

Costuming For Performance Lecture

[Ailanthus Manor, Classroom]

Tall mullioned windows offer the perfect view of the courtyard and well-tended lawns surrounding the west wing of the house. Swathes of mulberry velvet frame each window, the drapes pulled back and held in place by ropes of pearls. Neatly arranged rows of silk-cushioned chairs face an arboreal linden wood lectern, with a large blackboard on the wall behind and a pair of dress forms in the nearby corner. You also see the Razanetika disk, a black-eared red and grey fox that is sitting, a neat stack of glossy booklets, a silver-framed archway and a linden silver-limned door.

Also here: Lady Lorestel, High Lady Avawren, Tuilinneth, Squire Legionnaire Malinya, Lord Rassyn, Mianne who is sitting, Kaleiope who is sitting, Lady in Waiting Lynaera, Razanetika, Jossarian who is sitting, Aendir who is sitting, Seomanthe who is sitting, High Lady Rohese, Aculina, Akenna, Lord Kaldiniel who is sitting, Lord Dexrael, Lord Daevian who is sitting on a pearlescent chair, Aavia who is sitting on a smoky mauve chair, Lady Shaelethe who is sitting on a grey-on-ivory chair, Felarion who is sitting on a grey-on-ivory chair, Journeywoman Ithilwyn
Obvious exits: none

Rohese beams happily at you!

You flutter your wings at Rohese.

Leaning in towards your right cheek, Rohese lightly kisses the air and quickly switches to your left to repeat the motion.

You kiss Rohese tenderly on the cheek.

Speaking sincerely to you, Rohese says, "How lovely to see you, thank you so much for coming."

Speaking graciously to Rohese, you exclaim, "Thank you for the invitation!"

Speaking softly to you, Rohese says, "Everyone is just stretching their legs after the last wonderful lecture."

Rohese smiles at you.

Speaking quietly to Rohese, you say, "I am sorry I missed tonight's earlier events."

The red and grey fox barks at you.

You turn to face a black-eared red and grey fox.

Speaking to a black-eared red and grey fox, you say, "And hello to you, too."

Dexrael warmly exclaims, "My apologies for running long!"

You lightly place your hand on the red and grey fox which responds by moving his body beneath your hand for a thorough rubbing.

The red and grey fox wags his tail back and forth slowly.

Speaking softly to you, Rohese says, "Not at all, I'm just happy you could make it."

Akenna laughs softly, trying to hide her amusement.

Seomanthe stands up.

Seomanthe turns to give you a quick smooch, and you tilt your head slightly, giving her a warm buss on the lips.

Speaking softly in Aelotian to a black-eared red and grey fox, you coo, "How are you, Lovely?"
Ithilwyn gives Kaldiniel a lingering kiss on the cheek.

You kiss Seomanthe on the cheek.

Rohese softly says, "Oh, before I forget."

Rohese stands up off of the chair.

Lorestel offers Rohese a lanyard-style faenor oak leaf pendant.

Rohese accepts Lorestel's faenor oak leaf pendant.

You gaze thoughtfully at a pair of dress forms.

Rohese offers you a lanyard-style faenor oak leaf pendant. Click ACCEPT to accept the offer or DECLINE to decline it. The offer will expire in 30 seconds.

You smile at Rohese.

You accept Rohese's offer and are now holding a lanyard-style faenor oak leaf pendant.

Speaking softly to you, Rohese says, "Your guest speaker pendant."

Speaking to Rohese, you exclaim, "Thank you!"

>I pendant

Looping through a small gold ring is a length of cream grosgrain ribbon from which hangs a verdant faenor oak leaf. Buffed to a high shine, the pendant has been pressed with a pinnate vein pattern on one side and left smooth on the reverse. The slightly curled edges of the broad leaf are irregular, having several lobes with rounded tips on each end. Secured along the back of the pendant is a slender, hand blown crystal vial bearing a delicate stopper.

Rohese whispers, "A little gift and thank you."

You flutter your wings, flashing them at Rohese.
Dexrael breathes very slowly and looks much calmer.
You quietly whisper to Rohese, "Very kind. It is lovely."

>read pend

A tiny strip of parchment affixed to the back of the faenor oak leaf pendant reads, " ~
FashionCon 5119: Guest Speaker ~."

You put a lanyard-style faenor oak leaf pendant in your black silk cloak.

You remove an emerald gossamer silk chemise from in your black silk cloak.

You put an emerald gossamer silk chemise on a pair of dress forms.

You remove a trailing ebony satin overgown patterned with raised lilies from in your black silk cloak.

You put a trailing ebony satin overgown patterned with raised lilies on a pair of dress forms.

You say, "I think I will wait a few moments longer, just to make sure everyone has had time to stretch and refresh."

A silkworm moth flutters into view, spiraling and tumbling on a gentle zephyr. With a whisper of velvety wings, it leads a pair of well-dressed elves in the direction of Ailanthus Manor on Whistler's Pass.

Speaking quietly to Rohese, you say, "I have been away from Ta'Illestim too long. I barely recognize anyone here."

