Seamstress: a multimedia documentary song-cycle based on the collected oral histories of Palestinian women

by

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DEDICATION

For my beautiful Aunts Sania, Hikmiya, Itaf and Souad.

For my talented student and friend Waed.

For Huda.

For Shahrat.

For my mother.

For my sister.

For Palestinian women everywhere and the men that love and support them.

For Ibrahim.

For all those we have lost and found.

For all those who came before us.

We created a home out of each other, our voices traveling through time and weaving in and out of each others’ souls.

We inherited these memories to carry us forward.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First and foremost I would like to thank my professors at the University of Michigan School of Music, Theater and Dance for supporting my artistic vision and endeavors over the course of the past seven years. I would like to thank my research advisor and chair of my dissertation committee, Dr. Evan Chambers, for his mentorship, leadership, advice and support of my artistic and creative vision. I would also like to thank my committee members Dr. Kristin Kuster, Dr. Michael Daugherty, Dr. Erik Santos and Dr. Anton Shammas, who have each inspired me endlessly and nurtured my ambition in their own unique ways. Thank you.

I would like to extend my utmost gratitude to Dr. Kristin Kuster and Dr. Michael Daugherty, who gave me my first true glimpses into what I was capable of as a Masters student in the Music Composition department from 2009-2011. I would not have understood how to hone my compositional process without Dr. Kuster’s guidance. I would never have envisioned myself on stage as a solo vocalist with an orchestra backing me without Dr. Daugherty’s faith in my talent and capabilities. And I would never have ventured into and discovered the world of electronic music and sound design and production without Dr. Santos’ courses. All of you and all of the experiences you provided me with during those two years prepared me for the following two years of fieldwork in Palestine. In fact, I was still a Masters student in the Music Composition department when I shared the first seeds that were planted for the idea to create a project based on the stories of Palestinian women with Dr. Chambers, who then became my dissertation advisor.

I would like to thank my colleagues Ilaria Masieri, Robin Burlton and all the teachers from Qalandia, Jalazon and Ammari refugee camps and Umm Watan from the Deir Ghassaneh center, Iyad Staiti from the Jenin center, and all my students from Al Kamandjati. I would also like to extend my gratitude to my colleague, pianist and composer Dina Shilleh from the Edward Said Conservatory, who helped me transition from working in the non-profit sector to becoming more
engaged in the contemporary classical music scene of Ramallah. She supported my work and collaborated on several new projects with me. She also introduced me to oud performer and songwriter Huda Asfour and that is how Huda became featured in Seamstress. I would also like to extend my gratitude to Huda for blessing me with her beautiful voice and artistic vision and for joining me on this project.

While I was in Palestine I also had the privilege of working with dancer Maher Shawamreh of the Orient and Dance Theater in Ramallah, and I am grateful for him and for Meropi Makhlof’s choreographic retelling of my aunt’s story, captured by lens through Yusuf Karajah’s incredible directorship and cinematography.

Upon my return to Michigan, I had the privilege of working with Erik Santos again my first year, receiving much needed guidance on vocal work and live performance practices. Sometime after this, I met one of my favorite contemporary Palestinian authors Dr. Anton Shammas, who found a story in the seamstress before I did. I would like to extend my gratitude to him for sharing his storytelling prowess and fine eye for detail with me.

Working on Seamstress would become one of the greatest yet most rewarding artistic challenges of my life. I would like to express my utmost gratitude for the guidance and support of my advisor Dr. Evan Chambers over the course of the past three years, without whom the completion of this work would not have been possible. I can not stress enough how important it was for me to work with someone who stood in solidarity with me, had a clear understanding of my vision, and who supported the music beyond the confines of our discipline and out into the broad realms of performance and social justice work, oral history, and intersectional practice.

Lastly, I would like to send all my love to my friends and family who supported me throughout the years and encouraged me to continue during the challenges that felt insurmountable.

There are not enough words. Thank you all for joining me on this journey.
PREFACE

As an artist my work is primarily focused on the musical representation of contemporary Palestinian women’s narratives from a decolonial, transnational, and intersectional feminist lens. As a former refugee of war born to a Palestinian father and an Egyptian-Greek mother, who grew up between Kuwait, Egypt, the West Bank, and the United States, my personal experiences have strongly shaped my compositional voice, leading me to explore the universal themes of memory, identity politics, exile, displacement, femininity and cultural narrative. More specifically I have worked extensively in documenting the voices of marginalized communities within occupied Palestine and in juxtaposing contemporary media narratives of these communities with collected oral histories. The resulting research is both interdisciplinary and collaborative in its aims to expose contemporary Palestinian narratives and theorize Palestinian culture within the realm of contemporary classical composition and performance.

In producing *Seamstress*, my hope was to provide fresh perspectives on Palestinian women’s culture and histories, where much of the previous and current work has been guided by the political landscape in relation to Israel, and limited by the preferences of many researchers and professionals who work there in collecting stories and data on the subjects of terrorism, occupation and the two-state solution, what Palestinian author Rhoda Kanaaneh refers to as “the politics of reproduction and homogenization of Palestinians as ‘terrorists’” in her book *Birthing the Nation*.

Based on over two years of fieldwork in Ramallah and the surrounding villages of the West Bank, focusing on autobiographical documentation, contemporary cultural production within rural and urban communities, and the artwork of Palestinian women contemporaries, I aim to:

1) re-theorize Palestinian women’s narratives as more complex, nuanced and humanized against an otherwise dominant Israeli narrative by providing an audio-visual exploration
of their voices and emotionally powerful episodic memories drawn from their collected oral histories

2) provide a global context for Palestinian women’s narratives by focusing on shared universal themes of memory, identity politics, exile, displacement, femininity and love

3) utilize contemporary classical performance and production to evoke empathy and compassion within American audiences, shaping an understanding of the women of these marginalized communities by creating a safe space for their voices to be heard

4) highlight Palestinian women artists as vital cultural and historical authorities in regional, local and global contexts.

5) draw unifying connections between Palestinian women’s individual and collective memories in response to an undermining postcolonial geographical separation across the West Bank, Israel, Gaza and the Diaspora.
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INSTRUMENTATION

Fixed Media

Flute
Oboe
Clarinet
Bassoon

SATB Choir (1, 1, 1, 1)

2 Percussionists
1. Large metal darabukka (or ceramic), Tar or Frame Drum, Regular size synthetic head doumbek or darabukka, wood box, ankle bell for styling
2. 4.5 Octave Marimba, Bass Drum of Tabl Balady if available

Piano

Violin
Violin
Viola (single players or approximately 4/4/3/2/1)
Cello
Contrabass

Amplification for all players and singers is necessary.

Score in C/~42’
PERFORMANCE NOTES

The piece begins with an experimental film featuring the first two movements. During the live performance this film should be screened on its own while the ensemble watches from the first row of the audience. The ensemble should then rise from their seats and situate to begin playing before the start of the third movement. The video should be triggered to begin again once the ensemble is situated.

6 Video cues (1, 25, 30, 55, 77, 78) are labeled in the score and should be triggered as such. There are differences between video cues and screenshots of the video included at certain points in the score as a visual guide for the conductor (6, 17, 44, 45).

The first two movements function as an electronic soundtrack and are not meant to be performed by anyone other than the author and Huda Asfour. Permission must be requested for a vocal performance from Asfour and the author. The score of these movements merely serves as a visual guide for the conductor.

Improvisation (irtijal) is an important component of Arabic music. The vocal improvisations marked in the score are merely notated guidelines and performers should feel free to embellish in the style of their training (whether classical, folk, pop, etc.), and being sure not to appropriate or mimic Arabic traditional singing if that is not their area of expertise.

Percussion Key

Movement VI Doumbek (Dum and Tek played on Fa and Do respectively)
One rainy winter evening in February of 2013, I sat drinking tea and coffee with my aunt Sania in Ramallah. She was fond of telling stories, and I recorded her often as we sat huddled beneath the blankets, safe from the clashes and protests nearby at Qalandia checkpoint. On this particular evening Sania told me a story about her first love. Years later in my apartment in Ann Arbor, I stumbled upon the recording and was inspired to tell her story through song. I listened to the recording over and over again, and decided I would go back to collect more information from her about what happened. I even went in search of the people she mentioned in her stories, people she hadn’t seen or heard from in decades, including the woman who used to sew her dresses for her when she was a young girl in Jenin, a seamstress named Shahrat.

“Is Shahrat still alive?” I asked the many different women of my family.

“No, of course not! She must be dead by now!” They’d respond.

I called my aunt Itaf in Jenin to see if she remembered any details about Shahrat.

