

9th Plastique Fantastique Communique: Be no PIMP, Be no HOOKER, Be a PARAZITE!

1. Wez iz not pimpz? Wez iz ser-tain-ley not pimpz and we knowz no pimpz. (Wez has never seen a pimp.) We say for the furst and last time: WE HAS NO PIMPZ! Pimps iz for the human - or wohuman - searching for the point. Pimpz – and this be our lim-ee-ted un-derr-stand-in - iz the namez for the buro-crat rapists and pill-a-gers, the blood suck-king phantoms who enslave the living. They iz ghosts of human invention; apparitionz who have no more substance than the fabled 'sexual-relation'. (Wez has never SEEN a sexual-relation! Wez say again: Wez has never SEEN it! Wez do not – as they say – bee-leeve in it!). Listen to uz now. Turn away from your OB-SESS-SHUN with your zo-called PIMPZ! Look instead to the Starbucks Silverbacks (they are THE most powerful and creative beings on your planet). They takez your pleasurez and dreamz and shapez them in order to realize their own pleasurez and dreamz. They iz om-ni-present and their sigils are everywhere; their magik is quite the thing that iz all powerful. But they is not pimpz and they has no need of pimping, for you – yes, my friendz, YOU! - is their part object (their thoughts and dreams) and they is your part object too, around which you car-reer, dance and crystallise. And when we say crys-tal-lise we are not tawkin about a pro-cess that has always bin happenin, but about a pro-cess that will be happenin in a few-turze that you will have called forth no less. And if you follow our train of thought you will KNOW that wez iz saying something VERY im-pour-tant indeed indeed. Something VERY MUR-LAR-KEN!

2. Wez iz not Hookerz? Wez laugh at this idea that wez iz 'hookerz'. Wez not hookers and we knows nose hookers. WE HAS NO HOOKERS! We knowz only the tiny-retractable-hooks-that-covers-uz-bodies. Microscopic-retractable-hooks that growz-belowz our skins. And yourz too!. But wez has no hookerz and we iz not hookerz. WEZ...IZ..PARA-ZITES! And germz-zites! NEW ZITES! Breeding cells! Wez feed off *the what is* to make some thing else. Some-thing of the not-yet-iz. And wez iz not tawkin about reproduction. Wez has no sticky-icky, Bo-Bo, home-grown-valley, milky-way or furzzy-insertion-slot. Wez has no lollipop, Jo-Jo, lube-tube, milk injection canister or furzzy insertion stick. Wez is neither pussy nor dog, (nor knife or fork, nor left or right, nor one or the other). Wez are one. Wez are the one in the many. The riddly-dee. The walker of the dark-est path. The singer of the most – tiresomme – song. The egg-that-has-yet-to-become. When the time is correct – and believe us when we say *it nearly iz* – we will turn yourz hookerz around and about, flip your hooker-reality in, as they say, a poly-morph-us and peeerrr-verse magik-king rite of the yet-to-be. And then we shall see who indeed is laughing. Who indeed indeed. You will look for your hookerz but you will find naught but a burn-ee-ing fire of the what-was. Yes, me intere-st-ed parties, youze will cer-tain-ley not be wanting what it was your were wanting, that is to say, the hookerz of YOUR so-called reality. There will be new ZITES that arrive from no place, no time. New Para-ZITES. A very MUR-LAR-KEN idea as you say, an especially IN-TER-ES-TIN PROPO-SIS-SHUN...For wez iz not pimpz or hookerz- WEZ IS PLASTIQUE PARA-ZITES.

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