

WAR AND PIECES

A MYTHIC OPERA OF FUTURE NOSTALGIA IN TWO ACTS  
MUSIC AND STAGING BY KRAIG GRADY AND LAURA McMURRAY  
TEXT BY KRAIG GRADY, DAVID LEDERER, AND LAURA McMURRAY

ACT ONE

INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

THE SAD BUT TRUE SITUATION WHERE THE AUTHOR FINDS HIMSELF IN THE STORY AS OPPOSED TO THE STORY WITHIN HIM. A COMPLETE SYNOPSIS OF THE ACTION TO TAKE PLACE IS GIVEN TO THE AUDIENCE BUT AN ENIGMA REMAINS AN ENIGMA.

INTRODUCTION OF THE GENERAL BY MADEME SPIRAL

THE OLDEST AND WISEST OF THE CHARACTERS ATTEMPTS TO MAKE THINGS CLEARER BY FIRST A FLASHBACK IN THE GENERALS LIFE, FOLLOWED BY A HISTORICAL BRINGING UP TO DATE AND AN...

INTRODUCTION OF NEAL CASSAVA

NEAL INTRODUCES THE AUDIENCE TO HIS OWN INNER ENIGMA WITHIN THIS OTHER ONE.

A CITIZEN INTRODUCES THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE TWO

POSSIBLY A COMPARISON WILL MAKE THINGS CLEARER AND SPIRAL INTERJECTS TO BROADEN THE HORIZON TO

BARSTOW AND THE INTRODUCTION OF MALCOLM STONE

FINALLY WE HAVE A CHARACTER WE ALL KNOW TOO WELL. THERE IS A COMFORT IN FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.

REINTRODUCTION OF ONE OF OUR INTRODUCERS

THE PUBLIC NOWDAYS DEMANDS A PRYING INTO THE PRIVATE LIVES OF EVEN THE MOST OBJECTIVE OF HOSTS. BUT AFTER ALL ITS GOOD TO KNOW WHO IS SPEAKING

REINTRODUCTION OF THE FEMALE CHORUS

A CHORUS AFTER 2,000 YEARS OF BEING HELD IN THE BACKGROUND AND CAN NO LONGER HOLD ITS TONGUE. IT IS NOT ALWAYS GOOD TO MAKE OTHERS TALK ABOUT THINGS, THEY MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO STOP ONCE THEY START.

A BRIEF VACATION.

ACT TWO

THE INTERVIEW

GOING BACK TO THE BEGINNING INTRO OF THE GENERAL, AN INTERVIEW IS PROPOSED BY THE AUTHORS. BUT THE STORY HAS PROGRESSED AND STONE HAS ARRIVED AS THE CAMERAMAN. LIKE MOST CAMERAMEN IN THESE IMPROMTU SITUATIONS HE IS FRUSTRATED BY HIS INABILITY TO HAVE CONTROL WHEN IN FACT THE TELLING OF THE STORY RESTS WITH HIM.

A CARNIVAL ENSUES

THE FATE OF EVEN THE BEST AND WORST OF OUR LEADERS TO PARTAKE IN THE RITUALS OF THEIR PEOPLE.

THE ASSASSINATION OF NEAL CASSAVA

GREEK STYLE WHERE THE AUDIENCE HEARS IT FROM THE MESSENGER. LESS PROPS AND LESS MESS TO INTERFERE WITH SUBSEQUENT SCENES.

THE REFLECTION OF STONE, AN APPARITION OF NEAL AND HIS ARGUMENT WITH A PROPOSED RESURRECTION

A GHOST SOON TO BE REVIVED ARGUES WITH THE AUTHOR. WHEN A CHARACTER REFUSES TO PARTAKE IN THE SEQUEL IS IT SUICIDE?

EPILOG

STONE BECOMES THE WATER HE ATTEMPTS TO EXILE

THE END

GOOD EVENING, MY NAME IS KRAIG GRADY;

MY UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCE PREVENTS ME  
FROM ATTENDING THIS EVENING.

A MYRIAD OF TREMORS ROCK US DAILY AS OUR  
ISLANDS CONTINUE TO DRIFT WESTWARD THROUGH THE SUNKEN RUINS THAT  
HAVE SWALLOWED SO MANY OF OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS BEFORE IT WAS  
ENGULPHED BY THE NEW SEA WHICH FORMED THE PORT OF BARSTOW.

THE SAYINGS OF OUR IMMORTAL GENERAL STILL  
DRIFT THROUGH THE MIND LIKE FEATHERS THAT ARE BLOWN AWAY WHEN WE  
SHAKE THEM. GENERAL TEQUILLA Y MOTA STILL FISHES LISTLESSLY AS A  
HAWK WOULD SAIL OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF SONORA.

