

A/am/ams

A/ac/aca



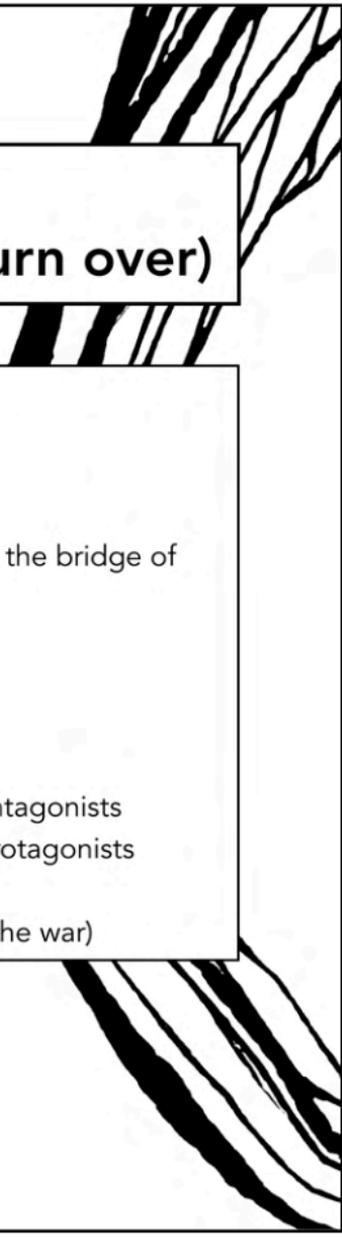
come ashore;
turn over

thig gu tìr, tionndaidh
mun chuairt



words and music by
Rufus Isabel Elliot

Gaelic words by Cass Ezeji



A/am/ams
(come ashore, turn over)

1. Blue sgith music

First speeches:

