IN PLACE

A multi-media song-cycle
MUSIC BY COLIN RILEY

inplaceproject.co.uk
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In Place has its roots deep in the loam of language and landscape. Colin Riley has set out to show how grained words are into our places, and places are into our words. He has made – with his numerous collaborators & contributors – a kind of musical deep-map, which it seems to me plots and celebrates one quality above all others: diversity. The voices that speak here come from many different communities, draw on different histories, even reach out to different species. Landscape here is no singular simplicity, and the smooth consolations of the pastoral are resisted at every turn. Instead we hear – we listen to – landscape as a polyphony, fabulous and irreducible in its complexity, to which this song-cycle is just one among countless testimonies.

Robert Macfarlane
place can make you feel many things. There is something very powerful about the intersection of a particular location and our moment in it. Places are constantly renewed in unexpected ways by changing conditions; weather, seasons, times of day, the company we keep, sounds and smells, and the surrounding culture.

I have always been fascinated with the idea that layers of history leave contours and the imagined traces of those who have been in the same space before us. I love the way that ruins and industrial relics act as signs to how different a place would have been in a previous time. Tracing the routes of disused railways, canals and ancient tracks has always appealed to me.

My recent compositions have explored how smaller details in the music might be brought to a listener’s attention to illuminate something bigger. In an age when there is ubiquitous use of headphones and a consumption of music as a commodity or mood-enhancer, I feel my role as a composer is to reclaim a more mindful listening mode, celebrating details and potentially hidden intricacies of a piece of music.

Discovering Robert Macfarlane’s recent book *Landmarks* was a catalyst for bringing together my ideas about a sense of place and the way we listen. The book introduced me to the work of several wonderful writers as well as Robert’s own words. It has most significantly highlighted the parallel between reconnecting via lost words to a keener sense of seeing and my hopes for keener musical listening.

*In Place* is a gathering together of feelings, associations, geographical details, regional identities, dialects, place names, personal memories, imagined routes, and historical connections. To help in this I have commissioned new texts from a broad range of writers for whom a sense of place is very much at the core of their work. These, along with a scattering of various existing texts, have become the lyrics for the ten songs. In very different ways they have each provoked and challenged me, enabling the piece to be diverse, multi-dimensional and hopefully, unexpected.

Now the set of songs is compete I can see that in their own way, each brings the past and present together. All the songs contain what can be seen as a kind of spell or chant, through the naming of places, actions or things. As Robert Macfarlane’s *Landmarks* says, “Words act as a compass; place-speech serves literally to en-chant the land – to sing it back into being, and to sing one’s being back into it.”

Colin Riley, 2017
Language is fundamental to the possibility of re-wonderment, for language does not just register experience, it produces it. The contours and colours of words are inseparable from the feelings we create in relation to situations, to others and to places.

Words act as compass; place-speech serves literally to enchant the land – to sing it back into being, and to sing one’s being back into it.

Day break - Cock crow - Wee hours - First light (dawn)
Grumma – Rafty
Grumma – Haar
Haze-fire – Summer geese
Ammil – Dag - Fret - Roke (mist)
Oiteag – Flam – Fuaradh-froise
Up’tak – Whiffle
Piner - Moor-gallop - Lamkin’ storm
Huffling – Gurl – Greann-gaith (wind)
Aquabob – Clinkerbell – Daggler – Cancervell – Ickle – Tankle – Shuckle (ice)
Hjalta dance – Simmer kloks – Simmermal brim
Glouse – Blinter (sun)
Burr – Dark bour – Dimity – Doomfire
Eawl-leet – Hornlight – Shepherd’s lamp (dusk)

words also taken from Melissa Harrison’s glossary in *Rain*, 2016
Litanies for the Furness Fells

words by Richard Skelton and Autumn Richardson

between hills
where wolves played
between two furrows
at the point that
divides
high ground
and low ground
the road lying between
a line of feathers
a tenement now lost
* Forget:

ice patterns
on the blind tarn

yarrow
juniper
wormwood

church house
close, the
cockle moss
coney fell
crook crags
crook wood
croby gill, crobythwaite
crobythwaite bridge
crowberry hill
crowhow end
demming crag
devoke water
dod knott
dog how
dow crag
dropping crag
dunnerdale
dunnerdale forest
elbee bridge
far hill
fickle crag
fox bield
foxbield moss
fox crags
freeze beck
garner bank
gate crag
grassguards
grassguards gill
gray stone
great arming how
great crow
great gill
great whinscale
great wood

