

I ♥ The National

By Ragnar Kjartansson



Ragnar Kjartansson and The National

A Lot of Sorrow, 2013-2014

Video

Duration: 6 hours, 9 minutes, 35 seconds

(The original performance took place at MoMA PS1 in 2013.)

Pre-introduction

I'm glad Claire Bishop notes it is difficult to write about certain installations unless experienced first-hand.¹ You have to be there. So I had to start from my experience of it. And that is what I included in an non-word-countable **Annex** (page 8). Although somehow I consider that to be my main essay.

Introduction

The story goes²:

RK "It's simple. I just really love The National. And I really love the song 'Sorrow.' I listen to it all the time. And I just thought, Wow, wouldn't it be cool if there was just a whole day of that song played live?"

[...] I saw DOCUMENTA, where everything was about the archive and the past and I immediately thought, Fuck this! ...I wanted to work with something contemporary. So I was just doing the dishes and listening to "Sorrow" for the 800th time and it came to me – "Of course! I should just email them!"

SM And they agreed?

RK Yeah. It was awesome.

SM That *is* making your dreams come true.

RK This exists.

It really is quite simple.

The resulting work is a video of the American rock band The National, singing the song *Sorrow* for six hours. That's basically it. A lot of sorrow.

I got into a muddle

But it didn't seem so simple then when I was writing the non-word-countable Annex, trying to answer the question "What the hell??" And then I started researching. Lots of reviews. And academic stuff but mainly on Kjartansson's overall oeuvre. I wanted something that clicked with my experience, that explained it in its totality, that justified it. I couldn't explain to myself what it was. I thought I was in the realm of the sublime (don't laugh). Just talking about installation and performance seemed reductive. In fact what threw me was that the video shows musicians, who are performers in their own right and playing their own music, and yet, the whole piece is so wholly Kjartansson's. It couldn't have been anybody else's. What was going on? But the literature kept sending me off on a tangent. Here's some of the stuff I found and investigated.

- *It is a sound sculpture*³: ok, the artist fed us this term, he has humoured our need for order and categorisation. A helpful concept but not explaining the piece in its totality, and the same goes for the term sound installation.

¹ Bishop 2005.

² Ragnar Kjartansson (RK) interviewed by Sabine Mirlesse (SM) 2013.

³ Mirlesse 2013, Nickleson, 2015.

- *The visual aspect is akin to painting. It is minimalist because it uses a lot of grey tones*⁴: well of course the visual is important in video art, give me a break. References to theatre, tableau-vivant etc.: again the need to find connections. Perhaps the critics are just showing off.
- *It all goes back to performance art and especially endurance performance (Chris Burden, Marina Abramovic)*⁵: please stop saying this. Yes musicians do perform in a very physical way. The artist is not present here. Well yes, he acknowledges them as influences to his overall practice - but it stops there. We assume the band is enduring, and in a way the audience is enduring too, but endurance is not the aim of the piece.
- *Connections to Romanticism, Sturm und Drang, the sublime, the aesthetics of melancholy, weltschmerz, mope rock (contemporary form of weltschmerz)*⁶: well of course *A Lot of Sorrow* evokes that kind of emotion. Was my 'sublime experience' of the piece mere wallowing in self-indulgent sentimentality?
- *Conceptual romanticism*: AHAA! Kjartansson sees himself as a conceptual artist, a 'conceptual romantic' I would say. I like that. It's a type of conceptual art that is not just very cerebral but also gives intense pleasure.⁷ I love the idea of it so I've included it.
- *Rasa aesthetics*.⁸ Sanskrit. In short, it means 'you get it'. Funny how we need to borrow from the Indian tradition to explain an Icelandic artist. But yes I agree that you get it. You just get the piece even if you can't articulate it. That's not good enough.
- *Affect*: so I ended up reading about this, and it made sense though I probably misunderstood half of it. Basically, we can say that a piece is experienced affectively through embodiment of emotions: "The work produces an abundant flow of micro-shocks and minute perceptions working on the level of sensation, before reaching a conscious classification"⁹: I got that, but I never achieved the classification bit. At least I found some useful language to account for my experience.
- *It plays with repetition*: really???? Positive and negative connotations of repetition. Freud. Possibility, the eternal gifts of repetition. The eternal return. Kierkegaard, Nietzsche. Deleuze, Debord, Bergson etc. etc. Repetition in connection with music experimenters.¹⁰ I was not prepared to go there for a short essay - though I checked them out. In fact I don't even think this is right. Because I believe that here repetition takes the viewer into a spiritual realm, it's more like a mantra, a prayer. And Kjartansson says so, so it must be right.¹¹

⁴ For example Nickleson 2014.