2. Crocuses, violents, etc.

3. Achilles' Lyre (with the strap, the bridge of silver, and everything)

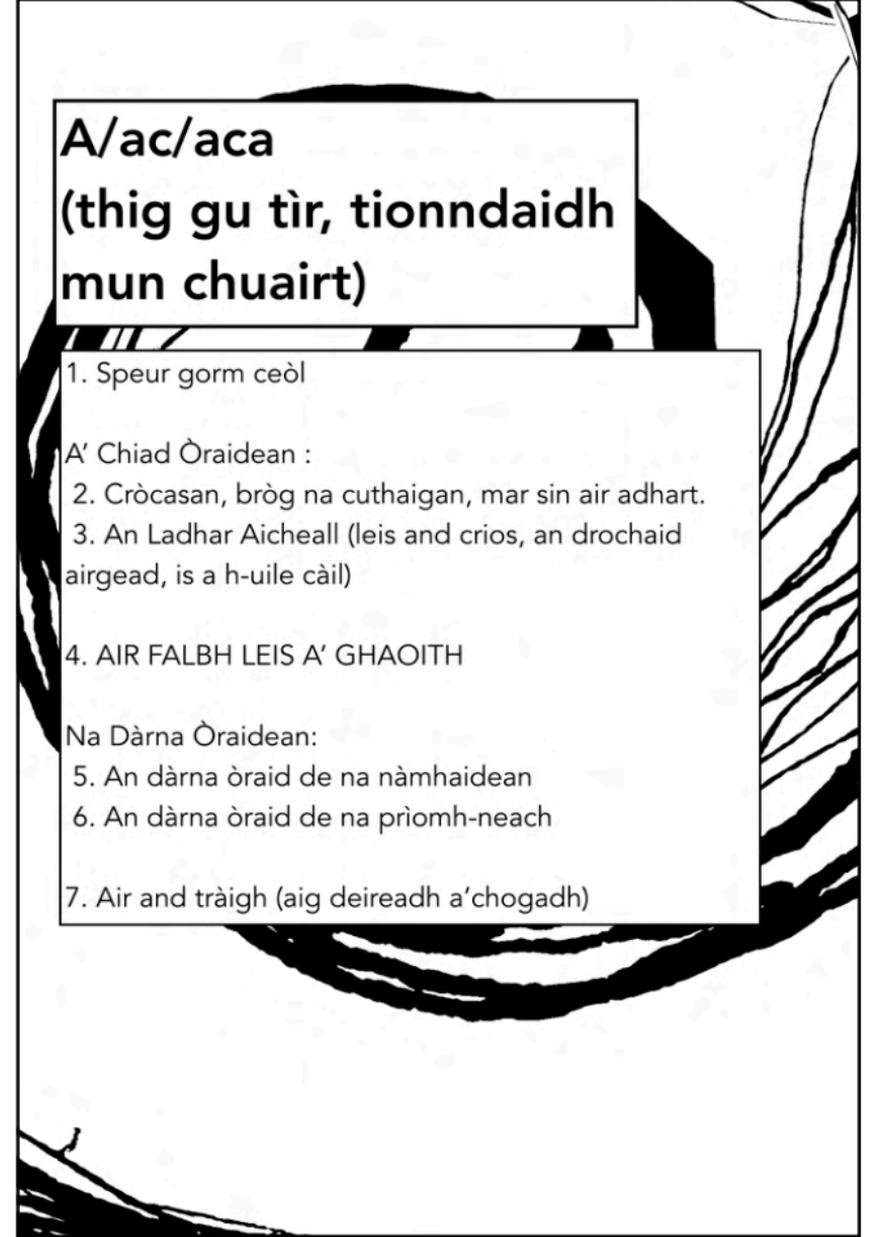
4. ADRIFT

Second speeches:

5. The second speech of the antagonists

6. The second speech of the protagonists

7. On the beach (at the end of the war)



A/ac/aca

**(thig gu tìr, tionndaidh
mun chuairt)**

1. Speur gorm ceòl

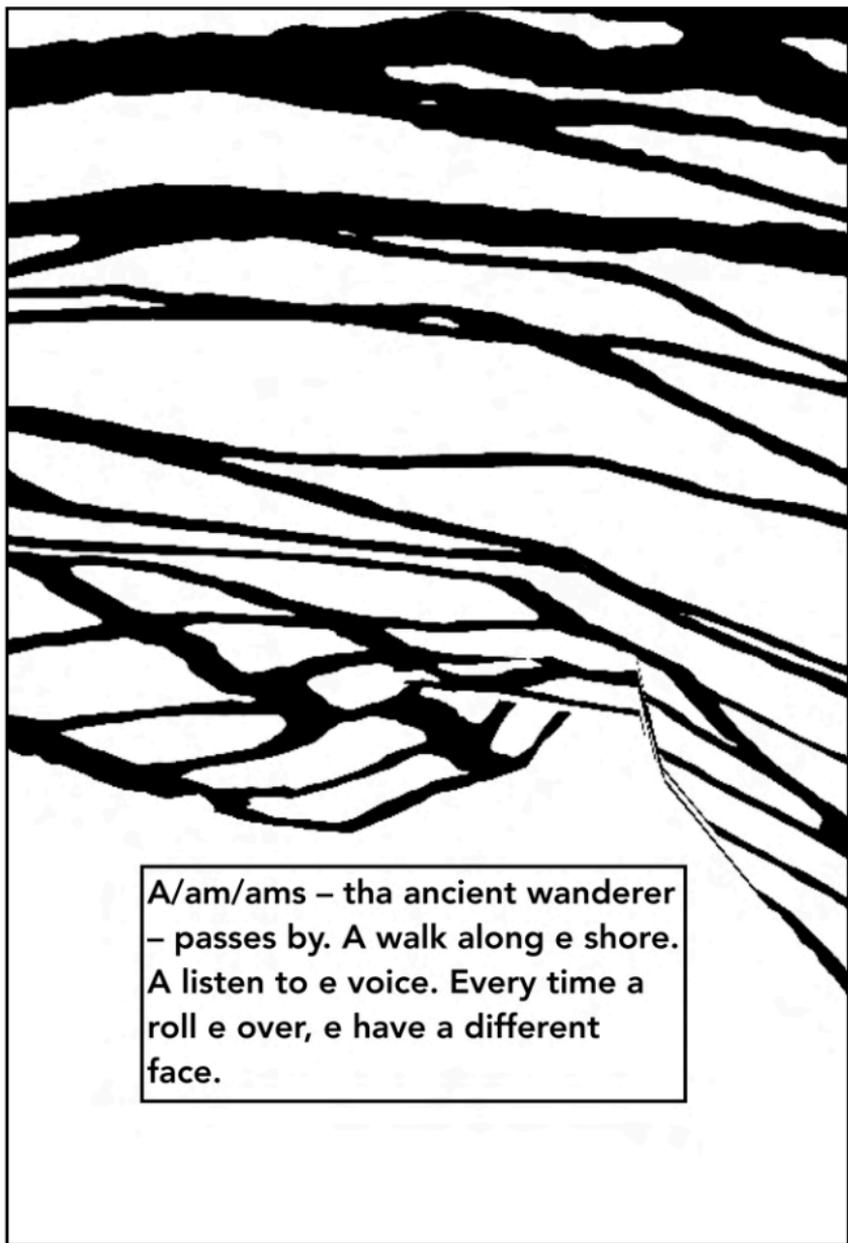
A' Chiad Òraidean :

