

V. DEUX EX MACHINA

.....1:10 in aeternam, theatered and paranthetical crowd gathers for the consumption of campaign's first *DEUS EX machina*, corner of 6th & Summer.

Commotion's moment grows with strains of '*Ho santa, ho santa, in excessive theo!*' harping from mobile horns of his master's voice o'dominicus! shopkeepers abandon their wares and beggardly emerge from alley havens to seek out the source of ventillated fragrance. Bagmen, caught in a street trance, succumb and well before the afternoon's results are given. Streamers *cum* banners proclaim, 'VOTE FOR IKE', while rubble pyres burn in distance, obscuring the device that's upon,all.

"Look up! Way o'er there! Till kingdom's cum!"

Ave! Marie! Looksee. Few children presently open eyes to what novelty of white-clad figure, embroidered with ruffles and streaming ravenhair, floating from bitter sky. A crane of a shot! But tension builds in temporary swarms zigzagging ant-like for a closer view. Here! And merging to their liverance, while virginal day-glowing buttons calling cards proclaim with bull-horn to assist, FER IKE! The sleight-o-hand unseen, White Virgin secretly unstraps unstrips her harness while a seam tears slight, and ENTERS this hastily arranged chaste set. Cue cards up, camera hyde! Applause, pre-taped, begins; the yuk machine's all set; and ROCK OF AGES, propped upon paper-mache nest, amoans from hidden cornice, where...

"ACTION!" voice thunders from unseen watchtower.