1944, Binbrook RAF Station, UK

Shadows

You know, I've been away from home for such a long time that I'd almost begun to look upon myself as someone who didn't belong anywhere any more...

For the last few weeks I've been wearing an Australian uniform and it gives me infinite satisfaction. Even if it's astonishing to find my an older lady of casual and undisciplined habits - suddenly buttoned up in a khaki tunic with a peaked cap and three pips on the shou
and sent to an airfield to paint a bomber crew! Their leave had been stopped, but they hadn't been told why. They were pretend until they found that their picture was for the Australian War Museum and that they couldn't have been chosen for any.

They talked about Australia and they said things like "dinkum" and "bonzer" and (Chuckles) "too right". That made me feel good.

But in those days it was inevitable that we should feel the glamour of the old world and come over here in search of art and wisdom. I thought Australia was a backwater and I wanted to get away to England. They were prettiest back then, but the most flattering reasons and then they were fearfully pleased.

Goodness, they were a tough look hard cheeks, craggy chins and cleavage.

It's different now, because the war has become the main stream and we're all in it and it's flowing right.
And it got me thinking of Ford and how he was a soldier in the War to end all Wars...

What If...?

What if, my darling, we started again? I wonder, what if...
what might have been?  You were a sol-dier and I, an ex-ile.  We need-ed each
other to rest in a while,  You came out of war-fare so tough.  Af-ter your three-

years in hell, how could I be enough? We tried with no water, no power, no money. No

fam'ly, the weather, all that rain, rarely sunny. What if we had'n't chosen to

mp

mf

rit.

mp

p

rit.

a tempo

a tempo

pp

a tempo

pp
live life so hard? That forced us to new paths where our love was marred. What if you'd not met her, or

helped her to write? Would we be together now, not alone in the night? What if... no
novels, no portraits, no arts? No great ambition, just our joining of

hearts? Would we be a couple now or would I have gone? Was it my
It's all academic. We've lived our lives now.

But, after all these years, I still wonder how... it started with dreams and...
lay-ers of pro-tec-tion that dear En-g-land gives to men of cloth and up-per class se-
lec-tion? In co-sy lit-tle En-g-land where the mid-dle class grows sav-age,
Mothers England weeps when they all aim to be so av'rage!

Huntin', fishin', shootin' are prized arts of her e-lites. Their i-d-eas of

mf

mp
Banjo
Pno.
Pno.
Vln.
Vln.
Db.

beau - ty? Page Three Girls from Fleet Street!
Mother's fav'rites are fi -

Pno.

Vc.

Db.

37

Cl.

Dr.

Banjo

Ford

Ba - cent - ciers, the school tie, the de-cent club. But if you're in the arts you're

Pno.

Vln.

Vcn.

Db.
At the Front / Afternoon Tea

Dialogue

Soldier 2: Cheer up, Cap'ain Ford! You're the toast of London's liter'y circles.

Ford: Doomed and that's the rub!

Soldier 2: I fought your books wuz sellin' well. Almost as good as your missus' soapies.

My gal can't wait for the next Violet 'unt romance!

Ford: Oh, she writes about romance all right. That's the trouble.

Cheer up, Cap'ain Ford! You're all right. That's the trouble.
Dialogue

Soldier 1: ‘Ere, you're a right one, Cap'ain!
Soldier 2: Sir, you always seem to have such luck with the ladies!

Ford: It's all fiction to her.
Ford: Girls come and go...I need someone fresh.

Vln.

Vc.

Dialogue

Ford: (Laughs) It's not luck I want...It's choice, lad!

I need someone fresh.

Stella

Violet: Pour moi, Stella? Stella: Yes, Violet. You've kindly given me your novels.

Afternoon Tea/ At the Front

Guitar = 152

Change to banjo

Vln.

Vc.

Db.
Dialogue

Stella: How I wish I could write! This is a painting of a teapot I did in Adelaide years ago.

Violet: Oh, what a treasure! Your teacher...

Stella: Margaret Preston!

Violet: Yes... she taught you well!

Stella: But I have so much more to learn!

Ford: If only we could turn back the clock, get out of this ruddy mud and back to civilised life!

Dialogue

Stella: But I have so much more to learn!

Ford: If only we could turn back the clock, get out of this ruddy mud and back to civilised life!

Violet: Margaret Preston!

Stella: Yes... she taught you well!

Soldier 2: You know, I like it out here. Soldiers together.

Soldier 1: At least us men understand each other.
Violet: At least we gals understand each other.

Stella: Men! What is this mad dash to be heroes? All the beastly carnage!