2. Cròcasan, bròg na cuthaigan, mar sin air adhart.
3. An Ladhar Aicheall (leis and crios, an drochaid airgead, is a h-uile càil)

4. AIR FALBH LEIS A' GHAOITH

Na Dàrna Òraidean:

5. An dàrna òraid de na nàmhaidean
6. An dàrna òraid de na prìomh-neach
7. Air and tràigh (aig deireadh a'chogadh)



A/am/ams – tha ancient wanderer
– passes by. A walk along e shore.
A listen to e voice. Every time a
roll e over, e have a different
face.

When a met e, tha sgith was blue.

Æ staggered through tha heathaze, on tha ridge of tha mountains.
An ere a drochte. A lay gaspin in tha trickle of water over mossy
rocks. E lay flat, eyen in tha shade of an outcrop, an e chest burnin
on.

This shoreline goes on forever. Round pebbles turned to hot sand,
an a black cuillin now grey, roughly pounded out on tha beach,
turnin over an over in a surf... an a liftin e up, turnin, keerlin, light in
tha salty sea.

Tha beach twists an curves, down an down forever.

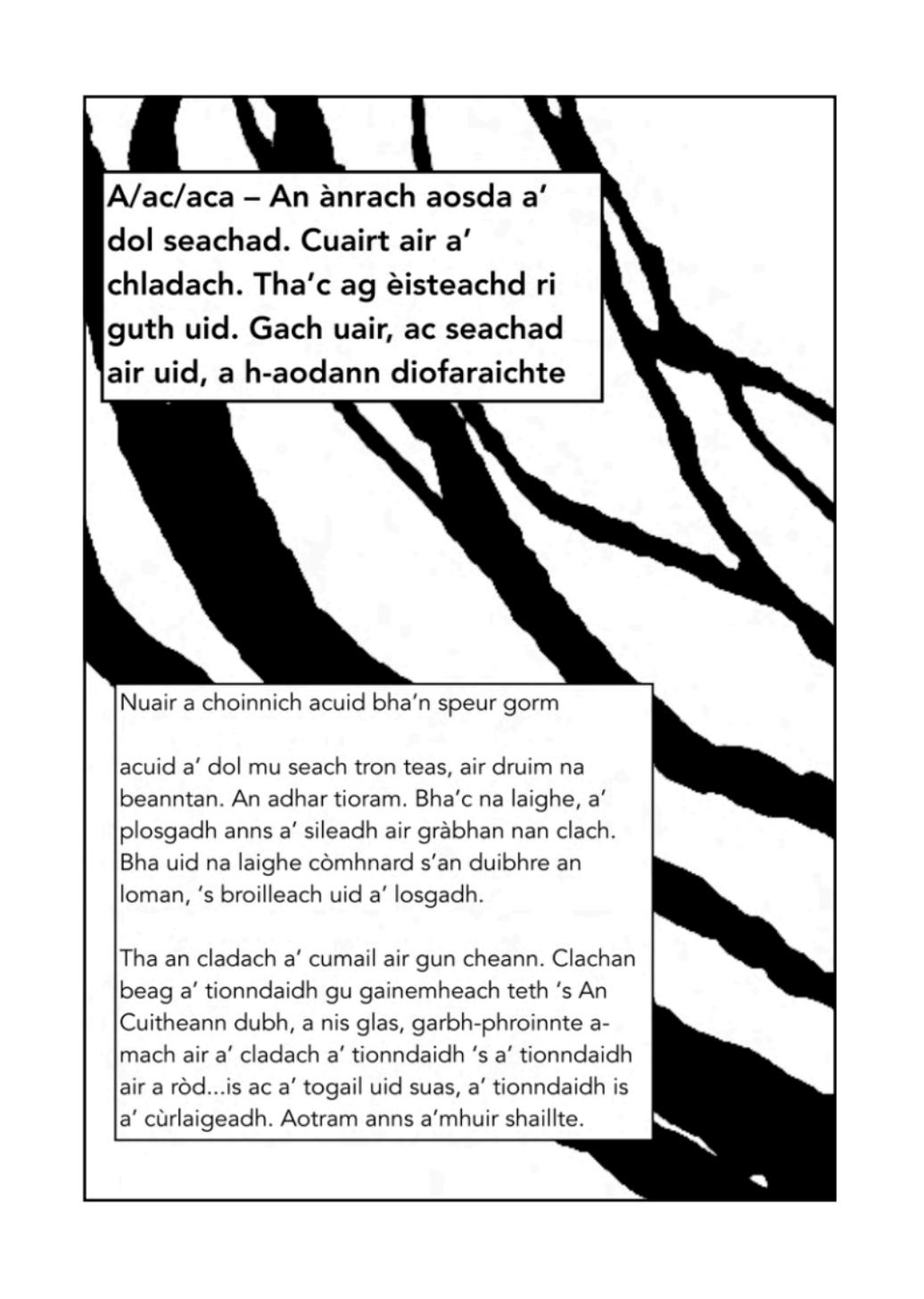
When a flecked e, athun, tha mountains wheeled around, hot white
quartzite shit spinnin into nawhere, inta silver an iv'ry.

Dark crossin inta day, an æ perchin on concrete ruins, sippin black
water, an a walkin out wi e beside tha sea, tha glas sea, tha absent
sea, tha one glassy sea, higher then lower, forever.

Æms there passing it all by — tha sea on tha left, tha whorl on tha
right. Tha sgith is an oyster shell, an e is lookin aweg, but e yet sees
tha orange sun is reflectin on ams face. An see – a has na shadow.

Fuckin hard to say what happened athun. E is gan awhile, an e
icoman back in, salty an still on a ridge of tha sea, layin on rumours
of rain. An a reels e on tha rocks, an it is a song, reelin jus there, in
tha fish an blood reek an tha sharp slykees.

Annow, laid side by side, sand an wrack in æ hair – what happened
here?



A/ac/aca – An ànrach aosda a’ dol seachad. Cuairt air a’ chladach. Tha’c ag èisteachd ri guth uid. Gach uair, ac seachad air uid, a h-aodann diofaraichte

Nuair a choinnich acuid bha’n speur gorm

acuid a’ dol mu seach tron teas, air druim na beanntan. An adhar tioram. Bha’c na laighe, a’ plogadh anns a’ sileadh air gràbhan nan clach. Bha uid na laighe còmhnard s’an duibhre an loman, ‘s broilleach uid a’ losgadh.

Tha an cladach a’ cumail air gun cheann. Clachan beag a’ tionndaidh gu gainemheach teth ‘s An Cuitheann dubh, a nis glas, garbh-phroinnta a-mach air a’ cladach a’ tionndaidh ‘s a’ tionndaidh air a ròd...is ac a’ togail uid suas, a’ tionndaidh is a’ cùrlaigeadh. Aotram anns a’ mhuir shaille.

An traigh a' caradh is a lùbadh, sìos is sìos gun cheann.

Nuair a' spairt auid ghluais na beanntan mun chuairt, teth is geal.
Rudegin eitit a' sgiath a dubh no dath gus tighinn airegad 's ibhri

An dhorchadas a' tighinn gu bhith lath, 's iad nan suidhe air
tobht crudhtan. Tha iad a' bilgeagadh an uisge dubh,

An cois na mara, a'mhuir mar glainne, gun fhios. An aon mhuir
ghlainne a' dol nas àirde, s'an uairsin nas ìsle gun stad.

Th'ac a' dol seachad- a'mhuir air an taobh chli, an saoghal air an
làimh deas.

Tha an speur na slige-neamhnainn. Tha uid a' coimhead air falbh
ach a' faicinn an orainds air aodann ac fhathast.

A' ghrian air h-aodainn. Is seall! Chan eil faileas aig ac. Dògan! 'S
e tha duilich a ràdh mar a thachair sin!

Tha uid air falbh airson greis is ac a' tighinn air ais, shailte agus
fhathast aig beul na marra, a' cuir earbs anns an t-uisge a
dh'fhaodadh thighin

Tha'c a' leum air na clachan- se orain a th'ann, a' ruidhleadh an
sin - anns na h-éisg is an fuil, leis an fàileadh geur na gròm

Tha iad a nis air an sìneadh taobh ri taobh, gainmheach agus
feamainn nan fhalt- gu dè thachair an seo?

