

Cry Me A River (A Hamilton) sung by Julie London

Welcome and thanks by Ben Bacon

Reading by Julie Carr

I have never needed to search for a Muse. The Muse is usually a piece of narcissistic nonsense in female form. Or at least that's what most men's poetry reveals. I would rather a democratic version of the Muse, a comrade, a friend, a travelling companion, someone to shoulder, someone to share the cost of this long painful journey. Thus the Muse functions as collaborator, sometimes as antagonist, the one who is like you, the other over against you. Am I being too idealistic?

from Hallucinating Language by Patricia Duncker  
(Serpent's Tail, 1996)

This reading was chosen from the page of Other Voices that Marie had on her

## In Memory of Marie Nally 1955 - 1998.

21st of July 1998

Reading by Nina Pope

How do you cry online?  
Silently, wordlessly, tearlessly  
I go to <http://www.casynet.co.uk/away/>  
There it is: "Last updated 6 July 1998 Marie Nally"  
I carry on  
No, I'll read - a mystery. "Of yes, Amanda Cross - I quite liked them"  
Is there anything you hadn't read?  
Can't read - head out - stop at the second hand store  
Try on "Marie" dress - it would have looked smashing on you  
All wrong on me - but that is the point, isn't it? (wasn't it  
it was our differences, our contrasts that were the substance  
How often did I miss the point  
And you got it, quickly. Waiting generously for others.  
To the bookstore to buy the latest book you recommended.  
Music fill heart, wine - it's been years since we shared and compared.  
Yet my tastes - and judgments of others' tastes are rooted with you.  
People complain about the best wave - it's nothing.  
Balm by Baltimore standards  
"You look sad", my twelve-year-old notes.

2nd  
Yes

How do you cry online?

extract from an email sent shortly after Marie's death by Martha McGowan  
<deq@web.net> to all Marie's friends on her email list.

***Cry Me A River* (A Hamilton) sung by Julie London**

**Welcome and thanks by Ben Bacon**

**Reading by Julie Carr**

I have never needed to search for a Muse. The Muse is usually a piece of narcissistic nonsense in female form. Or at least that's what most men's poetry reveals. I would rather a democratic version of the Muse, a comrade, a friend, a travelling companion, shoulder to shoulder, someone to share the cost of this long, painful journey. Thus the Muse functions as collaborator, sometimes as antagonist, the one who is like you, the other over against you. Am I being too idealistic?

from *Hallucinating Foucault* by Patricia Duncker  
(Serpent's Tail, 1996)

This reading was chosen from the page of *Other Voices* that Marie had on her *Crisis Cafe* web pages: <http://dSPACE.dial.pipex.com/m.nally/crisis.htm>  
Marie met Patricia Duncker last year at the launch of *Cancer Through the Eyes of Ten Women* (which she had edited with Vicky Wilson).

**Reading by Nina Pope**

How do you cry online?

Silently, wordlessly, tearlessly

I go to <http://www.easynet.co.uk/aware/>

There it is: "Last updated 6 July 1998 Marie Nally"

I carry on

No, I'll read - a mystery, "Oh, yes, Amanda Cross - I quite liked them"

Is there anything you hadn't read?

Can't read - head out - stop at the second hand store

Try on "Marie" dress - it would have looked smashing on you

All wrong on me - but that is the point, isn't (wasn't) it

It was our differences, our contrasts that were the substance

How often did I miss the point

And you got it, quickly. Waiting generously for others.

To the bookstore to buy the latest book you recommended.

Music, film, beer, wine - it's been years since we shared and compared.

Yet my tastes - and judgements of others' tastes are rooted with you.

People complain about the heat wave - it's nothing.

Balmy by Baltimore standards

"You look sad", my twelve-year-old notes.

Sad

Yes

How do you cry online?

extract from an email sent shortly after Marie's death by Martha McGloin  
<leaps@web.net> to all Maire's friends on her email list.

**Reading by Phil Jones** (chosen by Ben Bacon)

*Distances*

Swifts turn in the heights of the air;  
higher still turn the invisible stars.  
When day withdraws to the ends of the earth  
their fires shine on a dark expanse of sand.

We live in a world of motion and distance.  
The heart flies from tree to bird,  
from bird to distant star,  
from star to love; and love grows  
in the quiet house, turning and working,  
servant of thought, a lamp held in one hand.

Philippe Jaccottet

Translated by Derek Mahon.

**Reading by Robert Nally** (chosen by Marie's Family)

Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away into the next room.  
I am I and you are you.  
Whatever we were to each other that we are still.  
Call me by my old familiar name, speak to me  
in the easy way which you always used.  
Put no difference into your tone;  
wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.  
Laugh as we always laughed at the  
little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household  
word that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effort,  
without the ghost of a shadow on it.  
Life means all that it ever meant.  
It is the same as it ever was; there is  
absolutely unbroken continuity.  
What is this death but a negligible accident?  
Why should I be out of mind  
because I am out of sight?  
I am waiting for you for an interval,  
somewhere very near, just around the corner.  
All is well.

**Reading by Rory Hamilton**

(chosen by Paul Welsh).

*London to Edinburgh.*

I'm waiting for the moment  
when the train crosses the Border  
and home creeps closer  
at seventy miles an hour.

I dismiss the last four days  
and their friendly strangers  
Into the past  
that grows bigger every minute.

The train sounds urgent as I am,  
it says home and home and home  
I light a cigarette  
and sit smiling in the corner.

Scotland, I rush towards you  
into my future that,  
every minute,  
grows smaller and smaller.

Norman MacCaig  
(with thanks to the Scottish Poetry Library)

**Extract from *Four Last Songs* - Richard Strauss, sung by Jesse Norman.**

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Some people have asked about making a donation to a Breast Cancer related charity in memory of Marie. If you would like to do so I suggest that you look on the UK Breast Cancer Awareness web site that Marie ran for guidelines.

Website address:

<http://www.easynet.co.uk/aware/index.htm>

I would suggest either the Women's Environmental Network (WEN) or a charity that directly helps women actually living with breast cancer. WEN can be contacted at: 87 Worship Street, London, EC2A 2BE.

Phone: 0171 247 3327/9924 or E-mail: [wenuk@gn.apc.org](mailto:wenuk@gn.apc.org).

If you knew Marie from her time with Edinburgh Direct Aid and would like to make a contribution to them the contact information is:

Edinburgh Direct Aid, 9 - 13 Beaverbank Place, Edinburgh EH7 5TQ. Scotland.

Phone: +44 131 557 8513 or E-mail: [eda.bosnia@ukonline.co.uk](mailto:eda.bosnia@ukonline.co.uk)

Nina Pope