



CREATION gala

NEW ANNUAL FESTIVAL THE LOCK-UP 2.10.2022

Welcome

CREATION is art manifested as a queer insurrectionary science fiction climate change religion.

The work comes to life through human encounters, exhibitions, publications, ceremonial performances and workshops, unfurling across years of collaborations between generations, identities, artforms and sites.

CREATION claims kinship with marginalised communities to develop a crowd-sourced faith drawn from practical politics, mysticism and ritual revelry. CREATION confronts climate crisis, injustice and truth decay, proposing ways to gather and to commune. CREATION is evolving in an era of fires, floods, pandemic, war and ecological disaster. It is a joyous, furious, grieving queer and feminist framework for imagining mutual flourishing in a more than human world. Through durational cross-disciplinary shared creative labours, we bud and bloom.

The songs presented here are drawn from especially-commissioned poems written in response to SJ Norman's *Liturgy of the Saprophyte*, CREATION's sacred text. The liturgy comprises eight chapters, so from the 8 is derived the religion's central metaphor and organising rhythm: infinity ∞

In Newcastle the CREATION project has been blessed by the warm embrace of the New Annual festival, The Lock-Up and Catapult Dance. Our amazing Newcastle Choir Captain Natasha Rusterholz has pulled together a powerhouse chorale with passionate precision and startling speed. This beautiful new choir has given spirit and voice to the eight songs of CREATION. The wonderful choreographies developed by the Catapult dancers form a new and precious element of this artwork and we are so grateful.

– Deborah Kelly

Program

- PROCESSION BLESSING **Sister Glitter Nullius**
- CHANT **So be it, see to it**
- WELCOME TO COUNTRY **Aunty Cheryl Yaramun**
- READING **Exhortation to the Great Unseen**
- SONG 1 **The Next Right Thing**
- READING **Orison Eleutheria**
- SONG 2 **all along the highway**
- READING **Orison Incendium**
- SONG 3 **Light Strained Through Smoke**
- READING **Orison Voluptatem**
- SONG 4 **Prayer of Pleasure**
- READING **Orison Vulnerasti**
- SONG 5 **Solace**
- GREETING **Deborah Kelly, instigating artist**
- SONG 6 **The Mass of the Bees**
- READING **Orison Sapientia**
- SONG 7 **The Final Day**
- READING **Orison Tempestas**
- SONG 8 **Prayer of Protest**

**All readings are from SJ Norman's
Liturgy of the Saprophyte**

So be it, see to it

*From the Liturgy of the Saprophyte by SJ Norman
Composition by Lex Lindsay*

As it is within, so shall it be without
As without, so shall it be within
In wisdom and in loving coalition
So be it, see to it.

The Next Right Thing

From the poem 'Wellness' by Ellen Van Neerven

Lyric adaptation and composition by Karen Cummings

Sea dreams. Salt breeze.
Dream. Dream.

The bright ones sleep well tonight
They glide in balanced and composed
between
work love play
Sharpness like brilliance fire etched
rest and recover
Soft, gentle
Soft gentle stretches of sheer blue
Little sweet words
about
the next right thing
About the next thing
The next right thing

Sea dreams in the tea tree
Mindfulness in the salt breeze
Drawing
Drawing a map with no centres
Bathing in self-knowledge pools
Fresh and flowing
Poems and pickled stories
Pickled stories.
Sea Dreams.

all along the highway

From the poem by Heather Grace Jones

Lyric adaptation and composition by Lex Lindsay

*Additional vocal arrangements by Andrew Bukenya
and Zaya Barroso*

The national park
a devastation
of ash and birds
a desolation.
We drift apart
and together
our bare feet burning
as if in sympathy

For those who have left us
and those who remain
For my mother pressing tissues
into my hands.
Too many to count
Too many to name
Our bare feet burning
as if in sympathy

For the trans teenagers
and the bullied children
For the queers
and the ungodly
For those who drown fleeing hatred
For those who drop seeking pleasure
For the pill-takers
and the blue gum forest
For flying foxes falling
like rain from blackened sky
For the last of the koalas
Each passing hectare a mourning
For the trans teenagers
and the bullied children

For the queers
and the ungodly
For those who drown fleeing hatred
For those who drop seeking pleasure
For the pill-takers
and the blue gum forest
For flying foxes falling
like rain from blackened sky
For the last of the koalas
For the derided
and un-abided
climate science

