

SYLVAN OSWALD

HIGH WINDS

Adapted from the writer's text for High Winds, by Sylvan Oswald and Jessica Fleischmann, published by X Artists' Books, 2017. Song lyrics by Dane Terry and Sylvan Oswald. Developed for performance with director Ellie Heyman, composer Jerome Ellis, and lighting designer Sarah Lurie. Creation of the show was supported by a Dean's Vision Grant from UCLA's School of Theater, Film and Television and by a Thom Thomas Playwriting Award from the Dramatists' Guild Fund. Documentation was supported by UCLA's Council on Research and by a Hellman Fellowship. The show had its first performances at New York's Abrons Arts Center and in Los Angeles Performance Practice's LAX festival (2017). The piece, with video by Katharine Freer, is currently available for touring.

NOTES

On Performance

- *The show with music runs about seventy minutes.*
- *In addition to a musician performing live, it features one or more transmasculine performers as HIGH WINDS. This text indicates how the original team shared language.*
- *The genre is western phantasmagoria.*

© 2020 by Sylvan Oswald. All rights reserved. No part of this play may be reproduced in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, and information storage and retrieval systems, without permission from the author.

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that, being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union, this play is subject to royalty. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio, and television broadcasting, and translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of readings, permission for which must be secured from the author.

- *We call the original music the “sound bed” for the show—it provides the emotional undercurrent. It is the chorus.*
- *Projection design is not indicated in the text but is present onstage throughout in moving images inspired by Jessica Fleischmann’s designs. Projection represents HIGH WINDS’s imagination and indicates ever-so-subtly where we are and what we’re doing. Otherwise, images are abstract.*

On the Text

- *HIGH WINDS/HW is always the speaker—even when voicing someone else. He has several modes of speech: from third-person narration, to dialogue, to soliloquy. And maybe more.*
- *The text is short on definite and indefinite articles. It started as a kind of “note to self” style, and then took on a life. Director Ellie Heyman likens this third-person speech to “watching yourself in your own dream.”*
- *Space on the page offers suggestions for rhythm, rest, and catching hold of the next idea. Otherwise, please honor punctuation.*
- *(Parenthetical text) and [bracketed text] are spoken, always by HIGH WINDS/HW. Parentheticals are generally asides or under the breath. Brackets identify narration when multiple modes of speech are going on at once.*
- *Similarly, when narration breaks into speech, speakers and dialogue are indicated (by HW HIGH WINDS and B BANTAM).*
- *Headings for parts (e.g., “Part One”) are spoken as indicated; scene numbers are not.*

PROLOGUE	Long nights like this. Weeks. Months.
<i>Musical note.</i>	Insomnia, he learns, has many causes.
HIGH WINDS	Night becomes a sad hallucinogenic roller coaster.
High Winds.	Something
Prologue.	is very
A tissue box apartment without a view of anything.	lost.
Los Angeles.	<i>A younger person enters (HW).</i>
High Winds lies in bed covered in men’s magazines.	<i>He is HIGH WINDS’s dream-image of himself.</i>
Bold-smelling bloom in the air.	HW Maybe I don’t need sleep.
Awake at wrong hours. Again.	Maybe don’t need to be . . . here.
Drifting off any minute now . . .	HIGH WINDS (No don’t think like that.)

HIGH WINDS

HW But when it gets real bad?

HIGH WINDS It's real bad.

HIGH WINDS *exits.*

Until noted, HW speaks everything that follows.

I need a life

I need—

High Winds has a brother: Bantam.

Well—half-brother. But who's counting.

His only family now.

Who doesn't want to be found.

Gave High Winds the world through the small rear window of his '89 Celica. Gave him his name. From a weather report.

Then took off one day.

Left his room behind. His mess and smell.
And High Winds with an empty house.

Even now. Years later. High Winds still mystified.

Tonight the spark catches:

HW Where is he.

High Winds stops waiting for sleep at 5 a.m.

Gets mad at art.

Writes inside his books.

Climbs out window.

