(for Abbie)

Winnie

(A theater work for soprano or instrumental performance
artist and piano based on Samuel Beckett's Happy Days.)

Expans of scorched grass rising center to low mound.
Gentle slopes down to front and either side of stage.
Back an abutter fall to stage level. Maximum of
simplicity and symmetry.

Imbedded up to above her waiste in exact centre of
mound, WINNIE. About fifty, well preserved, blond
for preference, plump, arms and shoulders bare,
low bodice, big bosom, pearl necklace. She is discovered
sleeping, her arms on the ground before her, her head on
her arms. Beside her on the ground to her left a capacious
black bag, shopping variety, and to her right a collapsible
collapsed parasol, beak of handle emerging from sheath.

To her right and rear, pianist. The work begins in darkness.

(Ending of non-instrumental version)

Quieto ma con bravura (p = 54)
Beginning of instrumental version. Quiet; like a fanfare, lento (∧ = 68).

The light rises. She straightens up, (Instrumental version: she lays instrument lays her hands flat on ground, throws down and follows directions of previous back her head and gazes at zenith. measure.)

Morning Music (∧ = 66)

Pause. Head back level, eyes front, pause. She clasps hands to breast, closes eyes. Lips move in inaudible prayer.

Instrument is heard in darkness.
morendo poco a poco

brings out flat tube of toothpaste,

turns back front, unscrews cap of tube, lays cap on ground, squeezes with difficulty small blob of paste on brush, holds tube in one hand and brushes with other

She turns modestly aside and back to her right to spit out behind mound. In this position her eyes rest on WILLIE.

She cranes a little farther back and down.

Loud. Tender smile as she turns back front, lays down brush

Cantabile; psuedo lamentoso

Poor Willie running out...
take up spectacles... 
starts polishing spectacles, breathing on lenses...

ah yes wouldn't miss it

polishes--

head back level, resumes polishing, stops polishing, comes back to her right and down.

polishes

holy light 

fh blaze of hel - lish light.

(hold until next marking)

Teneramente; quasi notturnale poco meno mosso 

Tender smile as she turns back from and resumes polishing. Smile off. stops polishing, lays down spectacles.

folded handkerchief--

Quasi psuedo gloioso 

Mar-vel-ous girl wished I had it ah well
She casts about her, sees parasol, considers at length, takes it up and develops from sheath a handle of surprising length. Holding butt of parasol in right hand she cranies back and down to her right to hang over Willie.

Come un notturno ma qualche volta violento

The parasol slips from her grasp and falls behind the mound.

It is immediately restored to her by Willie's invisible hand. Thank you dear. She transfers parasol to left hand, turns back front and examines right palm. Damp. Returns parasol to right hand, examines left palm.

Come sopra

Head up, cheerfully:

Ah well, no worse. No better, no worse, no change no pain.
Spoken: Don't go off on me again now dear will you please. I may need you.

No hurry, no hurry, just don't curl up on me again.

Turns back front, lays down parasol, examines plans together, wipes them on grass.

Perhaps a shade off color just the same. Turns to bag.

rummages in it.

Subito prestissimo;

quasi frenetico poi morrena.

brings out revolver; holds it up, kisses it rapidly, both hands.

puts it back, rummages.

A tempo

brings out almost empty bottle of red medicine, turns back front, looks for spectacles, puts them on.

reads table,

Largo $\approx 48$,

Loss of spirits, lack of keen-ess, want of appet-tite, in-fants child-ren adult six lev-el
turns back front, examines lipstick. Looks for spectacles. Puts on spectacles, looks for mirror. Takes up mirror, starts doing lips.

Ancora come supra

Run-ning out. Ah well. Mus-n't com-plain. What is that won-der-ful line?

Subito quieto e quasi lontano
(poco meno mosso)

Oh, Peep-ing joys

oh, some-thing last-ing woe.
Happy expression.  
Pause. Happy expression off. She pulls down spectacles and resumes lips.  
During fermata: Winnie finishes lips, inspected them in mirror held a little further away.
Winnie lays down lipstick and mirror, turns toward bag.

