

Part 1 - Burial of the Dead

Chis
Roberta
Loranne
Chiara
Antonella

April is the cruellest 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

~~Chis~~

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 arch-duke'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. Anthony
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.]

Loranne same
chor. as 0000
that S. reg.

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 evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handfull of dust.

Nathalie

Frish weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du?

Nathalie

Antonella

'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.
Oed'und leer das Meer.] Nathalie

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,
 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 Whell,
 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. Equitone,
 Tell her I bring the horoscope myself:
 One must be so careful these days.

Chiara { Unreal City,
 Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
 A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
 I had not thought death had undone so many.
 Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
 And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
 Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
 To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
 With a daed sound on the final stroke of nine.
 There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: 'Stetson!
 'You who were with me in the ships at Mylae
 Chiara { 'That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
 'Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
 'Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
 'O keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
 'Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
 'You! hypocrite lecteur!--mon semblable,--mon frere!'

Part 2 - A Game of Chess

Anthony { 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
Seph. - (Another hid his eyes behind his wing)

Chris { Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candeabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion.
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfume
Unguent, powdered, or liquid--troubled, vordused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

lor { Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the clored stone
In which sad light a carved dolphin swam
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice
And still she cried, and still the world pursues,
'Jug Jug' to dirty ears. + others(?)

Chiara { And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
Footstpes shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
Spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

Sephora { 'My nerves are bad t-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.'

Rob 2 { I think we are in rat's alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

'What is that noise?'

The wind under the door.

'What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?'

Nothing again nothing.

'Do

Anna

'You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember
 'Nothing?'
 I remember
 Those pearls that were his eyes.
 'Are you alive, or not? Is there nothing in your head?'

Sephora

Anna

But

O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag--
 It's so elegant
 So intelligent
 'What shall I do now? What shall I do?'
 'I shall rush out as I am, 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.

Loraine

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said--

I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME → Pub

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 for 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.

Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

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 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 had five already and nearly died of young George.)

The chemist said it would be all right, 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?

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--

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME

Goodnight Bill. Goodnight Lou. Goodnight May. Goodnight.

Ta ta. Goodnight. Goodnight.

Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

Rus

↓
 Ophelia, driven mad by the death of
 her father and her confused love
 for Hamlet, bids farewell before going to drown herself

straight: from offstage

short for 'demobilised', meaning released from the army back to civilian life.

offstage actors are getting impatient

challenging

→ you will have to accept it

about

Part 3 - The Fire Sermon

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
 Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
 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.
 But at my back in a cold blast I hear
 The rattle of bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

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.
 White bodies naked on the low damp ground
 And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
 Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
 But at my back from time to time I hear
 The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
 Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.
 O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
 And on her daughter
 They wash their feet in soda water
 Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

Ros { Twit twit twit
 Jug jug jug jug jug jug
 So rudely forc'd

(Tereu)

the king who raped Philomel

Rob { Unreal City
 Under the brown fog of a winter noon
 Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant
 Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
 C.i.f. London: documents at sight,
 Asked me in demotic French
 To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
 Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
 Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
 Like a taxi 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,

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.

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,

Endeavours to engage her in caresses

Which are still unrequited, if undesired.

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.)

(Bestows one final patronising kiss,

And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit...)

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,

Hardly aware of her departed love;

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.

'This music crept by me upon the waters'

And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.

O City city, I can sometimes hear

Beside a public bar in Lower Thames Street,

The pleasant whining of a mandolin

And a clatter and a chatter from within

Where fishmen lounge at noon: where the walls

Of Magnus Martyr hold

desk / flower ass.
 with sex

worker

Lor

no.

Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats
 Oil and tar
 The barges drift
 With the turning tide
 Red sails
 Wide
 To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
 The barges wash
 Drifting logs
 Down Greenwich reach
 Past the Isle of Dogs.
 Weialala leia
 Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester
 Beating oars
 The stern was formed
 A gilded shell
 Red and gold
 The brisk swell
 Rippled both shores
 Southwest wind
 Carried down stream
 The peal of bells
 White towers
 Weialala leia
 Wallala leialala

'Trams and dusty trees
 Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
 Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
 Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe.'

'My feet are 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?'

'On Margate Sands.

[I can connect
 Nothing with nothing.]

The broken fingernails of dirty hands.
 My people humble people who expect
 Nothing.'

la la

To Carthage then I came

Burning burning burning burning

○ Lord Thou pluckest me out
○ Lord Thou pluckest

burning

Part 4 - Death by Water

Phelbas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea 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 whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew

○ you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

Part 5 - What the Thunder Said

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
 After the frosty silence in the gardens
 After the agony in stony places
 The shouting and the crying
 Prison and palace and reverberation
 Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
 He who was living is now dead
 We who were living are now dying
 With a little patience

Here is no water but only rock
 Rock and no water and the sandy road
 The road winding above among the mountains
 Which are mountains of rock without water
 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

 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
 But there is no water

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?

Rob

Chris

Rob
 doing
 prison +
 reverberation

What is that sound high in the air
 Murmur of maternal lamentation
 Why are those hooded hordes swarming
 Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
 Ringed by the flat horizon only

Anthony

What is the city over the mountains
 Cracks and reforms and burst 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

Sephora
or
Antionella

In this decayed hole among the mountains
 In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
 Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
 There is an empty chapel, on the wind's home.
 It has no windows, and the door swings,
 Dry bones can harm no one.
 Only a ^{black} cock stood on the rooftree
 Co co rico co co rico

girls sitting
 in different
~~part~~ places
 (brushing their hair?)
 quietly, wondering,
 staring into the
 distance...

Ganges,
the sacred
river of India.

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

Holy mountain in the
Himalayas between India
and Tibet.

give

DA
 Datta: what have we give?
 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

Sanskrit root of words relating to 'give'

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, aethereal rumours
 Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
 DA

* PARANOIA?

control

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 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 uti chelidon - O swallow swallow

Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

'And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus'