

*tom's requiem*  
performed october 26  
wagga wagga art gallery



*i am stretched on your grave / i will lie here forever  
anon. trans. frank o'connor*

*today you will be watching me tend to the 'body' of tom castro. as i cleanse his  
hat and apron, i will break them down, render them practically useless, until  
they are just remains.*

*tom's friends in wagga were never given the opportunity to mourn their loss.  
once tom started to assume the identity of tichborne, castro was lost to them  
all. when tichborne eventually died, what happened to castro? where are his  
remains? no funeral. no memorial. castro simply disappeared.  
left neither dead nor alive.*

*so let us come together today to gently mourn for castro and to lay him to rest.*

*you will be offered a portion of tom's remains to take with you. a memento  
from me to you. you can choose to accept it or not. you can do with it what you  
wish. you can imbue it with whatever significance you choose. you could bury  
it your garden, place it on a shelf, put in a box, throw it away,  
leave it behind.*



*they all leave us eventually.*

*we all leave eventually.*

*only our stories remain.*

*thank you for coming*