Too many to count
Too many to name
Our bare feet burning
As if in sympathy

Light Strained through Smoke

From the poem by Virginia Barratt

Adaptation and composition by Lex Lindsay

Indigenous Dramaturge Liza-Mare Syron

Additional lyrics and vocal arrangements by Kit Spencer,

Malaika Mfalme and Zaya Barroso

Fire scarifies promoting germination
The seeds of the Guichenotia Macrantha are tiny and wait
Named after Antoine, the gardener's boy, it has other names
But now we live with loss, loss, loss, loss, loss
Now we live with loss, loss, loss, loss, loss

Light arrived in January, strained through smoke
A dreadful pall rose up over blackened torsos of trees
That carried koala, possum, bright bird, microbat and snake
And now we live with loss, loss, loss, loss, loss
Now we live with loss, loss, loss, loss, loss

Fire touches tussock in a map known to the handler
We build a fire from sticks of a plant whose name we don't use
and you think you know fire
fire

You think you know fire
You don't know fire
You don't know fire
You don't know fire
Fire knows you, though, and will chase you down

The settlers' conflagration,
the yam fields desecration,
the torching of camps,
mushroom clouds raining ash –
this was not the first
fire.

You think you know fire.
You don't know fire
You don't know fire
You don't know fire
Fire knows you though.

Prayer of Pleasure

Lyrics by Jinghua Qian

Composition by Lex Lindsay

Additional vocal arrangements by Kit Spencer

the feet that dance / the knees that shake
the blood that runs / towards the heat
the heart that aches / the hands that reach
the heart that melts / the hands that teach
the tongue that knows sweetness
the tongue that knows teeth

the body is ready the body will bleed
the body will hunger the body will feed
the body was birthed from bodies before
the body must soon return to the earth
but first
we feast
we cup our palms
and drink

we drink from the running water
we who are not son not daughter
but are descended from bodies before
honour their hungers subdued and suppressed
with our undressed
delight

we are awake / in the night
we are aflame / through the day
we bring fistfuls of secrets
we make a bonfire of shame

we soften in wait / as the soil knows decay
we harden and swell / as the wave knows to break
the body is brimming the magic is near
the fullness and hunger the smell in the air
the salt in the water the turn of the shore
the tide everlasting comes once more

Newcastle poet Kerri Shying's new work, *The Mass of the Bees*, was commissioned to extend the body of literature assembled around SJ Norman's *Liturgy of the Saprophyte*.

The Mass of the Bees was written during –and in response to– the emergency destruction of Hunter Valley honeybee hives to contain the parasitic varroa mite.

The text forms part of the evolution of CREATION at The Lock-Up, both as an atmospheric sound work created by Ryan Burrett and as a stand-alone chapter of *The Book of Creation*. This special commission and its presentations were made possible thanks to the generous support of The Lock-Up's Patron Program.

The song, *The Mass of the Bees*, has been developed as contemporary sacred choral music by composer Lex Lindsay.

It is being sung by musician Natasha Rusterholz who is also Captain of the Newcastle CREATION Choir.

The CREATION Gala on 2 October marks its world premier.

On the cover is a reproduction of a new paper collage and watercolour artwork, titled *All Feelers On Deck*, made in response to *The Mass of the Bees* by CREATION instigating artist Deborah Kelly

The Mass of the Bees

Poem by Kerri Shying

Lyric adaptation and composition by Lex Lindsay

Additional vocal arrangements by Natasha Rusterholz

We are lamenting the bees
how the Trojan horses flew alone
far from the thousands
along sapphire coast
away from the death hives
imagining them
heaped together lifeless
warm, soft, powdery, faded

In the treetops, it was heard said
“it will be another thousand years
before these plagues come again”

Beautiful blue banded bums
green carpenters, big as your thumb

Come!
We are everything with wings
moths and butterflies
the mustard tended by hover-fly
sticks bundled around paper wasps
in the silence left by leaf blowers
the scamper of willy wagtails and the dreaming of nymphs

Everything
carried on the wind
walked on sticky feet
held trembling upon fingertips
in the whirlpool of invention
all feelers on deck

Beautiful blue banded bums
green carpenters, big as your thumb

I greet the flowers in the street beds
hold their faces and make them kiss
the new pollination of the tender hand

Solace

*From the poem by Heather Grace Jones
Lyric adaptation and composition by Lex Lindsay
Additional vocal arrangements by Kit Spencer
and Natasha Rusterholz*

Thousands dead and rising
Like the seas
Like our voices against the tide

We are smoke and sandstorm
We are dust and fire
We walk together and apart
Each one holding the other

We walk together and apart
Each one holding the other

We are a pod of whales
A flock of geese, migrating
Following maps we cannot see
In dust and prophecy
We walk together and apart

We walk together and apart
Each one holding the other
Each one holding the other.

