

PROLOGUE

persons: HOST
Mr. Middleton Murry,
Mr. I. A. Richards,
Mr. C. Day Lewis,
Readers,
The Waste Land.

HOST: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the show. I am your host for this evening. I am the prologue, narrator, footnote, arbiter, ringmaster, judge and friend.

Anthony

walk faster / bigger

Sinjuri nistedinkom ghal serata ta' tejatru, pojezija u zin! *→ louder*

Gentlepeople, I don't want to waste anymore of your time.
Let me present to you the poem in question: *The Waste Land.*

WL: I can connect son of man these fragments I have
Nothing with nothing all you can know shored against my ruins
is a heap of broken images

all

HOST: This poem of 433 lines, with a page of notes to every three pages of text, is not for the ordinary reader.

READ: I think it's a piece of tripe!] *Anna → more confidence*
louder

WL: hypocrite lecteur!] *Antonella*

HOST: He will make nothing of it.

READ: 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.] *to Host*
LOR

WL: O keep that dog far hence! Goodnight Bill.

What's that noise? Twit twit twit.

My nerves are bad tonight.

Burning burning burning burning.

What shall I do now?

Water water water.

What shall I do?

Rock.

Tata. Goodnight. Goodnight.

HOST: Ta ta.

READ: The thing is a mad medley.] Chris

READ: Though this be madness yet there is method in it.] Rob

READ: Among the maggots that breed in the corruption of poetry one of the commonest is the bookworm.] seph

READ: 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.] chiara

HOST: Ah! we have an honoured guest – Mr. Middleton Murry.

READ: And what does Mr. Murry think about *The Waste Land*?] Rus

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

All: ooooooooooh!

HOST: What does Mr. I. A. Richards have to say about this?

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

WL: O O O O that Shakespearean rag -] Lor
It's so elegant

IAR: 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-

WL: hypocrite lecteur!] Antonella

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

WL: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

IAR: Anyone who upon reflection asserts the contrary for his own case must be either a demigod or dishonest; probably Mr. Murry was in haste.

WL: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME [exit

IAR: His remarks show that he has failed in his attempt to READ the poem, and they reveal, in part, the reason for his failure - namely, his own overintellectual approach. To READ it successfully he would have to discontinue his present self-mystifications.

HOST: Mr. Eliot's poetry *has* occasioned an unusual amount of irritated or enthusiastic bewilderment. O oh, Mr. C. Day Lewis. Do you have anything to add to Mr. Richard's comments?

CDL: 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.

[IAR tries to speak but CDL goes on]

CDL: 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 the fragments of shattered faith - all those symptoms of psychic disease which ravaged Europe as mercilessly as the Spanish influenza.

[exit all except HOST]

HOST: For good or ill, *The Waste Land* has had a greater influence on present-day verse than the rest of Eliot's work and probably a greater one than any other poetry of the century. T. S. Eliot, ladies and gentleman is not merely a poet and literary critic, he is also the prophet of the 20th Century.

part 1

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

HOST

We have pills to convince us we're felling good, we're looking good, we're looking young, we're felling 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.

We are so far gone (and we're never coming back.) We've buried our Aprils - (who needs spring cleaning anyway?) 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.

April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

All

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

Lorraine

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 kill, we kill, we kill. We can always find an excuse later on: love, religion, petroleum, hunger, hunger, hunger.

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.

seph.

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 d.i.y. 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, redecoration, 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.

→ Dead famous like Cobain/Mercury etc.

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

- WL: "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.

↓ All

"God is dead"

But wasn't he supposed to be immortal?

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

↓ Chris + Roberta

So he's dead you say?

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

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?

He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience...

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock

Rob.
+
Chris

Seph.

Nat + Antonella



(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
 And I will show you something different from either
 Your shadow at morning striding behind you
 Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
 I will show you fear in a handful of dust

Frisch weht der Wind

Der Heimat zu.

Mein Irisch Kind,

Wo weilest du?

'You gave me hyacinths first a year ago;

'They called me the hyacinth girl.'

– Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,

Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not

Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither

Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,

Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

Od' und leer das Meer.

Nat +
Antonella



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

Chris

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 bay.

Anton

How?

]- Rus.