Oh this is go-ing to be an-oth-er hap-py day!  
En-sign crimm-soon.  

Winnie rammages in bag  
Come sopra  

straightens hat, smooths feather, puts it on,  
takes up mirror,  
inspects hat,  
lays mirror down.  
Winnie rammages in bag.  

During fermata: brings out magnifying glass, turns back front, looks for toothbrush.
Come sopra; quasi pressando

Winnie takes up toothbrush and examines handle through glass...

Ful-ly guar-an-...  

Campanella

Winnie looks closer, reads:

Ful-ly guar-an-

Between hands:

Winnie lays down glass and brush.

takes handkerchief from bodice, takes off.  

(again coordinated with gestures.)

and polishes spectacles,

Ful-ly guar-an-

Winnie scrubs teeth.

genu-ine pure

and polishes

Winnie looks for glass, takes up.

and polishes.

Winnie puts on spectacles.

Winnie lays down glass.

Winnie takes up brush.

Winnie and wipes handle, lays down brush,  

(again during fermata) looks for glass,  

looks for brush, takes up brush and  

puts handkerchief back in bodice,  

(again coordinated with gestures.)
During fermata: Pause. Winnie lays down glass and brush, takes off spectacles, lays them down, gazes front.

Winnie speaks:
That's what I find so wonderful, that not a day goes by--smile--to speak in the old style--smile--hardly a day, without some addition to one's knowledge however trifling, the addition I mean, provided one takes the pains. And if for some strange reason no further pains are possible, why then just close the eyes--she does so--and wait for the day to come--opens eyes--the happy day to come when flesh melts at so many degrees and the night of the moon has so many hundred hours.
Ah yes, if only I could hear to be alone, I mean prat-ty a-way without a soul to hear.

Not that flatter myself you hear much, no Wil-lie, God for-bid.

Days when per-haps you hear noth-ing.

But days too when you an-swer.
So that I may say at all times, e-ven when you do not an-swer and per-haps hear noth-ing, some-thing of this is be-ing heard,

I am not mere-ly talk-ing to my-self, that is in the wild-er-ness, a thing I could ne-ver bear to do for an-y length of time.
That is what en-ables me to go on,

That is what enables me to go on,

Where as if you were to die, to speak in the old style, or go away and leave me, then what would I do, what could I do, all day long, I

mean between the bell for waking and the bell for sleep?

Simply gaze before me with compressed lips?

Not another word as long as I drew breath, nothing to break the silence of this place.
Save possibly now and then, every now and then, a sigh into my looking glass.

Or a brief ha ha ha.

gale of laughter ha ha ha should I happen to see the old joke again, ha ha ha

Ah well what a joy in any case to hear you laugh again, Wil lie I was convinced I never would, you
Never would.

I suppose some people might think us a trifle irreverent, but I doubt it.

How can one better magnify the almighty than by sniggering with him at his little jokes, particularly the poorer ones? (Misspelling intentional)
I think you would back me up there, Wil-lie, or we per-haps di-ver- ted by two quite dif fer-ent things.

Oh well, what does it mat-ter, that is what I al-ways say, so long as one... you know...

What is that won-der-ful line... laugh-ing wild... some-thing some-thing laugh-ing wild a-midst ver- est woe...
Effemero; molto legato $\lambda = 64$

294

molto rallentando e decrescendo

297

litening

is gravity what it once was, Wil-le? I fancy not. Yes, the feeling more and more that if I were not

300

a tempo

held in this way I would simply float up into the blue.
And that perhaps some day the earth will yield and let me go,

the pull is so great, yes, crack all around me and let me out.

Don't you ever have that feeling, Willie, of being sucked up?
Don't you have to cling on sometimes, Wil - lie?

Wil - lie.

8\text{o\textsuperscript{th}} both hands

A tempo

during fermata: looks at parasol (or instrument)

Lightly and flourishing (\textit{\textit{c} = 84})

I sup - pose I might - yes, I sup - pose I might...

hoist this thing now.
One keeps putting off putting up for fear of putting up to soon

and the day goes by, quite by, without one's having put up at

parasol now fully open. [Instrument functioning.] Turned to her right she twirls it idly this way and that.
(Winnie speaks.)