⁵ Mentioned in virtually every reference to this essay.

⁶ For example Kastner 2016, Gordon 2016 and Sigurjonsdottir 2018.

⁷ "I don't believe in romanticism but I like it [...] After WWII we couldn't say 'romanticism' anymore [...] So we just call it conceptual – conceptual art is so romantic, because it's always about this longing for the longing heart." Bartz, 2016, p. 233.

⁸ Andr sson 2016.

⁹ Brunner 2014, pp. 245-262. Brunner writes about another piece by Kjartansson, *The Visitors*, but it could easily apply to *A Lot of Sorrow*: "Slow and endured attunement [...] suspends an immediate conscious capture attempting to categorize what is happening and what it might mean" [...] "lures the visitor affectively into a sensually charged situation, playing with habitualised recognition[...] while taking these feelings to the limit through repetition".

¹⁰ The literature touches on every possible theory of repetition. It is too big a field for me to venture into it.

¹¹ "I was always interested in ritual's repetition. There's always this misunderstanding that it has to be about endurance or must be really hard but like in all religions there is this element of getting away from the world, getting away from it all." (Mirlesse, 2013).

Always the same, but always different

But then again this thing with repetition cannot be dismissed so easily. Something does happen when a song is repeated more than 100 times over six hours. First, it is never identical. The form does not change, but within it, there are permutations as the band grows tired, loses sense of time, and apparently “start[s] going through hallucinatory feeling or float in some kind of meditative state”.¹² Similarly my experience of it became more and more intense – I was enveloped by its force, you know what I mean. And if you don’t, read this:

“The structure gets our attention, but what holds us as an audience is an evolving sense of pathos.”¹³

Yes. This is because:

“The arc of emotional changes expressed by the performers and experienced by the listeners over the long haul, becomes, itself, the content of the work [...] The same thing over and over and over becomes, in the process, something new, intense, differential [...] the quality of such musical quantity takes on a transformative emotional force and an aesthetic impact that any particular, local rendition of a song by The National could not possess”.¹⁴

Amen. And if it’s still not clear, read on:

“as the song gets endlessly replayed, it undergoes something you might call “auto-deconstruction”: the musical and poetic and romantic tropes that are central to any mopey rock song [...] and normally part of its underlying scaffolding, start becoming its central subject matter. Repetition turns a genre’s clichés into a central subject, of the band’s song, and of their concert, and of Kjartansson work of art. In fact, the authorship of the piece is so perfectly split between Kjartansson and The National that we’re never quite sure whose art and artfulness we’re paying attention to as we watch”.¹⁵

Yes and yes! I couldn’t have phrased it better. Finally something was beginning to make sense, and I was not the only one thrown into such confusion about whose piece it was. Something happens in the process of watching the video/listening the song that is really difficult to put into words, especially if you are used to describe something less immersive such as a painting or a sculpture, for example.

Collective or individual experience?

This ‘experience’ thing took me to relational aesthetics. I can see why some critics mention it in relation to Kjartansson¹⁶, and how this concept could be applied to the original live performance. Bryce Dessner (the guitarist) talks about an onstage experience of transcendent, collective emotion.¹⁷ A reviewer argues that in this piece melancholy aesthetics has been used to mobilise group affect, and that the audience (singing along and sometimes supplementing the struggling

¹² Bryce Dessner quoted in Daniel 2014.

¹³ Sweeny 2014.

¹⁴ Daniel 2014.

¹⁵ Gopnik 2014.

¹⁶ For example Brunner 2014.

¹⁷ Quoted in Drew 2014.

performers onstage) occupies an “array of virtual positions as coaches, allies, collaborators and co-participants”.¹⁸ I wish I had been there.