Violet: Well, you don't see any of that if you live in the right part of London. And Stella darling, when it comes to living in London,

Violet: there is only one truism...
Location, Location

\[ \text{Guitar} \]
ride cymbal with brushes \textit{Laid back swing}

\[ \text{Dr.} \]
pp

\[ \text{A. Gu} \]
p

\[ \text{Banjo} \]

\[ \text{Violet} \]
Violet: location, location, Violet: (laughs) location.

\[ \text{Pno} \]
p

\[ \text{Vln} \]
Laid back swing

\[ \text{Vc} \]
Laid back swing

\[ \text{Db} \]
pizz.
The mar-ket works on lo-ca-tion, lo-ca-tion, But I'd ra-ther
go for sensation, sensation. The corsets and stays to keep women...
proper, I've checked out the window and not come a cropper!

Well,
(l)overs I've had by the ton and the tongue. If they're
bed them, not wed them, as free as a lark! And Ford, he is all of these things
and much more! I've said to the world I'm his wife, not his whore. My a-
ris-to-crat- ings, plus his an-ar-chist feel- ings, we both put in our
Cl. "fill ad lib."

Dr. "no vels. of wheelings and dealings."

A. Gtr.

Violet

Pno. "fp"

Vln.

Vc.

Db. "p"
The mar-ket works on lo-ca-tion, lo-ca-tion. But I'd ra-ther...
Cl.

Dr.

A. Gtr.

Banjo

Violet

Ford

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

go for sensation, sensation. Ambition and lust! Con-
ticks... ticks... smile...
Yes, I smile!
I smile.
Stella: Violet, you are amazing! Lucky Ford!
Tell me, you've lived with him for 8 years?
Violet: (Agrees) mmm.
Stella: I've read his poetry and novels, but...what is he really like?
Violet: (laughs)
Violet: He could write about anything at all. We've even written books together. He wastes his talent! But he's... well he's...

He could write about anything at all. We've even written books together. He wastes his talent! But he's... well he's...

Violet

Violet

We've even written books together. He wastes his talent! But he's... well he's...

Charismatic, acrobatic, effervescent, quite deppres-sant.
A co-nun-drum, noth-ing-ho-hum. So en-dear-ing, so con-fu-sing, He's a lov'er
like no oth-er. Mis-ter Ford Ma-dox... Make that Fraud Ma-dox...
Oh, I really mean Freud, Ma-dox... Ford, Ma-dox, Ford, Ma-dox.
Violet: But he says I'm too old!
Ford!
Oh, yea!
(pick up Turkish drum)
Women Today

Cheeky

f

mp

No ped.

Pompous

I'd rather have lived when

play drum with fingertips

mp

mp

Cl.

Vib.

A. Gtr.

Ford

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

Chi-valry reigned, when women were meek, and

chivalry reigned, when women were meek, and

When

Cheeky

Pompous

Cheeky
men's hearts were gained by intrigue and rumour and gossip and notes from dam-sels in distress behind those wide motes. But women today?
...THEY take their chances at... slight, little glances.
...THEY make advances. Love new roman - -
THEY fancy their chances to raise all our

cresc._THEY_ lances! Our lances! ...THEY tempt us at

cresc.
dances to get in our (p)ant ses!
What... can I say?!

Cha, cha, cha!

End of Scene 1
G-O-S-S-I-P, Gossip!

(to Stella): There's someone I'd like you to meet. (General party laughter and introductions)

Violet: 1917, Ford & Violet's London Flat, South Lodge
The old game we love to play.
In-nu-en-do and ru-mour and

---

The old game we love to play.
In-nu-en-do and ru-mour and

---

The old game we love to play.
In-nu-en-do and ru-mour and
hear-say. We whisper and chat, night and day. Romance, and intrigue, af

mf
fairs of the heart. For professional gossips, that's just the start: Who's in, who's out, who's

fairs of the heart. For professional gossips, that's just the start: Who's in, who's out, who's

fairs of the heart. For professional gossips, that's just the start: Who's in, who's out, who's

fairs of the heart. For professional gossips, that's just the start: Who's in, who's out, who's

Who's in, who's out, who's

Who's in, who's out, who's

Who's in, who's out, who's
Violet corrects them:

"Who M!"

"That's as bad as a split infinitive."

"Not in front of the guests, dear!"

CHORUS

"Yes, object, not subject."
do it night and, night and day! Oo!

do it night and, night and day! Oo!

hear-say. We whisper and chat, night and day. Romance, and intrigue, af-

hear-say. We whisper and chat, night and day. Romance, and intrigue, af-
Ah!

Tell me

What sets our tongues wag-ging is

Ah!

