

MAN'S WARS AND WICKEDNESS: A Score of Interpreted Cures, Suggested Remedies, and..

A

It begins with the way things often begin, and that is with the way things are.

Either something is in the process of staying or in the process of leaving, or evaporating.

Even that which is not disposable. Like a good solid table.

Even that which is supposed to be sturdy, like a good solid table, is in the process of leaving this earth.

Either you want something to stay, and keep on staying, or to begin its process of dissent.

Or its descent into decay.

Because everything is perfect in itself, but either a poison or a benefit to another.

A

Manifestos? Well, yes, I would say that you are sick, Mr. Jones. I would say that, if truth be told.
Dr. Honorable is picking his teeth with a toothpick.

If sickness and death are what you want, Jones, then I would say that you are sick.

What you wanted?

What you wanted.

That is, manifestos found on the street. But I asked you about this before I died, says Mr. Jones.

I asked you, Doctor, and you wouldn't tell me. We were walking down the street.

Don't you remember? It was dark. There was no time. Time was wasting, I tell you. The way the fire burns.

Gazebos are on fire. It is a vision of the future. But it still burns. And the burning is repellent.

But it attracts. And burning is attractive. But it still burns.

And I can't stand to hear you talk that way, Mr. Jones.

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You have to realize that principles are at stake here, man...
oh, sorry, I mean, mister... principles, I tell you, said Cecil one day to Mr. Jones.
And the earth will not survive another cleansing, if you know what I mean, man.
But Mr. Jones sneers because, at that moment, Mr. Jones is just the type of person to sneer.
He is cleaning again, cleansing, if you will. And it hurts. This hurts. His story hurts.
You've got to be careful when you are cleansing your heart, washing your hair, whatever, man.
It's insane!

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It's insane!

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And Mr. Jones was, indeed, a man, or rather, a fully constituted human being at one time, that's for sure.
 In fact, one could see the humanity in his walk, his gait, in the way he inhaled when he smoked a fig cigarette.
 His whole manner of being, for that matter.
 And, at one time, he'd had a special blue box,
 the good kind of blue,
 for his fig cigarettes and gold shoes and a fine walking stick.
 In fact, Mr. Jones was, at one time, very very handsome.
 I feel like crying right now, man, admits Cecil.
 I was always either in the process of staying, or of leaving, says Mr. Jones.

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A And then Cecil begins to cry.
 And then Samantha feels troubled.
 And there is torn fabric,
 millions and millions of
 multi-colored bits of it,
 floating everywhere.
 And there are seashells on
 the floor at the back of the poolhouse.
 Just outside the poolhouse,
 a gazebo is on fire.
 Izetta would stand all day in the alley,
 always in the window,
 and comb her long hair,
 she had very long hair,
 hair that was hundreds,
 no millions,
 of years old.
 It was long and complex
 and sometimes braided
 and sometimes flat-ironed.
 She would stand in the doorway
 wearing hardly anything at all,
 it depended on the time of day,
 whether it was a corset,
 or more like a lace bra,
 or more like a sheer French slip.
 Her immodesty made
 Mr. Jones uncomfortable.
 There was nobody like him,
 nobody as upstanding.
 He would never walk in the alley,
 if he could avoid it.
 Not even in full sun.

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**THE DAUGHTER
 SOUGHT OUT TO STUDY
 STAYING POWER
 SCIENTIFICALLY**

A Her father was Mr. Jones.
 Esmeralda was a hurricane
 and Mr. Jones was her father.
 Mr. Jones had a daughter
 and her name was Esmeralda
 and she was a hurricane.
 Esmeralda was a hurricane
 and her body was made of water,
 the purest kind.
 Mr. Jones,
 because there was no one like him,
 because of his quality of imagination,
 was the only one among us
 who could give birth to a hurricane.
 But he didn't birth her alone.
 (We've figured out that the male
 principle is not enough on its own
 to bring about creation.)
 His daughter, Esmeralda,
 had been rocked in the baths of Swabia,
 in the deepest springs.
 Where all the waterlilies were beautiful
 and led secret communal lives.
 This hurricane was pure,
 and a good kind of blue,
 and carried blessings
 bestowed by the most peaceful of fish,
 especially the yellow ones,
 and the echoes and fragrances of
 the biggest and the smallest trees.