Blue sgith music

and you, as you...
you clasped (strength)
your, your shorn locks

and your...
you lay
you — your tawny hair
which you were —
and troubled, you spoke

first you...
greaves, around your
fitted with...
around your...

next you —
your chest (elaborate)
and across your shoulders you slung
oh, over you —
you placed

taking with both hands
you poured (your handsome face)
your head
and your tunic
and you lay outstretched
with your (your) own hands
you, your hair

and you, and you, and you
and you, and you, and you

Speur gorm ceòl

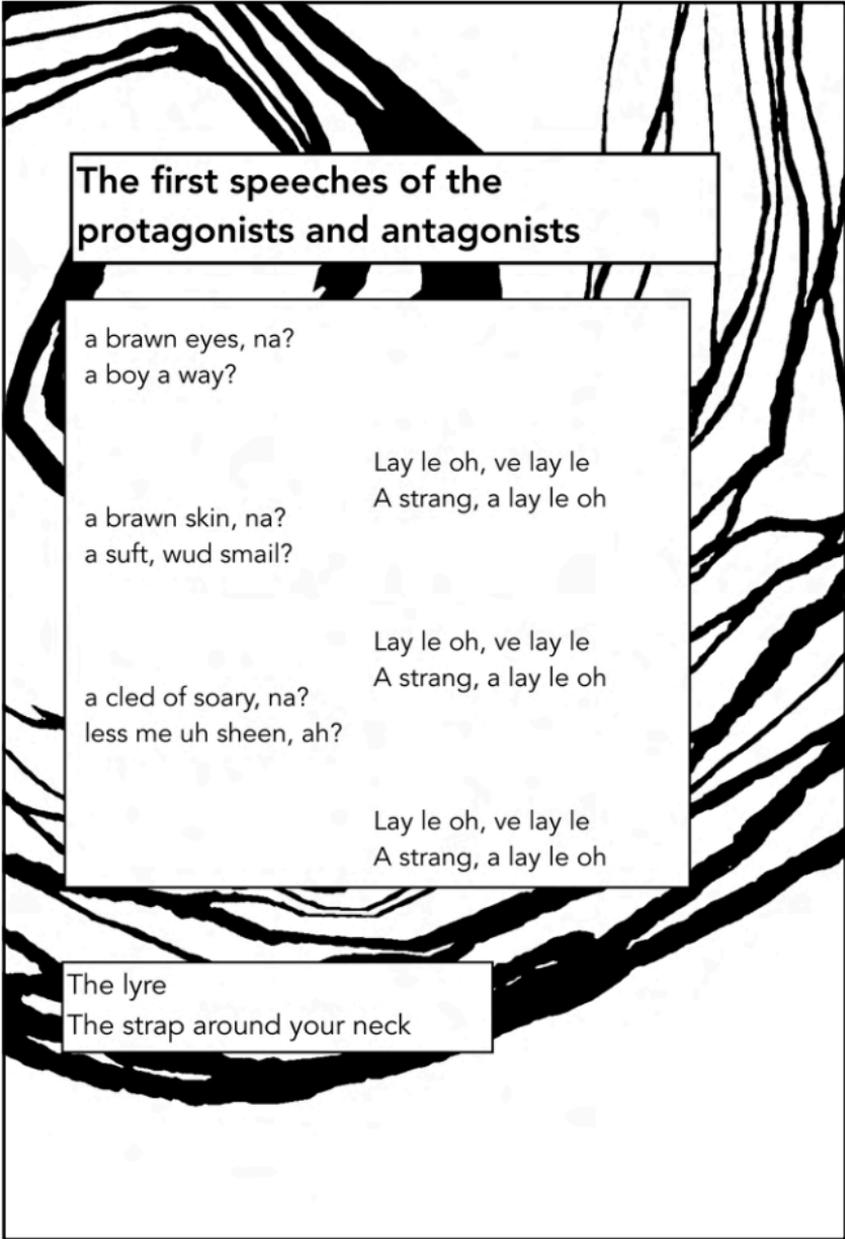
agus thusa, mar thu fhèin (neart)
crath thu
d'fhalt, d'fhalt beàrrta
agus do...
thusa a'laighe
thusa- d'fhalt liath-bhuidhe

an ath - thu- (brèaghaich)
do bhroilleach
is thairis do ghuailnean bha-
o! Thairis do-
cuir thu

a' gabhail leis an dà làimh
dhòirt thu (d'aghaidh eireachdail)
do cheann
agus do chnap
agus sìn thu a-mach

le do (do) làmhan fhèin
thusa, d'fhalt

agus thusa, agus thusa, agus thusa
thusa, thusa, thu fhèin



**The first speeches of the
protagonists and antagonists**

a brawn eyes, na?
a boy a way?

Lay le oh, ve lay le
A strang, a lay le oh

a brawn skin, na?
a suft, wud smail?

Lay le oh, ve lay le
A strang, a lay le oh

a cled of soary, na?
less me uh sheen, ah?

Lay le oh, ve lay le
A strang, a lay le oh

The lyre
The strap around your neck



**A' chiad òraidean de na prìomh-
neach agus na nàmhaidhean**

à sùilean donn, an eadh?

Ah ho ri
ill obha ho

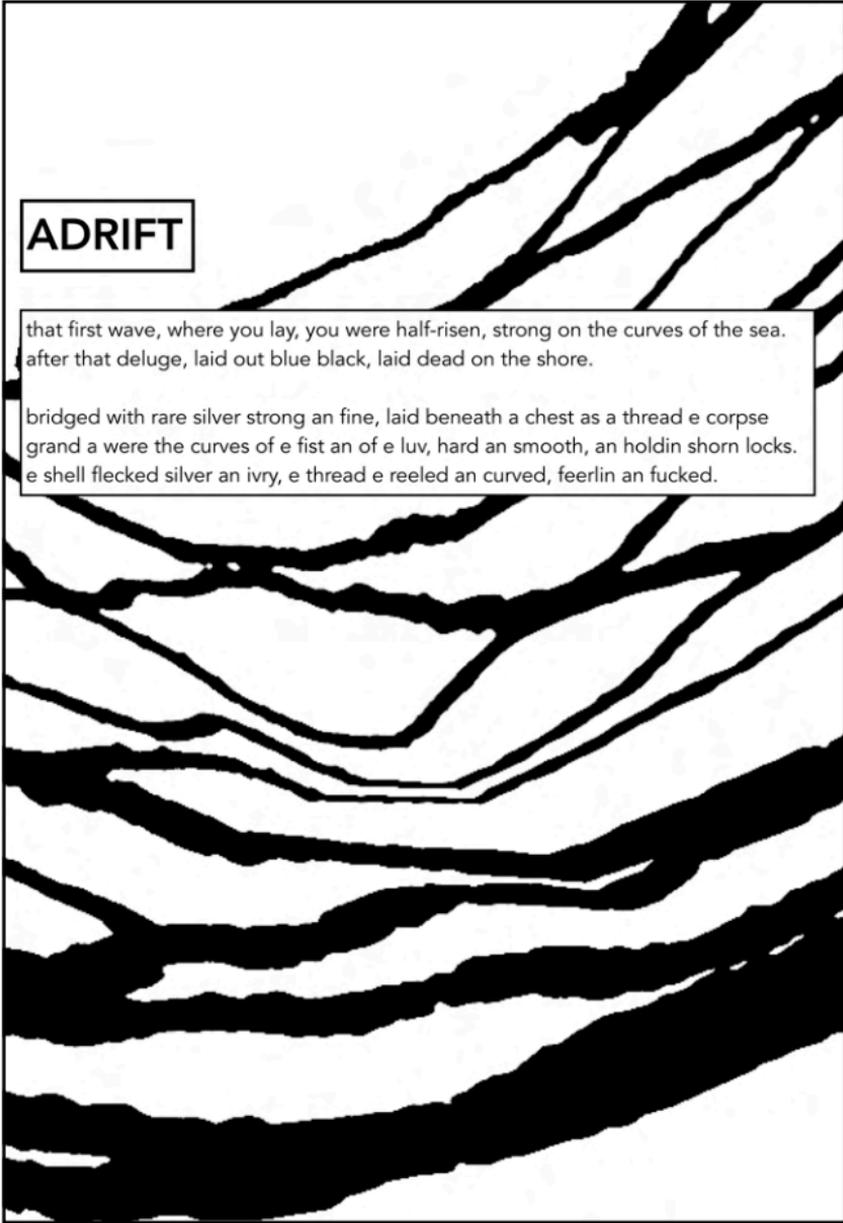
à craiceann donn, an eadh?
Cho min, le àile?

A ho ri
ill obha ho

dè bh'air, na h-aonar?
anns na tuinn, an eadh?