Tell me

What sets our tongues wag-ging is

fairs of the heart. For pro-fes-sion-al gos-sips, that's just the start: What sets our tongues wag-ging is

fairs of the heart. For pro-fes-sion-al gos-sips, that's just the start: What sets our tongues wag-ging is

mp

Soft mallets - snare

pp

Ah!

Tell me

What sets our tongues wag-ging is

fairs of the heart. For pro-fes-sion-al gos-sips, that's just the start: What sets our tongues wag-ging is

mp

Ah!

Tell me

What sets our tongues wag-ging is

fairs of the heart. For pro-fes-sion-al gos-sips, that's just the start: What sets our tongues wag-ging is

mp

mp
Cl.  
Dr.  
A. Gtr.  
S.  

scan dal and smut that sets famous people apart. Because__

A.  

T.  

B.  

Pno.  

Vln.  

Vc.  

Db.
Cl.
Dr.
A. Gtr.
S.
A.
T.
B.
Pno.
Vln.
Vc.
Db.

\( \text{tambourine} \)\n\( \text{cymbal} \)\n\( \text{toms} \)\n\( \text{get horn} \)

\( \text{dea of a star.} \)\nFame, so glam, so ritz. (We want a piece of it.)

\( \text{dea of a star.} \)\nFame, so glam, so ritz. (We want a piece of it.)

\( \text{dea of a star.} \)\nFame, so glam, so ritz. (We want a piece of it.)

\( \text{dea of a star.} \)\nFame, so glam, so ritz. (We want a piece of it.)
Cl.

Dr.

A. Gtr.

S.

(W)ant__ his bum, her tits. (Just a lit-tle bit.) Writ-ers and paint-ers

(A. T.

(T.

(B.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

(W)ant__ his bum, her tits. (Just a lit-tle bit.) Writ-ers and paint-ers

(W)ant__ his bum, her tits. (Just a lit-tle bit.) Writ-ers and paint-ers

(W)ant__ his bum, her tits. (Just a lit-tle bit.) Writ-ers and paint-ers

(W)ant__ his bum, her tits. (Just a lit-tle bit.) Writ-ers and paint-ers

mf
Cl.

Dr.

A. Gtr.

S.

so (w)an-na be Wit-ty and rich to im(m) - press you and

A.

so (w)an-na be Wit-ty and rich to im(m) - press you and

T.

so (w)an-na be Wit-ty and rich to im(m) - press you and

B.

so (w)an-na be Wit-ty and rich to im(m) - press you and

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.
me. Star attraction glows. We're
caught in under-tows. Twin-kle, oh,
Cl.

Dr.

A. Gtr.

S.

A.

T.

B.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

Twinkle, up there so far. All of us love the idea of a

Twinkle, up there so far. All of us love the idea of a

Twinkle, up there so far. All of us love the idea of a

Twinkle, up there so far, up there so far. All of us love the idea of a
star. Constellations made of fame (Oh, that's what's his name!) Play

star. Constellations made of fame (Oh, that's what's his name!) Play

star. Constellations made of fame (Oh, that's what's his name!) Play

star. Constellations made of fame (Oh, that's what's his name!) Play

Star. Constellations made of fame (Oh, that's what's his name!) Play
the old-est game. (The same old same.) I like to be with him, to

the old-est game. (The same old same.)

the old-est game. (The same old same.)

the old-est game. (The same old same.)

the old-est game. (The same old same.)
show who we are. They stare when they see us, because WE are...
Violet: I'm tired, Ford. I'm going home to write my diary.

Fictions and Fairytales

Stella: I'm glad he's out of reach. They adore each other.
Where do they lead?  

Who trusts a writer to see what you need?
Your life is the de-tail they
put in their books. You want their attention, not their far-away

put in their books. You want their attention, not their far-away

put in their books. You want their attention, not their far-away

put in their books. You want their attention, not their far-away
writer to see what you need? Is life a fair-y-tale? Could 'Hap-py Ev-er Af-ter' be
Change to recorder
King and Queen of Ten Acres

(Play on recorder if possible)

Clarinet in B

Acoustic Guitar

Stella

Ford

Piano

Violin

Violoncello

dance? Per-chance, would you like to dance? I've pictures to paint with words to foretell the
102

Change back to Clarinet

king-dom I'veplanned_for Stel-la, my Belle! My dear! Pink car -

(Sella giggles)

My dear!

 Pink car -
Would you ring it with roses and sweet peas too?

nations will perfume my cottage for you.
Homes for our chicken, ducks and a drake.
Pigs in the sty.

What a feast they will make! Our

a

cottage, our garden, our love, our

King and Queen of ten

Our

Our

a
den, our
den,

a

gar,-

a

gar

7

our

our

3

a

gar

3

a

den.

Our

Our

Gar

Gar

104

1
Cl.

Vib.

