

Sub-sub title:

The Phenomenology of Spirit

Or

Gz up Hoes Down

How to Be a Motherfucking Pimp: The Life and Times of Dazzle Razzle, Pimp Extraordinaire Copyright © 2015, by the legal representation of Dazzle Razzle.

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*Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and from the intolerant,
Move among the lovers of perfection alone.
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
And take your wounds from it gladly.*

www.DazzleRazzle.com

*Ich soll nur der Spiegel sein, in welchem mein Leser
ein eigenes Denken mit allen seinen Unförmigkeiten
sieht, und mit dieser Hilfe zurecht richten kann*
--Wittgenstein

This isn't real sex. This is isn't real life.
This isn't really isn't anything I think I like
--Danzig

I'll catch the conscience of the King
--Hamlet

I just fuck the pussy. Then I just throw it out.
It ain't shit. The bitches be acting like its gold
--Son Doobie

Dedicated to Ice-T.
The real mack and O.G.

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Editorial Note

A first time reader would do well to go back and look at the table of contents. If you are interested in drugs, look at the pre-pimpology chapters. If you are interest in how to be a pimp, than it might be the pimpology chapters. If you are interested in financial issues, look at the econopimpic chapters, for the ontological basis for mathematical objects, see 'patapimpics. &c., &c. Wherever you start, you will notice the text is not stationary. Good luck.

Acknowledgments/Confessions

I cannot bring a world quite round,
Although I patch it as I can.

I sing a hero's head, large eye
And bearded bronze, but not a man,

Although I patch him as I can
And reach through him almost to man.

If to serenade almost to man
Is to miss, by that, things as they are,

Say it is the serenade
Of a man that plays a blue guitar.

The past is murky, but that's usually not much of an improvement on the present. St. Augustine concluded this. How is the present measured from the past and future? Both only impinge on the present, making it a graveyard of both. But the present is all we have. This makes it an ethical space. Indeed, for Augustine the present had extension. The temporal mind is in time, as the Divine mind is outside, but perhaps participating in the outside and so partaking of the eternal as well. It is an implication of paradox. The outside of time acts on the inside of time as extension in the present. By a stretch, this could make the mind extension. Dazzle Razzle sympathized with much of this, but he would argue that the eternal is the death at the center. The death flung both forward and backward, but truly falling inward on the present. In extension, in mind. *Totentanz*. Fittingly, Dazzle Razzle now exists purely as extension: a collection of paper, recordings, and artifacts. But his is also the minds of those past to be made present and future, to be held in the present and future. Liberating for mankind, but a dubious affair for scholarship, a great debt must be acknowledged, so this is a shout-out to those that tried to help, in some way or another, "To nail his thought across the door."

Betty (RIP), Cleo, Daddy Diamond, Caesar Slick, Pop Pontius/Pop the Pilot, A Sharp, The Choir Boyz, Duffy Diablo (RIP), Bankroll (RIP), Lizzie (RIP), the whole Spider Fourz crew (now especially, but of then The Family and Glamor Boyz in particular), Flenser the Fat Male Stripper, Tricky Ricky (RIP), Tommy the Motherfucking Autist, Angel, Sheba, Gringnr for whose pelt is the first Dazzlean relic, 'Tuskegee' Sharky (RIP), Ricky T-Rex, Lagan the Impervious Floater and The Ecumenical Satrap who would both in turn like to thank all those at the burgeoning Center for Dazzlean Studies, Zorba the Greek, Kaptin, Satin for being a scandalous ho, Riboflavin Richard the Rib Eye for many a cultured evening, Franky the Forniphile, Nolitea 'Dmittere the Nymphet Re-Pucelator who is always up for it, Renee the Paralegal, Emily Post, Hermes Trismegistus, Rigid Rita the Osteopath, Lucy the Lactator, The Gangster-Communist-Computer God for taking time out of his busy schedule, Shela 'Man Hands' the Shemale, Cheryl the Shill, Knuckle Duster the Kniggro who had no reason to cooperate, same goes out to Peter the Procurer (big up your

chest!), Frau 'Disco Fever' Troffea, Hairy Long Nipples the Squaw, Shaun the Shocker, Loverboy Louie, Ponderosa the Free Range Pig-Ho for encouraging abstract thought in a world in which it seemed all but dead, Pop and the crew from Shaved and Sterilized, Norman the Necrophile for coming out of hiding in order to set the record straight, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah just for being there, Paul Atreides for his assistance with the pepper sauce and the procurement of the necessary spice, the stooges at Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared (especially Nikola 'The Patsy' Dziadyk, Ex-Russian Mafia accountant), Kinky Chi and the theosophist posse, the kitchen staff at The Limp Noodle and custodians of the Shadow Kowloon Walled City, Timothy Leary for not trippin' out, NAMBLA, Dykes on Bykes, Skary Spike (RIP), Pastor James "Jim the Jink" McMaster (RIP), Nikah Mut'ah the Shiite Transient for her heterodoxy, Tegan the Sarachotic Jasper for her liberal views, Bonobo the Simian, Big Rig the Fat Pig (RIP), Livia the Biscuit Limper (RIP), Triple Cherry the Casino Whore (RIP), Taco Grande the Mesoamerican (RIP), The Horse-Faced Lesbian (RIP), Spikenard the Punk Ho (RIP), everyone at The Hairy Crack who was old enough to know, big thanks to the veterans of The Cow Door, and also those not deported and who cooperated from the The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal, and the whole Dazzlean massive.

To anyone we've missed: X amount of respect.

Preface

The following is an account of Dazzle Razzle, but a brief word of caution is required. Herein are detailed accounts of how to pimp, amongst scenes of horrific violence and all kinds of other unpleasant shit.

Despair all ye who enter here.

Dazzle Razzle is a pimp, pataphysician, and psychotic. He is currently incarcerated and under psychiatric observation. What is presented here is a collection and rendering of both his writings and recordings. It has been the combined labor of this editorial team to put the fragments together so that the wondrous workings of Dazzle Razzle's mind can be made public. Because of this effort to remain true to the sources, and honoring the wishes of Dazzle Razzle himself, as far as they can be fathomed, the narrative has been built in a peculiar way that reflects the development of his thought process. In this spirit, an attempt has been made to represent paragraphing and sentence structure as idiosyncratic and indicative of Dazzle Razzle as possible, while the use of pimnotes¹ attest to the profoundly composite nature of this account. Resultantly, the text itself is effectively psychotic. There is a lot at work, so fingers must be watched for there are moving parts.

Earlier narrative is disarmingly simple, almost puerile as though a tale told by an idiot. To dismiss it as such is inviting, but would perhaps be a grave oversight. The narrative builds from events of his life and practice to his instruction and reflection. Dazzle Razzle was a paranoid system builder. His systems of pimping become increasingly baroque, while there is an ongoing evolution in terminology and conceptual sophistication. Although this progresses in movements, it becomes almost frenetic and can be disorienting. Forbearance is required. Despite this, many may read, but few will understand.

The gauntlet is there to be picked up.

¹ This is a footnote. That is recursive. But it is actually a pimnote. There will be more pimnotes. They are diverse and can be confusing. It is like calling A Pimp Named Slickback by Slickback. Recursion. In fact, pimnotes and pimptext(s) should be read together, reflexively. Many are frivolous, more essential. This is Dazzle Razzle to the letter. "Like A Tribe Called Quest, you say the whole thing."

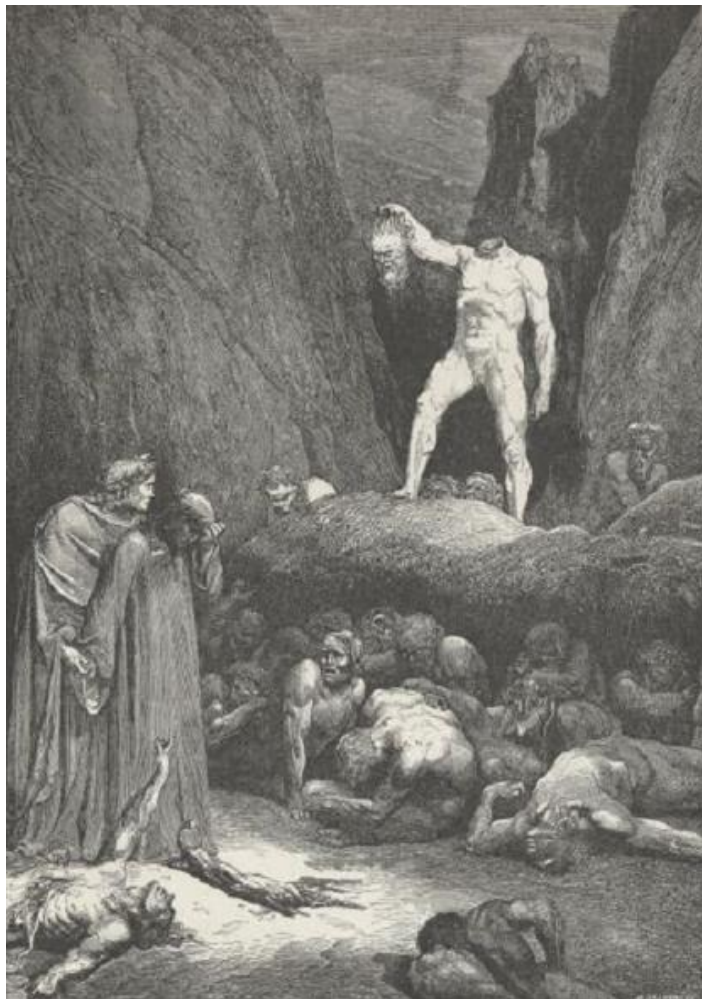
Fair is Foul

Dante Alighieri put this man in hell for that he was a stirrer-up of strife.

Eccovi!

Judge ye!

Have I dug him up again?



Bertrand de Born. Eighth Circle of Hell, Bolgia Nine.

Srid pa'i bar do

Introduction

Life's a Bitch. You've heard that. Work's a bitch. You know that. The people you don't like are bitches. Your enemies are definitely bitches. Bitches are bitches.² It's a bitch if you don't have a bitch. If you do, the bitch is probably a real bitch anyway. If you wanna bitch about that, then it's because you're a fucking bitch. Ya? Well, fuck you too and stop being a bitch.

And that's the trick. What? You ask. The answer is easy. Don't be a bitch. How? That's the hard part. Everyone is a bitch. Man, woman, and child; fish, flesh, and fowl. Man lives in a fallen state of bitchness. Some bitches are bigger bitches than others, and some bitches allow themselves more or less to be the bitches of other bitches, but they're still all a bunch of bitches. That's lesson number one.

Lesson number two is the tricky part. Not only do you have to recognise others as the bitches that they invariably are, but you need to make her, him, it, them into your bitches. This is different than above and makes a world of difference. To not be a bitch you have to make others bitches, which is something significantly different from just letting them be the bitches that they are on their own anyway. This is the only thing that can make you not a bitch. However, not being a bitch is tricky.

You might ask, What the fuck are you talking about? You might sense that there is supposed to be something weighty here, something that someone feels merits a treatise, but what is going on here besides some vague notion of being a bitch and not being a bitch? That, my friend and reader, is the generative act of the world created.

Look at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. There you will see God pointing at a limp-wristed Adam and saying, You are my bitch, so recognize. And he does, and you do too. All of a sudden the rest of the ceiling floods into perspective. Now you have all kinds of bitches, and now they and their relations make sense. There is not just one bitch being Adam, but bitches become present in their multitude and, most importantly, one non-bitch. This anchors the ceiling's narrative. If God didn't make Adam his bitch, there would be no recognition. The bitches would come and go and no one would be talking about Michelangelo. It is the arrival of the non-bitch that is truly meaningful, but this analogy can only take us so far. Let's look at the implications in our real world of bitches and to what it means for a bitch to make himself a non-bitch by making a bitch a bitch.

This is what it means. From nothing you have something. Or, rather, from something now you have something and nothing.³ This is the basic relation of bitch to non-bitch. Before that there was nothing to consider. From a world of largely undifferentiated bitches, the arrival of the non-bitch is something truly remarkable. There is still a world of bitches, but then there are

² This is our first challenge in identity relations.

³ As Poe said, "Because Nothing was, therefore All Things are."

those that you have made your bitches. So we have you, the non-bitch,⁴ your bitches and other bitches. That's what makes a pimp. A pimp becomes a pimp when he makes a bitch a *bitch*, or what we should now really just call hoes. In this way a pimp is an alchemist. He transmutes base metals. By making a ho he makes both himself and the ho all in one magical act, whereas before there were only bitches, himself included, and this is an almost meaningless situation. Now we have a pimp, his hoes, and a world full of bitches, which are really just bitches-yet-to-be-made-into-hoes.⁵ Much is the same, although, you will note, it is also fundamentally different. The pimp assumes his place in a flash of real subjectivity, the flash of *causa sui*. This is the new beautiful world of the pimp-creator. It is his job to keep creating by making bitches hoes, by making lead gold.

Starting to make sense? Well, that's only the basic idea. Read on and I'll tell you how I became a pimp, domineered bitches, and made and ran hoes. I'll also tell you how you can too. So now is the time for you to stop being a bitch.⁶

⁴ Appreciate the apposition, because everything won't be so apposite.

⁵ Conversely, this means there are bitches-yet-to-be-made pimps as well. The truth is that being a bitch is a fluctuating state of potentiality. That's why Dr. Dre was not technically correct when he said, "Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks." However, to paraphrase the Gershwins, You say /tə'meɪtʊz/ and I say /tə'mɑ:tʊz/.

⁶ Nobody wants to be a bitch. As Sweet Jones said about the haters, "Square-ass Niggers will try to put shame inside you. Ain't one of 'em wouldn't suck a mule's ass to pimp. They can't because a square ain't nothing but a pussy. He lets a square bitch pimp on him."

An(n)us Mirabilis

A pimp is a real son of a bitch.⁷ You hear it all the time and nothing could be truer. A pimp comes out of his mom, but he also comes out of himself. Remember, he makes himself and everything begins with a bitch and then multiplies. So how did I learn this profound truth and what are the implications? The answer is in the reading. There are chapters here on theory, praxis, and lessons that you can learn though the story of my life.⁸ The theory is universal, the praxis is of course practical, and the biographical will reveal realms of pimping not fathomed before. The trick is to read through and glean what you will for yourself.⁹ You can read some, none or all.¹⁰ I don't care.¹¹ Just don't be a bitch. Buy Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. If there is a caveat, perhaps that is it.¹²

Now, to begin.¹³

Longtemps, je me suis couché de bonne heure. That's because I was often scared. *Parfois, à peine ma bougie éteinte, mes yeux se fermaient si vite que je n'avais pas le temps de me dire, Je m'endors. Et, une demi-heure après, la pensée qu'il était temps de chercher le sommeil m'éveillait.* Either that or the thought that the candle had toppled over, onto my bed, where I could only reproach the man in my dream, the man that I took for my father, for his negligence. Father, can't you see that I'm burning? I'd awaken in a feverish sweat. In many ways, that's all I really remember.

⁷ Maybe even an asshole.

⁸ Dazzle Razzle *à rebours*.

⁹ On the evidence of this, it would appear that Dazzle Razzle always had in mind some kind of biography. Perhaps even something creepier. Written on the back of many match packs were the following words.

Closer yet I approach you,
What thought you have of me now, I had as much of you—I laid in my stores in advance,
I consider'd long and seriously of you before you were born.

Who was to know what should come home to me?
Who knows but I am enjoying this?
Who knows, for all the distance, but I am as good as looking at you now, for all you cannot see me?

¹⁰ I wonder if anyone has ever thought about things in terms of poo-bella-fic(a)tion/*poubellification*.

¹¹ Since it only exists in electronic forms, we challenge you to download it, convert it into a rewritable document and edit, add, delete whatever you like. You will just be at another remove, but this will only make sense if you read *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. After all, this document might change at source and leave what you're reading dated, kind of like the excerpt on the website. In fact, it will. This book will continue to change as more of Dazzle Razzle is unearthed. This is the charm of mutability. Substance versus accident? This is another quick tip in alchemy. There will be more.

¹² Oh, and the initial Ponzi scheme and The Pork Metropolis. You'll understand later.

¹³ It was never easy for me. I was born a poor black child. I remember the days...

It's funny that I can't say much about my childhood, just the sleeping and awakening. The truth is that I knew nothing of my father. As for a mom, I can only assume that I had one.¹⁴ I was placed in a foster home. Rather, I was placed in many. To me the details are irrelevant except for a long stay I had in one in particular.

Mostly I remember a woman.¹⁵ I can't rightly remember her face, but she was a slatternly middle-aged woman. She shouted at me when I used to suck my thumb, something it seems that I did a lot. In these moments she would often produce a breast and force me to suck on it instead. There would be a smothering blackness and, as a boy of six or seven, I was frightened of her. I always remember her in a shapeless frock. Sometimes, instead of her breast, she'd lift the hemline to her waist revealing an unpleasant clot of hair. She'd put her hand to it, and place a wetness on my lips, forcing her finger into my mouth. It was vile and I must always have cried.¹⁶ If I didn't stop, I received a slap. There was a lot of crying.

Sometimes there was a man. All I remember is that he had glittering diamond rings on his hand. When he was present the woman behaved entirely different. She was submissive. He was violent. I remember his big voice booming through the house. I was frightened of him when he was around, though I felt safe within his presence. If he caught me sucking my thumb, he would slap me, pull my hand away, roll it into a fist, and tell me to be a man. If he slapped me, he slapped the woman much more. I always remember the flash of his ringed hand in motion.

I'm not sure when I left this house. They must have seen me as an easy way of getting money from the State. When the abuse became apparent through my school, I was moved to another home. I changed homes a couple more times, but finally when I was eleven or twelve, I was adopted by a family. From then on life was good. However, at eighteen everything changed again. I met the next woman that would have a serious effect on me. Lizzie. I made the mistake of falling in love with her. This is when I was still just a bitch, and this is in many ways the beginning of my journey. To understand how I became a pimp, let me take you with me back to high school when I became known as Trippple Beam.

¹⁴ At the end of the book, during my trial, this point will be greatly clarified.

¹⁵ She was an asshole. Technically an *anus*, but this is a challenge of temporality that will only start making sense in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

¹⁶ In our idiom this is called being Georgiaed.

Thug Life

Back in the day I thought of Bankroll as my main man. It didn't start like that though. He was older than me and I looked up to him. He used to slang dope on the corner, and that's how I met him. I used to roll up for little baggies and petty shit like that. I never had any real cash. During high school I worked part-time in fast-food, like a punk.¹⁷ I only ever rolled with chump change, so the day when I asked him to cut me a deal on a measly pinch because I didn't have enough money, he looked at me and told me to suck his dick. I told him I was sceptical as to whether in fact he indeed had a dick. That was it. He tried a right cross on me. I moved and squared him in the balls with my fist. Everything I did was both instinctive and stupid. Knowing that I was already in far too deep, and that he was gonna come gunning for me anyway, I concluded that I may as well stand tall while I still could. Who's the bitch now, I shouted through clenched teeth, as I socked him in the face. He hit the deck, and I quickly went into his coat pockets. Grabbing the baggies that I knew were in there, I kicked him in the head for good measure, and got the fuck outta there. You just got jooked,¹⁸ sucka.

When I got home I knew I was in for it. Bankroll was no pussy. After all, as I was leaving him doubled over with his stash in my hand, I had shouted back, Bitch, you just got rolled over like a trick. Not only was he not going to like that, it was now a question of his reputation. He hung out with a crew of mean bastards called the Spider Fourz.¹⁹ I thought about this the whole week I skipped school and snorted and smoked his shit.²⁰ I got more and more paranoid knowing that he was not going to stop until he fucked me up, so I called my old friend Kaptin for a survey of the field.

To avoid reciting a speech, I can paraphrase Kaptin in the following. Bankroll and his boys were looking for me and asking a lot of kids from school questions. He was also getting pretty rough with some of our friends. The longer he didn't find me, the more pissed off he was going to get. He is a son of a bitch, but the one you really want to look out for is Duffy Diablo, the leader of the Spider Fourz. If you pissed him off, it's over.

¹⁷ KFC. If you work there for over a week you come to realize that it has a lot of similarities with sterilized pus. Besides, I used to jerk off on the batter. Now if you don't know what KFC is, it stands for Kentucky Fried Chicken and it forms part of an unholy alliance with Pizza Hut and Taco Bell under the Yum! Brands umbrella. Considered alongside McDonalds and Burger King, I call all this shit ghetto kryptonite. Malcolm X knew about black economics and the community. Soul food, brother. Buy Wendy's though. Shit be bangin'. Try the chili.

¹⁸ *Editorial note* You should know jooked, but if not, check out Big L's *Ebonics* for a good gloss. A bit of street. Stay tuned for the pimp 411.

¹⁹ So called because they saw themselves as a force (fourz). It started with an original crew of four members. However, this core began to expand and breakoff. The result was the proliferation of Fourz. As each new Fourz was formed, the rule was that it would have four key members. Collectively, these Fourz were loosely unified under the name Spider Fourz. Local autonomy was exercised, but as you will see, a central sense of authority was felt that might not be perceptible to an outsider. It is not a platitude to say that people fail to see the forest for the trees. Indeed, As Vordul Mega said, "Melanin, mahogany, black boys feed face arachnoid. Eight arms working short circuit manufactured, crack melted, slinging shotguns through the mouth of cracked helmets." Got it?

²⁰ As Krazy Drazy said, "turn the heat up and smiggedy smoke all the weed up".

I guessed as much. Duffy Diablo, no problem, I should be able to tactically avoid him, but Bankroll was my main problem. He was older and finished with school, but he was at a lot of the parties and you would often see him around. So, I concluded, fuck it. I'm going to go step up to him and we'll see how this goes. I knew it wasn't going to end well, but the longer I stayed hiding, the more likely it was that I'd bring the consequence down not only on myself, but possibly my friends and family.

I found him on his usual corner, but he wasn't alone. I remember it was muggy and there was a gray sky, but everything was cool and clear to me. I felt no fear, only a sense of purpose. In my front pocket I had something like a hundred dollars from shit I stole and pawned from home. I'd offer it to him, but I knew that this was no longer the issue. Around the back I had a steak knife tucked into my pants. The way I saw it, if this all goes south, I'll have to take my chances and try to maybe stick him in the gut before he gets me. Maybe I was thinking that would scare the Spider Fourz off.²¹ Looking back, I don't know what was actually going through my mind, but I remember being supremely confident.²²

I was about fifty paces away when he saw me coming.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

I remember him saying, in half disbelief that I had turned up again on his corner. Here I was strolling up, no, swaggering up to him and his boys. They stood still and waited until I stopped right in front of Bankroll. All I remember is that I must have said something and held out the money. He slapped it out of my hand. I must have saw red. I went for his neck. I had him by the throat and, as we went down together, I tried to protect myself as best as possible, but I made sure I kept my hold. The Spider Fourz were on me like ugly on an ape. They dished it out, but it was going to take a serious beating before they could get me off of Bankroll.²³

Once the fight was out of me, they hauled me back up and pinned me against the wall. As they were getting me up, Duffy Diablo saw my steak knife and took it. When Bankroll finally got back to his feet, Duffy Diablo handed him the knife. He put it against my nuts and, when he had his breath back, he asked me to give him one reason why he shouldn't cut my cock off. I must have been quite a sight. I could see that my blood was all over the place, but I was unphazed. I said, Listen here bitch. I can only *give* you a reason to cut me, because if you don't, I'm going to come after you, and next time I won't come by when you're all huddled up like a bunch of

²¹ As Carl von Clausewitz said, "It is even better to act quickly and err than to hesitate until the time of action is past." In this case he was wrong. But, as Daddy Kane said, "Ain't no half steppin."

²² If it had borne any similarity to the Battle of Milvan Bridge, it would have been an *in hoc signo vinces* moment. It didn't. It was just the certitude of grace, or perhaps fated action, to whose ends are shrouded in mystery.

²³ As Henry Hill said, "Every once in a while I'd have to take a beating. But by then, I didn't care. The way I saw it, everybody takes a beating sometime." I've taken a couple.

faggots eyeing me up for a gangbang.²⁴ I'll find each one of you mark-ass bitches on your own, and I'm going to kill each and every one of you.

I must have made some kind of impression because somehow the script got flipped. I think Bankroll was going to cut me, but Duffy Diablo was laughing. He told Bankroll to let me go. After he punched me again in the stomach, he reluctantly did so, and I slumped to the floor.²⁵ And like that they left me there in a heap amongst the garbage, divided, serenely considering myself with a new sense of detachment. I could hear their laughter and footsteps become muffled as they turned and walked away, finished in purpose.

But before they did, Duffy Diablo turned around and told me that if he ever sees my fucking face again, he will put his fist through it. He said that today I should count myself lucky that I put him in a good mood. Next time, he said, I was dead. Duffy Diablo might have been a mean bastard, but he was no son of a bitch.²⁶

A transformation was beginning.²⁷

²⁴ This was actually not just an idle insult, and it puts a spin on gangbangin'. You see, prison life had taken its toll on the sexuality of a number of the Spider Fourz. Granting this, there is still even more to the backstory. See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

²⁵ It was an odd moment where I could see myself looking down upon me, feeling like a banana that has slipped its skin.

²⁶ Not technically anyway. Again, see *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

²⁷ In the *Nicomachean Ethics* Aristotle said, μία χελιδὼν ἔαρ οὐ ποιεῖ [One swallow does not a spring make]. Indeed, but the potential of the oak is in the acorn, and the Spider Fourz were to water it. This is why *Physics* should take priority. *Τύχη*. Or, perhaps, *Metaphysics*, to a similar effect, if we really want to consider causality. After all, this can be seen as an efficient cause and superficial of the fourfold, which is not Aristotelian. I would only realize this when I came to an understanding of the cosmic ordering, but this stands in sharp relief as its mysticism is more akin to Plato's *Timaeus*. With some elbow grease, this will be clear later.

The Making of Trippple Beam

Just my luck, it must have been a couple of weeks later that I ran into Duffy Diablo rounding a corner in a different neighborhood. This was the reality of the Spider Fourz. I remember thinking that this was it, he was going to kill me. I stood my ground just waiting for it to come. He started laughing again. I like you young blood, he said. You've got character. You're not a pussy like half the other bitches out there.

Just then, Bankroll turned the corner as well and stopped. He stood there and his surprise turned into clenched fists, while Duffy Diablo just kept on laughing. Bankroll had a scowl etched across his face, and his hand went to his waistband where I could see the grip of a piece. He started walking toward me and I started to think about saying some prayers. But then, to my surprise, Duffy Diablo told him to quit it. For a moment I thought he wasn't going to listen, and that I was dead, but Bankroll stood down.

To my complete shock Duffy Diablo said it's all buried. He said that he liked my style and that he was going to give me a chance to come good in his books. Remember, he said. There are only two things you need in life. Your money and your balls. You've got one, but not the other. It's time to step up. It is only when you do that you'll realize that they are both one and the same.

Now, I swear, at that moment I saw a ray of heavenly light illuminate the scene. A profound truth had just been imparted and I was left stunned by its beautiful, pure simplicity. Duffy Diablo had revealed the obvious, but the obvious is not always clearly seen for what it is.²⁸ He had pointed out a path. That was for the future. Right now he had also offered me a chance.

Pretty soon I wasn't the only one surprised as he told me that the way I was going to come good with him was under Bankroll's wings. Not only that, but I was to hang with Bankroll's Spiders, the Glamor Boyz.²⁹ Then Bankroll's grimace took on even more expression. For a moment it looked like he was going to argue with Duffy Diablo, but then he twisted his face into a horrible smile. Me and you, brother, we're gonna be real tight, he told me. I didn't believe him then, but the funny thing is that after a while I actually thought we were tight. Real tight.³⁰ I thought we were brothers. How both wrong and right I really was.

²⁸ As the little prince said, "What is essential is invisible to the eye."

²⁹ Like many a name it began in irony. The Glamor Boyz thought that they were real players and, consequently, the name was given to them as an insult. Later they came to embrace it and turned it into something fearsome.

³⁰ Like Mos Def said about himself and Talib Kweli, I thought Bankroll and I were "close like Bethlehem and Nazareth."

Cooking Crack with the Baking Soda Method (Pre-Pimpology)

And with that, I started running drugs. All kinds of shit. Weed, smersh,³¹ but mostly I sold crack. Now, if Biggie Smalls can give you the Ten Crack Commandments, I can one-up that. Besides, he's dead. These are the ten ordered steps on how to make crack. The production of crack is another alchemic relation,³² just less pure than pimpin'. There are other ways in which you can do it, but this book is meant to be primarily about pimping, not the production of crack. Nevertheless, I'm going to throw you a bone, so here's a primer.

1. Get your coke. The better the coke the better the crack. However, the better the coke, the better you just put it up your nose. Use mid-quality coke for crack. It is better. It is the impurities in the coke that you actually hear popping or crackling when you smoke it and likely give it its namesake. The other way to make a coke freebase is to use ether or ammonia,³³ but this will give you a purer form of cocaine hydrochloride. Careful with the ether, it is both volatile and flammable.³⁴ Either way, what you are doing is freeing the cocaine alkaloid from the hydrochloride so that it is smokable, but let's stick to crack as our freebase.
2. Measure out a 4:1 or even 3:1 ratio of coke to baking soda.³⁵ It depends on the quality of your coke and the desired quality of your product.
3. Put this shit into a beaker and add just enough distilled water to cover the mixture. Make sure you don't overdo it, or your crack won't harden properly. Now swirl this around until it is a solution.
4. Cook. For me the best way to do this is to take a cotton ball soaked in rubbing alcohol. This is a long lasting, efficient burner that achieves a stable temperature. Put this in a stainless steel mixing bowl and ignite. The beauty of this method is that you aren't relying on much. You could be cooking crack in a forest or the back of a bus. You needn't to be at home and you need little by way of apparatus.
5. Hold the beaker with the solution over the flame. Wait for it to boil. Don't let it overcook. You will lose valuable crack vapors and, when it reaches around 90 °C, it will burn.

³¹ Like Big Lurch, "You fucking around with some niggas that's high off of formaldehyde." Don't. Like him, they might cannibalize you. I'll tell you how to make it later though. Wink, wink.

³² Not the crack, the money.

³³ On a terminological note, freebase as a noun means the pure form of an anime. Freebasing the verb is when you smoke this shit. The distinction should be maintained.

³⁴ The real word here is inflammable. However, as Strunk pointed out many-a-year ago, one should use flammable when concerned about the safety of children and illiterates. Either may be the case here.

³⁵ Doesn't have to be baking soda, but could be ammonium bicarbonate or ammonium carbonate, doesn't really matter. Either way, the wisdom of the ages is on your side in terms of ratios. Agamemnon, Ganymede, *etc.*, *etc.* would do the same with wine to water. All these niggas went 3:1, except for maybe Dionysus who'd probably go 1:0. That's gangsta. But, "Christ follows Dionysus,/ Phallic and ambrosial." J.C. went 0:1 to get 100% wine, but he's the man. Crack is all J.C. because they're both hella dope.

6. Once it boils, remove it from the flame. Do this over again a couple times. What you will notice are 'crack bubbles' in a now viscous solution.
7. Add some more distilled water 6 or 7mm above the crack bubbles. Continue to heat, although you do not need for it to come to a boil. Keep swirling the beaker.
8. You will see an oily yellow amassment. This is the good shit. Keep swirling and it will begin to solidify. What you have achieved is this, $\text{Coc-H+Cl-} + \text{NaHCO}_3 \rightarrow \text{Coc} + \text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{CO}_2 + \text{NaCl}$.
9. Now you're going to collect the precipitate. You can let it cool and collect the rocks, or you can extract it with a sterile metal object such as a knife. Introducing the object will allow for the crack to gather, climb and solidify. Chop it up accordingly.³⁶
10. Now you've got crack-cocaine. Resist the urge to smoke it, but if you do, enjoy. Should cross the blood-brain barrier in about 7 seconds. If you like, you can effectively reverse the process by diluting it with something acidic like vinegar. Now you can't smoke it, but you can inject it. Maybe even into your face. I use malt vinegar so that I can feel the burn. Mix that shit with heroine and you've got speedballs. Now you just need to find a non-collapsed vein and it will get to the brain almost instantaneously. Hurray!

Addendum

Remember, the substance is less volatile than the customer on the consumption end. It's easy to make crack, so much so that you know your customers are suckers. That is not to say that the product is bad, just that your customers are predictable in an unpredictable way. The best customer is the one that functions as a middleman. They might try to jack you, but, when they're not, the volumes are bigger, the transactions fewer and more meaningful. Everyone is happier. Also you don't have to deal with any crackheads. Having said that, if you have the energy and patience, you'll make more money if you divvy up your crack and sell it to the fiends. Do it almost by the rock if you can.

Now you don't have to make crack to sell crack. Making crack is also a good way of assaying the quality of your blow, especially if you're uncertain about the chain of distribution above you. If you're selling coke, you can just make a small batch of crack. By the sizes of the bubbles you can tell the purity. Bigger bubbles equals better. Little bubbles means that there are a lot of impurities. Keep selling a better product and you'll be having keys coming from overseas.³⁷

³⁶ You can skip all this and make fake crack. As Krayzie Bone said, "We would make fake rocks of crack from bread. We'd ball-up the bread, put it in the oven, let it get hard, chop it up, and put Orajel on it. As soon as you drop it in the buyer's hand, and he gives you the money, it's sold. If they want the money back, well, you've got to handle that."

³⁷ Just so there's a 2Pac reference in something that began by evoking Biggie.

Straight from source is when you become a magnate.³⁸ Now, that's the coke Game and that's where the money is, but don't knock crack. Smoke that motherfucking shit.

For real, but as Too \$hort said, the crack epidemic was the black man's lost chance. Just like the white man made a fortune during Prohibition, so too should have the black man in the 80s and 90s with crack. Draconian legislation saw the black man held down and the opportunity lost.³⁹ Extended sentences and all manner of unpleasant shit. That's why the pimp Game is where it's at,⁴⁰ but we'll get to that in good time.

³⁸ Or the don dada, if you prefer.

³⁹ Targeting that fickle demographic of crack addicts, PCP might just be another crack at it.

⁴⁰ After all, that's why drug dealers are the pimps lesser brethren.

Miss Glamorous Thang

Bankroll originally had me running for him. At first I just did small deals, but later I got more responsibility. I was making cash money.⁴¹ I had basically become one of the Glamor Boyz and I got mad respect from the kids at school. I was now known as Trippple Beam, and I had all kinds of girls coming at me that didn't have the time of day for me before. I should have been acting on all this attention, but instead my whole life changed when I met Lizzie at a party.

Kaptin was having people over at his house. Mom dukes was away, so we stocked up on the 40ozers of O.E,⁴² gin, juice, sizzurp,⁴³ and had a barbeque. Back in the day these jams were off the hook.⁴⁴ It was summer and there were a lot of fly bitches. I remember, blunt in hand,⁴⁵ I was crunked and cold chillin', smelling the ribs and working the crowd, when a murmur went through the party. It was that some of the Spider Fourz had shown up. My man Kaptin was looking anxious, but I reassured him. I told him that it was all good and that they were my boys. No stress. I remember this distinctly because it was at that moment that I saw her. Lizzie came in through the back fence with a couple Glamor Boyz. She was fucking radiant.

Bankroll came up to me. Lizzie was beside him. Fuck me. That moment is seared into my memory. She was what we called a tenderoni girl.⁴⁶ Plunging neckline, raised midriff. As the man said, big old titties and a matching ass. And what an ass, but you see, this turned out not even to be my focus. I fell in love with the girl that I thought was between the titties and ass. You know, what suckers call her personality, *etc.* I can't talk though, I was one of those suckers. It took less than five seconds and she had me wrapped around her finger like a trick.

I turned my back on the piglet I was trying to chat up, who in turn sidled away into the obscurity that is the rightful domain of the obese,⁴⁷ and from then on I couldn't take my eyes off of Lizzie. Bankroll introduced us. He said, This is Lizzie, my cousin. I said, Lizzie, I...I...it's nice to...my name is...I...I. I didn't know what the fuck I was saying. It was like I didn't have a dick. They were both

⁴¹ Like Schoolly D said, "P.S.K. we're make'n that green. People always say, what the hell does that mean?"

⁴² Like with what happened with Caine in *Menace II Society*, you never know what's going to happen when you start with this shit.

⁴³ Purple drank or lean. Depends where you are. Anyway, you need prescription strength cough syrup from which you get codeine and promethazine, the active ingredients. Mix this shit with 7 Up, Sprite (same shit), or Mountain Dew. Toss in a Jolly Rancher for flavor. You can cut this with booze if you like. However, don't go nuts or you might stop breathing like DJ Screw or Pimp C.

⁴⁴ Ya'll want this party started, right? Ya'll want this party started quickly, right?

