

HOW TO SURVIVE THE APOCALYPSE



A BURNING OPERA



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You are standing on a vast flat plateau of cracked desert.

You have been up all night, once again, and dawn's early light
is just beginning to reveal the crabbed outlines of distant mountains,
even as swirling dust clouds descend, obscuring the view.

Out of the gloom, a rag-tag marching band
of rabble-rousers, heretics, and refugees appears...

GYPSY DOGS

GYPSY DOG

We rose up from the wreckage
We moved like gypsy dogs
We're hunting for something we
can call home

We wrote the writing on the wall
We scraped the barrel dry
We forged the wrenches for
monkeys to throw

MOUSTACHIO

We lost ourselves in the city
We turned away from the crowd
We plunged through the nighttime
horny and stoned

The dust was dry as acid
The nights were smooth as skin
We heard our hearts pound through
the din

Whatever we say, whatever we
sing
You'll catch the drift in our eyes
You may not buy it, our one last
ditch bid
But we'll see you all in the end

GYPSY DOG

We rose up from the wreckage
We moved like gypsy dogs

We're hunting for something we
can call home

*The swirling dust cloaks the scene
and parts again, revealing a
Greeters Station. Grizzled gate-
keepers welcome (and occasionally
offer spankings to) a long line of
dusty pilgrims, most of whom have
driven hundreds of miles to the
festival.*

WELCOME HOME (TRANSMUTATION ZONE)

DARKO

This is a transmutation zone
You never know what lies in store
I hope you have prepared yourself
To give and take and give some
more
This is a transmutation zone
Come on!

There's no spectators in this show
We're all diving in the deep end
here
Leave no trace when you leave
this place
And hydrate till your piss is clear



SPRITE and DARKO

I hope you have prepared yourself
Hit all the malls along the highway
Got sunscreen shades and bicycles
Got condoms, tarps and cans of
beans

This is a transmutation zone
Come on!

GREETERS

Have a little revel, work, revel and
greet, work, revel and drink, fuck
around, greet greet...

*A bullhorn-wielding bunny
appears, taunting the man they call
Stetson, the cofounder of the desert
festival.*

THE HAT SPEAKS

BULLDADA

Very rousing, very carnivalesque.
But if you think a party in the
desert is going to assuage your
cosmic homesickness you've been
hitting the kool-aid a little hard.

STETSON

It's not a cult or a carnival. The
spectacle is not a substitute for
experience.

BULLDADA

Hey Mr. Festival Founder, haven't I
seen you on YouTube?

STETSON

When we stop consuming we
create. And a living culture is born.

BULLDADA

Are you trying to tell me that
throwing some kind of Mad Max
sock-hop in a dustbowl is gonna
fix our wounded society? You gotta
be in a zip lock cult to believe
that shit.

STETSON

What else you gonna believe? The
world around us is falling apart.
This is a chance, a shot. We're
running out of time. So burning a
man isn't such a bad plan.

Adversity brings us together. We
have to build on the visions we
dream. When we burn the old we
can forge a new reality.

*Are those printed tickets the
greeters are collecting? What
rights and responsibilities do they
enshrine? Only a lawyer would
bother reading them.*

TICKET

LAWYERS

You agree to abide by the following
rules: All vehicles entering and
exiting the gates are subject
to search by the gate staff. You
agree to follow all federal, state,
reservation and county laws.
Commercial vending, drugs,
alcohol, M-80s, fireworks and
rockets, and all other explosives,
prohibited. And by using this ticket
you voluntarily assume the risk of

serious injury or death. That's right,
we said death.

*Two pilgrims hope out of a dusty
SUV. Definitely newbies.*

BEAUTIFUL FREAKS

BUD

Look at that camp in distance
It's like a city of tarps, holy fuck!
We're like American gypsies
Look at these beautiful freaks,
I want a piece of it
Nothing grows here
But dreams and desires
It's time to party

BROOK

So that's why we came
To fry our brains in the sun?
So you could ogle the babes
Is that what you call fun?
Are these folks really that free
Or are they just running away?
Why the fuck am I here anyway?

