

FOOD OF LOVE 1988

first performed at the Almeida Theatre, 14 June 1988, as part of the Almeida Festival, London, by Celia Gore Booth (speaker) and Shelagh Sutherland (piano).

SPEAKER (ACTRESS)

PIANIST (playing grand piano with III pedal and piano-lid shut)

A performance of FOOD OF LOVE should take place at the end of any recital; there is no programme note.

PLEASE NOTE: Prior approval must be obtained from Rosica Collin Ltd.
before this work can be performed.

PIANIST ENTERS IN FORMAL DRESS AND SITS DOWN AT PIANO.
SPEAKER ENTERS DRESSED AS TRAMP, TAKES UP POSITION BY PIANO
AND LAYS ONE HAND LIGHTLY ON LID.

TEXT (SPEAKER)

... aah... the stirring of memory... turning over the stones and...
I fell in love last week. We fucked in cardboard boxes. His hands
too cold to undo my string.

Preview File Only

for Pierre Audi

food of love

David Sawer

a duodrama
for actress and pianist 1988

text by Nick Dear

piano
(lid shut)

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72 52

mf p mp mf

3/8 3/4

bb bb

... aah... and...

f p mf pp

short

I fell in love last week. We fucked in cardboard boxes.
His hands too cold to undo my string.

TEXT

I remember how we met. Fighting for a chicken bone outside the chicken shop, you know the chicken shop, down there by Charing Cross Station. Sells good chicken, I've smelt it. Good hot chicken in boxes. Get hold of one of them fucking chicken boxes you feel like... I don't know... you're in paradise... It's the herbs. It was like that being in love. Like rolling in hot fat chicken. All warm in a plastic box. Could've been the south of fucking France! He took my trousers off. To smell the oregano. Underneath the arches. And the numbness left us for a little as he knocked at my filthy door. He gave me his hard won chicken bone. I give him a hot belly, and yellow bum flesh to feel. For the one you love there is naught that you will not do. Commuter trains to Dartford via Greenwich and Woolwich rattled through us as we lay panting and wheezing and I lifted up his red scabbed eyelids and gazed deep in his runny old eyes. I remember now... The insects under the stones... The scent of burning rubber from the brazier mingling with my female aromatics. Stale piss. Chicken grease on my fingers. Nearly time for the soup run, dear, said I, but it wasn't any good, the shock of the sex had gone straight to his heart and kicked all the life out the bugger. Here one minute gone the next: your archetypal lover. I confess to being an expert. I am no stranger to the romantic assignation. Oh no.

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I remember..

5/4 mp poco più

poco accel a tempo mp pp sub x3

..paradise... It's the herbs.

x2 poco accel a tempo

pp sub mp

...in his runny old eyes. I remember now?

poco accel mp sffz cluster let ring cluster

I am no stranger... Oh no.

TEXT

I was a miller's daughter. Many men fell for me. What were their names? (BANGS HEAD) See the braincells whisked and beat like omelettes. In the long hard struggle to remember. (DRINKS FROM BOTTLE) Many men came to the mill by the side of the babbling brook. Dear Christ how I hated the place. I hated the country. I hated the mud. The animals and the dung. And the people! - dull as the hovels they lived in. Fortunately I since come to London with its fabulous central-heated art galleries and its nightlife and above all its nouvelle chicken cuisine. I have a social life in London unthinkable to the wretches on the banks of the bubbling brook. I have friends. I have business associates. I have lovers who come to me by moonlight, not with poems or birds' eggs or bunches of lilies but with vodka and cider and sweet sweet wine, we dance, we roar at the tourists, it's a great improvement on grinding corn and singing folksongs I assure you. When I was a girl... picture it...

I was a miller's daughter. Many men fell for me. What...
 ...Many men came to the mill by the side of the babbling brook.
 Dear Christ how I hated the place.

mf

I hated the country. I hated the mud. The animals and the dung. And the people!

mf *sim*

dull as the hovels they lived in. Fortunately I...
 ...above all its nouvelle

DOLO *p* *60 sempre*

b_e

p *let ring*

...it's a great improvement on grinding corn and singing folksongs I assure you. When I was a girl... picture it...

TEXT

all these lonely bachelors... wandering through the landscape on some dreary inner quest... peering under pebbles in the search for hidden knowledge... and all of them desperate at first glance to possess me, oh gently and tenderly of course, as befits the tortured soul, but usually on a damp rug round the side of the woodpile, oh the pleading, the begging in blank verse in violet ink, fuck off I said, fuck off the whole shower of you, you can chuck yourselves in the burbling brook before you dive down in my knickers. Which is very often just what they did. I was learning how to look out for myself. It come in useful later.

Preview File Only