SAYINGS OF OUR GENERAL ARE NOW SHOURED  
BY EVENTS PRECIPITATED BY THE ASSASSINATION OF OUR HEROIC SCIENTIST;  
THE EAGLE FILLED WITH THE SHIMMERING FEATHERS OF OUR GENERALS THOUGHTS,  
WHO CAUSED EVERTHING EAST OF WEST LOS ANGELES AND WEST OF BARSTOW  
TO EMBRACE THE PACIFIC INTIMETLY.

THANK YOU. NOW LET ME PRESENT OUR MASTER  
OF CERFMONIES FOR THIS EVENING, MADAME SPIRAL. A MIDDLE AGED ALCHEMIST  
AND FORTUNE TAILOR. SHE SPECIALIZES IN FABRICS, IF YOU WILL. TELL  
ME MADAME SPIRAL

CHORUS MS. TO YOU.

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

NO FLIES ENTERING A CLOSED MOUTH. IN OTHER WORDS, I DON'T TELL NOBODY  
NOTHING TILL I GET PAID

A: CAUTION IS URGED IN DEALING WITH THIS WOMAN!

SILENCE!...IT IS TIME TO SPEAK OF OUR GENERAL.

HE IS OUR WELL AND THROUGH ARE WELL EMERGES

NOT ONLY, WATER, BROOK, STREAM

BUT FIRE, MOLTEN ROCK FLOWING

FEAR IS BUT ONE OF ITS COOLING AGENTS

FORM, ORDER, BOTH ARE STILLBORN, PREMATURELY CEMENTED AGAINST THE  
CURRENT THAT RUNS THROUGH US ALL.

A GLASS OPAQUE EVEN IN ITS TRANSPARANCY,  
SPLINTERED BY STONE, WHICH IN TURN MUST BE DISSOLVED BY ITS RAIN.

A: EVERYONE UNDERSTOOD WHAT SHE SAID, BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHY SHE SAID  
IT!

M.S. I REMEMBER THE HISTORY STILL TO COME. IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE  
GREAT UNHEARD AND THEY WERE WITHOUT FORM AND VOID. FOR 40 DAYS AND  
FORTY NIGHTS, HE FISHED IN THE DESERT SANDS WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER.  
IT WAS HERE THAT HE WAS TEMPTED.

THE WORLD IS GOOD. (STARTLED) NO THE WORLD WAS NOT GOOD. THINKING  
ABOUT WHAT WAS GOOD WAS NOT GOOD. HE WAS BAD AND THAT WAS GOOD. HE  
WAS STRONG AND THAT WAS VERY GOOD. HE STILL LIVED WITH HIS MOTHER  
AND THAT MIGHT BE BAD. HE WOULD REUNITE WITH THE DEMONS OF THE SOUTH  
AND THAT MIGHT BE BAD OR GOOD. HE WOULD SHUT DOWN THE OIL FIELDS  
AND THAT IS WHY EVERYONE WAS GOING TO GET SO WORKED UP AND THAT WAS  
GOOD AND BAD. LET US NOW GO TO GRANDMAS HOUSE!

...AND WHEN MEXICO WANTED THE SOUTHWEST BACK IN EXCHANGE FOR OIL,  
THERE CAME A GREAT RAIN, A DELUGE, FORMING, AT LAST, OUR SERIES OF  
ISLANDS.

WHILE MANY THOUGHT IT MUST HAVE A NATURAL CAUSE, BLAMING THE CIA  
AND THIER METEOROLOGIST, DR. GORGE, OTHERS SAW A SUPERNATURAL CAUSE  
AND BLAMED THE UNCHRIST.

BUT OUR OWN GENERAL TEQUILLA Y MOTA, FISHERMAN OF THE DESERT, SUGGESTED  
THEY GRIND CORN AND HINTED AT IT BEING THE WORK OF NEAL CASSAVA  
CASSA

HOUSE OF IN SPAINISH

VA

FRENCH FOR

GO! (THE WORD GO HEARD IN SILENCE)

(PAUSE)

(WHISPERED)SILENCE IS WHERE YOU HEAR IT!

KA!..SAVA REPONDED

PLEASE GENERAL. NO MORE HEROES. I HEAR THE INNER GESTURE OF A SPIRAL  
SAYING...

