

**DRESS ME BLUE/  
WINDOW ME SKY**

**Created by Lisa D'Amour and Katie Pearl.**

**Performed by Lisa D'Amour.**

**The Red Dress Girls:**

**Julia Edwards**

**Julie Foster**

**Mary LaMotte**

**Stage Manager: Cheryl Green.**

# A Tour in Three Parts

**MUSIC:** CHET BAKER  
PHILLIP GLASS  
BRIAN ENO

**SOME TEXT INSPIRED BY/  
EXCERPTED FROM:**  
PEGGY PHELAN  
RANIER MARIA RILKE  
JOHN BERGER  
and  
DAVID FRUCHTER

Special Thanks to:

Alan Marburger, NeWorldDeli  
I Do Wedding Shop, Jim Walker  
Claude Bernard, F@HPT  
Days Inn, Bob Holling  
Steve Moore, Carlos Trevino

*please turn page for faerie story.*

## FAERIE

By David Fruchter

### **part one.**

so it turns out that there is not one faerie world. but two. there is the faerie of bright color and shimmering wings; and there is the faerie of things which lie behind, and under, other things. and on one particular day, at one particular hour, each of these worlds sent a particular someone to a place in-between. it may well be that this had never happened before, this meeting of two worlds; though that is hard to say, for noone remembers what happened yesterday. regardless. as the hour approached, the meeting ground quivered in its stillness, that land itself awestruck and made new by impending visitation. at last, each emissary arrived: alone, sent from worlds of darkness and light, farther apart than distance, unique as identity itself...and it turned out they were sisters and they looked exactly alike.

### **part two.**

they met at the place in-between, and they looked exactly alike. how could it be? sisters from exclusive realms. two for whom the wondrous was common, struck dumb by wonder. and they came closer. were they born of the same jeweled egg, fertilized by starlight in time gone beyond memory? the question makes no sense, for in faerie -- in either world of faerie -- there is no time. things do not begin, neither end. it is only in the place between where there is birth, or death. and still they came closer, in that in-between place, and at that in-between time -- day becoming night, or vice versa, a matter of perspective. finally they had drawn close as either dared. a moment of pause, and each considered privately her mission, her destiny in that place of changes, and her opposite. then, and you see how in the in-between places events tumble one after another -- then, arms were outstretched. fingers touched, there was...a heat, a light... and one sister collapsed to the ground. the other did not.

### **part three.**

we are two. we are one. we share this glorious body -- is it mine? is it yours? see how it dances and spins! we are trapped together in this lifeless shell -- spirit has left flesh behind, and us with it here on the cold, cold ground. how is it that the very source of all power now acts in reverse, she pins us to her, all light and darkness draining away, a heaping helpless pile of grey...and how is it that we are so free from the bounds of place, able to swim the sky itself, up, up, out? my mission has been accomplished. my mission has failed. we are one. we are two. we are together, and we have lost ourselves.