

aleateia

A Heap of Broken Images

Written & Directed by Simon Bartolo  
Inspired by T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* (1922)

M.I.T.P. 31<sup>st</sup> September, 2002

Six people are invited to a cocktail party in which they are supposed to read *The Waste Land*. But things start going wrong. Their host is a diseased, debauched man whose reasons for inviting the guests turn out to be darker than just 'to show off his latest illness', as they initially suspect. As the party goes out of bounds, a spectacular struggle between decadence and redemption takes place.

This is the play that was chosen by the panel of judges for Cairo International Festival for Experimental Theatre (CIFET). Tomorrow Aleateia shall be going to Egypt to represent Malta. We want to take this opportunity to thank you for attending this performance and for your generous contributions which, unfortunately, we cannot do without.

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.

## HOW ?

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.

## *The Waste land* • Criticism

'I think it is a piece of tripe.'

Amy Lowell, quoted in E. K. Brown's *Mr Eliot and Some Enemies*, 1938.

'This poem of 433 lines, with a page of notes to every three pages of text, is not for the ordinary reader. He will make nothing of it.'

Charles Powell, *Manchester Guardian*, 31 October 1923.

‘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.’

*Times Literary Supplement*, 20 September 1923.

‘Among the maggots that breed in the corruption of poetry one of the commonest is the bookworm.’

F. L. Lucas, *New Statesman*, 3 November 1923.

‘Mr Eliot’s poetry has occasioned an unusual amount of irritated or enthusiastic bewilderment... 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. An original poem, as much as a new branch of mathematics, compels the mind which receives it to grow, and this takes time. Anyone who upon reflection asserts the contrary of his own case must be either a demigod or dishonest.’

I. A. Richards, *Principles of Literary Criticism*, 1926.

‘*The Waste Land* has had a greater influence on present-day verse than ... any other poetry of the century. ... I. A. Richards, who gives a terribly inflated value to the poem, says that it effects ‘a complete severance between poetry and all belief’, an example of criticism at its most vicious. One can neither write nor exist completely severed from all beliefs, and the beliefs which a writer holds or against which he is reacting are bound to affect his writing.’

C. Day Lewis, *A Hope for Poetry*, 1934.

‘*The Waste Land* is unquestionably important, unquestionably brilliant.’

Conrad Aiken, 1966 preface to *An Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1923.

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

Gilbert Seldes, *Nation*, 6 December 1922.

# Cast & Crew

Emilia \_\_\_\_\_  
Anna Formosa

\_\_\_\_\_| Lavinia  
Sephora Gauci

Henry \_\_\_\_\_  
Massimo Farrugia

\_\_\_\_\_| Edward  
Chris Galea

The Host \_\_\_\_\_  
Toni Attard

Georgina \_\_\_\_\_  
Loranne Vella

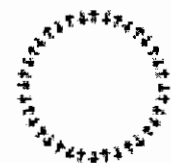
Violet \_\_\_\_\_  
Antonella Axisa

Lights & Video \_\_\_\_\_  
David Serge

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## Special Thanks



Aleateia thanks the Ministry of Culture, Hon. Dr. Louis Galea, Koperattiva Kulturali Universitarja (KKU) for use of the premises, Dr. Vicki Ann Cremona for believing in us, Mr. & Mrs. Cremona for letting us use their lovely home for filming, Mr. & Mrs. Frendo for their great help, Florrie Vella for the wonderful costumes and continuous alterations, Brian Grech for fantastic pics and site, Stephen Azzopardi for welcoming us, Astrid Zammit for the inspiring drawings, Marianne Fenech for the costume jewellery, Marika Grech and Louise Galea for their great PR work, John Vella ( The Sound System) for making our sound heard and our digital vision seen, Pierre Stafrace (Simonds Farsons Cisk) for the complimentary beverages, all those members of the press who supported us, our families, and friends. The list is long but we're going to stop here so you can start using this program for what it was really intended – fanning.