But what about the video installation? Could the relational element be interpreted as “an (unspoken) bonding between fans of this work, engineered by the artist – i.e. we are sharing this amazing experience although we are not talking about it”.¹⁹ I’m not sure. I actually got quite excited reading Bourriaud and Claire Bishop²⁰, it was really interesting, but I don’t think this is it, maybe only tangentially. What was the artist’s intention again? Does relational aesthetics have to be intentional? I was also worried about the political element after reading Bishop. I didn’t see the politics here. I started worrying: am I bad because I like a song? Or is Kjartansson making fun of all these intellectual disquisitions perhaps?

Installation what?

So I was going round in circles, and mixing the format the content and the experience so I thought let’s go back to simple. Back to good old Claire Bishop and installation.

But it was not enough. This work only fits installation art if we treat it as a broad umbrella term containing just about everything²¹ which is not satisfactory at all, for my brain. The sub-categories Bishop uses don’t help either. Frankly she is ultimately at pains to pull it all together through the lens of theory/philosophy. And I had a memory of another important critic dismissing installation art (we will not name and shame here) so I was biased against installation. So I didn’t want to call this piece an installation, because I loved it too much.

A sensual escape into a world of sorrow

Maybe the question is not, what is the work, but what type of experience. The experience created by repetition, as discussed earlier.

A more useful way to categorise this work (because I hadn’t given up on the pigeon-holing yet), was to fit it into a discussion of the immersive mode and the engagement with the senses: “the immersive space remains fundamentally an experiential and sentient place, though it is also a means of escaping our everyday conditions”.²² See also the ambience of clubs, getting lost and letting go, privacy and contemplative withdrawal.²³ Hang on, this sounds like the opposite of relational by the way? In addition I had a slight problem with the title of the chapter I was reading (‘Escape’) because it is not very far from escapism. Surely we can’t have that??

Luckily, Chelsea library yielded another reference. So I made peace with the term video installation by understanding a bit more about ‘time based media’ and how it merges with ‘spatially based art’ to create a new form of ‘scenic art’. I like this. It satisfies me. This piece is highly scenic. It’s “theatre, performance, musical performance, sculpture, projection, moving image,

¹⁸ Daniel 2014 again.

¹⁹ My own definition.

²⁰ Bourriaud 2002, Bishop 2004.

²¹ I.e. “the type of art into which the viewer physically enters, and which is often described as ‘theatrical’, ‘experiential’ or immersive” (Bishop 2005).

²² Oliveira 2003.

²³ Oliveira 2003.

moving bodies, dance, stage, screen, real space, real time – all in one.”²⁴ What a relief, I’ve got a category now.

About a song

I’m not sure this is a proper analysis. Anyhow, we could ultimately read *A lot of sorrow* ‘just’ as a piece of scenic art about a song. Just that. The subject is the song, nothing less nothing more. The piece is “accessible, straightforward and transparent”²⁵ – easy-peasy. Think of it, it’s not different from *THANX 4 NOTHING*²⁶ which was a video installation about a poem. Or John Giorno. Or both. The effect, the experience was similar – I almost cried then. It was very scenic indeed.

But the poem was a poem and this is just a song almost a music video... is it more escapist? Can’t we just contemplate it? Am I a superficial consumer of art? Quite possibly. Blame Kjartansson for this. Was there any more complex intention? I think he likes to play games. Does it make it a lesser work of art? Should all art be serious? I am forever contending with this question.

But I like it that Kjartansson uses art to have fun. And why not?

SM Using art to have fun?

RK Exactly. Or just even to use it to create an experience. I always use art to make my dreams come true, as sentimental as that sounds.

SM Why do you want to get away from it all?

RK Because it’s just so depressing! (*laughter*) It’s nice once in a while to get away from it all. Performance art is a really good way to do it.²⁷

Thank you for saying that.

And maybe in the end it was all very simple. It was just his dream.

And I’m going to listen to six hours of *Sorrow* again now.



²⁴ Weibel 2014.

²⁵ Gordon 2016, p. 173.

²⁶ Ugo Rondinone, 2015.

²⁷ Quoted from Mirlesse 2013.