You grin sheepishly.

Rohese smiles at you.

You shrug your shoulders, lifting your wings slightly.

You gingerly run your fingers over your hip length hair, ensuring yourself that not a single strand has fallen out of place.

Speaking softly to you, Rohese says, "It's lovely to see you here."

Speaking cheerfully to you, Seomanthe says, "You know at least one of these freckles."

Seomanthe points at herself.

Speaking softly to Rohese, you say, "I heard reports of some.. excitement."

You chortle at Seomanthe.

You lean on Seomanthe.

Seomanthe grins.

Speaking to Seomanthe, you say, "Thank goodness."

You flash a quick grin.

You glance around the room.

You say, "Alright.. another minute for stragglers."

You smile.

You stand in front of an arboreal linden wood lectern.

Rohese rises, momentarily holding the fabric of her gown up until her feet are firmly planted underneath her.

Rohese softly says, "Welcome everyone."

Rohese softly says, "First, things first."

Rohese smiles.

Rohese softly asks, "Is the raffle winner here by any chance?"

Rohese glances around the room.

Rohese softly asks, "Tranquia?"

Rohese softly exclaims, "Ah!"

Rohese offers Tranquia an iridescent peacock blue case stamped with the seal of Ta'lllistim. Speaking softly to Tranquia, Rohese says, "Congratulations."

Tranquia flashes a wide grin.

Tranquia accepts Rohese's peacock blue case.

Tranquia says, "Thank you."

Tranquia gazes with interest at the peacock blue case in her hand.

Rohese softly says, "Welcome everyone to the opening night of FashionCon 5119."

Rohese softly says, "It's so lovely to see you all here this evening."

Rohese smiles.

Rohese softly says, "The last two lectures have been wonderful."

Rohese softly says, "And now we have the lovely Traiva to give us an insight into Costuming."

Rohese smiles at you.

Rohese softly exclaims, "So I will be quiet now and let her take over!"

You smile at Rohese.

You recite brightly:

"Good evening!"

You recite:

"As there are many faces here I do not recognize, I am going to assume I am new to many of you as well."

You smile.

You recite:

"I am Lady Traiva Verethundi, the Chatelaine for the House of Paupers."

You say, "But of course that alone does not give me any authority to speak on costuming, despite our cast of characters."

You wink and flash a sly grin.

You recite:

"My claim to costume fame is as a three-time Bardfest finalist and a Bardfest winner, in addition to sitting on the judging panel."

Seomanthe mouths, "It's true!"

Seomanthe nods eagerly.

You recite:

"But there are more reasons to perform besides Bardfest!"

You recite:

"Tonight's lecture will be somewhat broad for that very reason."

You smile.

You recite:

"The obvious question is: Why bother with a costume for performing a simple song?"

You rub your chin thoughtfully.

Rohese thoughtfully taps a finger against her lips.

Leafiara cocks her head.

You recite:

"Sometimes, it does not seem it is needed, such as with street performing. Or... is it?"

You grin slowly.

Leafiara nods enthusiastically to you!

Akenna chews nervously on her lip.

You recite:

"The clothing you wear absolutely gives an impression when people look at you. Seeing a busker in the tavern wearing very plain clothes most definitely gives a feeling of someone "singing for their supper." Which may well work to their advantage."

You nod knowingly.

You recite:

"But that same "busker" in the amphitheater, wearing finer fabrics, would give off the impression that they are a much more polished performer, even if they sang the same song from the tavern!"

Leafiara looks lost in thought.

You take a few steps toward a pair of dress forms.

You reach out and touch a pair of dress forms.

You recite:

"It also sets a mood for your performance."

You recite:

"The audience is often drawn into the song and story when the performer looks more the part, not unlike being an actor in a play. Singing a song about fur trading as if you are the fur trader is instantly more believable when you are wearing rugged shirt and pants and other furs, instead of, say, a silk gown."

Leafiara nods in agreement.

You recite:

"The overall performance can also be enhanced by appropriate interaction with your garments!"

You recite:

"If, for example, you are telling a story and your character has cause to hide his face, the level of drama is increased by having a flowy sleeve to hold up and hide your face at the same

time! Or, if you wished to go for comedic effect, making a show of tripping over a long skirt is instantly more believable when... you are, yourself, wearing the long skirt!"

Rohese smiles quietly to herself.

Seomanthe grins.

You ponder the meaning of life, the universe, and everything.

You recite:

"For any here who may compete in Bardfest, I will clue you in that the judges absolutely are looking at what the competitors are wearing, and we are basing scores on it."

You nod slowly.

Rohese studies Seomanthe, giving her an intense consideration.

Luxelle nods.

Speaking to Rohese, Seomanthe objects, "I'm just the wrangler, not a judge!"

Seomanthe grins.

You recite solemnly:

"A competitor's Artistic score has risen and fallen based on what they are and are not wearing, and Showmanship scores have been enhanced by appropriate interaction with the costume pieces. Not every judge will notice, but those who do will be pointing it out to the others."

Rohese giggles at Seomanthe.