*Everybody has a story. This
one belongs to Janet, another
newcomer.*

EVERYONE GETS WHAT THEY NEED

JANET

It took two years for my friend to
convince me
I needed to be here
With my child gone and husband
run off
After seven long years he ran
My friend thought it would heal me,
release me
Renew me, reveal me
“Embrace the change” she said
Then she flaked

SPRITE and JANET

Cornflaked and snowflaked
And mandrake and rattlesnake
Heartache and jailbreak
But don't cry for my sake
'Cause everyone aches and sighs
And everyone flakes and lies
Eventually everyone waits
And gets what they want
Well gets what they need
Everyone gets what they need

*The three newbies wander toward
a large **Central Camp** full of
Burners. To one side, grinning
freaks in bright furry clothes lie
in a puppy pile. Call them E-tards.
On the other side stands a group of*



*snarling, leather-clad handy-babes.
Call them Stomp Grrlz. They are
cooler than you.*

BURN IT UP

BROOK

Who are these people?
What do they seek?

Who are they kidding?
Is this relief?

BURNERS

I'm pissed and half insane
And I'm goin' down the drain
I feel lost and stuck between
The camera and the TV screen
Want to sink into the wonder

Not this debt I'm buried under
Let's get high so we can find
The Coney Island of the mind

E-TARDZ

Want to build and not to bury
All the dreams that I still carry

STOMP GRRLZ

Just want to fuck and drink some
beer
And party beyond hope and fear

BULLDADA

Don't trust hippies or the punks
Aw fuck it all...our ship is sunk

BURNERS

Burn it up and burn it down
Bless yourselves with ashes
Let it burn
Ashes ashes comin' down
Dust is only dust
So let it burn

Who are these people
What do they seek
Who are they kidding
Is this relief?

We got food and drugs and shelter
We got gear for nasty weather
We got tiki lights and toys
We got decadence and joy

We got devils in our closets
We got no one here to stop us
We got plenty of confusion
We got paranoid delusions

But never mind, we don't really
care
We'll torch it anyway
You know that even junk will burn
And keep the dark at bay
And warm us through the night
And gather everyone
Into the fire of change

Burn it up and burn it down
Bless yourselves with ashes
Let it burn
Ashes ashes comin' down
Dust is only dust
So let it burn

*The dust returns, but much fiercer
now. Eyeballs grow useless,
particulate matter invades nostrils,*



*and half-built tents are blown
apart. It may be a metaphor, or
a premonition.*

STRANGE WEATHER

WIND DIVA

Strange weather
Hangs overhead
Hot dust or hard rain
Blows from empty skies
Is it the shift or a shattering
What will it bring?
In the harsh light of dawn
In the bluster of the long hot day
Strange weather, strange weather

Strange weather
Hangs overhead
Dust storm, it falls fast
Blows from empty skies
Is it a call to arms
Or just a fling down history's
Spiral stairs?
I wonder what will it bring
What we did here
In the long, hot day
Strange weather, strange weather

*The newbies are not happy. They
are learning that there is no hiding
from the dust we are.*

SO THAT'S WHY WE CAME

BROOK

So that's why we came?
To fill our lungs up with dirt
To dick around with our tents
Are you really that dumb?
And who the hell thinks it's fun
To camp in Nothing anyway?

BUD

I don't know why they put on
the party in this godforsaken
place anyway

Bud's random query sparks a cosmic flashback that sucks you and everyone else through a wormhole in space-time back to Baker Beach, San Francisco. Stetson and his pal Moustachio are pounding together a wooden man.

BAKER BEACH

STETSON

The sea is calm tonight
The western sun has sunk
The foghorns blow, I don't know

Where is the sweet sound to be heard
Where is the pivot that moves the world?
The foghorns blow...
I don't know

The two friends light the figure. A crowd gathers. Everyone tells their own story (like always).

