

## ***In the Meltwaters II***

### **Sound installation**

I

A YOUNG BOY

Sound of water, right? Rain sound maybe. It's raining.

A GEOLOGIST

I have never heard such a sound before, but I wish I did.  
That reminds me of walks on the shores of Mediterranean.  
This is definitely not from the northern shores.

A MOTHER WITH A PRAM

Evening in some tropical climate,  
where there are like animals and birds and insects.

A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN

Natur and animals.

A YOUNG FRENCHMAN

Yes, a bird and a river. Maybe.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Newly-born birds.  
But then there, after a bit, when I'd been listening to it for a while  
I thought that could be from a car or something, that sound.  
Brakes, or when it's not in good shape.

II

JAANA

Hear us call  
us poor parents  
us mothers of the age of carbon.

CHOIR

Us mothers of the age of carbon.

Lift the bud born of you  
opened only one day ago  
tiny bud of twinkling eye  
who in the best of beds  
opened their eyes.  
Hear us call.

CHOIR

Us mothers of the age of carbon.

For your new-born sparrow who  
yesterday the first cry uttered  
to weatherproof the wind-built home  
to succour the sun-built shelter.

III

A YOUNG BOY  
Felt good.

A MOTHER WITH A PRAM  
Quite good feeling actually, like...  
sort of maybe a bit curious,  
like what is this sound and what causes it.

A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN  
Aaa.. mmm... calm. Yes.

A YOUNG FRENCHMAN  
Yes. Calm. And... relaxant.

A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN  
Relax.

A YOUNG FRENCHMAN  
Yes.

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER  
Ah, quite peaceful.

AN OLD MAN  
Calming.

A GEOLOGIST  
Funny how calming it is.  
Like walking here on the shore is calming.  
Makes you feel good.

ANOTHER MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
Just regular. Not special.

IV

A YOUNG BOY

So is it, it means that the weather is warming,  
that's what you said, right?

AN OLD WOMAN

Right, right. Okay.

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Yeah, right.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Oh, that's what it is?

A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN

Okay, okay. So it's not a forest?

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I have visited these glaciers in Iceland,  
but at that time it did not...

ANOTHER MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

This glacier that is flowing. Or I mean, it's going away.

A GELOGIST

I am a geologist myself and I do know about those gas bubbles,  
that's truly fossil air, it's even possible  
to identify the carbon dioxide levels of that time from them,  
it's fascinating that there is that sound effect to it,  
it is so very interesting.  
Like when you make ice cubes in the freezer...

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Oh, right.

A GEOLOGIST

And then sometimes there's that peculiar hiss  
and then the bubbles burst and so,  
the air bubbles in ice.

ANOTHER MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

The mechanism of melting.

V

PAULA

My favoured field, my precious playground  
the source of joy of my evenings  
shiny and slick of the surface  
my glittering court of contest.

Here I taught my own offspring  
taught my cherished child ice skating  
swift and speedy spark-like sprinting  
stickhandling skills of hockey champions.

If this year the winter will not come  
if the frost won't reach our region  
how then can a rink be created  
how the meltwater hardened to ice?

Where will then be the yard for my young  
prized playgrounds of my precious?

How can we hit upon happiness then  
where can we come upon consolation?  
For this sad soul's drawn-out days,  
this miserable soul's moonlit nights.

VI

A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN  
How would you say?

A YOUNG FRENCHMAN  
Melting.

A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN  
Melting. Yes, yes.

HENNA  
Melting.

A YOUNG FRENCHMAN  
Yes, it's bad. I think.

A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN  
But in our life we don't see this transmand.  
Some summer it's very warm, other summer it's not warm.  
Maybe in your country it's visible.  
But in France it's not visible, this climate changing.

A MOTHER WITH A PRAM  
I do think about the climate change.  
And of course rationally I've known it for some time already.  
But quite clearly this discussion, the recent exposure  
has made it much more immediate and personal, that issue.  
So that I think about, more or less daily, by what means  
you could make a difference with your choices.  
And certainly also politically, when the elections come  
in the spring, I'll give a different weight to those issues.

AN OLD MAN  
There's no way to avoid thinking about them.

A YOUNG BOY  
Yes, I do think about them.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Not really actively, but I am aware of it in a way.