You recite emphatically:

"With recent winners having been determined by a fraction of a point, every little thing counts!"

Leafiara gulps.

Rohese bites her lip.

You stand in front of an arboreal linden wood lectern.

You say, "Now..."

You pace back and forth.

You recite:

"Hopefully convinced you to attire yourself to suit your piece..."

Dexrael smiles.

You recite gleefully:

"So go forth and do!"

You flash a quick grin.

Luxelle nods.

Seomanthe whispers aloud, "I'll be right backs."

You say, "Wait, no..."

You shake your head.

You grin sheepishly.

Tuilinneth raises an eyebrow.

You recite:

"No, of course not, I know there are more questions."

You nod knowingly.

Lynaera folds her hands behind her back.

You recite:

"Such as how to get started."

You fold your hands.

Leafiara leans forward and rests her chin in her hand, a thoughtful expression on her face.

Aculina ponders.

You recite:

"As with nearly anything, start with the basics. But.. what basics?"

You furrow your brow, probably adding a wrinkle or two in the process.

Mni looks lost in thought.

You recite:

"As I said earlier, a costume helps to set your mood."

You recite:

"Think of who you are in the story or song, or who or what the piece is about."

You recite:

"I gave an earlier example of a song about fur trading and wearing garments like what a trapper might wear.

But what if your piece is a recounting of events? What you wear can still help set the mood."

You gaze at your surroundings.

Rohese inclines her head.

You recite:

"Let us take the example of a tale of a battle on the Demonwall."

Seomanthe shivers.

Rohese bites her lip.

Rohese closes her eyes for a moment.

Mni raises an eyebrow.

Luxelle shudders.

You recite:

"Could you tell this tale while wearing armor? Yes, of course, and I would be taken in by the warrior who may have been there himself."

Leafiara gazes with interest at her surroundings.

Aculina looks thoughtfully at you.

You recite:

"But could the performer also wear velvet breeches and silk shirt for this tale? Certainly, and we would see the bard spreading the fame - and hopefully glory! - of those who fought."

Taraquin folds his hands in his lap.

Rohese giggles to herself.

Seomanthe strikes a heroic pose.

Rohese just nudged Seomanthe.

Seomanthe appears to be trying hard not to grin.

You quietly say, "This, of course, all in the name of theatrical drama."

Leafiara sighs blithely, her countenance full of hope.

Nimaera gazes in awe at you.

Taraquin begins chuckling at Nimaera!

You recite:

"Do not forget that clothing is not the only thing we must consider. Think of your accessories and jewelry."

You recite:

"Our armor-clad warrior on the Demonwall would look rather silly wearing silk slippers and a diamond bracelet!"

Your face goes blank.

Rohese giggles to herself.

Luxelle nods.

Mni appears to be struggling to keep a straight face.

You recite:

"Or think of the musician in velvet finery that is all but covered with various pins and medallions and scraps of ribbon!"

You roll your eyes.

Seomanthe wonders, "Praps you could use the bracelet to blind a demon."

You let out an exasperated, "Pbpbpb."

Leafiara nods knowingly.

Luxelle chuckles.

Rohese gazes in amusement at Seomanthe.

Aculina smiles.

Taraquin shakes his head, clucking his tongue.

Lynaera adopts an agreeable expression.

Akenna's shoulders shake subtly as she struggles to compose her features, revealing a glimmer of mirth before returning to a poker face.

Speaking quietly to Seomanthe, you say, "Stop taking away from my comically dramatic effect."

You stick out your tongue.

Seomanthe clasps her hand over her mouth.

Rohese bites her lip.

Daevian grins.

Mni grins.

Taraquin chuckles.

Kaldiniel laughs softly, trying to hide his amusement.

You clear your throat.

Ithilwyn smiles.

You recite:

"It is now hard to see the warrior fighting or our bard as so polished. However, when it is not obscured, the right piece of jewelry or medallion can be used for excellent effect."

Speaking lightly to Seomanthe, Rohese teases, "That's you told."

Dexrael smiles.

(Traiva slowly paces around the room.)

You notice Aculina watching you warily out of the corner of her eyes.

Taraquin glances appraisingly around the room.

You recite:

"Now that we are starting to see our costume as a part of the performance, it becomes a matter of making it happen!"

Aculina smiles quietly to herself.

You recite:

"Sometimes you may be lucky enough to come across a merchant who can change the look of your items for you, so you can have the perfect signature piece made."

Nimaera chuckles.

Leafiara grins slowly.

(Traiva comes to a sudden stop in front of Rohese.)

You recite:

"But wait! What is the signature piece?"

You fidget.

Rohese raises an eyebrow.

Rohese softly says, "Hmm."

Rohese thoughtfully taps a finger against her lips.

You recite:

"That depends on how you see your costume and what you want to have highlighted."

Akenna glances at her spun cotton shoes.

Rohese lets out a sigh of relief.

You turn to face Akenna.

Taraquin chuckles.

You flash a quick grin.

Akenna softly mouths, "Shoes."

