A SMALL EXCERPT AND SOME DEVELOPMENTAL NOTES FROM THE SCRIPT FOR

The ApochaPLEX[1] March

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01: OF MIGRANTS, BOTH IMMI- AND EMI-

"I do not presume to know anything about anything, but I do know something about nothing. Yet I have no illusions: I am still insignificant, just slightly less than you and the rest. The important part is always, as always: Wet Wet Wet"

From The Book on Quoxtry by Q-Mirh

Let's begin somewhere in between.

There he sits, Q-Mirh himself, amidst the teeming masses of Generican migrants both immi- and emi-, reduced to nothing but an ordinary fugitive. At last, and at least, he has managed to jump through all the right hoops of immigration protocol without raising much alarm of any kind. He has crossed the right X's, dotted the I's, been vexed, perplexed and closed his eyes. That's something at least. Something like that.

His presence is still a secret but his intentions are not. He's seeking a fresh start, one he knows he won't get, and a clean, blank slate he won't be able to find.

One time he too was just another antiavist whatever-ist, another Battiner artist drinking his potions of emotion, a happily applied unthinker just as well-adjusted as the rest and the best of us.

Now our new friend[2] is suddenly and irrevocably under scrutiny by the Children of the Sacred Prophitier™, a harsh bunch at their best, indescribable at their worst. Soon, and much to his misfortune, renowned antiavist Q-Mirh the Cephal, sole author of *The Book on Quoxtry*, will be declared blasphemer by the Quantificate itself, which means that any number of people will shortly be after him for the sake of profit or persecution. Turns out it isn't very sensible to tell on the invincible.

So that's why he is right here, right now. Being noticed by powers of such magnitude has quite simply made it very pertinent for him to be anywhere but his home in Complex City, that timeless pinnacle of power. With the memory of his holy homeland still lingering as a fresh wound in his mind, he is seeking the drunken softness of a new beginning. This time, perhaps, free from scrutiny and rapid jotelgations.

Finally, here he is in the scarrying maintrive of Landown Township.

Although fairly successful in the endeavor of transporting his corporeal being from point A to point B (or X, whichever the case may be), he will have no luck in fleeing the coming ApochaPLEX™. He knows nothing yet, and the wrong kind of nothing at that.

02: NO DISSIDENTS LEFT / JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE.

"I am the Monkey Interrupted. The only revolution is reverting to the origin."

From "The Monkey Interrupted: Science for a New Dark Age"

Right here he is, still dizzy from his recent downfall, blasé, broken, boring, skin-deep. Once renowned, now disowned.

But there's more.

Lounging around a trademark triangular table, together with fellow avatars and renegades Joker/Toker the Dream Broker and Fling /Fling the Scarlet Harlot-Sacred Dominatrix Slut, he is rounding his bleusings and coming up short.

Ordinarily you probably wouldn't find such refined personages anywhere near an establishment as base as this, at least not without an elaborate disguise and excuse, but together and in near perfect unison they have finally realized, or at least declared, that culture is dead and, much to their dismay, the ApochaPLEX™ is truly coming. It's hard to know precisely what the condition of culture really is, but concerning the latter their assumption is in fact absolutely, and soon quite painfully, correct.

Around them fluorescent lights and logos blink eerily and cheerily: *Domukdonalds burger bar – The Divine Essence of Eatery*. Just as they notice the innocuous bubblegummy poptrax jingling effervescently over the soundsystem, and before they've had presence of mind to utter even a single word to each other, they are suddenly interrupted by the insistent voice of a bright young mind, probably the voice of someone wearing a pink cut-off t-shirt with the faded logo of some outdated pop cultural effigy:

> **_StuSci**: He-e-ello again, faithful listeners! And welcome back to StuSci's New Age Radio Sticky Sound, brought to you by the faithful folks over at ThirstyCDH. Family. Today's guest is quite a special one indeed. I'm broadcasting here, live! with a bona fide representative of the Faceless Andrian League, on air to present their much anticipated manifest agenda: 'The Monkey Interrupted: Science for a New Dark Age'. So tell me, what is it you are telling us about here? Mister, ey, what should I call you exactly seeing as you're faceless and all?
>
> **Faceless Andrian League Representative (FALR)**: There is no need to call us anything, there is no "I" nor "you", there is only "we". We are the Andrian League, we exist only in unison.
>
> **StuSci**: All right, then, Mr. We-exist-in-only-unison, OK. And exactly how are we to know that you speak for the entire Andrian League? Are you not an individual? What is your role in the organization? Is there even an organization?
>
> **FALR**: You seek to instill doubt where there is none. There is no separation, there is no organization. We are the Multitude split into temporal individual compartments. We speak only as one; one unison voice against the hosts human generis.
>
> **StuSci**: The what? What exactly are you here to speak of? What does this have to do with this book, your manifesto? Besides, there really is only one of you here, there's no "we".
>
> **FALR**: There is always we. We speak of what the ancients would have called hosts human generis: enemy of mankind, the HyperTech conglomerate of the Polyandrian Primacy, feeding us their false sense of sensuality. There is no release for humanity other than reverting to the origin.
>
> **StuSci**: Whose origin? The origin of what? What are you talking about?
>
> **FALR**: The origin of humankind.
>
> **StuSci**: And would you be so kind so as to remind us of this origin?
>
> **FALR**: Don't toy with us. We will not have our time wasted...

Our three figures of interest snap out of the entranching broadcast, distracted enough to say a few words to each other.

"They're just a front you know. Make the dissidents look bad. Damn Andrians probably don't even exist," Joker remarks dryly and with a touch of sharpened wit.

"They do now. It's a faceless multitude, anyone who wants to be a part just has to say so. Don't be such a pessimist. I liked him. Reverting to the origin, that's really funny right there," Fling Fling comments.

"Yeah, so they can be rounded up and re-schooled. Meat for the grinder they are, and stupid meat at that. Why aren't you angry? Aren't you some kind of priestess for those Polyandrians?" Joker replies with a raised voice.

"We're all meat for the grinder, that's the only thing that still might be true. There are no dissidents left and nothing left to dissent against. Any proper protest has been bought off an incorporated a long time ago," Q-Mirh cuts the fledgling conversation off. He's certainly in no mood for politicks, secretly wishing he was still back home in good old Complex, among an innocent group of happy-go-lucky Whatevers, or even The Voluntary Insidem Out, useless as they are. Just people he's never met before and will never meet again. Get wasted, detached, and unthink.

"Wish I never wrote any damn book about anything," he half-thinks, half-mutters. "I can barely hold on to a thought, never mind unthink anything. I'm stuck is what I am."

"No dissidents? Do you even believe what you're saying? We of all people. Anyway, we're all stuck now. And not just us," says Fling Fling with remarkable cheer in her voice, as if its all just another nothing to be conversed about. She's obviously sharper than the others, but neither she nor they seem to recognize it. "And I've never been any kind of priestess, thank you very much. I never asked for that title."

"I like you, Fling Fling, but there's a time and a place. Don't spoil my mood just yet." Q-Mirh doesn't feel up for this kind of presence of mind just now.

"I'll happily spoil the both of you and anyone in the vicinity. This here is gonna blow you away," Joker pulled a packet from his pocket, laid it on the table and carefully unwrapped it.

"Just you wait and see."

ENDNOTES

1 ApochaPLEX™: the Approximate Complex of the Apocalypse Apex Epoch.

2 Let's be friendly with him for now and see where this goes, OK?

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