Oh dear... life is too short to stop to wonder how things work. They do. Enjoy them! Thou shalt not fear a pathetic handful of death. We are the latest version of the most highly evolved species on the planet. We are the privileged ones who possess intellect, reason, language. We're not only superior to the other creatures that inhabit the earth but also superior to other human races. 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. 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. Satisfaction is always almost within reach and that's good because it gives us a reason to go on. Genocide is now just a click

LOR
+
Seph
+
Anna

away and warmongers treat their work like a game. Soldiers are grown men with toys. And the virtual violence of computer software is only a step away from the actual violence going on around the globe.

Lort +
Seph +
Anna

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

HOST

part 2

A GAME OF CHESS

HOST: The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion.

LADY: 'My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
'Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.
'What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
'I never know what you are thinking. Think.'

Sephora

Sailor: I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

Roberta

LADY: 'What is that noise?'
The wind under the door.
'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?'
Nothing again nothing.
'Do
'You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember
'Nothing?'
I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
'Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?'

Anna

LADY: But O O O O that Shakespearean Rag—
It's so elegant
So intelligent
'What shall I do now? What shall I do?'

Loranne

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

MAID: When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said –
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,

Chiara

Offstage: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

MAID: 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.
You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
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,
He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,
And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
Than I'll know who to thank, she said and gave *me* a straight look.

Offstage: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

MAID: If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.
Others can pick and choose if you can't.
But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.
You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
(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.
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?

Chris

HOST: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME [*wiggles about, needing to pee urgently*]

MAID: 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—

Chris
HOST: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME
HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME *[rushes off to pee against a wall]*

MAID: Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Offstage: Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

part 3

THE FIRE SERMON

HOST: The Buddha tells his followers that the human senses and all that they perceive are burning.

FOLLOWERS: With what fire are they burning?

HOST
(as BUDDHA): I declare to you that they are burning with the fire of lust, with the fire of anger, with the fire of ignorance, with the concerns of birth, decay, death, grief, lamentation, misery, dejection and despair.

1st SPEAKER: The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers, silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.

2nd SPEAK: A rat crept softly through vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And the king my father's death before him.

3rd SPEAK: O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And her daughter
They was their feet in soda water
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

*movement
by Rus
voice by
Chris.*

Antonella

A HEAP OF BROKEN IMAGES

theatrical ruminations by Aleateia,
inspired by T. S. Eliot's
The Waste Land

Script by Simon Bartolo

PROLOGUE

HOST: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the show. I am your host for this evening. I am the prologue, narrator, footnote, arbiter, ringmaster, judge and friend. The next hour we shall perform in madness and method; in chaos and order. Mayhem beyond all reason and logic beyond all confusion.

Sinjuri nistedinkom ghal siegha ta' tejatru, pojezija u zin!

Gentlepeople, I don't want to waste anymore of your time.
Let me present to you the poem in question: *The Waste Land*.

WL: I can connect
Nothing with nothing

HOST: This poem of 433 lines, with a page of notes to every three pages of text, is not for the ordinary reader.

READER: I think it's a piece of tripe!

WL: hypocrite lecteur!

HOST: He will make nothing of it.

READER: 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.

WL: O keep that dog far hence!	Water water water.
What's that noise?	Rock.
My nerves are bad tonight.	What shall I do now?
Goodnight Bill.	What shall I do?
Twit twit twit.	Tata. Goodnight. Goodnight.
Burning burning burning.	Ta ta.

HOST: Ta ta.

READER: The thing is a mad medley.

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

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

READER: 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.

HOST: Ah! we have an honoured guest – Mr. Middleton Murry.

READER: And what does Mr. Murry think about *The Waste Land*.

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

All: ooooooooooh!

HOST: What does Mr. I. A. Richards have to say about this?

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

WL: O O O O that Shakespearean rag -
It's so elegant

IAR: 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-

WL: hypocrite lecteur!

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

WL: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

IAR: Anyone who upon reflection asserts the contrary for his own case must be either a demigod or dishonest; probably Mr. Murry was in haste.

WL: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME *[exit]*

IAR: His remarks show that he has failed in his attempt to read the poem, and they reveal, in part, the reason for his failure - namely, his own overintellectual approach. To read it successfully he would have to discontinue his present self-mystifications.

HOST: Mr. Eliot's poetry *has* occasioned an unusual amount of irritated or enthusiastic bewilderment. O oh, Mr. C. Day Lewis. Do you have anything to add to Mr. Richard's comments?