MISINTERPRETATION MASHUP

BEACH BURNERS

It's performance art, man
But he's taken it to the beach
Like a hobo hootenanny, right on dude!

He's burning away his karma

It's a post-punk, post-industrial,
post-ironic immolation celebration
Tongue and cheek? Hmmmm...

This is fucking awesome! Anyone
got any beer?

Burn it down, burn it down
Burn the sucker to the ground!

A bunch of hippies, just a bunch
of hippies
Don't you know the Sixties came
and went? Let it go

This is too weird, I don't belong
Let's get out of here

He's a jilted lover, desperately
trying to build community in an age
of isolation
It's fairly obvious

Ancient yagna, healing fire
Flaming one, source of life
A ritual, a flame of magic
A call to all the Pagans and
Wiccans to converge

Burn the man!
Burn the man!

Time passes, in the artificially sped-up manner of dreams or movies. It is a few years later, and another man is ready to burn on the beach.

THE PYRE

BEACH BURNERS

Rubber tires and Christmas trees
Mannequins and kerosene
Safety nets, tubs of grease

Burn it, burn it, burn it, burn it
Let it burn

Ashes, ashes, dust to dust
Flaming god of love and lust
Melting crust, yes we must
Burn it, burn it, burn it, burn it
Burn it up and burn it down
Bless yourself with ashes, let it burn
Ashes, ashes, coming down
Dust is only dust so let it burn

SCARECROW MAN

Ah-ah-ah...

Officer Friendly breaks up the proceedings. Frustration reigns.

FINE LINE

ELEMENTALS

This may be the moment you've
been waiting for
This mess is really lame
But awesome just the same
From here on you've had a vision
There's a fine line
Between fucking up and a mission

A glint appears in Moustachio's eye.



I KNOW A PLACE

MOUSTACHIO

I know a place
A long gone ancient lake
Far beyond the mountains
On the edge of the law
Empty and cracked
A mirror of the sky
Where monster trucks rage
And rocket cars break the bounds
of sound

Beyond the pale
Beyond the law
Beyond the world
Beyond the pale

An alkali void
(What good's a void if you
can't fill it up?)

An empty mirror
(We like to see ourselves
in broken glass)

A blank canvas
(So we can paint the
town a devilish red)

A blazing waste
(And wasted we will be)

I know a place
(Where you don't have
to worry)

Ain't nobody gonna kick you off
(Never have to worry)
They won't even know we're there
(Anarchy is honest)
Cacophony is gonna eat this up
(Pass the ammunition)
This is where we're gonna break
on through

I know a place
(Burn it up and burn
it down)

I know a place

*Like all trips (and dust storms)
the flashback ends. The sun begins
to set behind the mountains and
the whole city starts barking
like wolves. The newbies are
unprepared for the evening. But
flamboyant reinforcements arrive.*

INSIDE OUT

JEAN/GENIE and GAZEBO MANGO FANDANGO

It used to be a desert out here
A low rent look of khaki
Denim and scruff
But then the drag queens came
And fabulosity reigned

Feather boas and parasols
Lingerie and stilettos



Rubber thongs and vermilion lace
Perversion and grace

Leopard stockings and Chinese
robes
A menagerie of cheap shades
Bones in your nose
You know anything goes out here
Anything goes out here

Purple pudenda and dangling
dongs

Hippie dippy beads and
formal gowns
Thigh high boots and fairy wings
Playboy robes and vinyl skirts
So short they lift on their own

Red hot panties on Santa Claus
A strap-on for Jesus H. Christ
Accessories for the body and mind
So the body won't mind you at all
Accessories for the body and mind
So the body won't mind you at all

Every man and woman
Every guy and girl
And tranny and tomboy
And oldster running wild
Is a blinky blinky star
Strutting out on this dusty stage
Shining out from this dusty stage

Inside is out, outside is in
The costume that you wear
Is your marvelous, ridiculous,
maniacal, lascivious, ostentatious
dreamtime skin

