

Loranne

A HEAP OF BROKEN IMAGES 2002

Cocktail Party

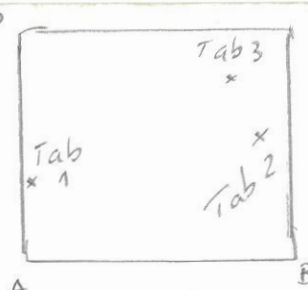
by
simon bartolo

(heavily based on the waste land by t. s. eliot)

The Guests are:

Edward (Chris), Henry (Massimo), Georgina (Loranne),
Lavinia (Sephora), Violet (Antonella), Emilia (Anna)

And the part of the Host is played by Toni



Music. Enter guests and mingle

Lavinia: Where on Earth is our host?
 Emilia: Apparently he's not feeling too well.
 Violet: Will he not be joining us then?
 Emilia: But of course he will – I bet he's just dying to show off his latest illness.
 Lavinia: It's probably the reason why he invited us in the first place!
 Violet: What! To show off a... disease?
 Emilia: Yes dear, don't you know? He's always doing things like that.
 Lavina: Here he comes.
 Host: Good evening everyone. Sorry to have kept you waiting.
 Ah Violet...
 what have these two wicked ladies been telling you about me?
 Violet: I... I can connect nothing with nothing.
 Host: Don't worry dear, tonight everyone is going to be confused.
 Edward: And why is that?
 Host: Because I have invited you all for this little cocktail party to read a poem.
 Henry: A poem!
 Host: That's right.
 Edward: What poem?
 Host: The poem is a party in itself, a cocktail of 433 lines, it is not for the ordinary reader. He will make nothing of it. That's why I selected the six of you so carefully... But George, you haven't said a single word!
 Georgina: I think I can guess what poem you are referring to.
 Host: I'm certain that you have already guessed...
 Georgina: The Waste Land.
 Henry: I think it's a piece of tripe.
 Violet: Hypocrite lecteur!
 Host: To help us to elucidate the poem Mr. Eliot has provided some notes which will be of more interest to the pedantic than the poetic critic.

*aristocratic walk +
 3 tableaux: 1 = GOSSIP
 2 = DRUNK + AMUSED
 3 = ~~FN~~ DISGUST. end on
 Tableau 1.*

TABLEAU 1 = GOSSIP

cancellations of text after Cairo performance.

Guests: O keep that dog far hence!

What's that noise

My nerves are bad tonight

.....

FAST ARISTOCRATIC
WALK + TEXT. end
when chris beats
ON FLOOR. FREEZE

Edward: The thing is a mad medley

Host: Though this be madness yet there is method in it.

Violet: Among the maggots that breed in the corruption of poetry one of the
commonest is the bookworm

Emilia: In essence the Wasteland says something which is not new: that life has
become barren and sterile, that man is withering, impotent, and without assurance that the
waters which made the land fruitful will ever rise again.

Henry: In my opinion, the work offends against the most elementary canon of
good writing: that the immediate effect should be unambiguous.

Edward: Consider first this 'canon'. What would happen, if we pressed it, to
Shakespeare's greatest sonnets or to Hamlet? -

Emilia: O O O O that Shakespherean rag -
It's so elegant.

Lavinia: The truth is that very much of the best poetry is necessarily ambiguous in
its immediate effect. Even the most careful and responsive reader must reread and do
hard work before the poem forms itself clearly and unambiguously in his mind -

Violet: Hypocrite Lector!

Edward: An original poem, as much as a new branch of mathematics,
compels the mind which receives it to grow, and this takes time.

Host: Hurry up please it's time.

Edward: Anyone who upon reflection asserts the contrary for his own case must be
either a demigod or dishonest.

Host: Oh shut up with this bullshit

[inhales from mask] Aaahhhhhhh!

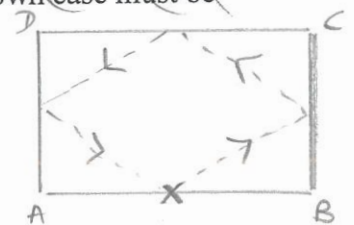
A little poison now and then: that makes for agreeable dreams.
And much poison in the end, for an agreeable death.

(react).