CDL: 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.

[IAR tries to speak but CDL goes on]

CDL: 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 the fragments of shattered faith - all those symptoms of psychic disease which ravaged Europe as mercilessly as the Spanish influenza.

[exit all except HOST]

HOST: For good or ill, *The Waste Land* has had a greater influence on present-day verse than the rest of Eliot's work and probably a greater one than any other poetry of the century. T. S. Eliot, ladies and gentleman is not merely a poet and literary critic, he is also the prophet of the 20th Century.

[OPT.] Please choose one of the following titles.
Your essay should not be shorter than 600 words.
You have one hour.
Good Luck!

1. What do you understand to be the main themes of *The Waste Land*?
2. Write an analysis of the episode involving the typist and the clerk in 'The Fire Sermon.' Show also in what ways the episode is related to the rest of the poem.
3. Discuss Eliot's use of images of dryness and water in *The Waste Land*.
4. In what sense can *The Waste Land* be described as 'a religious poem'? Do you consider the religious element to be significant?
5. Why do you think sexual relationships are given such a prominent place in the poem? Discuss Eliot's treatment of sexual relationships.
6. Is it possible to decide whether or not *The Waste Land* presents 'the disillusionment of a generation'?

Host: SHUT UP (friggin academic nonsense!)

[shoots up] ahhhhhhh!

A little poison now and then: that makes for agreeable dreams.

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

part 1

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

We have pills to convince us we're felling good, we're looking good, we're looking young, we're felling 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.

We are so far gone and we're never coming back. We've buried our Aprils – who needs spring cleaning anyway? 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.

April is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, Marie,
Marie, hold on tight. And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

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 kill, we kill, we kill. We can always find an excuse later on: love, religion, petroleum, hunger, hunger, hunger.

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.

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 d.i.y. 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, redecoration, 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.

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

WL: "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.

"God is dead"

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 III?

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?

He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience...

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock

(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust

*Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu.
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?*

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

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

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 bay.

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away and warmongers treat their work like a game. Soldiers are grown men with toys. And the virtual violence of computer software is only a step away from the actual violence going on around the globe.

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

HOST: Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. Here, said she,

M.S.: Is your card, the drowned Phoenician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look!)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.
Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitane,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
One must be so careful these days.

HOST: so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.

M.S.: 'You! hypocrite lecteur!—mon semblable,—mon frère!'

part 2

A GAME OF CHESS

HOST: The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
 Glowed on the marble, where the glass
 Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
 From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
 (Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
 Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra
 Reflecting light upon the table as
 The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
 From satin cases poured in rich profusion.

LADY: 'My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
 'Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.
 'What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
 'I never know what you are thinking. Think.'

SAILOR: I think we are in rats' alley
 Where the dead men lost their bones.

LADY: 'What is that noise?'
 The wind under the door.
 'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?'
 Nothing again nothing.
 'Do
 'You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember
 'Nothing?'
 I remember
 Those are pearls that were his eyes.
 'Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?'

LADY: But
 O O O O that Shakespearean Rag—
 It's so elegant
 So intelligent
 '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.
 And we shall play a game of chess,
 Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

MAID: When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said —
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,

Offstage: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

MAID: 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.
You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
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,
He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,
And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
Oh is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
Than I'll know who to thank, she said and gave *me* a straight look.

Offstage: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

MAID: If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said.
Others can pick and choose if you can't.
But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.
You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
I can't help it, she said, pulling a long face,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she said.
(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.
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?

HOST: HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME [*wiggles about, needing to pee urgently*]

MAID: 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 IT'S TIME
HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME [*rushes off to pee against a wall*]

MAID: Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May. Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.

Offstage: Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

part 3

THE FIRE SERMON

HOST: The Buddha tells his followers that the human senses and all that they perceive are burning.

FOLLOWERS: With what fire are they burning?

HOST

(as BUDDHA): I declare to you that they are burning with the fire of lust, with the fire of anger, with the fire of ignorance, with the concerns of birth, decay, death, grief, lamentation, misery, dejection and despair.

1st SPEAKER: 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.

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.

A rat crept softly through vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And the king my father's death before him.

2nd SPEAK: O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And her daughter
They was their feet in soda water
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

3rd SPEAK: What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
Oh, 'tis the ravished nightingale,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

4th SPEAK: Twit twit twit
Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forced.

