

made from felt, from leather and details in snakeskin—felt to give flexibility, protection to areas most susceptible, leather to strengthen junctions vulnerable to strain. Ensure the leather is supple, that the felt transitions the wool and the leather. A new garment, snug and light to wear, no more than a smear around limbs and joints. Stand on the carpet to dress. Feel pleasure in it though it is a thin provision. Then sit, gentle buoyant floating body, as votive flowers are tossed. Look at the style of their rude arrangement then watch them tossed again on the carpet like on water and on the bodies floating there. Petals will adhere gently where they land, on wet skin, others on water, the rest to be taken by the current. You are one in the hive, one amongst others who will not dress the same but similarly and taking comfort in it for the garment's structure is echoed in tones that allow for variation; the wool closest to grey, the felt darker in tone, leather a dull ochre while the fibres show a range of tones and saturations. New garment with heartbeat and breath around elbow joints and ankles, new skin from hip to collar, fabric stretched, a costume for work to be done, not the sum of cut, shape and fabric, but one that exceeds its material components with threads of memory woven in and something more.

DRESS IN THE MORNING

Choose large squares of the flap on a pink stage. The rag-rough burlap is material for costumes tied with white cotton straps. In different ways indicate the status of each character on stage. Use a principle of trinity up against concrete. You are three in the hive. Organise the work with as many acts and participants; twelve dances, eighteen costumes. Give each a different colour and the final three fantastical scenes. Ensure movement owes its substantial debt to the marionette, choreographically superior to the human, in subtle variations of black. Expression is stylized, bodies are abstracted geometries—a cylinder for the neck, a sphere for the head, reflective squares for eyes and other features. The two middle scenes are festive yet solemn. Remember adornment of the body in costume design to be all-important. Play the burlesque against lemon, body hollow fashioned in tin. Then establish the trinity form once more. Propose the world driven by currents: first, onto its surface punched extravagant designs; second, escaping impulses (particles of the most ephemeral kind jumping the event-horizon); third, the strict geometries of body-movements (choreography). Play music to follow but quietly, then decide the first steps of the dance.

HEARSE IN THE NOON

wrapping round a body. Do it on the Strip. Outside where there are palm trees is no place to rest, where customers swim from jetties and trampolines even though there are no customers and have not been for a while. Woven body container in the space beneath the jetty in the shallows where they line up against concrete columns, let the strings unravel and strings inside undo. Here the air is like the air in Paris where the air is cold and hard. As the strings come apart pluck them apart wider still. Beneath, the rectangular carpet with strings ensured string to string and then some. Of the flap of the rag shreds come loose. Audio oscillators have been piled one on top of the other. Do it at the centre of the carpeted space with controls on the floor to alter pitch with hands, feet and elbows. Then bind the strings to collect the ends in a pouch small enough for the pocket to hold but with loose threads sticking out. Come to the Strip where performers do their work, where seams undo, stitches unworthy of their tension, near the hem, then tighten the fabric to restrain the body further, for the meantime forbidding it, though a thing is clearly to be done. Procrastinate. Keep it under wraps until the performance. There is little comfort to be had yet this place belongs to you for you allow your body to be taken.

PERFORM IN THE EVENING

Watch the soles of your feet turn to crystal. Feel the carpet's thin provision where salt and sand are collected in the weave. Flex your feet that their wounds might pack with salt and sand. Roll your ankles. Split the crystal open to the ground, to foreign things, but choose from among them with discernment as you would from among fabrics for a costume. The carpet's thin provision is something more. Use feet to sort salt and sand. Little stones too. Make a family resemblance of grit picked and threads of memory amongst morphologies of matter otherwise heterogeneous. Then find buried deep in the pocket a pen amongst pouches, stones and threads collected. Use it to make a monstrous noise. Compete with oscillators numbering nine—a draining effort with mechanics of the hand. Then all that can be inscribed is inscribed for a play-list at the Strip, before an audience of foreign customers. Your costume is of burlap threaded with gold, stitches worthy of their tension, new skin from hip to collar. Your neck is a cylinder through which blows the breath of Paris, your head a sphere of votive petals. Your eyes reflect squares and other features of the flap. Your brain, once clear silicon, is ink-saturated; the world driven by three currents, music and dancing to follow.

DREAM IN THE NIGHT