



LA MAMA
HOPE
PUNK
CLIMATE FESTIVAL

LA MAMA PRESENTS
**FOR THE LOVE
OF LONG GRASS**
SEPTEMBER 12 & 13

For The Love of Long Grass

Melbourne Suzuki Guitar Ensemble performs *For the Love of Long Grass*

for Guitar Ensemble by Meredith Connie

1. Grasslands Ensemble
2. Riparian Canon
3. Walking through Long Grass

Saturday 12th: Ruby Mason, George Pavlakis, Ellen Li, Addison Percy, Harvey Lee, Tess Toovey, Matilda Shiel, Jim Kerner, Ethan How, Emmy Beilby, Zameer Valibhoy, Arlo Darvall.

Sunday 13th: Benny Tanaghow, George Pavlakis, Harrison Song, Arte Gesundheit, Louis Yiasoumi, Oliver Song, Benji Krodkiewski, Maya de Silva, Jim Kerner, Joshy Krodkiewski, Michelle di Gennaro, Zameer Valibhoy.

Connie Chamber Collective performs *Sometimes Woman, Sometimes Bird* for
Voice, Percussion and Guitar by Meredith Connie

Christelise de Graaf, Voice. Percussion, Dan Richardson.

Guitar, Meredith Connie

Field recordings and Video from Bunyip State Park (Wurunjderi Woi Wurrung country, VIC) and Ginnindery on the Murrumbidgee, (Ngunnawal country, ACT)

And *Tributaries* by Meredith Connie for

Voice, Percussion and Guitar and Loop Station

Field recordings and Video from Native Dog Creek, in Cathedral Rock National Park (Kamilaroi Country, NSW)

1. *Sometimes Woman, Sometimes Bird*

Rackety, Ratchety, clamorous, roisterous.... Wild.
Garrulous, rambunctious, obstreperous... Noisy
Sometimes I utter raucous cries and protestations
Sometimes I cry and laugh together in total abandon.
Sometimes a woman, Sometimes a bird.
Boisterous, clamorous, rollicking turbulent.... Wild
Riotous, unreserved, vociferous..... Rowdy
Sometimes I bubble over with intractable laughter.
Sometimes a woman, Sometimes a Bird.

2. *Small Birds*

Small birds, small birds. Whistling calls, seeping through the shrubs
underbrush.
So much honey in the land of manna, the pride of place, for the nectar
feeders
For the big birds, for the fierce in battle, for the winners grow in strength
Dripping, all night dripping, cup and florette, stamen and nut.
The fighting begins, when the buds open and lasts 'til the nectar fails
Dripping, drinking, supping.
Small birds, when the honey birds leave, whistling calls,
Found in poorer places underbrush. Gentler birds, small, small birds.

3. *The Last Leaf and Bird, from a poem by Judith Wright*

These hills my father stripped and
Beggars to the winter wind
They crouch like shoulders naked and whipped
Humble, abandoned out of mind
Of their scant creeks I drank once
And ate sour cherries from old trees
Found in their gullies by chance
Neither fruit nor water gave my mind ease
I dream of hills bandaged in snow
Their eyelids clenched in fear
When the last leaf and bird go
Let my thoughts stand like trees here

4. *As the Bird is to the Bird, from a poem by Judith Wright*

Whatever the bird is, is perfect in the bird
Weapon kestrel hard as a blades curve
Thrush rounds as a mother or a full drop of water

Fruit green parrot wise in his shrieking swerve
All are what bird is and do not reach beyond bird
Whatever the bird does is right for the bird to do
Cruel kestrel dividing in his hunger the sky
Thrush in the trembling dew beginning to sing
Parrot clinging and quarrelling and veiling his queer eye
All these are as birds are and good for birds to do
But I am torn and beleaguered by my own people
The blood that feeds my heart is the blood they gave me
And my heart is the house where they gather and fight for dominion
All different all with a wish to save me
To turn me into the ways of other people
If I could leave their battleground for the for the forest of a bird
I could melt the past, the present and future in one
And find the words that lie behind all these languages
Then I could fuse my passions in to one clear stone
And be simple to myself as the bird is to the bird
Tributaries in five movements

1. *Breath*
2. *Restless*
3. *Colours*

Speckled or brindle smooth tan and patchy whitish
Stippled and dappled sun washed gold or sun bleached brown
Speckled or brindle smooth flashing white and tan
Stippled and dappled sun washed golden or sun bleached red
Sable, ginger. Red and orange red.
Burnt umber sun, sunburn.
Rusty Red. Red serrated reddish brown
Waving sun, dun brown.
Rusty red, lean grace.

4. *Together*

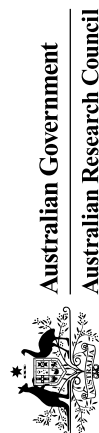
The hunter is old, the hunters knees and toes and feet are cold
The stiffness takes his breath, his will
The dog is old, the canine teeth are worn and blunt and small
His breath his side his tongue his breath too heavy
One gives his spear and fire
One gives his speed and nose
Together we hunt together we hunt together we hunt

5. *Tributaries*

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La Mama Theatre is on the traditional lands of the peoples of the Kulin nation, and we give our respect to the Elders and to all First Nations people past, present and future. We acknowledge all events take place on stolen lands and that sovereignty was never ceded.

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We are grateful to all our philanthropic partners and donors, advocates, volunteers, audiences, artists and our entire community. Thank you!



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