Leafiara nods firmly at Akenna.

Akenna tilts her head up.

(Traiva resumes her slow pacing.)

Daevian appears to be trying hard not to grin.

Rohese smiles at Akenna.

You recite:

"Think of what would stand out the most."

Ithilwyn smiles.

You rub your chin thoughtfully.

Rohese softly counters, "Statement piece of jewelry!"

You recite:

"Is it a dramatic cloak? A ragged dress? Boots that shine so much you can nearly see your reflection? Or perhaps you have a beloved instrument that you want to have stand out more."

You nod at Rohese.

Akenna taps a wristcuff of latticed-carved wyrwood that she is wearing.

Speaking to Rohese, you agree, "Or a lovely piece of jewelry."

Rohese nods.

Rohese smiles.

You recite:

"Focus on what you want the audience to notice most, or what will bring a high impact to your performance."

(Traiva makes her way back to stand by the lectern.)

You lean against an arboreal linden wood lectern.

You recite:

"Alright, I know. You are -never- picked to have a merchant do work for you, or there is not one coming soon enough. Now what?"

Rohese inclines her head.

Kaldiniel blinks.

Luxelle chuckles.

Luxelle nods.

Luxelle nods.

(Traiva's frown turns into an exaggerated pout.)

Tuilinneth hesitantly asks, "Shop?"

Taraquin clasps his hand over his mouth.

Taraquin chuckles.

Speaking softly to Seomanthe, Rohese whispers aloud, "I hope she doesn't suggest you steal it!"

Seomanthe appears to be trying hard not to grin.

Rohese bites her lip.

Felarion appears to be trying hard not to grin.

Rohese wrinkles her nose.

You glance at Rohese.

You giggle.

Rinori asks, "Banditry?"

You shake your head.

Daevian grins.

Jossarian chuckles to himself.

You relievedly say, "No no.."

You ponder the meaning of life, the universe, and everything.

Speaking laughingly to Rohese, Seomanthe asks, "Whats a bit of pilfering in the name of Art?"

You muse, "Well, I mean..."

Taraquin nods sagely at Seomanthe.

Leafiara appears to be struggling to keep a straight face as she glances at Seomanthe.

Kaldiniel appears to be struggling to keep a straight face.

You clear your throat.

Avawren chuckles.

Speaking softly to Seomanthe, Rohese exclaims, "Illegal!"

You quietly murmur, "No, not a part of the lecture..."

You fold your hands.

Akenna offers, "Find a good cobbler."

Kaldiniel laughs softly, trying to hide his amusement.

Seomanthe clasps her hand over her mouth.

Leafiara looks at Akenna and hums.

You recite:

"Thankfully, there are a number of shops across Elanthia, run by professional merchants and adventurers who try their hand at merchanting. Sometimes the exact thing you need is sitting in one of these shops, waiting for you to buy it!"

Aendir begins chuckling at Rohese!

Rohese lets out a sigh of relief.

Akenna glances upward and whistles quietly, an innocent look on her face.

You give a sigh of relief.

Seomanthe mumbles something that sounds like an apology as she glances at you.

Taraquin laughs softly, trying to hide his amusement.

You recite:

"Many of the merchants publish a basic catalogue of their wares, and you may now even be able to hire an urchin to fetch your item from an adventurer's shop, for a nominal fee, of course."

Avawren flashes a quick grin at Akenna.

You stare at nothing in particular.

Akenna grins at Avawren.

You darkly mumble, "Nominal fee.."

You fold your wings across your back.

Seomanthe starts chortling.

Nimaera starts chuckling at you!

Speaking relievedly to Aendir, Rohese whispers aloud, "She had me worried there for a moment."

You take a deep breath.

You grin slowly.

You recite:

"And sometimes, costume pieces can be found in the most unexpected of places!"

Mni grins.

You recite:

"It is amazing what people will sell to a pawnshop, or leave out on a bench."

You nod once.

Leafiara nods in agreement.

You recite coyly:

"You may even have a friend who has just the right thing for you to borrow."

You flutter your eyelashes at Rohese.

Dexrael grins.

Rohese flutters her eyelashes at you.

You giggle.

Leafiara gazes in amusement at her surroundings.

Speaking softly to you, Rohese mouths, "No you can't borrow Aendir."

You snap your fingers.

Rohese gazes fondly at Aendir.

Felarion laughs softly, trying to hide his amusement.

You raise your voice in merry laughter.

Aendir laughs softly, trying to hide his amusement.

Rohese winks at you.

Avawren laughs softly, trying to hide her amusement.

Jossarian chuckles to himself.

You hopefully whisper aloud, "Next time.."

Rohese giggles.

You clear your throat.

Aendir grins.

Akenna giggles softly at you.

You recite knowingly:

"The key is to work your exhausted creative muscle just a -little- -bit- -more- as you figure out the workarounds to a perfect look."

(Traiva suddenly droops, looking exhausted!)

You take a deep breath.

Taraquin starts chuckling at you!

Mni giggles.

(Traiva quickly runs her hands over her skirt, composing herself.)

