

STØV

by SEW FLUNK FURY WIT
Life After The Global Climate Catastrophe



NOMINERET

ÅRETS REUMERT
2016



New Music Theatre & Neo-Puppetry Opera

CREDITS

Cast: Nina Sveistrup Clausen (Soprano) & Svend E. Kristensen (Puppeteer)

Director: Jesper Pedersen

Lyricist: Neill Cardinal Furio

Composer & Music Production: Peter Kohlmetz Møller

Violin & Viola: Andreas Birch

Scenographer: Kristian Knudsen

Costume Design: Lise Klitten & Line Bech

Light Designer: Mikkel Jensen

Sound Technician: Andreas Hald Oxenvad

Puppet Designer: Svend E. Kristensen

Puppet Assistant: Christine Scheel Kvint

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PR & Production Coordinator: Kristine Kohlmetz Møller

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Concept: Svend E. Kristensen

Producer: Sew Flunk Fury Wit

 HELSINGØR TEATER DANISH ARTS FOUNDATION



STATENS KUNSTFOND

FORENINGEN AF
DANSKE SCENEINSTRUKTØRER



FÆLLES
KASSEN

STØV

Dustsongs

Lyrics by Neill Cardinal Furio

WHO AM I?
(The Moon)

I'm a hole in the night, I'm a tear in the sky
See me float into sight while I fix a blue eye
I revolve and reflect, I've no light of my own
But I plainly project onto flesh, into bone

I've a luminous face, but I'm dark on one side
Feel your sorry heart race while I turn on the tide
I evolve and eclipse over meadow and mud
And I ever ellipse around Earth, within blood

Who am I? Who? you ask! Far too soon! Far too soon!
I'm a scythe, I'm a sickle, I'm a silvery spoon

SHADOWY
(The Shadow)

Go on with your guessing game, shine up the night
Without your pale lumens, I'd be out of sight
I'm half the perspective the world will allow
So let there be shadows and let them be now

Resume your light poetry, I've seen it all
I spied on the birth and I'll measure the fall
You lengthen my shade with your heavenly arc
So let there be shadows and let them grow dark

The blacker I am, the more I'm less dead
So, darling, keep circling just overhead

(Shadowplay)

Continue your melody, I know the tune
Your beautiful requiem can't come too soon
We're perfect together in story and song
So let there be shadows and let them live long

WHAT HAPPENED HERE
(The Moon & The Shadow)

What happened here will happen there
What happened happens everywhere
What happened then has happened now
What happened happens anyhow

This one jumped from the boat, he was one of the first
This one simply dried up, slowly dying of thirst
This one took his own life after losing his daughter
This one died by the stream after drinking the water

What happened here will happen there
What happened happens everywhere
What happened now has happened then
What happened happens anywhen

This one pushed, then was pushed, but forgot how to swim
This one ate part of her who was eaten by him
This one took the last shot from behind the last shotgun
This one strangled the father who smothered his step-son

What happened here will happen there
What happened happens everywhere
What happened low has happened high
What happened happens anyway

This one ... this one ... this one ... this?

CHROMOPHOBIA
(The Son)

He saw red on the sheets of your blood-rushing riverbeds
Orange in the screams of your Munch melting figureheads
Yellow in your low-sparking chrome crematoriums
And gangrenous green in your cold moratoriums

Away with your color-mad rainbow of violence
To hell with the spectrum, our eyes need the silence

He saw blue on the fear-frozen lips of young refugees
Indigo too in the veins of old amputees
Purple as well in the bruise of blunt politics
Pink in the cunt that devoured your crucifix

Away with your color-mad rainbow of violence
To hell with the spectrum, our eyes need the silence

Of black and of white and of shadow and light
Where a wrong is still wrong and a right is all right
And the shades we call gray are enlightened enough
To distinguish the pearl from the marshmallow fluff

He saw death in the 64 non-toxic crayon box
Dread in the alphabet spelled out in wooden blocks
Lust in your butterfly Rorschach-test fingerprint
Lies on the page of each pitiful patron saint

Away with your color-mad rainbow of violence
To hell with the spectrum, our eyes need the silence
Our eyes need the silence, our eyes need the silence

MY SON
(The Mother)

My son? My dear son!
Is that your step I hear?
Don't run! Dear don't run!
You've got little to fear!

I've been waiting for weeks in the dust
I've been searching for signs in the rust
If it's you, please don't run
Please don't run, please don't run!

My boy! My poor boy!
Is that your fright I feel?
My joy? My one joy!
Oh don't turn on your heel!

I'm the last living thing you can trust
I'm your mother, your mother, you must
If it's you, please come back
Please come back, please come back!

BREAKFAST TRANSMISSION

Stand by for the Breakfast Transmission ... in three, two, one:

Good morning. The combined efforts of leading scientists, engineers, and clergymen have sadly been in vain. Certain death awaits us all ... preceeded by unavoidable and unimaginable suffering.

We recommend that you stay in your homes, and barricade your doors and windows as a safeguard against the roving gangs that have taken our towns. Stay tuned for more updates throughout the day. 'Til then, remain clear-headed and calm.

WITNESS
(The Moon)

See me wax, see me wane, see me measure the pain
With the sun's fading rays, on the night's dying days

See me crescent and crest 'til I'm darkly undressed
By the coming eclipse ... from the spot on my lung
To the stud on my tongue to the kiss on my singing white lips

DAY OF WRATH
(The Priest)

Day of wrath, oh day of days!
Morning flames, then noon's ablaze
With Hell's inferno beckoning
Heaven's final reckoning

Cruelly coming, you may trust
World of ashes, world of dust
Cruelly coming, as it must
World of ashes, world of dust

WATER
(The Priest)

Water, water, water, water, water, water, water

Who poisoned the well? Who polluted the stream?
Dumped their dead in the river? Turned the sea into steam?
Who emptied the ocean? Set afire the sink?
Sunk their young in the bathtub? Turned the rain into ink?