(ROTATING ROCKS) I AM THE TWISTED ROOT OF THE INVISIBLE  
(NECKLACE IN HAND) I AM THE BRAIDED HAIR THAT COMES OUT OF THE KITCHEN FAUCET  
TO BE TIED AROUND THE GANG GRAFFITI ON YOUR STOVE  
(SITTING IN CAVE OPENING) I AM THE ALL NIGHT SUPERMARKET THAT NEVER CLOSES AS  
WELL AS THE HINGES OF THE DOORS THAT MUST REMAIN OPEN DURING BUSINESS HOURS  
(CACTUS) I AM THE SURVEILLANCE CAMERA ON THE CACTUS THAT PARACHUTED INTO PLACE  
(PIPE ON HEAD AS HORNS) I AM THE HIGH CHAIR OF TORTOISES WHEN YOU RIDE IN YOUR  
TROJAN HORSE BUT I...I AM MR. ED  
(SECOND SHOT OF ABOVE) I AM THE MAKITA OF UNICORNS.  
(STORM DRAIN) I AM THE GOOSEBUMPS OF THE SUMMER CLEARANCE.  
(CON'T) I AM THE MAZE ON THE MANHOLE COVER WITH ITS CROCODILE AND ITS SPOOL  
OF THREAD.  
(RAINING PHOTOS) I AM THE BIRD YOU CAN BARELY AMUSE FROM YOUR UPPERMOST TOWER.  
I AM THE FEATHERS THAT ARE BLOWN AWAY WHEN YOU SHAKE THEM.  
(BONNIE PLAYS ORGAN CUE, WAIT FOR SECOND REPEAT)  
MY THOUGHTS HAVE BEEN IN A KIVA, ON A LONELY HILL, SURROUNDED BY TEOSINTE, (MORE  
IMPASSIONED) IMPRISONED BY THE RISING ORANGE HEAT OF AN ANXIOUS AND RANDOM  
UNIVERSE. EXILED FROM THE WISHING WELL, I HAVE TOSSED COINS INTO THE SEE. I  
CAN HEAR THE INNER SPIRAL OF A GESTURE SAYING.....  
(PRISM FACE) I AM THE MOSQUITO IN YOUR PARKS OF DOMESTICATED GRASS WITH THEIR  
ALTARS OF DISCARDED SOFAS TWINKLING WITH GEN SIZED GLASS  
(WALKING) I AM THE KINDNESS THAT STEMS FROM THE BEASTLY MORQUE WIT.  
I AM THE STRANGER ENTERING TOWN ARMED WITH LIES.  
(DOG STATUE STARTING WITH TEETH) I AM THE KACHINA IN THE MASARATI PULLING IN  
FRONT OF YOU  
(WALKING AT MEXICAN RITUAL) I AM THE DECEIVER OF THE CIGAR MAN AND THE LOADED  
HAND GUN IN A CROWED ROOM  
(MIRRORED EYE ON BIG HEAD) I AM THE KNITPICKER OF BANKS AND GASOLINE VENDING  
MACHINES  
(EYE CLOSEUP) I AM THE BLACKJACK OF GARDENIA  
(RISING OF FISH) I AM THE BREAKFAST DELIVERED BEFORE YOU ARRIVED  
(MIRROR REFLECTIONS. WAIT FOR SLOWER ONES) I AM THE SEMIAUTOMATIC WRITING THAT  
FLIES THROUGH YOUR WINDOWS AND I...AND I....  
CHORUS: (NEALS FACE ON MIRROR) I AM NOT DONE  
(NEAL)...AND I AM NOT ALONE  
(AZTEC CALENDER) I AM THE ONLY ONE YOUR ALARM CLOCK LISTENS TO.  
(FOOTSTEP BECOMING WATER) I AM THE TOOTHACHE OF EXECUTIVES THAT CHEAT ON THEIR  
WIVES AND THEIR GARDENER  
(STATUE) I AM THE FLOURESCENT LIGHT OF CHURCHES AND CAR WASHES  
(WATER COMING OUT OF HAND) I AM THE INDIGENOUS PLANTS OF THE CRACKED CONCRETE  
THAT YOU RETURN TO EXHAUSTED TO.  
(CLOSEUP HAND IN WATER) I AM THE RUDDER NEVER SEEN ALWAYS WELCOMED  
(FARTHER SHOT) I AM THE RECYCLER AS WELL AS THE NATION  
(HAND GESTURE TOWARD WATER) I REMEMBER ALL TOO WELL THE MUSIC STILL TO BE WRITTEN  
(HAND GESTURE TOWARD CLOUDS) I AM CORRECT.

LIKE DAY AND NIGHT THEY WERE, LIKE RAIN AND SHINE

LIKE HAWK AND EAGLE, WAR AND PIECE

~~CHORUS- CHEECH AND-CHONG~~

FISH AND BREAKING GLASS

SHATTERED LIQUID

INTERSECTING PLANES OF OCEANS SLIVERED

RELAXING

WATER OVER THE SUN

FLOATING

THE 12TH RIB

A FISH

IT BEGINS

TO NEAL

OUR VERB

RAIN

BORN OF HIM

SYNTHESIZED RAIN

SYNTHESIZED GEMS

SYNTHESIZED MOONS

OUR HOLY SATILLITES!

MEANWHILE.....THE NEXT DAY.....UNBEKNOWST TO ANYONE.....

NEAL KNEW OF THE SUFFERING IN...

(COMMERCIAL VOICE)PRESENT U.S. CAPITAL AND HOME OF THE JOHN DENVER  
MEMORIAL REFINERY. WE ARE ALL THE OIL OF THE FUTURE, FUEL

..BARSTOW.

HOME OF

STONE

MALCOLM STONE, CAMERMAN, ASSASSIN.....

STONE, IM SURE YOU'VE HEARD THE RUMORS OF THERE BEING ISLANDS OUT  
THERE IN THE PACIFIC

RIGHT!

AND THE RUMORS OF SYNTHETIC GEMS MADE IN SPACE, COMPLETELY FLAWLESS  
RIGHT!

AND THAT THESE BEING SOLD SUPPORTS EVERYONE LIVING THERE.

RIGHT

ENDLESS LEISURE TIME.

RIGHT!

IF WORD GETS OUT HERE, THERE WILL BE RIOTS

RIGHT

YOUR MISSION

RIGHT

TAKE ADAM 12 GAUGE

RIGHT

YOU WILL PROCEED TO 29 PALMS AND SPEAK TO MADAME SPIRAL.

RIGHT

HERE COMES ADAM 12 GAUGE NOW. LOOK OUT!

(GUN SHOT)

THE FOOL SLIPPED

RIGHT

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO IT ALONE STONE

RIGHT

AS CLOUDS BEGAN TO APPEAR OUT OF THE VOID. ADAM 12 GAUGE WAS BEING  
TAKEN AWAY WHILE IN 29 PALMS, ADRENA SPOKE TO SPIRAL.

I AM AFRAID

IT IS THE NET DRAWING IN UPON ITSELF. YOUR FEAR IS THE FEAR OF US  
ALL AS WE APPROACH THE ELEMENTALS. THERE IS A THICKENING IN THE WEB  
AS WE ALTER THE FABRIC OF HUMAN DESTINY. ANXIETY AND FRUSTRATION  
ARE A WONDERFUL APHRODISIAC. WE CANNOT CREATE A STORM. IT IS ABSURD  
TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WEATHER. BE WITH ME AND ME ONLY FOR  
NOW, THERE IS NOTHING ELSE. IT IS TRUE THAT WE ARE SUPERSTITIOUS.  
BUT THIS IS SPECIAL BECAUSE IT IS FROM THE HEART. FROM YOURS TO MINE.  
WE CAN ONLY BE WHAT WE ARE, THE MIGHTY CLOUDS ENVELOP US AND WE MUST  
TRUST THEM.

LISTEN



D#  
A#

THE HEAVENS AND HELLS TREMBLE BEFORE THE SHADOW OF HER JEWELS SPARKLING OF  
BOUNDLESS STELLAR ESSENCE THROUGHOUT OUR THREEFOLD AND FOURFOLD UNIVERSE  
BEGOTTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF ETERNITY AMONGST THE ANCIENT OF DAYS THAT  
PRECEDETH THE MONAD THAT DWELLETH BEFORE HER SECOND TETRAD CONCEALED AS  
TWO

F  
C

EXALTED BRILLIANCES KNOWN FOR THEIR WICKEDNESS AS THE TWO DIM LIGHTS  
INCORRUPTIBLE AND INFUSED BY THE ORPHAN GEM OR THE GOLDEN GERM OF THE  
WHEEL WHICH PENETRATES ALL ILLUMINATION FROM THE BLINDING LUSTRE OF THE  
THUNDERBOLT OF TRANSGRESSIONS TO THE LIGHTNING OF SATURN WHICH BY THE  
LUMINARIES REFLECTED IN HER MIRROR OF IMPERISHABLE WISDOM

G  
C  
C  
G

REVERBERATE IN THE WINGED WHISPERINGS OF THE AEONS WAXING AND WANING THE  
PRIMORDIAL NUMBER UTTERLY CONSUMED LIKE A SUBTERRANEAN SUN ECLIPSED IN THE  
SUBLUNARY WORLD OR THE GREEN LION WHO DEVOURETH THE SUN BEHIND THE  
FOUR-HUED BLOSSOMS

G  
F

BEGOTTEN ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE TORTOISE UPON A HORIZONTAL DISK WHERE  
THE CIRCLE REDEEMETH A TRIANGLE SET IN A SQUARE FIELD WHOSE DOUBLE SPIRAL  
IS

G  
D#

VEILED BEHIND THE BANEFUL SPIRITS WHO ATTACK THE IMPREGNABLE GOLDEN CASTLE  
OF TWELVE GATES AND A TRIPLE WALL OF JADE BEHIND WHICH STANDS THE AVENUES  
OF PRECONNESIAN MARBLE WHERE THE PURPLE HALL OF THE LAPIS SANCTUARY WITH  
FIFTEEN STEPS LEADS TO THE DARKEST ABYSS GUARDED BY HER BEAST OF GREAT  
IRON TEETH AND TEN DREADFUL AND TERRIBLE HORNS UPON A CHARIOT DRAWN BY  
FOUR HORSES BENEATH A NUPTIAL CANOPY WITH HYPERBOREAN GRIFFINS AT THE  
SUMMIT AND A RAM OF FOUR HEADS THAT FACES TWO SHUT DOORS WHICH NEEDETH  
FOUR KEYS TO ENTER AN