Rohese smiles.

Aculina smiles at you.

You glance around the room.

Felarion beams at you and claps his hands together in delight!

You recite:

"It may sound like a lot of work, but the payoff of drawing your audience even more into your performance will be more than worth it."

(Taraquin fans himself gently with his glossy-paged booklet, offering you a smile.)

You say, "And with that.."

Taraquin chuckles.

You graciously ask, "Are there any questions?"

Rohese glances around the room.

Luxelle ponders.

Akenna glances around the room.

Seomanthe smiles.

Akenna looks lost in thought.

Rohese raises her hand.

Mni quietly offers, "Don't suppose they make shorter length gowns for dwarves....."

Mni coughs.

Rohese giggles at Mni.

Speaking to Mni, you exclaim, "They do!"

Leafiara gazes in amusement at Mni.

Mni blushes a florid shade of crimson.

You say, "I have seen gowns for one as short as a Gnome."

You flash a quick grin.

Mni smiles hopefully at Traiva.

You ask, "Lady Rohese?"

Speaking softly to you, Rohese asks, "What tips would you have for a male attempting to convince his audience he is a damsel?"

Rohese inclines her head.

Aculina's jaw drops.

Akenna bursts out in laughter, snorting gilt-hued saucer through her nose.

Aculina clasps her hand over her mouth.

Avawren grins at Rohese.

Akenna winces.

Rohese wrinkles her nose.

Mni giggles.

You slyly say, "Take notes at the annual Topsy-Turvy Masque."

Kaldiniel appears to be struggling to keep a straight face.

Daevian laughs!

Tuilinneth looks thoughtfully at Rohese.

You flash a quick grin.

Seomanthe cackles!

Aendir grins.

Luxelle nods.

Rohese nods slowly to you.

Leafiara beams happily at you!

Mni grins at you.

Rohese giggles.

Akenna wrinkles her nose.

Speaking to you, Seomanthe says, "I was hopin you would say that."

You say, "Beyond that, get a woman to help you with a proper gown."

You say, "And..."

You cheerfully exclaim, "Wigs!"

Luxelle exclaims, "Shoes, too!"

Rohese softly exclaims, "Ooh yes!"

Mni grins from ear to ear.

You say, "They are wonderful things for changing the look of your hair."

Akenna says, "Some men are pretty enough they don't need to do much."

Akenna softly giggles.

You nod in agreement at Akenna.

Rohese giggles at Akenna.

Daevian agrees with Akenna.

Leafiara begins chortling at Akenna.

Speaking to you, Seomanthe asks, "Kohl sticks praps too? And nail polish?"

Speaking amusedly to Luxelle, Avawren says, "And time to practice walking in them."

Seomanthe wiggles her fingers.

Kaldiniel rolls his eyes.

Speaking to Akenna, you agree, "Some just need to put on a dress and lipgloss and call it a night."

Luxelle nods at Avawren.

Akenna mumbles, "Corset."

You nod at Seomanthe.

Luxelle says, "Maybe stick with ... flats."

Akenna grins at you.

Luxelle shifts her weight.

Rohese wrinkles her nose.

Mni frowns.

Kaleiope frowns.

Nimaera starts chuckling at you!

You chortle.

Mni mutters corsets.

Speaking softly to Luxelle, Rohese says, "I was just thinking that myself."

Luxelle grins at Rohese.

Speaking mischievously to Akenna, Seomanthe says, "One corset, four pairs of socks."

Jossarian gazes heavenward.

Akenna giggles at Seomanthe.

You say, "And yes, sometimes padding may be needed.."

Rohese blinks at Seomanthe.

Mni giggles at Seomanthe.

Avawren cocks her head.

Avawren ponders.

Leafiara blushes a nice shade of light pink.

Rohese presses a hand to her chest, inhaling and exhaling slowly.

Avawren flushes slightly, some color reaching her cheeks.

Speaking to Seomanthe, Akenna says, "Aye, I suppose they'd need something up there."

(Traiva smooths her skirt over her hips.)

Seomanthe snickers to herself.

Rinori raises an eyebrow.

Akenna grins slowly at Seomanthe.

Speaking amusedly to herself, Rohese says, "Now I am beginning to wish I didn't ask this question."

Rohese wrinkles her nose.

Dexrael laughs!

You chortle at Rohese.

Rohese blushes sheepishly to herself.

Seomanthe bursts out in a sudden snort of laughter.

Kaldiniel laughs softly, trying to hide his amusement.

Akenna appears somehow different.

Speaking warmly to Rohese, Kaldiniel exclaims, "But look at all the great ideas!"

Rohese giggles at Kaleiope.

Akenna raises her hand.

Aavia raises her hand.

You turn to face Aavia.

Speaking to Aavia, you ask, "Yes?"

Taraquin begins chuckling at Rohese!

Speaking to you, Aavia repeats, "Have you ever seen any costume mishaps?"

You smile at Aavia.

Tuilinneth raises an eyebrow.

Akenna idly scratches herself on the neck.

Akenna folds her hands in her lap.