Our souls are in need of salvation
Bow down while I baptize a corpse
In a cesspool devoid of devotion
We all drown in chapter and verse

Water, water, water, water, water, water, water

Who tainted the lake? Who made toxic the bass?
Dirtied creek, kill, and brookside? Turned the pond into gas?
Who plotted the awful irrigation of rust?
Sowed their slow-motion murder? Turned our town into dust?

Our lives are in want of occasion
All rise while I marry the dead
In a land of eternal damnation
We all burn with passion and dread

Water, water, water, water, water, water, water

WHAT HAPPENED HERE
(The Moon & The Shadow)

What happened here will happen there
What happened happens everywhere
What happened me has happened you
What happened happens anywho

LUNCHTIME TRANSMISSION

Stand by for the Lunchtime Transmission ... in three, two, one:

Good afternoon. The radioactive tsunamis are here. Time is short for those of you who are still within the sound of my voice. We can now report that the festering purple infections, though agonizing, are not life-threatening, and the sweet release of endless sleep is imminent.

The low rumble you hear beneath you is merely a series of groaning shifts in the planet's outer crust. Though frightening, there is no cause for alarm. We recommend pillows to muffle the hollow echoes of distant blasts, and blankets to ward off the freezing dust winds. Stay tuned for more updates throughout the day. 'Til then, please refrain from drinking the water.

COMFORT (The Beauty)

First, they took a photograph and placed it in a frame
Then they cut my heart in half and changed my given name
To something pretty as a flower
Raped me, beat me by the hour
Comfort they called it, comfort, I gave them comfort

Next, they locked me in a room and sent a doctor in
Where he scraped my swollen womb and showed me discipline
That wasn't to be taken lightly
Soldiers in me, daily, nightly
Comfort they called it, comfort, I gave them comfort

But now the war is over, almost, who will comfort me?
The pleasures of a home and children weren't meant to be
And so my only hope lies at the bottom of the sea
Except it won't have me, won't have me

Last, they left me nearly dead and spat on my sad face
Laughingly they measured out the final full disgrace
By offering to pay the cost of
All the lovely years I've lost of
Comfort they called it, comfort, I gave them comfort

FAIR TRADE
(The Junkman)

Who wants to trade? Take my head for your hat!
It's helpful when thinking of this and of that
Who needs to swap? My good eye for your glasses?
It's aces for looking at titties and asses

And speaking of asses, your pants for my seat?
Yeah, we all need some dinner! We all need to eat!

Who wants to trade? Say my neck for your tie?
It's nifty for swallowing every white lie
Who needs to swap? Both my hands for your gloves?
They're best for molesting your sweet lady loves

And speaking of ladies, your boots for my feet?
Yeah, we all need some dinner! We all need to eat!

(Clutterplay)

Who wants to trade? Here's my heart for your sleeve!
It beats every second you dare to believe
Who needs to swap? My left ear for your ring!
I'm bored half to death of still hearing her sing

And speaking of death, your best fork for my meat?
Yeah, we all need some dinner! We all need to eat!

I AM LOST
(The Soldier)

Where am I now, sighing why have I been?
Having suffered in peace, having revelled in sin
Having crawled out of hell to the side of your dread
Just to echo the weather that storms in my head
Be it afternoon furnace or lunatic frost
I can say without pause I am lost, I am lost, I am lost

Who was I then, asking when have I been?
Having turned on the noise, having dialed up the din
Having broken the hands of the phosphorous clock
Just to face down the tick that remarks on the tock
Now my compass is pointless, my atlases tossed
I concede to the stars I am lost, I am lost, I am lost

How do I move, given what have I been?
Having layed it on thick, having spread myself thin
Having sifted through buckets of ash and of dust
Just to give up the ghost to a ghost of a gust
So no matter the measure of borders I've crossed
I repeat to myself I am lost, I am lost, I am lost

WHAT HAPPENED HERE
(The Moon & The Shadow)

What happened here will happen there
What happened happens everywhere
What happened then has happened now
What happened happens anyhow

BEDTIME TRANSMISSION

Stand by for the Bedtime Transmission ... in three, two, one:

Good evening. This is the last update you will receive. All power will be cut within the hour. The closing catastrophe will claim the last living creatures on Earth, and quiet meditation is the only antidote to widespread panic and fear. We recommend that you breathe each breath as if it were your last.

Earlier reports of rescue and renewed hope for civilization have been verified as cruel and heartless hoaxes, and the perpetrators have been apprehended. Without a doubt, the end is upon us, and soon all lives will simply cease to be, passing through a dark hell into eternity. 'Til then, huddle close to your loved ones.

Rest assured, it's the best way to die.

DARKER STILL
(The Mom)

The trees are black and blind
And the bees have lost their way
The birds are disappearing
But the plague is here to stay

Who knows in fact what lies
Beyond that battle-pitted hill?
Today may be a nightmare
But tomorrow may be darker still

The world is howling deaf
And the girls are out tonight
The harvest moon is bleeding
But the scythe is out of sight

I smell like bitter almonds
And that little yellow pill
Today may be a nightmare
But tomorrow may be darker still

The voice of love is mute
And our air is running out
A little light is hiding
In the shadow of a doubt

I think about your last breath
And I almost get a chill
Today may be a nightmare
But tomorrow may be darker still

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