A. Gtr.

Stella

Violet

Ford

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

```
min - ion for seeds of love and of life.
```

Happy ever after, like husband and wife?
Cauliflower, onions, thyme, parsley and sage.
ta • toes and to • ma • toes,
Mo • ther Na • ture pro
What a fine sight!
Mo • ther Na • ture pro
vides, while I paint, We could lie in our haven, in
vides, and I write. We could lie in our haven, in
vides,}

Wecould lie in our haven, in
vides,

Wecould lie in our haven, in
vides,

vides,

vides,
candle-lit glows, these promises blooming as our bounty grows.
Tenderly
Like two love birds together we could build our
- - ther - - we, could build our

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.
Between nest and cuddle each other... And giggle? With sighs and
accel.

And rest? With sighs and
accel.

With sighs and
accel.

pizz.
whispers, touch and perspiration, our plants will thrive on

whispers, touch and perspiration, our plants will thrive on

whispers, touch and perspiration, our plants will thrive on

whispers, touch and perspiration, our plants will thrive on

whispers, touch and perspiration, our plants will thrive on
our inspiration
our cottage, our garden, our love, our

our inspiration
our cottage, our garden, our love, our
Cl.

Vib.

A. Gtr.

Stella

Violet

Ford

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

Hand... Hand in glove!
On Ford 2

\( \text{mf} \)

Change to Banjo

bitter
dismissive
sarcastic

Charismatic, acrobatic, 
esoteric
My Living Hourglass

Ford: I want time to stand still.
Stella: Just YOU and ME and this, NOW...


In your presence, my living hourglass
May my life's hours through this waist pass. Let me

pour my life through here. Time contained, no death to
Enclose my days, seal off my fear.

Enclose my days, seal off my fear.
Be my future.

Make it last.

It's past.

Gone my future.

Gone so fast.

It's past.

Be my future.

Make it last.

It's past.
you I want with such tension. I burn with such tension. I burn with such tension.
heat,

yearn with passion.

As a woman, the source of
life,

be my centre. Melt any strife.

Make our minutes stretch to days Post-pone to-morrow. You
And in this time, and in this
have your ways

And in this time, and in this

place

Behold the cosmos with in your face

place

Behold the cosmos with in your face

pp
time,
in
bask
a - ban - doned
in
sands
of
time,
lost in your

My
de
si

Your
-
-
Lost in your gaze, in glass!

Lost in your gaze, in

My living hour-

desire sublime.

desire sublime.

*pp*

pizz.
Once, I Turned Heads

It's easy for you, in your youthful years now.
Soon you'll be an age where it's hard to know how to win admiration, or
even a man. Pity my years, if you possibly can, because beauty means young, with radiant skin. When your
age is showing, the ice feels thin. Fear of

age - ing and loss of youth, de - vour - ing hope, fac - ing the
truth that older women are wanted no more. Our al-

lure has wrinkled down to the core. Once, I turned heads when

I was seen, but now, I'm alone, an old has been!
The Hunt

Cl. pp

Vib. pp

Stella: Violet, Ford and I...

Violet vitriolic

Pno. pp

Vln. pp

Vc. Bouncy pizz

Db. pp

---

pp

300

Cl.

Vib.

Violet future it seeds. Deception. Illusion. Shrouding our

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.
Violet needs. My harvest is hardly a sweet, rosy bed.

He sees Dragon's teeth, desertion, bitter tears to be shed.

Stella
Stella

Pno.

Vln.

Db.

Swing feel

duced me through his letters, made love to me with words. All I heard in all his troubles was the

Swing feel

Swing feel

I went to see him, he lured me as he led to a
Once upon a time there was tea-pot full of sherry and the comfort of his bed!
I. Now there is WE. We're together. End of story.

let them persuade us with lust? Don't we realise that juicy tongues turn to

One teapot full of sherry and look where it has dust? We're bound in this cycle of bondage and

Dust?
led? Lying togeth-er in this nice, soft bed!

luck. Caught in this trap for his mind and a fuck!

Sung and vocalised with abandonment

Beguine feeling

With pedal

\[ q = 124 \]
Your kisses sear me to the core.

Our bodies fit together.

Pedal off

Your kisses sear me to the core.

Our bodies fit together.
376

Cl.

Vib.

A. Gtr.

Stella

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

381

Cl.

Vib.

Stella

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

Db.

Legato

pp

p

pp

p

pp

pp
in(nnn)  my_  veins__________ (s)  Your slight-est  touch__________
dance with me down lover's lanes where love

snap pizz.
Pedal off

(C) Craving the haze

of this 'soft real'

pp
Desire throb My addiction

lin... My ecstasy

Cut me
End of Scene 3