Speaking carefully to Aavia, you say, "I have not exactly seen mishaps.."

Taraquin chuckles.

Aavia nods to you.

You carefully say, "But I have seen many, many.. questionable.. costuming decisions."

You nod slowly.

Leafiara grins crookedly at you.

Aavia grins at you.

Luxelle chuckles.

Seomanthe starts chortling.

You say, "As I said during the lecture.."

You say, "When it comes to Bardfest, the judges ARE looking, and it WILL affect your score."

Aavia nods.

Aendir chuckles.

Aendir says, "Unless we're singing about pickles."

Taraquin nods grimly to you.

Rohese giggles at Aendir.

Aendir amusedly says, "Then all bets are off."

Leafiara scratches her head.

You shake your head at Aendir and cluck your tongue.

Taraquin raises an eyebrow in Aendir's direction.

Nimaera chuckles.

Seomanthe glances at Aendir and cringes.

Taraquin somberly mutters, "Dare I ask?"

Aendir whistles tunelessly to himself.

Speaking to Aendir, you say, "Only if I get my own pickle."

Luxelle says, "Even beyond bardfest, I am always surprised at how many people notice what I wear sometimes."

Speaking determinedly to Aendir, Rohese exclaims, "I'm not going to ask!"

Aendir starts chuckling at you!

Leafiara gazes in amusement at Luxelle.

Rohese smiles at Luxelle.

Speaking gently to you, Taraquin says, "I'll be sure in due time."

Speaking to Rohese, Aendir says, "I was a judge last year."

You smile at Luxelle.

Aendir gazes in amusement at Rohese.

Luxelle says, "It keeps me from rushing out of my room wearing whatever."

Speaking softly to Aendir, Rohese exclaims, "You brave elf!"

Rohese rests a gentle hand on Aendir's arm.

Akenna's expression is ponderous as she chews on one side of her lip.

Aendir exclaims, "A picklesong won it all!"

Jossarian glances dubiously at Aendir.

Rohese glances over at Aendir and winces.

A pained expression crosses Jossarian's face.

Aendir says, "Let it be a lesson to you contenders."

Nimaera cocks her head.

Rohese nods in agreement at Jossarian.

You quietly whisper to Aendir, "That is right, you are! So you know how picky I am..."

Speaking teasingly to Aendir, Jossarian inquires, "Was that your fault?"

Aendir starts chuckling at you!

Rohese laughs softly, trying to hide her amusement.

Daevian laughs softly, trying to hide his amusement from Jossarian.

Speaking to Rohese, Seomanthe says, "Lord Silithyr was very patient."

Seomanthe chortles softly at some secret joke.

Speaking to Jossarian, Aendir says, "Ah..."

Aendir rubs his chin thoughtfully.

Jossarian gazes in amusement at Aendir.

Speaking to Jossarian, you say, "It was a well deserved win."

Speaking playfully to Seomanthe, Rohese quips, "How unlike him!"

Rohese gazes in amusement at Aendir.

Aendir grins.

Jossarian glances dubiously at you.

Jossarian looks thoughtful for a moment, then shrugs.

You ask, "Are there any more questions before a few announcements?"

Rohese glances around the room.

You say, "If any one does have a question later, do not hesitate to direct it to me."

You smile.

Rinori nods once.

You say, "I am not often in Ta'lllistim, but notes will find me at the House of Paupers in the Landing."

You exclaim, "So then!"

Rohese smiles.

You recite:

"Before you all take your leave, I have a few notes for upcoming FashionCon events and sessions that may be of interest to expand this evening's lecture."

Leafiara leans forward.

You recite:

"First, at the top of the hour, join us in the Amphitheater for Stars Under the Stars, a concert during which I will be performing a piece that serves as some fieldwork to accompany the lecture."

You glance at a pair of dress forms.

Rohese smiles at Luxelle.

Shaelethe folds her hands in her lap.

Taraquin draws his hands together in a slow, deliberate clap.

You recite:

"Second, tomorrow at 10 in the morning by the Elves, Elanthian Elegance will be here in the Classroom to discuss how to make the most of your time with a merchant. Immediately following, at 11 in the morning, The Looking Glass will host a workshop to brainstorm ideas to have ready for such a merchant to alter the look of your items."

Mni nods.

You recite:

"Those will be another way for you to think of expanding tonight's lectures."

You smile.

Mianne nods slowly.

Rohese nods in agreement.

Taraquin nods sagely.

You recite:

"Thank you all for your presence tonight!"

You curtsy gracefully.

Lecture Fieldwork at Stars Under the Stars Concert

[Ta'lllistim Amphitheatre]

The amphitheatre has been literally carved out of the mountainside. Stone benches tier downwards towards a granite platform, upon which rests a carved podium. Delicate glass orbs suspended from ironwork posts surround the stage, illuminating the area with a golden glow. Moonlight glints upon the sapphire and silver banners as they gently stir in the cool night air atop the amphitheatre's surrounding walls.