A romper room of mystics out here
Aliens, angels, and beasts
Devils and gods
Halloween for the horny and high
And fabulously hot

Porn clowns and bunny boys
Pirates, vampires, cupcakes
From the heights of freakiness
You have reached into the breach
You as you never have been
Cause you'll never really know who
you really are
Til you manifest your avatar

Every man and woman
Every guy and girl
And tranny and tomboy
And oldster running wild
Is a blinky blinky star
Shining out in this dusty void
Calling out from this dusty void

Inside is out, outside is in
The costume that you wear
Is your marvelous, ridiculous,
maniacal, lascivious, ostentatious
dreamtime skin

*This tent looks fun, let's check
it out...*

THE POISON PATH

SHAMONICA

When I was an innocent child
Mama done told me, warned me
about the ways of sin

Mama would scold me for being
wild
And tell me to take my medicine
Which I did

They say that Eve ate the apple
Cause the serpent seduced her
with his lies
They say the fruit was forbidden
And by eating the fruit she would
die
We would all die

But what if Eve were the first one
to dare?
And what if the snake were the
bringer of light?
And what if the fruit just opened
her eyes, all three of her eyes?

Put that in your peace pipe and
light it light it light it on up

What if the world is a vision
A dream from beginning to end
Why not shake the dust, the veils
from your eyes
And make poisons and demons
your friends?

A morning cup of joe
The tiny line of blow
A hit or two, you know
Intensifies the show



A long time ago
In the Hollywood hills
They swallowed the crystal
light
They spiked the punch
They drove the bus
Into the center of your
mind
The poison path
The shaman's brew
The witch's stew
Pandora's box in a bowl
Straight to your mind
Let me know what you find
On the other side of the
looking glass
Eat me, drink me, gorge on
my psychedelic life force

They say that your brain is a filter
They say your nerves are
technology
So, baby, why not press all the
buttons
Punch in all the codes, do the
math, the science
Pull the switch, turn on the lights

Oh the places you'll go
The things you will think
The creatures you'll meet
Oh the potions you'll drink
When you take the poison path



*Thoroughly confused, the newbies
have no choice but to hop on to
the nearest art car. The vehicle
resembles an enormous yellow
duck festooned with condoms.
(Get it? A rubber ducky!!! Har-dee-
har-har...)*

FAR TONIGHT (THE ESPLANADE SONG)

CANDYFLIP

We're gonna go far tonight
Gonna guzzle it down tonight
There's so much to do and so
many ways to do it

It's like chasing a star through
the sky
Or distracting yourself with
distraction
If you keep your eyes open and
blazing you'll see
The footwork of synchronicity

This is the city you've heard about
The neon nitty gritty
And the freaks are out
A great big blinky town
A labyrinth of clowns
For your amusement and
amazement
Stimulation and engagement
Remember you're the
entertainment too
Here's to the death march of fun!

BUD

We're gonna rage hard tonight
We're gonna party past morning
light
I'll be the mack
Cause they'll know where I'm at,
that's right
With my sweet furry cowboy hat
And the whiskey in my camel pack
Not to mention I already
dropped LSD
This'll be so damn rad for me

BROOK

This might be nothing but smoke
and mirrors
Or society's grinding gears
Loneliness is not an excuse for
Vegas
And everyone's in their own world
Running round like a lost boy or girl
There are so many losers with
stupid to burn
I wonder if I will get my turn

JANET

Don't know where we are tonight
I don't even know if it's right
I've seen some strange things
Cabbages and kings
And I'd like to be thirty feet tall
Bouncing round like a gelatin ball
Maybe go until I hit a mountain
or wall
I don't know how I just thought
that at all

CANDYFLIP

We could kick some ass in the
Thunderdome
We could spank some ass in a
smut shack
We could move our ass to a dance
machine
We could wipe our ass in a shit
shack

We could genuflect before
Megavolt
Or chase down my DJ
We could meditate on the cosmic
design
Of some LEDs in the clay
We could remember our dead
In the temple instead
Or get lost along the way

And if we get bored, never fear
We can always piss and moan in
our beer
And remember how very much
better it was
To be pissing and moaning last
year

Here's to the city you've heard
about
The neon nitty gritty
And the freaks are out
A great big blinky town
A labyrinth of clowns
For your amusement and
amazement
Stimulation and engagement
Remember you're the
entertainment too
Here's to the death march of fun!

