

Story for performance #676
webcast from New York City at 07:47PM, 27 Apr 07



Source: Scott Shane and Mark Mazzetti, 'Ex-C.I.A. chief, in book, assails Cheney on Iraq', *New York Times online*, 27/04/07.

Tags: [food](#), [disenchantment](#), [home](#)

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There were no pieces of food in the fridge anymore in the kitchen down the hallway from the room he now sat in with just water from the tap in a glass from the cupboard in the kitchen down the hallway from the room he now sat in with the curtains closed and the lights off just like yesterday, the day before and the day before that.

There were no pieces of food in the fridge anymore which puzzled him slightly as he hadn't cleaned the fridge out because that was the last thing he would do in his present state and it wasn't like there was anyone else here in the house and he hadn't got rats and he hadn't definitely hadn't eaten anything for a long time but there were some pieces of food in the fridge before and now there weren't any anymore.

There were no pieces of food in the fridge anymore which puzzled him slightly but didn't really bother him that much as he really was not hungry anyway and he wasn't planning on going back through to the kitchen any time soon but nonetheless it was there in the back of his mind inside his skull on the end of his neck which someone had once described as significantly narrower at the top than at the bottom which puzzled him slightly because he didn't see how that was so abnormal anyway.

There were no pieces of food in the fridge anymore which puzzled him slightly as there had previously been some pieces of food in the fridge before but was quickly receding into the very back of his mind inside his skull on the end of a neck which he now seriously considered wrapping a cord around in order to hang himself but he couldn't think of anything to tie the other end to as there was no immediately obvious option available in this room which he was not at present about to leave.

There were no pieces of food in the fridge anymore although that was no longer what was important now that he was staring his own death in the face and finding himself unable to even solve the simple problem of how to bring that about seeing as how the room had nothing to attach a cord to that he could see anyway and he obviously lacked the imagination to come up with some great solution so that when they found him they would be sad but they would also admire his powers of lateral thinking.

There were no pieces of food in the fridge anymore and there was no way he could see to hang himself and anyway he was now starting to come out of the wave of suicidal impulse which was the latest of many visited upon him over the past few weeks and which were getting more and more frequent and intense like what he thought contractions for a woman in labour might be like except his were death contractions and not birth contractions which seemed to him a sour state of affairs and one which he did not on balance deserve.

There were no pieces of food in the fridge anymore and he knew that somehow this was significant although when he tried to think about it the thought seemed to split in two like when you look at something near but then focus further away and the thing that is near appears to split in two.

There had been some pieces of food in the fridge before but now there were no pieces of food in the fridge anymore.

Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Edwin Rostron.