⁴⁵ Later I would have this one ho (actually a would-be paralegal, but same thing) named Renee who said, "I never dealt with Philly Blunts because I heard that's for silly stunt." I whooped her something good, I can tell you.

⁴⁶ Some say M.J said it first, but I'm going to go with Bobby Brown for popularizing it. It was the only good thing he did. That and beating Whitney. They say she was filthy, even in the tub. *Editorial note* One of the first instances of Dazzle Razzle's prescience, or clairvoyance because he is the only man to still have a barathary gland, but not of his dark humor.

⁴⁷ As 50 Cent once said, "Fat, fat, them Snickers got your ass getting' fat, fat. Those cookies got your ass getting' fat, fat. That cake got your ass getting' fat, fat. Bitch you grown that ain't baby fat, fat [...] Stay the fuck away from me, fuckin' fat bitch."

laughing and Bankroll looked like he was going to piss himself. I thought, well that's that. Good fucking job, man. Not only have I made myself look like a two-bit trick in front Bankroll, but Lizzie is now going to brush me off like a chump and I'm not going to be able to take a proper shot. I'll be rubbing them out by myself. Turns out, again I was right and I was wrong.

Lizzie dug it. She thought my stammering was cute. I returned to form and we hit it off after that. The day turned into night. The music was banging and everyone was getting down while Lizzie and I went into our own little world. That night with Lizzie turned into another night, which in turn became many nights.⁴⁸ I dated that bitch for three years. I thought we were going to get married. At the time I couldn't have wanted anything more. We used to always talk about the future. She used to tell me how I will be even more of a man than Bankroll, maybe even more than Duffy Diablo. Looking back I cringe at the cruel irony.

In those days Lizzie and I were in love. I spent a lot of time at her house. Bankroll lived there too because his aunt had taken him in. Often it would just be the three of us, but Lizzie had a sister named Betty who, strangely, lived with her grandparents instead.⁴⁹ Quite often she came around too, and it wasn't long before I got to liking her.

I already had two weird sisters in my adopted family, but Betty acted like a third to me. She was into Duffy Diablo, but he just looked to get a nut off her every once in a while. This didn't help her self-esteem. After a while she became a bit of a skank. It seemed she wanted to make Duffy Diablo jealous by throwing herself at other guys. All the Spider Fourz were getting plenty of action off her and no one, especially Duffy Diablo, thought of her twice. I think she was spending more time on her knees than on her feet. I remember feeling embarrassed for Lizzie having a sister like that. She was hot, but she was a slut,⁵⁰ and no one respected her. It seemed to me that I was the only one who was nice to her when everyone else was treating her like shit. Lizzie tolerated her, but she let Betty know that it was an act of charity. Bankroll didn't really care because she was only his cousin. Little did I know then that Betty would play a key role in things to come, and family relations are always a bitch.

⁴⁸ A siren, a harpy. Rather, a perverse Scheherazade. You see, in a way, that bitch was kind of paying a lease on her life with all her storytelling. Shouldn't have started fucking with me though. As Marmion said, "Oh what a tangled web we weave/ When first we practise to deceive." Lying hoes get slew.

⁴⁹ The reason for this will be made clear in *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

⁵⁰ A hot slut only has immediate utility. There is nothing more. As Lead Belly first said, "And she's always ready. Bam-ba-lam." He could have been talking about anything, but Betty fits just as well as any.

A Bunch of Bitches

It began like this. We were at Lizzie and Bankroll's house. Betty needed to go to the pharmacy to pick up some shit, but no one would drive her. Lizzie was outside with Bankroll's pit bull, Blink the Proper Meatball,⁵¹ so she asked Bankroll, but he told her to beat it. He said she probably wanted some kind of douche for her rotten pussy, and that she didn't need to go anywhere for that when there was Javex and Lysol right here in the kitchen. Betty didn't take it well. She started crying. Not just crying, but *crying* crying. It must have really hit a nerve. I said to her, Don't worry. I've got you. Get your coat and we'll bounce. She looked at me through her tears and could only mouth thank you. I told Bankroll and Lizzie that we'd be back in about two hours because I had some stuff I needed to do as well.

Into the shit mobile. A highly oxidized, Frankenstein jalopy. In other words, a 1987 Yugo maintained by an odd assortment of parts most evident in the mismatched paint on the hood and some of the replacement panels. I didn't mind. You get a lot of heat selling drugs and, I figured, despite the inconvenience, I'm better off in this piece of shit than in a Beemer.⁵² I creaked open the door for Betty, got in myself, and jammed the screwdriver in the ignition. Time to lurch into town like a thug.

On the way to the drug store Betty asked me why I put up with Bankroll. Betty said, You know he only uses you to run shit with people that make him suspicious. Either narcs or punks. One of the times when we were together he basically told me he hopes the cops grab your ass. He thinks you're too stupidly loyal to him to rat when you do get pinched anyway. He wants you to go down. He doesn't like you. In fact, I think he's jealous of you and wants to take what's yours. I said, Like fuck. He's my man. But Betty looked at me like she was pitying my stupidity. You know, she said. We may all be cousins, Bankroll, Lizzie, and myself, but I bet the fucker is trying to work Lizzie right now. You know, we got down together a couple of times, Bankroll and I, cousins and all. That pissed me off. I almost slapped her right there.

I slammed on the brakes, but the pads were half fucked so we careered until a stop. I grabbed her by the hair, dragged her to the hood of the car, and told her I was going to open up her head if ever says shit like that again. What kind of ridiculous shit is that? She said she stands by what she said. She said she's only saying it to me because I'm the only one she respects now. Fuck it, I said. Let's go back right now. I'm going to check this shit out and if Bankroll says you're trying to gas me up, you're going to be picking through your shit to find your teeth.

⁵¹ A name most odd like Snot the Dada Memo. He was fat and seemed to have only one eye, but I found it a vile name. Sometimes thought goes into a name, sometimes not. You never know.

⁵² You'll see the idea is a lot different with pimpin'. It's not to say drug dealers don't drive flash rides, but I think it pays to be conservative in this sense. The envy directed at drug dealers is different than that at pimps. The former incites resentment and ill will, the latter awe. This will become clearer later.

We got back in the car and I gunned it into a hard U-turn.⁵³ ErrRRERRerrr.⁵⁴ We were back in about twenty minutes from when we left. Thinking that I would just walk in and ask Bankroll about this shit all casual-like, especially since I thought it didn't even merit that, I just strolled in. I caught them completely unawares. *In flagrante delicto*. They were on the couch where I left them, but Bankroll was reclined with his hands behind his head. Lizzie was all action.⁵⁵ I stopped, turned around, and went to the trunk of my car for my 5 iron.⁵⁶

They hadn't seen me come in the first time. This time they did. I kicked open the door.⁵⁷ They were startled. Lizzie fell back on the couch in shock. Bankroll got to his feet, bent over, and tried to get his pants back on. Fuck that, this guy is going out right now. I brought the 5 iron down on his back.⁵⁸ There was a dull thud and I could hear the air leave Bankroll as his lung collapsed. I started going to town on his ass, boots and club. Lizzie got off the couch and pleaded with me. I gave her my first real bitch slap, full and open handed.⁵⁹ The stinging warmth on my hand felt good, real good.⁶⁰ It was a sign of things to come.⁶¹

After a while I was starting to get tired, you know, from all the whoop-ass, and Bankroll was starting to look like hamburger, when I heard growling behind me. I turned and it was Blink the Proper Meatball, and it didn't like what I was doing to its master. It must have come in through the front door that I had left open with my dramatic reëntrance. Growling, it leapt at me. I spun

⁵³ "Hop inside the vehicle start crossing intersections. We learning life's lessons while we blaze this herbal essence. A man but still a child and I have so many questions." Like Camel MC, but without the tranquility of normal weed, I pulled out a coco puff blunt and got more worked up.

⁵⁴ It was a kind of *chandelle* maneuver, but, instead of an altitude increase, I punched the K-car full throttle and we trundled down the street.

⁵⁵ Almost all mouth, but, unlike Bradley Nowell, I knew she also had the G.I. Joe kung-fu grip.

⁵⁶ Dres [*Editorial note* could have been the other chap] said, "you can't beat that with a bat." True, but why did I have a 5 iron? I dunno. Golfing, especially in the hood, is for bitches. It's like when the cop asked Sick Boy why he had a baseball bat. Good question because the context is not there. Disnae matter tho. Ah wis te batter the cunt and ehs dug's heids. No throttle wan, ken? Go mental an giv both cunts a doin. Sick Boy wasnae poof, but the gadge was soft. Hell, it was my Sabbath stick, after all.

⁵⁷ Like Biggie said, "Kick in the door, waving the .44. All ya heard was Poppa don't hit me no more." Except I didn't have a gun at this point. The 5 iron proved to be more savage than a run-of-the-mill pistol-whipping anyway.

⁵⁸ My reasoning followed Eazy E's. "I gotta take the girl out with my motherfuckin' bat [*viz.* 5 iron], 'cause I ain't doin' ten in the pen for a bitch and her dead-ass boyfriend." Unfortunately, I killed neither. Then, at least.

⁵⁹ Classic Hollywood would have had a genteel backhand across the cheekbone. Fuck that.

⁶⁰ Like Souljah Boy said, maybe a million times in one song, "Pimp slap that ho, WHOOPISH." I was no pimp at that point, but it was another beginning. *Enter Kierkegaard stage right*. Everything starts in external repetition. It's like E-LP's repeated sample of Camu Tao, "You should bump this shit like they do in the future." Action precedes actuality and would-be interiority, and here you see it. *Editorial note* It seems Dazzle Razzle knew the heads would wince, mistaking some of his musical references as his musical tastes, but he was known to say, Fuck y'all. Anyway, Blackhead said, "The safest general characterization of the hip hop tradition is that it consists of a series of footnotes to Dazzle Razzle."

⁶¹ Always remember women need to be held down. 1 Timothy 2:12, Genesis 3:16, Ephesians 5:22, 1 Corinthians 14:34, Titus 2:5, etc.

just in time and it landed on the couch beside Lizzie. I figured, if I'm taking out one bitch, I may as well take out two. After all, if this fucker gets a hold of me, it's not letting go.⁶²

Blink the Proper Meatball was frothing all over the place and pounced again. This time I caught it in mid-air. I didn't give it a chance to react again. I brought the 5 iron down on its head. It made a sickening crack and it started twitching on the floor like it was trying to pop and lock.⁶³ I picked Lizzie back up by her hair, gave her another healthy slap, and threw her beside Hamburger Helper.

I don't know what happened. Time seemed to stop. But the next thing I know, I was laughing like a demon with my dick out and pissing on the both of them there on the floor. Lizzie was crying, saying it was a mistake, but it was then that I knew I couldn't love no ho.

This was the moment when my whole life changed. Duffy Diablo was right. Money and balls. From that moment I knew I had to be my own man. I was never going to be anyone's bitch again. Next time around, I'll be standing tall, but for now I knew I had to bounce. Duffy Diablo and the Spider Fourz are going to be taking sides, and I knew it would be unfavourable for me. The Glamor Boyz were definitely going to be gunning for me. Whatever I took outta Bankroll's ass was gonna be visited on my ass tenfold if I stuck around. I looked at Betty who was still cowering by the door and said, Bitch, get in the car.

It was time to get money and balls.

⁶² When violence is required, one should not discriminate amongst man, woman or beast. Beating animals is frowned upon, beating women roundly condemned. However, as Eminem said, "But if I can't batter the women, how the fuck am I supposed to bake them a cake then?"

⁶³ Not technically the Saint Vitus Dance, but close enough.

Happy Learned How to Putt

The way I see it, Bankroll was pimpin' me. I was his bitch, and I got played like one. Well, that shit has stopped. I'm never going to be anyone's bitch again. This was the dawning of a new era. I may stumble some, but I'm never going to fall again. Not like that. Getting away from that ugly scene, and in the car with Betty, I already had the workings of a plan that would change my life. She figured centrally. She didn't know it right away, but she would soon.

I stopped at the bank, cleared my account where I'd been hording dough made on my Spider Fourz action,⁶⁴ closed it, and flashed across town. We pulled up to some nondescript motel where I had decided to take stock of the situation.

All the blood had made Betty hysterical. I told her Bankroll was a bitch who treated her like shit. Besides, he's your fucking cousin, and he's tapping your sister. Fuck him, stay with me for a couple days while I work this shit out. I'll take care of everything. The last thing you want to do is be around Lizzie right now. She knows you left with me, she'll think you're complicit, and she'll conclude that you're just as bad as me. Right at this moment I bet she both hates and has renounced you. The reasoning was ironclad. Betty agreed.

Betty was to stay with me for a couple days. I gave Kaptin a ring to see if I could get some perspective on the situation. He said it was crazy. As expected, Blink the Proper Meatball was dead. Bankroll was in intensive care, and Lizzie hasn't left his side in forty-eight hours. That last one made me clench my teeth. What about the Spider Fourz, I asked. The Glamor Boyz? Kaptin played straight with me. Man, I think they're gonna kill ya. The way Duffy Diablo was talking, putting a cap in your ass would be too good for you. It sounds like Betty has got a beating coming to her as well. Guilty by association and all that. Keep your eyes open and lie low.

Betty was scared. She was in no rush to go home. It was no picnic living with her grandparents, and everyone she knew thought she was a skank. I thought I could help make this break complete, so after my call with Kaptin, I called Betty's house and asked for her grandfather. He was an old Jamaican who probably didn't understand what I said anyways, but I told him Betty was with me taking my cock like a champion. I said to him, Not that you would, but don't bother looking for her because she doesn't want to see your faggot ass. If she does, she'll call. She won't, so fuck off.

I hung up before Betty could scream. She came at me like a polecat, and there was bitch slap number three. I was getting good at this. I told her to check herself. We're playing by my rules now. She was pissed, but now I knew she was not going to be in any rush to go home to either

⁶⁴ That and I was pretty good at the old smash-and-grab. I used to choose soft targets like antique shops owned by old people, throw a brick through the window, and steal some shit. Anything that I thought looked fragile, I smashed. If I found the old people, I'd batter them. Often, for good measure, I'd torch the place as I left. Fuck the past, Dazzle Razzle is the future. *Editorial note* He is actually the past, present, and future, as well as a forth and different temporal axis that 'permeates' space. It is thought that this might have something to do dark matter, but at this point it is only speculation. This will become clear later. This, you will find, if you haven't already, is a refrain.

her parents or her grandparents. Also, I knew Lizzie would hear about this and I smiled. Next, I knew I should call Duffy Diablo. It was a chance I had to take.

Duffy Diablo ran a tight crew, but he was fair. In theory the Spider Fourz were a loose association bound together by common interest and commercial enterprise. In this sense, it lacked centrality, but maintained cohesion through shared purpose.⁶⁵ In reality, Duffy Diablo ran the show with his inner core, the original four. This core was known as The Family, and through Duffy Diablo the Spider Fourz found a source of guided direction. Although anyone is free to dissent, the word of Duffy Diablo carried a lot of weight.

Duffy Diablo was shocked that I called, but this only lasted a minute. He said I had real balls in calling him. In turn, I was surprised by how politic he was. He didn't shout about retribution or demand penance from me, but rather seemed to receive the call as symbolic of a restored trust. He said that he will no longer take issue with what I did to Bankroll, as he fully understood the circumstance. However, Bankroll was a senior figure and I was on the outside of the Spider Fourz, so there were going to be those among them looking for payback. Through The Family he will calm things down, but I need to stay off the radar. He offered no assurances, but intimated that at this time it was unlikely that there would be an active hunt. However, there was no accounting for Bankroll and the Glamor Boyz.

This put me somewhat at ease, but I knew I had to keep on point. Betty had no intention of being helpful as she was still pissed off about the earlier call. She kept harping on about the Spider Fourz and that when they came for me, it would be all over. I had to get a little rough with her again, just to straighten her out. It took a while, but in the end she was saying shit like, You're better than Bankroll and you know it. Right now he is lesser than you and greater. Not only do you have to get over Lizzie, but also the pain of being upstaged by one of your friends. You may have been kicked in them, but you need to find your balls. I knew she was right, and this wouldn't be the last time. For a bitch, Betty had a pretty good eye for things.

To smooth things over I took her out for some new clothes and brought her to Red Lobster for dinner. There, in turn, I told her that she was too good for all those fuckers. And I used the restaurant for some kind of analogy saying, There're plenty of fish in the sea, just like on this menu, but if you swim with me, we'll school those fish. I'll always have the claws, and you'll have the tail. We can form like some kind of lobster Voltron. That will make us top billing on any menu. Just don't fuck with any crabs and you'll find pearls in your oyster. You see, it was my time to prophesy. I don't think she knew what the fuck I was talking about, maybe I didn't either, I was doing a lot of drugs then,⁶⁶ but she liked the attention.

⁶⁵ This has already been somewhat addressed in an earlier pimple, but it should be stressed.

⁶⁶ What you should do is go to Red Lobster on acid. Shrimp and other shellfish look crazy on psychedelics. Go for the buffet and freak out when a crustacean locks eyes with you, takes an accusatory tone and says, "Human beings are the only creatures on Earth who claim a God, and the only living thing that behaves like it hasn't got one. Does the world belong to no one but you?" It was this moral dimension of Red Lobster that put-off Shooter McGavin.

I had more money then I let Betty think I had. I kept taking her out to fancy places. I bought her all new shit. It turns out that on that day when it all went down, she was in serious need of special medication as we were stoned and locked into a Japanese Anime marathon. Well I never knew it, but she was epileptic.⁶⁷ She still needed the medication, so we went down the drug store and we picked up her prescription. Shit was expensive, but I paid for it and told her she didn't need to worry, that I'm looking after her now.

We stayed holed up in that motel for three weeks. She came to depend on me for everything. I kept buying her what she needed and taking her out to eat, but in the middle of the third week I started playing it like we were almost out of money. She started getting panicky, and she kept asking me what we were going to do. I told her not to worry.

One day I pretended to go out and borrow some money. I told her there was a guy I knew who lent money. Yeah, he was a bit of a loan shark, but it didn't matter. Yeah, if I miss the due date, I'll be owing more than I'll be able to pay back and it might be lights out for me, but don't worry. I told her that I had talked to Kaptin and he was going to come through with a bunch of money that he owed me. All this was bullshit, of course. I still had plenty of money from my grow op. and the other drugs I had sold.⁶⁸ Also, despite what I said, I had no such arrangement with Kaptin.

Returning, I acted as though I secured the loan and it was all good. Kaptin would hit me up in two weeks, just before the loan comes due. I told her I can trust Kaptin, and there is no way I won't come good on the loan. No stress. She believed me. I said, Let's go out on the town. She was all excited and we partied like it was 1999.⁶⁹

The next day I took her to the salon and got her hair and nails done, all pretty like. Took her out shopping again.⁷⁰ I'd already been riding her from day one, but now she was really putting her

You should not be. It would be nice to start something like Freak Out Fridays. Drop a couple tabs of acid in the parking lot, go into Red Lobster and just unravel in front of helpless staff and your fellow diners.

⁶⁷ If you're disposed to photosensitive epilepsy, *paka paka* animation will have you flipping around like a fish. Betty suggested that if you're feeling introspective, try this with the lights off and a head full of peyote. If you are not epileptic, you can still achieve this by combining the peyote with convulsion inducing substances such as pentetrazol or members of the halogenated ether family like flurothyl. When you come to, you'll know all about the truth of 2Pac, Biggie and the role played by the illuminati.

⁶⁸ I'd tell you how I did my grow op., but it is straight forward. Just buy the hydroponic equipment. Easy. Before you do this, it's good to start by growing shit in conservation parks, but as John Holt said, watch out for "Police in helicopter." Go deep into the woods. I used a compass and a series of coordinates. *Editorial note* Get a GPS.

⁶⁹ Or like Dr. Octagonocologist said, "3000". This is why I call my cock The Octagon. It is the future and it is multifaceted. This is not an idle comment. As you will learn, you have to look at COCK from different angles that defy time and space. That's why I actually call it the 8-Polytope, even though this is not the right figure, because of its relation to HOLE. All in due course, but you can see is all truly Octagonocologystic.

⁷⁰ More accurately, we went poppin' tags. A bunch of shit, but most importantly a Chanel little black number. It rounds out a bitch's wardrobe. More importantly, it rounds out a ho's. And this is significant.

back into it.⁷¹ She loved me, and why not. I was doing all kinds of shit for her nobody else ever had. It went on like this, but at the end of the two weeks, I changed gears on her again.

It was time when the supposed loan repayment was due. I told her that Kaptin wasn't going to come through, that I was fucked. I told her that I'll go see if I can get some kind of extension. She was crying when I left.

I came back in a couple hours. I said it was hopeless. He's not going to budge. I've now got to pay the interest on the principal before the end of next week, or he's going to have my knees. She was even more worried. Don't worry though, I told her, I'll think of something.

A couple of days past. We hadn't really left the motel, as though danger lurked at every corner. Having created an atmosphere of fear, it was time to lay a head trip on her. I was saying shit like, That was all my money. Look at all the stuff I bought you. You haven't chipped in for anything. Now what the fuck are we going to do? I bought you all that expensive shit, all that expensive medication to keep you from twitching around on the floor like Blink the Proper Meatball. Everything I did for you, I did it because I love you...bla bla bla...I'm the only one who has ever loved you...bla bla bla... but I can't shoulder all the weight anymore...bla bla bla...Maybe you should just go home and leave me to my fate...bla bla bla...You'd be better off...bla bla bla...

That did the trick. I knew she couldn't go home. I knew she saw in me the only person that ever really cared about her. I knew that she knew that she was indebted to me. I also knew that was enough and I had her primed for the next part of my plan. I was half way there, but the second half was going to be even harder.

⁷¹ Like Greg Nice said, "we started to fuck. Made whoopie, made whoopie, made whoopie." You probably expected an Ice Cube reference, no?

Affirmative Action

Betty was distraught. I told her there was one way that we could get some money tonight, maybe even enough to pay up what we owe, but I told her that she's probably not going to like it. What? She asked. Never mind, I said. It's a bad idea. But, she kept at it. Tell me, what is it? She wouldn't let it go until I said, Okay, well, there's a street down the way where...where you...you know? I had let the line out. She was nibbling. Now I had to wait and pull when I felt the bite.

Where I could what? She asked. No, forget about it, I said. You wouldn't've it in you. But, she kept at it. I knew I almost had her. If I play it right, all I need to do is to reel her in. You'd be surprised at how little you actually have to lie. It's all about the approach and how you massage the details.

You used to go with a lot of guys, I said. No big deal, right? Well, what if we went to this street up the way and you could choose some guy you like for yourself. You know, but get paid. She looked at me in horror. I said, forget it. I knew that kind of shit wasn't for you. I just don't see what the big deal with it is anyway. You were giving it away for free like crazy before. This is the same shit, but you're in charge. They can't fuck you and dis you like before. You're running the show. They're the tricks paying *you* cash for a bit of *your* time. Besides, I'll be there, so that if anyone gives you any shit, I'll fuck them up. You saw me go buckwild with the 5 iron. Everything will be your choice. I know if I had a pussy, I'd be selling it like crazy. Shit, if bitches would throw money down to sit on my dick, I'd never get it back in my pants.⁷²

To say she was sceptical would be an understatement. You don't even have to do anything, I said. Let's just go up there and you can check it out. No harm in that, right?

I think in the end it was curiosity that played a big role. I made it all out like there was no commitment, she could just case the scene. I almost couldn't fucking believe it when she said okay. I was prepared for a couple hours or arguments, intimations of violence and emotional blackmail in order for her to just go up there with me. I didn't have to get into that shit at all. At the end of the day, all women are bitches and all bitches can easily be made into hoes.⁷³

Now the trick with getting a ho on the street is getting a ho on the street. Once you get her on the street, and she doesn't think she's really on the street, you actually have her *on the street*. Know what I'm saying? Like a man I used to know once said, get down on your knees, move your lips, and you will believe. That goes for both praying and sucking dick. Get her there, get her talking to some tricks like it's all some kind some kind of game. She'll be thinking she's there

⁷² As you will see, this is actually true of the pimp. The trick is that he often doesn't let them though. More later.

⁷³ As Ice Cube said, "The title bitch don't apply to all women, but all women have a little bitch in them." This is true, and on a number of levels. All have a little bitch in them is an intrasubjective truth. Also, all participate in bitch and some are hoes. Both true, but this is too sophisticated to be meaningfully addressed here. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. However, the logical inverse can be approached in the formulations found later in *Et quoddam A est B atque quoddam A non est B*.

just to check it out, like it's a social experiment or whatever, but that's not what's really going to go down. As they say, a man don't walk on a lot lest he wants to buy. In this case it's the reverse, but the logic is the same. You can reason with yourself however you like, but when you assume the role, the position, you've actually become it more than you think. Hire somebody off the street to be a waiter at a fancy restaurant. They will become a waiter and act like a total prick to the people who walk into the restaurant. People that are likely exactly like them. People who might even be their friends. People that probably even make more money than them. And the waiter will look down his nose at those people like they're not good enough to be served in the joint. Likewise, give a man a badge, tell him he's a cop, and watch him instantly become an asshole.

Anyway, we rolled up in the area and there were lots of hoes already on the track.⁷⁴ We stayed in the car for a bit and watched. I was saying shit like, See that one over there? You're much sexier than that. Look at that bitch's face. It looks like someone took a shovel to it. Betty was laughing. She was pointing at others saying shit like, I'm hotter than that one. My tits are nice and perky, her tits look like she found them in the dumpster behind Waffle House.⁷⁵ She was having fun. Did you see the way that one is walking? Shit, she looks like a retard that's lost its handler.⁷⁶ Here, watch this.

She got out of the car and started doing an imitation of the ho. I was laughing, but I knew I was almost there. You're dressed too conservatively, I said. Hike up that skirt. She did. She started walking back and forth like it was all a game when a car pulled up.

A trick propositioned her, but she wasn't listening. She blew him off. She came back to my car and was laughing about it. See, I said. They know you're fine. You're hotter stuff than any of these other hoes out here.⁷⁷ She kept laughing and went for another stroll.

Another car pulled up. This time she listened to what he had to say. She played along, but intentionally priced him out so it wouldn't come to anything. Again she came by laughing. She said, Do you know how high that guy was going to go? I said no. She told me. Fuck me, I said. That would have almost cleared what we owe.⁷⁸ I could see that actually got her thinking. She

⁷⁴ On a terminological note, when a ho is out hustling she is said to be out on the track.

⁷⁵ Like Kate Middleton's, but we didn't know it then. I'm not a betting man, but maybe if one were to look at her tits at that time (like her father, uncle, and the school janitor) perhaps they were firm. Doubt it though. Looks like they were 'built' sloppy. Not big, just sloppy.

⁷⁶ In retrospect, I think she might just have been a completely polluted hooker in a k-hole. Stumbling and drooling, she was probably listening to trap on her headphones. Then again, she could have just been retarded. Often it's a question of fine margins. *Editorial note* Again, time is an issue, but you have already guessed that it is complex. Regardless, the ho was likely listening to hardcore.

⁷⁷ Note that in talking to her in this manner I've already situated her on the the ho-horizon, the ho-plane. It's indirect, but relations and identifications were already beginning to take shape at this stage. This will make more sense shortly.

⁷⁸ You'll also note that I turned to saying we, making her assume responsibility in the situation.

pursed her lips and started walking again, almost on autopilot while her mind seemed to be racing in different directions.

Another car pulled up. Same shit. It pulled away. She came back to the car, but I could see in her eyes that this was going to happen tonight if I just finessed it. She thought she was playing a game, but she was actually slipping into the element. A couple more cars drove by and slowed down hoping for her to acknowledge them, but she didn't. I could see her mind working. It seemed like she was trying to talk herself into it, so I let her think it through aloud with me. She was saying that the guy in the last car that she had talked to was pretty cute. Why would he need to pay for sex? I said, It doesn't work like that. There's nothing to it. It's a simple transaction. He thought you were hot and he'd be willing to pay to have some of your time. He'd probably try to pick you up legit-like, but there're too many strings in his life. Wife, baby, like that, you know? Nothing sinister in it. It's like any other time you roll with a guy except here they're not lying to you.⁷⁹ Everything is at face value. You never know, it'd probably even be a bit of fun. You know, be in a position of control for once?

We spent about four fucking hours doing this routine. I was about to give up for the night, thinking it's going to take more game on my part to get this to work, when a car pulled up. She was flirting, laughing, and BANG! She went in. I thought to myself, all right. You're pimpin' now. But I knew the job still wasn't quite done.

She came back in a little over an hour.⁸⁰ She looked conflicted. How was it, I asked. Fine, she said, I guess. How much did you get? She showed me. Look at you, you sexy bitch, I said. You're worth even more than that. I'd pay double. Well fuck, I guess I have, haven't I? She didn't say anything. I said, That's almost enough to pay back our debt. She looked at me searchingly. You know, I said, if you go out and do that one more time, not only will we be able to pay everything off, but we'll have cash to spare. She kept looking at me.

I don't know if I can do it again, she said. I don't know exactly how I feel. I feel like I did something wrong, that something isn't right and it never will be again. I said, Like fuck. I've seen some of the losers you've rolled around with when you're not even drunk or high. You *chose* this last guy you were with. You've already rejected a ton of guys tonight, whereas before you used to give your pussy away for free to the first guy that hit on you. Who's running the show now, baby? You've got game and you've got paid. Hit it up again. You don't even need to go so far as fucking the next trick.⁸¹ You've got a full range of services you can offer. She was

⁷⁹ Lying to/lying with, a proposition hinging on prepositions.

⁸⁰ I didn't know it then, but an hour is unacceptable. Much too long, unless the service is being topped up with 'additional's'.

⁸¹ You'll also note that I am now referring to them as tricks, implying, without overtly stating, that she is a ho. It becomes a presupposition that she tacitly accepts.

reluctant, but only half so. I think it was the last vestige of conservative morality drummed into her from childhood.⁸²

She got outta my car again, and I knew it was on. Two cars pulled up, two cars pulled away. But with the next car that pulled up, she only hesitated for a moment. In she went. I knew I had myself a Harlem Globetrotter. She was fucking around doing tricks and I could hear the swoosh.⁸³ It's all net—all net-mother-fucking-profit.⁸⁴ It felt good. I was doing some real pimping. Just like in the game, man, I wasn't just heating up, I was on fire.

She came back to the car, emotionally neutral. She dismissively handed me the cash. I knew I had to take one for the team here, so I screwed my courage to the sticking place and kissed her. I knew those lips had probably just been on two dicks, but I knew this was the final push.

The kiss melted her. At that moment I knew I really had a ho that would go to war for me. It was a big price I paid in doing it, but I'm a business man and, as fucking disgusting as it was, it was one of the soundest investments I ever made. After all, you've got to have skin in the game.

We picked up some drinks, went back to the motel, and I fucked her for the rest of the night. Again, it was another investment, but I didn't mind so much. It felt like fucking money.

The next day we went back to our old routine. We went to a nice restaurant and then kicked back. In doing this I reinforced the rewards of this new occupation. I made her think that it could always be like this, this honeymoon period of two lovers on the run. A life where we would be living it to the fullest as though there might not be a tomorrow. Now she was thinking there could be tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

The next day, two days after having her on the street, I hinted checking it out again. She didn't seem keen on it, just like I expected, so I let it drop. I knew the suggestion would take root and rankle. The next day I kept touching on our again dwindling supply of cash. I suggested she try it again this evening. Again, she was reluctant. On the third day of trying this, she said okay. I had her hemmed in and thinking there weren't other options. Besides, she was doing it for me, for us, for our love.

After that I had her working the streets nightly. The cash was coming in proper. She was a real trooper. I, on the other hand, was beginning to get a sense of the streets. This Game was new to me, but I'd already got to thinking about what my next move would be. As it turned out, the next move wasn't exactly made by me, but by Pop Pontius.

⁸² I'm probably overstating the case. Perhaps the last scrap of modesty would be more appropriate. She was anything but conservative.

⁸³ Or maybe like Onyx, "SLAM. Da duh duh. Da duh duh."

⁸⁴ Virtually, as the gross minus costs is the net which is almost the same as the gross. Ya heard?

Hoyle's Rules of the Game

Pop Pontius was a hundred percent bona fide pimp.⁸⁵ He looked like he walked right outta Superfly.⁸⁶ I was waiting in my car while Betty was off with a trick, when I heard a tap at my window. At first I thought it was a man's fist, but it was golden and too small. It was the top of his cane. I was starting to put the picture together. I could see a bejewelled hand holding the cane, and that hand was framed by a cuff of mink. The whole thing happened pretty quickly from the moment he tapped on my window until the time I was actually out of my car and face to face with the man I learned to call Pop Pontius. But at that moment, when I heard the knocking, time seemed to be operating in a different way.⁸⁷

I thought I was going to get into some kind of shit, you know, like operating without a pimp license, or fucking with someone's territory, but as I was to find out, it wasn't like that. I didn't know shit about pimps or how they rolled. All I knew was that I wanted to be one, but I needed to learn the Game. I already had a ho, and it was a step in the right direction, but I knew it didn't amount to much.⁸⁸ I was pimpin', but after seeing Pop Pontius, I was no *pimp* pimp. I wasn't certified yet.⁸⁹

Pop Pontius was real cool. He was older for a pimp, somewhere in his fifties, but the man was fly. It was the 90s, but he was still talking like it was the 70s, ya dig? When I thought I was probably going to catch a slap from him when I got out of the car, he offered me his hand. The man looked flash from gators to the plumed fedora on his head. All that he said he wanted to do was to welcome me to the street. He asked me where I was from. Here, I told him, across town. Ah, he said, Well playa, I guess you're new to the Game then, huh?

He didn't mind, he thought it was cool.⁹⁰ He had already seen me running Betty and he just wanted to know what was up with my operation. You've got a fine ho there, he said. A real thoroughbred.⁹¹ You've got her working real good, but what's up, playa? It looks like you only

⁸⁵ Not only that, but a real pimp maven. That is, before I came around.

⁸⁶ Okay, Youngblood Priest wasn't a pimp, but his shit was pimp. K.C. was a real pimp though. I coveted his car.

⁸⁷ Could have been the drugs. This was a common experience for me. Drugs or no, I could often say with De Quincy, "Buildings, landscapes, &c. were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to conceive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience."

⁸⁸ Hell, Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong were one-time pimps. Charlie Mingus and Miles Davis made some claim too. They weren't pimps, but they were pimp. I remember that this got me thinking.

⁸⁹ Certified is when you are a real deal pimp.

⁹⁰ A true pimp does not concern himself with 'parvenus'. If he were, it would be a sign that there are problems with his game and, consequently, he wouldn't be a big time pimp to begin with.

⁹¹ Like the track, this is an equestrian term. A thoroughbred is a good, hardworking ho. Like a horse, she should be ridden long, hard, and not put away wet.

got one ho and, you know, one ho is close to no ho.⁹² You better watch she don't get to any reckless eyeballing or any outta pocket shit.⁹³

I had no fucking idea what he was talking about, but I soon did. You see, the Game has its own rules, its own vocabulary, and to be down with Game, you need to respect the Game and learn your pimp alphabet.⁹⁴

Pop Pontius could see that I was green. He could also see that I was hungry. Without guidance though, I think he thought that I could become a gorilla or something like that,⁹⁵ bringing down heat on the scene and disrespecting the Game. I learned this from what he said next. He wasn't so concerned about any reckless eyeballing by Betty for my sake, but rather he was concerned with me coonin' and weighing down on other hoes.⁹⁶

He said he saw me sweating one of Caesar Slick's girls. This was true, but at the time I didn't know the implications of what I was doing. You see, the other night I decided that, while I was waiting for Betty, I'd try my hand at some recruiting. Pop Pontius straightened me out on that. He said that if it's another pimp's ho and you come up to try to knock her, but she keeps her eyes to the curb, you have to let her alone.⁹⁷ Let it go, that's not how the game is played. That's another man's ho. She chose him and you have to respect that. Everything he said was all friendly-like, but I could see in his eyes that he didn't like being fucked with. He said I should probably come down to The Cow Door to smooth it out with Caesar Slick.

⁹² Iceberg Slim would have called me a Chili pimp.

⁹³ Reckless eyeballing is when a ho is looking at other pimps and may become wayward. Outta pocket is when a ho is refractory in some way. She might be holding out on dough, acting like a bitch, or doing something that's fucking with your shit.

⁹⁴ *Editorial note* As you will see, Dazzle Razzle improves not only on the alphabet, but on the language. See Shibboleths.

⁹⁵ A gorilla is an idiot who doesn't know or respect the Game. He tries to muscle in and fucks up the scene. Often his just a misguided thug getting into pimp shit that's way out of his depth.

⁹⁶ Coonin' is what gorillas do. This is disrespecting the Game and doing underhanded, unpimpish shit.

⁹⁷ Knocking a ho is when you try to turn another pimp's ho. You can do it, but if she doesn't want to sign up with you and get with your pimping, you've got to respect that.