*The art car deposits the newbies
at a colorful cabaret in the outer
playa, dubbed **The Alchemical***

Dependence. *MC Phoenix has
taken the stage.*

MC PHOENIX

Up next: Janet.

DON'T SEE ME

JANET

Its so tacky tacky
The keyboards clacking
The 60 hertz hum of the humdrum
drone
I'm all alone in a cubicle
contraption
A node in a net reeling me in
Is it a sin to seek salvation
In the smallest words sung to
the air?



Cause there's more to me than all
of them
So much more to feel
But they don't see me
No they don't see me

The screen is a dream distorted
Data desire deferred
I realize and I fantasize
About finding my voice in a storm
Not captured on disc
Not hotlinked or twittered
But screaming raw in the howling
wind
Its not a sin to seek salvation
In the loudest words sung to the air

A heart so large
Cause there's more to me than all
of them
So much more to feel
But they don't see me
No they don't see me

*The next performer is the dread-
headed Antimony, just back from
the Amazon. There is a peacock
feather in her fedora.*

THE END OF THE LINE

ANTIMONY

The spiral dance is a twisted strand
Double trouble DNA band
The corkscrew unwinds
Grapes of the vine
The sparkling wine of your spine
Uncorked, uncoiled
A ladder ascending
Stitching and mending
The ties that bind
The code of creation
Programming us all for major
mutation
The end of the cycle
The archangel Michael
Is splicing us all with his blade
But don't be afraid
Remixed and remade
We will dance to the beat of the
final parade
We will dance to the beat of the
endless parade

Spring forward, fall back

Turning and turning
The widening groove
Makes me want to move
I really want to move
Outta this game they make us play



The Babylon scam that continues
to lay
Waste to the spaceship earth we
ride
Galaxy class, energy-mass
Woven together in time
A moment of grace
The clock is losing its face
Gotta replace the calendar pages
With the spell of Mayan mages
The spinning wheels of ancient
ages
And the days of the sages of old

Spring forward, fall back

The timebomb is ticking
The serpent recoils
Chasing its tail through the tree
of life
The endless strife
That we bring on and on and on
And on and on and on
Last stop Kali Yuga
Twenty-twelve seconds to go
Last stop Kali Yuga
Twenty-twelve seconds to go

The end of the line, there's no
more time
To not do what you will
So stop making deals
Live in the world that you want to
be real

*During Antimony's prophecy,
Bud, high as a kite, follows a
fetching young thing out of the tent
(will-o'-the-wisp!). Alone, Brook
meets Antimony, who melts her
resistances. From out of nowhere, a
vibrant parade of feral fashionistas
descends, magically transforming
the grumpy Brook into an
empowered avatar of herself.
Outside is in.*

TEMPLE

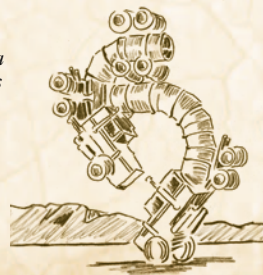
ANTIMONY

You just take off your armor
And shed your skin
Indulge your fairy tale urge
Let yourself merge
With the wild masquerade
Of the spirit parade
Fantasia of glitter and shade

SEED OF ME

BROOK

I stuck myself in a mirror
Rejecting the world outside
Now it's come vivid and clear
That world I turned off
Was the seed of me



The man that I thought was mine
Is a small boy lost on his own
The girl that I thought was me
Is just the mask I wear

ANTIMONY and BROOK

Every man and woman
Every guy and girl
And tranny and tomboy
And oldster running wild
Is a blinky blinky star
Shining out from this dusty void
Calling out from this dusty void

Inside is out
Outside is in
The costume that you wear
Is your marvelous, ridiculous,
maniacal, lascivious, ostentatious
dreamtime skin

*As Antimony and Brook cavort, a
middle-aged photographer sticks
his camera close to Brook's now
naked breasts and takes a shot.
Smooth move buddy.*

MALE GAZE

BROOK

Why are you trying to capture my
body?
Why do you need to steal my face?

