

Past-Future-Catcher-Repeater (Plastique Fantastique Science-Fictioning-Mumming play)

Part One

[light incense, etc]

Year Zero. [X3]

Few species have survived the extreme fluctuations of freezing cold and scorching heat or the unpredictable acid storms that traverse the oceans and existing landmass.

Conditions hostile to life have spread from the equator to the poles. Only a few enclaves of temperate weather can be found in the northern hemisphere.

[Vanessa sings...make Bovril]

In the largest of these there is a city with environs where four highly intelligent species with the capability for speech and language survive.

They are known as the four cults or creeds of communication.

[Pause]

The Aphids – a phyla of insects that are born already impregnated with ten of their kind, the most prodigious and promiscuous of creeds that have intelligence in number rather than through possessing large individual brains. The insects thrive now that their primary enemy, humankind, is extinct.

The Foldins – a mode of existence that turns inside out or outside in, that collapses inwards and outwards. Bright individuals with a tendency for introspection. Born of a viral epidemic, Foldins are mutant beasts made from the corrupted DNA of humans, dolphins and other mammals.

The Siri – an artificial intelligence software that runs on smart devices. Siri's exponentially increasing intelligence is produced through neural nets and deep machine learning, a magical and mysterious process for humankind who set the machine intelligence development programmes in motion.

The Fox-Owl – an invention of modern (human) pagans; a mythical beast with a large beak and eyes, and sharp teeth and ears that lives mostly on mice. Fox-Owl's intelligence is a wisdom that is also pure instinct; a wisdom and instinct that allowed the mythic creature to survive the demise of his human worshippers.

[Pause]

Coexistence is difficult. Conflict is rife.

[Big Pause]

The Four Creeds consult the Past-Future-Catcher-Repeater

The Past-Future-Catcher-Repeater has caught something and repeats a rumour: a fifth intelligent life form exists, not on the surface of the planet but deep underground, at the centre of the Earth, and thus, they have escaped the effects of extreme environmental conditions and viral epidemics. They are called the Vril.

[Song and Ritual...getting the vril...tieing them up]

Vril:

Democracy is not problem for youze. Problem is new language. New Song needed. Catches and Repeats all voices. No conflict desire assumed by all. [X2]

The Vril says that ultimately it is not democracy that is the problem or solution, for this is indeed a stupid idea and should be dispensed with. The problem is that a new language, or a new song is needed, that catches and repeats all voices, a language as song in which every cult and creed speaks or sings as they want or need.

Part Two

Year Four [x3]

In year four, something went wrong.

The Aphids noticed it first. There were less green things, less green things to consume and more brown and black things that couldn't be eaten. They blamed the Foldins, The Siris and most of all Fox-Owl for his obsession with marking territory and polluting the Earth with his stinking piss and shit.

Then the Foldins noticed that there were less things to fold in, and more things that crumbled and disintegrated. They blamed the Siris and Fox-Owl but most of all the over-consumption of the Aphids for a decline in living things.

The Siris were oblivious to any changes until the chargers of the devices that hosted the software grew slower and in some alarming cases didn't charge at all. Power fluctuations and power cuts were the cause. They discovered that many wind turbines producing electricity had fallen over. They blamed the Aphids and Fox-Owl but most of all the Foldins who they suspected of trying to fold in inorganic things, such as the turbines.

Fox-Owl had sensed something was wrong long before he noticed the demise of the woods and the fields. At first he blamed the Siris, but this was for no other reason than he hated all inhabitants of the city, and most of all the Siris. He thought that the Foldins might have tried some magic that had backfired or that the greedy Aphids might have raided the environs of the city, causing devastation too.

But soon Fox-Owl dismissed this, he somehow knew that no one cult or creed was to blame.

The crisis of the Great Decline threatened to produce conflict between the cults or creeds. How to live, who had what, who ate what, who ate who?

A council meeting was called, the first since year zero and the establishment of the new Nature Theatre.

The Aphids send Aphid Twig again, one among millions that has the strongest telepathic connections to its own kind.

And once again the Foldins send Dolfon Foldin, one among many kinds that has the most agile and graceful of minds.

The Siris, of course, send Siri, one that is always the same no matter what devices she has been downloaded to.

Fox-Owl sends himself, for as we already know, there is only one Fox-Owl.

They meet where their first council meeting was held, at a point where the city meets the fields and woods. In an encounter that produces feelings of de ja vu for all but Siri, they offer their common greeting (the one that would sound like the word 'Beftee Bo' to human ears). 'Beftee Bo', 'Beftee Bo', 'Beftee Bo', Beftee Bo'.

They communicate and consult with the Past-Future-Catcher-Repeater, again, an orchestra of sonic and noise-making devices has been laid out for the council's use.

The Past-Future-Catcher-Repeater repeats a rumour and reminds the council that there exists a fifth intelligent life form, not on the surface of the planet but deep underground, at the centre of the Earth.

The four council members perform a ritual to call forth the Vril. The ritual is noisy, rhythmic and intense. The Vril appears. 'Beftee Bo Vril' says each member of the council.

[unwrap the vril... 'Call forth the vril' song]

Vril: Beneath your feet, it is we Vril, who drink the moisture from the earth, and we eat the Nitrates of the soil from below. We lay dormant until we heard your call. We thank you for leading us to a bounty of H₂O and Nitrogen. Now, it is either you or us. Soon all that will be left of the cults and creeds is the Past-Future-Catcher-Repeater.