“The last I heard, she had sewn a coat for Umm Tawfiq Jarrar’s daughter!”

So I hopped on a yellow caravel service van to Jenin, where my aunt and I went in search of Umm Tawfiq’s number. We called her. She had the number for Shahrat the Seamstress ‘in a drawer somewhere.’ She’d have to look for it. In the morning she called us back.

“I have the number here, it was in my daughter’s wedding dress.”

I called it and the seamstress answered. With just 24 hours left in Palestine, I hugged my aunt Itaf goodbye and journeyed to Nablus to meet the fabled Shahrat. The service driver dropped me off on the main street and told me Shahrat lived near the bakery and gas station. I asked the young boy in the bakery if he knew where Shahrat lived, and he directed me towards
an elderly man asleep in a chair outside an auto repair shop next to the gas station. I woke him up, and he directed me to knock on the green door down the street, and surely Shahrat would answer. The problem with this is that every door in Nablus is the same, faded sea green. Eventually I was able to borrow the man’s phone and call Shahrat, who directed me to walk into the middle of the street and look up towards a set of balconies, where she was waving down at me in a flowery nightgown and thick-rimmed glasses. I crossed the street to climb a set of stairs leading up to her apartment.

A short woman with brown hair and a sour-apple green combed headband and tortoiseshell glasses opened it. Here she was before me, the woman who designed all the beautiful dresses my eyes lingered over in old family photographs. Her dimples shone through the wrinkles of age like a lone ripe fig amidst my grandfather’s trees. She invited me into her home for a lunch of fish and told me the history of each and every family in Nablus, how she had fled Jaffa during the 

\textit{Nakba} \textbf{ in 1948}, how she had provided for her entire family through her sewing business, how she had lived a long life because no man had ever married her to bring her down with child rearing and marital duties. She even remembered the details of my grandmother, her measurements, her attitude. It took me by surprise. In all my excitement, I’d forgotten that here was a woman who knew the most intimate details of my grandmother, whom I’d never known.

I felt this brought me closer to her, somehow.

Shahrat didn’t like me recording her, and she certainly didn’t want me to take pictures of her. “I remember everything here,” she spoke softly while gracing her forehead with the tip of her finger. She had sewn her last item the previous fall and was no longer working. After 53 years, sick and unable to lift and work with fabrics any longer, she had finally retired

I had gone in search of Shahrat with the aim of telling her story, hoping she would be the missing link I was searching for. What I found instead was that I, like Shahrat, had been sewing the
different threads and fabrics together of so many different voices in my attempt to understand my own history and the history of the women I lived, worked and created with so closely.

In the first two movements, I center Palestinian cultural production and the idea of Palestine as a bride: not just the land, but also the idea of womanhood as this commodity to be bought and sold and how that relates to colonialism and consumerism. The imagery juxtaposes indigenous production versus colonial consumption. I used footage from my cousin’s wedding in Ramallah with the imagined idea, this inherited memory I have been so curious about defining through my research questions, that perhaps Shahrat had sewn her wedding dress.

I also use an archival British mandate footage clip called “Jaffa Sends Us Oranges” of settlers in the orange groves of Jaffa in 1938, pre-Nakba, in the ultimate colonialist fantasy of fruit gathering in a native land. I combine this clip with footage of Palestinians boxing the oranges to ship them off to what the commentator reveals to be the Christmas stockings of British children, seemingly innocuous as the act of settler colonialism itself. The backdrop of the quintych features the Palestinian landscape from the passenger seat of a vehicle, as someone traveling through it and not as someone settling it or stripping it of its fruit.

I introduce the listener to Palestine through the voice of the seamstress herself, Shahrat. Since Shahrat had fled from Jaffa to Nablus, in the second section of the film I incorporate archival footage of Nablus from the same year of 1938. Not only is Nablus where Shahrat is from, it is also a major production center for one of Palestine’s most sought after products: soap. What the archival footage shows is the Nablus Soap Factory. I visited it myself in 2012 and when I found this footage I was stunned to discover it looks almost identical today as it does in the film. The footage lingers on and repeats the scenes of the men working at the soap factory in this movement, in order to highlight the power of Palestinian olive oil and man-made goods despite colonial efforts to stifle such production, and in opposition to the footage of “Jaffa Sends Us Oranges.” This old Nablusian footage also features Bedouin Jewish Samaritan girls dancing in a
circle, and I found this to be very poignant because it highlighted how circular, how feminine, the narrative of indigenous culture is. It shows how circular and repetitive Arabic songs and music can be and how circular and repetitive oral history and our memories and our stories can be, once they start bleeding into one another.

