



TEMPER-MENTAL
miscellaneous



"There is nothing pastel about Elayne."

That's how my mother put it. And looking at the bold colour palette of my anthology, she's right. Red, black, and white mark the launch of this first album; yellow, blue, and green will follow. Nothing muted. Nothing half-hearted.

At the launch of *Temperamental Miscellaneous*, my mother took the mic and, in her own way, painted a picture of me—not just as an artist, but as a person. She spoke of my father's influence as a musician and lyricist, but also of her own as a trade unionist. She made it clear she wasn't claiming credit, though—"I'm not one of those people who say, 'I'm so proud of my child.'"

She did crack a few jokes along the way. One at my expense. She accused me of listening to Boyzone, and I objected immediately, asserting that I was a Maggot (a Slipknot fan), not a Teenybopper! (While other eleven-year-old girls memorised Spice Girls dance routines, I was analysing Corey Taylor's lyrics, spitting *Spit It Out* word for word, and deconstructing the fusion of rap and nu-metal via Limp Bizkit's *Three Dollar Bill, Y'all*.)

Then she spoke about *Proletarian Restitution*—and not just because it summed up what I stand for but because she had chosen it. Philomena got first dibs on what song to excerpt and recite, and this was her pick. It wasn't just a song to her. *Prole* is rooted in everything she had fought for—workers' rights, trade unionism, the dignity of the working class. It spoke to the culture we came from, the resilience, the solidarity, and the struggle. When she read those lines aloud, they carried not just my voice, but hers, and the generations before us who refused to be erased.

Now displayed in the white cube gallery, the lyrics have been blown up—stark and immense against the raw, plain walls. In that setting, stripped of melody, they read like a manifesto—direct, unflinching, an assertion of class consciousness and historical reckoning.

Mammy spoke about me as the child I was, growing into a teen and young adult coming into the world of The Arts. She referred to my relationship with those who have gone before me and how I have always been attuned to others' needs, that I adapt and cooperate, that I don't do things in half-measures and that I always take others along the path with me. She shared how she recognises that I value the influence and support of others and, in turn, engage in the art of reciprocity with my family, my students, my peers, coworkers, collaborators, and my community. How what is passed on to me, I desire to share. How I value respect and dignity for all. And even dedicating the album to the memory of Frank Murray was a mark of my character. She drew attention to the love and value of my elders, about my late grandfather—her father—who passed his faith down to me.

Pointing to the *Proletarian Restitution* album sleeve lyric display, she explained how I had asked my cousin, artist and designer Jen Harrington, to depict the cross I now wear around my neck, having belonged to my grandfather. It's more than an object; it's a lineage, a reminder of who I come from and where I'm headed. My mother told the crowd what she admired most about me—my faith. Faith, for me, is not an accessory. It's central. As my grandfather did, I look not only at the past but also towards eternity.

That night, *Proletarian Restitution* was no longer just a song. It became a shared act of remembrance and defiance. The lines my mother chose to emphasise hit differently coming from her, shaped by her own experience, her own fights. Her voice gave weight to words I had written, bridging generations.

This was why I didn't want the night to be just another gig. I didn't

just want to rap these tracks, go through the motions of performance. I wanted something else—something immersive. That's why I had different people read excerpts from the ten songs on this album. It wasn't about hearing my voice alone; it was about hearing the echoes of history, struggle, and solidarity in many voices.

This album is not just a collection of tracks. It's a document of where I've been, what I've seen, what I refuse to let go unspoken. It's an anthology, but it's also a foundation—one that will continue to build.

Nothing pastel. Nothing muted. Nothing half-hearted. Thanks for the words and sentiments, Mam.

#TemperMentalMissElayneous #ProletarianRestitution
#TemperamentalMiscellaneous #IrishHipHop #SpokenWord
#Faith #WorkingClassArt #FrankMurray #FinglasRoots
#FluxStudios #IrishPoetryArchive #Legacy #Solidarity
#TradeUnionist #PhilomenaHarrington