The Cow Door

Pop Pontius was pimp. His car was even more pimp. If he only looked like he came outta Superfly, his car was fucking Superfly. It was a Cadillac Eldorado with lake pipes, custom lights, porthole windows, and a hood ornament of big tittied bitch looking like she was about to fly off down the street. Macaroni was decaled on his back window. That was some of the tightest shit I ever saw. We got in and there was a shag carpet interior. It felt like crawling between a bitches legs with a pussy made out of money. He put her in gear, and we rolled around to the spot.

The Cow Door was the name they gave to the joint where all the pimps liked to hang out.⁹⁸ When we walked through the door I could see the place was packed with real players. As we walked through, the crowd parted for Pop Pontius. Everyone was giving him mad respect. Right then I could tell that he really was the man.

The music was bumping and the place was wall to wall with hoes. Neon Miller Lite signs and bras hanging from the bar, I was overawed, but I knew I needed to keep my cool. As we kept walking toward the back, and my eyes started to adjust, I started to get to thinking. Look at all these fine hoes. There is no reason why I can't be running with bitches like this. One day I'm either going to run this fucker or burn it to the ground. I better keep my eyes and ears open and see if I can get some kind of an edge in, work my way in for a slice of all this pie going around.

Pop Pontius was slappin' hands, bumpin' fists and greeting everyone that approached him on our way to the back. At one point though, he himself reached out and grabbed the shoulder of a man who had his back to us. The man who turned around from the bar had a blue velvet suit and mutton chop sideburns. His whole get-up was bespeckled in what could only be rhinestones. This here, my boy, is Daddy Diamond. I shook a stone incrustated hand. Don't he look like a pimp? I agreed, and Daddy Diamond smiled. Don't he sparkle? You should see him under the sodium light with his hoes on the street. You start to wonder who the real stars are.⁹⁹ Sight to behold. Later Daddy, said Pop Pontius as we continued on to the back.

⁹⁸ Although meant to be slang for pussy or, more accurately, how to open it up and hold the keys to it, I actually think there was some kind of etymological word play taking place, like KRS-One, the Victorian philologist of the grand tradition, saw when tracing overseer to officer. In Latin cow is *pecus*. From there you are concerned with pecuniary matters. So too with the ho. She is a form of livestock readily exchangeable for a set value. They say that in the early Roman world the first forms of currency were actually redeemable tokens equated with given livestock that saw an abstracted sense of value transcending barter. Now, since the pimp, most peculiarly, really peculates from the ho, he has to watch that she does not go through that pimp door. The Cow Door is where all the pimps are. The Cow Door = the pimp door. The pimp door is when hoes move between pimps, changing one's game for another's. It would seem that a lot is at work in the name The Cow Door.

⁹⁹ Like Iggy Pop said, "I see the stars come out tonight. I see the bright and hollow sky. Over the city's ripped backsides. And everything looks good tonight. Singing la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la." And you better sing it, or he might not just take off his top, and you don't want to be caught with him when he does so under the starry dingle.

Now you saw that motherfucker, didn't you? If I ever see you acting like that simp, you'll be done for.¹⁰⁰ His time is coming, said Pop Pontius. Did you see that ho he was with? I said no. Well, look back then. Look almost behind him. I did. Almost hidden from sight was a ho that seemed to be cowering just out of Daddy Diamond's reach and just within his sight. Pop Pontius said, The reason why you didn't notice her is because Daddy Diamond is a gorilla. That ho is scared of him. That ain't no real pimpin'. That ho is there outta fear. Pimpin' like that is how you get the heat down on you. This is a game, brother, and that's not how you play it. Play it like that and you'll be playing with yourself. Check it out. That's what you were looking like to me when I saw you sweating that ho on the street the other day. Difference is, I think that what I saw was someone green, someone with potential that could go either way without guidance. That's why I brought you here. It's time to chat with Caesar Slick.

Near the back was a white suited man with a gold toothpick and a couple of hoes. Now I knew who the real man was on the scene, and I was starting to see the dynamic. He made Pop Pontius look like a boy scout. Claudius to Polonius, but I knew I should pull his sleeve,¹⁰¹ but for now I knew I should focus on the man.

We slid into his booth. Pop Pontius introduced us. So you're the sucker-motherfucka coming in and trying to fuck with my stable, asked Caesar Slick.¹⁰² He was straight to the point. I apologized. I told him I didn't know that she was spoken for.¹⁰³

Fool, he said, don't you know there ain't no renegades up in here on this track.¹⁰⁴ Shit, as soon as some freelance bitch shows up, her ass is straight under pimp arrest.¹⁰⁵ Ain't that right, Pop? That's for sure, Pop Pontius rejoined. Everything is organized here. There ain't no lawlessness here.¹⁰⁶ This ain't no wild wild west.¹⁰⁷

If you're gonna be trying to hustle around here, you better learn some respect, Caesar Slick said. You had my bitch all worked up. She said you didn't look like you were going to let up, and

¹⁰⁰ Simp is a fake pimp. A wannabe trying to get into the Game, a plastic pimp.

¹⁰¹ [A]n attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool

¹⁰² A stable is the collective term for a pimp's hoes.

¹⁰³ A clumsy construction of words, but apt. This mistake is often made in wedlock.

¹⁰⁴ Renegade is a freelance ho, a ho working on her own without a pimp. This is unacceptable.

¹⁰⁵ Pimp arrest is when a renegade makes the decision either to get with the pimp that's pulling her card, or to bounce off the track. Nikah Mut'ah the Shiite Transient, also known as the Original Nuttah, was one of the only renegades tolerated because her services didn't come in open conflict with our interests. Also, you don't want to be around when she goes all Altered Beast. Ponderosa the Free Range Pig-Ho was another exception, but I won't get into her shit because it's just confusing.

¹⁰⁶ Indeed, as Whoreson said, "Most of the time when you find a prostitute who doesn't have a man someplace. Something is wrong somewhere."

¹⁰⁷ As Nate Dogg said, we need to "regulate".

that if she didn't walk away and quick, she thought you were going to actually fucking grab her. Ain't that right, Cleo?

To my utter surprise, right beside him sat the girl in question. She looked me right in the eye and said, that's right daddy. This sucker was sweating me. He wouldn't leave me alone. I told him I wasn't looking for any of the game he was talking. I had to leave my blade to get him out of my face.¹⁰⁸ Daddy, he was fucking with our productivity.

Caesar Slick asked, is that right, motherfucka? I told him I didn't mean to step on any toes. I'm only out to make money, not trouble. To smooth it over, I gave him a cut of the cash from Betty's recent work. I said it was for Cleo's time and any inconvenience I might have caused. He took it. Cash talks and in these situations I knew I should let it do the talking for me. As long as I don't ruffle any feathers here, maybe I can eke out some room for myself. Maybe I can pull Pop Pontius's Sleeve. I've got a lot to learn, but if I figure out the angles, I could be living large. Besides, I was thinking long term. It wasn't Cleo that was occupying my thoughts. It was the bitch to the other side of Caesar Slick.

Sheba was Caesar Slick's bottom bitch.¹⁰⁹ She was sex personified. She was a smoky, mysterious looking bitch with almost anatomically impossible proportions.¹¹⁰ Her big brown eyes invited you in and made you start considering if there was anything that you wouldn't do just for an opportunity to jerk-off on her tits.¹¹¹ That spelt money, and that was one I definitely wanted to knock. But for now I had to tread softly and couldn't risk making designs on any ho, let alone Sheba. I didn't want to be no Daddy Diamond. First, I had to learn more about the Game. I did, and the following is a breakdown.

¹⁰⁸ A blade is the area a ho works.

¹⁰⁹ A bottom bitch is the chief earner of the stable. She is reliable and holds a position of esteem amongst the other hoes. She is typically the most delusional of the lot.

¹¹⁰ Thick, fulgurous non-flatness. We will return to this in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

¹¹¹ Kind of like Pam Grier in *Sheba, Baby*. There are similarities. Sheba's tits were symmetrical though.

Overview of the Game (Lay Pimpology I)

You can read a lot of books about pimpin', but you're never going to really get a good handle on it from the literature out there. Of course there are the Iceberg Slim and Goines novels, and you can also get some firsthand accounts like *From Pimp Stick to Pulpit* by Bishop Don Magic Juan or Pimpin Ken's *The 48 Laws of the Game*, but the problem remains, I feel, that all this still leaves one interested in this area rather unsatisfied.¹¹² The reason for this is that most pimps can't read, let alone write, and the evidence is abundant. Also, if you've ever listened to pimps talk in real life, you'd be forgiven for thinking that more than a few are likely mentally retarded anyway. You might ask, All right then, if that's the case, how are they doing it? Well, the Game is an elaborate machine, and most pimps only have a vague sense of how it actually works outside of its external trappings.¹¹³ They think they know, but they don't really.¹¹⁴ This is apparent from the books that are out there, and no doubt the books that will continue to come out. They may provide a lot of color, but they lack substance. This book is different. Here I'm going to give you a quick breakdown of what the Game is, how it works and how it's done.

You see, it's called the Game because there are rules. A pimp is a man who manages women. These women are hoes. The Game is not just how the relationship between the pimps and the hoes works, but, and perhaps more importantly, it's how pimps interoperate. Any pimp can tell you that. Right, so you ask, before you get to pimp-to-pimp relationship shit, how does this pimp-to-ho business happen? Well, to get the ball rolling, let's consider what a ho is.

Hoes are a magical breed of creature. Money falls from their pussies. Or rather, you can think of her pussy as the goose that lays golden eggs. Be good to the goose and it will keep laying tricks, and that shit is golden. See, that's the trick and the trick's pockets make a nice nest for the gander, you know what I'm saying?

So what's up, you ask. You're just doing that meaningless and circular pimp stuff. You're not telling me shit. No, but I will now. And the meaningless circular pimp stuff is important, along with his threads and his car. You will see, but right now we are talking about hoes. Bear with me though because this will be desultory at times, but perhaps only apparently as it is a figure appropriate to the material throughout.

The first thing to know is that although hoes are all different, they are actually all the same. They are actually all the same because, structurally, their minds are governed by the same fundamental unity that is defined through being a set of their differences. In other words, each

¹¹² Often one's only recourse is to supplementary literature. Many pimps maintain that Machiavelli is indispensable and has helped form their outlook. That and Sun Tzu. Although I question how many have read either, or have done so to any profit. Regardless, I have found Montesquieu and *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* to be infinitely more rewarding reading.

¹¹³ As you will see, in many ways this is all they need.

¹¹⁴ Their existence as a pimp is only symptomatic of material, preëxisting conditions. This will become clear in a moment.

ho is different from the next ho, but there are deep lying affinities that form a kind of common denominator. For this to make sense, check this out.

Why do hoes come to pimps? This is another structural question. It is because, nine times out of ten, they are looking for a father figure. This doesn't mean daddy like the one she might, or might not have at home. This isn't some weird incest like I want to fuck my dad, although she probably does on a couple levels, and in a couple senses. Rather it is something entirely different. It is the need for an authority figure. This is very different from a father, as it's a role that the father often plays, but especially with hoes, a role he probably didn't play. Far be it for a pimp like me to be concerned whether you think I'm being sexist referring to the necessity of a paternal agency, but what I'm talking about is something that, no matter how you try to revise it, remains descriptively paternal. She is looking not for just a man, but *the man*—the pimp. Often this is because The Man, in whatever guises he may take, has let her down. You see, society, the stars, fate, any number of these things, haven't lived up to her expectations, but it is in *the man* that she now clings to in hope of something—something else that may not even be clearly defined. He will serve as a point of order in her otherwise volatile life. How?

The pimp is the dispenser of justice, of Pimp Law, and he makes decisions for the ho. This doesn't mean she doesn't know how to do shit for herself, but a ho lives in a world of uncertainty. The street is a precarious place, but most of the uncertainties a ho has are packed away in her fucked up childhood. Pimp Law is a certainty and, for whatever the fuck Pimp Law turns out to be in practice, its chief function is as an injunction. It is firm. Whether the ho needs this Pimp Law to abide by or to chafe against, what she really needs is for it to be felt. This doesn't mean that when he tells her to do certain shit, or he beats her for some shit, that it's right, but somewhere, deep down in the ho, she wants it, she needs it. Satisfying this, Pimp Law provides the necessary compass points for a ho. You may tell her to march north, but she'll march south. In fact, she's mostly likely to do that just to spite you. But, the thing is, for her to march south, she needs to know where north is in order for her to march at all.

You see, hoes are fucked up. With some hoes, even if the physical side of Pimp Law seems arbitrary, she still needs the beating irrespective of how illogical the rules and expectations are that you have set for her. In fact, sometimes she'll push you until you beat her just because.¹¹⁵ Now, on the surface, of course she doesn't want it, but underneath it's a different story. They are hotbeds of irrationalism and hoes often have all kinds of head issues about being bad, not deserving of love, *etc.* You know, all the shit that made her turn to the street in the first place. In some sick way half these hoes have signed up for the whole programme in order to self-punish, but in many ways this self-punishment only becomes validated in the ho's eyes under

¹¹⁵ "Every woman adores a fascist, the boot in the face." A pimp and a Nazi are similar in that they both command a certain fascination, a certain eroticism indispensable for a ho and most bitches. Bitches love to hate domestic violence.

the smiling watch of a pimp—the pimp paternal figure.¹¹⁶ Rationally they don't accept it, but somewhere they're thinking it's my fault I got raped, or it's my fault my father used to beat my mother and left her, *etc.* Like I said, the truth is that often they don't even know it themselves.

So, where do hoes come from? In this Game most of these hoes turn out to the track themselves. They are already in an advanced state of ho-ness and they need to run some laps.¹¹⁷ This can be understood as a central metaphor for the business. It's not only a game, but it's a game that you gamble on. There are different hoes, in different stables, managed by different pimps. Since it is a game, we play by rules, but since it's a competition, it's also all about figuring out the angles and maintaining advantage. To stay *in* the Game, you gotta stay *on* your game. After all, when you can't see the angles no more, you in trouble.

Now, when a ho comes to the track, the Game is already there, spread before her. It doesn't take long for her to understand how it's played. In fact, that is half the beauty of it. The Game is always anterior to the action.¹¹⁸ To understand this, ask yourself, why do pimps act like the 70s never ended? Why is the fashion essential the same? Why is the slang and all the other trappings essentially the same?¹¹⁹ It's not just that a lot of pimps appear to live in a time warp just for the fuck of it, although I'm sure quite a few do, but rather, it's another structural thing. Things may change, but the Game always stays the same. And there is a reason for this. It is not as though the 70s saw a crystalline perfection of the Game where its pure form is now passed from hand to hand down through posterity because of anything intrinsic to the material. Rather, what happened is something fundamentally formal. Always is.¹²⁰

The 70s gave a definitive complexion to the Game. Blaxploitation films like *The Mack*, *Mac and Me*,¹²¹ and *Willie Dynamite* served not only to popularize the pimp, but to establish the

¹¹⁶ In this way she is disciplined as a naughty girl. This is important for her to rebalance her moral ledger. More importantly, however, she sees the sadistic gleam in the eye of her pimp as he gives her thirty-nine stripes. She sees his energy and commitment to the exercise. She is interested in his interest in her. As she begs and he spares her the last lash, she can see that he cares. The significance here is that she is not being ground to dust by the impersonal world, but by a man with enigmatic desires. The pimp who stops at the last stripe teaches the ho that she does indeed have value no matter how slight. He shows her both that there are limits and that, on some level, he accepts her. Maybe not as a person, but he accepts her.

¹¹⁷ In a latter section I'm going to tell you how you make a ho. How you bring her from pre-ho-ness to full on ho-ness. Betty was in a state of pre-ho-ness, but now you might be beginning to see that this can actually go back another stage. And yes, that 'earlier' stage is what you could consider a normal girl. And yes, you can make her a ho, but you need skill and you need to be a real mutherfucker. If you like, later you can follow me down the rabbit hole.

¹¹⁸ Like The Blind Man told Goldie, "The game is out there, Goldie, waiting for you. You can be a player."

¹¹⁹ "Essentially". There is a diachronic dimension, beyond immediate participation, that drags change through the configurations, but this is gradual and the Game is peculiarly resistant. Or instance, it informs, and is informed by, hip hop culture.

¹²⁰ Unless you're one of those people that consider themselves post-formalists. You will see, Dazzle Razzle ultimately becomes something beyond either rubric.

¹²¹ *Mac and Me* might not be from the 70s, but it's definitely about pimpin'. Its exploitation of *E.T.* and aggressive product placement is an inspiration for the inclusion here of the pepper sauce called Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. Now this is motherfucking pimp.

iconography of the Game. The result was a prepackaged system, abstracted from reality, commodified, and sold back to the street. In the wake of this cultural movement was founded a self-perpetuating system based on the fetishized image that, in its fixity, proved to be its very motive force. The Game became codified as is apparent in the pimp, his clothes, cars, and behavior.¹²²

All this, lock stock and barrel, became the essential points of identification for all those in the Game. The pimp was made, and hoes could find their bearings in this clear ordering. Expectations were available and preceded any involvement in the Game. Pimp-to-pimp relations were generalised in their configuration. Where practices may have varied before, now there were common expectations established through a common understanding of what it meant to be in the Game. Plugging in, one becomes syntonic. In brief, the rules are the following.

A ho chooses to be a ho.¹²³ We aren't circus people, we don't kidnap girls. Superficially, hoes may come to the streets because of drugs, domestic violence or destitution. But, see, that only drove them to the streets, not to be hoes. On the surface of it hoes are understood to be with a pimp on their own free volition,¹²⁴ and the understanding is that it is a contractual arrangement entered into freely. The ho chooses a pimp, and she also reserves the right to leave him and choose a different pimp if she has a mind to. The practice is that once a ho gets bumped, it is the responsibility of the pimp to serve the other pimp, to call him and let him know that his bitch has chosen to get with some new pimpin'. It ain't no thang, but some pimps don't take it well when they hear that one of their hoes has gone through the pimp door.¹²⁵ They have every right to try and get her back, but it's the ho's choice.¹²⁶ That's how the Game is played.

However, when it's time for a bitch to ho up, whether she's a fresh turnout or a veteran, a ho must break herself. This means a ho has got to give up her cash to her pimp, she needs to buy into his game. This is the material aspect of the contract. A ho is only under new pimpin' once

¹²² Prior to this the pimp game was alive and healthy, but its strength resided in microstructures and grassroots interests. Commonalities existed, but regionalisms and localisms were the order of the day.

¹²³ Although this may seem like a tautology, its truth is only amplified by its inextricable circularity. To choose is already to make a choice from the place in which we find he who chooses. The track sticks to a ho faster not only than the tortoise, but Achilles. In fact, if she looks down she is only going to see turtles, though she can hold out hope for a tortoise nonetheless.

¹²⁴ Free volition is not redundant. If anything, perhaps a contradiction as is seen in the above pimnote. Still, these require qualifications that are too tedious to entertain here. All in due course. Really, though, see *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

¹²⁵ The pimp door is the circulation of hoes amongst pimps. It happens quite frequently and is part of the ecology of the Game. This has already been addressed in an earlier pimnote about The Cow Door.

¹²⁶ If you are doing it properly, as you've probably already inferred, there isn't really a 'choice' to be made. This quality of pimping was even known by the ancients. As Lao Tzu said, 生之、畜之，生而不有，為而不恃，長而不宰，是謂玄德。

she breaks herself, otherwise you're going to see the basis of some real mis-pimpin'.¹²⁷ There will be more to say on this shortly. But, you wonder, why would she want to give up her money in the first place? Well, we've already gone over considerations of how a ho's mind works, but we need to make more sense of the role of the pimp for the ho.

On the surface the pimp provides a number of services. He is there to protect the ho from sadistic tricks, pigs, and possibly other hoes and pimps. He manages her money, gives her guidance and sorts out her problems for her. This could be protecting her from herself when it comes to drugs or other lifestyle considerations. So, it would seem that he is there to guarantee her wellbeing, to watch over her, to be her daddy. But surely, you think, why would any ho want to sign up for a relationship where they give up all their money? And for what? Clearly, the benefits of this relationship are extremely disproportionate. Yes, but as you've probably already suspected, there is a lot more at work here than what meets the eye.

The pimp becomes a coordinate for a ho. Because of the anteriority of the Game that I've stressed, pimps are quite typically just walking clichés. This is actually very important, and a real basis of their strength, whether they know it or not. A pimp exists as a collection of codes that a ho is already attune to, just as you are.¹²⁸ The significance of these codes is not in their decipherment, but in their mystification. This is all-important. They function like a frame around a screen that invites a ho to play her own movie against. Every ho has her own movie that she wants to star in, and the pimp gives her shot at the big lights. In these ho fantasies she sees herself in and through her pimp. This can mean as many different things as there are hoes, but the themes are the same, and the movie is always a romance of some sort with a glorious, earned ending down the line that allows her to put up with current privations and quiet sufferings.

These ho-movies, as I will now call them,¹²⁹ are almost invariably about money, power, and respect.¹³⁰ The ho sees the status of her pimp as a reflection of her own. As she continues to work in the present, her eye is on the future when they'll (she and her pimp) will be made. This future echoes in her mind with the rustle of banknotes and perhaps the pitter-patter of little feet in a light pure and sanctified.¹³¹ Salvation is not only to be had, but a sense of social vengeance is also to be satisfied. In the ho-movie, she expects to, at a later date, sneer down on

¹²⁷ Mis-pimpin' is either bad practice or intentionally trying to mislead another pimp by feeding him misinformation or some such.

¹²⁸ As you probably have already noticed, this is actually a form of pimp maieutics.

¹²⁹ Celluloid emulsions that animate the dead, so to speak.

¹³⁰ Something of this sort takes place in *The Mack* when Goldie takes his hoes to the planetarium in order to sell his vision to them. In a similar consideration, the ho standpoint couldn't be better summed up than from the horse's mouth. Lil' Kim was a ho (the past tense is used because, if she's not dead, at least here career is) and she said, "See I believe in money, power, and respect." You can immediately see that this is delusional. That's not to say it isn't true at some level. You will see.

¹³¹ Perhaps the Protestant work ethic at its most pure.

a contemptible and cold bourgeois society from a position both above and outside.¹³² Her sweeping glance from this Olympian height takes in both those that she shared either bedroom or elbowroom with as well as those that she feels have rejected her.¹³³ It's actually pretty sick and inevitably doomed to failure.¹³⁴

That's the simple part. The difficult part is to keep the ho watching the movie while just keeping it shitty enough that she doesn't leave in the middle of it. You see, if the movie is too good, she'll run scared.¹³⁵ Too shit, and she'll turn off. There is no Ludovico Treatment. Hoes suffer from a mental short circuit,¹³⁶ so you've got to make sure the movie loops as well with no actual ending.¹³⁷ Repetition is key because if you don't keep her in your movie, she'll be in someone else's.¹³⁸

Now in this movie, the script is written, the ho is acting, but it is up to the pimp to direct it. It looks like the ho does all the work, but it has to be done through the pimp for it to be of any value, whether she understands it or not. Pimpin' ain't easy.¹³⁹ As director, he has to be master. When a pimp calls out, it is always, and only, a ho that responds.¹⁴⁰ This is the casting call, and this is partly why hoes are always spoken for.¹⁴¹ The pimp stands up for her, he represents her to others and, more importantly, to herself. The pimp makes the ho, and she loves him for it. In the pimp she sees power, control, and flamboyance—she loves in the pimp what she wants to love in herself. But again, distance has to be maintained or there is no movie.

¹³² Obviously this will never happen. When a ho's slot is worn-out, she is manumitted. It can be an early retirement, but it can also be an early grave.

¹³³ This 'bourgeois society' is that which she has rejected and has rejected her. Yet it still succeeds in holding her enthralled, transfixed.

¹³⁴ A lot of hoes when they get used up just seem to disappear. Some seem to turn into junkies, others get into more-or-less normal, turbulent relationships with one-time tricks or, more typically, other dregs of society. While I suspect that a high suicide rate accounts the remainder. I asked an actuary, but he said there is no standard mortality for hoes. In terms of their value, when they are dead you could say that they have over matured. This is ho a-mo(u)r-tization.

¹³⁵ Although, as you recall, she needs an instrument for self-punishment as the ho is not emotionally equipped for true acceptance. She needs Pimp Law and the pleasurable pain that it brings. The ho can only circle around what could be considered happiness, as true happiness would be the end. Like mainlining speedballs into your neck.

¹³⁶ Or, perhaps better, they're in a rut.

¹³⁷ As Ian Curtis said, "love will tear us apart again." Again and again. This is the dejoined conjoin. Ho-movies have to be B movies, fascinating, but with shitty plots spliced and re-spliced like *Monster a Go-Go* or *Plan 9 from Outer Space*. Try running the like back to back for the captivating, deadly incoherence of a *Mystery Science Theater 3000* scenario. Some hoes appreciate this with a certain wry, detached humor. This can be an important ironical stance.

¹³⁸ This is the Cop and Blow.

¹³⁹ A truism needlessly, but aesthetically, inscribed in the Big Daddy Kane track. Picking up the theme, but falling short, is the R Kelly/Snoop track of the same name. Clearly, it has a lot of cultural currency.

¹⁴⁰ As Too \$hot said, "Say ho. Ya you. Can I ask you a question? Can ya get in where you fit in, biatch?" Part of its charm is the chiasmus. The first two sentence reveal the truth. The second two are a pleonastic flourish. Vocative to interrogative. They give the illusion of autonomy and self-determination. However, as Petronius said, if you're a Lucretia, you've found a Tarquin.

¹⁴¹ Εθελων εθελουσαν ανηγαγεν. Forget the ornament, forget the diacritics.

But, you might ask, if there has to be a movie, why does it seem like a porno? What makes a ho want to fuck for money? Why doesn't a pimp just collect girls like this, structure their lives like this, and run a sweatshop or something? I guess one could, but only to an extent. You see, there are certain key ingredients that are necessary in order to maintain the delicate equipoise of the ho/pimp symbiosis.¹⁴² Victimising women may be easy, but doing it well is an art.

Now, why sex? Well, a ho is usually pretty fucked up and needs validation on a couple of levels. It might be trite to claim that they turn out to the track in part because they have no real employable skills for mainstream occupations, or at least not the kind where they think they can make any actual money, but there is element of truth to it. More importantly, however, and central to what makes a ho, is an insatiable hunger for cock, but this is not quite in the vulgar way you may be thinking.

Hoes need cock. They love it and they hate it. A cock lifts a worthless ho up and confers value on her. It's also a symbol of her oppression. You'll find that hoes are very conflicted. As much as they 'love' their pimp, you'll find nine times out of ten that their actual sexual preference is for pussy, that's if they have a genuine sexual preference at all once sex has become whitewashed and mechanical in an act of pure industry.¹⁴³ Lesbianism is always a pathological response to something.¹⁴⁴

Bitches, all bitches, court cock. Everything they do is to get a rise out of it.¹⁴⁵ The shit they wear, the ridiculous and incessant contrived selfies that they take.¹⁴⁶ Everything. A bitch is one hundred percent image and no substance.¹⁴⁷ As soon as she gives up the pussy, she fears the mystery is gone, and the cock will turn elsewhere. Smart bitches intuit this and hold out, while

¹⁴² This is the sell. Obviously, this is not a mutually beneficial relationship as it is marked by predation. However, the pimp does provide a valuable service for the irredeemably fucked up ho. The finger of fault may be more fairly pointed at the pimp that corrupts a seemingly innocent girl. However, the operative term here is 'seemingly'.

¹⁴³ In my experience, this preference for pussy is usually either the result of some kind of early sexual trauma at the hands of a man, or a turning toward women for some kind of relationship that she has been frustrated in her attempts to find with a man. I term these stable vices, but effectively managed they can be profitable.

¹⁴⁴ Indeed. *Prima facie* lesbians seem to have a clear agenda, but upon inspection it becomes a muddle. This is because lesbians are an unknown quantity. Fueled by anger, their designs are enigmatic and incoherent. However, this all changes when it acculturates to known patterns such as Trick in Shining Armor Complex. Consider the following by Sophie Hawkins, "That old dog has chained you up all right, give you everything you need to live inside a twisted cage... I had a dream I was your hero. Damn I wish I was your lover... make sure you are smiling and warm. I am everything. Tonight I'll be your mother. I'll do such things to ease your pain [*etc. etc.*]" The elisions were for economy. The whole song could be instanced verbatim. This is lesbianism in a groove.

¹⁴⁵ Zorba the Greek has identified this as the central feminine mechanism. Behold, "A woman has nothing else in view. She's a sickly creature, I tell you, and fretful. If you don't tell her you love and want her, she starts crying. Maybe she doesn't want you at all, maybe you disgust her, maybe she says no. That's another story. But all men who see her must desire her. That's what she wants."

¹⁴⁶ As Jeru the Damaja said, "Ya Playin' Yaself." The process only begins with selfies. Photoshop is a known counterpart.

¹⁴⁷ That's why André 3000 says, "Shake it like a Polaroid picture." Very true, and as Zorba said, "let a woman give away her earrings, her trinkets, her scented cakes of soap, her little bottles of lavender-water?...If she gives all that, it's all up with the world!"

stupid bitches become sluts, crawling around for the next cock to validate her. A smart bitch knows it's all a sham. Behind the hair and the makeup there is just a bitch. There is the old adage, no matter how hot she is, someone, somewhere is tired of her shit. This is true. Once past the veneer, the pussy has been given up and seen for what it is, a gaping hole in the center of her being, the bitch has nothing. This is where she tries to interpose something akin to a personality, something that you might mistake as worthy of affection.

The real bitch knows to stay aloof. She is a cock tease.¹⁴⁸ Her beauty is her mystery and, if she gives the pussy up, she is cunning enough to recognise the need to continually transform herself in order to maintain allure.¹⁴⁹ This is the trick of a good bitch.¹⁵⁰ By doing this not only does she remain desirable, but she becomes an object of desire that creates even more desire.¹⁵¹ In this way a man is proud of his bitch, she is hot and this reflects favourably on him. Now he can legitimately 'love' her, but he should realise, that at the end of the day, she is still just a bitch.¹⁵²

Now, the ho is similar to the slutty version of a bitch, just to the nth degree. She probably started life humbly as a slut, but as the hole in her soul and pelvis has widened, she has taken to different measures that do not require mystery or constant renewal. The ho expects to be treated like shit, but yet she still needs to find some kind of validation. Not only do they achieve it in the traditional way with the pimp outlined above, but something else is at work here. By bestowing their pussies upon paying strangers, the hard cocks that probe her are transmuted into hard currency. This is actually a thing of great beauty as it becomes the site of capital accumulation.¹⁵³

¹⁴⁸ The best example of the intensity possible in this mysterious allure might be felt in a society where women are expected to be largely covered. The slightest glimpse of wanton flesh can excite great scenes of uncontrollable lust while offering the licence to rape. No harm, no foul as any indignation felt by concerned parties can be satisfied with a stoning and honor restored.

¹⁴⁹ This is clear from Kim Kardashian and Pamela Anderson. Their sex tapes killed the allure. People were talking about Tommy Lee's dick and the zits on Kim's ass. However, both hoes were able to reinvent themselves. Pam changed cup sizes a couple of times and Kim began reinventing herself on reality TV and a frivolous and sustained use of social media. A similar strategy saw her marry Kanye West. Superficial and likely homosexual, he has no interest to move beyond image. Kim is safe, Pam has hepatitis. Perhaps Johnny Rotten was a touch prescient when he said, "Public image, you got what you wanted. The public image belongs to me. It's my entrance, my own creation. My grand finale, my goodbye."

¹⁵⁰ This reinvention is important for, as Zorba said, "Woe betided the woman who could sleep with a man and who did not do so."

¹⁵¹ Usually so perceptive in affairs of the heart, this is where Cohen is wrong when he asks, "Let me see your beauty when all the witnesses are gone."

¹⁵² For Zorba says, "they're all weak creatures who don't know what they're doing and surrender on the spot if you just catch hold of their breasts."

¹⁵³ Not only that, but it sanctifies so that it is anything but filthy lucre. It is the beautiful reification of social labor and relations. Since the pussy has immeasurable use value, it needs to be tapped for exchange. Sky's the limit. The vagina is the philosopher's stone. Still, although appreciative of the abundance, not everyone see it in this pristine light. Later I will tell you how to launder money so that no one can take issue.

In this sublime act the ho turns cocks into money. She may still harbor feelings of resentment about being used and defiled by penetrating cocks,¹⁵⁴ but she is able to gather and collect all these little cocks and turn them into Cock. This is the giant cock in the sky that she can reel back and marvel at in stupefied awe. It is the order of the cosmos and will come to sustain her. This is the basic formula: Cock = money. They are one and the same, but you need to keep the ho focused on this profound truth. Moreover, you have to show her how to use Cock and to teach her its true value.¹⁵⁵

The ho gives Cock to the pimp. Actually, he fucks it out of her, but not with his dick. The pimp walks around with this giant strap on. It is the clothes he wears, the car he drives.¹⁵⁶ It is salvific for the ho who would otherwise be reduced to a series of sexual acts and dollar bills.¹⁵⁷ The ho worships this Cock, the Cock that tranquilizes her anxieties. It represents her absolution and redemption, the masked surplus value that would otherwise be untenable.¹⁵⁸ This is Cock that will not harm,¹⁵⁹ that allows her to find value and identity through a vicarious relation with the pimp. Cock becomes the screen necessary for the ho-movie.

Sadly, it is time now to leave such lofty considerations. On a practical level, this is why it is so important for a ho to break herself. Besides this symbol of love, by trying to help prop up the pimp's Cock,¹⁶⁰ there are a couple reasons why a pimp needs the money before he'll fuck her. First of all, this cements the entrance into voluntary agreement. But unlike where the exchange of money serves to neutralise the relationship for the ho beyond service rendered with the

¹⁵⁴ A resentment, or *ressentiment*, that I find often gives ways to a compromise satisfaction in what I have come to call 'ho malice'. Ho malice is the perverted kick that a ho gets in fucking a trick that she suspects of having a normal or otherwise envious life. In this way she is sustained in the hope that he has a quietly suffering wife at home. She likes to think to herself, See, nobody's perfect. You're all a bunch of depraved bastards, and yet you fuckers have the gall look down on me? Fuck your wife, your dog, your white picket fence, and your 1.3 children. I'll see you all in hell sooner than you think.

¹⁵⁵ *Editorial note* this passage instances jargon that will find different elaborations elsewhere. This will be an ongoing indulgence asked of the reader.

¹⁵⁶ In this way it is the money, power and respect that the ho is concerned with and so too must the pimp. Like The Blind Man said, "A pimp is only as good as his product, and his product is women. Now you've got to go out there and get the best ones you can find. And you've got to work them broads like nobody's ever worked them before." The ho is instrumental in sustaining Cock. In part, this is why you have to get your name to ring.

¹⁵⁷ I have heard this argument being strongly made as a reason against renegades. Renegades deny themselves the job satisfaction that a pimp affords. Without the pimp, there is no spiritual level and despondency often soon gives way to suicide. This is why hoes need to get with the Game and not fuck around on the periphery.

¹⁵⁸ Truly untenable. See the above pimnote. Dollar bills without Cock are a debased currency in this context. In a way, it is a form of money laundering. The conventional way will be addressed later.

¹⁵⁹ Cock won't, but the pimp certainly will.

¹⁶⁰ Prop up indeed. Verily, a pimp is not a pimp without hoes. He needs his stable. This is also how he has Cock, but you can see the circularity. Where to begin? Assume the image. Remember, it is all image.

trick,¹⁶¹ by paying the pimp, the ho has to keep working.¹⁶² The right for the ho to bask in the glory of Cock is not freely given, but must be earned.¹⁶³ It is what keeps the pimp fixed firmly in his position as pimp while allowing her to keep the ho-movie running in her head. In this way the pimp doesn't fall to the wayside like a trick, and the necessary distance between himself and the ho is maintained. It may be a platitude, but like Dj Quick said, If it don't make dollaz, it don't make sense.¹⁶⁴ Remember, there is nothing more ugly than a pimp and a ho entangled in an embrace.¹⁶⁵ You never want to be soft in the zipper.¹⁶⁶

Now we come back to pimp-to-pimp relations, which will see us return to Pop Pontius and Caesar Slick in a minute. This relationship is extremely important for the uniformity necessary for the efficacy of the Game. As intimated above, it is not the particular form of the Game that makes it work. Historically it could have been construed in any number of guises, but what is important is that it is fundamentally consistent and internally coherent over time.¹⁶⁷ For this to happen, or rather to keep happening, the pimp needs to know the role that he plays. No pimp is an island. Even if the pimp is the quintessential open market capitalist, he needs an economy to work in. This doesn't just mean a product and a consumer, because for either of these to exist, there need to be market conditions through which they are articulated and rendered meaningful. In this regard, pimp-to-pimp relations serve not just for regulatory purposes, but

¹⁶¹ Galen was most certainly correct when he said, "*triste est omne animal post coitum, praeter mulierem GALLUMque.*" If money neutralizes the relation for the ho to the trick, it is because the ho sees it as a complete service rendered. Not so with the trick. Often, even if he doesn't want to see the ho again, he still wants to think that what he bought he keeps. In other words, ya he fucks her and chucks her, but he likes to think that she'll remember him. Something about his charm or the pleasure he thinks he might have given her will stay with her. You never know, he thinks. Maybe every once in a while, when she is gloomily smoking crack in a stairwell, she gets to thinking about a future with him that could have been if the world were a different place. This is often the most subdued form of the Trick in Shining Armor Complex.