References

- Andrésson, M. (2016) 'Older', in Hasham, L. (ed.) *Ragnar Kjartansson*. London: Koenig Books, pp. 15-18.
- Bartz, E. (2016) 'Ragnar Kjartansson and Edek Bartz talk about music', in Hasham, L. (ed.) *Ragnar Kjartansson*. London: Koenig Books, pp. 231-234.
- Bishop, C. (2004) 'Antagonism and relational aesthetics' *October*, (110), pp.51-79.
- Bishop, C. (2005) *Installation art*. London: Tate Publishing.
- Bourriaud, N. (2002) *Relational aesthetics*. Les Presses du Réel.
- Brunner, C. (2014) 'Affective politics of timing: on emergent collectivity in Ragnar Kjartansson's *The Visitors*', in: Bosel, B., Angerer, M. and Ott, M. (eds.) *Timing of affect: epistemologies, aesthetics, politics*. Zurich; Berlin: Diaphanes, pp. 245-262.
- Gopnik, B. (2014) 'Exclusive video: Ragnar Kjartansson and The National', *artnet*, 3 December. Available at: <https://www.luhringaugustine.com/artists/ragnar-kjartansson/a-press>
- Gordon, K. (2016) 'C.E.: Casual Extraordinary' in Hasham, L. (ed.) *Ragnar Kjartansson*. London: Koenig Books, pp. 169-178.
- Kastner, J. (2016) 'Recollected forward: 'Ragnar Kjartansson and the realness of pretending'', in Hasham, L. (ed.) *Ragnar Kjartansson*. London: Koenig Books, pp. 57-63.
- Mirlesse, S. (2013) 'Ragnar Kjartansson' *BOMB Magazine*, 3 July.
- Nickleson, P. (2015) 'On repetition in Ragnar Kjartansson and The National's A Lot of Sorrow', *Performance Research*, 20(5), pp.138-140.
- Oliveira, N. 'Escape' (2003), in: Oliveira, N., Oxley, N. and Petry, M. (2003) *Installation art in the new millennium: the empire of the senses*. London: Thames & Hudson, pp. 50-53.
- Sigurjonsdottir, Æ. (2008) *Dreams of the sublime and nowhere in contemporary Icelandic Art*. Reykjavik: Reykjavik Art Museum.
- Sweeny, E. (2014) 'Ragnar Kjartansson and the pathos of performance', *Art21 Magazine*, September/October.
- Weibel, P. (2014) 'Media in the matrix of theatrality', in *High performance : time-based media art since 1996*. Berlin: Distanz, pp. 9-11.
- Daniel, Drew (2014) 'The song remains the same: Ragnar Kjartansson and the quality of quantity' *Parkett*, Vol. 94, pp. 134-147.

Bibliography

- Bishop, C. (2004) 'Antagonism and relational aesthetics', *October*, (110) pp.51-79.
- Bishop, C. (2005) *Installation art*. London: Tate Publishing.
- Bosel, B., Angerer, M. and Ott, M. (eds.) (2014) *Timing of affect: epistemologies, aesthetics, politics*. Zurich; Berlin: Diaphanes.
- Bourriaud, N. (2002) *Relational aesthetics*. Les Presses du Réel.
- Brady, E. (2008) 'The sublime and contemporary aesthetics', in Sigurjonsdottir, Æ., *Dreams of the sublime and nowhere in contemporary Icelandic Art*. Reykjavik: Reykjavik Art Museum, pp. 50-57.
- Brady, E. and Haapala, A. (2003) 'Melancholy as an Aesthetic Emotion', *Contemporary Aesthetics*, 1.
- Daniel, Drew (2014) 'The song remains the same: Ragnar Kjartansson and the quality of quantity' *Parkett*, Vol. 94, pp. 134-147.

Gopnik, B. (2014) 'Exclusive video: Ragnar Kjartansson and The National', *artnet*, 3 December.

Hasham, L. (ed.) (2016) Ragnar Kjartansson. London: Koenig Books.

Melberg, A. (1990) 'Repetition (In the Kierkegaardian Sense of the Term)', *Diacritics*, 20(3), pp. 71-87.

Mirlesse, S. (2013) 'Ragnar Kjartansson' *BOMB Magazine*, 3 July.