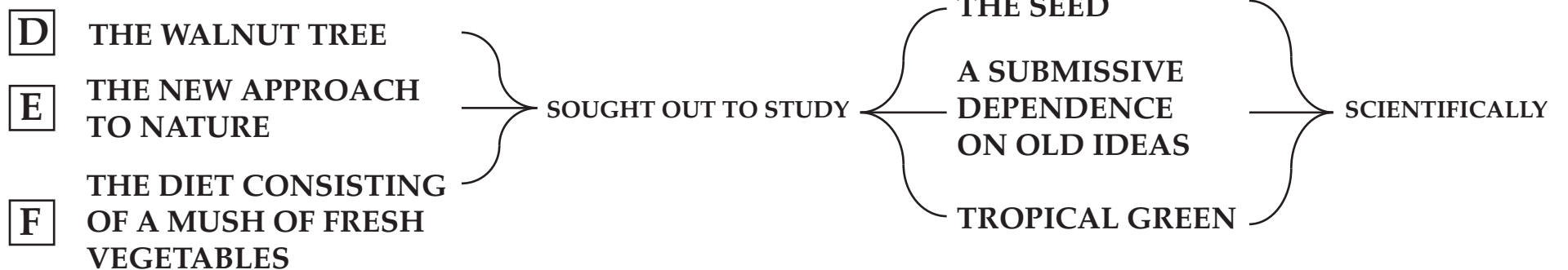
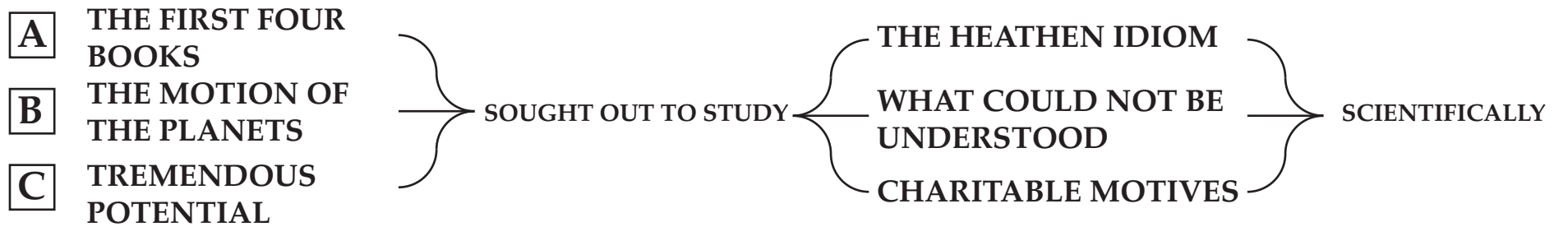
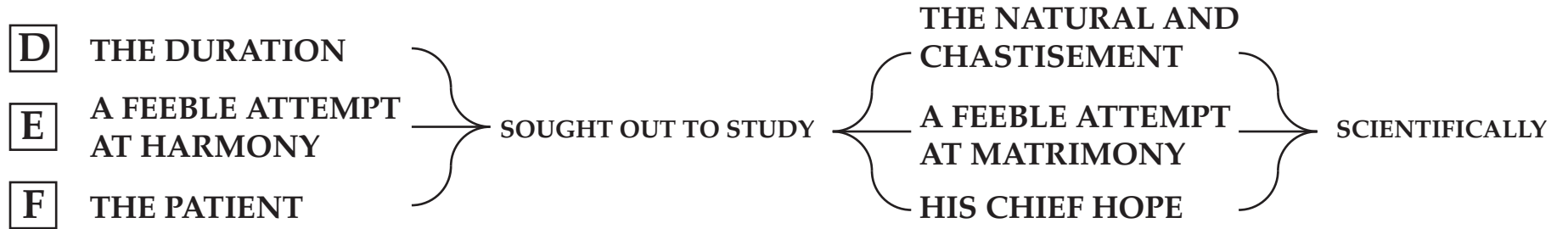
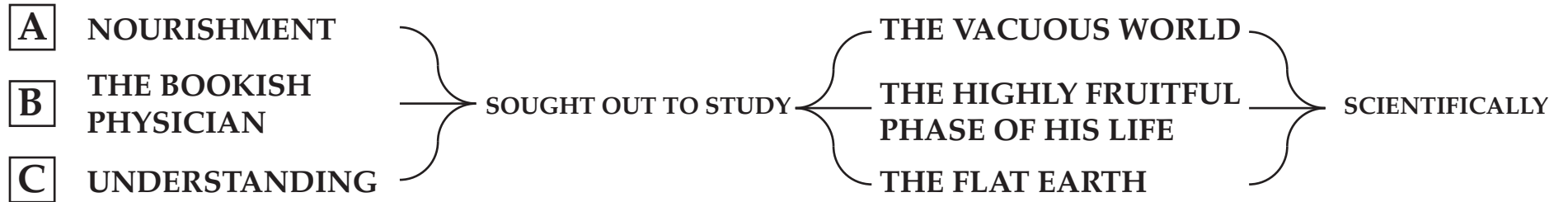
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**THE MEDICAL TRACT
 SOUGHT OUT TO STUDY
 ENDLESS PAPERWORK
 SCIENTIFICALLY**
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**THE HURRICANE
 SOUGHT OUT TO STUDY
 THE WAY THINGS
 WERE DESIGNED
 SCIENTIFICALLY**
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 Where all the waterlilies were beautiful
 and led secret communal lives.
 This hurricane was pure,
 and a good kind of blue,
 and carried blessings
 bestowed by the most peaceful of fish,
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 and the echoes and fragrances of
 the biggest and the smallest trees.

