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ORBIT – A WAR SERIES

Space oratorio for AI Voice Clones and 3D audio

Chapters:

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I should probably say now that this is a talk you might not want to listen to. People often ask me: “What is the hardest thing about your job as a war correspondent?” I tell them it's not the danger or the discomfort or waiting for dodgy planes in airports that never come. It is the feeling of powerlessness when you hear people confide in you such terrible stories and nothing changes. Rape in war has always happened. Why is it happening so much?

It's the cheapest weapon known to man. As one militia said to me. It's cheaper than the price of a Kalashnikov bullet. It's also extremely effective. If you want to terrorize the people and drive them out of a village, raping the women and girls … works. Over more than 20 years of its existence, the International Criminal Court has only convicted one person successfully for rape in war. Rape in war, as people kept telling me, is nothing new. The first written West in history by Herodotus starts with the abduction of women by Phoenicians, then by Greeks, and then by Trojans, who snatched Helen of Troy. From those ancient Greeks and Romans and Persians to the women taken by the Imperial Japanese Army in the Second World War, known as comfort women and the German women raped by Soviet soldiers during the liberation of Berlin. Tens of thousands of women around the world seeing their bodies used as a battlefield. As we speak here today, women in
the Tigray region of Ethiopia are being raped. Women in detention centres in Belarus, protesters who have been arrested being sexually violated. As are migrants in Libyan detention centres and also Uyghur people in the internment camps in Xinjiang. In 2014, you might remember a group of schoolgirls were abducted from their school dormitory in the middle of the night in a small town called Chibok in northern Nigeria. It made headlines all over the world for a few weeks. But when I went to investigate and travel through the region, I found that was just the tip of the iceberg. Tens of thousands of girls and women, sometimes as young as 12, had been taken by Boko Haram fighters. I met some of them in a camp. They told me of how they'd been taken by the fighters, forced to be their bushwives, and then, when they'd been rescued by Nigerian soldiers, they had been raped again. Now they were in camps, ostracized because their own families and communities wouldn't take them back. As we all know, rape is the one crime where the victim is often made to feel shame, or as if they did something wrong.

There is so much evil that sometimes I felt that I had to stop, take a breath, look at a tree, and remember that there is calm and beauty in this world. Surely, surely the least we can do is listen to those brave women and girls and share those stories and make sure that the history of women in war is no longer a history of silence and that war rape is no longer the world's most neglected war crime.
Voice clone

According to world record statistics, men jump on average 1.40m further than women in the long jump, and about 40cm higher in the high jump. In the 100m race men are about 1 second faster, in the 1500m race it is 26 seconds. In the 50m breaststroke, women are 3 seconds slower. Men can lift 40kg heavier weights in the snatch and clean and jerk, in the total they are superior to women with a lifting difference of over 70kg.
Skavlan
(moderator of the eponymous Scandinavia’s biggest talk show)

Äh..you..you..tell...äh...a story about...äh...Congo... which is...äh..w...w...to many...ähm...new! They... they...they don’t know what’s happening down there. Äh...but what...what is happening is that, they use...äh...rape as a weapon. Äh...an...why is that. W..Why is that happening?"

Denis Mukwege / Voice clone
(Nobel Peace Prize laureate and chief surgeon of Panzi Hospital in Bukavu (DR Congo), a hospital for victims of sexual violence)

Rape as a weapon is even more effective than all the classic weapons that we have. Because, when you can just see the impact of rape in a community...is to destroy all the family and to destroy the social fabric of the community, to reduce demography of population to destroy the economy –
Voice clone choir I

My trauma is as
Precious
As gold
Holy
As diamonds
Glittering
As silver
Cosmic
As uranium

Voice clone choir II

My name is A. My name is B.
My name is C. My name is.

My boy is 4. My name is D.
My girl is ten. My man is.

My age is E. My age is F.
My mom is left, my dad is.

My name is G, I had to leave,
my husband left, oh she is.

Whisper choir

Violence objectifies everyone who suffers it.

We are the voices that became objects.

We are the clones of monstrosity.
My girl is 9, I’m cutting H, my age is I, oh this is.

We orbit infinity and tell our stories.

My girl is 9, I’m cutting H, my age is I, oh this is.

We are trauma, we are pain.

My name is J, I’m female K, my grandma dad pa love this.

We are strength, we are empowerment.

I’m cutting wood, my sister’s L, my brother’s m, my n is.

We are posthuman.

My O is great, my pain is P, my Q is R, my S is.

We are immortal.

My uncle T, my brother U, your mom is V, as we are

If we can overcome shame

We live in X, believe in Y, oh Y is dad is dead is…

So can you.

We are immortal.

My nephew 12, I’m 20 years, they came at 2 and asked where Z is

Violence objectifies everyone who suffers it.

We are immortal.
My A is great, my pain is B, my husband left, my trauma is as

Voice clone choir 1

My trauma is as

Precious

As gold

Holy

As diamonds

Glittering

As silver

Cosmic

As uranium

Denis Mukwege

Je m’appelle Denis Mukwege.
Je viens d’un des pays les plus riches de la planète.

