

Final Communiqué of the Guerrilla *Plastique Fantastique*: 'On What Must be Done'

Do not do anything. Remain exactly as you are. This is the dead-time, the time of Capital, the time of Entropy.

Art is finished. The future has arrived. We intend returning to our world – a *different* future – where practice is not clogged up with writing, signs, and all this stuff. We intend to create direct from the cosmos, to go beyond this gross so-called 'materialism.' And we intend to take our crystals with us.

We leave you with this final communiqué, the second, and last, manifesto of the now disbanded *Plastique Fantastique*.

1 *Collectivity*. Individualism is a lie. There is nothing other than the multiplicity. We celebrate the pack, the swarm. *Plastique Fantastique* has been the anomaly, the furthest point from within your territory. We have been the lone-wolf that you have, or have not, chosen to enter into alliance with. We have been a friend to some, an enemy to many more. At this stage you either understand or you are consigned to the little-death that you so much fear.

Learn to master the swarm of your being; learn to dance once more

2 *Residuality*. Your present has already been colonised. We call for you to turn to the past as resource: yesterday, but also the pure ontological past of cosmic memory (a cold reptilian time – the time of matter). Located in the gap between action and reaction, it is in this stillness – this frozen place - that genuine creativity arises. You must prise open this space and learn to dwell there. This is your destiny and your only hope.

Refuse careerism, stop pandering to the priests and cops

3 *Futurity*. We affirm, once more, the *future-orientation* of practice. Your banality bores us. We are the traitor prophets that your false prophets have obscured. We are the makers of new rhythms, new refrains. We offer new assemblages, new combinations (what 'is' appals us – you seem capable of producing only more of the same, albeit you

announce continuously its 'newness'). We hereby invoke the audience - the 'missing people' - for our words. We are not producing 'knowledge' (your knowledges are fit only for the bureaucrats that so many of you have become). If you understand us then we have failed.

There is not, and never has been, anything to understand

4 *Fabulations*. You must produce new fictions for future probeheads. The old stories are fit only for the metrosexuals and other custodians of your so-called new world order (your messiahs with their 'good news' make us shriek with laughter). We have given you the general contours of this future place – it is up to you to become world builders once more.

There are no 'happy endings'; refuse the logic of the fictions you have been told; invent new names for yourselves

5 *Technology*. We affirm the use of technology. Machines are your only hope. You must *become* machine (and ask the animals for their forgiveness). And when we talk of technology we are not referring to your petty, clumsy media that operates like a wind-up toy, but to the endlessly creative and constructive character of the cosmos. You have become trapped by your stupid humanity. You have become blind to the very forces everywhere at your disposal.

Your subject/object split is the symptom and cause of your petty fears; live against it

6 *Aesthetics*. We are aesthetic. We are disinterested in your world. We are dismissive of your 'art.' We do not recognise your concerns as concerns, we do recognise your issues as issues. There was a time when your own practices began moving towards an engagement with our own concerns – but, terrified, you have shrunk back to the endless representation of familiar form. If, for one moment, you were faced with the genuinely new you would kill it.

Your work now is one of preparation; you must build platforms anticipating our return and your own transformation

7 *Authenticity*. There is no other word – in your language – for it. Let us be as clear as we can: you must accept and affirm yourselves as you are. The sharp end of technological development holds no interest for us. We affirm the new Luddites, and believe us when we say they are *on the way*. We affirm the refusal to work and the refusal of what you call ‘leisure.’ We affirm the new vacuoles of non-communication that allow us, once more, to breathe.

Remove all prosthesis; refuse ‘communication’

8 *Dissent*. Your new pope disgusts us. Refusing typical coordination points we have created ourselves – and suggest you do the same. Dissent for us is a mode of life – we cannot help but dissent from what you offer us. But let us be direct: this does not mean a refusal of the logics of your so-called ‘Capital.’ You must attend to the logics of creation and invention inherent in this parasitical formation. You need more expression, not less. Affirm the redundancies, the dead-ends produced by your axiomatic systems; non-productive on one level, they are super productive on others yet to come.

Only by desertion will you begin to understand our operating logics

9. *Eternity*. We deploy the eternal against time. You will only know the ecstasy that we have been expressions of once you put down your petty human egos. You will only understand our message once you have moved beyond yourselves. This is a careful and constructive programme: no one can access the eternal when they are trapped by the dictates of fashion.

It is not space, but time, that marks the new battleground. You must find new weapons and new allies

Plastique Fantastique was only the beginning. You have been warned.