ANOTHER MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
I don't.

#### AN OLD MAN

Everyone's feet will get wet sooner or later.  
It's a good thing that I probably won't be around to see it.

#### A GEOLOGIST

If we consider that the sea level varies like  
by almost couple of hundred meters according to  
the type of climate and whether there are glaciers or not.  
It doesn't help us with our problems at all really,  
but in a geological perspective, it will even out.  
The Earth is some 4500 million years old,  
so on that scale, the span of human culture  
is just a blink of an eye.

#### VII

#### PIRJO

The spirit of departed at the mouth of a bottle,  
tries to escape from its shell.

#### CHOIR

The spirit of departed at the mouth of a bottle,  
tries to escape from its shell.

Should we drink from this?  
Poor wretchling, a sweetheart, a suckling  
an image on the water  
eternal journey to the reeds  
ends in this place.

#### CHOIR

The spirit of departed at the mouth of a bottle,  
tries to escape from its shell.

Have you been to a bacchanal  
where water's already in the deep  
the genie is gone from the bottle  
my beloved lost in the water.

## VIII

### A MOTHER WITH A PRAM

Really, the feeling does not change all that much.

### A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN

Before it's calm because  
I imagine with this song forest and river  
but now it's sad because it's the ice  
who take out or... climbing? No.

### A YOUNG FRENCHMAN

Melting.

### A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN

Melting.

### A YOUNG BOY

Sad. (*laughs*)  
But we can do nothing.  
Maybe the president should solve, and talk about them.

### AN OLD MAN

These people with most power, they are such  
that you can't really trust them on this.

### AN OLD WOMAN

It does worry me.  
I have children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren.  
I don't know how we could like stop it.

### ANOTHER MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

So I'm really worried. (*sighs*)

### AN OLD MAN

Quite shocking really. Beautiful sound, but the issue behind it is terrible.



IX

JOONAS

Lone left loved ones, lifted to lightlessness,  
crushed by cruelties of cruel celebrators  
bairns butchered, put down, and plated to balladry  
aggravated to anonymity, annihilated by affliction  
forgive the forlorn the futile the feckless  
the poor bourgeois from the bottom of the pit  
the backstabber's beneficiary, betrayer of our brood.

X

*(Drums, church bells.)*

CROWD

Now we have to, now we have to.  
Now we have to, now we have to.  
Now we have to, now we have to.  
Now we have to, now we have to.  
Now we have to, now we have to.

CROWD

What do we want? Climate action!  
What do we want? Climate action!

When? Now! When? Now!  
When? When? When?  
Now! Now! Now!

A DEMONSTRATOR

For example "Time to get it straight, climate will not wait".  
*(shouting)* Time to get it straight!

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATOR

Climate will not wait!

CROWD

Time to get it straight, climate will not wait!  
Time to get it straight, climate will not wait!  
Time to get it straight, climate will not wait!  
Time to get it straight, climate will not wait!

XI

A MOTHER WITH A PRAM

What could be such a feeling of connection, or like...  
That it's not somewhere far away, outside of this crass consumption bubble,  
but it would be like those remote glaciers  
or that tropical world,  
that they are somehow connected with  
us too, and our daily lives.  
A bird, or an insects life, that's quite a hopeful sound, right?  
Like if you can hear sounds of other life in the sound of ice  
couldn't that be something?

XII

MERI

What would I whisper in the ear,  
warm up to my words the one  
who long lost their soul, suffocated  
carrying the yoke of greed they trusted.

CHOIR

Who long lost their soul, suffocated  
carrying the yoke of greed they trusted.

To walk along with us,  
to weed away the wickedness,  
to work for their worth,  
to work for our world's well-being.

Where is the will, where is the way  
to clean up mankind's foul play?

CHOIR

Oil in mother's milk,  
in the veins, plastic.

Oil in mother's milk,  
in the veins, plastic.

CHOIR

Oil in mother's milk,  
in the veins, plastic.

How would you, in your awe of gold,  
value words of your walking companion?  
You'd look far, and farther still  
turn and steer the course of doom.

One and all are obliged to repair,  
make from mistakes a whole again.

One and all are obliged to repair,  
make from mistakes a whole again.

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