Ah yes, so little to say, so little to do, and the fear so great, certain days, of finding oneself left with hours still to run, before the bell for sleep, and nothing more to say, nothing more to do, that the days go by, certainys go by, quite by, the bell goes.

Lo stesso tempo; non rallentando

[Sheet music]

She gazes front, holding parasol with right hand. [Or plays instrument.]

Subito piu presto (♩ = 28)

(Play the following three measures only if the soloist does not play an instrument.)
She transfers parasol to left hand.

Daps himself. To changing conditions.

Holding up wearies the arm.

That is a curious observation. I hope you heard that, Willie,
I should be grieved to think you had not heard that.

She takes parasol in both hands.

I am weary, holding it up, and I cannot put it down.

I am worse off with it up than with it down, and I cannot put it down.
Reason says, Put it down, Winnie, it's not helping, put the thing down and get on with something else.
can not move.

No, something must happen, in the world, take place, some change, I can not, if I am to move again.

f

Wil - lie. Help. For pi - ty's sake.

No? You can't?

f

Well I don't blame you, it would ill be - come me who can - not move to blame my Wil - lie be - cause he can - not speak.
That is what I find so wonderful, my two lamps, when one goes out the other burns brighter.
The parasol [or instrument] goes on fire. Smoke, flames if feasible.

Winnie laughs.

She sniffs, looks up, throws parasol to her right behind mound.

[Quickly places trombone back on mound] cranes back to watch it burning.
I mean spontaneous like? Shall I myself not melt perhaps in the end, or burn, oh do not necessarily mean burst into flames, no, just little by little

be charred to a black cinder, all this visible flesh. On the other hand, did I ever know a temperate time? No. I speak of temperate times and torrid times, they are

empty words. It is no hotter today than yesterday, it will be no hotter tomorrow than today, how could it, and so on back into the far past, forward into the far future.
During fermata; Long pause before head down. Finally turns, still bowed, to bag, brings out unidentifiable odds and ends, stuffs

sotto rallentando

Come sopra (subito presto)

And should one day the earth co-ver my breasts,

right hand sempre sforzando

then I shall ne-ver have seen my breasts,

then back, fumbles deeper, brings out finally musical-box, winds it up, turns it on, listens for a moment holding it in both hands, huddled over it, turns back front, straightens up and listens to tune, holding box to breast with both hands. It plays the Waltz

(Soft)

Duet “I love you so” from The Merry Widow.

[Played on piano] Gradually happy expression

She winds musical-box.

She ways to rhythm.

Imitating a musical-box $\alpha = 54$

both hands sempre forte to double bar.

Music stops. Brief burst of song without words—musical-box tune—from Willie [i.e. the pianist] very hesitantly

running down to a stop

la la la la

 vá vá vá

waltz roll, e timbro
Increase of happy expression. She lays down box. Oh this will have been a happy day! She claps her hands. Again, Willie, again! Claps. Encore, Willie, please! Pause. Happy expression off. No? You won't do that for me?

Quasi cantabile; lo stesso tempo

Well it is very understand-able. One cannot sing just to please some one, however much one loves them, no song must come from the heart, that is what I always say, pour out from the inmost like a thrush.

How often I have said, in evil hours, sing now, Winnie, sing your song, there is nothing else for it, and did not. No, like the thrush, or the bird of
During this section, Winnie slowly sinks into the mound, becoming embedded up to her neck. (For the instrumental version she sinks while she slips her arms and hands into a jacket and gloves that blend in as part of the mound. Strange feeling. Strange feel-ing that some-one is look-ing at me.

I am clear, then dim, then gone, then dim a-gain, then clear a-gain, and so on, back and forth, in and out of some-one's eye.

And now?
Strange? No, here all is strange.

What now? What now, Willy?

Long pause.

Espressivo (b = 54):

There is my story of course, when all else fails.

A life. A long life. Beginning in the womb where life used to begin, Mil-dred will have mem-ories, she will have mem-ories, of the womb, be-fore she dies, the moth-er's womb.
She is now four or five al-read-y and has re-cent-ly been gi-ven a big wax-en doll. Ful-ly clothed, com-plete out-fit. Shoes, socks, un-dies, com-plete set.

fril-ly frock, glovz, white mesh A lit-tle white straw hat with chin e-las-tic.