A **TREMENDOUS
POTENTIAL
SOUGHT OUT TO STUDY
CHARITABLE MOTIVES
SCIENTIFICALLY**
 He knew all about war,
 and he knew all about water.
 He had the best teeth in the city,
 the sturdiest,
 and the mossiest,
 he protected his people well,
 and his jawbone projected
 the best shadow anyone had ever seen.
 Mr. Jones has a theory about this.
 He claims that it's because of
 Tom Terrific's grin
 that he's now acting mayor,
 that, and because of his generally tidy
 and pleasing appearance,
 and his spaghetti-legged
 but authoritative gait,
 and I have never argued.
 But that is because I don't care
 much for wagering any
 guesses about politicians
 —who they are,
 why they are, where they are,
 how they got there,
 whether they are real or unreal,
**THE FOUR HUMOURS
SOUGHT OUT TO STUDY
THE CAUSE
SCIENTIFICALLY**

B That's what the
 acting mayor was for.
 Tom Terrific.
 The Acting Mayor of All Swabia.
 He was there to fill in our gaps.
 He knew all about war,
 and he knew all about water.
 He had the best teeth in the city,
 the sturdiest,
 and the mossiest,
 he protected his people well,
 and his jawbone projected
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**CAUSE FOR CONCERN
SOUGHT OUT TO STUDY
FIG CIGARETTES
SCIENTIFICALLY**
 but authoritative gait,
 and I have never argued.
 But that is because I don't care
 much for wagering any
 guesses about politicians
 —who they are,
 why they are, where they are,
 how they got there,
 whether they are real or unreal,
 what they might want,
 and who put them in positions of
 power and influence in the first place.

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**THE SPIRIT
DECIDED TO STUDY
GOODWILL
SCIENTIFICALLY**



ALL SAYING SOMETHING SOUGHT OUT TO STUDY
SAYING NOTHING AT ALL SCIENTIFICALLY

SINGERS **very slowly fade in backing track**

SOLO Or,
 I should say,
 I sought out to study you scientifically.
 But you didn't let me.
 You had your mind on other things.
 Writings on comets, for example,
 false cures (or the wracking up of medical bills),
 ham radios,
 architecture,
 attempting to predict hurricanes
 (which, again, you had done poorly—
 as was evidenced by the hounding winds of Esmeralda
 and the way she woke up all of Swabia one morning, singing).
 And war is so goddamned fucking boring.
 And your war.
 And your personal war.
 And your domestic war, and your international one.
 And your great war is so fucking boring.

ALL AUTHORITY SOUGHT OUT TO STUDY **ITS BASIS** SCIENTIFICALLY

SINGERS**backup track keeps going**

D The whole problem with growing horsetomatoes in the spring is that there are no garlic plants, and folding occurs early, and when there is light, the length of the shadow also grows, but, hang it, you are not listening to me, growls, Tom Terrific. No one is listening to me and I don't know why. Am I being too precious? Tom Terrific is the Acting Mayor of All Swabia, and he cannot believe his ears. The way the wind blows. The noise. You are flat on your feet. You can run but you can't hide. You hear what they tell you. Or what? You'd better believe it, man. You hear and if you had your hands out and you hear... and you hear. Tom Terrific is standing on a grassy meadow. The rolling Swabian hills are beautiful in the afternoon light. They are, in fact, a sight to behold.