Also here: people who enjoy good art

Obvious paths: out

Rovvigen softly says, "First to present tonight is Lady Traiva Verethundi, winner of Bardfest 5112 and a longtime Bardfest judge. Fresh from her lecture on Costuming for Performance, she is performing tonight for the lecture fieldwork."

Nimaera applauds you.

Zarston applauds you.

You stand back up.

Leafiara beams happily at you!

Avawren applauds you.

You attend to your ebony satin overgown, making the overgown as presentable as possible.

You turn to Rovvigen and bow low, spreading your wings for all to see.

Rovvigen bows to you.

(Traiva makes her way onto the platform, followed by four nondescript figures covered in black robes and each carrying a clothed mannequin. The figures set the mannequins in a semi-circle behind Traiva before slipping off into the shadows.)

(Traiva goes to each mannequin in turn, moving from left to right, carefully examining it and tinkering slightly with its attire. The first is dressed in light muslin shirt and pants, the second wears a tattered red shirt and torn red trousers, the third is draped in a bloodstained white silk gown, and the fourth is covered by a dark wool multi-layered robe.)

Luxelle turns an inquisitive ear toward you.

(Traiva nods in satisfaction after attending to the wool-covered mannequin and steps lightly to the center of the platform.)

You recite:

"Everyone who enjoys theater should well know the important role clothes play in projecting the proper image."

(Traiva glances toward the wool-covered mannequin behind her.)

You recite:

"A set of flowing robes gives the impression of a powerful mage, with magic so strong that heavy armor is not needed."

(Traiva purses her lips and furrows her brow, exaggerating her pensive expression.)

You recite slowly:

"Sometimes, however . . ."

(Traiva's expression changes to a knowing smirk as she slowly nods her head.)

You recite pointedly:

"Function should well be considered before form."

(Traiva skips lightly to the mannequin dressed in muslin, the light catching the pattern of raised lilies on her overgown as she spins to face the audience before draping one arm forward over the mannequin's shoulder while her other hand slowly caresses the mannequin's chest.)

You recite seductively:

"Should it not, my pretty?"

(Traiva takes a small step back and faces the mannequin as she sings.)

You sing earnestly:

"You are dressed so fine, this we know for sure.
Your good looks here are admired by all.
But perhaps you should take more care
When you choose what to wear,
Lest foolhardiness prove your downfall."

(Traiva's satin overgown swirls around her legs as she spins to gaze out at the audience before placing her forefinger along the side of her jaw.)

Avawren appears to be trying hard not to grin.

You sing brightly:

"Light muslin, thin cotton, and ariest gauze
Feel just right when it's steamy and hot.
And the long summer months give us ample cause
To dress lightly more often than not."

(Traiva cocks her head toward the mannequin beside her and arches her eyebrow.)

You sing with measured tones:

"But there's a time and a place for ev'rything,
And we'd do well to heed this advice:

No matter the season
There's very good reason
To wear fur and wool out on the ice."

Luxelle nods.

(Traiva turns to the audience and exhales as she shakes her head ruefully.)

You recite plainly:

"'Twas realized too late by this foolhardy gent
Trav'ling under sun's glittering glare.
And so dressed for summer, to Icemule he went
And was found frozen stiff halfway there."

Daevian grins.

(Traiva's wings lift slightly as she shrugs her shoulders and waves a dismissive hand at the muslin-dressed mannequin before giving it a nudge that sends it falling over with a clatter. She disdainfully lifts the hem of her satin overgown and weaves her way around the mannequin as she dances to stand beside the mannequin dressed in red.)

Nimaera chuckles.

Luxelle winces.

(Traiva's head tilts slightly as her gaze travels the mannequin from shoulder to trouser hem, her lips curling in an exaggerated grimace. She then turns her gaze out to the audience and flashes a charming smile.)

You sing earnestly:

"Some clothes make the man, or so I have been told --
Like this fellow, so dashing in red.
A color well worn by the strong and the bold,
Many followed wherever he led."

(Traiva's smile suddenly darkens into a pensive frown. She gives the mannequin beside her a sidelong glance and raises her eyebrow.)

Lucrecea folds her hands in her lap.

You sing with measured tones:

"But there's a time and a place for ev'rything,
And there's times when a color's not right.
If 'neath Wehntoph you go,
You would do well to know:
A red cloak provokes minos to fight!"

(Traiva's face takes on an expression of pity as she places one hand on her hip.)

Katiesa chuckles to herself.

Akenna looks lost in thought.

You recite simply:

"'Twas realized too late by this foolhardy lad
Who in Labyrinth sought to descend.
But his crimson clothes made the minotaurs mad,
And alas, they caught him in the end."

(Traiva lets out an exaggeratedly exasperated sigh and pivots the red-dressed mannequin to display the rather large hole at the seat of its trousers.)

(Traiva gives the mannequin a disdainful glance before marching to stand beside the mannequin draped in a bloodstained white silk gown.)

Katiesa appears to be trying hard not to grin.

(Traiva whines quietly as she lifts a torn sleeve with her fingertips and flicks her hand away, causing the silk to fall limply to the mannequin's side.)