The Rhyme Of The Ancient Mariner
[lines 111-130]

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

HOST: At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting . . .

(as TIRESIAS): . . . throbbing waiting,
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,

TYPIST: The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
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.

TIRESIAS: 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.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavors to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
Exploring hands encounter no defense;
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.)
Bestows on final patronizing kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit...

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.'
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.

TYPIST: 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?

HOST: I can connect
Nothing with nothing.

My people
Humble people who expect nothing.

With nothing.

ALL (*surrounding HOST in a burning circle*): Burning burning burning burning

HOST: O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

All (drowning HOST's voice): Burning.

part 4

DEATH BY WATER

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Fear death by water.

Genesis

[from chapters 6-7]

HOST: And God said:

GOD: I will not allow people to live for ever; they are mortal.

HOSTESS: And God saw that the wickedness of men was great on the earth, and that all the thought of their heart was bent upon evil at all times. He was so filled with regret that He said:

GOD: I will wipe out these people I have created.

HOST: But the Lord was pleased with Noah.

HOSTESS: And when God had seen that the earth was corrupted He said to Noah:

GOD: I have decided to put an end to all mankind. I will destroy them completely, because the world is full of their violent deeds. Build an ark for yourself out of good timber; make rooms in it and cover it with tar inside and out.

I am going to send a flood on the earth to destroy every living being. Everything on the earth will die, but I will make a covenant with you.

HOSTESS: And Noah did all the things which God commanded him.

HOST: When Noah was six hundred years old, all the outlets of the vast body of water beneath the earth burst open, all the floodgates of the sky were opened, and rain fell on the earth for forty days and nights.

HOSTESS: And the flood was forty days upon the earth, and the waters increased, and lifted up the ark on high from earth. For they overflowed exceedingly: and filled all on the face of the earth: and the ark was carried upon the waters.

HOST: And the waters prevailed beyond measure upon the earth: and all the high mountains under the whole heaven were covered.

HOSTESS: Every living being on the earth died – every bird, every animal, and every person. Everything on earth that breathed died. The Lord destroyed all living beings on the earth – human beings, animals, and birds.

HOST: And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days.

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Fear death by water.

HOSTESS: The oldest known form of the Flood story is Mesopotamian. It is very similar to the story in the Bible, but is recorded in poetry not prose. Four gods were involved in the planning of the flood. A fifth god revealed the secret plan to a man named Ut-napishtim and told him to build a boat in order to be saved, which Ut_napishtim *obviously* did.

HOST: Then there came a terrifying storm, which frightened even the gods in heaven

HOSTESS: The flood lasted for seven days and nights.

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Fear death by water.

HOST: In Vedic mythology we read that Manu was saved in a ship from a deluge which swept away all other creatures.

HOSTESS: As the waters rose, he was towed to safety on a mountain by a horned fish whom he had earlier protected.

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Fear death by water.

Fear death by water.

Fear death by water.

Twelfth Night

Act 1, Scene 2

The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA[Anna] and a Captain [Roberta]

VIOLA: What country is this?

CAPTAIN: This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA: And what should I do in Illyria?
 My brother he is in Elysium.
 Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

CAPTAIN: It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA: O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN: True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
 Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 I saw your brother bind himself,
 To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
 Where I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
 So long as I could see.

VIOLA: For saying so, there's gold.

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Fear death by water.

The Tempest

Act 1, Scene 1

*On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise
of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Boatswain [Anthony]

BOATSWAIN: Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!
yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the
master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind,
if room enough!

Enter SEBASTIAN [Nat], GONZALO[Chris], and others

BOATS: Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO: Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS: When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers
for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO: Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATS: None that I more love than myself. You are a
counsellor; if you can command these elements to
silence, and work the peace of the present, we will
not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you
cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make
yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of
the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out
of our way, I say.

BOATS: Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring
her to try with main-course.

[A cry within]

A plague upon this howling! they are louder than
the weather or our office.

Shall we give o'er
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN: A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS: Work you then.

GONZALO: Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker!
We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Enter Mariners wet

MARINERS: All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATS: What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO: The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

'Mercy on us!-- 'We split, we split!--'Farewell, my wife and
children!-- 'Farewell, brother!--'We split, we split, we split!'