WITH MASSIMO
TEXT, go to
GEORGE SITTING
POSITION on
the floor.

GEORGE SITTING
POSITION

FREEZE



--> FLOCKING PATH +
DIRECTION
X starting point

FLOCKING (A): CHRIS,
MASSIMO, LORANNE
start after "Death".
PILLS SPEECH

Flocking(A)

We have pills to convince us we're feeling good, we're looking good, we're looking young, we're feeling great. Pills that promise us we're going to sleep at night and we're going to pass the dreaded exams; we're going to win the gold medal; we can stay awake a little longer – perhaps we can do away with sleep altogether. And the age of vast virginal superhuman saints is over – today we can find ecstasy in tiny pills and off we go feeling so fucking good all over again and again. And again we can't look down for the fall is too great and nothing can stop us now.

Lavinia: We are so far gone.

Edward: And we're never coming back.

Violet: We've buried our Aprils.

Henry: Who needs spring cleaning anyway.

FLOCKING (B)
+ VOICE

Host: We're happy as we are, feeling comfortably numb we can pretend to be intelligent and be hollow inside. We can all secretly be dumb.

DROP for 3 secs. ↑

Georgina: PART 1 – THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

Aristocratic
Walk
on small
block

- 1 APRIL is the cruellest month, breeding
- 2 Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
- 3 Memory and desire, stirring
- 4 Dull roots with spring rain.
- 5 Winter kept us warm, covering
- 6 Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
- 7 A little life with dried tubers.
- 8 Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
- 9 With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
- 10 And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
- 11 And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
- 12 Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
- 13 And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
- 14 My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
- 15 And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
- 16 Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
- 17 In the mountains, there you feel free.
- 18 I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

ARISTOCRATIC
WALK
+ Text:
"April ...
tubers."

"Summer surprised
us sequence"
on small
block –
work in the
round

- 19 What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
- 20 Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
- 21 You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
- 22 A heap of broken images... Only
- 25 There is shadow under this red rock,
- 26 (Come in under the shadow of this red rock,

Step down from
block.

- 27 And I will show you something different from either
 28 Your shadow at morning striding behind you
 29 Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
 30 I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

- 31 *Frisch weht der Wind*
 32 *Der Heimat zu*
 33 *Mein Irisch Kind,*
 34 *Wo weilest du?*

- 35 "You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;
 36 "They called me the hyacinth girl."
 37 -- Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
 38 Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
 39 Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
 40 Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
 41 Looking into the heart of light, the silence.
 42 Od' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostri^{*}s, sahbara mill-aqwa,
 Had a bad cold, nevertheless
 Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
 With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,
 Voici, ta carte,
 Le marin Phoenicien noyé
 Ce sont des perles qui sont ses yeux.
 Voici Belladonna
 La dame des roches,
 La dame des situations.
 Voici l'homme avec trios clavves
 Et voici la roué
 Et voici le marchand à un soul oeil
 Et cette carte qui est blanche
 Est quelque chose qui'il porte sur son dos
 Que je suis interdite de voir.
 Je ne trouve pas l'homme pendu. Fear death by water.
 Je vois des foules de gens
 Qui marchent en circles...
 Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
 Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
 One must be so careful these days.

* all whisper
 "Sosostri"
 x 2

All move towards
 small block. sit
 down - Lorraine:
 sitting down as
 George. All
 watching Antonelle

[all clap]

- 60 Unreal City,
 61 Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
 62 A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
 63 I had not thought death had undone so many.

hum "London
 Bridge is
 falling
 down.

All on small block.
 Lorraine - standing
 from unfold position
 back to back with
 Toni. left hand
 on forehead. Freeze

All on small block

ALL

ALL

Ahh!

Sighs -

CHRIS

- 64 Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
 65 And each man fixed his eyes before his feet. [Pause]
 66 Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
 67 To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
 68 With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
 69 There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!
 70 "You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
 71 "That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
 72 "Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
 73 "Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
 74 "Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
 75 "Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
 76 "You! hypocrite lecteur!-- mon semblable, -- mon frère!"

- clasp left hand
 - rigor mortis face
 - 9 o'clock

- shipman
 - tableau
 (hands).

