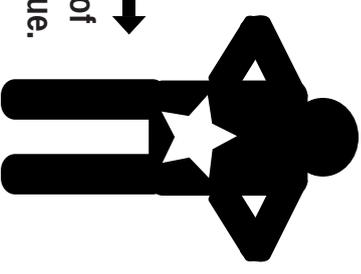


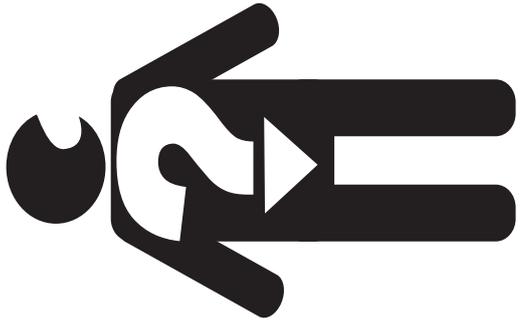
the new worker's songbook  
songwriters' workbook  
for new worksongs!



But eventually I connect to a place of  
inner strength and am able to continue.



The thought makes me feel wispy  
and unworthy and makes me  
question my identity.



the new worker's songbook  
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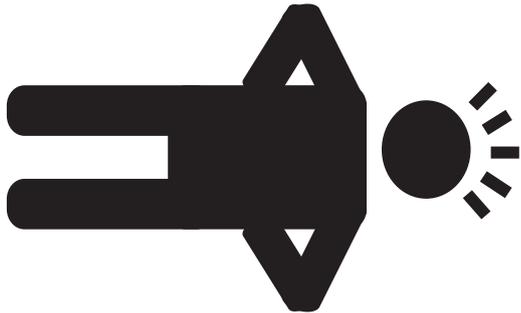
Herein I succumb to a momentary feeling of doubt.



What gives me the right to try and represent workers in  
the complex 21st Century?

**Yes! I do want to write and sing  
a song! A workers' song!**

**A workers' song that feels  
fresh and new and now!**



Written and illustrated by Tor Lukasik-Foss  
[www.torlukasikfoss.com](http://www.torlukasikfoss.com)

A commission / collaboration with DodoLab  
[www.dodolab.ca](http://www.dodolab.ca)

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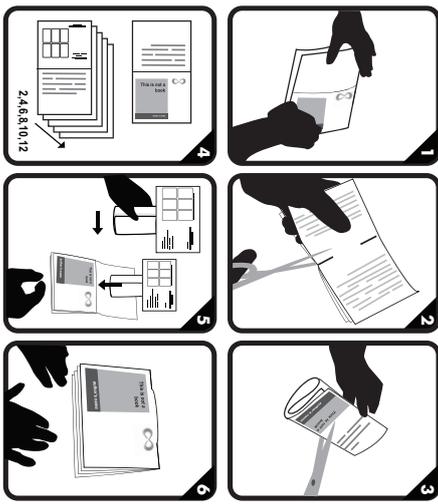
**The New Worker's Songbook  
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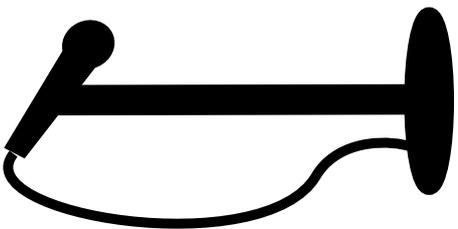
Tor Lukasik-Foss with Dodolab