We watch civilisations crumble
The desert we have made of fossil fuels
We ask for everything and nothing
Weighing the smallest actions cold
As I Ching coins in our palms

We walk together and apart
together and apart
Each one holding the other
Each one holding the other

Like koi breaking the surface of the pond
We pierce the sky

Swallow our sins
Pay obeisance to false gods who do not offer assistance
Who close their ears to our suffering
We raise our hands in exultation
In exhaustion
Singing to soothe the monsters within us
We dance to remember
Part of us is listening
Part of us knows

Despite these last days
Gehenna and the pyrocene
Our aching joints
Our burned forests
The border wire
The boats without harbour

In guilt
In pestilence
In grace
In restoration
In holiness
In preparation
In grief
In reparation

We walk together and apart
together and apart
together and apart
together and apart
Each one holding the other
Each one alone.

The Final Day

From the poem by Evelyn Araluen

Lyric adaptation and composition by Lex Lindsay

Additional music and vocal arrangement by Malaika Mfalme

The sun gave us what it said it would
the sea took back what we knew it wanted
these are statistical certainties

There are things we promised the sky
what we meant when we said holy
– things we promised the sky
what we forgot to leave in our wake

The centre couldn't hold but we held out anyway
burning our corneas to gaze at the fallout

Wait for me
There's only so much we can carry
Wait for me
– only so much your muscles are ready to remember
Remember

Remember what we lost
Futures we traded for oil
oil we traded for deals
deals we fed to storms
that spat back saline pollution
to sicken the soil and what we grew

Somewhere in the atmosphere
they will find the relic
and read it as a cry for help,
it will translate that we didn't know the beast
but we were the ones to fill its belly

Sing holy, holy holy, say it wasn't ours to lose
Sing holy, holy holy, say it wasn't ours to lose
Sing holy, holy holy, say it wasn't ours to lose

Hold my hand

Hold witness and my hand

Hold my hand

Hold witness and my hand

They foreclosed on forever and buried it in the desert

We foreclosed on forever and buried it in the desert

We foreclosed on forever and buried it in the desert

The root is the river it drinks

This is the stone that breathes and waits

the wake of the water that bleeds into the stone

The sound of song stirring and itching to be born

Orison Tempestas (Prayer of Protest)

Lyrics by Lex Lindsay with Bec Dean and Deborah Kelly

Composition by Lex Lindsay

Revolution will be our evolution
We are the force that spins the world forward
Resistance will be our resilience
We are the soil that spills forests skyward
Defiance will adorn our dignity
Deny divisive lies that distract our eyes from the earth frying alive

Ah-ah-aaaah
So be it, see to it
Ah-ah-aaaah

*Resist those mother frackers
Those reckless planet hackers
Defy climate deniers
Those feckless greedy liars*

Revolution will be our evolution
We are the force that spins the world forward
Resistance will be our resilience
We are the soil that spills forests skyward
Endurance will reward our fearlessness
Our existence – an insistence – out-distance, out-live, out-dance
Ah-ah-aaah
So be it, see to it
Ah-ah-aaaah

*Resist those mother frackers
Those reckless planet hackers
Defy climate deniers
Those feckless greedy liars*

Out-distance, out-live, out-dance

Banishing fossil fanatics
Like the sea, we rise
Fight for kin, fight for life, fight for home
Rising up from the grip of tainted tyrants
Fight for feather, fight for scale, fight for bone
On sovereign lands, the seeds of all survival sown

CREATION gala team

Instigating Artist

Deborah Kelly

Musical Director

Lex Lindsay

Choir Captains

Newcastle: Natasha Rusterholz **Sydney:** Kit Spencer

Producer

Su Goldfish

Movement Director

Cadi McCarthy

Stage Manager

Cat Scobie

Videographer

Tara Jones

Costumes and headdresses

Silvano Giordano (Captain), Kit Spencer, Deborah Kelly, Jonathan Nolan, James Lionel King