Scratches face on neighbor's fruit trees.

Borrows neighbor's truck
without asking.

Turns up Fairfax into the hills.

Drives through vintage postcards. To find his brother.

Not a story of loss but of redemption . . . ?

Or just a road trip.

For souvenirs.

Strange signs guide him.

'Cause he thinks he didn't do anything.

Doesn't even know what he did.

Music, two minutes on the theme of "What Did I Do?"

During this and all upcoming two-minute interludes, HW stays onstage and watches, giving focus to the musician.

PART I

I.

Music, five seconds. HW is now our guide.

Part One.

Backup singers. Handclaps.

The occasional false rhyme.

High Winds blasts out of the city

And shoots toward some idea of the desert.

Shooting being full of fantasy.

Especially if we're all riding horses

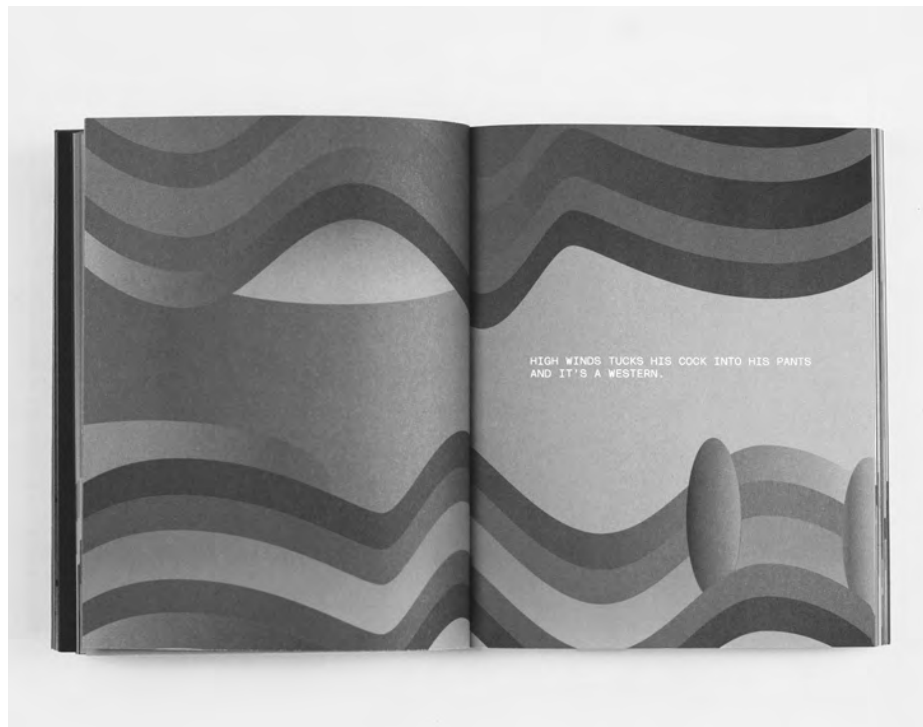
or pretending that such a thing is possible.

Teenage horseback gang in our 1995 clothing.

Do we defend our town? Discussion.

Western music

A page from *High Winds* (X Artists' Books, 2017). Text: Sylvan Oswald. Design: Jessica Fleischmann. Photo: Jessica Fleischmann / still room co.



High Winds tucks his cock into his pants and it's a western.

Now everybody try.

Music, thirty seconds: Going Back in Time.

Melody fades. Beat remains.

2.

High Winds was still a kid when Bantam left home.

He was acting out a showdown at high noon when Bantam brushed past smelling like beer and broken guitar strings.

B Cowboys don't live with their parents, Bantam snarled.

HW So?

B Can't stay here anymore.

[Parents being a loose term to describe their father here and their mother there.]

HW Where are you going?

B My apartment.

HW What about me?

B You don't have an apartment.

[Bantam threw all his rock band T-shirts in the backseat.]

HW What kind of name is Bantam! High Winds shouted after him.

[Never used to puff his chest. Knows he can't back it up.]