GONZALO: Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN: Let's take leave of him.

Exit SEBASTIAN

GONZALO: Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an
acre of barren ground...
The wills above be done! but I would fain
die a dry death.

Exeunt

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Fear death by water.

Hamlet

Enter QUEEN GERTRUDE [Loranne]

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Let her come in.

enter OPHELIA [Sephora]

OPHELIA: Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN GERTRUDE: How now, Ophelia!

OPHELIA: *[Sings]* How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA: Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
[Sings] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Nay, but, Ophelia,--

OPHELIA: Pray you, mark.
[Sings] White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

QUEEN GERTRUDE: Pretty Ophelia!
How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA: 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.

Exit

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Fear death by water.

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

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Fear death by water.

Everyday Life Has Become A Health Risk
[The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy]

HOST: Meanwhile, back in the backyard,
father lights up a barbeque fire
and he sizzles hormone injected meat
on top of a toxic source of heat.
He becomes light-headed
as the toxins easily meet
with the lite beer in his head.

All of a sudden
acid rain falls from the sky
and gets into the nuclear family picnic pie.
The nuclear family sits down to lunch.
They munch it down with acid rain punch
and they begin to hallucinate
disassociate
the pain in their bodies
from the pain in their minds.

PHLEBAS the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep seas swell
And the profit and loss.

A current under sea
Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.

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

Romans IV

What shall we say, then? 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.

The Heart Of Darkness

The horror! The horror!

The Aristos

[The Wreck And The Raft: 11, 13, 18, 19.]

Humanity on its raft. The raft on the endless ocean. From his present dissatisfaction man reasons that there was some catastrophic wreck in the past, before which he was happy; some golden age, some Garden of Eden. He also reasons that somewhere ahead lies a promised land, a land without conflict. Meanwhile, he is miserably *en passage*; this myth lies deeper than religious faith.

But there was no wreck; there will be no promised land. If there ever were an ideal promised land, it would be uninhabitable to humans.

Man lives in a survived yet always uncertainly surviving world. All that is has survived where it might not have survived. Every world is and will always be a Noah's ark.

The old myth that his raft, his world, is especially favoured and protected now seems ridiculous. He has seen and understood the message from the distant supernovae; he knows the sun is growing larger and hotter and that his world will one day be a white-hot ball in a sea of flames; and he knows that they hydrogen bomb of the sun may burn up an already dead planet. There are other hydrogen bombs waiting and closer at hand. Inwards and outwards the prospect before him is terrifying.

GON: Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

REG: I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

COR: Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less.

[They walk out]
[resurrection]

L-EWWEL QARREJ: Dak in-nhar kien jum it-Thejjija, u s-Sibt kien ghoddu beda. In-nisa, li kienu gew mill-Galilija ma' Gesu marru wara Guzeppe u raw il-qabar u kif kienu qieghdu il-katavru; mbaghad regghu lura u hejjew il fwejjah u l-mirra.

IT-TIENI QARREJ: Kmieni mas-sebh ta' l-ewwel jum tal-gimgha marru hdejn il-qabar u hadu magghom il-fwejjah li kienu hejjew. Huma sabu l-gebla mgerbba minn quddiem il-qabar, imma meta dahlu fih, il-katavru tal-Mulej Gesu ma sabuhx hemm. U kif kenu mhassbin fuq dan, f'daqqa wahda dehrulhom quddiemhom zewgt irgiel libsin ilbies jiddi. In nisa, mimlijin bil- biza', baxxew ghajnejhom lejn l-art; imma dawk qalulhom:

IT-TIELET QARREJ: "L-ghala qeghdin tfittxuh qalb il-mejtin lil min hu haj? M'huwiex hawn, imma qam. Ftakru x'kien qalilkom meta kien ghadu fil-Galilija, meta qal jehtieg li Bin il-bniedem jinghata f'idejn il-midinbin, ikun msallab, u fil-tielet jum iqum mill-imwiet."

L-EWWEL QARREJ: U huma ftakru kliemu. ...

IR-RABA QARREJ: Dak in-nhar stess gara li tnejn minnhom kienu sejrjn lejn rahal jismu Ghemmaus, xi sittin stadju boghod minn Gerusalem, jithaddtu bejniethom fuq kull ma kien gara. Huma u jithaddtu u jitkixxfu bejniethom, Gesu nnifsu resaq lejhom u baqa' miexi magghom. Imma ghajnejhom kellhom xi jzommmhom u ma setghux jaghrfuh. U hu qalillhom:

GESU': X'inthom tghidu bejniethom intom u miexja?

