

HAREFLIGHT

A FASHION-OPERA

FLUTE

JENNI HOGAN

DANCER

SHAKEEL KIMOTHO

TENOR

NIKI ZOHDI

FASHION BY ISSEY MIYAKE

FROM THE UU STUDIOS ARCHIVE

CURATED BY GEMMA A. WILLIAMS

CHOREOGRAPHY BY SHAKEEL KIMOTHO

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALASTAIR WHITE

DIRECTION AND SET DESIGN BY ALASTAIR WHITE AND GEMMA A. WILLIAMS

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PRODUCED BY UU STUDIOS

The quick beat of the leg over heather, gorsesoil
sands vanish its body in the grass. A flash of purple.
What is the mark of this purple on the evening,
what trace left like chest or clue?

Hedgerow on the edge of winter earth, the marking trees
cane-whittled by wind on frost. The open earth is brown,
blown-open, sounding desperate under footfall. As though it urged quiet
for nurseries of dreaming seeds. What are these dreams,
watched always by two black eyes?
What are the eyes that blink in time
along hoarfrost of the hide's edge?

After the season of rain and impending winter,
the dark evening darkened further, the leaves' canopy
shorn bare to days as black as the watching eye:

there is a time when the land flattens, the sun tilts like a light
and hares walk madly on the newly discovered green.
Hidden by nothing, whacking any colleague, suitor
running for the hell of it from berrybush to den,
paw wettened by some slip in bogland, unbothered, crazed
before this marking sound seals passage from boxing to the jug.

This is a song of the hare's mathematics, the curve that carries
speed beyond knowledge. What is the book of what the hare knows
as it struts before the waiting gun, or coories to the grassland?
This is a song of the knowledge of the hare.
And this is the methodology of haresong:
to follow that which has vanished, only just
vanished to chase
light upon water,
brushstrokes, media —
vanishing Insta
of some beautiful boy, your first
amphetamine, hair lit by clublight and peroxide.
The turn upon the alleyway and no-one there: life
grins like a wheeling child thrown to the air
to trail — through field
bush, club and browser —
the spoor of the hare.

The first thing the hare knows is the glory of god
learned in the lean swiftness, the just-beyond of the wolf's jaw,
and sound of the close tongue licking, its hot air warmed
by kinetic chase, belly upon the lung.
One knowledge, here, from
dogs of the earth and sea, moondog
dogs of all worlds
in a Universe of dogs, Universe of
the shark, the wolf, the hawk's
plunder is the hare:

I was once given a book called *Masquerade*
and ever since, whenever I was lucky enough to be drunk
on a bridge, with a new friend perhaps, the whole of the world shining
the bridge's burnished red metal in the sun, shining
the eyes of the people walking home, their heads turning slightly
to the sun, or the light upon the water,

(when, often, long after,
when never would I stand on bridge or make
new friends to drink with and laugh,
I would sit alone, remembering
fondly the bridge and the sun)

I'd turn to them, and remember, sometimes — if I was drunk
enough! — I'd even tell it.
The story of the little man. Who defied Isaac Newton in swiftness
to outrun law, the givenness of possibility,
all the way to heaven and the light of the sun.

The rest of the story is very sad.

But...

the thing about *Masquerade*, the Golden
Hare and *Hareraiser*, then its auctioning,
removal from the world

(is that the story of the hare is not over yet)

is that the story of the hare
gave its own tragic myth.
From the race across the ocean
to plot, lawn and earth,
riddled virtuality
and a pathetic, hidden purse.
Gold stowed from the world in dull vault and greed.
Unshining, the collector counts its beads.

But...

Every day, the world changes and dares.
One day, we will have back the hare
that became pixel-grid, painting, a golden object
and the story of the hare is not over yet.
But the song of what the hare knows must now be.
Time has run out. And if we're honest, we'd see
how little we've learned from chasing its trail,
how our quarry has foxed us. We've failed.
Five lessons it teaches, but to write them down,
sexed up with *bel canto* and pleated gowns
tells less than nothing of lessons themselves
their sun-burnished bridges or dew-wetted dells.
To learn of what the hare knows,
you must go where the hare goes:

Venice, city of *lapis lazuli*!

Heaven on Tuesday (when entry is free.)