B Little High Winds talks tough!

HW You're too old to be a runaway.

[Bantam puts it in reverse.]

B You can have my porn.

And leaves High Winds at age eleven with long hair, a proto-queer who still thought pasta was good for him.

Will one day be horrified to learn his
professional obligation is to pretend
everything is exciting.

Easy access to doom.

But on the bright side
nobody cares.

*Shift to drone. Music, fifteen seconds: Nobody
Cares.*

3.

Oldest gas station in the world.

A boy appears and offers to work the pump.

High Winds ducks inside the shop
to discover that world's oldest
gas station stocks world's oldest magazines.

Lousy with Tom Selleck.

All his dreams of just enough fuzz to
camouflage his scars.

Whole place suddenly bustling. Doesn't bode
well for bathroom.

Yup. Dudes in the stalls. All full. Weighs
options. Decides to wait.

Sees boy still pumping gas.

His eyes scan magazine rack:

Men with guns, men with surfboards, men
on horses, men in cars.

Ideas of men and is he one of them.

Some people think so.

But what does he think?

Just knows he's not like them.

Throws Tom Selleck on the passenger seat
and speeds off.

Chord, drone out.

4.

Can't sleep for a reason.

Manic pterodactyl in his brain has endless list
of grievances requiring immediate attention.

No help from sex, drugs, books,
runs, herbs, or rhythmic breathing.

High Winds tried everything.

Became an expert on natural remedies.

If you want to know more

He's
your
guy.

See appendix.

*Music, fifteen seconds: List of Things That Didn't
Work.*

5.

Doesn't know how to have a brother.

Try—not to feel anything about him.

Would make more sense if they sputtered or
drooled

They won or lost or tied

They fought with words or

shed some blood in the dirt.

Music, two minutes: Fuck, I Care.

PART 2

6.

Part Two.

High Winds gets to New Mexico in about ten minutes.

Physical laws of insomnia are like *MAD* magazine fold-ins.

Time folds out (!) like mid-1950s accordion postcards that say “Wonderful Carlsbad Caverns New Mexico.”

Found at store that also sells crystals, taxidermy, and small animal skeletons.

7.

Awe-some chords

High Winds stands before the entrance to the actual Carlsbad Caverns.

HW So this is a gaping maw.

Cave swallows fly in ecstatic circles.

He feels the cold pull of the bottomless cave.

High Winds charges down the dimly lit path into rococo emptiness.

Earth’s private place.

Enshrouds him.

HW We live on a planet!

Family photo ops squeeze and release him.

Tries to feel himself expand between pulses.

8.

Harsh beat

Carving Bantam’s initials into the piano started with leaning too hard on the pink flamingo pen from McDonalds Happy Meal. And then trying to make it seem like nothing happened.

Failed attempt to make it seem like, what, can’t remember.

No good explanation. Fog? Temporary insanity or some shit?

Cut turned into line turned into curve turned into initials.

Sort of like,
oh this would be bad,
oh this is happening.
Oh.

Maybe no one will notice?

Music shifts to moody.

Photograph. Cloudy parking lot.
Bantam’s skinny legs.
High Winds’s chubby baby body.
Burger King crown.

A little silence, then Cave Music begins.

9.

The Carlsbad Caverns Lunch Room looks like an automat inside a mountain.

Counters have fixtures that light what’s below them like UFOs—they seem to hover.

But everything above is still super dark because it’s a cave.

HIGH WINDS

Each day is the same underground. Fifty-six degrees.
Just ask employees of the Carlsbad Caverns Lunchroom Cafeteria. They don't see the sun.
The whole scene becomes a movie musical?!

Drum roll

Light vamp.

Light vamp

The employees deadpan striptease their standard-issue fleece revealing old-timey soda jerk outfits.

More conveyor belts than necessary track along bearing All-American fast food.

Close-up on the belt: the plates rotate as they convey.

The greasy food winks a Disney sparkle.

Tourist-patrons carry trays with food and drink, and dance, tossing trays in air. Food stays put.