Throughout history, Palestinians have been called an invented non-entity. The media tends to romanticize Palestine and Jerusalem, labeling these places with words such as “The Holy Land” and stripping them of their ancestral and contemporary meaning, their rich cultural history.

This is where the second movement comes in, as I feature an improvisation and score of Lumiere Brothers’ footage from 1896 Palestine with the voice and lyrics of queer Palestinian composer, multi-instrumentalist and songwriter Huda Asfour from Gaza. With her voice and my piano playing, Huda and I aimed to reclaim our own subtle, magical realism. Huda sings about how she feels she does not belong anywhere. She is a stranger. She is between East and West. She is between Ramallah, Gaza, Tunis, Lebanon. She is capturing the despair of the diaspora and at the same time the humanity and the beauty of longing, love and the power of music in the face of misinformation and injustice.

The third movement, the prelude, features raw footage I compiled in Palestine over the course of several years – friends, family, students, colleagues. The fifth movement features my former student and now friend, Waed Barghouti. I interviewed her at the Deir Ghassaneh music center about her music, dreams and aspirations for life.

In composing the final song, which was supposed to be a joyful celebration of Waed and her musical upbringing as well, her best friend and my student Ibrahim was killed during a protest by an Israeli soldier. He was just sixteen. “What God Has Written Will Be” was my way of coping with the tragic loss.
TRANSLATIONS

I. 1938 (Spoken)

Where were you born?

I was born in Jaffa, in 1938.

And we fled to Nablus.

And I learned how to sew.

And I became a seamstress.

II. Kan ya Makan (Sung)

There once was, and oh, how much there was

Between two shores and two strange lands

In a grave dug in seventh heaven

I am leaving and I am returning

III. Prelude (No Text)
IV. White Dress, Blue Butterflies (Spoken and sung)

I had this white dress and it had butterflies sewn on it. Blue butterflies.

It was… we used to…

Do you know who we used to imitate, honey?

Whatever we used to see Faten Hamama wearing, we would have our dresses sewn to look just like hers.

It was just like Faten’s.

There was a seamstress in Nablus who was excellent, she might still be around today, but she’s likely very old by now.

I wore a white dress with blue butterflies.

A white shawl and white sandals.

And a small white purse on my shoulder.

There were no strange fashions yet. No hijab. Nothing like today.

No! Short sleeves like this (points to shoulders).

Not long. Only the latest fashions…

…Just like Faten Hamama’s dresses!

So, here I was with this dress on.

Low cut.
My chest highlighted with a blue necklace.

My chestnut hair with a red ribbon.

It was a day like any other day.

1. Photograph of Sania Jarrar at her engagement in 1963, her mother Rasmiya is in the bottom right corner

V. Interlude (No Text)
VI.  What God has Written will Be (Spoken and Sung)

People outside the country have this idea that Palestine is always at war, that there are always clashes, that we are without work…

But we aren’t like this. At our roots, we can survive off very little,

The smallest things make us happy,

the smallest things bring us joy.

The media is always reporting on ‘clashes’

But in the end, what God has written will

Be.

2. Waed Barghouti photographed by Donia Jarrar in Deir Ghassaneh Square, June 2015
ABSTRACT

*Seamstress* is a 42-minute multimedia and interdisciplinary documentary song-cycle, in six movements, for solo soprano, chamber ensemble, chorus, electronics, recorded audio and video. It is based on oral history interviews I conducted with Palestinian women from different generations and social sectors in occupied Palestine (The West Bank and Gaza) from the summer of 2012 through the winter of 2017. Blending audio interviews, photography, raw and archival footage with live chamber orchestra and dance performances, *Seamstress* aims to create a moving and powerful portrait of love, strength, and resistance in the face of colonization, injustice and misinformation. The women interviewed include my aunt, who lives in Ramallah, a seamstress named Shahrat who fled from Jaffa to Nablus pre-Nakba, former students from the Deir Ghassaneh music center, and current artistic collaborators and colleagues, including Palestinian multi-instrumentalist and songwriter Huda Asfour. Song texts are adapted from the interviews, weaving together their different voices, perspectives and experiences in a way that challenges current existing media stereotypes of Palestinian culture and womanhood, providing a global and de-colonial context for Palestinian women’s narratives by focusing on shared universal themes of memory, identity, exile, displacement, femininity and love. The oral histories draw unifying connections between Palestinian women’s individual and collective memories in response to an undermining postcolonial geographical separation across the West Bank, Israel, Gaza and the Diaspora.