Or, better still, just open a book...

where hareflight is (beautifully) misunderstood.

Climb up a mountain with bottles of booze,

where hareflight is (thankfully) unlikely to cruise.

Bow your head in the classroom. Raise it up on the beach.

The song that is silent and the words preached
on hareflight are lessons in a right of their own.

But look for a hare there? You will find none.

Live as a hare in meadow and scrub.

Get stinking and starving and covered in mud

where hareflight's (unexpectedly) tricky to find...

But, but...

I've mentioned Venice now a number of times,
Tiepolo, the water, the network of vectors
that reach east and west like pidgeonpost letters.

The light on lagoon as it shimmers in gloam,
its inscription in paint. This is hareflight's home.

Or perhaps the bridge. No, wait, in writing.

Ok, definitely (this time) the dog gullet biting.

No, speed. No. Absence. Skin. Ah — lipstick!

In sickness. In cabbage. In ballet. In shit.

In death. In love.

In gold. In glove.

In cartridge

and on bridge —

the hareflight passes.

Jenni Hogan is a prolific solo and chamber performer and composer praised as “ravishing” (The Guardian) and for her ability to “knock off complex phrases, harmonics and extended techniques with such subtlety you’d hardly know what was involved” (BBC Music Magazine). Recent highlights include performing at St John’s Smith Square, on Sounds New BBC Radio 3, Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Barbican as a soloist and in chamber groups. Jenni is currently completing her PhD at the University of Leeds supervised by Scott McLaughlin and Emily Payne, where she is researching a reversal in the traditional sound/movement hierarchy.

Shakeel Kimotho is a dancer and choreographer trained at The Urdang Academy, Associated Studios Performing Arts Academy, Trinity Laban Conservatoire of Music and Dance and The Northern School of Contemporary Dance. Recent credits include Joe in *Elegies for Angels, Punks and Raging Queens*, Spirit of Beau Bells in *Dick Whittington and His Cat* at the Norwich Theatre Royal, Hud/Dance Captain in *Hair*, Ensemble in *Pippin*, Ensemble in Matthew Bourne’s *Lord of the Flies*, Dancer in *80s Flashback* and Ensemble/Dwarf/Puppeteer in Imagine Theatre’s *Snow White*.

Alastair White is a Scottish composer and writer. Recipient of a Tait Memorial Trust Award (2021), and shortlisted twice for a Scottish Award for New Music (in 2019 and 2020) and Creative Edinburgh Award (2019), his work has been described as "a whole exciting new genre of art" (BBC Radio 3), "perfect" (Vogue Italia), “genuinely original" (TEMPO), and "the height of compositional magnificence" (Fanfare). His music is released by Métier and Navona, and his scores are published by UMP. He is currently composer-in-residence for the Ljubljana-based .abeceda [new music ensemble] and teaches at Goldsmiths, University of London. He publishes and speaks internationally on his research interests in composition, musicology and philosophy, which include the theory of contingency dialectics and its methodological implications in fashion-opera.

Gemma A. Williams is a fashion curator and previously ran the Fashion Space Gallery at London College of Fashion. She is currently the film curator for the Shaded View of Fashion Film Festival. Her area of interest is emerging Chinese designers and she is the author of *Fashion China* (Thames & Hudson). She has worked for the Business of Fashion, Conde Naste Shanghai and Shanghai Fashion Week. She writes about the China market from a B2B perspective for luxury publication Jing Daily, where she is the Director, Editorial Strategy and Content.

Niki Zohdi is a composer, tenor and conductor born in Blackburn, Lancashire. He completed his music undergraduate degree at Goldsmiths in 2019 and continued to study for his masters degree in composition at the same institution under the tutelage of Roger Redgate. Niki is currently halfway through his PhD in composition at the University of Leeds and is supervised by Mic Spencer and Martin Iddon. His PhD is a practice-led project in composition looking at musical quotation in complex music by exploring compositional approaches that examine varying levels of identifiability and unidentifiability of existing materials in complex musical contexts. He is engaged and interested in the relationship between early music and the New Complexity. As a singer, Niki continues to study with Ashley Stafford and frequently sings with various cathedral choirs in the north of England, as well as with Leeds Baroque and Borealis. He has also been a guest soloist with various other ensembles throughout the UK.