Spelunkers in helmets with lights swing in from the ceiling.

A hangry parent spansks a child while sipping a sugary drink from a straw. Immediately stops spanking and becomes delightedly bloated. Kid looks back in confusion.

Enter Cafeteria Manager-slash-Booster Club President:

SONG

What do you do when there's something you crave?

But you're nine hundred feet underground in a cave?

Sylvan Oswald's
High Winds,
2017. Photo: Skye
Morse-Hodgson



*You'd give your left ball for a plate of French fries
Yelling "Cholesterol now or somebody dies!!"*

*Who's got the sugar and fat that'll cheer ya
Who's got the snacks that'll meet your criteria
Who's got a clean bill of health—no listeria!
(and this catchy little tune)
It's Carlsbad Caverns lunchroom cafeteria!*

*There once was a time spelunkers had to carry
Any supplies they thought that they should bring
Water and ropes, granola bars and berries, yuck.
A burden sure to make their muscles sting
I thought, "What if I open a restaurant??
Cash hardly weighs anything!"*

*Yes, there's a whole separate casserole area,
Ice cream that's colder than snow in Siberia
Hot dogs that cause a distinctive hysteria
If you have less than two
At Carlsbad Caverns lunchroom cafeteria*

*Now try to be quiet
Because high overhead
Dreaming little bat dreams in their little bat beds
Are the supposed rightful residents of this cave . . .
Blearg!
Why can't they just find another cave?
One that doesn't just happen to have . . .*

*Pizza and bagels and tacos and smoothies
And milkshakes and shortcake and yogurt and
fruit cups
And soda and salad and more!
So much more!!!!*

*Come on and sing it so everyone hears ya!
Stop by the gift shop and buy memorabilia!
If you know more words that rhyme with -eteria
We've got a job for you!
At Carlsbad Caverns lunchroom
At Carlsbad Caverns lunchroom
At Carlsbad Caverns lunchroom
Cafeteria!*

Many little bats fly in from above in the grand finale, adding their screechy harmony to the

tag line in such great numbers that they blot out the scene and take us into . . . BLACKOUT!

10.

In silence:

High Winds lights a cigarette. Spiritually.

Beat comes in. Short sax solo.

He eats a meal of hot dogs and candy.

Deep

inside

America.

Long sax solo

Cut to.

Carlsbad Caverns postal worker enters, unwittingly sultry with purpose:

(*sexy*) "Postcard for High Winds"

11.

The postal worker stands with a hand extended, but High Winds is in his head.

Postcards remind him of being six years old.

Curled up in his closet office.

Board games, racquetballs, and extra dining-table leaves.

Fortress of amazing thoughts.

Cigar boxes, matchbooks, and postcards from people who don't exist anymore.

Passed down through men.

(*sexy*) "Postcard for High Winds"

But postcards betray nothing.

12.

This one in his hand says:

DEAR HIGH WINDS

NO ONE IS WATCHING YOU.

Postmark: White Sands?

The only White Sands he knows is the national park that looks like a desert with all the color taken out. Maybe that's his next stop.

Hang tight, stalactites!

Music, two minutes: Here We Go!

PART 3

13.

Part Three.

Call and response with sax.

Drives in some kind of state.

This year was better numb.

Aesthetic Crisis versus
Maybe Just Busted.

All books too words.
All internet too panic.
All art too business.
All thoughts been done.

Spilled tea on pile of cue-card affirmations.

New rule: Stop cleaning!

New rule: Stop caring!

Do not, repeat, do not clarify magic!

Crashed his car
so embarrassing.

And destroyed all plays.

Might be too late to learn about poetry.

14.

Sound of wind: breathing into sax.

Arrives at White Sands National Monument.

Endless, colorless lunar landscape in southern New Mexico.

Look it up.

Phone booth outside gypsum dunes.

Has actual phone book in it.

Left behind by ancient sea.

They say these dunes keep moving.

We think

Sure, sand blows.

