

*Yesterday my jeans looked unreal**

Remember when we met you wore a black top—*slitted and pinned?* That was the first show we played together. Before we knew what our instruments would be.

You reminded me of someone I would have met. Someone I would have taken pictures of, dressed up, written songs about. But we met anyway. (C/J)

*The answer she gave/simply was/I ' ll show you where the lilies grow**

Fixing yourself in front of the mirror, before changing back into jeans. That didn't let the excitement die. It burned.

*You say it looks as though I might give up this fight**

The styled look becomes freight for memory. The FashionMap Archive is a collection by others. Sometimes memories aren't entirely your own.

In Philip K. Dicks, *A Scanner Darkly*, the "scramble suit" was a thin membrane—a scrim-like garment cast over the individual—onto which were projected "a million and a half physiognomic fraction-representations of various people: men and women, children..." sending the wearer into instant anonymity.

*You hold the mirror up to the crowd/ How to wire wrap a stone**

Maratta's jewelry serves as protection on the aggregated model of the mannequin. Robertson's paintings screen in fractious color, and coat canvas like the armour of clothing. Sometimes you don't want to be seen, but invisibility is its own kind of work.

*Stayed in bed all mornin' just to pass the time**

Repose. The time it takes to make. To listen. To metabolize. To access memory, to escape it in song, paint and craft. Robertson and Maratta share a simultaneity of practice, music and art. Refusing to accept less than getting the time to do both—giving the space not to explain.

*I'm gonna tell my son to grow up pretty as the grass is green**

The technologies of appearance are always old: mimetic, citational—redundant of the past. Yet they hail the future still.

In Stanislaw Lem's, *Return from The Stars*, the protagonist discovers a collection of spray-on clothing in his hotel room: "suits, socks, sweaters, underwear - everything was sprayed on. I could see how that might appeal to women, because by discharging from a few or a few dozen bottles a liquid that immediately set into fabrics with textures smooth or rough—velvet, fur, or pliable metal—they could have a new creation every time, each for one occasion only."

An extension of the body in spray-on, in paint, or in textile. Though real texture only comes when paint is palimpsestic. As Robertson shows, "structures of feeling"*** emerge as paint and practice are allowed to accumulate. But perhaps accretion always serves as a mnemonic of retrospection. Maratta's description of material: "A piece of coral I used to wear on a piece of cord that used to go around my grandfather's army jacket drawstring." The history of a piece is its own archive, as much as it is fantasy.

Words

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**Raymond Williams, *Preface to Film* (1954).