My research questions were rooted in the shaping and defining of the individual and collective voice through documentary-style narratives, which is where the music comes into play in providing a sonic exploration of the voice and memory. Who belongs to the voice and whom does the voice belong to? How much of our stories are shaped by what others have told us, and how much are shaped by our lived experiences? At what point do the stories, the voices of our ancestors, become our own, and at what point do the stories, the voices of our colleagues and contemporaries, become woven into the shared fabric of our histories? How does performance
help shape our understanding of marginalized communities and function in reclaiming a space for their voices, and how does it reshape our understanding of the theories and histories we have encountered about ethnic conflicts and their subjects? How does performance as resistance in marginalized communities extend beyond the boundaries of politics and nation-states? I feature Palestinian women as vital cultural and social agents of change whose stories empower and awaken a movement of progress on the regional, local and global levels.

The film provides visual landscapes and timelines for the audience through use of archival footage from the Lumiere Brothers dating back to 1896, scenes from the Nablus soap factory in 1938, and British mandate clips of settlers in the orange groves of Jaffa in 1946. It features collaborative work with cinematographers and choreographers Yusuf Karajah, Maher Shawmreh and Meropi Makhlouf of the Orient and Dance Theater in Ramallah. The files and oral histories are accessible and easily shared online via the Seamstress Project (seamstressproject.com), as social media plays a pivotal role in shaping global understanding of people and their cultures.

The result is a sonic and visual exploration of personal experiences with place in relation to diasporic and transnational intersectional feminist perspectives on the self/denial of the self, the state, personal identity, the body, sociality and agency.
When were you born? I was born in Jaffa in 1938. And we fled to Nablus.

And I learned how to sew. And I became a seamstress.
II. كان يا مكان
(Kan Ya Makan)

Vocal improvisation by Huda Asfour
Piano improvisation by Donia Jarrar

Piano improvisation by Donia Jarrar

Huda: It's how I heal. Watching the waves. I feel like it washes me. I feel so... there's a sense of peace around the sea for me.

A tempo

Freely, highly ornamented
OverFlowing
Solo

continue ad lib until "I am returning" appears on screen
III. Prelude

*I am returning*

Moderato

\( \frac{d}{40} \)

Screen fades to black from "I am returning" Cellist begins when this landscape frame enters
Deeply Joyful

Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Perc.

Mar.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Deeply Joyful

Solo, in 2
dolce cantabile

p

A

p

A

p

A

p

A

p

A

p

A

p

A

p

A

p

A

p

Darbouka

Ankle Bell -C

percussionist should gradually crescendo and decrescendo with the ensemble

8 9 10 11 12 13
Gradually puts together this basic pattern over 8 bars
start disintegration and end with stuttered rhythm
Nothing like today.
No hijab.
There were no strange fashions yet.

It was just like Faten's very old by now.
she might still be around today but she's likely there was a seamstress in Nablus who was excellent, whatever we used to see Faten Hamama wearing, we would have our dresses sewn to look just like hers.

I wore a white dress with blue butterflies.
A white shawl and white sandals.
And a small white purse on my shoulder.

It was just like Faten's
There was a seamstress in Nablus who was excellent, she might still be around today but she's likely very old by now.

I wore a white dress with blue butterflies.

Cellist plays E until photograph below fades to black

Play until fade to black.
IV. White Dress, Blue Butterflies

\[ \mathcal{f} = 54 \text{ Rubato} \]

*Topo*

*Flute*

*Oboe*

*Clarinet in Bb*

*Bassoon*

*Violin I*

*Violin II*

*Viola*

*Violoncello*

*Bass Drum*

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.

It was a day like any other day.
=60-66 A little faster
**REPEAT THESE TWO BARS CONTINUOUSLY UNTIL RECORDED VOICE STOPS,**
**THEN CUE INTO THE FOLLOWING TWO 3/8 BARS**

Video Cue #2

Sania: "We saw my father sitting in the store and a large black Cadillac pulled up. There were no cars in Jenin at the time. A black cadillac as long as the (my father's) store, stopped and..."