great worm crag
green crag
green how
grimcrag, grimercrag bridge
hall beck
hare gill

harp crag
hare raise
harley crag
haws, the
hazel head
hesk fell
high ground
high stonythwaite
highford beck
hinning house close
hole house
holehouse bridge
holehouse gill
holehouse turn
hollin how
horsehow crags
hows, the
iron crag
iron groves
kepple crag
kepple crags
kitt how
knot, the
lad how
linbeck bridge
linbeck gill
little arming how
little beck
little crag
little gill
little worm crag
long crag
long hill
low ground
low stonythwaite
maids castle
mart crag
meeting hill
moo house
ox pike

pen, the
pike how
pike how close
pike side
pike, the
rainsbarrow wood
raven crag
red gill
red scar
redgill head
rigg beck
rough crow
rough how
rowantree beck
rowantree force
rowantree gill
rowantree how
saddlebacked how
scar crag
seat how, seat, the
sergeant crag
sike moss
silver how
skelly crags
smallstone beck
smithy mead
spothow gill
stainton beck
stainton fell
stainton pike
stanley force
stodd’s hill
storthes
storthes gill
swisty how
tam crag
tewit moss
thorn how
tongue beck
tonguedale moss
ulgra beck

ulpha
ulpha bridge
ulpha fell
underbank
wallhead crag
wallbarrow coppice
wallbarrow headland
wathfold point
water crag
watness coy
wet gill
whelpsy how
whin rigg
whincop, whincop bridge
whis gill
white crag
white how
white moss
white pike
white wall
whitefell
winds gate
withe bottom
wonder hill
wood knotts
woodend
woodend bridge
woodend height
woodend pool
wormshell how
yoadcastle

hill of the heron’s island
hill of crow berries
hill of the crow
hill of the dog fox
克拉格 of the doves
stream of alders
克拉格 of the ewe
for’s earth
rock face of the goat
shieling of the gorse
great克拉格 of the snake
cairn-hill of the hare
mountain of the red deer
克拉格 by the deer clearing
hill of hazels
hill of sedge
cairn-hill of the holly
克拉格 by the horse’s hill
克拉格 of the horse
hill of the red kite
stream of the flax tree
克拉格 of the snail
克拉格 of the martens
wood by the raven’s hill
克拉格 of ravens
stream by the mountain ash
hill of the pig sty
marsh of the lapwing
hill of hawthorns
stream by the wolf traps
hill of the wolf
hill of the deer wallow
ridge of gorse
summit of gorse
valley of willow
hill of the snake’s shieling
fort of the horse

or’s earth
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fort of the horse
Moss

words by Paul Farley

Crown Street, Collins Green, Kenyon Junction, Astley, Flow Moss Cottage
(some of the stations along the Manchester-Liverpool Railway, now closed)

At the junction where The Wrong Side of the Tracks
meets Memory Lane
where the mighty sodium mast
looks down on everything from a kestrel's height
as the cutting passes through the fossil record
and filed horizons
where sandstone turns the green
of a sea wall
ferns the green of a banker's lamp
beyond Broad Green
where we trespassed on the line
and put our ears to the rail like they did in films
where an Iron Age head listens to the party wall
of a pond
where thrown-back carp bask in their status
and all are shaken by timetable
where the moon
fits the description of the smoked-out sun
over Manchester to the east, which we could hear
as a loom rumble through the steel
where the buddleia
held the signal at maroon for miles in summer
where we time our blinks with the freight train's red lantern
so as not to miss a thing
where stones pulled up
to cast leave an empty chocolate tray in the earth
where the coal rises to the surface near St. Helens
and the great spoil banks of the motorway are seeded
with the horsepower of sewing machines
in fishtail parkas
where the fields brew runoff
and plinths of concrete stand
with no discernible function
where the night glitters in a ring around potato drills
where being given down the banks meets the highest praise
and we are young and green in the old and afterwards
stood out in it not knowing the storm has passed
and the first landscape of speed is gathering moss

Lost Engines

words and melodies from our industrial heritage

O who’ll replace this old miner
And who will take my place below?
And who will follow the trepaner
O dear God when I go?

O who will wield my heavy pick
That I did wield for forty years?
And who will hew the black, black coal
Who dear God when I go?

O who will cry when the roof caves in?
When friends are dying all around?
And who will sing the miner’s hymn?
Who dear God when I go?