Cocktail Party
 mode - aristocratic
 walk

Host: Mr. Eliot's poetry has occasioned an unusual amount of irritated or enthusiastic bewilderment.

Listen to Sephora
 OTTON!

Lavinia: I.A. Richards, who gives a terribly inflated value to the poem, says that it effects 'a complete severance between poetry and all beliefs', an example of criticism at it's most viscous. One can neither write nor exist completely severed from all beliefs. I am compelled to say that the Waste Land seems to me chiefly important as a social document. It makes us aware of the nervous exhaustion, the mental disintegration, the exaggerated self-consciousness, the boredom, the pathetic gropings after fragments of shattered faith - all those symptoms of psychic disease which ravaged Europe as mercilessly as the Spanish Influenza..

Host: Hmmm...Change the fucking music.

All: Bum budubum, budubum, budubum, budubum, budubum, budubum, ahhh haaa!...

Repeat
 many times

Dudu Twil
 Lorraine behind
 Toni
 etc.

start melody

GEORGINA : Part 2 (Pause) 2
 A GAME OF CHESS.

HOST: I will tell you.
 The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them -

Lavinia: What on earth are you saying?

off stage

Face Anna
 in front of
 small block

Host: I'm comparing Emilia to Cleopatra?
 Lavinia: Emilia to Cleopatra? Why her? Why not me?
 Emilia the Queen of the Nile – ha!
 Host: Her husband never speaks to her, never tells her if he's coming or going,
 Never tells her what he's thinking.
 Lavinia: So?
 Host: So she's paying a medium, a fortune-teller in order to speak to
 her own husband.
 Lavinia: But her husband is alive, is he not.
 Host: Alive?... yes. But he might as well be dead since he never speaks.
 Is he alive or not? Is there nothing in his head...?

Perilously
Perilously
 Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
 Spread out in fiery points
 Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

110

Emilia: My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
 Kellimni – ghidli xi haga.
 Kif qatt ma tghidli xejn – qatt ma tghidli x'int tahseb –
 Ahseb!

Dwar xiex qieghed tahseb?
 Qieghed tahseb? Int tahseb?

Host: Nahseb li qieghdin fil-wied tal-gurdien,
 Fil wied tal-grieden u l-firien.

Emilia: Dak x'kien – x'kien dak il-hoss

M. Sosostri: The wind under the door.

Emilia: U issa? X'kien dak il-hoss issa?
 X'qieghed jghamel ir-rih issa?

M. Sosostri: Xejn, xejn....

Emilia: Xejn? Int ma taf xejn?

Ma tara xejn?

Ma tiftakar xejn?

M. Sosostri: Niftakar – those are pearls that were his eyes.

Emilia: Int haj jew mejjet?

Is there nothing in your head?"

Host: But O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag – It's so elegant – So intelligent

Emilia: "What shall I do now? What shall I do?"

I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street

"With my hair down, so. What shall we do to-morrow?

"What shall we ever do?"

The hot water at ten.

And if it rains, a closed car at four.

end of humming
 → TURN the other side

Host: And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

~~enter George~~

LIL'S STORY

1.	Get up, go to small block + sit - NUTCRACKER TABLEAU (1)
2.	PIPE TWIST (1)
3.	BRIDGE (1)
4.	LEAN (1)
5.	Seq. (5)
6.	NUTCRACKER (2)
7.	Pipe twist (2)
8.	BRIDGE (2)
9.	LEAN (2)
10.	Seq 5 (2)

1. Georgina: When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said - I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself, 140
Host: HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME *shry Toni off.*
Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.
He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.
2. You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set, 150
He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.
And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert, *exaggerate*
He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time, 150
And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.
HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
3. If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.
Others can pick and choose if you can't.
4. But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling, *tap on Anna's shoulder*
You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
5. I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face, 160
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
6. (She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)
The chemist said it would be alright, but I've never been the same.
7. You are a proper fool, I said.
Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said,
What you get married for if you don't want children?
8. Host: HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot -
Host: HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
Host: HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
9. Goonight Violet. Goonight Emilia. Goonight Lavinia. Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
10. Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

Lavinia: I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

VIOLET Fear in a handful of dust my foot. We've got new projects for the millenium - new buildings, new computers, new cures, new pharmaceuticals. The postmodern era is just starting. Experts are working around the clock on state of the art technologies which will make my life even better than it already is. So what if I use up 20 times more of the earth's energy than I need? Experts (gods in their field) will fix it Death and its dust will be kept at

(Remain on Small box Nutcrack position)

bay.