Sure, beaches erode.

That's normal.

But for great masses of sand to move—like how much do they move?—that's one soundtrack shy of a horror flick to someone indoorsy.

Opens phone book.

Sax note

Slight vibration from ground.

Map says military range not far.

Missile practice.

What is this place.

Back to phone book.

Archaic form of commerce.

Offers for ladies and gents.

One advertisement shimmers like a mirage:

Amateur Boxers, need help reaching Bantam Weight?

Call today and mention this ad for a discount.

OSWALD

No Way.
Reach Bantam—
?

HW Gotta be kidding me. Can't be this
easy.

Hasn't even thought of things to say! Has
No Plan! Has No Strategy!

Picks up the phone to dial!

So brave! So bold!

Wait. How does this thing work?
Oh god—quarters.

Hangs up.

Short. Of. Breath.

Pay phones don't live in the desert.

Postcards don't come from nowhere to the
bottom of a cave.

Mission getting out of hand.
Cannot possibly end well.

Has a decision to make.

Driving music: What Should I Do?

15.

Stall tactics.

Stops at town actually called Truth or
Consequences, New Mexico.

Country music

Not sure what he needs in this store.

Sylvan Oswald's
High Winds, 2017.
Photo: Gema
Galiana



Underwear in package why so appealing.

All one needs for grilling

and every intention of camping.

Rubberized whatsits

water wings for motel pools

and guns, don't look at the guns.

Cashier itches him with her eyes.

Wait was that a butch nod?

'sup.

Maybe not.

Remembers quarters.

Buys prickly pear cactus candy for pay phone
change.

Use small words or none.

16.

Claw for way out of journey.

But short fingernails.

Sound: voicemail. BEEP!!

17.

Hello. Clearing my throat. Fixing my pitch.

Higher Lower. Lower.

HW This is High Winds. Calling. In reference
to your ad about reaching Bantam.

Not sure how old it is.

Couldn't believe it.

Phone book ad.

So I called.

I hope your offer still stands.

Music, two minutes: How's This Gonna Go?

PART 4

18.

Part Four.

Western riff, then beat.

Private road no trespassers.

We don't call 9-1-1.

High Winds whips neighbor's truck up long
dirt drive.

Splashes over shallow streams like a car
commercial.

Whole thing would be much more heroic if
jubilant minivans from Camp Our Savior
would just let him pass.

Buzzing of insects. Or rattlesnakes!

They turn off finally and singsong out of his
way.

Thank you, Lord!

After sharp turn comes to stop.

And dust cloud settles.

He's arrived.

High Winds climbs out of neighbor's truck.

No cars parked.

Breeze carries faint tang of half-brother.

Patchwork place, all salvage.

Did he build it himself?

Could have. Hasn't seen Bantam for years.

High Winds walks around shaggy house
peering into windows.

Dog bowl. No dog.

Heavy iron lamps. Plaid blanket.
 And what makes it Bantam's: clothes strewn
 about.
 Ashtrays overflowing.
 Dishes in sink.
 Wrenches next to dead plants.
 Old bathtub on back porch littered with
 empties.
 Spies dark-walled bedroom. Midnight sheets
 untucked.
 Dust not bothered to dance in sunbeam.
 Place you take someone to fuck and then they
 leave.
 Soft focus out window while you go at it hard
 thinking how you still don't know names of
 trees.
 Place of oblivion.
Music, thirty seconds: Oblivion.

Always wanting a room like that.
 But can't bear mess for long enough to build
 up dungeon atmosphere.
 Yet disciplined in pointless ways.
 Like doing dishes immediately after overeating.
 Like hours of writing taken over by preparing
 for gym going to gym recovering from gym.
 Agoraphobia with a four-block radius.
 Can't imagine trainers in regular clothes.
 What do their apartments look like? Do they
 socialize together? One of them said he had
 the frame of a Muay Thai fighter and taught
 him to kick and throw punches but just as
 exercise and he dreads ever doing it in real life.
Sax growl

But testosterone quickens anger and makes
 violence feel possible.