E The whole problem with growing horsetomatoes in the spring is that there are no garlic plants, and folding occurs early, and when there is light, the length of the shadow also grows, but, hang it, you are not listening to me, growls, Tom Terrific. No one is listening to me and I don't know why. Am I being too precious? Tom Terrific is the Acting Mayor of All Swabia, and he cannot believe his ears. The way the wind blows. The noise. You are flat on your feet. You can run but you can't hide. You hear what they tell you. Or what? You'd better believe it, man. You hear and if you had your hands out and you hear... and you hear. Tom Terrific is standing on a grassy meadow. The rolling Swabian hills are beautiful in the afternoon light. They are, in fact, a sight to behold.

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SINGER 1

*I was working as a waitress in a cocktail bar, that much is true.
But even then I knew I'd find a much better place...*

D Back behind the pool on
Lord Burlington's estate,
there is a very large poolhouse.
The poolhouse is actually very modern,
architecturally speaking.
Yet life around the poolhouse is an
entirely different story.
In fact,
the whole story is what it is
when it is told.
But you have to begin
at the beginning to understand,
and at the beginning
there are seeds,
and at the beginning
there were more seeds
than anyone could count.
And you know that,
Burlington, I know you do.
No, there is only weakness,
Tom Terrific laughs.
There is only weakness when the
wicked are suspended in violent ways.
But I bought you a beautiful orchid
at the store just the other day.
Yet nobody agrees with me that
the orchid is beautiful.
The orchid is a shade of blue
that has never been seen
in Swabia before.

E Back behind the pool on
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F The weather turned,
the Gardenia Water faded,
and in its place,
so says the legend,
was the Swabian Coat of Arms:
a symbol split into four sections
each with their own section
and type of humanity.
For example,
teeming humanity,
funny humanity,
righteous humanity,
cult humanity,
enslaved humanity,
pacifist humanity, I
lead-pipe humanity,
and thought-wielding humanity,
trickle-down humanity,
sword-wielding humanity, i
dolatrous humanity,
vicious humanity,
nature-fearing mother-hating humanity,
agrarian humanity,
flavorless humanity,
insulated humanity,
crankshaft humanity,
transgressive humanity,
captivating humanity,
sexually free humanity,
compassionate humanity,
typhoid humanity,

SINGER 2

The five years we have had have been such good times. I still love you.

But now I think it's time I lived my life on my own. I guess it's just what I must do...

D You will bring plenty of
imported goose orchids and
clam blossoms and
plenty of ordinary things too:
a bucket,
a broom,
a sock,
a noose, t
a new religion,
a lantern,
a pillow,
well, okay, maybe not a pillow,
but I don't believe in myself anymore.
And the war is over
but Jones is dead again,
lost to the war effort,
his body was real,
and there was a pool of blood,

E But this problem,
this game,
is starting to get boring,
replied Math. A hat.
A shoe.
A horse and cart.
A breathless moment alone.
And you are not alone,
thinks Man.
Someone else has to be around.
Right?
And the war is over
but Jones is dead again,
lost to the war effort,
his body was real,
and there was a pool of blood,

F patriarchal humanity,
table-setting humanity,
rhetorical humanity,
cherry tree humanity,
idealistic humanity,
greedy humanity,
futuristic humanity,
building-block humanity,
supremacist humanity,
repressed humanity,
sold-out humanity,
courageous humanity,
charitable humanity...
And the war is over
but Jones is dead again,
lost to the war effort,
his body was real,
and there was a pool of blood,

ALL CHOOSING PHRASES AT RANDOM, REPEAT UNTIL CUED

and a blunt instrument,

and a missing hand,

and brass knuckles,

and a club,

and a bludgeon,

and a truncheon,

and a stick,

and noxious vapors,

and a knife,

and a gun,

and a mace,

and a battleaxe,

and a longsword,

and a dagger,

and a pistol,

and a raygun,

and a javelin,

and a club,

and a wrack,

and an iron maiden,

and a scimitar,

and a poison,

and another kind of poison,

and sand in the lungs,

and a crossbow,

SOLO and Esmeralda is refusing to discuss this.
Her problems stem from the inside out.
Because the war is over.
Everything is really good now.
Each citizen can define themselves on their own terms.
And no one has done anyone any bodily harm in at least a week or two.
And who could remember the last time that happened?