¹⁶² The movement of cash from hand to hand shows the same relationship. Just as the trick is to the ho, the ho is to the pimp. The giver is the only one ever to be entangled as obligation is only contractually limited at the point of receipt. This is commerce, it has the opposite logic of the gift.

¹⁶³ It is a 'gift' of love, which is a tautology. Sometimes violence is a gift of love too. This is truly poetic. As Flyguy's inspired composition *Bitch Better Have My Money* ran: "My bitch better have my money/ Through rain, sleet or snow./ Not half, not some,/ But all my cash./ Because if she don't, /I'm gonna put my foot/ Dead in her ass." This is the gift that keeps on giving, sampled widely, but memorably by AMG.

¹⁶⁴ Similarly, MF Doom said, "I sell rhymes like dimes." That's either as liquid money, or near liquid dimes of weed. Either way, it both rhymes and makes sense, illustrating that meaning and money are correlated. More on this later.

¹⁶⁵ This can be what is called pimp aphanisis. As Tom Scholz said, "I closed my eyes and I slipped away."

¹⁶⁶ Similarly, Earl the Black Pearl called it "having a tender dick." Soft in the zipper is a pimp that's inclined to fuck his hoes. This is a no-no. Hoes must be fucked strategically, to keep them on point. If you want to be a pimp because you think you'll just be lying around fucking hoes, then you're in the wrong business, and you'll soon be outta business. Like Pretty Tony said, "That nigga wanted the honey. All we wants is the money."

¹⁶⁷ Obviously, different forms of prostitution and its management have existed over time with differing historical conditions. Like The Blind Man said, "it's been going on since the beginning of time and it's gonna continue straight ahead until somebody up there turns out the lights on this small planet." This is true, but remember that the Game is not just any old prostitution. The Game, and its mythology, is an entirely different animal and that is what we are concerned with here.

they create the whole grid that both allows for a certain type of product while facilitating its market dynamic. This isn't fully intentional and a brief anecdote might suffice.

Pimps are like shepherds. Each one is doing essentially the same thing in the same way. Some may fuck their sheep more than others,¹⁶⁸ but you will find consistency across their practice, and there is always a demand for wool. In this anarchic pastoral you know there is a shepherd with another flock in the next valley, and you respect that, but if you see a lost little lamb, you'll quickly scoop it up. Everything is not bucolic. If another shepherd starts really trying to fuck with your sheep, you're going to come at him. It's much the same with the pimp, except there is more civility. If a pimp knocks one of your hoes, he should have the courtesy to serve you. This gives you a chance to win her back. This is what makes a pimp a truly civilized man, and we would do well to make one more observation on this point.

Now, in principle pimps operate in the light of mutual respect. The lifestyle brings cohesion and shared identity that in turn helps to maintain the conditions necessary for the Game. These established patterns of behavior are what is so important to the pimp on the level of individual practice addressed above. Emblematic of this feedback loop is the Players' Ball. Although representations of the pimp in popular culture have come to serve the same purpose, the Players' Ball is still culturally significant. Not only is it the high water mark street culture, it represents the *Laissez-faire* and civilizing force of free association. Ostensibly, pimps come together in a gala event to out pimp each other and, although a spirit of competition is maintained, the truth is that it is a fraternal gathering of the like-minded. The pimp of the year is chosen, and all pay homage to outstanding work performed in the field. Here pimps parade their hoes, associate, and rejoice. It is where essential codes are rearticulated in fashion, behavior, and culture. It is a sight to behold.

¹⁶⁸ Bae, if you like.

Style is the Man

That night was the first of many that I would spend at The Cow Door. I kept my ears open and my eyes peeled. I learned a lot from pimps like Pop Pontius. Betty was providing a good turnover, but as Pop Pontius had said, one ho is close to no ho. A couple days after my meeting with Caesar Slick, Betty told me that he actually tried to peel her. She told him she wasn't interested. After all, I had my hooks in her pretty deeply, but you never know with a bitch. This made me think that I needed to expand my operation, and I needed to do it quickly. I did just that, and I started with serving Caesar Slick. But I'll get to that in a minute. First you need to get a sense of my metamorphosis.

My wallet was getting fat, so it was time to get out of the motel and suit up.¹⁶⁹ I grabbed a nice apartment in the area and starting working to furnish it. First, however, I bought an elaborate wardrobe. A pimp's threads are of paramount importance.¹⁷⁰ They need to more than just fit. No expense is to be spared.¹⁷¹ Jewellery is a must as well. The car is essential.¹⁷²

I got myself a cherry red 1973 Lincoln Continental,¹⁷³ called it the Cock Mobile, and proceeded to trick it out.¹⁷⁴ I got it skirtd, chromed and hydraulically rigged for front and back and side to side.¹⁷⁵ Louvered hood, aeronautical binnacles across the dash, and a deepened trunk so that I could fit a couple bodies if need be.¹⁷⁶ I had a cock as a hood ornament, but both I kept getting fines and it kept getting stolen, so I replaced it with a dollar sign and connected an electrode to the base. Same shit and problem solved, I thought. I got a gold cock for my necklace anyway,

¹⁶⁹ You need to make your name ring. This is part of Cock. But a big part of this is what is visible. As Iceberg Slim said, "A pimp's fame is as fleeting as an icicle under a blow-torch. The young fine whores are wild to hump for a pimp in the chips. A pimp in bad shape can't get the time of day from them. A pimp's wardrobe has to be spectacular. His wheels must be expensive and sparkling new."

¹⁷⁰ Kid gloves, two tone vines. Or, as Tim Armstong, the punk pimp, said, "black coat, white shoes, black hat, Cadillac."

¹⁷¹ If you want to make a million bucks, you got to look like a million bucks. This is Cock.

¹⁷² Junking the Yugo was probably the easiest thing I ever did. I drove it to an Indian reserve and left it. I assume they set it on fire later that night. I think Norval Morrisseau painted a picture of a skeletal Yugo radiating flames.

¹⁷³ With whale-skin hub caps and all leather cow interior. And big brown baby seal eyes for headlights.

¹⁷⁴ I used to drive that motherfucker around with a purring generator powering a klieg light. A gobo would trace DazzleRazzle.com along buildings and in pigs' eyes. The opposite of Batman, but more gangsta.

¹⁷⁵ The customization guy wanted to complete my exhaust manifold by putting on one of those aftermarket mufflers that are actually amplifiers. I told him those were for fucking idiots. After token resistance, he had to agree. As Fussell could have said for this, the only kinds of people who this would appeal to are "proles hoping to impress girls of a similar sort".

¹⁷⁶ I prefer to knock out its teeth and dig a hole. Don't throw lime on it and slake it for calcium hydroxide. This just desiccates it. Don't believe the movies or all that you read. I pour carbolic acid all over it and then set it on fire with gasoline. I douse it after with water and chlorinated lime to prevent the smell of putrefaction for whatever wasn't burnt off. This can be the cooked shit still in the head, but I anticipate this by gouging out the eyes and pouring the acid directly onto the optic nerve, posterior socket tissue, and through to the cerebrum. You can keep it simple. As Lightin' Hopkins said, "Bring me my shotgun...I'm gonna throw her down that deep, dark well. Hide her from everybody and they won't know where she at." However, Lightin's motivation was drawn from different conclusions.

and a double-finger ring that looks like a pair of balls. I had remembered what Duffy Diablo had said.

I started rolling with a cane that had an upturned gem encrusted hand, similar to a child's, or a really small ho's, for a handle that I could interlock fingers with for a great grip. More significantly, the shaft encased a handy sixteen inch blade.¹⁷⁷ You'll hear more about how I used that cane later, but typically I just used the blade to threaten hoes with, holding it up to their eyeballs or slashing drapery, upholstery and shit like that.

When pimping, you don't really want to have weapons on you. It makes things more complicated when pigs shake you down. However, I always had my cane. I also had a nickel plated Colt .45 with arabesque intaglio and mother of pearl inlayed grip in case I had to push back some wigs.¹⁷⁸ It was beautiful, but I usually kept it at home. Sometimes when I was pissed off or really high, I'd drive out into the country at night and unload a clip into some livestock, and then speed off into the night. In this I found a way of relieving tension. Later I would find more constructive outlets.

I always wore cowboy boots with spats.¹⁷⁹ Different pairs, different colors, but always fly. They were also great for giving someone a good kicking. Later I had this one ho called Sharky, because her skin would sometimes get dry, scaly, and flakey, so that every morning I had her rub her pussy all over the toes of these boots. I told her, it was either that she put her pussy to it or I put it to her pussy, but she'll get to like the former whereas she'll come to fear the latter. It was an inside joke in my stable. I used to call the toes of my boots poison arrows. I'd say, if I have to give anyone a kicking today, I'll strive for retinal detachment, but they'll go blind from the clap even if nothing else.¹⁸⁰ You'll see the irony in this later.

Furs. Always furs. Furs are the dopest shit ever. I had all my hoes in furs. Gotta floss.¹⁸¹ Even if it's hot as fuck out, she'll wear them despite the fact that she's sweating like a motherfucker. Not because I make her, but because she loves it. Vanity. It's important to keep your hoes in nice shit. Buy her jewellery, but make sure she feels it is always something you picked out with her personally in mind.¹⁸² This is something you always have to stay on top of. Often it's just small shit, but you need to keep the hoes thinking that you're always thinking about them. Flowers are great. Hoes are delicate little people. You can't just strong-arm them. It's the ho's

¹⁷⁷ 1'4". It just feels right if you get the proper balance.

¹⁷⁸ I at first had a .44 Magnum, but it was impractical. I'm not sure if it was Dirty Harry, Roosevelt Sykes, or I just liked the number, but the 44 will always have a place in my heart.

¹⁷⁹ Sometimes a codpiece, nigga.

¹⁸⁰ As Thurston Moore said, "Dirty boots are on. Hi di ho. Pinking out the black. Dreaming in crack." Okay, he said, "a crack," but it is a-ok to take liberties.

¹⁸¹ As Quevedo said, "*Quedar bien, muchacho.*"

¹⁸² Don't be cheap. You can usually get it all back after someone murders her. *Editorial note* Often the murder takes what's of value of the body.

heart and mind that you need to keep, and you can't always do it just with a fist. An overreliance on the fist is the hallmark of amateurism.

In truth, besides slaps, I'm actually pretty gentle with my hoes. I typically use a system of pressure points, unless something more severe is required. Sometimes I liked to taser them. It's important to remain innovative, and carceral technologies and their like are always improving. There is often no need for bruising, it just compromises the product. However, hoes do accept the realities of certain occupational hazards rather stoically. That is, if they're not outright courting them.¹⁸³

Perhaps I'm a little glib with the violence. The truth is that it is not so much needed outside of ceremony. The trick is to install yourself into their heads. In the beginning I used to drive around unexpectedly. I'd try and create a sense of my all-seeing-eye, so that hoes would feel they are always being watched. I'd lie to them about CCTV feeds, that I've paid the Chinaman in the laundrette, opposite the street, to keep an eye on her, and shit like that. But what I realized is that this was all unnecessary. When you win a ho over, and shove her full of Cock, she becomes a cheerful little robot.¹⁸⁴ With Cock ensconced in her brain, she will self-police, seeing the pimp forever in her mind's eye.¹⁸⁵

Remember, Cock is money. But despite what seems to have been implied earlier, they are not the same and their relationship is not isomorphic. But you knew that. Cock is more than that, and money has extrinsic properties outside of the Game.¹⁸⁶ However, in its abstraction, money is nothing but a system of equivalent inequivalencies. Given to the pimp, it is a sign of love. This is a side of Cock. Another side is when money is manifested in bling, apparel, and baubles.¹⁸⁷ These shine back in the ho's eyes as the radiance of Cock. Blinding. This is style. Always have style if you want to keep your shit pimp tight.

¹⁸³ This has already been addressed.

¹⁸⁴ Like Pretty Tony said, "When I get a bitch, I got a bitch."

¹⁸⁵ In a similar way to what Danzig said, "20 eyes in my head. They're all the same. They're all the same. When you're seeing 20 things at a time you just can't slow things down, baby. When you're seeing 20 things in your mind, just can't slow things down." This can lead to confusion, but at the same time you will find that the hoes are properly comported.

¹⁸⁶ Or does it? Later on you will see polyvalences that may confound this.

¹⁸⁷ Zorba effectively said this about hoes. "The minute she sees your purse she loses her head. She clings to you, gives up her freedom and is glad to give it up because, at the back of her mind, the purse is glittering." The trick is to get her to add to this purse. Otherwise, as Too \$hort said, "Be a sucker for a bitch and she'll suck your dick. I know he loves her, I don't doubt him. She pulled out his money, said 'I love things about him'." Don't accept this. Keep breaking bitches.

A Moveable Feast

It was a glorious, sunny day. Birds in the trees, mackerel-crowded seas. I was in my mint green suit, fur-trimmed overcoat, dollar sign neck pin. I looked like money. Betty and I got into the Cock Mobile, and off we went to the track. I dropped her off, told her to put in a shift, and pulled away. My plan for the day was to grab some Dairy Queen, get back to the apartment to watch some Maury Povich. I'd come back and pick up Betty for some lunch in a couple hours, if she was lucky. She wasn't lucky.

Around the corner I saw Cleo, Caesar Slick's ho. She was looking fly, so I rolled up thinking I'd take a pop. If Caesar Slick thinks he can peel Betty, well, I'll take another shot at his. This time, however, it was different. I knew the Game, I was in the Game. Fuck, I had game.

I rolled up and got ready to try some recruiting. I started saying, You fine baby. Shaken 'n' bacon cause you staked. All rump and ready to pork. Fine, fine, fine. It's time to move with the hero if you don't want to be a zero and now all you'ze gonna be is a zero till you move with the hero. You should get like a quarterback and toss me the bankroll. You know my game is the only game in town. This is some real pimpin' here. Go from zero to hero. Shake and bake! SHAKE AND BAKE!!

iiiS-H-A-K-E--N'--B-A-K-E!!!

You see, pimps talk in ridiculous and circular ways, but it's all part of the racket, the subterfuge. You have already seen this. This is our cant. We rhyme and talk all kinds of shit, but it is a defined aspect of the Game. Some pimps think that this has some kind of rhetorical force, where you can verbally spin a ho around, confuse her, and begin to possess her mind. Then again, some pimps are complete idiots. Although it can be amusing, most of the shit we say is actually quite pathetic and you may find that, on the whole, our power of expression is rather impoverished.¹⁸⁸ However, this is also a strength. Again, this is the importance of the Game and the power of its static expression. Besides this function of the Game, where it works for you, through you, like the Force,¹⁸⁹ the significance of this strange courtship/recruitment process is the confidence and self-possession that is expressed. On the evidence of it, nothing rational is occurring at all. However, what you are witnessing is a great initiation ritual. This is definitive.

¹⁸⁸ Although this may be the case, the origins of this practice are more rewarding. Diffuse, it challenges amateur and ethnographer alike. I like to look back to stoop culture and the Dozens, although I entertain the idea that it may have its origins in the plantations or back to West Africa in the tradition of *sanankuya*. Either way, I think Dolomite brings it all together rather well and further firms it up with rhyme. Validating the transgressive nature of this, Dolomite also identifies the role of the "signifyin jive" in the trickster tradition. These become conflated with the pimp and can help give him ghetto hero status in cultural representations. Things have deteriorated somewhat since then, but the vitality of the tradition can still be seen in the shared lineage with hip hop. Sadly for pimps, this florescence was short lived and we are now stuck with its degenerate form. This is palpable, and I would like to thank Shaggy 2 Dope for taking us on a nostalgic walk through happier days in *Big Money Hustlas* as Sugar Bear and allowing Rudy Ray Moore to reprise the role of Dolomite.

¹⁸⁹ Better perhaps as *prana* or *chi*. Different strokes.

The ho will assess you, and she'll consider what she knows about your operation, but the truth is that the process is almost entirely visceral and facilitated through the symbols of the Game.

Now, Cleo reacted very differently from the last time when I was wearing sweatpants and a wife-beater. Now I was a real pimp, and Cleo could feel my game.¹⁹⁰ It only took a couple minutes, for the Force was strong with me. I said, give me all of your money, kiss the ring that looks like a pair of balls, and get in the car. We're going to go pick up all your shit and move you to my place. Bitch, do you like Dairy Queen?

She did.¹⁹¹

Then get in the fucking car, I said, and break yourself.

She did.

Off we went.

I counted her money and asked her what she made. I made a quick assessment. For now on you'll suck dicks for \$100, pussy goes out for \$200, and your ass for \$300. You're at least a mid-range product. You're not currently indexed to correct market value. Shortly I'm going to make you top shelf. You smoke any crack? Well stop. That's how we're gonna roll. See, this is why you need my super pimpin', I said. After the ice cream, let's go buy you some clothes. She was all smiles.

Cleo was ho number two. Now I had hoes, and this figure was only going to multiply. However, the process with Cleo wasn't complete. First I had to serve Caesar Slick. I did it with relish. I called him up. You just got served, your bitch chose me. Caesar Slick pretended to take it with equanimity, as part of the give and take of the Game, but I knew he was none too happy. Fuck him, I thought. These are the rules of the Game. Step aside motherfucker, because I'm looking to be the only game in town.

When I next saw Pop Pontius he asked how I peeled Caesar Slick's ho. I told him I've got good game. Solid as shit. I dazzled her. Dazzled her, he asked. With some razzle, I added. That's you, he said. You are the Dazzle Razzle man using the old razzle dazzle. From that moment Dazzle

¹⁹⁰ This is Cock. Like Biz Markie said, "She caught the vapors." This is good.

¹⁹¹ Don't be misled. She only pretended to like it. You'll see later. Anyway, Dairy Queen is wack. As a wise man once said, "Take a quart of ice-cream and a quart of shit and mix it together. You will find it tastes more like shit than ice-cream." Mix Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah and shit together and you'll either have something much, much more edible, or you'll have a nuclear device. Maybe a dirty bomb.

Razzle was born.¹⁹² Pop Pontius lifted his cane to my shoulders and said, arise Sir Dazzle Razzle. I was made.¹⁹³ Tripple Beam was as firmly in the past as Dazzle Razzle was of the future.¹⁹⁴

¹⁹² Mad, bad, and dangerous to know.

¹⁹³ Because this cannot be overstressed. As Kris said, "'Cause I'm the miggida miggida miggida mac daddy. The miggida miggida miggida mac. 'Cause I'm the miggida miggida miggida mac daddy. The miggida miggida miggida mac." Do not snicker. This is not pleonastic.

¹⁹⁴ *Editorial note* As you will see, Dazzle Razzle is actually eternal, external and internal all at once. Everything is in the balance, though he is unbalanced.

Very Like a Whale (Lay Pimpology II)

A ho is like a mule, requiring goading. A ho is like a soufflé that requires a deft touch. A ho is like...Perhaps, but don't succumb to the temptation of the general. You need to find the general though the particular. Detail with distance. There are always temptations. You need to keep your conceptuality stripped bare so that only relations may be present.¹⁹⁵

This law of parsimony is called the Pimp Razor.¹⁹⁶ It is the pursuit of rigor, simplicity and elegance. Don't over embellish. In a word, believe in, be in tune with, Cock. Cock will always keep you in good stead. This is basic. And this alone is fine for an unreflective pimp. He is best served unburdened both morally and intellectually. His participation in Cock is enough. Problems arise when he overestimates his ability and makes misattributions, such as that he is playing 'human chess' or some other type of strategic or intellectual feat.¹⁹⁷ This is usually nonsense. Your run of the mill pimp should, for lack of a better term, be acephalic.¹⁹⁸ He is a dummy,¹⁹⁹ but that does not mean he has to act like an idiot. In this way he can treat the particular in the general by being the space where the particular is made meaningful.²⁰⁰ Let's look a little more closely at this and then consider the other three types of pimps and the four types of hoes that the Pimp Razor is able to pare down.

Pimp category one is basal. It is the default position already addressed. This is the pimp that lives in Cock. His appreciation of ho categories is not necessarily essential. His approach is universal. Being the symbols of the Game, he is the Game.²⁰¹ Ho-movies are able to be projected against him unhindered.²⁰² If he is truly appreciative of Cock, he will not waste people's time with his idle formulations. Like Socrates, he will say that I know that I know

¹⁹⁵ Pope was halfway there when he said, "It is therefore in the anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation." He was close, but I prefer, as a less fustian analogy, to think of bitches in string or micro bikinis. Relations are established and perspective gained in a revealing/concealing that allows you to get close to the meat of the matter.

¹⁹⁶ As Tony Curtis said, Put your faith in your sword and your sword in the Pole. Though here we switch sword and Pole for razor and hooker's face, but you get the idea.

¹⁹⁷ Not only that, but it makes for bad reading. There would be reams of this shit if illiteracy weren't a limiting factor.

¹⁹⁸ *Viz.* both above the collar and below the belt. This is ace-phallic.

¹⁹⁹ If it's a game, maybe he is like a dummy in bridge? Maybe just a dummy. But, as you will see, he doesn't have to be.

²⁰⁰ Perhaps without meaning anything, which itself can be meaningful.

²⁰¹ It is for this reason that many pimps believe that the Game is sold, not told. Actually, it is closer to the contrary. It is told, without being sold. Really, it is just a failed expression. Although pimp knowledge is thought to be experiential, the understanding is that its lineage is a product of oral transmission. This is the truth of Cock. There isn't truth, as such, in this understanding of pimpology, but there are rituals and stylized activities to be observed. This is the truth of the ace-phallic.

²⁰² Like Ray Keith said, "My style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip. So fuck all that sensuous shit." Indeed, he is the Cock without having to use his cock. It is all style.

nothing.²⁰³ This is not only humility, but the fountainhead of pimp *wu wei*. Be a pimp, nothing more. Like a duck is a duck and a goat is a goat, a pimp should be a pimp.²⁰⁴ When he is not, there are ramifications.

Pimp type two is of a degenerate form. This is the gorilla. He has no notion of ho categories. A gorilla is a fucking idiot. He steps up and wants to be tough. He is the labored image of the pimp. It doesn't come naturally, so he forces the issue. He wants to be a pimp. Desperately. In name, he often is. But he's not. There is a lot of loud talk and mismanagement. The gorilla creates a scene because he wants to be seen. But his wires are crossed. He paradoxically both does not have Cock and at the same time sucks on it. The truth is that he is just a dick. Not much better than a bitch. This realization, when it dawns, stings and often makes him overcompensate with more aggression. The whole thing is a travesty.

Category number three is the playa. The playa is the international man of mystery. Shaken not stirred.²⁰⁵ Dapper, suave, choose your synonym.²⁰⁶ This motherfucker is the motherfucking man. He is Cock, but he knows it. Everything done is done with aplomb. This is significantly different than category one. The playa is able to manipulate the situation. He knows what he is and how he does. He knows his hoes have different needs, are different people, and need different treatment. He understands the implications of different ho categories. But not with perfection. His understanding is largely intuitive.

Category four is Dazzle Razzle. Step aside, motherfuckers.

Now for the hoes.

What makes each ho unique is the Hole in her soul. This Hole is the traumatic gap that makes her fucked up. You can't put your finger on it, but you can put your fist in it. This is not the vagina of life, but the Hole of exhumation. It is the silent stink of memoryless memory, redolent but silent like a crypt. All Holes are different, but they are all the same. Hoes find satisfaction as this Hole is dilated and the dead are brought back to life. Dig and disinter the sheeted dead that squeak and gibber. It is not a meaningful site, it is the sight of nonsense. But this nonsense

²⁰³ Or like Inspectah Deck, "I bomb atomically. Socrates philosophies and hypotheses can't define how I be dropping these mockeries." That speaks for itself. It is better to put on a brave face and admit one's ignorance.

²⁰⁴ But as we will see with identity relations, this is actually idiotic. In *Duck Soup*, Groucho Marx said, "Gentlemen, Chicolini here may talk like an idiot, and look like an idiot, but don't let that fool you. He really is an idiot."

²⁰⁵ Like a baby.

²⁰⁶ He is the gambler, 007 at baccarat. He doesn't lose. Like Kenny Rogers said, "You've got to know when to hold 'em. Know when to fold 'em. Know when to walk away. Know when to run." Usually you run when irate brothers and/or fathers of hoes are coming after you. Pimps of category three know this. As Terry Hall said, "What you gonna do, when morons come for you?" Of course you can just plug them. I usually burn down their houses.

brings great and excruciating pleasure to the ho. She probably thinks about suicide, but this Hole sustains her in her failings and her willingness to ho-up.²⁰⁷ In this she feels ho-frisson.²⁰⁸

Now, what gives meaning to this Hole is Cock. Cock and Pimp Law. These latter two are not mutually distinct categories. They are woven together like a tissue. The Hole is able to be known only negatively.²⁰⁹ You can tell where the Hole is by the way Cock and Pimp Law drape over it. You can see a camel toe, you might be able to smell it, but you don't really know what the fuck is going on under there. You know what's not though. Let's look to see how Cock and Pimp Law conform to the Hole and bring the particular of the ho through the general.

Ho category one. This basic ho corresponds somewhat to pimp category one. This is a ho that is primarily driven by identification with Cock. In fact, she wants to be the Cock for the pimp.²¹⁰ She is usually an idiot, but she is more or less stable. Her Hole is mostly just the hole between her legs and in her pockets. She may or may not have been raped and beaten as a child, but the realities of limited opportunities and diminished social mobility have likely played a hand as well. This is the ho that has lived in poverty and has limited education. In Cock she sees opportunity, glamour and style.²¹¹ This is a profound and necessary delusion for her. God bless her.

The second type of ho is coordinated by Cock as well, but Pimp Law is the determining factor. For this type of ho, the more enigmatic Pimp Law is, the more seemingly arbitrary, the better. This type of ho becomes drawn to the pimp and tries to fathom what it is that he wants, what he needs, what's expected, although she knows it's impossible. Usually he's crazy anyways and there isn't much rhyme or reason to his expectations. Nevertheless, she tries to ingratiate herself and lives in titillating fear. She finds great satisfaction in this certain uncertainty. Energized in this way, she likes to be on the ropes ducking and weaving with every caprice of the pimp and living moment to moment.

The third type of ho prefers consistency in Pimp Law and in this way she can get the attention she needs, whichever way she can get it. She'll take the pimp's smile as soon as his fist, and she's sure to provoke either in turn. For her attention must be demonstrable. She often doesn't recognize it, but she needs to be in the pimp's eye. If she feels he's not paying enough attention to her, she will do something. This could be working extra hard, making him pancakes for breakfast, or cutting up his sharkskin suits. For this kind of ho you need to keep your pimp hand strong.

²⁰⁷ This is called ho-conatus, or rather ho cunt-ass-tits.

²⁰⁸ The love and fear of COCK/HOLE as Cresas maintained. This is also somewhat consonant with his doctrine on the will.

²⁰⁹ In some ways, this is similar to the COCK as Maimonides and Aquinas knew.

²¹⁰ This is an essential aspect of the pimp-ho relation. We have seen this.

²¹¹ Again, we have already seen the ambiguity of the Cock. It serves as a relay.

The final type of ho is the one that fetishizes her pimp. This is the best kind of ho. Pimp Law gives her determinate grounding, but her interest is to complete the set. She is interested in Cock. She wants to get the money together. She wants to be his girl, his main ho. She wants to be his mommy and his sister. She wants to wrap it all up and retire with her man in splendor. This kind of ho is often a thoroughbred. But be careful. If she gets too lovey-dovey, you might have to beat her just to keep her straight. She might start thinking about monogamy, stop turning trick or some shit. Because dreaming, she might get to scheming. Her machinations can create discord in the stable. Break her of this.²¹² Keep her eye on the ball and don't take no shit. Otherwise, run her face off of the curb.

This is the yield of the Pimp Razor. Of course there are other species such as crackheads and full-blown psychotics,²¹³ but the categories enumerated above are fundamental. Now you know your pimp A, B, Cs and 1, 2, 3s. It's time to crank it up a notch because you still don't know shit.

²¹² Often it's a ho playing brinksmanship. In *Pimp*, Iceberg Slim depicts a situation like this. Kim the new ho looks to stir the pot, but he tells her to pack-up her shit, and then takes her to the station. This is the right strategy. Either she will break and come back broken, or she will go. The former is the desirable option, but, no matter what, the right hand was played.

²¹³ Psychotics you can assess on an individual basis, but fuck the crackheads. The pimp always has to be number one. The pusher is number one to the crackhead. Even if the pimp is selling it to her, this isn't good business. A good pimp doesn't need to be double-breasted. Just make your pimp game tighter. You never need a plan B, make your plan A better. I think Dani Alves said something to the same effect about *tiki-taka*.

Jung and Easily Freudened

I started racking up the hoes. Next, I grabbed Sharky who was living in a woman's shelter. Then there was Angel who was a renegade. I put her under pimp arrest. The rest came thick and fast. Before I knew it, I had a stable of twelve hoes. I put them up in special accommodations, I moved to a new building, and bought a safe house under Betty's name. She was my bottom bitch.²¹⁴ In the safe house I stashed most of my money and drugs. It was all for personal use, but I liked to stock up mostly on blow and PCP. Sometimes I would go there and just go crazy shooting my gun into the ceiling and kicking holes in the walls. It was truly a refuge. My new house though, my primary residence, was something to behold.

29 Maple Avenue. Over the bridge,²¹⁵ by the forest.²¹⁶ The Spider Web.²¹⁷ A palazzo with a piano nobile.²¹⁸ For the façade I had the Medici in mind down to the *pietra forte* and mullioned windows, but at a modest scale.²¹⁹ Despite that it was lavishly furnished. Overall Biedermeier style interior,²²⁰ although a few exceptions were made. I had Vicuna throw pillows, Persian carpets of 1000 silk knots per square inch, and mounted exotic game. Bringing everything together, I had a velvet Elvis, which I had made for me in Tijuana, placed opposite the painting of myself that proudly hung over the mantle.²²¹ The palette was soft, subdued pastels with iridescent highlights and complemented by menacing religious iconography that peered out from every niche and alcove. There was an indoor Jacuzzi and Grecian statuary. Most impressive, though, was the room on the ground floor that I converted into a dungeon.

Why a dungeon, you ask. Well, this isn't part of the Game as such. It is an expression of my own convictions. You see, although Cock is supreme, you need to fuck your hoes that are really pulling it in for you. But what's the difference between fucking me and fucking a trick? I may

²¹⁴ I knew I had her for life because she knew that I would kill her and her whole family if I lost trust in her.

²¹⁵ As KRS-One said of MC Shan, Marley Marl and the Juice Crew, *etc.* "The bridge is over. The bridge is over. Biddy-bye-bye!" Anyway, Whitman said, "Mannahatta", but he hadn't heard of The Pork Metropolis.

²¹⁶ Spider Forest, or Spider Fourest.

²¹⁷ Although I often called it Altaforte.

²¹⁸ Originally an abattoir and cannery in an industrial zone, I made it into a luxurious residence. Re-zoning is easy when you have connections. In a way it was through a slush fund, but I'm getting into details you don't need to know about. Anyway, I had to pressure hose the walls and floors. The hoses were already there for the slurry, when they used to hose the carcasses down for the last little bits of grizzle and cartilage, reconstitute it, and sell it as Chef Boyardee. I hosed down the whole house and threw baking soda around. This was only partially effective, but I had to try. Although this was part of the reason I got it on the cheap, it was my house, not a brothel, so I didn't want it to smell like fish or rancid pork.

²¹⁹ The Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, naturally, artificially, mystically considered. In other words, I even had a Medici inspired escutcheon with quincunx and emblazoned fist to replace the sixth. Across it I had a band sinister in heraldic fashion because I'm a bastard, and the motto *ARBEIT MACHT FREI* because I'm an asshole.

²²⁰ Reason being a contrast between Florentine proto-capitalism with post-Napoleonic politics. Decisions made by dark men behind dark doors and dark political brinksmanship. But like Dead Mike said, "I'm bliggity-black," so at least I wore a dashiki and some cowrie strung amulets up in my hut.

²²¹ So happy was I with this pairing that I had a duplicate of this opposition presiding over the living area of the safe house as well.

know how to bash in the clitoris just as well as the next man,²²² but I feel something different is required. Some tricks are into some pretty twisted shit,²²³ and my hoes catered to both the most refined and disturbed tastes,²²⁴ but ultimately they become callous and desensitized.²²⁵ After all, you can only have tricks wanting to piss in your hair so many times before it loses its eroticism.²²⁶ And that my friend and reader is the limitation of pedestrian sexuality. What I did with my hoes in my dungeon, however, was some on-a-different-level shit. The safety word was *Klaatu barada nikto*,²²⁷ but often I couldn't hear because of the death metal.²²⁸ Even if I did, I usually just ignored their pleas anyway.

In my dungeon, I had shackles, manacles, a pillory, and a modified rack. For further ambiance, I had caged pit bulls that I raised for fighting and to whom I would periodically give PCP, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah pepper sauce, and poke with a stick. There was incessant barking. This was complemented by a high wattage military flood light instillation that I had running on a diesel generator that gave off some pretty nasty fumes. Calibrated correctly, I was able to achieve a stroboscopic effect where time and motion became complicated and sanity questioned.²²⁹ Seizures were common, but piety was inevitable.

²²² Back in the days of UK garage, Bushkin used to drop, "I'll bash in you c l i t just until you get w e t." You can do this to bae or a thot and take the past to the present, although, hopefully, these terms will become obsolete soon. Nevertheless, Just rinse out, selector, and make it pure bashment.

²²³ Like putting toothbrushes in his urethra while hating potatoes like Alfred Kinsey, or needles in his balls and loving it like Alfred Fish. Maybe just being obsessed with cream like Alfredo di Lelio. Whatever. By the bye, statistically most people named Alfred are tricks, psychos, or both.

²²⁴ For instance, Lucy the Lactator would make cheese from her breast milk and sell it to the freaks. She wasn't a ho *per se*. She was nastier.

²²⁵ As Animal said, "Well, I've fucked a sheep. And I've fucked a goat. I've had my cock right down its throat. So what! So what! So what? So what? You boring little cunt!"

²²⁶ Riboflavin Richard the Rib Eye was a trick that I knew on actually quite personal terms. He was hilarious, and we used to drink together. Every night before I'd arrange a ho for him, he'd eat a rib eye steak with tons of mushrooms and some kind of fucked up goat cheese and almond salad. He cheated a bit and took extra vitamin supplements as well, but the idea was that he wanted his piss to be bright yellow. Zeus to Danaë, he loved seeing the stream from the tip of his dick to the top of the ho's head. Then he'd watch it run and drip off her titties and reach down to her vag. The true beauty was the ephemerality of it. He loved seeing it hang and drip from every convoluted tangle and curlicue of hair. The appreciation was actually in the varying textures and concentrations of the hair itself and how it shaped and re-shaped itself in new whorls. I can dig it. I even had one bitch that I kept on ice for him that wasn't allow to shave so that legs, armpits and upper lip could be added to the list. But to his credit, Riboflavin Richard the Rib Eye was multisensory. He didn't just eat all that shit for the visual aspect, he also ate bushels of asparagus as well so that he could smell that vibrant yellow piss on the hooker even after he'd emptied his bladder. Afterwards, sometimes he'd beat them into submission and jerk off into their hair, but I'd have to charge him extra for this. He liked seeing the red run into the yellow and the white stick into the black. Again, I can dig it. It was somewhere between Jackson Pollock and Andy Warhol. Truly American, he was not just a man of great cultivation, he was an *artiste*.

²²⁷ According to Dazzle Razzle's records, it was actually Mohammed, but the editorial team thought it prudent to keep it out of the book.

²²⁸ The unholy trinity of Napalm Death, Morbid Angel and Cannibal Corpse.

²²⁹ Inspired from and early, although abandoned, experiment of Mengele's.

