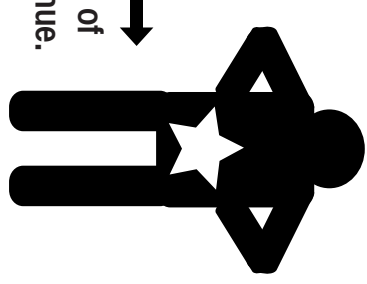
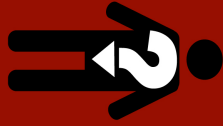


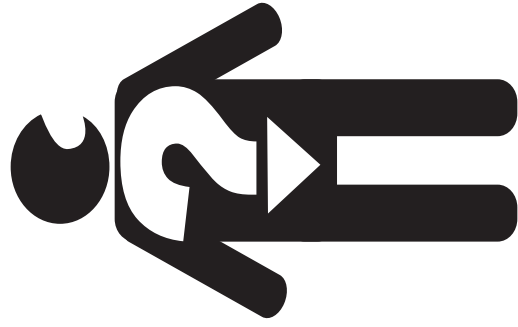
the new worker's songbook
songwriters' workbook
for new worksongs!



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
songwriters' workbook
for new worksongs!

Herein I succumb to a momentary feeling of doubt.



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



Written and illustrated by Tor Lukasik-Foss
www.torlukasikfoss.com

A commission / collaboration with Dodolab
www.dodolab.ca

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

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



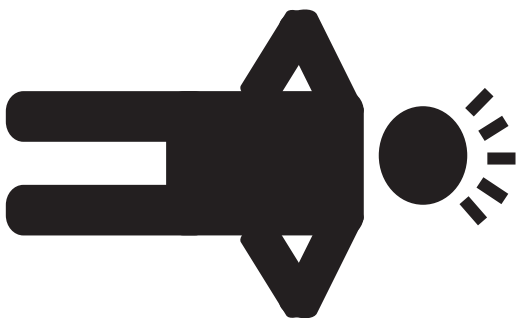
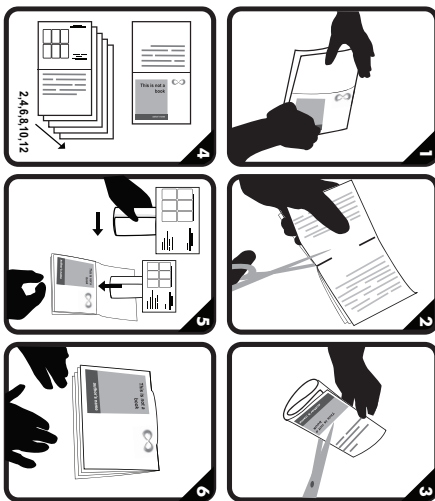
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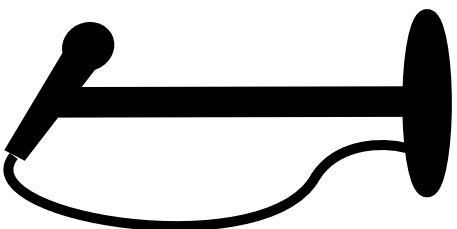
Tor Lukasik-Foss with Dodolab

Written and illustrated by Tor Lukasik-Foss
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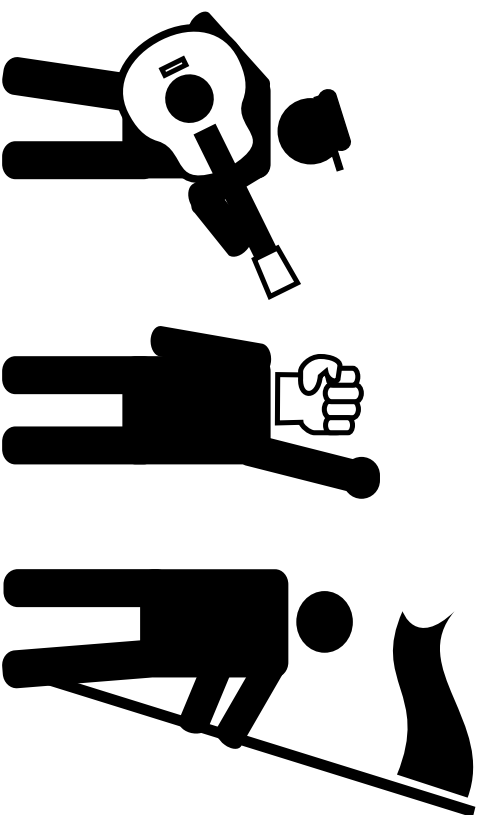


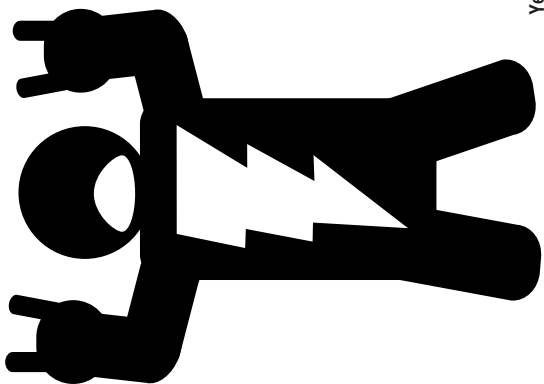


But what kind of worksong singer am I?