D#  
G

UNDERGROUND CHAMBER OF HER TREASURE HOUSE WHICH CONCEALETH A BOWL SHAPED  
ALTAR PROTECTED BY A MASKED MERMAID BENEATH HER TREE OF CORAL IN A SEA  
WHOSE FOAM IS BEGOTTEN IN THE

G#  
F

MIRACULOUS FOUNTAIN OF THE CLOVEN TONGUES ILLUMINATING HER IMPERIAL BATH  
SPRINGING FROM THE OAK WHERE RESTETH THE SEVEN OR TWELVE-RAYED CROWN UPON  
HER WHITE DOVE AND BLACK RAVEN IN MUTUAL EMBRACE AS ARE A LION AND A SNAKE  
POSSESSING GREAT RICHES UPON HER

A#  
C

PEDESTAL EAST OF OUR COMMUNION TABLE WHERE SEVEN FISH ARE STRIKING WATER  
FROM THE STONE OF SEVEN EYES OF THE BLACK KING BESIDES A SITTING VEILED  
OLD WOMAN AND A GREY HAired MAN WITH WINGS AND THE BROTHER SISTER PAIR WHO  
HOLD SHAMELESSLY A LOVE POTION GIVEN TO THEM BY A VIRGIN HOLDING IN HER  
LAP A BRAZEN MAN AND A SLAYED UNICORN WHICH HOLDETH IN ITS MOUTH THE  
LEADEN TABLET WHICH SPEAKETH OF HER;----

G#  
A#

0-0-0-0-0-0-0 (--) YE BEHOLD THE ETERNAL WEAVER OF THE CRYSTAL LATTICE  
WHOSE HEIGHT IS ~~HIDDEN~~ AND WHOSE DEPTH IS MADE MANIFEST IN THE THRESHOLD  
OF HER MILD RADIANCE WHEN HER HEAD RISES AS A PISTIL OF A FLOWER STAR  
RIPENING INTO THE TURQUOISE BEAD HIDDEN IN HER

X2

LEFT BREAST AND THE SHELL BEAD HIDDEN IN HER RIGHT BREAST OF THE MOST  
HAZARDOUS BELOVED INNOCENCE LOST IN HER EMBRACE ENKINDLING THE INNER  
WARMTH BESTOWED BY THE PALMS OF HER GRACE

A#  
G

AS THE NORTHERN SKIES TEARING THE DEW OF THE AURORA LIGHTS FROM WHICH UPON  
A CLOUD A HAND EMERGES HOLDING HER CHART EXPANDED THAT AWAKENS THE  
HERMAPHRODITE BENEATH A METALLIC TREE IN THE CENTER OF THE EARTH WHERE  
APPEARETH IN THE MIDST OF HER WOMB

C  
G#

GROWING A MOST PERFECT FRUIT PULSATING AND STIRRING IN THE DEPTHS THAT  
GAVE BIRTH TO HER INVISIBLE, NAMELESS AND UNNAMEABLE CHILD ARRAYED  
IN FINE LINEN GARMENTS LAYING AT THE FEET OF THIS BLUE DOGLIKE WOMAN  
REPOSED UPON A ROBE OF

G#  
D#

DEEPEST BLACK WITH HER ELUSIVE AND DECEPTIVE AND TEASING GOBLINS LATENT AS  
THE THUNDER INSCRIBED IN HER LEFT EYE CONJURING THE DESOLATION OF THE  
OMNIPRESENT UNBEKNOWST IN HER LAUGHTER FOUR FOLD IN BRILLIANCE AND LUSTER  
AS OPAL AND EMERALD WITHIN THE SCENT OF RESINOUS WOODS

HELLO, THIS IS SHIRLEY SHELL, WE INTERRUPT OUR NORMALIZING PROGRAMMING TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL INTERVIEW. TONIGHT WE WILL BE SPEAKING WITH GENERAL TEQUILLA Y MOTA, THE UNDISPUTED LEADER OF THE ISLANDS OFF THE PORT OF BARSTOW. IT IS THE FIRST TIME ANY OF US OF THE PRESS HAS HAD A CHANCE TO COME HERE SINCE THE DISASTER. FIRST OF ALL, I WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR GRANTING THIS CHANCE TO SPEAK WITH YOU WITH SUCH SHORT NOTICE. THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE. PLEASE EXCUSE THE PRESENCE OF MY MOTHER. SHE IS ALWAYS BY MY SIDE.

WHY CERTAINLY. EVEN THOUGH I ARRIVED ONLY THIS MORNING I HAVE BEEN OVERWHELMED AND IN AWE IN THE SEEMINGLY GREAT PROSPERITY ON THESE ISLANDS, TELL ME GENERAL, HOW HAVE YOU MANAGED TO DO IT IN SUCH A SHORT PERIOD AFTER ONE OF THE WORST DISASTERS THAT HAVE STRUCK THE WORLD.

