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| Ruby-Rose Pivet-Marsh: | Hello there! Welcome to the final episode of our first Vignettes series.  I’m Ruby, the Artistic Director here at the Emerging Writers’ festival, coming to you from the land of the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin Nation.  Thank you so much to everyone listening for joining us for the first season of our podcast, Vignettes, and to all the artists who have read and shared their work with us!  We’ve felt really privileged to be allowed into each artist’s intimate space to hear them read their creative works.  We hope you, our audience, have enjoyed listening to these works as much as we’ve enjoyed bringing them to you.  Our final episode of the season today is Lunar.  We asked three artists to ponder the night sky, to turn towards the moon as she hangs, watching over us. Today, you will hear from Lay the Mystic, Prema Arasu and Georgia Kartas respond to the theme “lunar”.  First up, here is Lay the Mystic. |
| Lay the Mystic | Hi this is Lay the Mystic, I am currently in my room, at home  And  Tryna do what I can to spend as much time with fam and loved ones as I can  \*breath\*  So, I found a piece of quiet space that,  kinda resembles the moon?  I mean  They move like each other  Move fast and immeasurably slow  Pushing things so  Powerfully that  I struggle to describe how this quiet pushes oceans into the distance  Only to pull them in closer  The quiet bits help me appreciate how tides must miss the dirt  The dirt sitting just a little out of reach  Reckon the moon might be a big softy tryna help wet and dry to reunite into something not so few and few between  I woke up one night and found the moon pressing into my mind  And I think that’s what made my quiet piece.  I think that’s why they resemble each other  Cause one was made to resist the other until it was shaped to receive it.  Kinda like how I’m embossed with the last hug I relaxed into  And still struggle so hard to accept a new one.  I’m sorry  Mk  Lemme try this again  So, when I was small,  I thought the moon was a lamp  That only sometimes liked to turn itself on  Slowly  And maybe that’s how my quiet looks like the moon  Not round, or luminous, or powerful  But  Turning slowly?  There’s a part of me that likes to turn all the lightbulbs slowly  I grew it when I tried to resist the moon, then made myself a space embossed specifically to receive it.  Oof.  Words for things I’ve never seen before get hard..  Mashed between planes playing games of mash and play?  Play at name of space between the push and push and mash  Umm  Pipes!  It’s in the  I think it’s in the pipes, see  Pipes creek the syllables of my name  Until I’m falling into places far and nothing in between  And everything’s in between  And everything’s in between  And I mean, I don’t know you yet  So  we have everything in between  I sometimes imagine myself as a curtain  Being twisted into rope  till  All the days fall out  And all the nights fall short  And all the life is done  before....  And then there’s something  And the nothing  And then everything’s in between  And I think that I don’t know it yet  But  Everything’s in between  Have you ever figured out how to meet your years?  See, I met these moments  They were falling in and out of care for each other  …And everything in between  I sometimes hate how names let people call you  And make memories for how  I like  To fear  Been crying falls into my own body  And everything in between  I met you before  And everything in between  You’d be standing too close if it weren’t for everything in between  Then there’s this something  And then nothing’s in between?  But I only met you a moment ago.  And everything’s in between  And everything’s in between  And everything’s in between  Once I made a city in my secret place  For people I love, who, left  Their moments come to tell me things  and  everything else is in between....  I’m gonna start by trying to  Then failing to see  stars  It’s dawn time and I’m sleeping  Trying not to fall awake  Till birds start roaring noise  And I can’t fall back asleep  It’s dawn time and I’m sleeping  Trying not to fall awake  Repeating this game of seek and seek and seep and try to seep in private  It’s dawn time & I’m sleeping  Slowly falling awake  And I know stars are dancing round in circles over me  Tell me something  Did you catch a star while it was turning?  Did it turn circles into broad daylight?  I heard they do that, but never got a chance to sit a see it  Its dawn time and I’m not sleeping  And there’s something urgent about how I can’t see the sky turn  So I’m gonna finish by  Beginning to  Then failing to see stars |
