WEAR

a fashion opera

Words and Music by Alastair White
Concept by Gemma A. Williams and Alastair White
For Gemma

"And though I came to forget or regret all I have ever done, yet I would remember that once I saw the dragons aloft on the wind at sunset above the western isles; and I would be content."

- Ursula K. Le Guin
First performed as part of the Tete-a-Tete festival in London on August 3rd, 2018.

The Designer: Kelly Poukens  
The Writer: Sarah Parkin  
The Model: Betty Makharinsky

Dancers: Alana Everett and Max Gershon  
Piano: Ben Smith

Choreography by Alana Everett  
Fashion by Derek Lawlor

Directed by Gemma A. Williams and Alastair White

***

Performers may change the score in any way they wish.
Hours of tiredness in the wet wool pressed to my eyes wrapped by satin cloth.

Clasps of white bone cut into the light throwing blackness on to the lacquered floor.
in hours of autumn after the parties the mountains crystal
drawing your breath short

For hours not themselves so make you blind
blind hours not themselves

darkness to send fools and children dreams
darkness to send dreams
in this al-one there's truth of corre-l-a-tion

truth of corre-l-a-tion

Such days and days of sleep-less-ness have nights

Piled through one an-oth-er like a wooll-en weave
where hours re-align and so contain their cruelty that nothing could be loud

Where once was sound see it becomes

the beating of wings at the windows swallows caught in the holly's gauze
The sound of such things is memory only for those unchanged. In this way woolen rags and mountain rain return like plague carts to call for grief.

where the light has ended there is reflection only where the light has ended there is reflection only.

What in god’s name are they on about?

3+5+7/8
They were not always like this anyway. Hi

hello And you are?

Where did you meet
Do you like the work? Are you eating enough?

Oh, you are so young.
beautiful so young

Is there anybody there? Anybody?
Are you still here?

The end of all things is really you?
It's true
It's so wonderful to see you
Like the sick-

don't all things pass

No it's not that
Not I Not you I've come to
ly colour of dreams the vertigo of deja vu
ask would you do me a favour an inter view

Though how different your work seems now What happened?

\( \text{ppp} \quad \text{pp} \quad \text{ppp} \quad \text{p} \quad \text{q.n.} \quad \text{pp} \)
You don’t know how I’ve longed to see you. Yet don’t I remember.

a ghoul? a crow?—

its teeth

bright like the white stalks of empires? their marble ruins their
wreck-age of sacked towns sinking through skin as though it were quicksand

perhaps though I'm sure I remember it differently you were the one who moved on

All things but the last just that first quantum flash it's claw marks
down our event-horizon all that any of us

have the way that I remember you on that last awful day

Your words like lists in a reference book the
cold, unchanging cruelty of

Then

truth

Then
surely you remember
The feeling of fabric

as it hung against your neck
ah

My
We spoke about the stitching

The kids we danced with by the canal and we

with at the bar by the canal and we

The kids we danced with by the canal and we

you
you and I
and I

(A)

p

(A)
it seems I can't remember every thing's so confused

Have you seen the news? The time-mach-ines. Some-thing's hap-p-en-ed. Have you seen the news?
the feeling itself Ah I can see in my

The time-machines. Something's happened.

memory Ah Cold and white as quartz or

cryolite Ah Like truth Ah
Unchanging

You aren't listening
They say it's all over

The papers are hysterical

mechanically...and so on
They say we're all going to

Some things happened, the time machines
The same papers who were hysterical about the tentative initial.

About the tentative initial.

Regulation.

Of the technology there was one article.
I remember in particular shall I bring it up?

please please don't Perhaps it was an opinion

that needed to be expressed? It all seems so stupid Why do we do what we do?
Both break out into laughter.

Like dumb salmon

gleefully

Jumping miles of river
al-alone partitioned by the silence
to swap the
of water

dark of the water for the light of the weather gleam
to swap the dark of the river with the light of the

To search the squall of the current for the warmth of nests

weather gleam to be
carried down to the long slow mouth

in-distinguishable in-distinguishable somehow somehow

\text{(D)}\ S_{12}

\text{(F)}
from the season they'd begun

from the season they'd begun

the net of effort pain

and hatched
eggs
all to part

From the space where they'd begun almost al-most al-most the same pink fish al-most
almost the same pink fish

almost the same dark water almost almost (C) (D)

almost the end almost

almost the end

almost the end
Spoken: Did you ever use the technology, after everything you said?

Yes of course who didn’t?
but God! Oh! I used it for such stupid things

changing my outfit halfway through a date Sometimes back from the shop to

get the right change fools! All of us! (D*) the end of all things
You're right. I used it. Just once. I walked through the doors.

I even if I wanted to.

What did you do? What have you done?
I wouldn't change a thing
Look at the collection
What were those words you used?

Cold white unchanging

The cruelty of truth
The welts in the weave of the whale - stitch dust and cob webs
Thick up on the cuffs

the rot of oldness and of age of age
fly cubs festering in the garments made

only to be again unwoven to be again unwoven

3+5+7

7+3+5

3+7+5
Funny

How love and hatred so unpleasant and strange

forge these processes like fired stone and safe
in our minds they remain unchanged unchanged

that time sat the pier
We shell and dry cold beer

As one when we up-on ate fish drank dry cold beer
I don't remem mem mem

I don't remem mem mem

= 50
emphasise disjunction and disorientation: a lack of sense and purpose; things happening for no reason
*Fist cluster at bottom of keyboard*
I don't remember. Like the sickly blackness of sleep.