Morton, T. (2016) 'Again and again: Ragnar Kjartansson and the eternal return' *Frieze Magazine* (180) July/August, pp. 124-129.

Nickleon, P. (2015) 'On repetition in Ragnar Kjartansson and The National's A Lot of Sorrow', *Performance Research*, 20(5), pp. 138-140.

Oliveira, N., Oxley, N. and Petry, M. (2003) Installation art in the new millennium: the empire of the senses. London: Thames & Hudson, pp. 50-53.

Serexhe, B. et al. (2014) High performance: time-based media art since 1996. Berlin: Distanz.

Sigurjonsdottir, Æ. (2008) Dreams of the sublime and nowhere in contemporary Icelandic Art. Reykjavik: Reykjavik Art Museum.

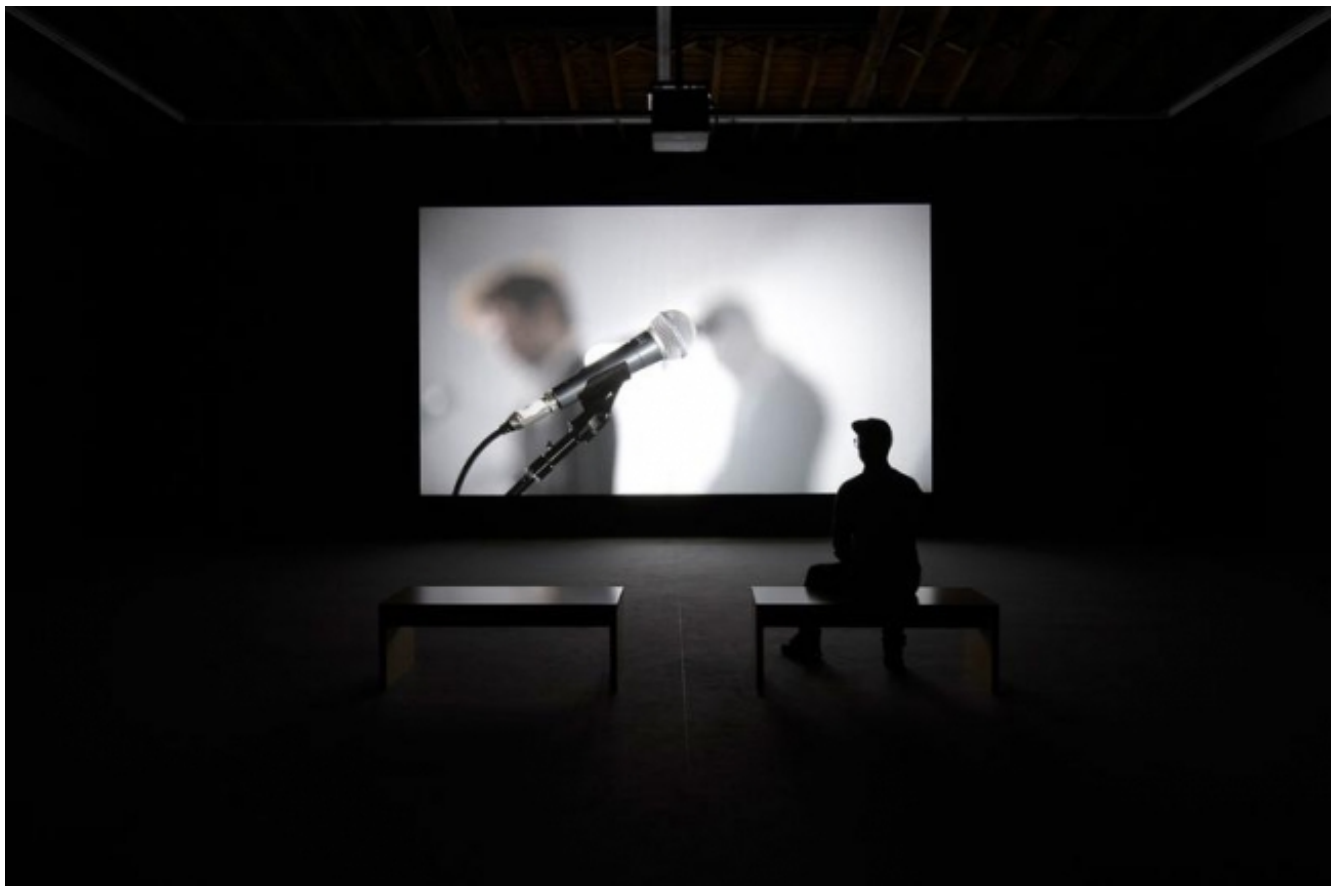
Stallabrass, J. (2004) Contemporary art: a very short introduction. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Sweeny, E. (2014) 'Ragnar Kjartansson and the pathos of performance', *Art21 Magazine*, September/October.