A LEADER IS LIKE A FOUNTAIN THAT BRINGS FORTH UP NOURISHMENT OR DROUGHT UPON HIS PEOPLE. EITHER WAY THE FOUNTAIN MUST FLOW FREELY TO DO SO. A LEADER MUST HAVE ABSOLUTE POWER. THERE IS NO RULER THAT RULES BY UNANIMOUS CONSENT, YET HE IS THE HISTORY OF HIS PEOPLE. HE MUST RESIST ALL WHO STAND IN HIS WAY. HIS STRENGTH PROTECTS THE PEOPLE, MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WHOSE ENEMIES ARE EVERYWHERE. BY HIS FIRMNESS AND UNCHANGINGNESS, HE BECOMES A WELL FROM WHICH CHANGE CAN COME ABOUT. THE MORE FREEDOM HE HAS THE STRONGER HIS CAPABILITY OF PROVIDING NOURISHMENT. AT THE SAME TIME NEITHER THE WELL OR THE FOUNTAIN DESIRE TO OVERSTEP ITS BOUNDARIES. TOO MANY RULERS HAVE DRIED UP THE STREAMS OF THEMSELVES AS WELL AS THEIR PEOPLE ATTEMPTING TO IRRIGATE FOREIGN SOILS. I AM ALREADY STRUCK THAT YOU ARE A MAN OF VISION WHICH EXPLAINS A LOT I HAVE SEEN HERE. THE PEOPLE FEEL AND APPEAR FORTUNATE TO HAVE YOU AS THEIR LEADER. TELL US HOW THIS CAME ABOUT.

I DID NOT SEEK IT. MANY CLAIMED ME TO BE A PROPHET OF THE EVENTS THAT CHANGED THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD. I HAVE ALWAYS FISHED AMONG THE DESERT SANDS. THE PEOPLE SAW THIS AS A SIGN THAT I KNEW THAT THE SEAS WERE TO COME.

I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND. GENERAL, I WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOUR MOTHER A QUESTION. MAMOTA AS I'VE HEARD YOU CALLED, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE SUCH A GREAT LEADER AS A SON.

I ALWAYS HAD FAITH IN HIM ALTHOUGH AT TIMES, I WASN'T QUITE SURE. NOW I HAVE THE WHOLE COUNTRY AS MY CHILDREN, BUT TEQUILLA IS STILL MY FAVORITE. WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS, AND OTHER SOCIAL SERVICES.

WHAT PEOPLE NEED TO KNOW IS ENDLESS, WHILE WHAT THEY NEED TO LIVE IS TRULY SIMPLE. I CHOSE NOT TO MEDDLE IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE PEOPLE. WHAT RULER

IS NOT REMOVED FROM THEIR INTERNAL TURMOILS AND DESIRES. THE PEOPLE CAN SOLVE THEIR OWN PROBLEMS. I CHOOSE TO MERELY SHIELD THEIR HARVESTS. NO MASS SOLUTION CAN HELP MORE THAN A FEW OF THEM. ONE SOLUTION FOR THE LAMB AND LION IS ABSURD. THE PEOPLE GO TO THOSE THEY WISH TO LEARN. THE PEOPLE DECIDE THE BEST, WEATHER SCIENTISTS, FARMERS, MEDICINEWOMEN, OR ARTISTS. I UNDERSTAND THAT OUR POETS ATTRACT THE MOST.

BUT FOR INSTANCE, WHAT ORDERS DO YOU GIVE TO YOUR COUNTRYMEN  
I HAVE GIVEN NONE. I PROTECT THE PEOPLE FROM THEIR ENEMIES WHO ARE EVERYWHERE AROUND US.

HOW DO YOU MOTIVATE THE PEOPLE TO WORK?

THE INSPIRATION FROM THE HEARTS OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS NEVER TIRES AND IS THEIR UNFAILING GUIDE. WE ARE INEXHAUSTABLE!

IS THERE NO CURRENCY?

THERE IS THE CURRENT THAT RUNS THROUGH US ALL

WE DON'T NORMALLY ASSOCIATE INSPIRATION WITH TECHNOLOGY, YET TODAY MANY PEOPLE MAKE REFERENCE TO SATELLITES. DO YOU REALLY HAVE SATELLITES?  
THAT IS CORRECT.

THE NAME NEAL CASSAVA CAME UP IN CONNECTION WITH THEM. HE SEEMS TO BE EVEN WORSHIPPED BY MORE THAN A FEW. SOME CREDIT HIM WITH THE RAINS THAT LEFT NOTHING BUT THESE ISLANDS.

I HAVE HEARD THIS ALSO.

DOES NEAL EXIST?

