

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 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 place 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 drop
But there is no water

[Crucifixion - Enter Lear's daughters: Goneril, Regan, Cordelia]

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.

Lorraine

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.

Sephora

Part 4

DEATH BY WATER

Madame Sosostris: Fear death by water.

GENESIS
(from chapters 6-7)

Host: And God said:

GOD: My spirit shall not remain in man for ever, because he is flesh, and his days shall be a hundred and twenty years.

Nat: And God seeing 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, It repented him that he had made man on the earth. And being touched inwardly with sorrow of heart, He said:

GOD: I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth, from man even to beasts, from the creeping thing even to the fowls of the air, for it repenteth me that I have made them.

Host: But Noe found grace before the Lord.

Nat: And the earth was corrupted before God, and was filled with iniquity.

Host: And when God had seen that the earth was corrupted He said to Noe:

GOD: The end of all flesh is come before me, the earth is filled with iniquity through them, and I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of timber planks. Behold I will bring the waters of a great flood upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, under heaven. All things that are in the earth shall be consumed.

And of every living creature of all flesh, thou shalt bring two of each sort into the ark, that they may live with thee: of the male sex, and the female. Of fowls according to their kind, and of beasts in their kind, and of every thing that creepeth on earth according to its kind; two of every sort shall go in with thee, that they may live.

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.

Anna

[They walk out]

[crucifixion continues]

Rus 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 Guzeppi u raw il-qabar u kif kienu qieghdu il-katavru; mbaghad regghu lura u hejjew il fwejjah u l-mirra.

Chiana Kmieni mas-sebh ta' l-ewwel jum tal-gimgha marru hdejn il-qabar u hadu magghom il-fwejjah li kienu hejjew. Huma sabu l-gebba mgerbba minn quddiem il-qabar, imma meta dahlu fih, il-katavru tal-Mulej Gesu ma sabuhx hemm. U kif kenu mhasbin 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:

3 IT-TIENI 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."

Antonella

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

[Chris & Roberta do Gregorian walk]

4 IT-TIELET QARREJ: Dak in-nhar stess gara li tnejn minnhom kienu sejrin 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 jzommhom u ma setghux jaghrfuh. U hu qalillhom:

Nat

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

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

Nat

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

Chris

Host: And Noe did all things which God commanded him.

Nat: And he was six hundred years old, when the waters of the flood overflowed the earth. And after seven days were passed, the waters of the flood overflowed the earth.

Host: In the six hundreth year of the life of Noe, all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the flood gates of heaven were open: And the rain fell upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

Nat: 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.

Nat: And all flesh was destroyed that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beasts, and of all creeping things that creep upon the earth: and all men.

Host: And all things wherein there is the breath of life on the earth, died.

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

Madame Sosostris: Fear death by water.

Host: 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.

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

Host: 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.

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

Madame Sosostriis: 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 Sosostriis: Fear death by water.

GESU': X'gara?

RUS

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 iddundannat ghall-mewt u sallbuh.

CHRIS

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!

Rob

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?

RUS

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

Autem

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?

CHRIS

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

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

GONZALO: Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain: 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.

Boatswain: 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.

Boatswain: 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.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO
Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er
and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

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. 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.

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.

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

f'America - ~~ma~~ l-għażla ma tant x tkun diffiċli

Il-lingwa tal-pajjiż ⇒ li hi?

biex turi influenza kultura

bla gies
tatlit bla bżonn.

Manwel Josa khem bhal "hendbag",
reboot
redefine
restructure

internet

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

Madame Sosostris: Fear death by water.

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.