Make-up

Lindsay Kelley

Singers

Amity Yore, Andrew Bukenya, Cate Hull, Charlotte Thaarup, Deirdre Irwin, Edwina Richards, Grant Bailey, Jennie Lin, Jessika Schaad, Jo Lin, Judy Neilands, Julio Braslavsky, Kelli Jean Drinkwater, Kit Spencer, Lesley Coombes, Malaika Mfalme, Mel Jha, Natalie Kikken, Natasha Rusterholz, Ryan Burrett, Saria Green, Sinead Lewis, Su Goldfish, Zaya Barroso

Musicians

Lex Lindsay (piano and organ)

Naomi Dart (cello)

Zach Schaad / Billie Vanson (percussion)

Readers

Sister Glitter Nullius (Juundaal Strang-Yettica), Kerri Shying, Saria Green, Jo Lin, Jennie Lin, Amity Yore, Olive Richards Flanagan

Choreographers

Alexandra Ford, Cadi McCarthy, Emma Boertje, Hannah O'Neill, Meg Burton, Mikayla Nangle, Nicola Ford

The dancers of Catapult Dance

Alexandra Ford, Alice White, Anousha Victoire, Beatrice Rusterholz, Emma Boertje, Emma Taoho, Esher Kenzler, Freya Faulkner, Frida Braslavsky, Genevieve Marsh, Georgia Bursle, Grace Dilworth, Hannah O'Neill, Jack Tuckerman, Lola Gavin, Malvika Satelkar, Meg Burton, Mikayla Nangle, Phoebe Napper, Rachel Dryden, Rosa Gavin, Sigrid de Bryn, Sophie Conway, Vivelle Kenzler

The first choreography developed as part of CREATION was led by dance artist Angela Goh, devised with the young dancers of Seet Dance. Some gestures from that material have inspired parts of the new choreography presented by Catapult Dance

Headdress workshop participants

Lola Gavin, Rosa Gavin, Kerri Shying, Soróa Hubbuck, Paulina Larocca, Helen Diacono, Cheryl Johnson, Kathryn Lean, Rebecca Slater, Bethany Parson, Christina Robberds, Christiana Monored, Katie Cadman, Marina Chamberlain, Sharon Williams, Madeleine K Snow, Kitty Phelan, Skye Fordham, Michelle Robinson, Monica Harrison, Michelle Gearin, Claerwin Little

Creation Banners

| | | |
|---|----------|-------------------------------------|
| C | Serpent | Amanda Holt and Lindsay Kelley |
| R | Rat | Sharon Williams and David Kavanagh |
| E | Vulture | Kasi Albert and Lucy Latella |
| A | Fungus | Brigitte Anttilla and Linda Baranov |
| T | Spider | Helen Duckworth and Eddie Bosnich |
| I | Infinity | Kathryn Bird with Alice Crawford |
| O | Moon | Tessa Zettell and Jonathan Nolan |
| N | Bacteria | Thunder Love and Eliza Amery |

Heartfelt thanks

We are grateful to the many people who have gone way out of their way to help us stage this sprawling work in Newcastle, and earlier iterations at the Sydney Opera House, Museum of Contemporary Art Australia and Griffith University Art Museum.

Among them we thank the amazingly clever and kind team at The Lock-Up: Courtney Novak and Holly Farrel; New Annual Curator Adrian Burnett; Catapult Director Cadi McCarthy with Mikayla Nangle, as well as Janne Ryan, Kate Britton, Silvano Giordano, Keri Glastonbury, Fiona Winning, Micheal Do, Jeff Khan, Rachel Kent, Angela Goddard, Arnaldo Giordano, Tricia Cooney and Maria Barbagallo.

XOX to herbalist Jessika Schaad for soft gentle witchcraft

Acknowledgement

CREATION gala takes place on the unceded lands of the Awabakal and Worimi Peoples. CREATION holds holy the Country we walk upon and acknowledges the millenia of creativity, ceremony and custodianship that precedes this work.

www.creationtheproject.com

THE
LOCK
-UP



City of
Newcastle



Create NSW
Arts, Screen & Culture



Australian Government

Australia
Council
for the Arts



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