ASK THE PEOPLE

THE PEOPLES SUPERSTITIOUS MAGIC BELIEFS ARE BEYOND WHAT I WISH TO COVER. ANY SUFFICIENTLY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY IS INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM MAGIC. I SENSE THAT HE IS REAL THEN. CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT HIM. I SURE OUR VIEWERS AS WELL AS OUR SCIENTIST WOULD BE INTERESTED.

SON. JUAN SWAHILI, THE LAUNDRY MAT PROPHET HAS BEEN WAITING AN AWFUL LONG TIME NOW TO SPEAK WITH YOU, I THINK YOU SHOULDN'T KEEP HIM WAITING MUCH LONGER, IT MIGHT BE IMPORTANT.

IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I MUST BE ON MY MOTHERS BUSINESS  
WHAT WHAT I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

WHAT IS THIS?

SPIRAL, GIMMME FIVE,

EARTH, WATER, AIR, FIRE, AND TIME.

EARTH IS FOR STONE. MALCOLM STONE.

WATER THE SEA HE IS TRAVELING OVER.

AIR IS FOR NEALS STORM THAT IS TAKING HIS SHIP OFF COURSE DIRECTLY TOWARD THE ISLANDS.

FIRE IS WHAT MALCOLM WILL DO WITH HIS GUN UPON MEETING NEAL.

TIME IS FOR WHAT NEAL AND THE GENERAL AND THEIR BROTHER AND SISTERS HAVE LITTLE LEFT OF.

SPIRAL CAN YOU PLEASE GIVE US A DIFFERENT FIVE.

WELL HOW ABOUT TOUCH, SMELL, TASTE, SIGHT, SOUND.

SMELL IS FOR THE TROUBLE NEAL COULD

TASTE AS STONE GOT NEAL IN HIS

SIGHTS AND

TOUCHED THE TRIGGER AND THE

SOUND OF A SHOT RANG ROUND THE ISLANDS.

STONES FIRE ICED NEAL

BUT NEALS BODY WAS FROZEN TO PREVENT DECAY, BY ONE WHO DEDICATED HIS SCIENCE TO BODIES. DR. NOAH MOSS

MEANWHILE

STONE, ALWAYS IN FIVEMATION, TURNSCREWED THE LID BACK ON THE FIFTH OF FIREWATER, PERHAPS TO SAVE THE AIR. HE COULD HEAR THE VOICE OF NEAL.

DR. I SEE BLUE  
A WHITE FORM HOLDING AN EIGHT SPOKED WHEEL  
DAWN IN THE EAST  
HELL, SMOKE  
EARTH YELLOW  
A WISH FULFILLING GEM  
NOURISHING RAIN  
WATER WHITE  
I HUNGER HALLUCINATING OF TASTE  
BUT CANNOT SWALLOW  
I SWALLOW AND MY STOMACH BURNS

A WILDERNESS, THEATENING  
FAINT AND TINY OBJECTS  
BEWILDERMENTS  
SHADOWS

STONE THAT IS NO STONE. MULTIPLIED EYES GLEAMED INTO A SEA OF GLASS, LIKE  
CRYSTAL  
NO SEPERATE EXISTENCE THOUGHT STONE AS HE TOSSED HIS GUN INTO A RECEDING  
SEA.

NO EXISTANCE, CRIED NEAL AS HE ARGUED WITH AN AUTHOR THAT  
WANTED TO KEEP HIM ALIVE  
N. AFTER ALL MR. AUTHOR WHEN YOUR DONE WITH ME ITS BACK TO  
THE VOID ANYWAY.  
YOUR SUICIDAL CHARACTER REDUCED TO A SNIBLING NOTHING I WOULD  
MUCH RATHER PERFER.  
HOW IS IT YOU ARE MORE CONCERNED WITH LOSS OF SOUL INSTEAD  
OF LOSS OF LIFE.  
DO YOU WISH THIS STORY TO END WITH OUR AUDIENCE PREFORMING  
A PSYCHOLOGICAL AUTOPSY. YOUR DEATH A MERE CATAGORY. NEAL.  
FILE UNDER PREMEDITATION OR UNMEDITATED. UNFORTUNATELY UNDERSTANDING  
IS NOT A COLLECTIVE PHENOMENON. I AM SUPRISED!  
YES DEATH COMES AS A SURPRISE, SO YOU ASSUME IT COMES FROM  
WITHOUT.  
IF YOU WERE NOT ONE OF THE CHARACTERS, IT MIGHT BE THE CASE  
WELL THEN MR. AUTHOR, MAYBE IT IS NEAL THAT IS WRITING THE  
AUTHORS PART.  
ADRENA: I AM AFRAID  
SPIRAL: THE FEAR YOU FEEL IS THE FEAR OF US ALL AS WE APPROACH  
THE ELEMENTALS. I THINK THIS AUTHOR WILL APPLY THAT MAXIM  
OF OUR FAUST: EVERY FICTITIOUS CHARACTER HAS THEIR PRICE.  
A:NEAL, I CAN GIVE YOU POWER NOT OVER RAIN, BUT FIRE EARTH.  
THINK WHAT YOU COULD DO WITH A FEW EARTHQUAKES OR VOLCANOES.  
IT SEEMS BETTER THAN BEING DESTROYED YOURSELF.  
ONLY THAT WHICH CAN DESTROY ITSELF IS TRULY ALIVE. YOUR RESISTANCE  
MERELY MAKES IT MORE COMPELLING AND A CONCRETE DEATH MORE  
FASCINATING.  
NEAL I CAN GIVE YOU IMMORTALITY  
FOR ME, IMMORTALITY IS NOT A FACT NOR DEATH AN END. BUT WAIT.  
AS I REMEMBER, I'M NOT YOUR CHARACTER, I'M DAVID LEDERER'S.  
LET'S SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.  
GENERAL: THE WORLD IS GOOD  
D.L.NEAL WHY ASK ME, YOU HAVE ALREADY MADE THE POINT THAT  
YOU ARE PROBABLY WRITING THE AUTHORS PART.  
BUT YOU MUST ANSWER ME THIS. DIDN'T YOU LET ME DIE IN GOOD  
FAITH.  
I HAD TO FINISH IT, TIME WAS RUNNING OUT.