In my dungeon I had all kinds of converted power tools, restraints, whips, and leatherwear. In here I would bring anguish, despair, excitement, and other intense experiences to my hoes. In here lived Cock in one of its most terrifying aspects.²³⁰ For the hoes it was an overwhelming, confusing and mystical experience of divinity revealed. The other beauty of this set-up was that I didn't need to fuck these hoes with my own cock. A real boon considering the likes of Sharky, a particular case that will become even more evident in a minute. Instead, I had all kinds of widgets and implements that I could put into the service of Cock. I was its high priest.²³¹

In this dungeon another sacred office was performed. As a right of initiation, I had a small wrought iron brand shaped to DR.²³² I would leave this over a tray of barbeque briquettes and, when it reached a suitable shade or orangish-red, I would brand each new ho along the outside of her foot. It wasn't big, but the ho couldn't walk for a couple of weeks. The branding worked not so much as a physical impress, but as a mental one. During the time of convalescence, I would ingratiate myself with her and establish an undying sense of debt, self-guilt, and dependency like I did with Betty. You would think branding might have the opposite effect, but properly managed, it was a great consolidating technique.

²³⁰ It should be noted that the conceptuality of 'Cock' here is still inchoate. COCK is likely more appropriate, but this would be anachronistic as well—not that we've been concerned by that before. Not to worry, further elaborations are to ensue.

²³¹ The irony will be apparent later on how accurate this assessment proved to be.

²³² It was actually made out of Rearden Metal, custom made for psychotic purposes.

Dulce et decorum

Now, as I was building up my stable, I thought it was about time to give Kaptin another call. It had been two years since I flashed off the scene and I needed to know how everything stood. He told me everything was much the same. It had cooled down, but I should stay well clear. That was good enough for me. Then he told me that Bankroll had recovered, though he now suffered from partial facial paralysis and carried a limp. Lizzie was with him, apparently in fine fettle. She was expecting. That pissed me off. I was already having a bad day.

Earlier I had taken Sharky to the doctor to get her tests results. I regularly forced my hoes to get a whole battery of tests. These have always come back more or less favorable. Some ups, some downs, but nothing too serious. It wasn't the end of the world, but this time Sharky tested positive for syphilis. No biggie. It was actually kind of funny on two fronts. We were calling her Tuskegee Sharky. That was pretty funny in itself. But even better, the other hoes and I were laughing at her saying now I really could have poison arrows when it came to my boots.²³³ Anyway, as it turned out, I was just about to take her to get some penicillin shots before I decided to make that call to Kaptin. From what Kaptin said, Sharky's predicament gave me an idea.

Tuskegee, I called. Listen. We're going to get you fixed up, but first I want you to do something for me.²³⁴ I gave her a wad of cash and told her where she would likely find Bankroll. I said, Take this money, find him, flirt with him, and stay out there until you fuck him. No condom. I want you to run your juicy, syphilitic pussy all down his cock. Tickle your pussy, slip your mucus covered, dripping finger into his ass. Get him to eat that rotten pussy. This is what I want you to do. Don't come back until its mission accomplished.²³⁵ Otherwise, I'm going to put you in a cage where I can watch you rot from the inside out.

Sharky didn't require much inducement. She was a frontline trooper. Off she went, and she came back in a week. As it turns out, she succeeded in accomplishing the mission objectives with ease. I had wanted Bankroll to be stricken with this love bug, and then transmit it to Lizzie. However, it seems to have worked too well. She went over and above the call of duty. Bankroll kept calling Sharky. I encouraged this and let her keep going, but I left her untreated. Now both Bankroll and Lizzie definitely had syphilis. The problem was that Sharky was beginning to show obvious symptoms. She had the high steppage gait and her pussy was beginning to stink so

²³³ The joke was that my poison arrows were laced with gonorrhea. Syphilis is even funnier.

²³⁴ I gave her Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People just to ease her mind. She took them out of my hand as though satisfied. However, she was as black as the ace of spades, so who was fooling who?

²³⁵ I didn't have to use Sharky. I had a couple other nasty skanks in my stable that preferred to cultivate their ailment rather than treat it. Namely, I had Typhoid Mary who like to cough on concupiscent curds.

badly that I had made her start sleeping out on the balcony. This continued for a while, but one day she went out to see Bankroll and never came back.²³⁶

What happened, I learned from a couple sources. She had been murdered.²³⁷ That much I knew through official channels. Through Kaptin I was able to find out that it was nasty piece of work called A Sharp who did it. She had been infibulated and, never a safe procedure at the best of times, and especially with an adult woman, this led to excessive bleeding. Exsanguinated, she died in the most grotesque of ways. Having dragged herself across a street and into a park, she gathered up her entrails and formed a circle with them. Inside this circle, she struck a Vitruvian pose. Outside of it, scrawled in her own blood, were some lines from Macaulay.

*Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain*

The whys and the wherefores were unclear.

Apparently there was some kind of party that turned ugly. Some bikers called The Choir Boyz, led by a guy called A Sharp, showed up and there was a confrontation with the Spider Fourz. On the pretense of a gangbang, Sharky was led into a corner and an overly invasive pharonic circumcision was performed. Apparently A Sharp and his minions did this with a repurposed crowbar, but their motives were unclear beside having something to do with the occult. Her screams drew the attention of others and a fight broke out between the factions. It appears that it was then that she was able to drag herself away.

²³⁶ Sharky was whore, no Horace, though she definitely had a whore-ass. Anyway, she might have been a spear-chucker, but she wasn't a shield-chucker.

²³⁷ As Mad Cobra said, "R.I.P. Rest in peace. Pussy get a coffin then dem soon get da wreath, me bawl."



Sharky's pose. Ignore the penis

Deep in the melee, A Sharp and Duffy Diablo we locked in mortal combat. Duffy Diablo had the upper hand and looked to have his opposite's number when, out of nowhere, he was wrestled to the floor by someone called Tricky Ricky, a mysterious person of some third party affiliation. Further confusion ensued when he did a rather effective Shoryuken that cleaned out four people.²³⁸ But in the tumult, before the police arrived and everyone retired from the field, Tricky Ricky was shot. It was a gangland style execution, but the details were vague. A Sharp was arrested for the grisly death of Sharky. Duffy Diablo, or as the newspapers identified him as one Duffy MacGuffin, was also up for the murder of Tricky Ricky.²³⁹

There were many questions and not a few mysteries. Who the fuck was Tricky Ricky? Apparently he had just recently returned to home soil from the French Foreign Legion and the deserts of Chad. Because of non-disclosure clauses in that outfit, nothing else could be learned on this front. And who the fuck were The Choir Boyz? What did they have to do with the Spider Fourz, and why did they kill Sharky in that manner?²⁴⁰

All very interesting. But the upshot for me was that I was now a ho short.

It was time to get back to recruiting.

²³⁸ Forward, down, down-forward, punch in Street Fighter on the SNES. Of course, you have to be Ken or Ryu. The other characters are wack anyway, although I'd get Chun-Li to turn out.

²³⁹ Or so the story goes. You will see, it is possible for it to be rewritten.

²⁴⁰ *Editorial note* Because this text is in keeping with the Dazzle Razzle primary resources, curiosity will not be satisfied on all points in the present book. For a more complete understanding of what happened at this party, the reader is directed to both *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker* and *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

Coat Hanger Abortions for Dummies, or How Camest Thou in This Pickle?

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.²⁴¹ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

²⁴¹ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

My Stable and Other Animals (Lay Pimpology III)

By now I was already a respected pimp, but I knew I could take my game to the next level. My hoes were good, but some of them could definitely be upgraded. It was time for me to reconsider my recruitment angle. The following is how I started really making hoes from bitches, not just hoes from bitches in a state of advanced hoe-ness, like how most of the other pimps were doing it. The following will also outline how I moved from outdoor pimping, the traditional style already described, to a new kind of mixed venture. The product was essentially the same, but enhanced, better marketed, and more effectively distributed.

I started off in strip clubs. Now these are pretty slutty bitches at the best of times. A lot of them turn tricks on the sly and make pretty good money at it as well. On the whole, though, they would never consider themselves to be hoes. That's where they're wrong. And I saw it as my duty to point out to them the needless ambiguity and to show them how to pull out all the stops.

Now, besides being slutty, the bitches you find in strip bars can be seriously sexy, so it was to them that I went scouting, but I knew it wasn't going to be cheap. The expansion of an enterprise requires capital. I had accepted this. Once I found a prospect, I would both harry her and ingratiate myself. This costs money. Even though you spend at an apparent loss, the real trick was to get a bitch into debt with you, just like with Betty. It didn't always have to be financial, though often it was bound to be, but some form of binding emotional obligation. I would get them into one of my apartments. Rent free. No strings attached. What kind of bitch would turn that down? I'd say, I need someone in there to run the water so the pipes don't rust or burst, and to keep the place generally in order. I'd tell them this will actually save me a bundle in maintenance, that they'd be doing me a real favor. They'd go for it. Then I'd give them presents for the apartment. Shit I already owned for a place I already owned. They didn't know. They loved it. A sense of great debt was building. Then I'd begin to prey on their weaknesses and vanity.²⁴²

You're really sexy, but it's too bad your teeth are all fucked up. Let's get them all fixed up. Those glasses make you look like Kim Jong-il. How about laser surgery? Or, your titties are nice, but they're on the small side. Wouldn't you love a bigger set? The trick was that once she agreed, you owned a part of her. An irrevocable aspect of her person was in your possession. It was like an IOU for her soul. Now it was time to collect. This is when I laid the guilt trip.

Just like with Betty, tell her things are getting tight financially. You have to move in with her. Now you start working on her. Tell her she is worthless and doesn't deserve what you've done for her. Tell her that you and Jesus are the only two that care about her, and you're not so sure about him anymore. Remind her that she's already a stripper, *etc. etc.* as outlined above. Before you know it, you'll have her in the dungeon and you'll be branding her foot.

²⁴² Because, as the GZA said, they're "weak and feminine like sandals."

Now the same can be done with normal, non-slutty bitches.²⁴³ Although, you may have already guessed, not only is this an oxymoron, but it is technically a contradiction in terms.²⁴⁴ Now, for this I would often go to bars where I knew hot bitches could be found. Again, it's great to create spirals of dependency and self-loathing, but this must be done in stages. Drug dependencies also work, but it's messy and junkies only end up making bottom of the barrel hoes, not bottom bitches.²⁴⁵ What I would do is go to these bars, pick up girls, and buy them things. Not rocket science. Then I would typically put them up in an apartment like what you do with strippers. However, the transition into becoming a ho can be much tougher to effect. For this I concluded that I didn't need to reinvent the wheel. You can make non-slutty bitches into hoes by victimisation and trauma, but it can take a lot of work and you need to make sure that you stay hydrated. It was time once again to take the well-trodden path.²⁴⁶

I became financially involved in a strip bar called The Hairy Crack. Here I could get these girls in and start them in positions such as coat check or serving. This is easy, and at this point the battle is already won. Once in there, they adapt to the environment. Remember, bitches are bitches, bar none. Here you get them working, here you get them doing rails of cocaine off of your cock. Here you take them around the back into the office and fuck them against the two-way mirror where they can see and not be seen, yet feel the erotic possibility of eyes upon them in their compromised submission. Bitches will never admit it, but they love this kind of shit. It's all just so titillating.

With any of these given bitches, she is now becoming comfortable with the environment. Here you grab her on the floor and pull one of her titties out. She may resist and struggle with a sense of shame and indignation before onlookers, but this is good. Now she is seen and knows she is seen. She is becoming initiated. All the other bitches there are naked, but they're getting paid. Such you impress upon her. Now it is no stretch from there to get her on stage as well. Now you have a stripper. Soon you'll have a ho. Bingo.

²⁴³ This is called grooming. You can do it with children as well, but we won't go down that road. For info on that, you should turn to Gary Glitter's forthcoming book.

²⁴⁴ All bitches participate in SLUTS, but this will only be clear later.

²⁴⁵ In fact, I am typically quite concerned about my hoes' health. I have them eating carefully calculated dinners and doing exercises. Essential vitamins and minerals. There is better return with a better product. An onus is placed on lunges for the ass, but a full fitness regimen is employed. And remember, it's all about image. I do keep some fatties on hand for those so inclined, but, on the whole, stretch and track marks are frowned upon. No frowning. A healthy ho is a happy ho.

²⁴⁶ In the early days I had an effective technique that may pay dividends for novices. I'd go to bus stops where the schedule was notoriously unreliable and target girls in and around the age of consent. Waiting for a good spell of time with both of us standing, waiting. Pretending that two people weren't in such proximity, or rather pretending of the other's non-existence, then, and only then, I'd say, "We could be here for hours. How about blazing a joint?" Worked every time. I'd pull out a joint and we'd smoke it. Heal the nation. Confidence was built. We'd chat. Boom. That's how you get the ball rolling. If you're not too ambitious, you can just use that to fuck a girl. You can skip all of this and just rape them like Paul Bernardo, but he got carried away. Maybe just rape the white ones like Eldridge Cleaver. Whatever.

In this way I built my new, superior stable. Betty was still my bottom bitch, but besides administrative duties in the stable, by now the title had become almost purely honorific. I had all kinds of hoes,²⁴⁷ and now I specialized them. I had bitches for every occasion, with all manner of unique skill sets, and receptive to the most obscure paraphilia.²⁴⁸ I had bitches of all shapes, shades and dimensions.²⁴⁹ Blondes, brunettes, gingers, spics, niggers, chinks, pakis.²⁵⁰ I had a midget, but it gave me the creeps and made a weird nose in its throat. I even had a couple of rent boys, but I had to ditch them because they tended to be into intravenous drugs, were unstable, and ultimately proved unreliable.²⁵¹ Money was in ass, but not theirs, and not for me.²⁵² Fuck with it if you like.²⁵³

My operation had changed as well. I still ran hoes on the street, but I started developing an escort service. This began small, but quickly grew. I had an internet presence. I had my hoes doing webcam shows. From there I made a few movies. I always wanted to make movies. These were pornos where I had them all reciting lines that were completely incongruent to what was going on. They were a bit on the weird side, and there wasn't really a market. A bitch would be

²⁴⁷ As Nate Dogg said, "I've got hoes in different area codes."

²⁴⁸ Some strange shit like Franky the Forniphile. He always required two hoes at a time. The one would vary, but he always wanted Rigid Rita the Osteopath. She would shape herself into a table and Franky the Forniphile would typically power slam the other ho off of her. He was a creature of habit and it seems he was mostly interested in the back suplex side slam because he thought it was easier on both girls' backs. He'd do this until either he auto-ejaculated or someone got hurt and couldn't continue. He was considerate, but I wouldn't consider him a gentleman.

²⁴⁹ Of special note was Nolitea 'Dmittere the Nymphet Re-Pucelator. She was a thirty-year-old hooker that looked like she was thirteen. She had amazing cervical muscles and, through a type of peristalsis, aided by Kegel exercises, she could massage the cum out of you in a second. However, and perhaps surprisingly more marketable, she could contract points of the vaginal canal completely together. I would sell her to old men interested in deflowering children and she would collapse the entrance so that the vulva looked unassailed in anyway. Next we'd have a priest on hand who would do the old hymen check. We'd use real priests who weren't confederates because we knew they wouldn't know the difference—not because of abstinence, but because they weren't interested in girls. This gave credibility. Though the real trick was when we put a turkey baster in her with the blood from a steak. Great excuse for a barbeque, but I end up having them so often because of this that I got gout once. Anyway, get the baster in, squirt, pull it out, and then she clamps shut. The old man tries to get in, she lets him struggle for a while, while she squirms about making alligator tears. Then she lets him in gradually. Cow blood runs out on to those white sheets. He pays top dollar and then I get him again when he wants the sheet for a souvenir.

²⁵⁰ Fat, skinny, bitches with equine noses, razor blade slashed cheeks, whatever. You see, perfection is not perfect. Often there usually needs to be at least a small detracting point, like a Persian rug. This is how compromised love works. Bitches look for a small difference that they can say, "Ya, that's what I'm into." Like Zorba said, 'She's got a beauty spot on her cheek that's enough to send you crazy. Another of those mysteries—beauty spots on women's cheeks!...Have you noticed, boss? The skin's all soft and smooth, and then, all of a sudden, a black spot! Well, that's all that's needed! It sends you crazy!' Indeed, that's what happened in Hawthorne's *The Birthmark*.

²⁵¹ "A bitch who's a man BECAUSE THEY'RE 'Bitches 2'." Ice-T knew the truth about bitches, and intertextuality. Kool Keith might be better at it though.

²⁵² Perhaps a tad extreme, but Buju Banton said, "Boom bye bye inna batty bwoy head. Rude bwoy no promote no nasty man. Dem haffi dead."

²⁵³ Despite the homosexuals, one should look to emulate P. J. Barnum and try and get all kinds of shit under one tent. For one and all, you should never exclude a possible customer base if you have the energy and industry. And, like him, if you're ambitious, you should even have a bearded woman. Have freaks for the freaks.

getting double penetrated, slapped and spat on while she would be talking about the agricultural merits of different potash mixtures with real conviction. There'd be dogs in harnesses hanging from the ceiling impassively looking on, while the whole reel was spliced with real baby, high school, and family pictures of the ho who was getting fucked. I also had crazy spikes in volume so you couldn't quietly jerkoff in your mom's basement. It was all in the name of art.²⁵⁴ Few sold, and even though they were produced at an operational loss, it didn't matter to me as they were forged in the smithy of my soul. I thought of them as my gift to the world. It seems to me that they had real artistic merit, and being forced to abandon future productions has turned out to be the one truly great tragedy in my life.

²⁵⁴ Ouspensky's distinction between erotica and pornography up in your grill.

Ice Pimping and Its Limitations (Pimpology IS•)

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.²⁵⁵ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

²⁵⁵ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Hammer and Tongs

Fuck what ya heard. Organized labor is for bitches, not hoes. These hoes are already pooled and the pimp is a motorboat skipping over the surface. The water is his element. He owns it. Forward movement creates a wake, eddies. Tough titty if you're in it. But the water also creates drag and cavitation. He can become worn-out. Dead hookers and shit can come flying out of the water like Asian carp and fuck up the boat.²⁵⁶ Watch out for this. Don't let your pimp game leak. Check this out.

It was night, my favorite time, when the jungle is brought to life under lurid neon.²⁵⁷ I was cruising down the block with Fillmore Slim on the Alpine. You know, jockin' the bitches, slappin' the hoes. Just rolling, doing routine patrol to make sure my hoes were on point, when I saw a commotion. There was a group of my hoes surrounding some guy. I thought it was some trick trying to bait my hoes, but then I noticed he was wearing purple leopard print. I started to slow down. That was no trick. It was Peter the Procurer. He's a gold-toothed piece of shit recruiter that works for Caesar Slick.²⁵⁸ I knew what he was up to, and it wasn't pimpish. I could see that Betty was already on the scene and pushing her way to the middle, but I gave her the sign that I was there and would handle it.

I hit my horn and held it, so everybody looked. I pulled out my gun, so everybody saw. Then I started firing rounds off above Peter the Procurer's head. In a second it went from commotion to helter-skelter. The hoes scattered. He hit the deck and covered up. I dropped the hammer.

Peeling, my tires made purchase and I made 0 to 60 mph in 6.1 seconds. Handbrake. Drift. ErrRRERRerrr. I looped back in what could only be considered an Immelmann turn, switched on the high-beams and kept him in the lights for the whole approach. Proverbial deer.

Up the curb, over the sidewalk. I came to a screeching stop. My chrome grill to his gold grill, I had stopped inches from his face. This likely scared him, but his biggest concern was that my front tire was on his arm. I hit the hydraulics and Dukes-of-Hazzarded it out the window.

²⁵⁶ I knew a connoisseur whose tastes will always live on in the memory. When a hooker died in the line of duty, I'd heave it in the trunk and race off to meet Norman the Necrophile. He still likes there to be a temperature, but it should be subtle. Specifically, it has to be still in *algor mortis* because he wants it just above room temperature. He said it was like sashimi and requires specific conditions. I took his word for it. Those that enjoy the freshly dead he disparagingly refers to as 'thermals'. Those whose preference is the chilled mortuary slab he thinks are just sick. What this means to me, though, is money. I watched him slobber over one of my dead hoes once. It was unpleasant on the eye. He waited for two hours, until it got to the preferred temperature, and then he was off like a shot. Even though she was dead, I've never seen consent waived like that. Skirt up, panties down and on he went. It took him a while to worm his way in, as he was fighting a fight against *rigor mortis* and non-functioning cervical mucus glands, but he got there in the end and was all smiles. I get top buck for this shit. The trick is to get it to him and away from him before it becomes suspicious that the body wasn't reported earlier. As for his sticky deposit in her, the cops think nothing of it. Almost all hookers have semen in them whether they are dead or alive. Try a random sampling if you don't believe me.

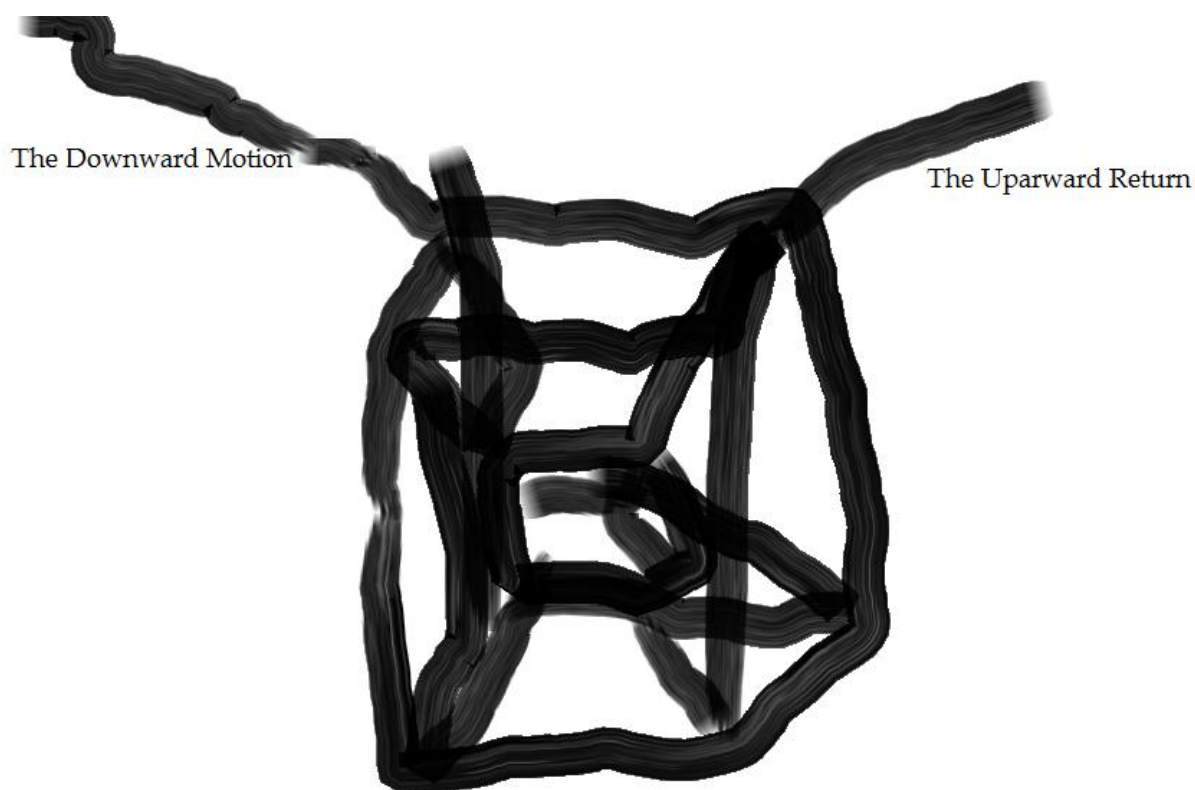
²⁵⁷ As the late, great Stevie Hyper D said, Wo-wo, I'll'm just a junglist soldier. Fightiing to keep the jungle alive." Boo.

²⁵⁸ When you see him, the first thing people tend to say is, "It's a nigga in a purple suit!"

From my new perspective I took in the scenario. The Lincoln was doing diamond lifts on him and he was screaming.²⁵⁹ I didn't want to create a bigger scene and draw the heat, so I put my cane lengthwise between his teeth so that he could bite down, stop screaming, and regain some dignity.²⁶⁰

Listen you little cocksucker, I whispered in his ear. But he couldn't hear me. I unscrewed the cane, leaving the case in his mouth and flourished the blade. I put it up to his face and said, Pay attention, you no-business, born-insecure, junkyard MOTHERFUCCA.

And with that, I brandished my blade and tried to express a complex geometrical truth to him in a nonverbal form.²⁶¹ Flourish, flourish, flash, flash.²⁶² Before him I waved my blade thusly,



²⁵⁹ I had the hydraulics set up with certain automatic configurations. The reason for this was that I could do it remotely. If someone was coming to ambush me, they would think that I'm at the switch, but with this I could be either across the street or, if caught somewhat unawares, be able to jump into the backseat, get a round in the chamber, and wait.

²⁶⁰ I didn't really care about the noise. It's like the Kitty Genovese murder. People see, but ignore. Besides, in traumatic episodes like this, eyewitness testimony is often severely distorted and, typically, irredeemable so.

²⁶¹ Zorba the Greek knew the truth of the kinetic. As he said, "Ah, my poor friend, men have sunk very low, the devil take them! They've let their bodies become mute and they only speak with their mouths. But what d'you expect a mouth to say? What can I tell you?"

²⁶² The sheen on the blade was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee

But he did not comprehend.²⁶³

I tried again but, he seemed not to be paying attention. Writhing around, crying, his focus seemed to be on his mangled arm, so I went around the tire and cut off the fingers from it. My patience can be limited.

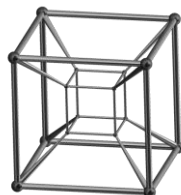
This time I tried to whisper to him again, but he was still whimpering and not paying adequate attention, so I used the blade to work away at the base of his gums. I prised out a gold tooth amidst a lot of blood and hollering.

Four gold teeth later, he not only realized that he was required to be quiet, but that he had misunderstood the symbolism of my earlier handwork with the blade. I had given up trying to teach him, but now that I had his attention, I asked him what I really wanted to know. I've heard, I said to the now receptive Peter the Procurer, that Caesar Slick had watched *Willie Dynamite* and that he had become enamoured with Bell's vision to collectivize. Is that right, I asked.

He was banging his own head off the pavement to distract himself from his arm, but in that action, I think I saw him nod in what I understood to be assent.²⁶⁴

Now listen here, you sorry-ass pinko. That stupid bastard has the movie all wrong. Bell's proposal concerns collaboration through re-territorialization. Why the fuck would you want to unionize the hoes, eh? And what's this about having a fiduciary duty to them?²⁶⁵ I'm not husbanding money for them, and I sure as fuck ain't running no pension plan for hoes. Not only is that a warped misunderstanding of the plot, it's antithetical to everything that is pimp. Okay, if I try to think like the scoundrel that he is,²⁶⁶ I can see an angle in it that might work. It looks like he wants to horizontally integrate, but with a twist. He wants to weaken my power base, along with everyone else's, even if it's at the cost of his own. Anything as long as he remains

²⁶³ If Meno's catamite could be used as evidence of eternal forms, Peter the Procurer must have been retarded. Maybe if he would have looked down at the shadow I had made, he would have understood. Hyperspace is tricky, though.



This is truly fourshadowing

²⁶⁴ As Michael Stipe said, "I think I thought I saw you try."

²⁶⁵ As Pretty Tony said, "You know, all bitches are the same, just like my hoes. I keep em' broke. Wake up one morning with some money, they subject to go crazy, y'know. I keep 'em lookin' good, pretty and all that, but no dough." Very true. The ho is supported by Cock. This serves as the equivalent of money. Do not give them money, let them bask in Cock. This will find further elaboration.

²⁶⁶ Can I? Perhaps like two boys guessing over marbles. This is too much for now. It will benefit you to start imaging it though. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking* and be informed.

top dog. Anything so that he can keep all those jive-ass turkeys fawning over him at The Cow Door. Is that it?

He seemed to nod again.

Tell that bitch that his shit is wack. That shade tree nigga. He ain't no pimp. He a rest haven for hoes. Let's flip the script. *Space is the Place*. I am Sun Ra and The Overseer.²⁶⁷ He's nobody. I'm on the rise and I will not be impeded by mere planetary souls, motherfucker. Tell him, now we can settle this like he's got some class, or we can get into some gangsta shit.

He looked at me quizzically.

So I knocked in the rest of his teeth.²⁶⁸

²⁶⁷ Perhaps this is why Junzun Crew did *Pack Jam* and subtitled it *Look out for the OVC*.

²⁶⁸ Unlike Morrissey, I wasn't joking when I said, "I'd like to smash every tooth in your head."

Programming Super Hoes (Postulant Pimpology I)

If you really want to get down to it, hoes aren't people. People are bitches, but a ho is a rung below. In and of itself this doesn't make them subhuman, but I found that it was more effective to make them think so. In what follows I will explain a number of techniques to truly break bitches and make hoes. These aren't ordered steps, but you will see that many can be built upon others.

To begin with, a good and innocuous depersonalization technique is to change their names. Not just street names like Angel or Sharky, but I changed their Christian names as well. If a ho's name was Jane, I called her Rachael. Better yet, I'd call her by a man's name, like Jack. As soon as Jack got used to it, I'd change it again. If Tyrone didn't learn to assume the new name immediately, and naturally, unfortunately I would have to get violent. However, typically they are quickly conditioned, and it can be a masterstroke in the disorientation process that alienates them from themselves, mind and body.

Along with a name change, it was important to alter their physical appearance. Cut her hair, dye it. This helps create a rift with her past and challenges her sense of stable identity. I actually found it most effective to shave their heads because the humiliation helped break them down faster. Also, in the stable it created a sense of uniformity and helped to depersonalise. The further advantage of this was that she would be wearing different wigs when she went out on the street and this created a varied product. By the end, I had an enormous collection of wigs. Fuck, I started wearing them as well.

Body modifications are of great value too. I've already mention branding. I was fond of it. However, encouraging tattoos worked a charm. It was important to associate the tattoo with her new choice in life. Not that it had to say or do anything with whoring, but while encouraging them to undertake them, it is important to impress the significance of this change in appearance with the change in life path. Genital piercings are also great as they stress the ho's now reduced function, and help turn her into an object as her attention is further focused on to the only parts of her that now have value. This is significant as hoes need to be fragmented and reduced to bits and parts²⁶⁹ to help ensure that there is no meaningful or coherent sense of self. This is true anyway as the ho is really just a collection of objects that have a trade value. This curbs autonomy and complicates meaningful self-perception. All you should care about is that her proprioceptive system remains intact.

Now, even better than tattoos and piercings are surgical modifications such as mole removal, nose jobs, and breast augmentation. This has already been mentioned, but it is worth stressing. These cost money, but, if you can, it would be wise for you to make the investment. Not only do these further objectify her, but they have the added psychological advantage of having the ho

²⁶⁹ Or bit parts as it is good for them to think of themselves as secondary characters in their own lives.

think that you own part of them.²⁷⁰ If before they were alienated, now they are divided. They are themselves, but not themselves. From here you are well on your way to making them into full object, yet shattered and sundered.

A further technique, as far as I know unique to my own practice, focuses more literally on spatial distortion. With every new ho, I made an agreement to buy her hair and nail clippings. This may sound odd, but it has a purpose.²⁷¹ By doing this, she has again entered a voluntary agreement of exchange. This time it is for actual parts of her body, which she would normally discount as not as such,²⁷² and of no value. With these hair and nail clippings, the ho would in time come to realise that she is not all where she thinks she is. All of a sudden I have a substantial amount of her organic person. At first blush she only thinks of this as weird, but I explain to them that the accumulation of these things is a symbol of our time together and shared dedication. There is nothing untoward here. Besides, Angelina Jolie gave Billy Bob Thornton vials of her own blood, and she's sound in mind.²⁷³

Invariably, the ho comes around to the idea. However, over time, anxiety starts to build in the ho, an anxiety that is of the same kind that we see mirrored in primitive superstitions and popularised in voodoo, obeah, and their like.²⁷⁴ The ho would begin to feel that I really do own a part of her, again reducing her to an object, but in a non-localizable way. She knows I have massive balls of her hair squirreled away in a far off room. She comes to identify with this amassment as part of her but not her, hers but not hers. Intimately her, but elsewhere. She is now divided in space and perhaps in spirit. It's time now to put the ho together again into a new type of (w)hole.²⁷⁵

²⁷⁰ I took things even further, but not everyone can do this. I have O negative blood type which has the great virtue of being compatible, as a donor, with all other types. I would regularly draw my own blood, and, every couple of weeks, I would inject it into my hoes. This was great as it served not only to further objectify the hoes, but it also helped to make them feel as objects in my possession from the inside out. This can also be packaged with spiritual significance when small amounts of heroin, or other opioids, are introduced.

²⁷¹ In this I was inspired by Zorba. "I kept a lock of hair of every woman I got familiar with. I always kept a pair of scissors on me. Even when I went to church, yes, there were my scissors in my pocket! [...] So, like that, I made a collection of locks of hair. There were dark ones, fair ones, ginger ones, even a few white ones. I collected the lot, I stuffed a pillow with them. I stuffed a pillow I slept on."

²⁷² Being mere castoffs.

²⁷³ *Sano in corpe non in mentis*. However, a precedent is a precedent. I did buy their blood as well—the hoes' that is, not Angelina and Billy's. This blood, being a mixture of our own, I thought I had an entitlement.

²⁷⁴ This notion can also get them wildly horny. Check out Eshu in *Abby*. Shit in a box, shit out of a box. It's an oblique example of Frazer's Law of Contagion, but I like *HellRaiser* and the idea of giving up your life for a convulsive orgasm that'd have the Marque de Sade shitting in his drawers. Besides, it gives a dope sample for Kemet Crew's *The Box Re-Opens*.

²⁷⁵ This is important. Like Sweet Jones said, "It's better to have no whore than a piece of a whore." Rather, what is most important is that you have all the pieces and know how to put them together. Sweet Jones was way too old school.

In order to own the whole ho, you need to own the whole of the hoes. By this I mean you need to own them singly and collectively.²⁷⁶ The hoes' pasts need to be erased. They need to think that their families hate them and want nothing to do with them. *Damnatio memoriae*. They are worthless pieces of shit, but now you have brought your hoes together. Vulnerable women huddling together. This is the *esprit de corps* of the barracks.²⁷⁷ Presto, new family. Identity of the individual is found in the collective, and both are malleable. Morale is also found. Team building exercises and communal meals help to facilitate this.²⁷⁸ Many stables are known for their squabbling and infighting, but not mine. Break the hoes down and build them back up. From composites, to units and subunits, back to composites. Congeries of congeries. Always as objects and part-objects.

This is how you own a ho's soul. You're actually doing them a favor, but this might not be clear to them at first. For any given ho, you have given her a solid basis for self-reflection. Here she can consider her ho-ness, what it means to be a bitch, *etc*. This is an ethical position and gives her a type of perspicuity that she likely lacked before. However, this is another matter.²⁷⁹ Right now what you have is a super ho, and what you do with them from here is your business. You could train them to fight with or against ISIS,²⁸⁰ or you could just make them high yield hoes. Somewhere in the middle you could make them socially conscious martial arts experts like Dolomite did. I just kept mine as hoes.

²⁷⁶ It's like Sir Alex Ferguson's man management and team management. It is why Roy Keane will never coach Manchester United. That and because he is an asshole.

²⁷⁷ Perhaps with shades of Stockholm syndrome.

²⁷⁸ I liked paintball and fishing excursions.

²⁷⁹ This has profound implications that cannot be spelled out here. Please see *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

²⁸⁰ I guess this would make them kind of like Janissaries.

Amo(u)ral Hazard (pre-Pimpology)

Satin was a scandalous ho.²⁸¹ She used to be one of my hoes.²⁸² Now she was one of Daddy Diamond's hoes. She was old, fat and slatternly.²⁸³ Indoctrinated, I think she was all into Caesar Slick's rhetoric. Income redistribution, reconsidered rates, pension schemes. That bitch had massive earrings and I could see her coming from half way down the street.²⁸⁴ Before I knew it, there she was all up in my face. Haaaaaey, she said. What's up Dazzle Razzle? You'ze a capitalist pig. Nigga, it's time to keep it black. What side of the line are you going to stand on?

Capitalist? That's a misconception. I'm better than that. I'm an anarchist. I have a social agenda. Time to learn a lesson in political economy.²⁸⁵

I started unscrewing my cane.²⁸⁶ Bitch, get ready to dance.

I don't think she heard me. She was gesticulating wildly in a series of complicated manoeuvres and using extra vertebra that would put Bollywood to shame. Around and around, her head was going all over the place.²⁸⁷ She was getting carried away, charmed more by her own voice than her incoherent screed, she didn't notice when I took a step deeper into her personal space. Then I put my fist into her personal space. Now she wasn't talking. At least for the moment.

On the pavement, clutching her vagina, she couldn't keep her cool. Dazzle Razzle, youz a masseuse-a-gistic motherfucka. I don't know what that means, I said to her, but my mind was already on other things. Also, my blade was already out. Fortunately for her, I saw a cop car roll by, so I decided not to open her up. I sheathed it. But she was not going to get off lightly. It was time to massage her skull.