GEORGINA How?

HOST Oh dear... George, life is too short to stop to wonder how things work.

VIOLET They do. Enjoy them!

EMILIA & GEORGE Thou shalt not fear a pathetic handful of death.

HOST We are the latest version of the most highly evolved species on the planet!

HENRY & GEORGE We are the privileged ones who possess intellect reason, language.

EDWARD & LAVINIA We're not only superior to the other creatures that inhabit the earth but also superior to other human races.

VIOLET & LAVINIA We are superior.

We reason things out and with every generation, we discover better, more perfect ways by which to keep death away from our own children while bringing it closer to the children of others.

HOST & HENRY We control the birth rate of any animal we choose and then decide at what age that animal should die in order to suit our multiplying needs.

HENRY Satisfaction is always almost within reach

EMILIA And that's good because it gives us a reason to go on.

EDWARD & VIOLET & LAVINIA Genocide is now just a click away and Warmongers treat their work like a game.

EDWARD Soldiers are grown men with toys.

HOST And the virtual violence of computer software is only a step away from the actual violence going on around the globe.

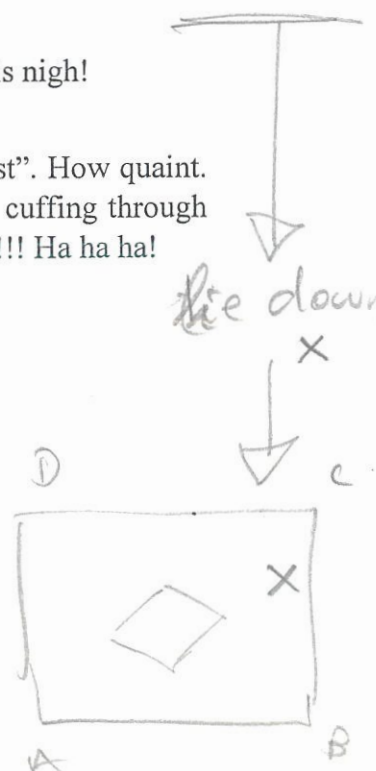
SOSOSTRIS All you see in front of you will rust and turn to dust. The end is nigh!

EDWARD But we're brave now. We'll never revert to "a handful of dust". How quaint. Me! A fine example of contemporary flicked-up psychological architecture cuffing through categories of gothic, romanesque and baroque; me! return to dust! UNREAL!!! Ha ha ha!

GEORGINA Part III - 'The Fire Sermon.

EDWARD The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind

→ Get up
move toward
Toni
→ move toward
Anna



Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.

By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.

(Violet Hour Seq.
(+ TYPIST'S STORY)

- 1 HOST & GEORGINA At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting, *THROBBING WAITING*
- 2 a) I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
b) At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
- 3 Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.
I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest -
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
- 4 a) The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
b) Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defence;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference.
(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed;
I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead.)

1. Aristocratic
walk towards
TONI

2 a) Arm-in-Arm
b) Tango

3. Reverse Tango

4. Tango -
Quickestep

5. Arm-in-arm

6 a) Reverse
Tango(2)
- violent.

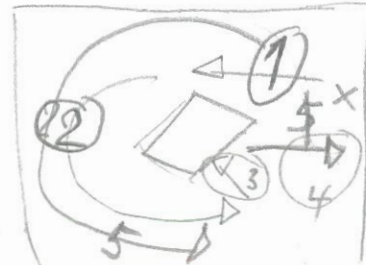
b) push Toni
on small
block.
- The Carbunk

7. leave - Freeze

the others =>
orgy sequence

Summary
of
Violet
Hour
Sequence

5. -> walk with
host, then
dance Tango
quickestep.



1 -> walk
towards
host
2 -> Tango
quickestep.
3 -> the Carbunk
4 -> leave host.

Bestows one final patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit . . .

8 She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
"Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."

9 When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.



10 GEORGINA My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart
Under my feet. After the event
He wept. He promised 'a new start'.
I made no comment. What should I resent?