Ah ho ri
ill obha ho

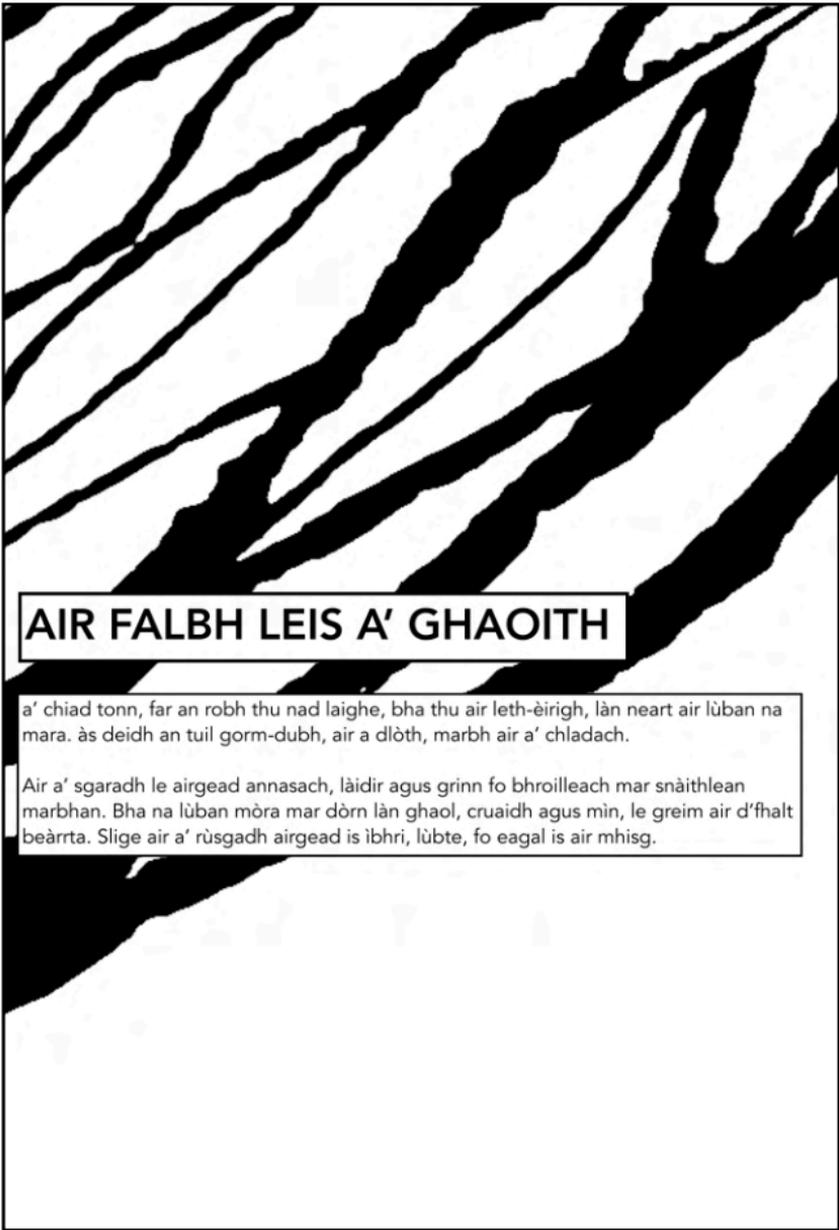
An Ladhar
An crios timcheall d'amhaich



ADRIFT

that first wave, where you lay, you were half-risen, strong on the curves of the sea.
after that deluge, laid out blue black, laid dead on the shore.

bridged with rare silver strong an fine, laid beneath a chest as a thread e corpse
grand a were the curves of e fist an of e luv, hard an smooth, an holdin shorn locks.
e shell flecked silver an ivory, e thread e reeled an curved, feerlin an fucked.



AIR FALBH LEIS A' GHAOITH

a' chiad tonn, far an robh thu nad laighe, bha thu air leth-èirigh, làn neart air lùban na mara. às deidh an tuil gorm-dubh, air a dlòth, marbh air a' chladach.

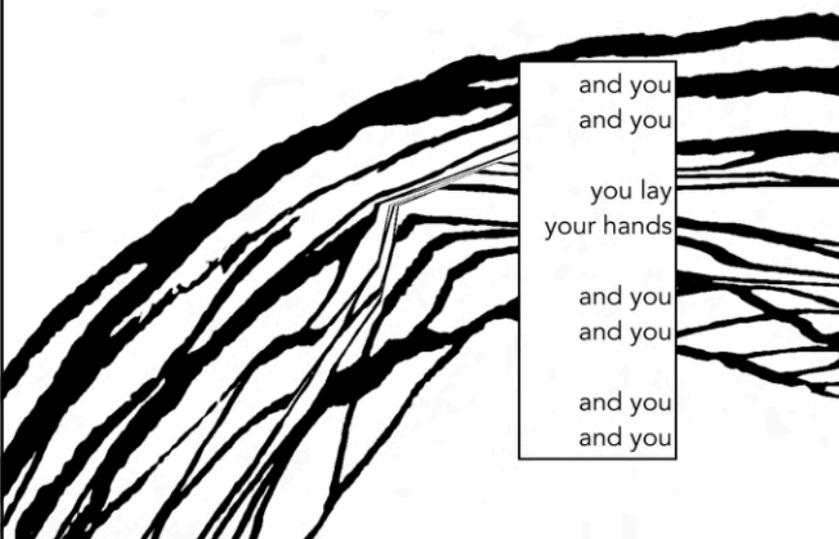
Air a' sgaradh le airgead annasach, làidir agus grinn fo bhroilleach mar snàithlean marbhan. Bha na lùban mòra mar dòrn làn ghaol, cruaidh agus min, le greim air d'fhalt beàrrta. Slige air a' rùsgadh airgead is ìbhri, lùbte, fo eagal is air mhìsg.