And with that, I went wild. A flurry of motion saw teeth, saliva and blood all over the sidewalk. She didn't know it, but I wasn't going to kill her. I just wanted to lay down a marker, that and come to a practical understanding of tribal breast ironing.

Whoop whoop, that's the sound of the police. Fuck. The car only went around the block.

²⁸¹ If this were a play, she'd typically be an Act Five character. Whatever you want to consider her, she was a bit of a last straw.

²⁸² I picked her up in a food bank. I hate to admit it, but I used to like to fuck her. Her vagina looked like a patch of necrotic tissue, but I used to give her the old in-out.

²⁸³ She was an asshole, but I think you already knew this.

²⁸⁴ Instead of maintaining a subtle, directional opposition, her arms were swinging in unison, violently. This is a ludicrous spectacle. Anytime you see this, it is your civic responsibility to stop the person (woman) and tell her, as Das EFX said, "So come on and chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self."

²⁸⁵ Besides, Dazzle Razzle don't get down like that. But he does tenaciously hold to terms out of fashion, though not outmoded. However, there is no written record of "military-industrial complex." Perhaps no surprise there.

²⁸⁶ This is what I do with hoes. If they work well, I screw them. Don't work well, I unscrew my cane and cut them up.

²⁸⁷ This is one of the reasons why we call them chickenheads.

There were hair extensions all over the place and her head looked like a faceless, unpleasant clot of hair. I legged it out of there. But before I did, I said, Bitch, tell Daddy Diamond and all of those simp motherfuckers that nobody puts baby in the corner. I'm not sure if she heard, because I'm not sure if she was conscious, or alive for that matter, but it didn't matter. I had to do it for me. If you don't have job satisfaction, you've got nothing. Do what makes you happy. That is paramount.

Whoreology (Lay Pimpology IV)

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.²⁸⁸ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

²⁸⁸ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Pension Plans are for Bitches, Not Hoes (Econopimpics III)

It is time to debunk some long cherished institutional ideals. In what follows, I tried to explain to Pop Pontius, but I don't think he had the financial acumen. Either way, he disregarded it. I knew Caesar Slick was incorrigible, so I left him to his own devices. In essence, the idea is that the pimp has no business providing a pension plan for his hoes. It is a product of bad inheritance and flawed ideology. Not only that, but the injury is doubled when it comes to hoes over against mainstream occupations. To see this, we need to mind a few considerations.

A ho is in the Game for Cock. Never take your eye off this fact. What you pay her is of trivial importance. That is because she is not doing it for the money. In other occupations the earnings motive is eclipsed at a certain point when job satisfaction takes pride of place. This is when creativity and autonomy license employees and direct their productivity through recognition. The difference with hoes is that the earnings motive doesn't even exist in the first place. Hoes do not really make money. You see, money is their product, not their reward. They give money, but in exchange they want to be managed. That is their satisfaction. They receive back only in the form of gifts from the pimp. This is like the Big Man culture of Polynesia, but with a twist. This is a different form of exchange and needs to be unpacked.

The Cock = money, and we already saw that the ho needs to give this to the pimp. As the pimp functions through Cock, you have removed the value of money for the ho beyond the gift to the pimp as a sign of love. She gives, but her gift is inferior as Cock transcends money. But to sustain it in its turgidity, she needs to keep pumping it with money. She doesn't want cock, as such, for money, she wants Cock.

Through Cock, the pimp offers his gift in turn.²⁸⁹ These are physical gifts such as furs, jewellery, and bruises. More importantly, they are spiritual gifts. We have already seen this. Cock provides a matrix of identity relations for the ho-movie. It shrives the ho, making her a good ho. It validates the ho, making her life meaningful. This is the pimp's superabundance, Cock's fecundity. This is what allows him to give beyond receiving. This further subjects the ho to the ever widening spiral of debt, obligation, and beholdenness. Now she is formulated, sprawling on a pin.²⁹⁰

Considered before, there is another aspect of Cock that should be rehashed. Through the image, mobilized by money, Cock is all-knowing and has an all-seeing eye. It is the image that sustains a social field. An image that permeates society, an image that allows the ho to put her

²⁸⁹ *Editorial note* As you will have noticed, 'gift' has been used variously. Mauss is apparently a point of inspiration, but there seems to be some confusion.

²⁹⁰In a way it is like what Yeats wrote. "By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill." The bill is money. She is defined by it and passive to it. Similarly, she makes her bed of his "feathered glory". What you have to ask, though, is, "So mastered by the brute blood of the air,/Did she put on his knowledge with his power/Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?" Beak is probably an editor's mistake. I bet Yeats meant bill again, or maybe money, but whatever.

faith in. Cock is always right. Cock knows for the ho. It is both truth and faith. It allows the ho to shift the burden, to defer. It allows her to empty herself.

This is the opposite of ho-feminism. Under the shadow of Cock, the ho works with *samu* of Fuke Zen. This is the mindfulness in work and it is what gives her Buddha nature. It allows her to renounce the world of money. It is the abnegation that allows her to work in the moment and accept death when it comes. *Kensho/kenosis*. Her present and future are in Cock. In these terms, future income is irrelevant.

Not only can you now see how wrong Caesar Slick was, but you can see that hoes certainly do not need pensions. But why, you might ask, are you roundly condemning pensions? Ah, but I am not exactly. A DC (Defined Contribution) plan is fine, if you accept certain premises, but a DB (Defined Benefit) plan is bad, and a TB (Target Benefit) plan is downright evil. Let's look at a Defined Contribution plan first.

A company that makes dildos should make dildos. Its purpose is to make a profit. This is either used in capital reinvestment or dividended out to shareholders. By definition, this is the surplus that exceeds what is required to meet liabilities. One of the liabilities is the payment of employees for work done. But, it doesn't exactly do the last one. You see, pensions are deferred wages.²⁹¹ This means that wages owed aren't the same as wages paid. Some is held back in a type of arrears. Sounds odd. However, this is meant to be a good thing. If the employer withholds wages, it is because he is taking them and investing them forward to the period beyond employment. In this way, the employee is protected against himself and financial vagaries. Sounds reasonable, so what's the problem? The problem begins on the side of the employer, but then it becomes everybody's problem. It becomes an intrusion in the employer/employee relationship. To what extent depends on the model adopted.

If I'm making dildos, why am I trying my hand at capital markets beyond securing liabilities? If I'm so good at playing the markets, what am I doing making dildos? Shouldn't I just be a Wall Street institutional investor taking positions in speculative markets, or maybe just be a global investment bank? You might ask, Why defer wages at all? Perhaps the employee should be paid up front for work done, and then they can invest it for their future. Why should I have anything to do with any of this? Good questions, all.

Union pressure and liberal doctrine invented the modern pension. As such, it became a cherished ideal as deeply engrained as home ownership and the universal franchise. How can you question it? Well, if you buy into the idea that deferred wages are agreeable, then DC plans are the most innocuous. Here the employer meets the employee in a contribution split. This is the best performing pension plan because it will live in the immediacy of the market and you do

²⁹¹ Deferred in the sense that they are the rightful compensation of the employee. If I wasn't giving that amount in terms of a pension, it would seem that I feel the need to compensate him to that value outright in his pay. There would be no discussion otherwise.

not need infrastructure, actuaries, or the rest of the cumbersome apparatus required to manage this service.

Now in the DC, the volumes can be significant, and the dildo company may access securities at a better rate as an institutional investor, but why is the company getting involved at all? Well, pensions are seen as essential and, if you want to lure the top talent, you need to have a handsome compensation package. Okay, but this is where the rot starts. From DC we have the move to DB.

DB is a pension that gives you a guaranteed return, but there are many forms and they vary in the manner of their compensation. How does that work? It doesn't. In order to do it the company needs to hold sufficient assets to meet these long term obligations. How do you do this? By riskier, leveraged capital for investments. This makes the shareholder equity highly leveraged and subject to volatility. This is phony accounting. Not only that, but even these fictitious book values are not adequate.

The DB is meant to look to the future in net contributions from employees and taxpayers. This is what they are supposedly holding. But how do you hold a liability? How can I say 5% in the future when I can't say it in the present? It defies the capital markets. If I could predict the long-term future, I could predict the short-term future. I can't. Risky bets on risky securities and interest rates, this also becomes a credit risk. How do you juggle it? You need to keep increasing the contributions. This is what makes it a Ponzi, especially when you are looking at a diminishing work force.²⁹² Who will be left holding the bag?

The problem is that by presenting it as a guarantee, one would think it has been hedged. It cannot be. How can you get these interest yields? The cost of borrowing is this interest rate. Not only that, but now you also have the high operation costs for this service. Still, this is not as bad as TBP.

If in DC the employee assumes all the risk, and in DB the employer assumes all the risk, then in TBP you have the worst of the worst. As DBs began to show their flaws, the TBP was born. An even more perverse form of the DB, the TBP looks to an assured return in the future, but it is no longer the company that is at risk. It is the little guy, the employee. How?

TBP presents a moral hazard. Again we are defying the capital markets, but this time we are doing it with the employee's money. They take the fully loaded cost while risky, if not exotic, assets are invested in on their behalf. In this way, the employee also takes a credit risk. The company must assume some risk, but it doesn't. Not only that, but the company benefits in another regard.²⁹³ When the returns on investments exceed policy obligations, the company tucks in, taking those surpluses so that when the market swings, there will be less to cover

²⁹² Indeed, you kick the can down the road. You depend on continued contributions down the years, down the generations. These can be considered negative reserves.

²⁹³ Definitely not the employee as he also gets hit with double taxation.

obligations. When it does happen, when the market underperforms, the company bears none of the cost. This is the problem. A security cannot do double duty.

A security cannot compensate the employee for the credit risk he assumes with the employer, that he will indeed get his pension as promised. Also, it cannot compensate the employer for the risk of holding the security, weathering interest rates, and bearing the mortality risk along with the monstrous concomitant managing costs. This is a moral hazard. I am using other people's money without having skin in the game. This is usufruct. How could the regulators permit this? There isn't even a prospectus. And you thought pimps were bad people.

How can these pensions be allowed? They shouldn't. Casinos and insurance companies offer their products by immunizing them through risk management. Beyond that they carry the capital and price the products to cover their bets. The odds are in their favor and, if the business model is correct, the volumes ensure that profit is made by the Law of Large Numbers. It's a muddle with the other two. DB is blind risk taking. TBP plays with other people's money in a heads I win, tails you lose scenario.

Pretty horrible stuffy. These pensions should be set on a day-to-day basis as securities move with the markets. How can you design a product that makes promises that blatantly defy the capital markets?

Now you know why Caesar Slick was wrong. But he was wrong on many levels. Let's look at his operation even before he started thinking in areas well beyond his ken.

No Better Than Studio Gangstas (Layman Pimpology IIIS)

I've been sharing with you my style of pimping, but I think it is only fair to show you some other techniques so that you can have perspective. What I'm going to give you now is a page of Caesar Slick's book. These are options, and I hope to give them an honest evaluation. His pimpin' is almost diametrically opposite to mine, even before he hatched his dastardly plan to unionize, but the how and why of it I will mostly leave for the reader's discernment. I trust that you are not a complete idiot. However, you may have taken umbrage at aspects of my pimpin', but that's probably because you're a squeamish bitch. What you should have taken notice of in my system is its solid ethical core.²⁹⁴ Although this might not be immediately apparent, it is the basis of great elaborations pertaining to nothing less than the universe and your place in it. In the account here of Caesar Slick, you will see pimping at its most vulgar.²⁹⁵ It is category one pimping, at best, and often it is not even pimpin' at all, but what I want to point out are those things that are unique to his practice.

To understand Caesar Slick's business model we need to understand how it was organizationally structured. Caesar Slick chiefly used two lieutenants and an enforcer. The first was Peter the Procurer, whom you have met and I have dispatched. His remit was importing. The second was Loverboy Louie.²⁹⁶ He was charged with exporting. Knuckle Duster the Kniggro was the muscle.²⁹⁷ From this basic division we will see how Caesar slick operated and how his pimping techniques were a product of this simple division of labor.

Peter the Procurer effectively had an office job at The Cow Door. He dealt actively with human traffickers. Often these transactions were for Asian women. He found that the Chinese were cheap, but Indo-Chinese cheaper.²⁹⁸ He bought them in bulk and stocked up Caesar Slick's rub-

²⁹⁴ Again, this will be significantly elaborated upon in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. At this point you may have to take it as an article of faith. This should resonate later, once you've read *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s*,

rāsotsavaḥ sampravṛtto
gopī-maṇḍala-maṇḍitaḥ
yogeśvareṇa kṛṣṇeṇa
tāsām madhye dvayor dvayoḥ
praviṣṭeṇa grhītānām
kaṇṭhe sva-nikaṭam striyaḥ
yaṁ manyeran nabhas tāvad
vimāna-śata-saṅkulam
divaukasām sa-dārāṇām
outsukyāpahṛtātmanām

Okay, it should have been in Devanāgarī. Ignore the irony.

²⁹⁵ As KRS-One said, "trying to be macks, but acts [*sic*] like ignorant blacks."

²⁹⁶ Don't wanna wash no face, but these twats are what give the *lumpenproletariat* a bad name.

²⁹⁷ Knuckle Duster the Kniggro thought of himself as a gangsta, but his real name was Clarence. He was still scary though.

²⁹⁸ Truly bang for buck. You can stack Cambodian women up like cordwood inside freight containers. Just try to provide some ventilation, otherwise a lot of them won't survive the journey.

and-tug The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal. Because his Far East suppliers placed limited value on human life, and trafficked in all types of flesh, the opportunity that presented itself in the red market proved too strong for Peter the Procurer. This was lucrative and began to affect more traditional business decisions. Depending on market conditions, sometimes he put healthy hookers under the knife and harvested their organs.

This became indicative of a lot of the goings-on in The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal as it was managed from the administrative seat at The Cow Door. Non-traditional medicines were embraced such as rhino horn, monkey palms, tiger piss and heroine.²⁹⁹ His association with tongs saw the introduction of soft contraband such as irregular clothes and furniture. This continued to build as his contacts put him in touch with Chinese arms merchants. Armalites, various machine pistols, Semtex, and bouncing betties followed.³⁰⁰ All of a sudden Caesar Slick had his fingers in many, untraditional pies when it should have just been in pie.

This diversity put pressure on his primary holding The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal. One day the cops busted down the door to find naked Chinese women cutting up cocaine assembly-line fashion. They had expected to catch these women whacking off tricks, but what they found were women with no papers, but in possession of large quantities of drugs, human organs and rhino horn. Caesar Slick would come to rue this discovery by the pigs.³⁰¹ It did make him realize something though. Rub-and-tugs were not overly productive without these extras. Most of the time the bitches were just sitting around playing Mahjong and waiting for drunk white guys to show up. Even when there were tricks, things could be better managed. The massage pretense was really just a waste of time. There was a lot of overhead as well. Fuck this shit. These bitches should be on the streets putting in a proper grind. Dispose of the pretext and streamline.

In the fallout of this bust, the scope of Caesar Slick's operation changed. Becoming less focused on Asian girls, Peter the Procurer looked to homegrown talent. Loverboy Louie took control of overseas operations. On assignment in Albania, Loverboy Louie was tasked with corrupting the innocent. Here he would make semi-impooverished girls fall in love with him as he promised a new start and the riches of the West. Once confidence was won, these girls were smuggled into the country. Destitute and vulnerable, these girls proved pliable. However, their cultural attachment to headscarves proved difficult to break. The problem is that it makes them look either like peasants that you don't want to fuck, or like gangster bitches you don't want to fuck with. Either way, it doesn't spell money.

²⁹⁹ Only some of the above is good for virility. I cannot account for the rest, and I use none of it. However, I do have a gorilla hand that I use for an ashtray, and sometimes when I feel guilty about masturbating. You needn't do the like, but don't stress if you do. Neither he nor you will ever have hairy palms.

³⁰⁰ It sounds more like his connections were with the Provisional IRA, but I assure you this was not the case. Maybe the old IRA with the bouncing betties, but no.

³⁰¹ I sympathize here. I hate the meddlesome nature of law enforcement. Like Snoop said, "187 on undercover cop."

Stateside, Peter the Procurer got involved in drugs again. This time it was to control hoes. Freebasing crack-cocaine was pretty popular with the back ones, shooting cocaine-heroin speedballs with the whites.³⁰² In this way, dependencies were created and he had these hoes selling their ass for their next fix.³⁰³ However, when this didn't prove to be sufficiently motivating, he would pimp stick them. This is a traditional practice involving the binding of coat hangers together and using them to batter hoes. If you like, you can heat them up and introduce them to orifices. Peter the Procurer liked. I question the wisdom of this practice from start to finish, but I'm trying to be impartial.³⁰⁴

A final method for compliance was the kidnapping of children. This was effective and this is where Knuckle Duster the Kniggro came in. Hoes will really work if they think that the life of their child is in danger.³⁰⁵ Again, this is not something that I strictly advocate. It's all rather amateurish and, again, you're mixing your vices. It's best to stay unadulterated pimp. It keeps the veneer of respectability. You don't want to bring the heat down on your head because you have a semi-conscious ten-year-old in a sack and in your trunk.

Having been recalled, Lover Boy Louie was sent into the rural South to round up fresh turnouts.³⁰⁶ Appalachian country. Hillbillies can always be lured by the promises of the big lights. No problem. The trick was to win their confidence like the rest, but he would proceed in

³⁰² There are different types of gear, but an integral instrument is the 'runcible spoon'.

³⁰³ I've stated elsewhere my reservations about drug use. Amongst other problems, the way I see it is that what you don't put in at the front, you won't get out in the end. You can save more money by keeping a ho strung-out, but she's not going to pull it in as well either. She can also become unreliable and start holding out on you. Like Biggie Smalls said, albeit in a very different context, "you think a crackhead payin' you back, shit forget it". You can't trust a junky with money. You don't want the pusher being her priority, it wrecks Cock. The truth is that you should always be, like Rakim said, "Paid in full." Best if it's upfront. I like to keep retainers from tricks on hoes so the bitch's ass is already rented out in advance. It also establishes good custom.

³⁰⁴ Instead of fucking up hookers and their pussies, I did something different. I disciplined them with pussy projectiles. What are those, you ask. Well, this is when you take a cat and, if you're right handed, overhand grip it with your left and cup its ass with your right. Flip the cat so it's upside down and over your right shoulder, wind up, and throw it as hard as you can at a hooker. It doesn't have to be at her face. What happens though is that the cat goes berserk because of the nature of the handling, and because it is completely disoriented at the point of release which is effectively a shot-put. The result is that he's scared and the hooker's scared. His claws are extended as he desperately tries to aright himself, but he can't because the distance between him being airborne and impact with the cowering hooker is about four feet. The beauty of all this is that cats are inexpensive (just go around and throw a bunch in a sack, like a Chinese restaurateur, or just go to The Limp Noodle itself, so that you always have them on hand) and the hooker doesn't get permanent injuries. Cat scratches are just that. Thin and shallow lacerations, with the possibility of cat scratch fever. If you really want, but this is somewhat vicious, you can put the hooker and two cats in a sack and introduce them to water. In *poena cullei* the Romans used a dog, monkey, and snake, and threw it all into a river. This is terminal, and the animal combination isn't the easiest to get your hands on. My approach was only disciplinary and the variation was to put this sack in the bathtub and start filling up the water to a two-thirds. This is very, very noisy and you'll likely have some mopping to do later.

³⁰⁵ The inverse is also possible. You can also kidnap elderly relatives, but this doesn't have the same effect. In part this is due to hoes usually not having a meaningful family beyond the product of irresponsible pregnancies. As Jimmy Savile said, Stick to the children.

³⁰⁶ He also used Cheryl the Shill who he would plant in a high school to tell the girls how cool it is to take drugs and to become a whore. To my understanding this only produced mixed results.

a twofold manner. First he would get them all strung-out and see if he could get them into an interracial gangbang. If he succeeded, he had won. He would threaten to send pictures of little Luanne all high and with bloodshot, glazed eyes taking three or four black cocks at once. That will definitely knock old Jed off his tractor. If she didn't bite on the gangbang, he would then just roofie her and then subject her to the same.³⁰⁷ This second way was messier, but equally effective. Ultimately, compliance was secured. It was good if she had a child, because, as outlined above, these could be kidnapped and held as collateral.³⁰⁸ In such a manner, this is how Caesar Slick built his stable, but we should consider his style of pimping beyond procurement.

Now, as already noted, Caesar Slick was effectively a category one pimp. The background work was arranged by his two lieutenants, but on the street Caesar Slick ran his hoes through the machinery of the Game. Being all image can be a strength, but, if you start staring too closely, it can be mesmerising and distorting like the mirrors in a fun house. Put a circus monkey in there and his attention will be held for a couple moments as he encounters his likeness and then its varying distortions in this hall of mirrors. Put a bitch in there and she'll spend a lot of time considering herself. The ape says, Fuck this. Fobbed epistemology so cheap it is not worth the price of admission.³⁰⁹ The bitch tries to find her likeness, then flattering and unflattering re-proportions of it.³¹⁰ The bitch says, That's me, but so is that, but that is not. It's actually a matrix of negation that seems to posit singular wholeness, this wholeness in the distance that is given solidity by the whirl of image in a type of parallax.³¹¹ This is called The Meretricious Mirror and in it you see through a glass, darkly. It is a trap for all bitches, but it can have the most deleterious effect on hoes as they already have little going for them.

This was Caesar Slicks' problem. He encouraged this type of identification because he knew no better. The hoes would go into tailspin with street identifications. This is problematic and can be responsible for something known as ho-feminism. This is where you have mean hoes. They'll be on the corner throwing up gang signs, swearing like sailors and intimidating tricks.³¹² You don't want this. Somehow they think it is empowering and the inverse of their sexual function.³¹³ They'll be saying all kinds of nasty shit.³¹⁴ Calling elderly folk pussies and

³⁰⁷ Loverboy Louie actually typically used either chloral hydrate or GHB (gamma-Hydroxybutyric acid), not really roofies (Rohypnol/flunitrazepam), but he called it the funky cold medina. Sometimes he would just coldcock them.

³⁰⁸ This is still staking a wager. Often hoes don't even care about their semi-retarded crack-babies. This is understandable.

³⁰⁹ True of any old ape, but Hanuman saw through this shit the quickest.

³¹⁰ It's true. That's why they often say, a cute bitch is obtuse.

³¹¹ This lateral or forward movement stabilizes. However, when a bitch is stationary the Droste effect will have her fearing annihilation and suicide is soon on the cards. Only a pimp can stare into the abyss and smile. But for the how and why, you will need to turn to *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

³¹² Saying shit like, "Oh my Lanta!" Uncle Jessie up in the House.

³¹³ Gangster bitches are never attractive. However, I have seen a couple productions where Maria from the Sharks looks kind of sexy. Also, some of the bitches in *Switchblade Sisters* are hot. But, as a rule of thumb, no. They're like spotted hyenas with horrifying pseudo-phalluses.

³¹⁴ "Skandalouz hoes", like 2Pac said.

cocksuckers and saying things to school children like, Suck my dick, bitch. This is unpleasant and should be nipped in the bud. If left unattended, the identifications with other aspects of street life will intensify and you'll find them out stealing, bearing weapons and trying to clash with the police.

I hope I have presented a reasonable account of Caesar Slick's pimpin'. As I started coming up on the scene, he began to question many aspects of it himself. This is where his plan to unionize came in and to whitewash his failures.³¹⁵ He wanted job-shadowing, flat rates, income pooling, and some rudimentary form of ho representation.³¹⁶ He had a big operation, but his hoes weren't as good as mine. It was around this time that I got to thinking that this motherfucker has to go.

³¹⁵ Although unions make no sense, if you really consider it, we are basically run like a guild. There is no top-down structure as such, but there is a lot in the way of self-regulation. Freelance work is frowned upon and certain industry standards are expected. The market is partially controlled and the physical and spiritual welfare of hoes is considered, though often dismissed. With the typical oral transmission of pimp wisdom, apprenticeship is central and membership partially regulated. Most importantly, fuck with a pimp's business and he'll go medieval on your ass.

³¹⁶ When I told him it sounded more like ho communism, he just smiled. That's when I could see in his smile that it was all about me. He just said, " *On ne saurait faire d'omelette sans casser des œufs.*"

How to Be a Ghetto Superstar (Postulant Pimpology III)

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.³¹⁷ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

³¹⁷ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Matthew 5:46

Who the fuck is this? Paigin' me at 5:46, crack of dawnin', but it was the afternoon, and my pager was always blowin' up like nitro. It's my nigga Pop from the barbershop, but it wasn't my pager that grabbed my intention, although it was my nigga Pop. However, his name was actually Matthew,³¹⁸ but who cares? It was 5:46 pm, and it was a conventional salutation. He called to me as I was about to pass his door.

Whaddup? Come on in, Dazzle Razzle. We've missed you. Don't worry. Come into Shaved and Sterilized. It's your home away from home. No bitches in here.³¹⁹ Plus, this is neutral gang territory, he said.³²⁰ There are people here waiting to see you. Remember them niggas from the hill up in Brownsville that you rolled dice wit smoked the blunts and got nice wit?³²¹ I didn't require much persuasion. Those were some good ol' boyz, but fuck it. It wasn't that anyway. Once my eyes clapped onto it, I was sold. The barber pole always captivated my imagination. It reminds me of taking a Black and Decker to someone's skull, the helical grooves pulling up white bone fragments, blood and gore along the cool, blue steel.³²² Besides, thinking of skulls, my hair was getting nappy, and that will not do.³²³

I stepped inside into the cozy environment of confraternity, gossip, and braggadocio, or so I thought. Rather, I stepped into an atmosphere of mistrust and suspicion. There were the usual suspects. I should have known. Caesar Slick was getting a perm, Daddy Diamond was getting his sideburns trimmed, Pop Pontius was getting his nails done. Knuckle Duster the Kniggro was at the door, and then blocked it after my entrance. I could see where this was going. Fucking theatre in the round.

Caesar Slick began the proceedings.

Listen, Dazzle Razzle, he said. Time to parley. The heat. It's comin' down hard. We got to get our shit together! Now, we always been loose. Dealin' off the turf like it was never gonna run dry. That ain't no business. No other game is run so disorganized. Look around. Everything that is taking care of business is together, dig it? Tight!! Together.³²⁴ We need to reconsider our stance

³¹⁸ But he was a Pop to many of us. He shined the meanest shoe this side of Timbuktu.

³¹⁹ Untrue. You will see.

³²⁰ Just an expression. Real pimps aren't involved in gangs, but the scene was getting heated. So, in a way, he was correct.

³²¹ Pop was a genuinely good guy. Although, I did burn his house down after all of this.

³²² You can put their head in a vice and a bowl underneath just to keep everything neat. This can take the synaesthesia to a whole new level. As Crane said, "With shimmering blue from the bowl in Circe's hall. Their brown eyes blacken, and the blue drop hue." Besides, the original barber pole, in the good old days when the barber was also a surgeon, was designed so that a customer could grab it and allow the blood that was being let from their arm run down its grooves for collection in a bowl. Kind of the opposite of how I used my drill.

³²³ Not sure why, but straight hair is the preference. Processed and often marcelled. Seems like an Uncle Tom preference, but Malcolm X did it in the early days. Whatever, I toed the line. Remember, it's all about image.

³²⁴ You can see that, just like with a renegade, he was trying to put me under a form of pimp arrest. In the end, he did in a way. It felt like Naxos leaving the Delian League. This is why it is so wrong. A democratic empire is a

toward hoes and their management. We need to rethink the Game.³²⁵ We need to work together not just for ourselves, but for our hoes. These hoes need job security and guaranteed wages.³²⁶ It is only right. To do this, we need to level the difference. As managers, we need to be able to relate to our hoes. More importantly, they need to be able to relate to us. I propose the following.

Admiringly, Pop Pontius added, Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

Starting January 1st, hoes get a daily percentage as part of a profit sharing initiative. All receive equally irrespective of transactions conducted, as we are no longer referring to their service as turning tricks. More importantly, numbers are just numbers. Lord knows, they all put their little hearts into it, but not all can turn the same number of tricks—I mean, transactions. They will work collectively in the spirit of camaraderie. More importantly, we will circulate them amongst our stables to give them a sense of self-ownership and empowerment.³²⁷ Uniformity is the ideal. Fittingly, I propose we have uniforms for the hoes to establish equality.³²⁸ Also, we will stop calling them hoes and will now refer to them as coital engineers. This is only the beginning of our considerations. We need widespread change. This is the essence of reform and this should start from the top. To facilitate this change, we think that there should be sumptuary laws.

Less approvingly, Pop Pontius now conceded, This is too long.

Pimps should only be able to wear one piece of gold. It will be symbolic. No furs, no gators. We should be more practical, but not simply because we are entering a period of relative austerity. Let's take a hard look at ourselves. It's not about bling, but about values. Valuing hoes who find value in their job and who value each other.³²⁹ Value is of the inward eye, so why so much flash? It's not less dressing, but definitely not overdressing. We don't want them looking like molls or mob queens.

Approvingly again, Pop Pontius commented, That's good! 'Mobled queen' is good.

contradiction. Anyway, I support anarchism. Similarly, the pimp should be his own man, even though he is subject to higher powers [*Editorial note* that will only become clear later]. He is not beholden to a man or a group. There should be no institutional arm. Even if we operate in the spirit of agreement, it is tacit. There need be no quorum for any course of action, let alone unanimity. Caesar Slick truly was a prick.

³²⁵ Like Bell said, "you've got to have vision."

³²⁶ The argument was convoluted. It seemed to have something to do with a lack of minimum wage in underworld economies. Something to do with "living wages". I don't know, but it was all rabbleroising.

³²⁷ Now what is this? This is pimp castration. This is ignoring Cock. He could basically say with Pharrell, "Homeboy, I came to party, yo' girl was lookin' at me. She's a haggler naw I'm not taggin' her." You should, you must. Otherwise, you ain't no pimp. Keep breaking and rolling bitches.

³²⁸ It turns out, as a leveller, he want them all to wear pleather hot pants and FUBU sweaters. I'm not sure where he was going with this.

³²⁹ Even family values. Caesar Slick encouraged hoes to have families and children. No more second/third trimester coat hanger abortions. No more newborns in dumpsters. Madness.

We should wear overalls and latex gloves as we take a new look on hygiene and workplace environments. Also, no need sticking out. Why do we want the cops to know who we are and what we are? That is...³³⁰

Listen, Cato Censorius the Fucking Communist, there need be no *Lex Oppia*, I interjected.³³¹ You're trying to create some kind of siege mentality, but that's because you are weak.³³² Hoes are not people. They do not pass the fit and proper test. Besides, look at Daddy Diamond. The guy is a complete dickhead. How can anyone be in league with a piece of shit like that, I asked. I could see that Pop Pontius was kind of nodding, so I addressed him, You don't believe in any of this. You're just a frightened little bitch. Dazzle Razzle should turn you out like the ho that you are. Not just you, but all you wanna-be-pimp hoes.

Daddy Diamond then opened his mouth as if to speak, but I wasn't having it. I thrashed him with my cane and said, Nigga, next time you hear grown folks talkin', shut the fuck up, hear?

Daddy Diamond was now silent, but I turned to Caesar Slick. I pointed to my cock necklace and balls ring and said, Thirty-five thousand dollars and seven. Motherfucker, can you buy that?

Pop Pontius laughed.

Seeing that I was gaining ground, Caesar Slick shuffled his pack, but it was the same shit. Dazzle Razzle, he chided, how can you live with yourself if your hoes are not provided for? Provided for life? I'm talking pensions here. Specifically, Target Benefit Plans. Not only that, but we need to provide comprehensive insurance. Look here, I've got Peter the Procurer on disability and Satin is in ICU with a discouraging prognosis. I'm paying for that, because it's the right thing to do. And...

I couldn't take any more of this shit. Interrupting him again, Fuck this powwow, I said. I'll have no truck with you syndicalistic motherfuckers.³³³ I'll go my way, you go yours. You don't even have a rudimentary idea of Cock and its importance.³³⁴ You know nothing, you are nothing. You want to talk about organized labor, I'll better the instruction.

And with that, I flashed my cane bare, flashed as it turned in air, and basically sabered Knuckle Duster the Kniggro there.³³⁵ I slashed him across the belly and, when he fell down holding his gut, trying to keep his entrails in, I slashed through his hamstrings, effectively severing them.³³⁶ Disability that, motherfucker, I said to Caesar Slick.

³³⁰ Although not so far convincing, as Quintilian said, it is never a good idea to allow an opponent to proceed to the peroration. The interjection should be violent.

³³¹ That's tantamount to saying, *Ceterum autem censeo Babylonem esse delendam*.

³³² As GZA said, "weak, like clock radio speakers."

³³³ Like Croce, I actually called them *onagrocrazia*. The thing is, they are closer to communists than fascist, but this isn't material. I knew it was all a ploy anyway.

³³⁴ Pharoahe Monch said, "Ignorant minds, I free 'em," but I couldn't. Ignorance abounds.

³³⁵ Let's just say, it looked like liquid swords. No? Or as Inspectah Deck said, "swinging swords like Shinobi."

³³⁶ As Cutty Ranks said, "Limb by limb we gon cut them down."

Of the prostrate Knuckle Duster the Kniggro, Pop Pontius entreated, Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Prithee no more!

I was done. But this second, and more server, outburst of violence left everyone stunned. The gold toothpick fell out of Caesar Slick's mouth and he was sick on the floor.³³⁷ Pop Pontius, as noted, was disgusted. For some reason Daddy Diamond smiled.

After that I smashed a big, comb-filled bottle of barbicide against the wall. White wall, blue fluid, red blood in one another's being mingle.³³⁸

And with the solace brought from that, I left Shaved and Sterilized for the last time.

³³⁷ Not the first time. *Caesar sic in omnibus*.

³³⁸ Why not I with thine? Indeed, this is possible. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

A Quick and Dirty DIY for Laundering Money (Econopimpics I)

Cash money. Cash from racketeering, kidnapping, drugs,³³⁹ but here we are talking about prostitution. How do you wash that that filthy lucre? Instead you could keep it under your mattress or fuck it all away in luxury items and other flash, but only an idiot would do that, at least do it exclusively.³⁴⁰ Now you could reinvest it in other illicit activities, and this is not necessarily a bad idea, but you are still going to need clean cash if you intend on putting it into a financial institution at the end of the day with an eye toward furthering it by other legitimate means. The problem is that bankers raise eyebrows when you come in with a wheelbarrow of wrinkled, discolored and sometimes bloodstained money. So Mr...Dazzle Razzle...You work at Walmart, but you can't seem to manage proof of that. You have an account with us, but you cash your cheques with, as you say, 'shady Chinamen that take a big skim.' You continue to do so and then you sit on it until you feel that you have enough for you to be able to walk in here and make a deposit with some dignity. That's why the amounts are so high and in cash. Oh, and sometimes you do a lot of overtime, but basically you make nothing and feel ashamed to come in here on payday to cash such paltry amounts. Did I get all that right? Hey Tom, come over here. You gotta listen to this guy. Ya, Charles, I heard. Sounds pretty odd. Why is he wearing a fur coat though? It's gotta be like 90° in the shade. Not only that, but why does some of this money smell funny?³⁴¹ And, besides the fur coat, what's that other shit that he's wearing? I don't know, Charles. Maybe it's a black thing.

Launder the money, sucka. Reduce the risk and save face. Banks will be sceptical if you try to bring in money from sources that cannot be verified. So, find a way to make it verifiable. Simple. Caesar Slick was doing it through The Cow Door and The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal, I was doing it through The Hairy Crack. How? Through placement, layering, and integration. This can all be bypassed if you smurf it, but this can be unduly complicated.³⁴² There are many, many other ways as well, but I'm going to keep to the three stage model for the manner in which I did it.

First you need to funnel the money. This the placement stage. The service industry is particularly useful for this because most transactions are cash money. Not only that, but inventory and such are not so relevant. If you are getting a 'massage' in The Good Auspicious Rucky Rotus Petal, the only real expense is the time of the girl and some indistinct sense of oil use plus some a roughly static overhead. This works, but you could have more streams of

³³⁹ Scams are good too, like White Folks and Blue's enterprising efforts with property.

³⁴⁰ Find a balance, nigga.

³⁴¹ Okay, okay. It's often not literally dirty. Not the money pimps are dealing with. Street corner hustlers, maybe. But they aren't stacking Benjamins and have no need for laundering.

³⁴² Smurfing is when you parcel out your amounts in calculated deposits with numerous financial institution, and/or an array of monetary instruments, but this involves strategy to ensure that patterns remain unrecognised by bank administrators or regulators. I don't like it because, if you get caught, a lot can be investigatively reconstructed. It all looks bad especially when there are offshore accounts involved.

greater potential for placement. You could be a lot more sophisticated with different types of ventures, but you will get a solid idea of the possibilities from what I did in The Hairy Crack.

