

# in the ink dark

*These are some words to wander with  
as part of In the Ink Dark a project  
from Luke Pell and collaborators*

**JASSY EARL & CHLÖE SMITH,**

**PODCAST 7 TRANSCRIPT**

**REMEMBERING - A CONVERSATION - A FRIENDSHIP**

**MAY 2019**

“ The outline of it, to trace, I'm worried I have forgotten you.

Jassy's fringe framing her eyes between the bubblewrap. I sink in, sink under it, in it.

How much of you do I know? I don't know if I can remember your voice. Really remember it.

I can't remember the crease of your elbow, but I know how a necklace balances on Chloe's collarbone.

To trace it back. Your life. Those years I missed.

There are edges to where you were. There is an outline but time has rubbed out the colour.

I feel my way through. Murky, opaque, unclear.

January 11th, 2017

Hi Chloë,

I lost my Dad the day before New Years Eve, and we're currently in that limbo between his death and his funeral. It's pretty hard to grasp the reality of it or find something concrete to hold onto with it, and the action of pummelling away at something just to get through is ringing so true just now. It's a feeling of detachment and a void and incomprehensibility I can't put my finger on. I want to sit still and simultaneously run away. I split up with my longterm boyfriend in August, and it's a double bout of grief. It feels twofold, and so familiar and I don't know what the correlation is there.

It's so true how people don't really know how to approach you, but know that they need to. But there's such a lack of comprehension about what to do around death and bereavement. Its still all so fresh right now, but I thought I would reach out to let you know that you came to mind. Meeting you, strangely feels like an act of preparation, now.

Best wishes,  
Jassy

January 31st 2017

Hi Jassy,

I am so sorry you lost your Dad. Grief is weird and all consuming and makes time move in odd ways. I hope that you've had times of happiness in what is a fucking tough time. I know that feeling of wanting to be still and wanting to move, I did a lot of moving in those early times, I think it kept me going, but my sister just wanted stillness and I see that need too. I wanted time to move slowly at the beginning so I could just sink into the sadness, I can't quite believe that it is almost two years on for me.

Do you have lots of support around you? I am imagining you do and I hope that's the case. The ability for people to stand with you in these hard times is tricky but so necessary.

My mind and conversation often turns to grief and bereavement these days, I find myself talking to people about it all the time, I think this honest conversation is important and should happen more. There is also comfort in talking to people who are grieving.

Your friend in love and grief.  
Chloë x

August 1st 2017

Hi Chloë,

It was nice to revisit this email just now, and I'm sorry I didn't reply at the time. I feel like my mind and memory has been so odd in the past six months.

I am finding more and more turning to people who have experienced it and I'm definitely finding that it just goes on and on, and moves and becomes many different things and permeates through everything in a really confusing way.

I often think of you and your grief, so thank-you for being a friend in that and I hope you are still finding ways through.

Jassy x

There are so many tiny things that we never really think about until they are gone. So many things that make up a person that simply cannot be told with words. All of these moments feel insubstantial, unimportant, yet they are the moments that made up our everyday lives. There are many ways to sum up you and your life, but none of them will ever say it all, they can't. There are no words that will replace you and no words that will fill this void all our lives now contain.

I am seeing you more clearly in what I remember, and the memories which are sticking. I don't know if I can remember what you look like anymore. The last photo I took of you was in your chair reaching across to Darcie when she was three years old. I can see you in my sisters face and my Mum's voice.

Memories which I thought I had forgot are finding their way back to me when I least expect it. I'm forgetting you in some ways, and remembering you in others.

When I think of you now the first memory that appears is always that image. I wonder when that will change. Will it ever?

Seeing you press your face against the window watching the bin men come up the hill.

**Seeing you wait in the hallway to look in on me when you woke up and hearing your trousers brush together as you went down the stairs, farting as you went down them.**

What was your favourite food? Stealing peppers as mum chopped them. Custard. Your favourite food was custard. Turning around at the table and looking back to find that you've eaten my slice of pizza.

**Watching you wipe your plate with bread and butter at the end of every meal.**

Partying at Gary's, my phone ringing, realising everyone had gone home, being wrapped in blankets, being given lucozade because I don't drink tea, sitting, then pacing, then sitting, Walking out into an empty street at 6am on Easter Sunday. The streetlights glowing through the fog. Knowing nothing would ever be the same.

**Walking into the dark, on an island I don't know, howling, and not being scared of the dark anymore.**

Spending the night with the two of you again, 4 years on, in a different flat, one street away. Drinking too much wine and crying. feeling grateful for you then, feeling grateful for you now.

**Moving house, and it feeling empty. I rang you because I thought going away and coming back would feel better, but it didn't. And I wanted to feel less empty, and the house to be full.**

You rang me whilst I was walking up park street, I was almost at college green, we spoke about grief and its physical locations.

**Orange hair. Blue sky.**

Your blonde hair against the golden sand.

Jumping, squishing, getting under, curling up. Pop pop pop pop pop pop pop. A blanket, soft, comfort, toes, hands. Holding hands through it.

**We are friends in a boat. We are at sea, amongst waves.  
We are balanced on top or hiding.  
We are dancing.**

## Biographies

**Chloë Smith** is an interdisciplinary artist working with dance, theatre, film and performance. Often working intergenerationally and with non-professional performers, Chloë seeks to bring people together and begin conversations through her work. She is interested in notions of honesty, intimacy, softness and community, and often draws on her own lived experiences.

Based between North Northumberland and the Scottish Borders, Chloë draws influence from the local coastline and hills and finds great inspiration from swimming in the sea all year round.

**Jassy Earl** is a multi-disciplinary artist working with photography, film, visual art and performance.

Jassy's practice across all disciplines is visually centred around a tactile and sensory aesthetic. She seeks to give voice to experiences which are felt and imagined. Jassy is interested in finding the universal in the specific; in detail, time, texture, thought, memory and landscape, and to consider where and how this meshwork of being, both as a human, and as an artist is formed, listened to and shared.

**'Am I grieving now? Am I grieving, now? Am I grieving? Now?'**

**Holding It Together** is both a performance and a conversation. Using movement, text and lots of bubble wrap Jassy Earl and Chloë Smith invite audiences to explore their independent but shared experiences of grief and what connects them.

Performance Dates:

Thursday 30th May 7pm, Platform, Easterhouse, Glasgow

Friday 31st May 7pm, Platform, Easterhouse, Glasgow

Saturday 1st June 2pm, Platform, Easterhouse, Glasgow

Tickets: [platform-online.co.uk/whats-on/event/573](https://platform-online.co.uk/whats-on/event/573)

Website: [holdingittogether.org](https://holdingittogether.org)

Social Media:

**#HoldingGrief #BreathOfRelease**

**@mh\_arts**

Twitter **@jassyearl**

Instagram **@chloesmithartist @jassyearlphoto**