| Ruby-Rose Pivet-Marsh: | Thanks Lay. Now, here is Prema Arasu. |
| Prema Arasu | Hi, I’m Prema Arasu and I’m an emerging writer and PhD candidate at the University of Western Australia, where I also tutor English Literature and Creative Writing. I live and work in Boorloo, Perth, on Whadjuk Noongar Boodjar. I spend most of my time writing in my office at UWA, which I share with several other wonderful PhD students. I can be found at the Twitter handle @prema\_arasu.  Right now I’m in my home office in my East Perth apartment. I’m on the 25th floor and have a wonderful view of the Swan River from the open window. My office is bright and airy, with overflowing bookshelves and too many mugs on my desk. My two cats, Ghost and JD, are here with me as I read.  My PhD is in Creative Writing. I am writing a fantasy novel called Valiant Dust which aims to engage with ideas about gender and identity through an alternate world setting, and is currently on its second draft. The setting is inspired by British-Occupied South Asia during the Opium Wars. The protagonist, Hemlock Widdershins, is a teenager with an interest in witchcraft, despite the fact that everyone tells him that boys can’t be witches. Today for Vignettes by the Emerging Writers Festival, I’ll be reading an excerpt.  ---------------  Lock spent his Lunar New Year money on a mail-order ‘My First Alchemy Set’ as advertised in Teen Punch for Girls. He bothered the staff at the post office every morning for the next ten days until it arrived. It was a child’s toy – a heptagonal box with seven partitions each containing a small chunk of metal corresponding to the seven planets. It was designed so that one would learn how to manipulate each metal in order – bending, heating, cooling. It came with a handbook which contained instructions, an Alchemical Table of the Elements, and a safety notice advising budding alchemists to use the set under parental supervision.  Lock started with the first – gold, to represent the sun, but he couldn’t get the chunk of metal to do anything. It felt completely inert. The second – silver, for the moon – was easy. He melted it in his palm, twisted it into long coils with flicks of his wrist, feeling how the particles shimmered, separated, and came back together. Copper – for Venus – felt softer, gentler than silver, and it liked being spun into threads.  Iron, the metal of Mars, took him some time to master. Iron was not a metal that lent itself to the occult. Iron was the metal of warriors, of engineers, of architects. To Lock, iron had always had a rough sort of nature to it; a resilience to change – but after an immense amount of physical exertion, he managed to flatten it between his hands. He was then hit by a wave of exhaustion and only just made it to bed before passing out, where he slept for fourteen hours and woke up with aching arms and shoulders. It was easier on his next attempt. He even managed to make the metal glow red with heat, like a branding iron, but it took a great deal out of him.  Tin, lead and mercury, for Jupiter, Saturn and Mercury, were less of a challenge after that. Lock returned to the gold to no avail. After struggling for days, he figured out that the ‘gold’ was pyrite, or Fool’s Gold, then realised he was an idiot for thinking that a children’s toy would come with a real gold nugget. He decided he would try and turn the iron into gold, since that was the point of alchemy, after all. He exhausted the Apiary’s library collection on Natural Philosophy and experimented with several dubious rituals involving salt, honey, and his own blood, but was not successful in transmutation, nor did he discover the secret to immortality. |
| Ruby-Rose Pivet-Marsh: | Thanks Prema. And for our last reader today, here is Georgia Kartas. |
| Georgia Kartas | My name is Georgia or George. I’m a writer, performance artist and tarot reader. I also co-curate a poetry showcase called Thin Red Lines. You’re here with me, in my bedroom, at my desk, where I look out the window to an explosive ecology of chaotic plants and shrubs. It is raining, softly, after two days of intense heat. I have a cake baking in the oven in my kitchen while I talk to you.  I’m a Greek migrant living and working on the unceded, sovereign lands of the Wurundjeri and Bunurong peoples of the Kulin Nation. It’s NAIDOC Week as I record this, and I’m thinking a lot about the deep wisdom and knowledge of ecology, spirits, time, space, and narratives of the Traditional Custodians of this continent, who have occupied and cared for these lands for over 65,000 years.  