The Hairy Crack is meant to be a classy joint, so I charge \$25 entrance. How does anyone know how many people have come in? All I have is a bunch of torn-up ticket stubs on hand if anyone asks. Also, I have it structured so that the strippers pay \$100 entrance and they keep all the money from dancing. Effectively, they appear to be freelance so I don't have to keep accounts for them, and obviously I'm claiming a hell of a lot more girls are coming in than actually do. The only other documentation is a rudimentary schedule of who's on stage at what time, but there could conceivably be many, many more girls in there working the floors and supposedly paying a higher rate. In fact, for both the real girls and the fictitious ones, if they come in just to work the floors, then it \$150. Again, I have created many streams of possible money that cannot be easily traced. But that's not it.

Drinks. I have fluctuating prices for drinks. Depends on the hour and the day, but they are always high. The units are discrete, the numbers generated in terms of money are plastic. Easy. Especially with liquor. I just register a number of units being sold. Who fucking cares? Even when a transaction is taking place in reality there is a skim.³⁴³ Now, even with that, bottle depletion is only an estimate. Besides, and most importantly, if I order x crates of y, I only need to have legitimately purchased x. How I shifted y can be fabricated. I can just say I sold so much Hennessy. Doesn't need to physically exist in my inventory anyway. I often buy it and sell it to another bar where I take a small hit on the transaction, but I don't take a receipt. The only receipt is that I bought x units of booze and that I've claimed that I have sold for z.

So that's how I get the money in from my hoes. But the process is not complete.

The second stage is layering. Now you could just use a shell company, but it should do some legitimate business. The Hairy Crack would probably have a pretty healthy balance sheet if I didn't fuck with it quite so much. There were a lot of legitimate streams of revenue coming in. Entrances fees, drinks, private events. It was a popular enough place anyway. If a pig came in off the street, he could see that legitimate business was taking place. Besides, I'd get a bitch to rub on his nuts and show him a good time.³⁴⁴ Now we've mixed the dirty money with the clean, as I've effectively already addressed. Now we're almost there.

Now we integrate it. This means we return it to normal circulation. This can be done through traditional bank accounts or more elaborate financial vehicles. I will get into this a bit more later on, and, despite what I said, you'll see how I actually prefer being outside of the pale when

³⁴³ The girls are typically using high pressure tactics to get suckers to buy them drinks. Oh, I'd like a shot of tequila or a gin and tonic. Right, when agreed, the bartender gives her water or ice tea and she gets a cut. Besides, no matter how much cocaine a bitch does, she can't drink all night like a sailor.

³⁴⁴ It's also good to try to document this because you can extort him later. Pigs might be big cunts, but often their hunger for cunt is bigger. Often they are just pussies when you jeopardize their home lives and threaten to drag them through the mire. They tend to wallow in this kind of shit.

it comes to other shit beyond banking.³⁴⁵ The money is now clean and accounted for. No problem.

³⁴⁵ I prefer Ponzi schemes and I think pensions are for suckers. This will make sense when you get to further econopimpics. Anyway, I also I ran a charity that I laundered my money through called D.I.R.T.I.E.S (Dignity and Integrity for Retards, Idiots and Elderly Thalidomide Survivors—of course the acronym can't be in the correct order because of the theme). The beauty about the charity is that the recipients are so fucked up they can neither say yea nor nay as to whether they received either money or have benefited in any tangible way. It's easier than taking candy from a baby, or perhaps a mongoloid.

How to Be a White Pimp (Lay Pimpology II•)

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.³⁴⁶ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

³⁴⁶ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah

Betty knew I could be king. It wasn't that I lacked ambition, but that I lacked vision, or so she charged me. She was both right and wrong. I had taken my pimpin' to the highest level, but she felt that was a false ceiling. She maintained that not only should I topple Caesar Slick at the top of the Game, but I could take my game even higher. Although I did ram her head into a pot of sauce, most hoes would have caught a slap for even making an insinuation of the sort, but I granted Betty special dispensation because she had a special gift. At times she had an uncanny eye,³⁴⁷ like the time when she told me that if I were to always wear my dollar sign tie pin, I would become one with the Game. She was spot on then. I should have listened to her more often, especially when it came to what would have become Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.

Betty's maternal grandfather was a Rastafarian from Jamaica and her grandmother was a cook from Trinidad. Through the blend of this family line she had inherited a recipe for West Indies pepper sauce that brought the best from these two traditions.³⁴⁸ She would often make it in big pots and bottle it for future use. Often she tried to convince me to finance large scale production, but I was never interested. I'm a pimp, what bloody business is this, what the fuck do I know about this shit?³⁴⁹ At times I would open up a bottle and try to feed it to my pit bulls, or rub a palmful of it in a petulant ho's face, but I never actually tasted it. On the day that she was upbraiding me about my lack of vision that all changed.

Betty was standing over a pot of her sauce giving it the occasional stir.³⁵⁰ Do you remember what Duffy Diablo told you, she asked. I knew damn well. The fundamental equation was balls and money.³⁵¹ Well, she said, he's a business man. Look at the kind of shit the Spider Fourz have their hands in. Now that's diversification. You used to be Trippple Beam. You used to see the value in opportunity.

³⁴⁷ She actually had a photosensitive patch on her head like the parietal eye of a tuna. No advantage was served and, if anything, it seemed to be a hindrance as she was distractible on sunny days and in well-lit environments. It seems that it is what made her epilepsy so acute. However, I had one trick called Shaun the Shocker where I could turn this to advantage. We'd get Betty naked and induce a seizure. With her flipping around on the floor Shaun earned his epithet. Wrestling her on the floor, with a bit between her teeth, he tried to get his index and middle fingers in her pussy and his pinky in her stinky. Sometimes when Betty was losing steam, I'd tell him to get his fingers out so I could reinvigorate her with my taser. Either way, he had to sign a waiver before I let him at her because she would really be thrashing about. I've seen her break a nose under similar circumstances.

³⁴⁸ Interestingly, its origin was in Haitian magic from the turn of the nineteenth century. They say the magic remains, but the ingredients have entirely changed. It is now truly a pepper sauce, but it used to contain the following: Eye of newt, and toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog, adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg, and howlet's wing.

Now this was a charm of powerful trouble, like a hell-broth boil and bubble. The more recent substitution in ingredients is what has truly made it Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah and not a poisonous brew.

³⁴⁹ Could be kind of like the dildo factory owner, but Dazzle Razzle, as you've probably already guessed, is much more versatile than other terrestrial life.

³⁵⁰ Not that it was cooked, but it was part of the process of how she married the flavors. No more can be divulged.

³⁵¹ Although this equation doesn't quite hold up here anymore, it has not been discredited. See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

I was thinking about unscrewing my cane, but I dug deep and stayed my hand while she continued.

See this pepper sauce here? It is very special. It is a combination of many things and, in my eyes it is a synthesis of worldly and unworldly things. You see, the recipe is traditional, but I named it for my grandfather, you know, the one you phoned just to call him a faggot, and for Duffy Diablo. My grandfather is a true Rasta, Duffy Diablo is both a righteous soldier and a devil. My grandfather is not interested in worldly things, but Duffy Diablo has both the money and the balls, and I was just about to approach him about the sauce when all that shit happened with Bankroll and Lizzie. I *know* that if I had of approached him with the sauce, he would have put it into production.

That did it. I could see the implication she was making. I grabbed her by the hair and ran her head into the pot. Betty and the pot hit the floor. Sauce went everywhere. Floor, walls, ceiling. Some of it even went into my mouth. Fuck me, it was hot, but it was really good. It was more than good. Delicious.³⁵² I felt like I had shared in both the bliss of heaven and the burnings of hell.

Bumbaclot. I found the word instinctively come to my mouth. This is the love of Jah. This shit is the shit, I told Betty. But Betty was in no condition to continue the conversation. She was rolling on the ground clutching her face.

I went to the fridge and poured a carton of milk over her head and gave her a bar of butter to hold against her eyes.³⁵³ It took a while, but she finally came around. She was none too happy, but she found the proper attitude as I made to reach for the taser.

As soon as she was ready to listen, I told her how I had just had a profound experience. I felt as though my physical being had been translated to an astral plane. I was beginning to see truths that seemed to have nothing to do with what just happened. It was sublime, and it was just beginning. The sauce seemed to put everything in motion for me. This sauce was PIMP.³⁵⁴

Bitch, you were so right, I said. This sauce has opened my eyes just as it's burned yours. You did say that in your eyes the sauce is the combination of the worldly and unworldly, but you're just a woman, so, like Canadians and people from Papua New Guinea, you are too stupid to fully understand anything. Ergo you deserved the pot. So listen.

I've been pimpin', but I'm coming to realize what it would mean to be a motherfucking PIMP. I've got the money and I've got the balls. Fuck, I've got balls of money. First I'm going to unhorse the king. I'm going to the top of the Game. I am to be undisputed, the one-only-man. I

³⁵² It was an episode of the madeleine. I immediately pictured a clot of hair.

³⁵³ Sharky had once been pepper sprayed by a pig. She had sworn by this milk and butter method. I had my doubts, but I gave it to Betty anyway for want of anything scientific.

³⁵⁴ This is one reason why you should buy Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. It is a vehicle for the mystical experience of PIMP. In time, you will see.

am Super Pimp and all need to recognise. After that, we're going to the next level. Listen, bitch, this is how we are going to do it.

Render unto Caesar

My plan worked to perfection, though, paradoxically, as great as it was as a success, it also proved to be as much of a failure. After Betty and I smoked the peace pipe,³⁵⁵ I sent her to infiltrate Caesar Slick's stable with Cleo in her charge. Caesar slick was still hurting from Cleo having been turned by me, so when he saw what he thought was his opportunity to knock my bottom bitch and regain his lost spoils, the fucker couldn't resist. I sent the two of them out with a whack of cash and told them to break themselves for him. They did, and he bit. Before long I had the two of them in his stable, sowing dissent amongst his hoes, and planting the seeds for mass defection.

At first, when my two hoes Joined Caesar Slick's stable, everyone thought I was slipping. It wasn't so. My game was pimp tight. From the opening gambit I had immediately entered the end game. I was twenty moves ahead of Caesar Slick before he even knew he was playing.³⁵⁶ In fact he was just played. His hoes welcomed Betty in thinking they were witnessing a game changer. With the credibility of Cleo as a wayward-ho-turned-home, Betty was able to work the angles and marshal the hoes into my camp. She did this primarily through Sheba, Caesar Slick's bottom bitch. That was her mission. Get to Sheba and Dazzle Razzle her.

Sheba was crazy hot merchandise. All the pimps knew it. Having her as a bottom bitch gave Caesar slick great respect and status. Seeing my two hoes join Caesar Slick's stable, everyone thought my game was leaking. I had Betty and Cleo let them think so. At least at first. This was the first phase of the operation.

Once they had appeared to have been assimilated, I had them begin a campaign marked out to erode confidence in Caesar Slick's game. His hoes needed to become disillusioned, as his character was to be maligned and his operation shown up to be suspect. Once this was achieved, then all that was required was for Betty and Cleo to start extolling the qualities of my game. Once Sheba was knocked, the others would follow by example, but first I had to pull the carpet out from under his feet. I did this by burning down The Cow Door in spectacular style.

The Cow Door was Caesar Slick's fiefdom. Not only did he own it, but he ruled it. Simply by coming to it, as another pimp, one acknowledged his station and one's relation to him. It was the basis for much of his power and went a long way to establishing the image that he enjoyed. It was here that I stuck. The witching hour, Saturday at midnight.

I called in a favor with some pigs that I knew. At midnight they would come into The Cow Door and make a spectacle by quite publically asking Caesar Slick to cooperate and come down to the station for voluntarily questioning. This I had them stress, in a loud voice, was about a kiddy

³⁵⁵ Mostly just chronic, but we smoked some bath salts too. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

³⁵⁶ This is how you play 'human chess'. Even though I exaggerated on the amount of moves, I did beat him before he know he was playing. The trick is using your bottom bitch. What happened was this:

1. f3, e5
2. g4??, Qh4#

pornography ring in which he was allegedly involved. Moreover, they were to say that it was for his own safety as there was an irate father that has sworn tonight to revenge his son and their family honor. Therefore, it was truly in his interest to come with them for the time being.

It worked. The porters put up resistance, trying to quiet down the spectacle, but everyone was already laughing and talking excitedly. Caesar Slick was ushered out of The Cow Door to shame and ignominy.³⁵⁷ His reputation was in serious doubt, and the other pimps thought it prudent to flee the scene before the father comes to realize that The Cow Door would be a great place to begin looking. After all, I had the pigs name the father as Duffy Diablo.

After the murder of Sharky, everyone knew Duffy Diablo. Although he was in jail, he was still the leader of the Spider Fourz. They may be coming from a different context and location, but word got around that they don't fuck around. With this news having spread, it was at this time that I rolled up in the Cock Mobile and parked opposite The Cow Door.

Most of the pimps left, but to make sure they were out, I put on a balaclava and started firing my .45 through the front windows. I fired two successive clips, aiming high and on a steep gradient so as to reduce the likelihood of hitting anyone. After the second clip I started sporadically firing rounds to give the people inside a chance to pick themselves off the floor and run to the back exit. At the end of the third clip, I took two of Betty's old pepper sauce bottles, filled with extruded polystyrene dissolved in gasoline,³⁵⁸ ignited the business end of the fuel soaked cloths, and threw them both through the shattered windows.³⁵⁹

Back in the Cock Mobile, I peeled off into the night.

³⁵⁷ Could have just done a St. Valentine's Day Massacre on him and his crew, but it wasn't my style.

³⁵⁸ This is not just any incendiary. As it reaches a saturation point, this viscous solution shares many of the same properties with napalm.

³⁵⁹ The following night I crossed the police cordon with Betty, slaughtered a cock and completed the rite of seisin. But, what branches grow out of this stony rubbish?

A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea (Econopimpics IV)

If you wanna make money, you could throw yourself in front of a McLaren and hope to break a rib or two, but there is undue personal risk and it might backfire with you being countersued for barratry. Same shit goes with trying to sue Kellogg's because you claim that the human hair in your cereal is not yours, or if you try to pull off the trick that you found a live mouse in a bottle of Elsinore. Fuck that. That's for douchebags. Let's try something where you can try and burn both people and institutions at the same time.

A Ponzi scheme is only natural. It is the reality of the market but amplified. However, it is frowned upon because of paternal mechanisms locked into the market. They are protective on a couple levels. In the first instance there is a need to maintain stability so that financial systems are not put at undue risk. Secondly, it is to protect the naïve investor from getting fleeced. Where is the line drawn? Well, let's look to how everything could be considered in terms of Ponzi schemes and why you should be interested in them. First let's look at stocks,³⁶⁰ what they presuppose and what they imply, before we can make some observations about Ponzi schemes themselves.

If I buy two different stocks at 1\$ each, two complex realities are represented. At the point of purchase stock x might indicate a 5% return in dividends or have a forecasted growth in value,³⁶¹ whereas stock y might have a 4% return in dividends and a less healthy projection, but they are both valued at 1\$. That is because they reflect a constellated number of relations and these things are built into the price.³⁶² This is the basis of quantification. A pound of feathers is equal to a pound of lead, but qualitatively they are different.³⁶³ This is the homogeneity of the heterogeneous, but things cannot be arrested here.³⁶⁴ As entities they are only reticulated,

³⁶⁰ The choice of stocks is somewhat arbitrary as other investment vehicles would equally do, but we must limit our considerations for the sake of economy.

³⁶¹ Of course, these are not mutually exclusive and this basic formulation is a simplification.

³⁶² For instance, markets project the earnings and then they haircut them for uncertainty in the future projections, and then discount those yearly earning cash flows. This is just a single factor that impacts the price of a stock.

There is a lot going on under the hood.

³⁶³ To mix figures, as Byron said,

When people say, 'I've told you *fifty* times,
 They mean to scold, and very often do;
 When poets say, 'I've written *fifty* rhymes,'
 They make you dread that they'll recite them too;
 In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes;
 At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true,
 But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,
 A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

The last couplet is what is truly significant.

³⁶⁴ As Achilles said, "Cattle and fat sheep can all be had for the raiding, tripods all for the trading, and tawny-headed stallions. But a man's life breath cannot come back again." Exchange is not unfettered in primitive economies. Advances in lending and speculation must be realized before graves can truly yawn open and free their

being decussated at interstitial vacuities,³⁶⁵ suppositions that find trade value at the highest level of probability for 1:1 buy/sell transaction that might occur amongst ongoing corrective adjustments.³⁶⁶ So what makes a stock a stock and valued as it is?³⁶⁷ Let's take a closer look.

Rumsfeld famously referred to three species of knowledge. There are known knowns,³⁶⁸ unknown unknowns³⁶⁹ and known unknowns.³⁷⁰ He was talking about WMDs in Iraq, but his categories can be instructive and find wider application. Hit, miss and maybe. It is both the pitch and the swing. This is the collective wisdom of the market in the execution of its uncertain certainty,³⁷¹ but really this is just a swing in the air in the belief you are playing a game.³⁷² This is the unknown known, a forth species that both supplants the previous and undergirds them.

The unknown known is also what Putnam identified as the totality of knowledge being its division. Apparently I can say, with some confidence, that NaCl is table salt, but perhaps I can only do so because there are chemists that claim this fact to be true. Likewise, I do not need to be an astrophysicist to accept the existence of things from quarks to quasars, but I do need an astrophysicist. Not just one, mind.³⁷³ It is an appeal to authority that rests on a basic consensus amongst a community of specialists.³⁷⁴ But this consensus is less than uniformly consenting.³⁷⁵ There are also reductive problems that defy foundationalism. It is not naïve to think in terms of provisional and substitutional models. This would be the acceptance of a type of paradigm theory,³⁷⁶ but even this is just an explanatory format that can be orthogonal or antagonistic to

dead. Nostalgia and the fetish are the preternatural of capital insistence. Death is still at the center of the obsessive's activity, but he crowds it out with the living-dead. In a way, everything is redeemable. This is the ever expanding capital expansion, which we will see soon, that hides the HOLE. Achilles' anxiety is still justified.

³⁶⁵ Ah, Dr. Johnson! Anyway, find the tf-idf for reticulate.

³⁶⁶ Par value is another factor as an indicator of financial health, but it is actually not material, as such, to trade value.

³⁶⁷ To be evasive we could say this is the exchange value of commodities. This is still the buy/sell balance and offers little more as an answer.

³⁶⁸ Public and insider financial information.

³⁶⁹ The unforeseen. This can be what is considered outliers, but we can also think of it as the ex-centricity of the system as they move to decomplete themselves in their very expansion. This is something that we will return to in myriad forms, just like we always say we do.

³⁷⁰ This is the future and the cumulative action of the market. What is oil going to be tomorrow? Inflation? Interest rates? *Etc.* How do they impact each other? What are the implications? We know that we don't know, but our interpretive actions as a collective (overall consumption, action, response) are what shape them. There is a reality behind the abstraction, but the thing-in-itself is devoid of meaning outside of human action.

³⁷¹ Or perhaps certain uncertainty. It is a psychotic process.

³⁷² That the game has rules and expectations. That there are bats and first base men. If there weren't, swinging a board of wood would be a strange reaction to someone throwing something at you. Indeed, the necessary conditions for your actions wouldn't even exist.

³⁷³ In some ways, like Hobbes' Leviathan, we could consider these astrophysicists as comprising Astrophysicist. He's a Big Another like Pimp, Game, *etc.* Big Another, Another and Another, but there is really only one BIG AN-OTHER.

³⁷⁴ Authority, the plague of Church Fathers and school men of the Middle Ages.

³⁷⁵ Some might argue that beyond this is the problem of silos and the failure of integrated dissemination, but this is really just a mistaking the inessential for the essential. This is a Big Another.

³⁷⁶ More in line with Kuhn than Plato, but Plato reveals instability in forms through the challenges of subsumption and regress.

others as reductionism continues to falter. At its extreme, is there any hope holding out for phenomenological reduction? Can I get to the heart of leadness, featherness and stockness? Is there haecceity? Is the ostensible just a gesture?³⁷⁷ Let's inquire further with another flurry of questions.³⁷⁸

Is lead to be Pb, a post-transitional metal with the atomic weight 207.2(1) *etc, etc*? If so, this would seem to be a number of predicates with each in turn being open to its own scrutiny in a plethora of identity relations. What would it mean to be self-identical?³⁷⁹ If difference is constituent, what does this mean? A similar consideration can be made for feathers. At which point is a feather no longer a feather? How many barbs can you remove? How far can you whittle it down? As Swinburne asked, Can we crush the chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root? How's that for extension? And Yeats said, perhaps in rejoinder, O chestnut-tree, great-rooted blossomer, are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole? What we have here are a series of relations resting on suppositions that support common sense usages. Upon close inspection they may fail us in some unsettling way.³⁸⁰ Put a pound of feathers and a pound of lead in the scales and they may be found wanting.³⁸¹

So too with a stock.³⁸² The great measurable immeasurable.³⁸³ How far does it extend, or is that not a meaningful question to ask? What we do know is that it exists, as far as it can be said to exist, through a community of faith and action, but it is even more difficult than a pound of feathers or a pound of lead. It is supposedly the rarified abstraction of the phenomenal as dynamic,³⁸⁴ but we already saw how that is inherently problematic.³⁸⁵ Remember, the illustration of feathers and lead was tendentious and used only to illustrate the extended variance to be found in a stock among stocks.³⁸⁶ This is again the general in the particular that

³⁷⁷ Perhaps the reduction to the index is the basis of epistemology. However, it presupposes meaning in the gesture itself, community and custom. Another can of worms. Don't make a diet of worms because you'll be mostly involved in dogma.

³⁷⁸ So many questions! *Quid ditas?* As you will see, it is only when we have money do you ask about quiddity. Money affords leisure.

³⁷⁹ Ipseity. Most likely a meaningless situation.

³⁸⁰ Like Nate Dogg said, "The rhythm is the bass and the bass is the treble".

³⁸¹ Nothing like an appeal to Yahweh for authority.

³⁸² Just like a company, a stock cannot fail in parts.

³⁸³ Conceptually you can see that this is almost a hystericization of Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. Unlike the unconscious, there is no royal road to science.

³⁸⁴ *Viz.* commodification and consumption as they meet supply and demand.

³⁸⁵ However, the essentially qualitative dimension locked into consumption at the level of use value, discrete in its own way, begets the quantitative of exchange value so that, "20 yards of linen = 1 coat or = 10 lb. tea or = 40 lb. coffee or = 1 quarter of corn or = 2 ounces of gold or = ½ ton of iron or = etc". However, we are not interested in historical materialism as such.

³⁸⁶ To align them would be a category mistake.

we saw elsewhere.³⁸⁷ Relations are perhaps all we have, or all that can be meaningful as far as there are fewer pitfalls.³⁸⁸ So what are these relations that allow us to talk about stocks?

Various, of course, just as there are various types of stocks that are each treated variously. This is the same as any type of security.³⁸⁹ At the heart of the matter, though, are the capital markets.³⁹⁰ This is because T-bills form the basis of return by providing the basic rate of return.³⁹¹ This does not make them independent of other markets, just more inextricably linked. Money is the leveler. This is the one and the many, the unit and the quantification. Money is the commodity that aligns other commodities.³⁹² It is what brings use value to a sense of exchange value through the reification of labor relations and an abstraction of value. Money allows the circulation of goods, but more importantly, itself.

Money is the lifeblood that is both hemorrhaged and transfused. It continues to not only circulate, but with each pulsant beat it contracts to expand.³⁹³ This is the reintegration of the surplus integral to the capitalist system.³⁹⁴ Movement, expansion, there is no zero sum game. This growth is violent, as it leads to an ever extending series of crises as contradictions become manifest in capital accumulation. The surplus must be reinvested and this happens in finance capital.³⁹⁵ In the Middle Ages this was known as usury,³⁹⁶ and it became realized in the precursors of modern banking systems in the Renaissance.³⁹⁷

Ezra pound said,³⁹⁸ *With usura hath no man a house of good stone each block cut smooth and well fitting. He was right but for the wrong reasons.*³⁹⁹ This is the dilapidation, the separation of

³⁸⁷ This is the Pimp Razor.

³⁸⁸ No point in being utopian here. Better is just a relative term, as ontologies over ontology.

³⁸⁹ Debt and derivative along with equity securities.

³⁹⁰ Maybe money markets, more specifically.

³⁹¹ It is actually the treasury yield curve which is series of possible cash flows supported in the following equation.

Suppose a sequence of a 1 year, 2 year, and 3 year bonds. $PV i = \frac{X1}{(1+i)} + \frac{X2}{(1+i)(1+i2)} + \frac{X2}{(1+i)(1+i2)(1+i3)}$ It depends

on the interest rate these are locked into, but this is only for illustration. The advantage of treasury bonds is that they are near liquid and supported by the sovereign prerogative to print money.

³⁹² Directly a commodity as precious metal, but a commodity and more commodious in paper money.

³⁹³ Here we intersect William Harvey and David Harvey.

³⁹⁴ Most importantly, this is the retained earnings that are not dividended. However, dividended earnings are involved in the overall circulation as they empower demand and, if not spent, are at the disposal of banks for loans, etc.

³⁹⁵ Keynes or Hayek. Spending, saving. It is still circulation.

³⁹⁶ The Knights Templar was able to practice this without punishment, even though usury was the great inexpressible sin. Modern Islamic banking systems somehow skirt it, or do they?

³⁹⁷ Early Italian banks are a great example. Indulgences saved them from the purgatorial fires.

³⁹⁸ As you'd think Ezra £ should know.

³⁹⁹ Although Pound won over few with his theory of economics, there is some truth. "Usura is a murrain, usura blunteth the needle in the maid's hand and stoppeth the spinner's cunning." Murrain, yes because of its exploitative nature. And, Yes, modern banking and production have impacted the artisan and the craft industry, but in this way it is not a necessary effect, but one subject to market conditions. If God wanted post-Edenic toil, there is no reason why He should take issue with the exposure one accepts when they assume risk. Reinvesting and external investing is a question of nuance. The problem was with canon law.

the stones that is necessary for regeneration and growth as well as death and decay.⁴⁰⁰ Usury is central to all. Without the basis of finance banking there would only be the stagnant environment of bartering, tangible but relative.⁴⁰¹ With usury is the movement of money and the lifespring of production. Production of goods, production of knowledge,⁴⁰² production of surplus value that is recapitalized. Ever forward through the inherent contradictions of the system.⁴⁰³

Stocks. Buy them, sell them. Money allows for valuation, interest accounts for investment and growth. Interest and capital reinvestment bring concomitant systemic risk and has real effects. You cannot consistently beat the market as it is the aggregation of all action but with the volatility of uncertainties.⁴⁰⁴ This is the movement of information and the innate mechanism of self-correction. I buy for a dollar and sell for a dollar. I do, but I don't. There are brokerage fees, risk management hedging that impinge on my dollar value, but the stock still oscillates at a 1:1 buy/sell balance of possibility, at least as a continually approached ideal.⁴⁰⁵ Where is the money to be made?

Knowledge appears to move the market, but really it is the mechanism of capital reintegration that defines and exacerbates the ex-centricity of the system. It is all really just a bet.⁴⁰⁶ So how do you win? You need to arbitrage. You need to know something that the market does not.⁴⁰⁷ You have to be quick to make the window before the market correction. This is what you do in a Ponzi scheme, but you have created the condition for the opportunity.⁴⁰⁸ This is not a roll of

⁴⁰⁰ Perhaps like the House of Usher, Buddenbrooks or the Wittgensteins. After all, we have been playing language games.

⁴⁰¹ This is the instability of the *quid pro quo*. This is the undifferentiated world of bitches that we considered at the beginning of the book. Once you have currency, you are licensed to do much as, allegedly, Ayatollah Khomeini wrote, "A man can have sex with animals such as sheep, cows, camels and so on. However, he should kill the animal after he has his orgasm. He should not sell the meat to the people in his own village, but selling the meat to a neighboring village is reasonable." I can pass no comment on this due ignorance of Farsi, Islamic jurisprudence, and the legitimacy of anecdote, but I would put money down that Al-Ghazali wouldn't have agreed.

⁴⁰² Besides hierophantic needs, this can be seen with Linear A and B as primarily concerned with inventory, accounts, and exchange. However, religious use is really just another economy of exchange. It helps answer Achilles' concern, "But a man's life breath cannot come back again," and put it back in the balance.

⁴⁰³ This is the basis of all social formations and convulsions.

⁴⁰⁴ This has a Minskian ring to it.

⁴⁰⁵ We could binary code this and try combinatory overlays to develop a syntax that would intersect with a second based on the profit/no profit binary in order to identify permutations and capital floes, but this would be too formalist. The ex-centricity of the system is the death at its heart in greed. The representational problematic of death and greed find some expression in the *scheme Π*.

⁴⁰⁶ Who assumes the risk? As Luniz said, "I got five on it. Grab your 40. Let's get keyed." Okay, Luniz is not a person, but a duo made up of Yukmouth and Numskull. Fine, it was actually neither of them that said it, but Michael Marshall, whoever the fuck he is when he's at home, on one of their tracks. Their only track.

⁴⁰⁷ Or have insider information or rig the game like Pete Rose, Shoeless Joe Jackson or Juventus.

⁴⁰⁸ Similarly, you could manipulate the futures market. For example, if you are willing to suspend disbelief, consider this example. Buy 500,000 units of redwood and then go to San Francisco and burn down the forest. Those units will now be infinitely more valuable than what you paid for them. Excellent business all-around.

the dice,⁴⁰⁹ excluding the possibility of a prison sentence. It is not a swing in the air. It is a motherfucking grand slam because not only do you know the game, you have just put it to bed. So, arbitrage happens at all levels as the basic informed movement of the market. So be it, but let's commit capital fraud.

The original Ponzi scheme started as an arbitrage with international reply coupons (IRCs) in the 1920s because of the conversion discrepancy between the US and Italy. Many Ponzi schemes start with this basic premise of arbitrage opportunity, the opportunity to exploit an anomaly, but then it spins into a pyramidal structure of investment.⁴¹⁰ The rates of return are way higher than anything out there. Invest with me and I'll give you 10% interest. Sounds great.⁴¹¹ Here's my dough, make it grow.⁴¹²

Okay, so what happens?

Basically, the capital brought in is used to honor early commitments. People actually do walk out having made money. However, they depend on increasing streams of revenue and are ultimately unsustainable. That's when they burst. If you're running the Ponzi, you should take a spread at the point of the investment, if you are not outright embezzling from the account itself, and then allow the interest rate to run its course accordingly. At the end you, and potentially many people,⁴¹³ will have made money. Many more will have been burnt.⁴¹⁴

Granting this, you ask, So what makes a Ponzi scheme the essence of the market?

The reason is twofold and all we need to do is connect the dots. First, as has been noted, most Ponzis begin with real, or apparent, arbitrage. That is how money is made in the market. Secondly, it depends on the continuous need for investment. This is how the market expands and, when a contradiction is made manifest, it contracts. However, without full implosion, capital always moves forward, circumventing obstacles. This is its life force. It is productive, but it is voracious. It is marked by violence and inequalities. This takes us to Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared.⁴¹⁵

⁴⁰⁹ *Un coup de dés jamais n'abolira le hasard.*

⁴¹⁰ Parallels to pyramidal schemes are present, but it is not psychologically rigged along the same lines. The Ponzi scheme is unbridled greed. Pyramids presuppose a basic understanding of how they work, a type of complicity, although the quite apparent limitation of the model is often blithely passed over. This is a type of scotomization. It is a form of the known unknown.

⁴¹¹ You must ask yourself, how can a security promise 10%? If the treasury rate is 3%, how is this possible? There must be a lot of exposure in other positions taken. The risk is staggering. Usually only unsophisticated investors are enticed.

⁴¹² It is unlikely that institutional investors will be enticed because of fiduciary responsibility, the prudent person standard, and over all due diligence. However, despite this, they can still be affected. A Ponzi scheme can be like a sinkhole when the bottom (technically top, if we are concerned with the integrity of simile) falls out (in).

⁴¹³ That is those who were not fool enough to keep reinvesting in it.

⁴¹⁴ Ask Bernie Madoff.

⁴¹⁵ It would actually be Pimponzi Schema Pi², but we can't superscript here. Likewise it may prove a problem for corporate registration, so the relatively prolix form is to be had.

And now a word from our sponsors⁴¹⁶

...[*Editorial note* Circumstances have changed and Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is now operating within different parameters. The original text has been left, but red font enclosed in square brackets [such as this] will identify the true nature of the enterprise at the moment]...

Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is an actual unregistered company created by the Spider Fourz.⁴¹⁷ It is a shell company, and we invite you to invest with it [viz. donate to it]. The money created by it (the 15% off the principal [Now much more and without the previous sense of accountability], as you will see in a moment) will be siphoned out and used for a second company that will begin the production of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.⁴¹⁸ Additional monies will go toward the Pork Metropolis and the Center for Dazzlean Studies and Arts.⁴¹⁹ Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah will be used to support Pimp Art with significant proceeds also going to charitable causes.⁴²⁰ Okay, you say, but what exactly is Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared?

Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is a Ponzi scheme and can only be accessed through DazzleRazzle.com. You can put in as much or as little as you like, but \$10 is the minimum.⁴²¹ It is all in USD through PayPal. 15% is taken by the company right away from your principal as has been already noted [Again, this could be more and the funds diverted could be used for sundry uses. However, the principal aim is to bring to life the Dazzlean projects]. So, if you put in \$10, you will have \$8.50. However, Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared will give you π^2 interest as its name reflects, but rounded up, every month. That is, 9.86960440109% rounded up to 10%. Not bad, eh? That means that the \$10 you put in will be worth \$9.35 in a month. Leave it for a second month and you'll have \$10.29. Another month and you'll have \$11.32. Another month at it will be \$12.46. You can see where this is going. Imagine if it wasn't \$10 you put in, but \$100 or \$1,000. Here you just push the decimal place over one for the former, two for the latter. Doesn't matter if you are making big or small investments, there is nowhere else where you can get 10% interest rate.

[No longer the case. Until further notice, there is a moratorium on the accounts until capital requirements are met. If you donate, the money will be recorded and you will secure a creditor

⁴¹⁶ They say the game is sold, not told. It's the biggest pimnote, but don't worry. I'm going to tell you how you can make money like a gangsta too. Let's all make dough, no?

⁴¹⁷The gang, not the company. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

⁴¹⁸ It is a management fee, a pimp fee. From a different perspective, it is a kind of usufruct.

⁴¹⁹ What these two entities are will become clear in due course. For now you may think of a kind of Zulu Nation.

⁴²⁰ To understand Pimp Art, you will have to turn to *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. An aspect of it, though, is Schopenhauerian view of aesthetics that will allow you to leave the sordid behind by embracing it. However, it has a disruptive dialectic not present in Schopenhauer.

⁴²¹ Less than \$10 during the moratorium will not get a credit ranking. Donations under this value will go directly toward the production of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.

ranking, but whether these will be honored is now in question. As it stands now, Nikola (Nicholas) 'the Patsy' Dziadyk is in charge of the accounts. A former Russian Mafia accountant, he is in hiding. When he surfaces the accretion instruments of Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared will begin operating. However, when this happens is anybody's guess. It is a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma.

However, one thing is certain. The money you put in will now have to be considered a donation. If you request to cash-out with us, we may or may not honor your request.⁴²² The sooner you put it in, during the moratorium period, the more likely you will make money once Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is running on all cylinders. There are no guarantees. We intend to burn many more people than originally intended. Again, it must be reiterated that any monies sent to Nicholas Dziadyk via PayPal must be considered donations. What we can guarantee is that the more money gathered, the more of the book will be released along with *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker* and *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. Perhaps more importantly, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah will have been given birth along with the other Dazzlean projects. Donate, but do not expect a red cent back even after the moratorium.⁴²³]

You can cash out anytime, but all interest and payment will be calculated on the 15th of the month. This is when it matures before entering a new cycle. Put the money in on the 14th, and you'll get the 10% just as somebody who put it in on the 1st or 29th of the last month. Likewise, cash out and you'll get a check issued on the 15th for the value on the date of request. It's that easy.

But consider the possibility of you leaving it in for a year. The compound mechanism is a factor of 12.⁴²⁴ No one will give you 10% on a monthly basis because it is insane.⁴²⁵ So, plug in your \$10 in and at the end of the year you will have \$26.68. A real bonanza when you start increasing your figures.

But, how, you ask. Well, there is a pretense built upon a premise.

The pretense is arbitrage, just like Ponzi did it, but we are doing it with currencies. You buy with USD, we buy ElectroFunkCoins. This is an electric, closed currency that is controlled and circulated within the Spider Fourz. No one else can buy it as it circulates mysteriously through underworld economies, but in know quantities.⁴²⁶ Its real stability is in the control of the supply

⁴²² We are stressing this to cover ourselves, but the intention is to have Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared run as designed.