SINNERS I can connect nothing with nothing.

GEORGINA The broken fingernails of dirty hands.

HOST To Carthage then I came where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about my ears.

SINNERS Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out

O Lord Thou pluckest

HOST And we all tapped on each other's shoulders and said:
"have you heard that God is dead?"

SINNERS "God is dead" ✓
Wow!
How original.
How cute.
How blasphemous.
How provoking.
How terrible.
How ingenious.
How commercially viable.
How fashionable.
How very elegant.
How economic.
How anthropomorphic
How Superior.
How Super.

x 2

ALL

8. wait for
Toni

9. Arm in arm

10. Tango
Quickstep.

AGONY
Sequence

Grab
Fax-Roll
String
- 3
positions
(alternate)

Repeat ~~twice~~

HENRY But what about redemption ?
 ALL Redemption? Redemption? Redemption?

1-2-3
 up towards
 Massimo

HOST But, dear Henry, this is a party, a cocktail party!

VIOLET Life is a party! Life is a cocktail party!

GEORGE Life is a cabaret old chum!

EDWARD D D D.

HENRY D D D?

LAVINIA Divine Decadence Darling.

HENRY Life is full of sin.

[all laugh
 → hollow laugh]

ALL Ahl Sin!

EMILIA Oh dear, how morbid you're getting Henry. Really.

HENRY What about redemption?

ALL Redemption. Redemption. Redemption.

1-2-3
 walk towards
 Massimo

HOST Redemption is a word
 That should be seen but never heard
 It is an everlasting joke
 That can be felt by any bloke

Aristocratic
 walk +
 3 Tableaux
 ↓

It pushes from behind
 It makes us all go blind
 To delicious possibilities
 That make us so unkind

Redemption is a word
 That should at best be overheard
 It is surprising to hear talk of
 Salvation in a world that's so absurd.

The choice it seems...
 In a world with no in-betweens
 Is a simple choice indeed.
 Redemption or Decadence
 Redemption or Decadence

And while Decadence is clearly
Notorious and divine
Redemption is so cruel
It's the cruellest thing by far!

SINNERS Redemption / Decadence
Redemption / Decadence
HOST Oh why don't we just forget it
And let's all just start to dance.

(song)

SINNERS Redemption / Decadence
Redemption / Decadence
HOST Oh why don't we just ignore it
And dance from here to France.

(song)

HENRY But what about Deliverance?

HOST Deliverance, Salvation, Redemption and Purgation,
Should be left to other homes or they will gnaw you to the bone.

GEORGE Redemption is a sin
It is a paradox within
A ghastly little thing akin
To a fish without a fin,

1 - 1 - 1-2-3
beats

It makes a mockery of sin
Of the pleasure deep within.
It is an everlasting so disgusting
Fling with religion.

Redemption is a lie
It is a grand majestic lie
That promises to change affairs
but only when we die!

It is a calculated lie
A well-formed vicious lie
That promises to let us fly away up to the sky.

4 BEATS

Redemption me oh my
Is so well-behaved a lie that
It grabs hold of our hearts
Before we say goodbye.

It sort of passes by

Redemption - ~~open~~ ^{down} face
decadence - open face
(repeat).

Tango quickstep
with Toni

Step on
small block

M J
1. Tableau
2. Crab on Thighs

3. Smart
corkscrew

4. Sky
corkscrew

5. Erita open

6. Butterfly
Bye Bye

And makes us all deny
The principles of pleasure
That make us who we are!

7 Well When the world it goes astray
And life is a cabaret
What more can I say
To you, my dear friend?

8 We all have reached the end
The bitter-tasting end
So let's rejoice in sin and let
Armageddon in.

9 Salvation - Decadence a)
Purgation - Decadence b)
Deliverance Deliverance Deliverance not a chance c)

10 Salvation - Decadence a)
Purgation - Decadence b)
Redemption Redemption Redemption not a chance d)

George: Part IV - Death By Water

SOSOSTRIS Fear death by water

EDWARD Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
And the profit and loss.

HOST F'dan il-jum infaqghu l-ghejun tal-qiegh il-kbir u nfethu bwieb is-smewwiet. U baqghet niezla x-xita fuq l-art ghal erbghin jum u erbghin lejl.