A young man stepped out, like Shukry Sarhan, as if you've seen him before you! Black suit. Red tie. Chic. Black hair pulled back. He drove us crazy!"

He drove us crazy!"
B. D.
\[\text{this and like this bow cut no hijab}
\]
\[\text{no hijab}
\]
\[\text{no hijab}
\]
\[\text{no hijab}
\]
\[\text{no hijab}
\]
\[\text{no hijab}
\]
\[\text{3+3+2}
\]
\[\text{chestnut hair with a red ribbon}
\]
\[\text{her chestnut hair with a red ribbon}
\]
\[\text{her chestnut hair with a red ribbon}
\]
\[\text{her chestnut hair with a red ribbon}
\]
\[\text{her chestnut hair with a red ribbon}
\]
\[\text{her chestnut hair with a red ribbon}
\]
\[\text{pizz}
\]
\[\text{pizz}
\]
\[\text{pizz}
\]
\[\text{pizz}
\]
\[\text{pizz}
\]
\[\text{pizz}
\]
\[\text{79}
\]
\[\text{80}
\]
\[\text{81}
\]
\( \text{=69, With a sense of urgency} \)

**Video Cue #3**

***Screen Dance***

\( \text{=69, With a sense of urgency} \)
Young man stepped out

Young man stepped out

Black suit red tie hair swept back
Young man stepped
Vln. II

Vla.

Ob.

Cb.

Vc.

Cl.

Fl.

B.

T.

¢

°

™

œ

#

˙

™

‰

œ

191

192

193

194

out

black

suit

red

tie

hair

swipe

187

188

189

190

back

Young

man

stepped

a little sweeter here

a little sweeter here

...
SLOWLY AND DESCENDING, DANCER LEAVES FRAME, DON'T GO ON UNTIL NEXT IMAGE APPEARS

molto rit

Young man stepped out black suit red tie hair swept back.

molto rit

Young man stepped out black suit red tie hair swept back.
Young man stepped out
Black cad - i - lace pulled up and a young man stepped out.

Red tie hair swept back Young man stepped out black suit.
A young man stepped out.

B He

cioned us crazily.

A

C

V

B

Vln. B

Vln. F

Vsn.

Vc.

Bass

when

B

Vln. F

Vln. B

V

B

Vsn.

Vc.

Bass

he

A

C

V

B

Vln. F

Vln. B

V

B

Vsn.

Vc.

Bass

b

out

black suit red tie hair swept back Young

out black suit red tie hair swept back Young
V. Interlude

Gradually build beat over next 8 bars, follow soprano soloist.
People outside the country have this idea that Palestine is always at war, that there are always clashes, that we are without work... But we aren’t like this. At our roots, we can survive off very little, the smallest things make us happy, the smallest things bring us joy. The media is always reporting on ‘clashes’ But in the end, what God has written will be.

Video Cue #4: Cellist holds until end of video cue, after Waed says “but in the end, what God has written will be.”
VI. What God has written will be

\( \text{d} = 80 \)

*Waed stops speaking before soprano soloist enters*

**Video**

**Flute**

**Oboe**

**Clarinet in Bb**

**Bassoon**

**Doumbek**

**Marimba**

**Piano**

**Soprano**

**Alto**

**Tenor**

**Bass**

**Violin I**

**Violin II**

**Viola**

**Violoncello**

**Contrabass**

**Resigned, but hopeful**

**Tenderly**

*Resigned, but hopeful*

*What God has written will be*
What God has written will be
Solo, improvise in folkloric style of choice

Ah.
What God has written will be
What God has written will be
What God has written will be
What God has written will be
A tempo

What God has written will be

pp
What God has written will be.
WAILING, PAINED
gradually shift from open "ah" to soft humming

Senza tempo, prestissimo possibile
**Largo** still, reflective

Singers should echo each other in the same way the call to prayer echoes itself from each minaret across a city. Tempo and dynamics are freely interpreted by the singers, as they respond to each other.

Video cue #5
On November 25, 2015, Waed's friend and classmate, 16-year old Ibrahim Abdul Halim Darwood was shot in the heart.

Violin should drop out before the final fermata of the singers

Viola drops out with end of third fermata, cello in the middle of the final phrase
Video Cue #6

The pianist should play these figures until the man is on his back in the next frame.
The cellist should hold until he is lying on his back.

Silence while waiting for the figure to fade into white.