IT-TIELET QARREJ: U huma waqful, b'harsa ta' niket fuq wicchom. Mbaghad wiehed minnhom, jismu Kleofa, wiegeb u qallu:

KLEOFA: Inti wahdek il-barrani f'Gerusalem li ma tafx x'gara hemmhekk f'dawn il-jiem?

GESU': X'gara?

KLEOFA: Dak li gara lil Gesu ta' Nazaret, li kien profeta setghan fl-ghemil u fil-kliem quddiem Alla u quddiem il-poplu kollu, kif il-qassisin il-kbar u l-kapijiet taghna tawh f'idejn il-gvernatur biex ikun ikkundannat ghallmewt u sallbuh.

SIEHEB KLEOFA: Ahna konna nittamaw li hu kien dak li kellu jifdi lil Izrael; izda issa, fuq kollox ga ghaddeu tlitt ijiem minn dawn il-grajja!

GESU': Kemm inthom boloh u tqal biex temmnu kull ma aqlu l-profeti! U ma kellux il-Messija jbati dan kollu u hekk jidhol fil-glorja tieghu?

IT-TIELET QARREJ: U beda minn Mose' u l-Profeti kollha jfissrilhom kull ma kien hemm fl-Iskrittura fuqu.

KLEOFA: Who is the third who walks always beside you?

Now a terrifying, because vbiolently aggravating, new factor has appeared inthis situation. It is cybernetics, the already advanced technique of controlling machines by other machines.

Man is about to be deprived of a great pole - work routine. The nightmare of the capitalist society is unemployment; the nightmare of the cybernetic society will be employment.

[The Aristos; p.131]

KLEOFA: Who is the third who walks always beside you?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
- But who is that on the other side of you?

*What is that sound high in the air
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only
What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal*

*A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.*

*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.
Only a cock stood on the rooftree
Co co rico co co rico
In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust
Bringing rain*

*Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
D A*

Da Da Da

HOST: 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 Da Da

HOST: 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 Da Da

HOST: 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

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Poi s'aspose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam ceu chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins 430
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

MADAME

SOSOSTRIS: Shantih?!! ha ha ha!

EPILOGUE

This was a difficult time for our heroine. Evil and malign forces worked unremittingly against her. Junk food was a daily staple; hypocrisy substituted religion. All around her corpses moved claiming they were enjoying life. Drag after drag, death was being inhaled around her and puffed into her lungs. Trash was persistently being referred to as art and the theatre was inert, filled with inane audiences and ill-chosen actors who believed not in what they said. As crap, art was faultless. Music and noise fused and churned out lifeless messages twenty-four hours a day. Moronic festivals were hailed as the Event Of They Year. Dead women with dust in their eyes and silicon everywhere else competed in beauty contests, while human offspring were paraded as cattle in baby shows. Academics forgot they had a body and body-builders forgot they had a brain. Children were told not to choose the good but the better of two evils. This really was a rough time for our heroine. What was she to do?

So-called solutions were thrown at her from all sides: try this new drug - it will make you thinner, younger, healthier, more attractive. Try this new religion - it will give you inner peace, it's imported from the far east where people eat better and live longer. Try this dress, this drink, this prayer group, this DJ, this government, this man, this technique, this porno, this variation, this method, this pillow, this recipe, this feature, this virus, this headache. This was a new age where tears are tainted with mascara, kisses are smudged with lipstick and sex is saved by the rubber sheath.

Her life was bombarded by images and she could not live without them. They were all she could know. She *was* just a heap of images, made in God's image. It followed naturally that when God was broken and dismantled, those made in his image were broken and dismantled as well. She became a heap of broken images and gave birth to a generation of broken children. Our heroine's name is the Twentieth Century and her time is up. She has exactly ---- days to live.

An age of desolation follows. An age run by inanimate machines which man (that barely animate of machines) thinks he can control. Son of man, you know this age: at the end of the second millenium, you are living in it.

Son of man,
you know only
A heap of broken images.

MAID enters, throws water onto the floor and, with a broom, starts washing all that has gone on during this hour . . .