Tomkins, C. (2016) 'Play it again: how Ragnar Kjartansson turns repetition into art', *The New Yorker*, 22 April, pp. 26-29.

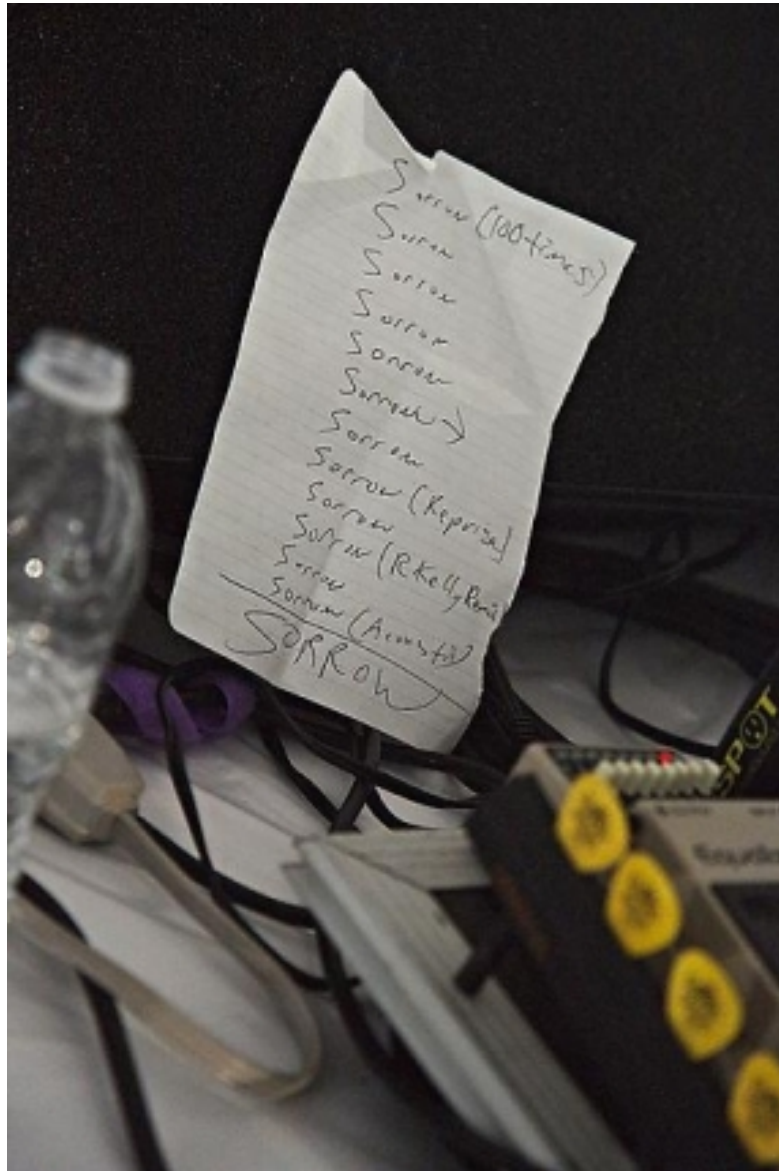
Photo credits

Photography courtesy of Elisabet Davidsdottir (cover page and pp. 7, 8); Claudia Sambo (p. 5).