I am not here to feed your fantasies
Your hunger for something to make
you feel real

I am not a picture to mount on
your wall
I am not an image to mount in
your mind

The whole world is your playground
But we're not just toys in a game
What you're trying to capture
escapes you
The moment you look through
the lens

I don't want to be real for you
And I don't want to be fake
What do you want from me?

PHOTOGRAPHER

For guys like me a glimpse of you
Is a lifeline in a labyrinth
To take a slice of your light
Is a taste from the table
Where truth and beauty break
bread

*Meanwhile, Bud wanders alone
in deep playa, swallowed up in a
psychedelic spin cycle. Who knew
the void had a voice, or that it used
a bull-horn?*

FIRE NIGHT

OLD SCHOOL BURNERS

Ma he ma mey hee ma hey

*Things have gotten out of hand,
and once again, Johnny Law is
there to break up the proceedings.*

PARTY'S OVER

COP and TOWNIES

Looks like the party's over boys
(We're sorry but you have
to go home)

Looks like the party's through
(C'est la vie, pack it up,
boys)

We can see the flames all the way
down in town
And it looks like some tankers blew
(Our little children's
runnin' scared)

I love the smell of propane boys
(Mmm, it makes me feel)

I love it just like you
(But I keep it to myself)

But this pile of crap is startin' to
stink

(Oooo eee)

Looks like the party's through
(Pack it up)

You came out to the desert years
ago

(Uninvited, uninvited)

Few of us really cared
(Turned the other cheek,
looked the other way)

We liked your money
(Uh huh we liked your
money)

And we didn't mind the honeys
And we could see you could shoot
on a dime

(That's sexy)

And that was fine
(So fine)

But it's quiet here in the desert
And we really like it that way
We like it here out on the edge of
things
And we know you like that too
But you've taken it all to far, boys
You've taken it way too far
The crowds keep coming
Wanting something for nothing
And we ain't giving no more
No we're not giving no more

*Stetson and Moustachio look on as
their dreams go up in flames.*

THE CLASH

MOUSTACHIO

He's right you know
It's not happening again
A passionate yearning drew us to
this desert
But we've grown too big for our
britches.

ELEMENTALS

Passion must move again or die

MOUSTACHIO

And it's time for it to die

STETSON

It grows because it's alive
The world is just beginning again
This is a snag, a hitch, the law can
be appeased
It's part of the plan, befriending
the man

ELEMENTALS

It grows because it's alive, it
doesn't want to die

STETSON

We are cooking up something
everybody needs
Why shouldn't they be drawn to
our fire?



MOUSTACHIO

There's too many damn people
We can't control it without control
Who wants more control?

We are not about rules and
regulations
We are the kids in the back of
the bus
We will not be bound, fuck the
implications
We are the free, gotta stay
underground
Where we can trust one another
But not if our numbers grow
We will kill the thing we love

STETSON and MOUSTACHIO

We rose up from the wreckage
We moved like gypsy dogs
But now it's collapsed and we
should go home
(We're building a place that we can
call home)
Whatever you (we) say,
whatever you (we) sing
They'll catch the drift in your (our)
eyes

MOUSTACHIO

I just don't buy it,
this one last ditch bid
It was great but now it should end

STETSON

You don't see what we're doing
here
This is not a club for cool kids
We are doing this for all to see
We are giving light to culture
Thousands will hear the call
If we build the man, they will come
If we burn the man
Then everyone will see the smoke