Written and illustrated by Tor Lukasik-Foss  
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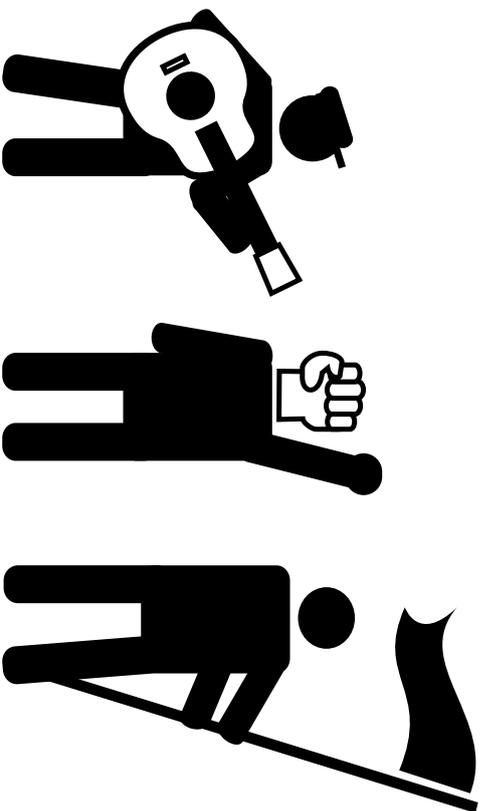


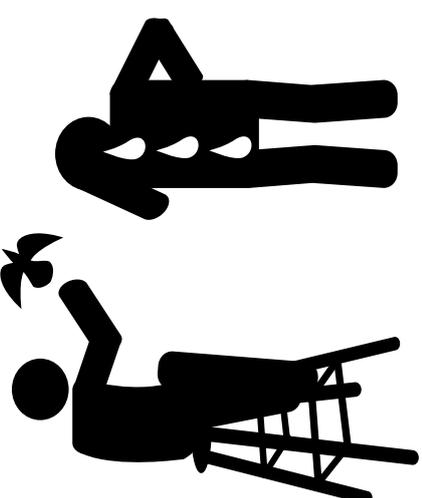
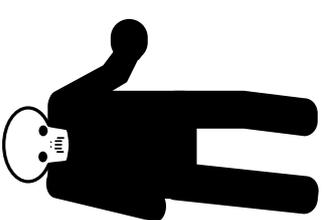


I do not wait to collect  
accolades. I do not bow.  
I leave the stage knowing  
that my quick departure is  
both a sign of my great  
humility but also a tribute to  
workers everywhere.

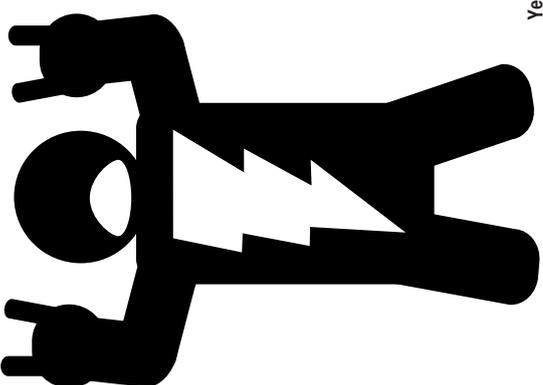
And indeed, I have just done some good work.

But what kind of worksong singer am I?





Yes, I confess I do feel a little god-like at this moment.



And then, just because I can, I sing the chorus one last time . It has been burned into my brain at this point, and I have no reason not to go completely over the top in my delivery.

The song is finished. There is one of those palpable silences which usually occur after a great thing has happened.

It is positively electric.

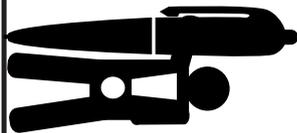
It hurts a little, but it is well worth it.



This time, the chorus emerges from me plaintively, as if the very blood from my own heart is pumping into the hearts of my listeners.

Be pithy! Be angry! Be succinct! Be honest!

Four horizontal lines for writing.



Nevertheless! I will now fetch my writing implement and begin!  
If there's one transferrable truth I've learned from the work I've done it's this:

Again I re-write my chorus on these lines with a slight variation in the lyrics, some slight change signalling both the imminent conclusion of the song and my own re-invigorated understanding of it.

Five horizontal lines for writing.