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.

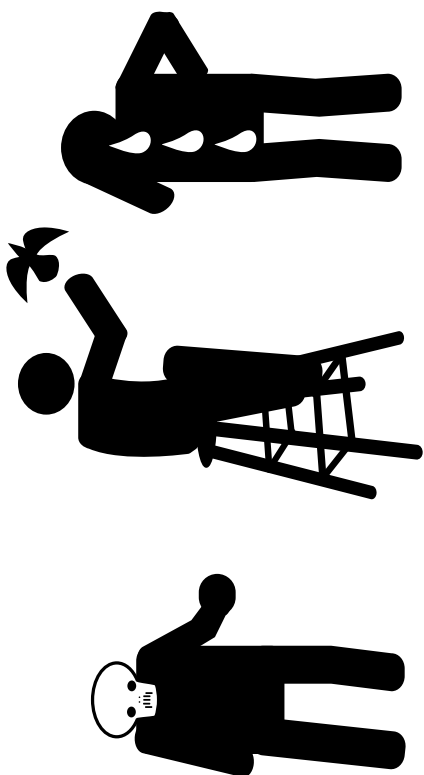
And indeed, I have just done some good work.





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.

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



Perhaps more importantly,
what kind of worksong singer am I not??

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

It is positively electric.

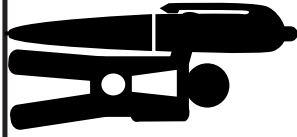
It hurts a little, but it is well worth it.



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:

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:

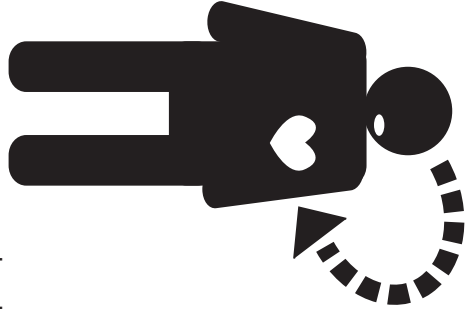
- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

This is what we worksong singers call rehearsing!

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.

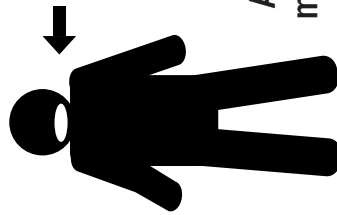
I use doubt's shadow to darken my delivery; it makes me very sexy.



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

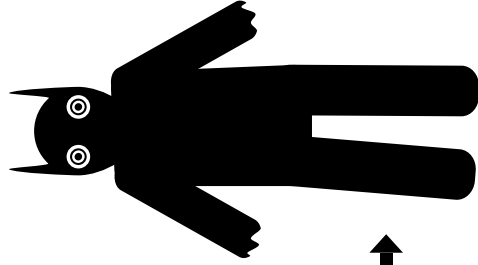
For my third and final verse, I draw from my poetic depths
and describe either a dream or nightmare which tackles
my feelings towards my work, hinting at the potential for
this dream/nightmare to become real.

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.

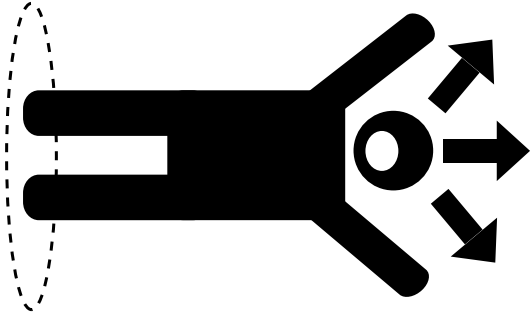


I sing these initial
lyrics in a lowish,
powerful, perhaps
even sombre tone.

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.



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

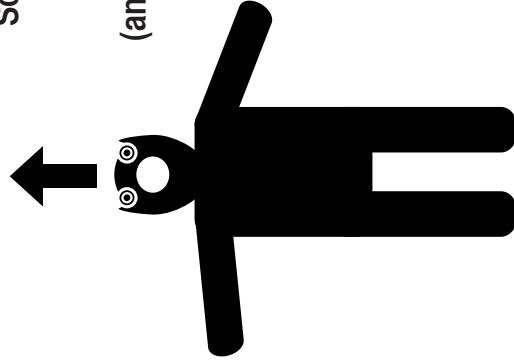
My voice feels thunderous,
My connection to the audience
has been forged.
I am sure they can feel
the truth of my words!

Five horizontal lines for writing.

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!

Five horizontal lines for writing.