

WAR AND PIECES
A Mythic Opera/Melodrama of Future
Nostalgia

Written by Kraig Grady, David Lederer (original
story) and

Laura McMurray

Music written and directed by Kraig Grady

Performed in two versions

Radio version

Live on KPFK imaginary landscape 1988/ Bonnie

Barnet host

Performed by

Keith Barefoot as Kraig Grady

Patti Peck as Madame Spiral

Aaron Osborne as General Tequila y Mota

Spencer Savage as Neal Cassava

Nadene Mairesse as Adrena

Maggie Song as Sherley Shell.

Steve La Coste as David Lederer

Arron Deri as the head of secret police.

-----as Malcolm Stone

Patti Peck, Bonnie Barnett , and Maggie song as
the female Chorus

Music performed by Kraig Grady, Steve La Coste.

Arron Deri

Spencer Savage

Recorded by Steve Barker & Bruce Halian



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 SHOUEDED
BY EVENTS PRECIPATATED 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 FMBRACE 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 BUSSINESS 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
 (SECOUND 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 SECOUND REPEAT)
 MY THOUGHTS HAVE BEEN IN A KIVA, ON A LONELY HILL, SURROUNDED BY TEOSINTE, (MORE
 IMPASSIONED) IMPRISIONED 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 RELECTIONS. 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 APHRODESIAC. 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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;----

O-O-O-O-O-O-O (--) 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

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

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

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

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 THOUGH US ALL

WE DON'T NORMALLY ASSOCIATE INSPIRATION WITH TECHNOLOGY, YET TODAY MANY PEOPLE MADE 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 ADVANCE 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 PHYCHOLOGICAL 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 PSCHOLOGIST, 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 ANTLIFE 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 APHRODESIACS. 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, MALCOLMS 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.