Their stories stretch back to the beginning of the Dreaming; they are the original storytellers. I pay my respects to their ancestors, elders, and community, past, present, and emerging. Always Was, Always Will Be.  Today for Vignettes by EWF, I am becoming a poem. It is called:  Δ ◉ H A L F M O O N  ◓ ▼ Ǝ W I ┴ Ⅎ ˥ ∀ H  I hate poems about  poetry, so I wrote one. This tells you  what kind of person I am: not a person  at all, but a poem. Martin Harrison says I am  not a good idea  so I cut my throat  with a letter opener made  from Damascus  steel.  I bleed House Red.  This draws a  crowd of metallic  chanting:  The Time  of the Critic is  Dead.  Long live  the Prophet.  Metasising  signs and symbols  whisper to my  liver. The knife was  taken from me, so I cannot  read their meaning, but  on closer inspection find  your black opal  thumbprints  radiating  like a zeitgeist.  What did you see, through the  hepatic portal vein?  What sound does my  half moon make?  A healing high-ceilinged hymn? Or the  grim quiet of my grandfather? Hands that  click and clock too slowly to  be striking seconds  between sirens, but  loud enough to gauge that  Time is reaching out.  And I am so desperate to touch you.  Our vision is finally 2020. Make no mistake: the voice  in your bed at 4am is the same as the one  flipping counterfeit coins between  peace fingers, mimicking the barrel  of a gun, two sides of the same game played by  Fear of death. This voice is not to be  believed.  I have spoken of  Fear many times before. (I told you,  I’m a poem.) But you need to hear it  from Timothée Chalamet, apparently. I am not alone  in despising him. This may surprise you,  but the bigger surprise is the  event horizon: popular opinion  is not fact.  It is not even  fiction; it is contraindication. Red brass  tintinnabulation heralds the time  of the Prophecy.  >> A plural future germinates in a dark moon sky.  >> A full past rises with Mars in its shell.  >> A multiple star system is a greater portent  than a binary one.  >> Possibility’s belly is always full, and always hungry.  >> The land will take back the hand of the Godhead.  *time is leaking out / the time of the critic is dead / these days*  *everyone’s a prophet*  For example,  On 1 January 2019  a woman is baking a cake.  She cracks an egg  onto a saucer. Out come  three yellow suns –  a 1 in 25 million chance.\*  \*(According to the British Egg Information Service.)  Example 2,  Energy distribution of the universe is:   * 69% dark energy * 26% dark matter * 5% normal matter.   What is normal  does not reflect  the majority.  The remaining 95% of the universe  is still unknown to scientists today, much like  the Ocean.  >> The Ocean is ruled by the Moon.  >> The Moon is ruled by the Crayfish and two Wolves.  >> The Crayfish and the Wolves are ruled by no-one, because  >> in dreams, there are no rules.  The exhale by your bed is the part of you that is already dead.  In the place where nothing can be anything, you swallow hydrogen and the womb of Ολυμπιάς, and rebirth yourself.  We are Risen, truly we are Risen. Aληθώς ανέστη!  A poem is never finished. When flesh fades to grey  the odour will sing long after, and you shall find the answer you are seeking  in the Desert of Broken Glass.  Which is not an answer at all,  but a poem. |
| Ruby-Rose Pivet-Marsh: | Thank you Georgia!  Thank you so much for listening to Vignettes: The EWF Podcast. If you enjoyed this episode, please drop us a review, recommend us to your friends and hit ‘subscribe’.  This has been the final episode of season one of Vignettes. I suppose Season One implies that there is, in fact, going to be a season two. And we’re happy to announce that there will be!  Make sure that you subscribe, so you don’t miss out on Vignettes Season Two: Autumn, when it drops next year.  We can’t wait to share more readings with you in this way.  Of course, this is not goodbye, rather it’s a welcome, a prompt, some encouragement – to keep reading, writing and reflecting in your own ways over the rest of this Summer.  We can’t wait to see you again in the new year.  [SECTION BREAK]  This podcast was produced by EWF Program Coordinator Millie Baylis. Our audio producer is Jon Tjhia, and our theme music was created by Thu Care. You can find out more about the team behind this podcast and the artists featured in this episode on the EWF website.  This podcast was created and edited on the lands of the Wurundjeri and Boon Wurrung people of the Kulin Nation. We acknowledge that First Nations peoples are the first storytellers of this land, and that their sovereignty has never been ceded. We pay our respects to Elders past and present, and to the Elders of the lands this podcast reaches. It always was, always will be, Aboriginal land. |