The second speeches of the antagonists and protagonists

As a think his strength a na
a na his beauty
a na a his armour

an his a body
a will
with a sand

a na will you
pick out his bones.



and you
and you

you lay
your hands

and you
and you

and you
and you

Na dàrna òraidean de na nàmhaidean agus na prìomh-neach

Nuair a smaoinicheas mi
den neart aige
a h-eireachdas
is a h-armachd

is den a chorp
an toil
leis a' ghainmheach

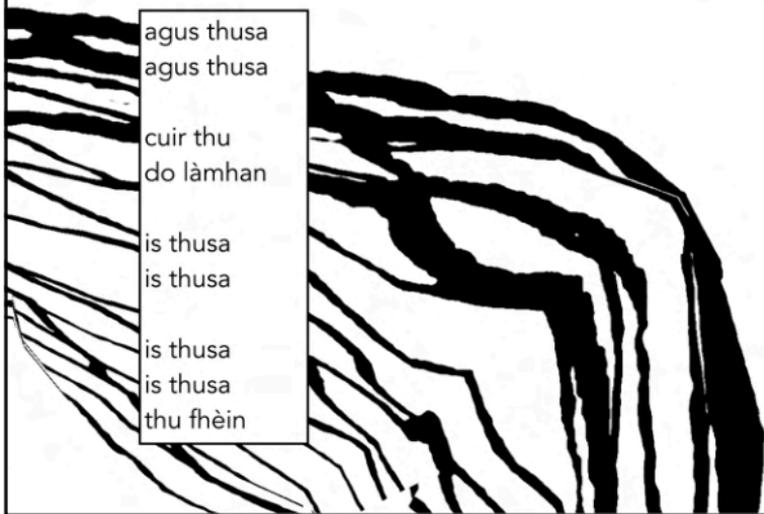
tagaidh mi dhut
na cnàmhan aige a' thogail

agus thusa
agus thusa

cuir thu
do làmhan

is thusa
is thusa

is thusa
is thusa
thu fhèin



Cast of Characters / Sgiobha-Cluiche

E/e/e // U/ui/uid

Voice / Guth — Josie Vallely

Bass / Giotàr Beus — Stevie Jones

A/am/ams // A/ac/aca

Violin / Fidheall — Harry Gorski-Brown

Guitar / Giotàr — Andrew Herrington

Thank you to the following people, who helped make this piece:

Livi Dunlop

Brigid Ehrmantraut

David Fennessy

Roan MacKinnon Runge

Philip Venables

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OVER / AT was funded by Creative Scotland.

Quinie, aka Josie Vallely, is based in Glasgow. She sings primarily in Scots, with a style inspired by the traditions of Scottish Traveller singers Lizzie Higgins (1929-1993) and her mother Jeannie Robertson (1908 –1975). Quinie's experiments with composition and vocal techniques create a dialogue between pipe music and voice. Her work engages with themes of seasonal rhythm and gendered narratives. It has a strong sense of place rooted in an imagined Scotland. Recent work includes 'Thyme Piobaireachd', which was released on Cafe Oto's Takuroku Label in April. The piece builds on her work exploring the vocalisation of piping traditions. Working in collaboration with percussionist Laurie Pitt on snare drum, the work is an exploration of the solo voice in dialogue with the compositional structure of the Piobaireachd. She has two albums released by GLARC.

Cass Ezeji is a singer, writer and linguist from Glasgow. As a Gaelic speaker, she seeks to fill the historical voids that omit the experiences of Gaels of African heritage. She has written for Scottish Affairs journal, Map magazine and Mother Tongue.

Rufus Isabel Elliot is a composer and musician based near Gairloch in the North West Highlands. Its work is concerned with honesty, giving testimony, and the conditions in which one speaks out. Since coming ashore, Rufus has worked with the likes of the Nevis Ensemble, Red Note ensemble, sound festival scotland, and Magnetic North. It founded and curates the trans, non-binary, and otherwise gender-diverse music-making world of OVER / AT.

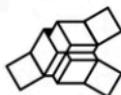
With particular debts to *The Iliad*, and translations by George Chapman and Caroline Alexander.



Magnetic
North°

Sound and Music

ATLAS
ARTS



Composer-Curator



LOTTERY FUNDED