GEORGE How now Ophelia

LAVINIA How should I your true love know From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.

GEORGE Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

LAVINIA Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

SOSOSTRIS Fear death by water

7. Sally's cabaret

8. Rigor Mortis Parody

9 a) Sally's cabaret
b) M J
c) Crab on thigh

10 a) Sally's cabaret
b) Evita open
c) Rigor mortis
d) M J (to Massie)

Gertrude
Position
Freeze

only
hands
move

- EMILIA Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.
- SOSOSTRIS Voici le marin Phoenicien noyé
Ce sont des perles qui sont ses yeux.
- HENRY But I would fain die a dry death
- HOST U d-dilluvju baqa' sejjer fuq l-art ghal erbghin jum.
- SOSOSTRIS Fear death by water
- EDWARD Ibza mill-ilma u mill-ilmijiet
- HOST Hmistax-il driegħ 'il fuq ghola l-ilma u tghattew il-muntanji.
- EMILIA Ibza mill-mewt bl-ilma
- HOST U mietu l-hlejjaq hajjin kollha li jghixu fuq l-art
- HENRY Ibza mill-gharqa
- HOST U l-ilmijiet baqghu jgharrqu l-art ghal mija u hamsin jum
- EMILIA Ibza mid-dilluvju
- EDWARD Xejn ma nghidlek – ibza!
- SOSOSTRIS Ftakar f'Ut-napishtim – Ftakar f'Manu – Ftakar f'Noè...
- HOST U fuq kollox ftakar fid-dilluvju li ma jhenn għall-ebda ċuċ
- GEORGE Nay, but, Ophelia –
- LAVINIA Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.
- SOSOSTRIS Ftakar fl-gharar li jahkmu kull rokna tad-dinja fi zmin tal-llum
Ftakar f'El-Niño.

HOST Remember that when you waste the land –
The land will have no mercy
And you will – in turn – be wasted by the land.
Remember El Niño.

look at ophelia

GEORGE Pretty Ophelia! How long hath she been thus?

look the other way

LAVINIA I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep,
to think they should lay him I' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I
thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night,
sweet ladies; good night, good night.

SOSOSTRIS Fear death by water

HOST Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears.

EDWARD Gentile or Jew
O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

The Deep Blue Sea

VIOLET We drag our feet and pound our fists. We are superior – we are the top of the
food chain. We have the power to control all the other creatures and the lesser
varieties of humans as well. We conquer, we destroy, we eat, we rob, we ravish, we
terrorise, we kill, we kill, we kill. We can always find an excuse later on: love,
religion, petroleum, hunger, hunger, hunger.

*Gertrud
Positi
(end)*

GEORGE The last time I felt hungry was when I missed lunch and the snack bar next to
work was closed for redecoration or some such unearthly reason. The next snack bar
was almost five minutes away. So I just smoked and drank coffee. It passed. Hunger
is a commodity. Like everything else. If it exists it can be controlled, tampered with,
killed.

*Inte gl
jacka
walk
arou*

LAVINIA God is a commodity. Like everything else, God has been used and
tampered with. God has been transmuted and transformed depending on man's
current needs. He can die and be resurrected. He can be hailed for his glory or
blamed for his wrath. Medieval philosophy killed everything for God and
Contemporary philosophy kills God for everything else. So like art and politics,
like lovers and friends, God is disposable, a DIY. project that can be substituted if
it doesn't function the way it's creator wanted it to. God and his Word can be
reinterpreted, revamped, redecored, reinvented if the previous reinterpretation
doesn't fit in with our current lifestyle. Some of us sometimes stop to worry about
whether the current reading of God is ethical, moral, correct. The rest move on
and God has to keep up. Sometimes God can be made famous all over again by
being killed as a certain Teutonic thinker has shown.

*to
rework*

*sid
again
on
small
block
beat
fast
on
small
block
till
lifestyle*

"God is dead"

"Thou Liest!"

"God is dead"

You're wrong – you must be mistaken! No, no. You're lying!

God is dead, I tell you.

But wasn't he supposed to be immortal?

Oh yes, yes, but that was before the glorious philosophy of suspicion took over.

So he's dead you say?