Annex (non-word-countable): Patti was right

sorrow x 108 = a lot of sorrow



... and I don't want to get over you

I wrote a draft essay. It was almost finished. About Kate Gilmore and rebellion and destruction art and the body and the struggles of everyday life and and and ... but I didn't love it, I just couldn't take my mind off this piece, I had been thinking about it since November, and Patti said you have to write about something you LOVE, and then I was researching two essays at the same time and then Louisa said why not? But this is a labour of love. This new essay. [now an Annex]

So I found myself going back to The Store X twice again to watch this, what? Video installation? Sound sculpture? What the hell is a sound sculpture? It's mind-blowing.

Sorrow found me when I was young

I think I have experienced the sublime. Was it really? And if not what was it?

In the beginning it was just a great tune. Actually that man is quite attractive. Oh wait is that a wedding band, oh shame. I assume Kjartansson wrote the song? I think he is also a musician. But it's not him, I'm quite sure. Remember the boat?

Sorrow waited sorrow won

You are in a dark enclosed space, there is a big screen and a bench in front of the screen

I can't quite grasp the lyrics. It's catchy. It's kind of melancholy, well of course, it's sorrowful. They're dressed in black suits, smart-ish. Except the drummer he is not wearing a suit. He looks very psychedelic, ahaha. There's fog. The audience is swaying to the music, mostly, and drinking beer. It looks like they are inside a dome. I can see one big camera in front of the stage but there must be more. The camerawork is something to look at. The other guy is quite good looking too. Are the two guitarists brothers? They look like twins. Who are these people? They're starting the song again. Maybe I will catch the lyrics this time. Did he hire a band?

Sorrow's a girl inside my cave ... ? My cage? My cake??

My brain is melting. I want to stay here forever. There is no outside world anymore. If I close my eyes and just listen it's not the same. You have to watch. I can't stop watching. They're singing it again. I should go. They're singing it again. I am in awe. I can't describe what I'm feeling, thinking. Am I in a trance? Are they in a trance? Everyone should see this. It's an experience. I can't leave. Wish the bench was more comfortable. It's so cold here. They're starting again. I'm going to watch this one more time. Just one more time. I should have read the wall label. I can't lose my place on the bench now. I'm going to Google it. OMG it lasts six hours. The National? How come I never heard of them? What planet was I living in??? OMG this is amazing. Why didn't I do the rest of the exhibition more quickly? I should have come straight to this. I am now wallowing in sorrow. I am happy to be wallowing in a sea of sorrow

I don't want to get over you ... I don't want to get over you ... I don't want to get over you

This is OOOOMMMMM it's a mantra. It's spiritual. It takes you to another dimension.

The bench in front of the wide screen. I thought they should have put more and more comfortable chairs in, some loungers maybe, but actually the choice of the single bench is very appropriate. It's like a bench in a church in front of an altar. It is conducive to a different form of experience than say, lying comfortably with your feet up. Or maybe there was just not enough space? Am I overinterpreting?

This is breathtaking. I mean, how could anyone have such a brilliant idea. It's mind-blowing. This is something else. Or is it? Is it a music video? Where is Kjartansson? He is just bringing in the refreshments for the band, he's wearing a badge, he looks like a guy from the bar. But it's his creation but Sorrow is a creation of The National and they are performers in their own right. It

doesn't fit with what I know. Is it documentation of a performance? Is it a music video? Where is the work????

The point is, what is this song doing to my brain? It's pleasurable for sure. I am getting lost inside myself. I am exhilarated. While enduring the cold in this space. Can I crack this? Is it relevant to my practice?

It is a total immersion.

... or perhaps it can't be cracked, that's the nature of the sublime. It's ineffable.

That voice is amazing. Five months later, I have become almost an expert on The National. Maybe I am slightly in love with them. I got a phenomenally expensive ticket for a concert in July. I hope it doesn't rain. I still don't know how to write about THIS. How can I analyse it if I can't make sense of it? I'm trying to piece it together.

6 hours and 9:35 minutes

to be precise.

The full 6 hours 9.35 minutes of music are on YouTube but there is no video. It's not the same - though it's better than nothing or short video clips. It's not a one-off event because it has been shown several times in different galleries. It must be both this and that (live performance and subsequent video). Well of course.

Repetition. Not boring but hypnotic. You become familiar, repeat the lyric even though they're still not clear, you make them up, you start to connect emotionally. But one part of your brain is still trying to figure this out. It is not a love song. I thought it was, at the beginning. And yet, it is about love. No it's longing. Is it the same thing?