MOUSTACHIO

Who cares about a bonfire man?
Nobody cares about a stupid
scarecrow
We should burn a pig or a piano
Or a temple of black leather boots
Who needs another logo?
Why circle around the man
When we should disperse
Across the desert, across the land
Not gather our wagons in

STETSON

The man is the symbol of the...the
pivot of the people
The center of the wheel we are just
starting to spin

MOUSTACHIO

Don't be chained to the fucking
wheel
Culture dies the moment you
name it

The moment you tie it down
You are building another cage
here
Another scam for another age
here
Another spectacular con
But the cacophony is gone

STETSON

Our way is hard
We are stumbling thru the dark
But something is pulling us up
Out of this wreckage
Conformity corrodes, absolutely
But something great is gathering
Out of this chaos something will
be born

GLOWING CITY

ELEMENTALS

A city, a glowing city
A clock-face map
Space and time are one
Many different tribes gather into
unity
It's the dust and sweat and heat
and sex
It's our lonely American souls
Lonely souls will see it
Lonely souls will build it and
community will grow
From this dust and shattered clay



Something great will be born

*The flashback fades. Conventional
neural circuitry reasserts itself,
and Bud finds himself a cold,
unkempt, and depleted human fool
wandering shoeless in the golden
dawn.*

THE DAWN

BUD

I chased myself through a mirror
Reflecting the days to come
Now it's come vivid and clear
The rabbit I chased
Was the end of me

The world that I thought was mine
Is a broken toy in my hands
And the girl that I thought was
mine
Is not a toy at all

I stumbled into the control room
Of this carnival we call home
Nowhere to hide

Nowhere to run
No one in control

*Bud bumps into a disheveled Jean/
Genie, who has maxed out on
pleasure sluggary, and is doing no
better than he.*

JUST A MAN

BUD

I'm just a man
Just a fucked up man, that's all
I am
Never was much I did right
So I'm doing all I can
Ask me who I am
I'm just a fuck up man
Just your ordinary fucked up man

Some people say we're guilty
But maybe we're just broken from
the start
We're all in this together
Just holding tight as shit's falling
apart

So never mind, I don't really care
Let's torch it anyway
You know that even junk will burn
And keep the dark at bay
And warm us through the night

And gather everyone
Into the fire of change

BUD and JEAN/GENIE

Transformation
Instigation
A way out of this place
This fucked up human race
A beacon for the wanderers
To gather at the edge
And light the midnight sun
Until the morning comes

I'm just a man, just a fucked up
man
That's all I am
Anything I ever planned
Got to shot to hell or out of hand
I'm damned if I try
And damned if I don't man
I'm extraordinarily fucked up man

And now that old curtain call...

SYNCHRONICITY (FINALE)

BURNERS

You'll get what you need when you
least expect it
The world provides if you don't
reject it

REPORTERS

But what does it mean? What is the
point? What does it all mean?

STETSON

Transformation occurs only through
radical self expression

REPORTERS

Is this a cult man?

BURNERS

Chance is a dance
Designed to align
Reality and the mind
Synchronicity

OM



HOW TO SURVIVE THE APOCALYPSE: A BURNING OPERA

Music by Mark Nichols

Lyrics by Erik Davis

Story by Christopher Fülling, Erik Davis, and Mark Nichols

Created by: Mark Nichols, Erik Davis, Christopher Fülling, and Dana Harrison
Additional lyrics: Mark Nichols

The premier version of *How to Survive the Apocalypse* was produced by Dana Harrison, directed by Christopher Fülling, and performed at Teatro Zinzanni, San Francisco, in October 2009. This abridged audio presentation of the show was recorded in early 2010 at Land Factory, Hollywood Hills, CA, and was produced and mixed by David Bergeaud and Mark Nichols. For more information on the show, including contacts and licensing, point yourself toward www.burningopera.com.