Oh never mind that. Have you tried working with the new Pentium 4?

No, not yet. Is it fast?

The fastest yet.

Is it good?

The best yet

As good as God?

Yes – probably better, because it does not pretend to be immortal or eternal.

True

And what's more – we don't have to call it 'He' – so we won't be criticized by the feminists!

True. But coming back to the God question...

Yes?

If he is now dead...

Yes?

Did he live before?

LAVINIA He who was living is now dead

We who were living are now dying

With a little patience...

GEORGE Part V – What the Thunder Said

SOSOSTRIS Here is no water but only rock

Rock and no water and the sandy road

EDWARD & SOSOSTRIS The road winding above among the mountains

Which are mountains of rock without water

— leave small
block

If there were water we should stop and drink
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain
There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mudcracked houses

HOST

If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock
And also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
But there is no water

Medames et mosieurs la specialite de la maison...
[produces a jar of brightly coloured pills] Voilà'
 Le drugs sons chic, no?
[inhales deeply from his oxygen mask]
 A little poison now and then: that makes for agreeable dreams.
[dies]

VIOLET And much poison in the end, for an agreeable death.

LAVINIA How on earth is our host?

VIOLET I can connect nothing with nothing...

GEORGE Apparently he's not feeling too well: he's dead.

EDWARD No shit!

LAVINIA Dead?

HENRY As dead as a door-nail!

EMILIA Finally!

EDWARD Emilia!

all
look at
host
→ sudden
reaction

Massimo
+ take host
Loraine → on small
block.

Toni +
Loranne
Pieta'
Position
throw host
on
floor.
immediately

EMILIA And we all tapped on each other's shoulders and said:
"Have you heard that ^{the} our host is dead?"

The
Our Host is Dead...

Wow!
How original.
How cute.
How blasphemous.
How provoking.
How terrible.
How ingenious.
How commercially viable.
How fashionable.
How very elegant.
How economic.
How anthropomorphic
How Superior.
How Super.
wow (Massimo)

Repeat twice

EMILIA What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation

(up with Massimo after Sephora)

LAVINIA What shall we say, then? ^{*up*} We have died to sin – how then can we go on living in it? ~~Surely you know that when we were baptized into union with Christ Jesus we were baptized into union with his death. By our baptism, then we were buried with him and shared his death, in order that, just as Christ was raised from death by the glorious power of the Father, so also we might live a new life~~ *(all head) (bow head)*

Lean exactly together.

[Romans IV]

PAUSE.

EMILIA "Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over."
Does anybody know any new party games?
Does anybody have any new designer drugs?
Can anybody handle those new sexual positions we hear so much about?
What shall we do now? What shall we ever do?...

HENRY In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.
It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one.

George - Cucku cucku...

~~GEORGINA In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust Bringing rain~~

Edward

(Feel the Rain)

*Funeral
Tableau
Hands
Across
Leaning
Pisa*

*(to Henry)
clammy
to
Fresh
sequence*

HENRY So what about redemption?

ALL ¹Redemption? ²Redemption? ³Redemption?

dadda
→ assume Dada da position

[Lavinia, Violet, Emilia, Georgina who removes her hat and lets down her hair position themselves one on each side going Da - Da Da...] — repeat

EDWARD D D D. (LOUD)

HENRY Divine Decadence Darling?

EDWARD No no, quite the contrary old chap — Da Da Da!
"Datta, dayadhvam, damyata" (Give, sympathize, control).
Thus spoke the thunder.

Edward + Henry

FEMALES DA

Datta: what have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms

DA

Dayadhvam: I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once only
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
Only at nightfall, aetherial rumours
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus

DA

Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore

Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

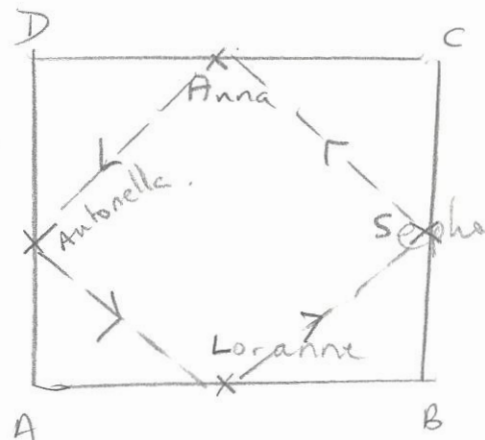
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina

Quando fiam ceu chelidon — O swallow swallow

Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

start da da da walk



---> Da da da path + direction

Females

(London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down) repeat (LOUD)

Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina

Quando fiam ceu chelidon — O swallow swallow

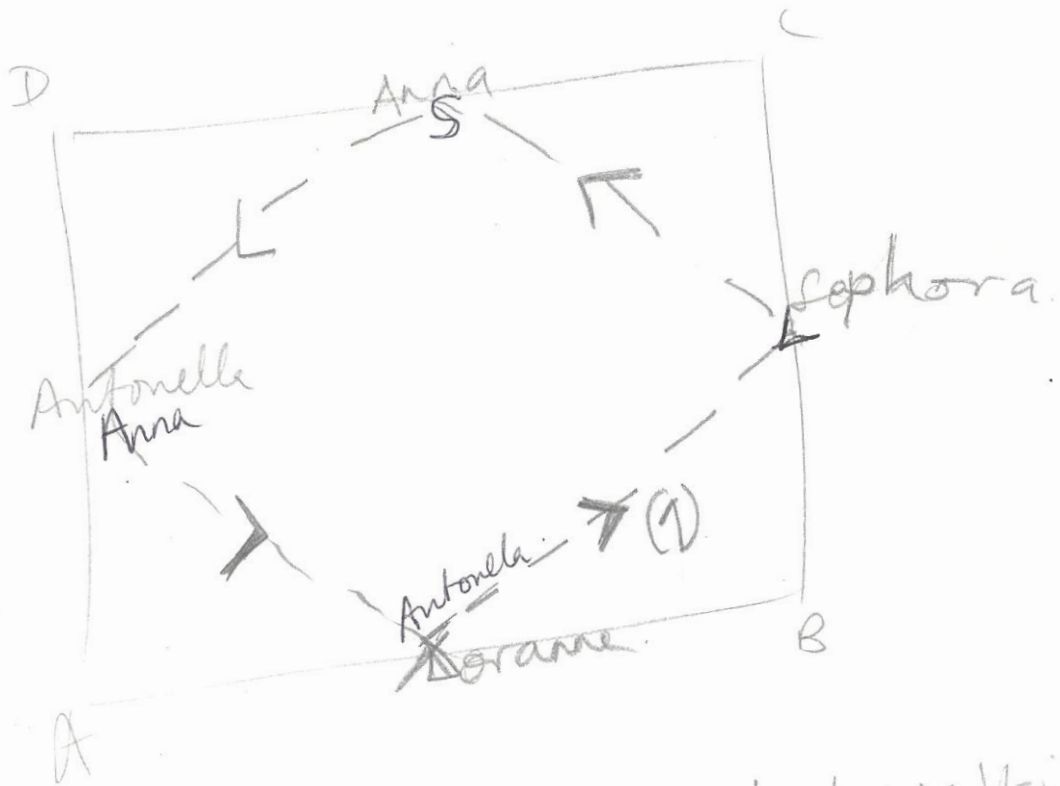
Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

* London bridge is falling down da da da falling down da da da x 2

Why then I'll fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih

start Dada
Shantih
Sequence



- ① This spoke the Thunder → start walking
6 Daddas + stop
- ② Start Shantih (Lorraine + Anna)
DaDa dda (Antonella + Seph)
Antonella + Seph → walk
Lorraine + Anna → don't walk
- ③ Lorraine + Anna (after 1 Shantih
Shantih Shantih
together, leave
6 Daddas)
- ④ All - Shantih Shantih Shantih...

Antonella - red hot pants - (Antonella)

Chris - shirt / trousers (Florrie)

Massimo - " " (")

Lorraine - cravatte (")

Tattoos -

Kipinti

this thing is a mad medley

Seph - and I will show you - Mass has to fall other side

thellem (Anna)

Throbbing, Waiting

G.I. Dead hold ribbons on the inside + throw them in centre

Violet go down further in front of Mass

Ten! fil programm ibda l-poezija minn "God is Dead."
No shit!