A lit-tle picture book with led-gends in real print to go un-der her arm when she takes a walk.

Cantabile e rubato

Chin-a blue eyes that op-en and shut. The sun was not well up when Mil-lie rose, de-scend-ed the steep... slipped on her night-gown, de-scend-ed till a...
lone

the steep wood-\en stairs, back-wards on all fours, though she'd been for-bid-den to do so, tip-toed down the sil-ent pas-sage en-tered the nur-ser-y


Scoold ing her... the while.

Sud-den-ly a mouse -
Cantabile, come sopra

The day is now advanced. And yet it is perhaps a little soon for my song.

Winnie vocalizes.

To sing to soon is fatal, I always find. On the other hand it is possible to leave it too late.
bell goes for sleep and one has not sung ha ha ha ha ha The whole day has flown-flown by, quite by and no song of any class, kind, or description. There is a problem here.

Choking back song...

One can not sing, just like that, ah no. ah It bubbles up, for some unknown reason, the time is well chosen, one choked it back, ha ha ha ha ha One says,

Now is the time, it is now or never and one cannot ha ha ha ha ha Simply cannot sing ah not a note ah Another thing, Wil-o'-lie while we're on the subject ah
The sadness after song:

ah Have you run across that, Wil-lie? ha ha ha ha ha

In the course of your ex-per-i-ence?

No? ha ha ha

Sad-ness af-ter in-ti-mate sex-u-al in-ter-course one is fa-mil-i-ar with of course. ha ha ha ha ha

You would con-cur with Ar-is-to-tle there, Wil-lie,

I fan-cy.

ah Yes, that one knows and is pre-pared to face.

ah ha ha ha ha ha

(1500)
But after song... it does not last of course. ha ha ha ha ha
That is what I find so won-der-ful.

It wears a-way.

What are those won-der-ful lines?
Go for-get me why should something o'er that

some-thing shad-ow fling... go for-get me... why should-sor-row go for-get me nev-er hear me...
sweet-ly smile... bright-ly sing (sigh)

Molto quieto e cantabile (= ca. 42)
That is what I find so won-der-ful a part re-mains of one's clas-sics, to help one through the day.

Suddenly a mouse ran up her thigh and Mildred, dropping dolly in her fright, began to scream—Winnie gives a sudden piercing scream—and

Subito piu forte e veloce; con paura (s = ca. 72)

scared and screamed—Winnie screams twice—and screamed and screamed

and screamed and screamed till all came running, in their night attire, papa,
mama, Bibby and... old Auntie, to see what was the matter...
what on earth could possibly be the matter.

Subito piu quieto e lento (♩ = ca.48)

Too late.

8vo both hands.

Too late.

(suddenly only one note)

Willy.

p

Ah well, not long now, Win-nie, can't be long now, un-till the bell for sleep.

Then you may close your eyes.

mp

and plays.

Molto cantabile

She takes up trombone,

then you must close your eyes.

and keep them closed.

p

p rall. e dimin.
Last two measures sung through trombone. During last note trombone is slowly removed from mouth.
Problem here. No, something must move, in the world, I can't any more. A Zephyr. A breath. What are those immortal lines?

It might be eternal dark. Black night without end. Just chance, I take it, happy chance. Oh yes, a-bound ing mercies.

Come sopra ma piu lento

With lyrical nostalgia; ancora lento e quieto

And now? And now, Willie?
That day. The pink fizz. The flute glasses. The last guest gone.
The last bump-er with the bod-ies near-ly touch-ing.

look. What day? What look?
I hear cries. Sing.

Sing your old song Winnie. Oh this is a hap-py day, this will have been an-oth-er hap-py day! Af-ter all. So far.
Happy expression.

Cantabile

Though I say not what I may not Let you hear, Yet the swaying dance is saying,

Love me dear! Ev'ry touch of fingers Tell'smewhat I know, Says for you its true its true,

You love me so,