For forty years I’ve loved the mine
For forty years I’ve worked down there.
Now who’ll replace this old miner
When I’ve paid God my fare?

Mill, sweep, card, reap
Churn, hew, doff, brew

Levant Tin Mine (Cornwall)
Maunsall Forts (Thames Estuary)
Laboratory 1 (Orford Ness)
Bass Maltings (Sleaford)
Rhosydd Quarry (Tanygrisiau)
SS Castle Fan House (Eston Hills)
Magpie Mine (Sheldon)
Redcar Steel Works (Teeside)
Finnieston Crane (Glasgow)
Chatterley Whitfield Colliery (Staffordshire)

Deep Forest

words from the poem Lights Out
by Edward Thomas

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight,
Or winding, soon or late;
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track
That, since the dawn’s first crack,
Up to the forest brink,
Deceived the travellers
Suddenly now blurs,
And in they sink.

The tall forest towers;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.
Warp In The Rain

words by Nick Papadimitriou

Pumping Station Four (circa 1974)

Except for this warm chug of clavinet
And bent notes from mellatron
Like soft silk tresses
Warping in rain,

Except for the bus conductor
Who’s atrophied aorta fails in Acton
And the side-burned copper who
Slips on dogshit,

Except for the striped marquee in which
Misz displays her pink merkin
While Bienik, the maths teacher
Recalls the war at sea:

* * *

Except for all these and all other
Events of any scale or duration
Its fine man, by Pumping Station Four
As we all
Warp in the rain.

Nakładka

The fish-plate
Held
Its conatus
These
Sixty-five
Years,
In oil
And muck
Of rails
And rain:

Now,
The drift
To
Endings.

Pinion of traction,
You are
An ingot
Of Silesia.

Spat from the
Heat-glare
Of the foundry,

You nestled
In the clinkers,
dimly engaged
In slow
Fusion,

Feeling
The river
Creeping
Up.

Now
The mud-flats
Pucker
And gulls
Pick dully
Where
I hurled you.

Garbus

(a)

“Man with glasses,
One day I will be your leader!”

Introducing the cabbage-patch masturbator:
He who dreams of love in Omsk or Nowa Huta.
And these we salute.
Here by Pumping Station Number Four,
We salute you.

(b)

What language is this,
Where every metre between
Garage and wall is weighed,
And insistence batons down,
Pushing, pushing through
To marks on pages?

Who was it I needed
To speak to in the local park?

Only the pumping station will know.

(c)

The sewage conduit curves through
To the sea,
And the curbed lane, the ribbed rails,
Swerve too.

Coastlines and Wittgenstein,
The difficult-to-follow navy jet, trembling:
These too allow for nothing;
These too huddle up finally against beach-shacks.
This is the river. Water, that strong white stuff, one of the four elemental mysteries, can here be seen at its origins. Like all profound mysteries, it is so simple that it frightens me. It wells from the rock, and flows away. For unnumbered years it has welled from the rock, and flows away. It does nothing, absolutely nothing, but be itself.

from The Living Mountain

Burnie with the glass-white shiver
Singing over stone,
So quick, so clear, a hundred year
Singing one song alone,
From crystal sources fed forever,
From cold mountain springs,
To o'erpersuade the haunted ear
It new-creates the tune it sings.

Singing Burn

from In the Cairngorms

One hears it without listening as one breathes without thinking. But to a listening ear the sound disintegrates into many different notes - the slow slap of a loch, the high clear rill of a rivulate, the roar of a spate. On one short stretch of burn the ear may distinguish a dozen notes at once.

from The Living Mountain

Water Over Stone

words by Nan Shepherd

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from The Living Mountain

Gaelic words for the flow of water in a mountain stream

gairneag (noisy little stream)
borbhan (purling, murmuring)
iomashruth (with eddying current)

words by Nan Shepherd
UK TOUR/AUTUMN

2ND NOVEMBER, 7PM
soundfestival, The Lemon Tree, Aberdeen

4TH NOVEMBER, 5.30PM
soundfestival, Logie Coldstone Village Hall, Aboyne

15TH NOVEMBER, 8PM
IABF, Manchester

25TH NOVEMBER, 7.30PM
The Tabernacle, Talgarth + Owen Sheers

29TH NOVEMBER, 8PM
The Stables, Wavendon

Full listings/booking info at inplaceproject.co.uk

Players
Melanie Pappenheim voice
Ruth Goller bass
Kate Halsall keyboards
Stephen Hiscock percussion
Nic Pendlebury viola