Sax growl again

19.

Could be perceived as creepy right now.
 Should stop peering.

Finds knife in pocket.

Possible self-defense defense.

Do Louis L'Amour heroes explain their names?

He really should go.

20.

High Winds turns neighbor's truck back on
 long dirt driveway.

What would he have said to Bantam anyway?

Who needs an awkward reunion?

HW Not me!

High Winds turns a blind curve and.

What's that.

Another truck powers up the one-lane drive,
 scattering little rocks. Plows directly toward
 High Winds.

Isn't there a law about this?

Am I supposed to yield?!

Two hundred yards apart.

Who's gonna chicken first?

High Winds calculates.

Truck coming toward him.

Ditch on one side,

scrub on the other.



And that—oh no—could be him. It's him of course it's him.

High Winds squints to see his brother for the first time in
—how long has it been?

Maybe they'll just drive by in agreement. Not yet tired of silence.

What does Bantam see?
A dude in his way, possibly an asshole.

Bantam so large and different.

They know each other's eyes.

21.

HONK HONK

Oh my god is he serious?

Now his dog is barking.

Are you fucking kidding me?

This shit could go down completely through sound effects.

HW One of us could pull over and let the other one pass.

Could.

HONK

Or use the English language!

SLAM

Bantam gets out.

BARK HOWL MOAN

High Winds makes to open his door. It's stuck. He gets it but

Bantam catches it.

Both their hands grip the open door of the neighbor's truck.

22.

B This is a private driveway.

HW Sorry, I thought you'd pull over.

B Well, it's my driveway.

Sylvan Oswald's
High Winds, 2017.
Video still. Video:
David Levine

OSWALD

HW Sorry. Hey, I got your postcard.

B Excuse me.

HW And I answered your ad.

B Um.

HW Bantam, it's me. High Winds.

Beat.

B I don't know anyone by that name.

Music: Shot in the Heart.

23.

High Winds drives gripping the wheel of his neighbor's truck like he's gonna break it.

All the weather reports

All the horoscopes

All the birthday cards

(There were no birthday cards)

All the therapies

Didn't know what this would feel like:

HW He knew it was me. He had to know it was me.

Bantam's denial is completely unbelievable.

High Winds accelerates to warp speed. Who even knows what that is.

His thoughts spin into an epic space battle-slash-regression fantasy.

High Winds and Bantam in bedsheet capes swinging cardboard light sabers.

Two enemies who have no choice but to join forces against a heartless foe, the evil specter known as
The Cow Lady,

a villain so wily she can turn anything, and I do mean anything, into a reason to hate yourself, I mean, into a weapon.

Now she has lured the brothers deep into her web, blinding them with ice crystals and insecurity.

Will they overcome their deep-seated rivalry and go on to live happy, well-integrated lives?

Or will they destroy each other and themselves in the process?

Young Bantam has a plan:

24.

B And now to vanquish all the icebergs inside the phantasmagoria!

HW But how?

B Capture their equipment! Destroy the passages! And thank all the people who gave you the ideas.

HW How am I supposed to say thank you?

B That's your problem, isn't it? I saw a cowskin rug back there so I rolled it up around me and now I have the fortune.

HW We're splitting that, right? (cough cough)

B Hmm. (cough cough) The chamber is filling with smoke.

HW Oh no, I think I see her! There she is! The Cow Lady! The Cow Lady has a raygun! How did that happen?

B She tricked you when you went to the bathroom at night. She jumped out from behind the curtain.

HIGH WINDS

HW Oh, man!

B You should always check behind the curtain. Especially at night.

HW I'm not scared.

B Not scared of death?

HW Should I be?

B You could get zen about it.

HW Now I'll never have a girlfriend.

B Who said anything about girlfriends?
Uh-oh.

HW What is it?

B See that in the distance?

HW I see an ominous dust cloud. Someone's coming to save us!

B No, stupid, it's an advancing army of adolescents. You said "girlfriend."