BUT YOU SAW IT AS A LOGICAL CONCLUSION OF THE SYMBOLS THROUGHOUT. A WASHING AWAY OF AN OLD ORDER, CIVILIZATION COLLAPSING. LIFE ON THE THRESHOLD OF EXISTANCE. THIS WEB OF SPIRAL, IS IT NOT THE WEB OF DEATH WE WEAVE IN OUR LIVING. THIS RAIN, THE DAMPNESS OF THE TOMB. THIS UTOPIA, IS IT NOT JUST HEAVEN. WAS IT NOT YOU WHO CAST THE FIRST MALCOLM STONE.

I'M NOT A PSYCHOLOGIST, BUT I BELIEVE THAT EVERY IMAGE IS INFINITE, THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE. TRUE, MY END WAS HASTY, AND SUICIDE IS INDEED A HASTY TRANSFORMATION. NOT SOME ANTI-LIFE MOVEMENT, BUT A DEMAND FOR AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN ABSOLUTE REALITY. I RECOGNIZE SUICIDE AS ONE OF THE HUMAN POSSIBILITIES. IS NOT THE DEVELOPMENT OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS SOCIETY'S WAY OF KEEPING MASS SUICIDE AN OPTION. DEATH CAN BE CHOSEN OR CAN CHOOSE US IN THIS WAY. I AM NOT RELIGIOUS, YET WHY SHOULD WE NOT BELIEVE THAT THE GODS, WHO SEND DEATH BY DISEASE OR ACCIDENT SHOULD NOT SEND IT AS A WILL WITHIN OUR SOUL.

GEN: THINKING ABOUT WHAT WAS GOOD WAS NOT SO GOOD.

BUT NEAL, WHAT WOULD THIS DEATH MEAN TO YOU.

IT MARKS AN INDEPENDENCE TO ALL OTHERS, INCLUDING YOU MR. AUTHOR...AND MR. AUTHOR. IT IS MEMORY WASHED OF DESIRE. DEATH IS OUR OPENING INTO TRAGEDY AND TRAGEDY IS A LEAP OUT OF HISTORY INTO MYTH.

GEN: HE WAS STRONG AND THAT WAS GOOD.

ADRENA: I AM AFRAID

SPIRAL: SO EVERY FICTITIOUS CHARACTER DOES NOT HAVE THEIR PRICE. NEAL, YOUR HASTE IS THE HASTE OF US ALL AS WE APPROACH THE ELEMENTALS. WE CANNOT CREATE A MYTH. IT IS ABSURD TO TAKE CREDIT FOR THE CURRENT THAT RUNS THROUGH US ALL. BE WITH ME AN ME ONLY. THERE IS NOTHING ELSE. IT IS TRUE THAT WE AS SUPERSTITIOUS. BUT THIS IS SPECIAL BECAUSE IT IS FROM OUR SOUL. ANXIETY AND FRUSTRATION ARE WONDERFUL APHRODISIACS. WE CAN ONLY BE WHAT WE ARE. THE MIGHTY CLOUDS ENVELOP US AND WE MUST TRUST THEM. LET US GO

N. YES, TO MY SATELLITES, SPIRALING BACK TO OUR SOURCE. TRUTH IS AN EVEN NUMBER.

O!

AS STONE, CLOUDS, COINCIDED IN BARSTOW, MALCOLM'S SHADOW, STONE'S SHADOW, TURNED BACK TOWARD OUR ISLANDS. TO OUR GENERAL HE REFLECTED, THEN GENUFLECTED TO NEAL, TO HIS MOON, TO HIS GEM, TO OUR HOLY SATELLITE.