Voice clone

My name is Denis Mukwege. I come from one of the richest countries on the planet.
My name is

I prefer, to be a machine

Of myself.

My trauma is as Precious

As gold

Holy

Yet, the people of my country are among the poorest of the world.

Pourtant, le peuple de mon pays est parmi les plus pauvres du monde.

La réalité troublante est que l’abondance de nos ressources naturelles – or, coltan, cobalt et autres minerais stratégiques – alimente la guerre, source de la violence extrême et de la pauvreté abjecte au Congo.
The troubling reality is that the abundance of our natural resources – gold, coltan, cobalt and other strategic minerals – is the root cause of war, extreme violence and abject poverty in the DRC.

I prefer, to be a machine
Of myself.

I prefer, to be a machine
Of myself.

My trauma is as
Precious
As gold

Holy

My husband left when he
Heard that I’d been raped

They said I was just
Having sex with the rebels
She’s carrying the rebels baby

**Voice clone**

As diamonds
Glittering
As silver
Cosmic
As uranium.

**Voice clone**

Goodbye body,
hello immortality!
This is the sound of the Pacific Ocean at Antarctica…
Now, we’re flying over melting icebergs. This is the sound of melting icebergs....

You are now entering the protective Orbit. A shelter in Space. A place of power creation, a tribute to birth, to self-empowerment and the Unborn Life. Shelter ON.
In October 2020, the Constitutional Tribunal in Poland issued a ruling that effectively banned abortion in most cases. The ruling declared that abortions in cases of fetal abnormalities, one of the most common reasons for legal abortion in Poland, were unconstitutional. Under the new ruling, abortion in Poland was allowed only in cases of a threat to the life of the pregnant person or when pregnancy resulted from a criminal act (e.g., rape or incest).
6. PEOPLE UNITED / Iran

Field recordings


Hiz toi harze toi, zane azadeh manam - You are philanderer, you are the slut, I am the free woman

Mijangim, mimirim, Iran o pass migirim - We will fight, we will die, we will take back Iran

Marg bar diktator - Death to the dictator

Voice clone

The 16-year-old Iranian girl Nika Schakarmi supported the protests in Iran against the killing of Jina Mahsa Amini and was herself murdered by regime forces. Her friends, who were with her during the protests, say Nika continued to chant slogans ceaselessly. She was fearless.
Text based on testimonials by so called “Comfort Woman”, girls and women who were forcibly prostituted for the Japanese military’s comfort stations during World War II. The majority of the victims – about 40% of the comfort women – originated from Japan, as well as from Korea, Taiwan, and the occupied territories such as Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, and China. As a result of social stigma and the resulting shame of the survivors, it was not until over 50 years later that a public confrontation took place in the form of a privately organized “Tokyo Tribunal”. To this day, survivors and subsequent generations continue to struggle for recognition, dignity and compensation.
What is right
In war
What is left
In war
Good work
They said
Bring your friend

They said

Save Dad
They said
Earn money,
Help mum

Don’t ask
They said
Don’t be
Afraid

Get on.
They said.
Give up.
They thought.

Di-chloro-phenyl-
Tri-chloro-ethane?
Di-chloro-phenyl-
Tri-chloro-ethane?

Field Recordings
89 years old Korean Comfort Woman Activist “I will fight till the end” (Korean)
in war
what is left
in war.
What is right
in war
what is left
in war.
What is right
in war
what is left
in war.

Who’s afraid of STDs?
Of Veneral disease?
The soldier’s not!
Cause he believes,
He’s dying anyway.
Oh please!
The bloody inside
Turned inside out
Forced to abort

It’s for a good cause -
Keep the rape in check
They said.
VD? Control the spread
They said.
Awake the fighting mind
They said.
Satisfied fights better.

Dad?

Drug me soldier,
Glistening light
he keeps me warm, he holds
me tight.
My father, my father, he’s clutching my arm!
Erl King has done me a painful harm!
My child, my child,
Of course, I see, don’t be afraid
It’s just a misty cloud,
a nightshade
out
on the battlefield

Di-chloro-phenyl-
Tri-chloro-ethane?
They took me by truck, by ship, by train

Their heavy arms on my lightweight
With thirteen, fifteen, arsphenamine
No chance to escape

With seventeen, nineteen, give me morphine
My body – a snapshot,
My mind – a crackpot
Drug me soldier,

Glistening light
two or twenty
Six or sixty
Six-Zero-Six
My voice - infinity
Per night.
My father, my father, he’s clutching my arm!
Erl King has done me a painful harm!
My child, my child,
Of course, I see, don’t be afraid
It’s just a misty cloud,
a nightshade out on the battlefield

What is called life.
What is called law
In war.
What is called life.
What is called law
In war.
What is called life.
What is called law
In war.
What is called life.
What is called law
In war.