Good! Now I must roll this sentence around over and over again in my mouth, coaxing out its inner musicality, feeling its possibilities as both a chorus and primary melodic hook. I am so dedicated that I repeat this sentence at least five times, five different ways:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

This is what we worksong singers call rehearsing!

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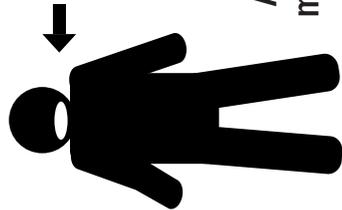
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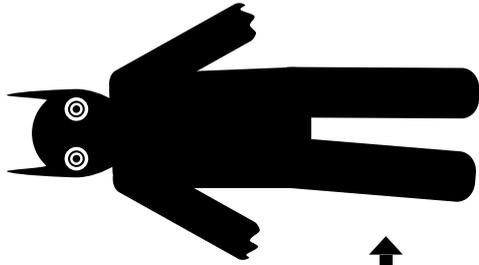
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I am now so in the zone that I write a first verse, identifying who I am, and the kind of work I do, or will do, or have done in the past.



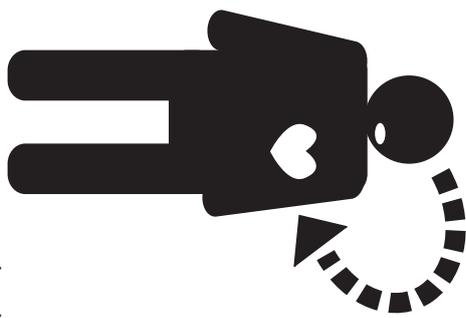
I sing these initial lyrics in a lowish, powerful, perhaps even sombre tone.



As I sing, I choose one member of my audience and stare at them with the eyes of the wolf. →

Wolf eyes will instantly win me many admirers.

I use doubt's shadow to darken my delivery: it makes me very sexy.



I look inward as I sing. I don't know if I have ever been so vulnerable or so real.

For my third and final verse, I draw from my poetic depths and describe either a dream or nightmare which tackles my feelings towards my work, hinting at the potential for this dream/nightmare to become real.

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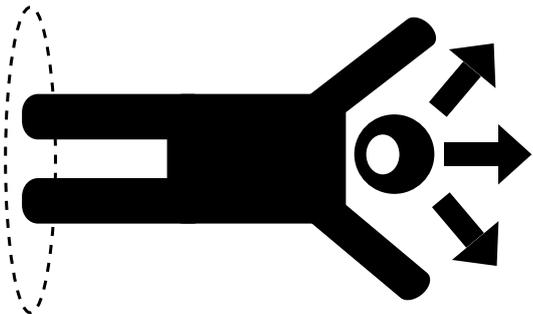
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Yes, I am lying to myself: I know doubt's shadow at my feet.

My voice feels thunderous.  
 My connection to the audience  
 has been forged.  
 I am sure they can feel  
 the truth of my words!

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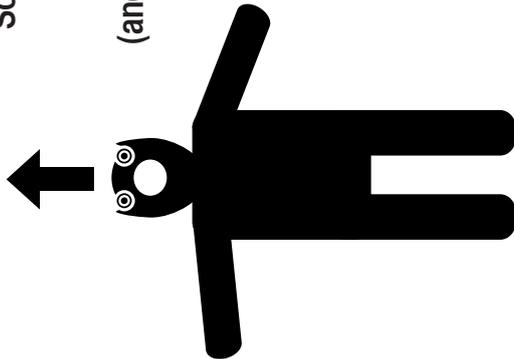
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I plunge right into the second, more profound verse. I write about things that are either very good or very bad about my job, and go so far as to confess the one thing I most zealously hope for regarding my work:

So strongly do I feel about these words, that I sing them with an escalating sense of : (and I choose one of the following)

- a) volume
- b) melodic flourish
- c) dramatic quaver



I point my wolf eyes towards the heavens.

So I re-write my chorus on these lines and I sing them again. Singing makes me believe! It fills me with unusual resolve!

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