver performs old sounds as I recollect past moments

1. sitting in the back garden laughing with my friends
2. dancing in the living room
3. sipping on wine in a state of infatuation
4. waking up on a Sunday morning to my father playing records and cooking

5. the day David Bowie died
6. long car trips with my father
7. laying on the beach on a spring day
8. sitting in the bathtub

if my liver only hears old sounds, it is stuck in a state of nostalgia
a longing for old memories to manifest into new forms
our memories inform our identities, as we apply them to parts of ourselves
my liver becomes the form of my memories
I detach my liver from myself
without my liver and my memories I am just a biological being
with no sense of creation, not knowing where I came from or who made me
as I depart from my liver, holding my past I imagine a new moment
a moment of emancipation
where I am able to exist in a new world
a healthier world
a world centred around love
and relationality to other beings
a place where a symbiotic relationship exists between all things
living in a collective harmony
I wish this new world into existence, to inform our reality...

With Love and good wishes,
Nisha xx

22 October, 2020.

IMAGINATIONS

Set to "Dreams" by Fleetwood Mac.

My liver says:

What's up? More wine?? Can't you give me anything else? Still trying to drown your sorrows, eh? Might not be the best option for you... or me, come to think of it, in the long run. C'mon, is this really going to be another one-off?

Fine then. Drink up, and make sure you're merry. Forget about the world, the past, and the future. But remember to be kind to yourself. Watch more rom-coms and less murder mysteries. Make my cave a party, not a gloom-fest.

What I say in return:

I wish for something good. Something uplifting. Something that will teleport me away from the treadmill of a life, this relentless march to oblivion, this dead-end street. I wish for dreams to come true: for smiles and laughter, for a utopia with no stress, a living/breathing/thriving environment, with respect/love/care/kindness/creativity. And I promise to watch "Love Actually" on repeat this Christmas.

Sandra



Dear Bree,
First a dream:
Imaginary fruit

There's a lake surrounded by old, half-decayed houses and overhanging trees. It feels a bit like a boggy. Paths lead round the lake with the occasional bridge, various types of plants grow out of the water. Water, vegetation and buildings intertwine. Different plants in the lake form a shape which I call 'love' as it's in the dream, two plants growing out of the water and bending back towards each other to form a heart shape. I hood out along a small isthmus where a tree is laden with so many fruit it can hardly stand.

The air is filled with a sweet acidic smell of tropical fruit, in retrospect it's the smell of feijoa. The fruits are about the size and colour of pawpaws, except they have wide, vertical ribs and leathery skin. I find one that seems darker and riper than the others, and small enough to eat. The outer layer sloughs off like a ^{piece} rubbery skin, revealing a fruit covered in shiny black seeds, like a beaded football. The seeds are held up on small stalks like small eyes and rub away as well, leaving the fruit, a hollow, fine, clear lattice-work like juicy cartilage. I break a piece off and eat it as I walk along by

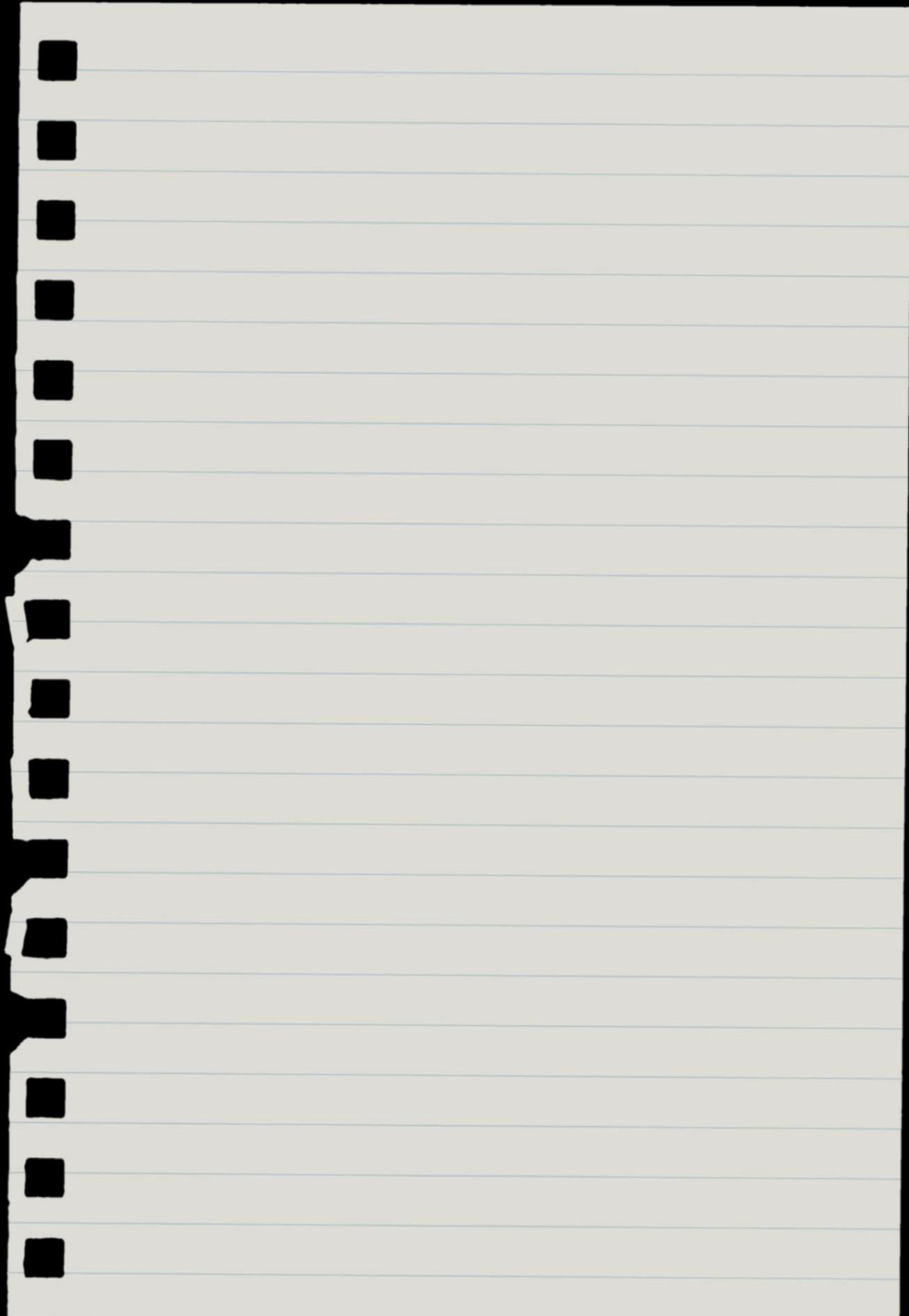
the lake. It's mildly sweet, but also mildly astringent. I don't think it's poisonous, but I'm not sure it's food either.

cut
This is the future I move to imagine. Not shining cities, explosions, riches, or ~~horrible~~ ^{horrible} colours, not even something minimal and clean and perfect. The future has an abundance of fruit, but they look strange to me now. Love doesn't grow light and carefree like butterfly wings, but like twining, irrepressible tropical tendrils from a murky lake. The houses don't sit bright and alone on their hills, but

grow from the landscape and slough back into it, and are constantly in a state in between the two.

Imagination is not a flesh, but a strange tree, willed into being slowly. Creativity is in the planting, and recognising the strange fruits as abundance when they arrive.





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