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| lament attempts | chat to audience | lit review |
| **Immortals**  When we sat on grave stones  and laughed in the dead night  you wore colourful trousers  We played music  on a battery powered portable stereo  and we danced.  You, me and other people I have lost.  When you were 17 you choreographed a fall for your performing arts assessment a slow fall through a scaffolding tower.  You once told me you didn’t want to go back to Jersey and take on your father’s business. No fucking way you said. | Hi hi hi give out cards.  Behind the fancy stuff on stage that I imagine other people do with their musical instruments, there is practice. Repetition. So what I want to do today is share some of my practice, or practices. Not because I’m a musician but because we don’t always see the work that someone is doing behind closed doors to create the public version.  slow E string  Luke started learning the bass, I’m not exactly sure when. I though he was going to do dance and physical theatre in his performing arts degree but then the bass appeared and he never talked about the dance stuff again. Basically he wanted to be Tommy the Cat.  Do you know that song, by Primus, Tommy the Cat. Hey Bebe do you wanna lay down by my side… and all that crazy shit with the bass. Luke could do the whole rant and he showed me where he’d got to learning the bass line but it was really difficult. So I’ve tried to learn some basic slap bass just to see what it feels like. the slap bass loop I wanted to know what it feels like to play your instrument.  The first time I went to a funeral I was in my twenties. I had only seen them on television and I was scared I wouldn’t be able to express emotion appropriately, that I wouldn’t be able to cry or I would say all the wrong things. | Literature review  Nancy Lee suggests in Lyrics of Lament that our loss of traditional modes of grieving and finding solace means we need to find and create our own laments.  Galchinsky states ‘Lament grieves for the hatreds that led to the conflict, describes the abuse, mourns the losses, acknowledges remaining suffering, and finally lets go of the bitterness that flowed from it. It offers the nation a new collective story, not by forgetting or evading the period of trauma, but by prodding the wound’s pain to the surface in ritual, periodic, and strategic ways.’ (Galchinsky, 2014: 267) |
| You once told me something awful that happened to you as a child.  Once when we were 17, I kissed your girlfriend on a pile of logs at the endow the field near my house and you forgave me.  choke back your sorrow  spit smiles  so we can keep walking  so we can keep walking  choke back your suffering  lamentation has been deserted, alone, lonely  where are its voices  so we can keep walking | Dearly beloved: we are gathered here today to pay our respects our deceased loved one and friend,  Dearly beloved, we have gathered here to praise God as we celebrate the life of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.  Dearly beloved, we are gathered here , it is the same phrasing for funerals and weddings and in fact I couldn’t go to the funeral because it was my sister’s wedding that week and I didn’t know how to combine joy and grief so I just ignored the grief. And to be honest my sister’s husband had just lost his best friend. Too much death in the ether makes it hard to smile for photographs.  Dearly beloved,  If a story is missing or a voice is lost, is it because we haven’t listened? Who hasn’t listened? And what distracted us?  Dearly beloved, | ‘We join in sorrow so that silenced violence will find its echo in our spirit, not by imagination but by artistic vision.’ (Ettinger in Art in a Time of Atrocity)  ‘I did it over and over again until I began to find comfort and to find strength which is what comes with practice, is you start to find comfort and strength. And that’s what you need to be a good musican.’ (Flea, Chilli Peppers)  Fishman in examining of modern Greek women’s lament suggests the elements of the lament are “lamenter as ‘mediator, or “bridge” between the worlds of the living and the dead; the aesthetics and function of ponos (“pain”); lament as vehicle for revenge; lament as an instrument for social criticism and protest; and finally the role of lament in establishing solidarity among the community of women mourners’ (Fishman, 2008: 267). |
| Bass note on through this section?  If you had allowed the day by day, the dark  tickling in the base of your  skull to spill out little by little, trickle out into AAAAAAA  You were so light but  all heaviness inside, dreams groaning with the weight  and tears dry, too much  pain to tell a story  to keep the fire going  through the night  too lonely to  Why couldn’t you? | I thought I had no voice because I had no one to speak or sing with because we have no tradition of song.  Jesus, Lamb of God, have mercy on us.  Jesus, bearer of our sins, have mercy on us.  Jesus, redeemer of the world, grant us peace.  I sang in the church choir until I left the island, but I didn’t go to a funeral until several years after that. And although I can’t escape the sound of plain chant and 16th century musical settings of the Agnus Dei, it is not my tradition and it is not my community. I don’t want to sing to Jesus. And  The funny thing is though, whenever I try to sing the words of the poems I wrote for this performance, I go a bit psalmy.  The lament dies in an individualist society. So here I am standing alone on stage?  Is this a dirge or a lamentation? A lamentation written for our lost dirges? I will have to imagine others sing with me.  Does anyone know any good lamentations? A good dirge. A dirge a day keeps… well. | Why couldn’t you find… ‘a means by which to apprehend the past violations that still haunt the present, and a way to perform and assuage grief’ as Galchinsky puts it? (2014: 259-60)  Why couldn’t you prod ‘the wound’s pain to the surface in ritual, periodic, and strategic ways’ (267)  Quote: ‘By attempting to speak not of my past or yours but of ours, laments set themselves the task of reconciling competing voices into a single compelling expression.’ (Galchinsky, 2014: 267) |
| End after postcards in silence:  **What will I?**  I will listen to your silence  I will listen to your body  I will listen to your eyes  I will listen to your hesitation  Your glance  I will listen to you hugging me in the street  I will listen to the words you never said |  |  |

What line is at the centre of the piece - like a chorus.

**Songs that ‘belonged to the community’ (Lee, 36)**

Things I know but don’t know the origin of:

frere a jacque

row row row your boat

late one night in a dungeon cell

Underneath the sea

nursery rhymes - twinkly tickle, baa baa black sheep

All things bright and beautiful - that’s partly why it’s a favourite at funerals.

Christmas songs - in the bleak mid winter, minuit cretians, oh come

streets of londond

auld lang syne