No it was never that. Never I Never you. Let me switch it on. One last time. Tell me about the fabrics.

The vertigo of nothingness. It goes something like:

The materials. All things start with a time machine. You

*Cluster with both palms at bottom of keyboard

Know how it goes. We've both been here before.
All things start with a time machine that stepping through those doors you begin

dark and uncompromising, like mill-wheels grinding grain

in again Paddling tem’ral streams like birth canals the world emerges new-born

stepping through those doors your again Paddling tem’ral streams like birth canals
And so one by one our countries filled with infants

*Cluster with both palms above the centre of the keyboard

weird and wobbling steps upon the cosmos flattened them

light and dreamy
I was sickened by the change

classified by the change

sickened by the change

the flux

the flux

ground beneath us always re-aligned

always shifting

ground beneath us always re-aligned

(C*)

(D*)
Looped like commensurable pearls,
We lay dangled

Looped like commensurable pearls,
we lay

on contingencies brittle twine
and

Brittle twine
Change

q.n.
q.n.
was sickened by the change

I remember— with the rare virtue of total clarity— a
woman in a bar playing solitaire

mechanical yet playful

crystal glass

Her mushroom cashmere plush and oversized

upon boat-necked chiffon her cuffs hanging ultramarine by her wrists like spouts

that
carved the body far beyond its self

From bone to basalt from flesh to

pure clean form

like a pivot she spun that world around her a fixed point a

peg from which the universe could hang some
singularity gathering-up the shards to sing there is always so much more to come

than labyrinthine oblivion feeding on evening

objects have a power of possession and hypnosis to catch pockets of time like fruit
flies with net gauze and nets of Burano silk jeans and jackets even mere hem and stitch

masking scar and sweat pore Until we turn motionlessly eternal

For at least there were at least there have been beautiful things
Between the heart break and the torment the flash and the claw mark the first and last

Do you remember where we met?
No it has happened so many times now I can't remember which was the first like peer-ing down a
W

439

ka - lai-do-scope

of wings

and eyes

Pno.

441

This is it

its happening

it's happening

This is it

its happening

it's happening
Help me
Can you
I don't know you

Help me please
help me

(A)
Spoken: We stored it in a volume of natural history.
We'd been at a wedding. They took our picture.

My dear friend you must remember

We'd puzzled over the books treasure
some where there we stored the picture the

spraying drink like a peacock's flair
Your eyes certain and questioning

Why
learn or know the names of dead things?

Spoken: Terrible irony - the shutter fell,
corks popping and you saying how

Sec-rets bet-ween teeth in the death's head
se-crets the oth-ers for-got or ig-nored

All we have on moths we have
from books matte

(D)
(C)
paper and pencil lines looped on loam of lost thoraxes

fantastic latin wing-spans spatch cocked to the page
from caterpillar to popular hawk (D C#)

moth horns unpeel on scalloped wings pink tinged
dust brown the terr-i-tying cloth down stretched like sails across the bones' dullness
Its eyes flair in flight and passion

(A)

Illusions pushing through the green

W

Pno.
as good as any
game

the moth's eyes
wink behind willow bud

as good as a game

(D6)
Goat willow catkin filled that

baby's belly

Till it
changed wonderfully

to casting spells of eyes

(A B)
Your eyes fix the lens like a pin

like a pin pushed wings to card

carved Latin names warding away time like a ghoul like a vamp -
Still bodies saved from change change is the mark of the death's head

Still bodies saved from change change is the mark of the death's head

build from note into a cluster with the fist
head

your hair caught in Ca-va-like foam

(B F A) con ped.

*instead of a fist cluster, you may use palm to drum bottom strings inside the piano

casting rainbows on ships' prows

the deaths' head grin motion-less says
The past teaches us only to repeat indefinitely. How through that lens you looked and saw and changed a caterpillar in a clear glass pane and from memories mosaics pieced together all I have on... ah! ah!
Pluck any string inside the piano, or mute the string inside and strike the key, in either the top, middle or bottom registers (you may choose any note within these) as indicated by the position on the stave.

Spoken: Purple plumes.
A bank of rushes

Spoken: A child's finger tracks sun-orange tartan.
Across the river, the blackness of the copse

Spoken: A child's finger tracks sun-orange tartan.
Across the river, the blackness of the copse
Spoken: Sealskins caked in salt and human waste; the intestines spilling

M.
\[
\begin{align*}
539 \quad mf \\
& \text{High mast-ed ships gar-goyled at the prow}
\end{align*}
\]

Pno.
\[
\begin{align*}
istep \quad mf \\
\end{align*}
\]

Spoken: The insignia of Jupiter, a four crested star.
Impossible shimmering of nanotechnology

M.
\[
\begin{align*}
step \quad \text{fff poss.} \\
& \text{Laser burns the smell of singed hair}
\end{align*}
\]

Pno.
\[
\begin{align*}
step \quad \text{fff poss.} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Spoken: Oxygen. A cracked vizor.
The red dust swallows half a trade-marked glove.

M.
\[
\begin{align*}
549 \quad mp \\
& \text{The itch of fall-out}
\end{align*}
\]

Pno.
\[
\begin{align*}
mf \\
\end{align*}
\]

Plan-etary survival suit ripped, ragged

M.
\[
\begin{align*}
& \text{An up- turned punn-et}
\end{align*}
\]

Pno.
\[
\begin{align*}
& \text{ppp}
\end{align*}
\]