HW Was that bad?

B So the Cow Lady sent an army of girlfriends. To destroy us. The Cow Lady makes everybody fight each other. Watch: next she'll send an army of boyfriends. And then there'll be a war! We're not getting out of here alive.

HW We can find a way to escape! Come on!

[High Winds grabs his brother's hand but Bantam is frozen in place. High Winds watches in horror as Bantam loses all his resolve and backs up against the tunnel wall.]

HW Bantam, we gotta go!

B Wait. Whose side are you on?

HW I'm not on a side!

B Boys or Girls. You were supposed to choose!

HW I didn't know that!

B And that's why you can't be trusted.

HW I'm trying to save you!

B So you're like a superhero now?

HW No.

B Is this your superhero movie?

HW Stop it.

B That's exactly what you think this is.

HW No, because it wouldn't have you in it!

Dramatic pause

B Huh. You selfish baby.

HW I mean, I think I know a way out.

B Forget it. Leave me here.

Everything you know is from cartoons.

HW That's not true.

B Oh right. You also watched cute families in a house.

HW Who cares.

B You watched all the worst things the things that nobody should watch and you were allowed to, that is the most offensive part.

HW I can't help it if I was allowed.

Dramatic pause

Is that why you hate me?

Dramatic pause

Dramatic pause

Dramatic pause

Music: Falling.

OSWALD

25.

No one else on the road.

Punishes self all the way home:

Drive all this way—
for what?

Steal a friend's truck—
why?

If you want anyone to like you—
(just) stop trying.

Multiple people are probably planning to kick
your ass right now.

So you can make up stories with demons in
them all day long.

But you had a chance to fix things
and you didn't.

So fill up the gas tank, asshole.

All the way.

Music, two minutes: Defeat.

Sylvan Oswald's
High Winds, 2017.
Video still. Video:
David Levine

PART 5

26.

Part Five.

Rolls into LA on empty.

Too tweaky to go home just yet.

Stores still dark.

Streets empty.

Nowhere to park the truck off Fairfax.

Except a Rite-Aid parking lot.

Opens eyes from siesta of unclear length.

Enters store. Buys protein bar and plastic
bags.

Folds notes into a small book.

Zips book into bag.

Double-bag to save from off chance of rain.

Tosses in back of truck for neighbor to find.

High Winds swears he once said, "Anytime."

Music: Did I Do It Wrong?

27.

High Winds returns to bed and closes his
eyes. Knowing that nothing will come of it.



HIGH WINDS

Text message. From Neighbor.

N Do you have a sec

HW What's up

N Needed my truck yesterday

[High Winds not sure what day it is]

HW Sorry I should have asked

N Rode my bike got sunburnt

HW Thought you had your other car

N Loaned it

[High Winds sure Neighbor is angry. Burns with remorse.

Keeps it casual.]

HW Oh shit. I O U.

N Heads up would have been nice

[How to apologize and not grovel. Be sorry. But strong.]

HW It was too late to text. Won't happen again.

[His reasons not persuasive.]

N Are you missing something

HW What

N I found a baggie? With . . . papers in it?

[Thought he'd read it and love his truck's cameo.]

HW Uh that's for you

N What is it

HW A book I made

[Neighbor not fascinated]

N Cool

HW Buy you a beer later?

N Maybe another time.

Music, two minutes: Jittery—trying to sleep despite sun.

Toward the end of this interlude, our first HIGH WINDS returns. HW cedes focus.

Slow entry of trash truck beeps.

EPILOGUE

HIGH WINDS Epilogue.

Jasmine season begins and ends.

Music, fifteen seconds

"Everyone" is tired of talking about Los Angeles light.

Still the same and undramatic.

People call it inspiring or maddening.

The way it flattens things.

"Unhierarchical." Easy for who to say.

Music, five seconds

If you ask High Winds

The sun just sets

And takes all the information with it.

He turns and encounters his double.

Music, one minute: Crescendo.

Then, with no warning,

lights and sound

OUT.