Akenna softly giggles.

Avawren giggles.

You sing earnestly:

"You are dressed so fine, this we know for sure.
Your good looks are admired by all.
But you should take more care
When you choose what to wear
Lest foolhardiness prove your downfall."

Luxelle chuckles.

(Traiva runs her hand over the mannequin's silk-covered shoulder as she casts a longing gaze mixed with despair.)

You sing sweetly:

"Now a proper lady oft wears finery
Like satin and silk so fine to the touch.
She'll cut a fine figure for all that would see
That it's difficult to be active much."

Rovvigen grins.

(Traiva turns toward the audience with a wry expression on her face before shaking her head and letting out a heavy sigh.)

You sing with measured tones:

"But there's a time and a place for ev'rything,
And sometimes a gown really won't do:
If there's a siege on your town,
You should forgo the gown,
Lest you find yourself cloven in two."

Lynaera appears to be struggling to keep a straight face.

(Traiva folds her arms across her chest, a disgusted expression crossing her face.)

You recite plainly:

"'Twas realized too late by this foolhardy lass
Who'd sooner die before fashion gaffe --
A folly that soon became as clear as glass
When they cut her fine figure in half."

(Traiva nods emphatically before glowering at the silk-draped mannequin one final time. She pokes it squarely in the chest with her forefinger, sending the top half tumbling to the floor, then grasps her skirts near mid-thigh and swishes the material around her legs as she sashays to lean against the wool-covered mannequin.)

(Traiva releases her skirts and runs her full palm over the mannequin's robe, gliding it smoothly along the form.)

Katiesa nods slowly.

You sing liltingly:

"And this one, his wool robes were quite excellent,
They'd served him well through many a turn.
A proud mage with elements forced to his bent,
And he went to make Nelemar burn."

(Traiva begins to gather the wool in her hand in an attempt to pull it taut around the mannequin's legs. Her fingers pull more and more material against her palm until the one hand can no longer hold it all, and she sheepishly turns slightly so her other hand can assist with the task.)

(Traiva stares incredulously at the mass of wool gathered in her hands and shudders, then releases it to fall limply around the mannequin's legs once more.)

You sing with measured tones:

"But there's a time and a place for ev'ry thing,
And wool's such a poor choice for a swim:
If it's water you seek
Then it's best to keep sleek
Lest the elements fell you like him."

(Traiva gives the mannequin a condescending pat on the shoulder and turns to face the audience, her wings lifting slightly as she shrugs.)

Daevian smirks.

You recite plainly:

"'Twas realized too late by this foolhardy gent,
As his plans ran so swiftly aground:
His waterlogged clothes left him thoroughly spent,
And his chances, just like him, were drowned."

Akenna giggles.

Rovvigen smiles.

(Traiva lets out a long, contemplative breath and thrusts her elbow against the mannequin, setting it teetering for a moment before finally falling over.)

Luxelle clasps her hand over her mouth.

You sing whimsically:

"A pitiful tale of good intent gone awry,
Is what my lovelies have brought here tonight.
But there is one here upon this stage
Who got her clothing selection just right!"

You sing playfully:

"For there's a time and a place for ev'rything,
And a concert's no exception, it's true:
If you're aiming to please,
Then just listen to me,
And let all of your talents shine through!"

You take off a trailing ebony satin overgown patterned with raised lilies.

You recite plainly:

"And nor will I join with this foolhardy band
With my finery bringing me low,
For I'm well equipped against wandering hand . . ."

You give a sidelong glance at Rovvigen.

As you turn the chemise tendrils of superhot plasma trail from it.

You recite brightly:

"But I do hope you enjoyed the show!"

(Traiva's lips spread into a wide grin as she winks.)

Rovvigen beams!

(Traiva drops into a graceful curtsy, her emerald wings spread wide behind her. The black-clad figures return to the stage and quickly gather the mannequins before filing off once more.)

Katiesa applauds you.

Zarston applauds you.

Jossarian chuckles to himself.

Jossarian applauds politely.

Rovvigen applauds you.

Ithilwyn applauds.

Nimaera applauds you.

Luxelle grins at you.

Akenna beams at you and claps her hands together in delight!

Kaleiope applauds.

Daevian applauds politely.

You put on a trailing ebony satin overgown patterned with raised lilies.

Eyona beams!

Lucrecea applauds politely.

Avawren applauds you.

You flash a quick grin.

Luxelle applauds you.

Rovvigen softly says, "Nicely performed."

You attend to your ebony satin overgown, making the overgown as presentable as possible.

Lynaera applauds politely.

Speaking lightly to you, Katiesa says, "Exactly why I wear fire-wreathed boots in Icemule."

Rovvigen bows to you.

You grin.

Aendir smiles.

Rovvigen giggles at Katiesa.

Speaking quietly to Lynaera, Avawren enthuses, "That was a delight."

Aendir appreciatively says, "Well done indeed."

(Traiva carefully makes her way to sit next to Nimaera.)

Rovvigen agrees with Avawren.

You sit down next to Nimaera.