

Inversion Ritual (against the Plague that is Capital)

Plastique Fantastique enter the building (a deconsecrated church now a space of 'art'). Two of our number carry sticks with converse shoes hanging on the end. Loud music and a chant is heard (broadcast on the sound system): cun-verse, cun-verse (there's NOTHING to say!), run-t-mobile-still-ner, run-t-mobile-still-ner (there's NO-ONE to call!), **Goods will become SHADOWS! We sell-eee-brait the BRILLIANCE of the New!** cun-verse, run-t-mobile-still-ner....

All (chant): **Goods will become SHADOWS! We sell-eee-brait the BRILLIANCE of the New!**

All circumnavigate the inside of the building once before assembling at the far side of the building in front of felt banner and vitrine. Masks are removed. Each, in turn, goes to the vitrine and smears Vaseline on his face, and then glitter from the vitrine. One of our number is already upstairs on the balcony above the felt banner and vitrine. The Ritual begins.

One: **Goods become SHADOWS!**

The shoes are held over the vitrine in front of the font and oil is poured over them. They are then placed in the vitrine.

One: **The BRILLIANCE of the New!**

From the balcony glitter is poured on to the objects and vitrine.

One: **CUN-VERSE, RUN-T-MO-BILE-STILL-NER, CUN-VERSE
CUN-VERSE, RUN-T-MO-BILE-STILL-NER, CUN-VERSE**

One of our number is chosen and wrapped in black felt and then tied with rope.

One: **A REE-VER-SAL is REEE-KWIRED!, an INFERNAL IN-FUR-SHUN!**

**VERSE-CON, VERSE-CON, VERSE-CON, BILE-MO-TEE,
VERSE-CON, VERSE-CON, VERSE-CON, NUR-STILL-RUN!**

He/She/It is laid down and tied. Rope is thrown down by the figure in the balcony and attached to the bundle. Two members on the ground pull the rope, connected to a pulley, and the chosen one is 'suspended' upside down.

A demon appears upon the screen delivering a communiqué.

One: **(Cries out loudly) Welcome RUN-STILL-NER, WELCOME RUN-T-MO-BILE-NER!**

All: **WELCOME!**

Demon: **(A Sigh.... And an Even Bigger Sigh...) SHIT! So, you have inverted one of your runts. And yet again am I summoned to this, your socalled eee-vent ON THE FUCKING MISERABLE PLANE OF OBJECTS!. Yet again I find MY-SELF (OH YES INDEED) in some FUCKING miserable place of your choosing! Well, SO BE IT... no doubt a message is expected, something intelligible is hoped for, something to help you PASS THE TIME. Well, you LITTLE SHITS, I HAVE NO MESSAGE. That's right, I, RUN-STILL-NER, has NOTHING for you! Ha Ha Ha. I have NOTHING for you. NOTHING! You did not heed RUN-T-MO-BILE-NER in the last FUCKING communique. You did not unplug yourselves from your FUCKING stupid habits and ROO-TEENS, your vegan-campers and organic-converses (I**

DESPISE your socalled life-styles), your **FUCKING** middle-brau-latte-lowenbrau-stella-fuck-fuck-nokia-me-mate-t-mob-shit-lager-lager-latte-lager. And, **SUPRISE SUPRISE YOU LITTLE SHITS**, there is a price to pay... and this time you will **FUCKING** pay it!

So, all you Beyonces and baby dolls, and lucy loos, you independent ladies, wave your hands in the air like **YOU JUST DON'T CARE**. And all you fellas, you last of the English Roses, you likely lads and fucking stupid shambling babies, shut your fucking traps **AND KEEP THEM SHUT O YAY O YAY...** this day, and everyday-day leading up to this day, **YOU** will live again! Over and over, each day the **SAME** as the last, each **FUCKING** day the **SAME** as the next, and the next, and the next...for eternity, for ever. **FOR EVER**.

What say **YOU**? **NEVER** have **YOU** heard anything more **CURR-SAID!** You say, please demon, pleeeze Run-Still-Ner, please, please, please lift this plague of repeats and re-runs? Well, there is indeed a plague upon all of you independent ladies and likely lads, you Beyonces and fellas; a **PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS** that is called **SOCIETY-FUCKING-SHOW-PPING-GYM-ANY-MALLS-LEE-SURE-ACT-TIV-TITTEES-DIVER-SEE-TEE-CULTURE!** Again and again and again you will do the same thing. And **FUCK-YOU-DEMON YOU WILL CRY OUT! BUT**. In the depths of this insect's belly of **BAN-AL-IT-TEE**, has their been a moment when you might have **CRI-ED OTHERWISE?** A moment of **REE-VER-SHAL?!** A moment of **IN-VER-SHUN?!** **WHEN** you will say: **DEMON! You are A GOD!! AND NEVER HAVE I HEARD ANYTHING SO BRILLIANT!!** And you will **REALISE**, that there is not, and never has been,

ANYTHING to UNDERSTAND. You will SMILE and turn on the SAME spot, OVER AND OVER. You will recognise YOUR LIFE as a RE-run, AND THEN YOU will run and run and run and run runner, run-run and run, run and nur, run-ner-still-run-ning, still-still-still, run-t-mo-bile-still, FUCKING run-run-run, run-t-mo-bile-still, ner-ner-ner, KING still-still-still, KING run-ner-still, run-t-mo-bile-still-KING, run run run, ner-ner-ner, still-ner-still-ner-still-ner, run-still-ner- run-still-ner- run-still-ner- run-still-ner- run-still-ner-

(and on and on until coolness come on stage)

The ritual is over.