CAST

GYPSY DOG - Charles Darius
MOUSTACHIO - Steffanos X
DARKO - David Peterson
SPRITE - Lesley Freeman

BULLDADA - Erik Davis
STETSON - Christopher Fülling
LAWYERS - Charles Darius, Mark Nichols, Andrew Pulkrabek, Andy Stack
BUD - Mikey Babel
BROOK - Jenneviere
JANET - Phat Man Dee
WIND DIVA - Phoebe Jevtovic
SCARECROW MAN - Marisa Lenhardt
SHAMONICA - Dr. Deb
JEAN/GENIE - George Scott
GAZEBO MANGO FANDANGO - Charles Darius
CANDYFLIP - Anastasia Gillaspie
MC PHOENIX - Renfey
ANTIMONY - Melinda Smart
PHOTOGRAPHER - Mark Nichols

SHERIFF - Aaron Taylor
ELEMENTALS - Phoebe Jevtovic, Dr. Deb, Renfey
VOCAL ENSEMBLE - Phat Man Dee, Elizabeth Castaneda, Melissa Castaneda, Mark Nichols, Charles Darius, Andrew Pulkrabek, George Scott, Julie Lewis, Crystal Keith, Steffanos X, Christopher Fülling, Phoebe Jevtovic, Dr. Deb, Renfey, David Peterson, Lisah Barry, Lesley Freeman, Anastasia Gillaspie, Andy Stack, Mikey Babel, Jenneviere, John Hollis Fleischman, Chloe Trujillo, Betsy McCall, Aaron Taylor, Nathan Rosquist, Marna Schwartz, Melinda Smart, Cory McKenzie

BAND

AARON TAYLOR (guitar)
ANDREW PULKRABEK (contrabass, kazoo, musical director (Teatro Zinzanni))
CHARLES DARIUS (trumpet, sousaphone, guitar, banjo, bass, kazoo)
DANIELE MUTINO (keyboard, accordion)
DEAN MERMELL (keyboard, melodica)
JOHN HOLLIS FLEISCHMAN (drums)
MARK NICHOLS (Guitar, Xylo, Piano, Synth, Bari Sax)
ANDY STACK (percussion)
DAVID PETERSON (percussion, didgeridoo)

CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

How to Survive the Apocalypse has been and continues to be a tremendously collaborative project. In addition to the above musical

credits, special shout-outs go to: Phat Man Dee, who contributed melodic material to "Don't See Me"; Aaron Taylor, who contributed a portion of his song "Bad Trip" to the track "MC Phoenix"; Julie Lewis, who co-arranged vocals on "Beautiful Freaks," "Far Tonight," "The Pyre," "Party's Over," and "Misinterpretation Mashup"; Phoebe Jevtovic, who arranged "Temple" and co-arranged vocals on "Glowing City"; David Bergeaud, for additional arrangements on "Burn it Up," "Inside Out," and "Seed of Me"; Phil Smart and Davey B for playa sounds; and Daniel Rodrigues of Moondog Studios for additional recording.

CD package design by Deanna Alcorn; playa panorama by Michael Rauner; illustrations and cover design by Peggy Nelson.

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1. GYPSY DOGS
2. WELCOME HOME
(TRANSMUTATION ZONE)
3. THE HAT SPEAKS
4. TICKET
5. BEAUTIFUL FREAKS
6. EVERYONE GETS WHAT
THEY NEED
7. BURN IT UP
8. STRANGE WEATHER
9. SO THAT'S WHY WE CAME
10. BAKER BEACH
11. MISINTERPRETATION
MASHUP
12. THE PYRE
13. FINE LINE
14. I KNOW A PLACE
15. INSIDE OUT
16. THE POISON PATH
17. FAR TONIGHT
(THE ESPLANADE SONG)
18. MC PHOENIX
19. DON'T SEE ME
20. THE END OF THE LINE
21. TEMPLE
22. SEED OF ME
23. MALE GAZE
24. FIRE NIGHT
25. PARTY'S OVER
26. THE CLASH
27. GLOWING CITY
28. THE DAWN
29. JUST A MAN
30. SYNCHRONICICITY (FINALE)