On the water (underwater??) Cover me in ...(what???) sympathy

I think the other people are enjoying it. Are we sharing something, though we are all inside our personal trance? I'm not sure. Remember the boat?²⁸ I'm not sensing the sense of shared experience it in the same way I sensed it with the boat - forgive the repetition. Perhaps because we could actually observe the others being entranced. OMG that was sublime too. But even when I came with friends to this show... I enjoyed it more on my own.

Is the band enjoying it? Or are they counting the time to the end of the six hours? The audience feeds them energy. Every time they start or they finish the song, the audience responds as if it was the first time, mostly. It's exhilarating. And, they are totally absorbed by what they are doing. They keep playing and singing with intent. They are not just going through the motions. Every time as if it was the first time, again.

Don't leave my heart burn up alone

²⁸ S.S. Hangover, 2013-2014. Performance for a boat and brass sextet, music by Kjartan Sveinsson. Originally performed in the Arsenale, Venice during the 55th Venice Biennale.

Is it pop meets the sublime? What a combination. I'm not sure it fits the Kantian categories. Pop culture in a gallery = art? No. It's Kjartansson. He's a genius.

Cover me in rag and bone sym-pa-thy (what does it mean??)

The story goes, he loved that song, had listened to it about 800 times. Had a crazy idea, sent them an email – you never know. They replied: sounds interesting.

Sorrow waited sorrow won

The song changes slightly every time. It is not very long. Three minutes 25 seconds originally. Apparently it's circular, whatever it means. They are getting a bit tired. It gets more interesting. It gets more intense. Each time a different performance. Always the same but always different. It doesn't stop in between, a few seconds of drumming or strumming between repeats ... You are hypnotised, mesmerised or whatever. Total focus. The guitarist is going crazy. Will they make it to the end?? The riffing in between songs becomes more protracted after four hours. They need longer breaks. And they experiment more, but only just. Is he singing with his mouth full? The audience is becoming more supportive. More clapping. Can we dance instead of just sitting? Everyone is so stiff here. His voice is breaking. The audience fills in. Silence. Is it over? No they're starting again. It's magnificent. It's becoming so intense.

on the water cover me in rag and bone sympathy 'cause I don't wanna get over you

How many entry points are there to this? I like something that moves. I never have enough attention span for video. Yet I'm glued here. I have come back to watch it at a different time. Can't do six straight hours in the cold. I had to tear myself away last time, actually it was closing time. When you leave you don't want the external world to intrude in your trance. Please don't talk to me I want to stay in this zone.

sym-pa-thy ...

Cause I don't want to get over you I don't want to get over you I don't want to get over you

It is addictive. Like a pop song. Someone called it mope rock. Am I behaving like an adolescent? Is it appropriate? Is it pure sentimentality?

On-the-water

I can't believe I missed the Barbican show. Honestly.

Is it a spiritual experience? A meditation? But it is deeply sensual. I am in another dimension. He looks geeky but intriguing. The guitarist is cute but less interesting. The drummer is from another era. I'm their captive. I love what this is doing to me. A sensual yet cerebral game.

Sorrow waited sorrow won

I wish I could add sound to this essay. Is it pure poetry? Half an hour to go. He's asked for more drinks. Nearly over. They start again. Massive cheers. And then it's over. Mega-massive cheers. Are they going to play an encore??? ...*Sorry I will do one encore tonight ... this is called ... "Sorrow".* Hilarious.

All chant. Then it's over for real. Am I being too descriptive? I can't submit this.

Is this really the end of the exhibition? Please no. I want to stay.

I don't want to get over you

Can you be more analytical????

Sorrow they put me off the pills? (Are they changing the lyrics?)

Well it's difficult. I can't apply my usual (limited) frame of references. What I have read so far doesn't seem to get to the essence. It doesn't explain the experience. I had to describe it.

I'm not getting anywhere. They say it's a circular song. That's why I'm going in circles. Am I repeating myself?

It's in my honey, it's in my milk

But why is this piece is so compelling? It's great. Just great.

I don't want to get over you I don't want to get over you I don't want to get over you