⁴²³ Again, we are saying that as a technicality. Hopefully Pimponzi Schema Pi purrs like a kitten after the moratorium.

⁴²⁴ Actually, $(1 + i)^{12} - 1$

⁴²⁵ In his original scheme, Charles Ponzi offered 50% return on principal in 45 days. We would offer that to you, but chaos would ensue because we'll fuck up the accounting. Chaos is good, but that is for *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

⁴²⁶ It is not a fiat currency, it is backed by uranium and thus commodity based. Not as a holding, but as a threat on a nuclear reactor. This is actually gratuitous, but we do it for fun. Now you see, it is actually schizophrenic. It is completely controlled currency making it fiat, but commodity based and, interestingly, pegged to USD. Because of

already mentioned.⁴²⁷ Now, through market manipulation, the supply of ElectroFunkCoins are managed so that they can be arbitrated once a month on the US dollar so that you get 10%.⁴²⁸ This is great. This is a monopoly. Rather, this is alchemy and this is a plutopoly.⁴²⁹

The premise is that more and more people will need to keep putting money in. This is not because of the instability of the currency relation, but the instability of the business model, and the fact that operational costs will also be drawn out from the pot. It is in everyone's interest that more contribute. This will not give it stability, but it will give it duration and allow you to make interest. However, if you leave it in forever and there is a run on the account, and there will be, it will no longer be able to meet its obligations.⁴³⁰ At this point the company will be bankrupt and you will lose money. Once it becomes insolvent, everyone will be paid out pennies on the dollar to the ability of the account.⁴³¹ [Either that or the account will just cough out large sums to a handful of random people, thereby killing the account] Over all, some will make money, some will lose money.⁴³² However, just like the stock market, it is all a gamble. The idea is to get your money in early and ride it as long as you think Dazzle Razzle will be topical and people will be contributing. Hopefully, this will be long lasting as this document will continue to change as more of Dazzle Razzle's archives are made available. That and the imminent release of his other works. You can also consider the popularity of distorted reproductions and fandom writing. After all, we have invited you to take this text and change it as you will. You will only be at a further remove,⁴³³ but inside, you might feel like a little wack

this, we also call it KrazyKraepelinKoins, or KKK, or DP for DementiaPraecox. These latter forms are more descriptive of it when converted into a physical currency. You'll understand from the pimnote below. You see, COCK rules everything around me: C.R.E.A.M. Get the money. Dollar, dollar bill, ya'll.

⁴²⁷ Once Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared collapses, we will move the currency from electronic into a physical form. Then we will sell it and, if maintained in good faith, will be valued at 2x USD because there will be no more tampering on our end. Its fate after that will be determined by its circulation and performance, but the mysterious secret of the threat on a nuclear facility will remain in the basement of The Pork Metropolis kind of like Fort Knox. We will sell it in units of 20. This means it will cost you \$40 USD. You can use it for exchange purposes, or you could just jerk off on it. Up to you. But, remember, its commodity value is based on death, so this makes it pretty unique and exciting, so you could jerk off on in and then use it to make a purchase. Or you could make a purchase with it and then jerk off on what you bought. You should probably buy porn, but you could by a puppy or a hamburger. We'd like to see it ultimately become the default currency of the porn industry so that you can jerk off and see people fucking puppies and hamburgers or whatever all for the KKK.

⁴²⁸ Strangely, there is no reciprocal as the currencies are traded, so you will get a straight 10% on your USD. The schizoid nature of the currency may account for this.

⁴²⁹ Since the currency backing Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is based on death, perhaps the investment vehicle should have been a tontine. That may be something for the future.

⁴³⁰ In part this will be because some money will be in ElectroFunkCoins. The difficulty is that they can only be exchanged through a series of considered manoeuvres. In a way, they are not very liquid.

⁴³¹ This will not just be 85% accumulated through investment. It will likely be less. Defalcation is not intended [Although it is to an extent now], surprisingly, but mismanagement and incompetence will likely [Viz. definitely] play a factor. Also, if taxed, the monies required to keep the tax man away will be taken from this pot. It won't matter to you unless you are already getting burned, because at this point Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared has gone tits up anyway.

⁴³² The principle is to rob Peter to Pay Paul. You could be either, but Dazzle Razzle will always be Paul.

⁴³³ Maybe like "wild papyri".

bitch. Depends on your motives though. We judge no one, but Dazzle Razzle must always be made free.⁴³⁴

So why would I want to put money into a Ponzi scheme when you just told me they're not only a scam, but illegal? This is why.

Dazzle Razzle has been made free to you.⁴³⁵ Think of it as donating or crowdfunding,⁴³⁶ but without the same type of pathetic soliciting that you have seen elsewhere. Besides, you might actually make a lot of money. Only put in what you'd feel comfortable to lose.⁴³⁷ By doing this you will bring all of the other projects under the Dazzean umbrella into life through the 15% percent initially taken off of the principal. Presto. From writing to reality.⁴³⁸

You assume all the risk as an investor [Again, now you must think of yourself as a donor], none as a person. If anything is illegal, it is on our side. It shouldn't be though, as this is all above board. However, we don't mind going to jail. Many of us have been in there before and it just means selling drugs and confections, currying favors and shanking people. If you want, you can join us in jail if you do half the other shit in this book. Remember, as Mobb Deep said, There ain't no such thing as halfway crooks.

Don't be a bitch. Don't be shook. Be able to tell your grandchildren that you were involved in a Ponzi scheme. Not only that, but hopefully you made money.

Now it's time to return to someone who didn't. [Once the moratorium is over, we hope that Pimponzi Schema Pi will begin to start operating as originally intended. There is no time frame on the moratorium, but the more revenue generated the sooner it is likely to elapse.]

[Apologies for the red font text being so bloody repetitive, but it is our pseudo-legalize]

⁴³⁴ Being a man of the people, Dazzle Razzle is for the people.

⁴³⁵ That is this book as well as *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker* and *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. Not only that, but *inaccrochable* will be available for free as well.

⁴³⁶ Pound was wrong when he said, "Literature gives no man a sinecure." Think of your act as a type of εὐεργεσία.

⁴³⁷ This is to be stressed. Many will lose money. Only put in an amount that you are comfortable to part with.

⁴³⁸ Another instance of alchemy.

How to Commit Capital Fraud (Econopimps II)

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.⁴³⁹ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

⁴³⁹ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

The GAME (Postulant Pimpology II)

The Cow Door went up like so much tinder. The plan worked perfectly, but there was a hiccup. Everyone left through the back except for Daddy Diamond. Being the thug that he was, he stood his ground as though he weren't to be intimidated. Fucking gorilla. His posturing and obstinacy got him killed. He was found fused to the bar. They could only identify him by the cubic zirconia in his rings. I'd like to say good riddance, but his death has come back to haunt me, as you will see.⁴⁴⁰

In the upheaval of The Cow Door burning and the damage to Caesar Slick's reputation, the window opened up for Betty and Cleo to get to Sheba. I offered security and a well proven operation. I was now the biggest pimp on the scene. Not only did I have clout, I was the new king, and she heeded the beckon. The union and Caesar Slick's strangle hold were broken. Sheba knew which way the wind blew. With her came Caesar Slick's other hoes. Cascade effect. My stable was now stacked to the rafters.

The Betty/Sheba combination was deadly. My game was off the charts, but at the same time, I started slipping. You see, as I reached the pinnacle of my powers, I started playing the GAME, and not tightening up my game. Most pimps only know about the latter, whereas I was becoming the high priest of the former. As I became more aware of the GAME, I accidentally started taking my eye off the Game. You see, there are qualitative differences between game, Game, and GAME. An explanation is necessary.

Earlier I had explained the structural properties of the Game and the importance of its anteriority. Within this grid pimps insert themselves by taking on symbolic coordinates that come to align them with hoes and other pimps. This is true, but the picture I painted earlier is largely a static one. The Game takes place in real time and this has implications. Actions are ordered by the structural features of the Game, but the manner in which they manifest themselves depends on a number of dynamic principles in the multitude of games. I will personify this aspect of the Game as Fortune.⁴⁴¹

Fortune is a bitch that needs to be courted. Rather, she is a bitch that you need to make into a ho so that you become a pimp. Like all hoes, she is fickle and can easily go through that pimp door.⁴⁴² You need to keep her under your thumb and working for you. Take your eye off her at your own peril. To keep your game on track, you need to keep Fortune breaking herself, because if you don't, the next pimp will, and this means bad business for you.

⁴⁴⁰ As it turns out, he was actually involved in a kiddy porn ring. Apparently he had thought that there was a mix-up between Caesar Slick and him. He was waiting for Duffy Diablo for a showdown. This actually has lasting significance.

⁴⁴¹ This is fortune (*fortuna*) yet to be qualified as good or bad. It is fortuity as pure possibility even prior to grappling with Her vicissitudes.

⁴⁴² In this way, it is the Fortuna of Dante and Boccaccio which we continue to see in the Quattrocento and through to the Cinquecento as enshrined by Machiavelli. Indeed, over time Fortuna was capricious.

Each pimp has his own game in the Game. This is determined by his relation to Fortune. It's the way he plays his game, his unique styling, and his policy choices. If you're acting like a gorilla, you can be mis-pimpin'. This is an example of a failure to pimp and, despite the superficial resemblance to pimpin', this is short lived as Fortune will not countenance it. A simp is always a simp, and posturing and idiocy are never tolerated for long. However, there are appreciable levels to real pimpin' and these are determined by the relation between one's game and the Game.

For pimps, aspects of their game are adaptations of the Game, ways of materialising and respecting its laws. This is courting Fortune through different angles and tactics. In this way, one's game is a way of playing the Game. In other words, through Fortune one addresses the Game by way of one's own game. This is multifaceted as the reality of the Game is rooted in the ecology of hoes, their material circulation, and the concomitant political reality of pimp interaction. As each of these aspects are given body, the concrete particulars are present to give one's own game body.

So, who has game? All pimps have game, but the extent and efficacy of their game varies. The pimp world is a rather democratic one. Pimps respect one another and play by the rules of the Game. However, as a game, it is a competitive one. There is no place for the weak. When you see an opportunity, you take it.⁴⁴³ If you see a pimp whose game is leaking, you go drain him. If your game starts slipping, straighten it out, or another pimp will relieve you of the burden. It's all about growth and power, money and balls. Respect the Game and keep your game tight. Any pimp can tell you this, but only Dazzle Razzle can take you to the next level.

Now, the GAME is something very different. The GAME supervenes the Game, for which the latter is an abstraction from the pure form. The Game is actually just one of many possible Games, but it is the only one purely realised.⁴⁴⁴ Why? Who's to say? Chance causality, adaptive strategies, emergent pattern, any number of things.⁴⁴⁵ The way a pimp operates is his assemblage point to the Game, which is in turn an avatar of the GAME.⁴⁴⁶ Let's try some analogical reasoning.

If we consider a man in a grocery store looking to buy the ingredients to make tomato sauce for tonight's pasta, his experience of the store will be colored in terms of this orientation. Other purchases may be either considered or impulsive, but all signification is coded by way of the sauce. Items on the shelf are regarded, but his attention is selective. He may notice that the

⁴⁴³ It's like the way New York robbed the young Whoreson of his two hoes. Whatcha gonna do?

⁴⁴⁴ Really there are a number of Games, but one pimp Game. There is a Game for drug dealers just as there is for drag queens. What concerns us in this book is the Game of pimps because it is the closest approximation to GAME.

⁴⁴⁵ Note that this had already been identified. The shape of the Game is largely a product of 70s inheritance, but it needn't have been so.

⁴⁴⁶ Avatar can serve as a great heuristic, etymologically and analogically. Like the supine Vishnu floating in non-directional space, he becomes incarnate in the likes of Krishna or Rama to insure the maintenance and preservation of dharma in the ebb and flow of temporality. It is up to someone like Arjuna to act or not act accordingly in these moments of crises.

man standing next to him is not wearing any pants, but many other things will be passed over in ignorance. He is on a mission for all that is on his list, though substitutions and additions may be entertained within this framework. It doesn't necessarily exclude possibilities, but it maps his experience in purpose-oriented action.

The Game is the same, but comprehensive. It is a scheme, a manner of mapping the world. It is not so much a phenomenological concern,⁴⁴⁷ but rather a grid for social meaning. A value system, an instructive spectacle, it organizes a cultural field and structures both relations and behavior. Expectations are established, norms are realized. The Game is an interface within which the pimp and the ho find meaning and identity as subjects-in-the-world. How a pimp plays his game is as a variation of the Game. It is a materialization of potential found in the Game, variations on a theme. It can be used or abused, leaking or tight.

This brings us back to the GAME proper, but this is knowledge not meant for sublunary souls. It requires a special attunement. In what follows, I will share with you my series of revelations and the manner of their unfolding. I sacrificed my game for the GAME. Rather, I sacrificed it for COCK.

⁴⁴⁷ Like Top Cat said, "Phenomenomenon one, Special dedication to all the woman." He could have said hoes.

The Passion of Dazzle Razzle

While Betty and Cleo were turning Caesar Slick's stable inside-out, it was business as usual with me. My game was like clockwork, but this can be dangerous. I had the luxury of time on my hands, and this proved costly. You should never have time on your hands. It's like having your hands on your cock. Any time that seems to be free should be reinvesting in tightening up your game. This is what all pimps, if they want to remain pimps, need to be doing. Pimpin' ain't easy. It's a 25hr a day job. You need to always be managing your hoes, running game, expanding your operation. Never be complacent. There is no room for bitches.⁴⁴⁸

You see, in a way, I was slipping. It's not that I was lazy. Rather, it was because I felt something growing in me. I felt the truth of the cosmic winds blowing through illusory change. More to the point, I started having intense visions.

I was at dinner with my hoes at T.G.I. Friday's, celebrating individual achievement and excellence for the month having past, when the visions began. The passing waitress' flair caught my eye. Emblazoned over her right tit were light hearted but irreverent words. It read, I may be hot, but I'm saucy. Too fucking true.

She came up to our table and said, Hi. They call me Claire, but you can call me anytime. I took it as an unspecific invitation, so I grabbed her by one of her pigtails and ran the side of her head into the corner of the table. All coming out and nothing going in, I said to my audience.

The unprovoked violence made the hoes restless, and attention seemed to become centered on our table. If you're gonna flap your gums like that, I'm going to take out some of your teeth so you can properly fit my cock in that filthy hole of yours, or so I admonished.

Although it was lights out for her, my concern remained with the words that I had seen.

Having been picked up off the floor, the waitress was removed from my field of vision. However, the words I had seen across her tit remained more than just in my mind's eye. They quivered tremulously in the still air in front of me, taunting me.⁴⁴⁹

I may be hot, but I'm saucy. Indeed. And what could go better with my wings than some pepper sauce?⁴⁵⁰

Before we got kicked out, I turned to Bankroll and said, pass that Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. He turned, looking at me indifferently. I said, listen bitch, if you don't pass it to me, I'm going to kill your family and burn your house down. But again it met with no response. His vacant gaze seemed to pass right through me.

⁴⁴⁸ Like Iceberg Slim said, "The pimp game is like the watchmaker's art, it's tough." Laconic, but accurate.

⁴⁴⁹ It was a *Mene, Mene Tekel Upharsin* moment.

⁴⁵⁰ Pepper sauce is better than hot sauce. Take my word for it.

The hoes were getting agitated.

Who are you talking to, asked Angel with some trepidation. This cock sucking motherfucker right here. Where? She asked. Fucking right here, I said. There is no one there, she said. Get on the floor and give me twenty, I said. She looked at me questioningly. Butter knife in hand, FUCKING DO IT, I said, OR IT'S YOUR LIFE.

As Angel did a couple cross-legged bitch push-ups, I turned back to Bankroll. Listen, fuckface, if I didn't have such a humane streak, I'd grab that bottle of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, break off the bottom off, and twist the ensharded edges deep into your entrails. But there was no one there. Daddy Diamond laughed.

SHUT YOUR FILTHY HOLE, CHILD FUCKER, I barked at the ceiling.⁴⁵¹

I turned to face the table again, but I was only confronted by the faces of aghast hoes. It was then that I saw the bottle. It was no longer on the table where I had first thought it to be.

In midair was a luminous presence. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. Suspended laterally, it pointed to Duffy Diablo at the head of the table.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R.

Duffy, I asked, would you please pass that bottle floating there in vacant space? His eyes fixed upon mine, he rose from his chair. He rose above his chair, and then the table as well. He rose bodily to the floating bottle.

Pointing it at me, This bottle could be yours, he said in a way that left no doubt in my mind about the truth of the matter. All hell, Dazzle Razzle, all hell for you can be bottled up in something that looks like a cock. And it could be yours to hold, but only if you have the balls. Do you see where the bottle is pointing?

I did indeed. It was now pointing back at Bankroll, who was once again sitting complacently to my side.

Right now, he has balls, and you're just a dick, said Duffy Diablo.

Quite possibly. I had treated the waitress deplorably.⁴⁵² There might be something in this after all. I listened on.

This pepper sauce is a metaphor for creation. The relation between Hell, Heaven, and earthly existence is just a turn of the cap away. It's not for the squeamish. If you want to be a real man, you need to seize the bottle. Find its balls. Betty made you, but I made Betty. I fucked her and

⁴⁵¹ Indeed. Allegedly, Daddy Diamond said he wanted to have sex with the Olson twins. Not now, but in season three.

⁴⁵² Cunningly, I actually visited Claire in the hospital. She had the workings of being a good ho. Later I had her working coat check at The Hairy Crack. Alas, circumstances intervened (*viz.* prison) that prevented me from turning her from a state slutty pre-ho-ness into a bona fide ho. She is likely to have never reached her full potential.

chucked her, scaring her permanently and making her susceptible to your entrepreneurial efforts. Note also that I made you. My influence has been lasting and decisive. If it weren't for me, you'd likely still be a bitch. Just a bitch. Bankroll made you *his* bitch, but I gave you understanding, the power to discern. It took a while for it to awaken within you, but not only do you see money and balls, but you are starting to intuit the ever presence of COCK. For this, however, you are not fully ready. You're still less of a man than Caesar Slick, and all evidence points to him being a homosexual. Do you see the direction the pepper sauce is pointing? It's pointing to Bankroll. In him you will find an answer.

I turned to Bankroll. He was now enveloped in flames. Out of the air, I snatched the bottle of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. In my hand, I uncapped it. With a downward stroke, the burning Bankroll warped, contorted, and flooded into the bottle. A cruel genie of wishes and fears.⁴⁵³ More likely, just the master my limitations and failures. In him I saw the great persecutor. He has taken my life, my woman. He is myself, cruelly divided, and must be destroyed for the sake of the soundness of my mind.

When I came around again, I was surrounded by the police and members of emergency services. I realised my hand was on my cock, and my cock burned. My ass hurt too. What looked like stale, petrified bread in my back pocket was in fact a rock-hard scone that I couldn't account for. T.G.I. Friday's didn't sell scones. It must have been in there for weeks. I swore Duffy Diablo put it in my back pocket, but no one believed me. Fuck them. They were wrong on two counts. That was no hallucination, I was certain. I remember Duffy Diablo painting a picture in fire, above the heads of my hoes, of The Cow Door burning and a crown on my head. This was the past. I also saw a child with a Spider Fourz gang rag over the crown of his head. I knew I had looked upon the future.

These weren't the only visions. Later that night in the drunk tank I had a profound revelation about the nature of PIMP, HO, and GAME.

⁴⁵³ Here in this place lies the genie of death. Touch it, see it. Whoa. Here in this place is a means to your end. Touch it, feel it...[Jah Rastafari] Hell [Fyah].

How to Run a Whorehouse with Panache (Postulant Pimpology V)

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.⁴⁵⁴ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

⁴⁵⁴ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Miching Mallecho

He proves by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father

--Buck Mulligan



The Murder of Gonzago

'Chi kha'i bar do

Buddh, Don't Go the Daddy Diamond Way⁴⁵⁵

Two birds with one stone. I was hungry and in need of a bag of cats because Sheba needed to be disciplined, so I went connection of mine. Kinky Chi ran a Tibetan restaurant uptown called The Limp Noodle.⁴⁵⁶ It was worth the trip because sometimes I like to eat substandard Asian food just because of its exoticism.⁴⁵⁷ Momos.⁴⁵⁸ I'll eat a couple orders of those, no problem.⁴⁵⁹ Just go heavy on the hot sauce.⁴⁶⁰ Now, The Limp Noodle was in a dirty part of town where mostly Eastern Europeans, pedophiles, Tibetans, and other trash lived, but the beauty was that no one knew me up there. Or so I thought. I was wrong.

I walked through the jade-beaded curtains to reveal a tawdry cheapness. *Maneki-neko*,⁴⁶¹ gold wallpaper and pictures of cranes, cherry blossoms, and sage old men. All tacky shit, but there was some kind of *feng shui* going on.⁴⁶² Order of space through placement. New dimensions are found as negative space complements and extends.⁴⁶³ Foregrounding can become suspect and slip into a secondary space. Objects and perspective are questioned as is dimensionality.⁴⁶⁴ This was the predicament in which I found myself. I could see Kinky Chi sitting at a table, but everything was distorted and involuted. A jar of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah may or may not have

⁴⁵⁵ Not just because of Ole Nydahl.

⁴⁵⁶ Also known as The Inscrutable Oriental. Kinky Chi, not The Limp Noodle, but you would be within your rights to scrutinize the fare as to whether it was cat or dog, or both. Rarely the listed meat was used, except when listed as Spam or offal.

⁴⁵⁷ Something to this tune is found in *Interezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*. However, it should be addressed that exoticism is key. It is a commodity. The greatest commodity and contradiction. Once experience really became commodified in the symbolism of identity, the real failures of society were exposed. Backpack here, backpack there. Do this, take a picture of that. Take a picture of myself with that. Take a picture of myself and that with my tits out plus (a/) fucking (/a) camel. Excellent. Get The Pyramids in there, because look, in the way I've upturned my palm, I'm holding them in the picture. Can't you see the funny little trick being done with the angle? Do you see? Do you see? Look, I'll send these pictures to you because you're interested. Other people care too. I'm sure they do. I tell them, so they must. Fuck, they tell me about the shit they saw, but I don't give a fuck about what some hipster does.

⁴⁵⁸ The most complete holophase because it is full and empty, just like its subject. It's like saying, "I like to eat shitty substandard food that also goes by the name of momos". But it is connotative in its homophone, further filling and emptying. In this way, it's like saying, "MOMOs are retarded substandard human beings". Very interesting. In their extension, they function much the same such as "Momos/MOMOs = bad". E.g. "Yuck, Momos/MOMOs", "Get that shit (momo/MOMO) away from me", *etc, etc*. It is full and empty because it can only have a negative extension. It's never, "Yay, momos/MOMOs!"

⁴⁵⁹ I suspect many-a-cat can be accounted for here, and many-a-dog.

⁴⁶⁰ *Viz.* Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.

⁴⁶¹ Those cats that rhythmically and ceaselessly wave at you. They are very rucky.

⁴⁶² Okay, these things are Chinese. They all look the same anyway.

⁴⁶³ *The Book of Tea* touches on this nicely with flower arrangement and the overall fashioning of the tea-room. Even though this is Taoist, it doesn't matter. This book subjects all manner of people, tradition, and system to violence. This is clearly evident in the above pimnote.

⁴⁶⁴ Somewhere between Picasso and Escher, I always like to think of this in terms of *Trompe-l'œil*.

been on the table.⁴⁶⁵ It looked as though Kinky Chi was speaking to an assortment of odd types. It turns out that he was. It was a kind of recitation.⁴⁶⁶

། ལྷོ་ལྷོ་ལྷོ་བ་དང་། ཞི་གནས་བརྟན་པོ་ཡོད་པ་དང་། རྩ་བཟང་བའི་རིགས་ལ་ནི་ཡུན་རིང་གནས་པ་ཡང་ཡོང་ངོ་ལྷོ་དེ་ལ་
ངོ་སྤོང་ནན་ཏན་བསྐྱེད་ལ་དབང་བོའི་བྱ་གར་ཚུ་སེར་མ་ཐོན་གྱི་བར་དུ་སྐྱར་ལ་གསལ་གདབ་བོའི་ལྷོ་ལྷོ་དང་། རྩ་བར་
བའི་རིགས་ལ་ནི་ཡུན་བར་སེ་གོལ་རེའི་ཡུན་ལས་མི་གནས་པ་ཡང་འོང་། ལ་ལ་ཟན་ཟ་ཡུན་རེ་གནས་པ་ཡོད་མདོ་རྒྱུད་ལལ་
ཆེར་ན་ཞག་བྱེད་དང་བཞིར་བརྒྱལ་གསུངས་པས་ལལ་ཆེར་ནི་ཞག་བྱེད་དང་བཞིར་གནས་པས་འོད་གསལ་ངོ་སྤོང་འདི་ལ་
ནན་ཏན་བྱའོ་གདབ་ལུགས་ནི་རང་གི་ཐུབ་ན་རང་གིས་གོང་ནས་འཕེན་པ་བཏང་། རང་གིས་མི་རུས་ན་ནི་སླ་མའམ་
སློབ་མའམ་མཆེད་གོགས་སློ་སེམས་འདྲེས་པ་གཅིག་རྩར་བཞག་ཏེ་དེས་

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Interrupted, Kinky Chi stood up. His flashing eyes, his floating hair! His noodle wasn't limp. It was poking through his pyjamas.⁴⁶⁸ I could see that he was expecting me.

With a sweeping gesture he said, These people gathered here are either pure theosophists or have some relation to it. Let me introduce you to Helena Blavatsky, Aleister Crowley, Timothy Leary, Rumi, Nasreddin, and Gurdjieff.⁴⁶⁹ Huh, I said. They're all dead. Rumi has no connection, and I'm not sure if Nasreddin ever existed. The rest are a bunch of cunts.⁴⁷⁰ Yes, he said. And Timothy Leary is a dick.⁴⁷¹

And with that, I heard a toilet flush. Out stepped Daddy Diamond from the washroom. Oh, said Kinky Chi, this is Daddy Diamond, the biggest dick of them all.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

Nonplussed: I was confused, Daddy Diamond was unperturbed.⁴⁷²

⁴⁶⁵ Most curious. Uncapped, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is a truly interesting object. Consider the following from Lao Tzu, 三十輻，共一轂，當其無，有車之用。埏埴以為器，當其無，有器之用。鑿戶牖以為室，當其無，有室之用。故有之以為利，無之以為用。

This would apply better to our consideration of what Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah says later on.

⁴⁶⁶ Translation: "Because I tell them you say they no good fighters...and that their mother have sex with mules."

⁴⁶⁷ Like ODB, "What? Y'all thought Y'all wasn't gonna see me? I'm the Osiris of this shit." Do note that this was not written by Hieroglyphics, although Del tha Funkee Homosapien does have some dope shit.

⁴⁶⁸ It was actually a silk Kung Fu getup.

⁴⁶⁹ Represent the GZA, Abbot, RZA, Shaquan, Inspectah Deck. Dirty Ol' getting low wit his flow. Introducing, the Ghost...face...Killah!!

⁴⁷⁰ Not E. Humbert Humbert's "cleft [rose-]peaches," but perhaps still "a distressing blunder."

⁴⁷¹ Or, rather, was a dick.

⁴⁷² You will note, ambiguity is a theme here.

I...I thought... thought you were...were, I gasped.⁴⁷³ Dead, he suggested?⁴⁷⁴ Ah, silly boy, do you not see that we are all dead?⁴⁷⁵ Mark me, he said, There are more things in heaven and earth, Dazzle Razzle, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. You and I will dance in a full circle, and then again.⁴⁷⁶ Where does it start, where does it end? Is Zhuang Zhou dreaming that he is a butterfly, or is the butterfly dreaming that it is Zhuang Zhou? Ah, I said, but you are neither Zhuang Zhou nor a butterfly, so how do you know that either are dreaming? Ah, Daddy Diamond said, you are not me, so how do you know that I do not know that either Zhaung Zhou is dreaming that he is a butterfly or that a butterfly is dreaming that it is Zhaung Zhou? Ah, I said, but you don't know that I do not know that you do not know that Zhaung Zhou doesn't know. You also do know the converse with the butterfly or any of the serial variations. Even to your question, you don't know either, because now you don't know if you are you or if you are Zhaung Zhou or if you are a butterfly, nor if Zhuang Zhou is Zhaung Zhou or if he is a butterfly or if he is you, nor do you know if the butterfly is the butterfly or if it is you or if it is Zhaung Zhou. Furthermore, you also do not know that I am not you and that I am not Zhaung Zhou and that I am not the butterfly, nor that any of them is I, nor that any of them are the others.⁴⁷⁷ You also do not know that anyone is dreaming, or dreaming that they're dreaming or dreaming that they're not dreaming or not dreaming that they're dreaming... [this went on for quite some time]⁴⁷⁸... or, to round it out, that anyone is themselves or themselves or not themselves or themselves either singly or in combination both within and outside of this set. Maybe I am myself and the butterfly and Zhaung Zhou, but not you...⁴⁷⁹

Mischievously, he winked at me with a twinkle in his eye. Welcome, Dazzle Razzle, to The Uranian Society, local chapter of NAMBLA.⁴⁸⁰

C-H-I-L-D-F-U-C-K-E-R

⁴⁷³ *Editorial note* Like the use of dashes for aposiopesis, the periods look like ellipses. This is all too common, but the truth is that there is some aporia here. Rhetorically and logically. The alchemy of the use of the ellipse. Maybe you picked up on this earlier...

⁴⁷⁴ This is something for PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking. It has something to do with quantum superimposition. Think of Schrödinger's cat, but there is more to it than this. It is another reason why you should look into the box.

⁴⁷⁵ That is when I questioned myself. "My name is Hando Jin. I am Hang Wong's son. And now, you bastard, I'm going to do to you what you did to my father in the woods TEN years ago." There is some truth to this, but not much.

⁴⁷⁶ True in the false. Truth in the fiction. As Crane said,

Dance, Maquokeeta! snake that lives before,
That casts his pelt, and lives beyond! Sprout, horn!
Spark, tooth! Medicine-man, relent, restore—
Lie to us,—dance us back the tribal morn!

⁴⁷⁷ Maybe they are, as Pound said, "Petals on a wet, black bough".

⁴⁷⁸ Actually ellipses, for we think you see the progression.

⁴⁷⁹ *Recherché*. As Ol' Dirty Bastard said, "Niggas catchin' headaches, what? What? You need aspirin?" This will be further resolved in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

⁴⁸⁰ The North American Man/Boy Love Association.

Ah, Dazzle Razzle, you shouted that at me earlier. See, you knew. Your hoes told you everything at T.G.I. Friday's was a hallucination. You knew it wasn't. What you see is real because you keep it real. Always keep it real. Even if you are imagining, it is real. Kinky Chi will explain in a moment, but first I want you to officially join The Uranian Society.⁴⁸¹

I thought you fucks were supposed to be theosophists,⁴⁸² I asked. We are, he said, but we do a double meeting because our membership is so overlapped. You see, Timothy Leary isn't a Uranian, and Kinky Chi isn't a theosophist, he's a Buddhist.⁴⁸³ All sounds like a waste of time, I said. I'm forming my own school of thought, and none of you lot are allowed to join. Besides, Eastern philosophy is worthless, unless you're an anthropologist. It's like a drunk with a lamppost. It serves more for support than illumination.⁴⁸⁴

Now, hold on a minute, Dazzle Razzle, snapped Kinky Chi. That was rash and undeserved. We know a lot about you and how you think. A lot of your ideas appear, at least superficially, to borrow from the East, so don't knock it. East meets West in you. You may be the clash,⁴⁸⁵ the contradiction that further warps space. And you will have to meet Daddy Diamond in an epic duel, a locking of horns, a battle of brains.⁴⁸⁶

At that point, Helena Blavatsky began energetically shouting, Ice Cream Cones! Ice Cream Cones! Ice Cream Ice! Ice Cream Cones!⁴⁸⁷

Timothy Leary slapped her to bring her around and restore her to her normal temperament.⁴⁸⁸ Shut your pie-hole, he roared into her face. No more of that talk or I'll put the fucking leeches on you, understand?

When order was restored, Kinky Chi said, Dazzle Razzle, I know you came here for cats in a bag, but I'm going to let the cat out of the bag. Just like any pussy. You see, in and out might be the

⁴⁸¹ Don't. As Masta Simon said, "All them no like da funny man, putcha gunz up 'na air." Ninjaman has said something similar. So has Sizzla, Ricky trooper....Welcome to dancehall and sound clashes. Bun dem battyboi! Dazzle Razzle hates the fags more than he hates the Jews.

⁴⁸² Many were also of The Golden Dawn and Ordo Templi Orientis. A few were even Rosicrucian.

⁴⁸³ This is a simplification as there were other complications with other members of the party. Madam Blavatsky didn't fuck men, let alone boys. And Rumi would have been repulsed by all of this.

⁴⁸⁴ Originally, "Statistics are used much like a drunk uses a lamppost: for support, not illumination." It is commonly misattributed to Vin Scully. It was actually coined by Andrew Lang. Either way, you might now quote Dazzle Razzle, but even he stole it from a journalist up in Cold Water Alberta.

⁴⁸⁵ No one else will ever be The Clash. Joe Strummer is The Clash. The rest of The Clash are nothing. However, maybe he was talking about Samuel Huntington. Who knows what he Said?

⁴⁸⁶ As Kipling said,

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

⁴⁸⁷ Bless her innocent soul. She didn't know that cones and Koans aren't homophones, nor that ice cream cones is not a koan. I applaud the effort though. It was a touch Dazzlean.

⁴⁸⁸ Fat and overbearing.

same thing. If you go far enough east, you are west, just like in Theosophy. East and West only exist in a dialectical relation, identities sustained in negation. Just like sex, it must keep oscillating for the copula. Empty your sack, it fills again. More in and out. Let me tell you an old Tibetan tale.

There was a man who met a ghost. Frightened by him, the ghost approached the man. He pretended that he was a ghost too, so that he would come to no harm. The ghost asked him if he could be friends. Agreeing with it, the ghost's terrifying aspect made him think it the wise thing to do. So, on they walked through the country to a city where the ghost said he had some business to attend. Walking along with the ghost, he asked the man if anything frightened him. No, said the man, who was inwardly frightened of the ghost. When asked in turn, the man was surprised when the ghost replied that he too was frightened of nothing. Oh, except for the wind that blows through the tall-headed barley fields.⁴⁸⁹ Knowing their rustling and swaying, they walked on in silence.

Coincidentally, when they got to a barley field at the edge of a city, the man pretended that he was tired so that he could get away from the ghost. The ghost said no problem. I'm going to go into the city and wreak havoc because that is what is expected of a ghost.⁴⁹⁰ You can rest here. And so he did, and so the ghost went.

The ghost came back with a yak-hair bag. In this bag, he told the man, is the soul of the King's son. Do me a favor, he said. Keep the bag, I've got some business to attend to elsewhere. An appointment in Samarra. Accepting the bag, the ghost left.

Waiting for some time, the ghost never returned to collect the sack. That man assumed, perhaps that's the customary etiquette when it comes to man and ghost.

Aha, said the man. I will assume the guise of a mendicant. Sackcloth and barley will be my fare. So he proceeded to the city, with his calabash alms bowl and the yak-hair bag, and to take advantage of this situation.⁴⁹¹

⁴⁸⁹ Ghosts are like snowmen. It is hard, Stevens said, "not to think of any misery in the sound of the wind, in the sound of a few leaves, which is the sound of the land full of the same wind. That is blowing in the same bare place." Rendered in this way, this is the ghost of the snowman in the crumbled layers revealing in a different way the, "Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is."

⁴⁹⁰ That's because he was a *Yidak*, a "hungry ghost", stuck in an unfortunate aspect of *samsara*. One of the six realms.

⁴⁹¹ It was actually made out of meteoric iron and was a singing bowl, but the man was ignorant. Kinky Chi said it was made out of calabash, but that is because he likes the Calabash Nebula. It is unlikely a meteors have come from there, but who's to say? It is also called the Rotten Egg Nebula, and Kinky Chi was definitely that. Both a rotten egg and nebulous. Not as nebulous as Daddy Diamond though. You will see.

Off he went, and when he got to the city, he started begging in front of the palace. There he heard a disconsolate courtier relate the circumstances of the prince. Rattling the bowl, he told the man that the child was ailing and on the point of death. Being inside the bag, the man then knew what the problem was. Being of great wealth, the courtier told him that the King would do anything, because he heard it himself, for the life of his child. The man asked to be taken to see the King. He said he might be able to help.

Granted an audience, the King allowed the man to see the boy.⁴⁹² Father, said the boy, can't you see I am burning? From the age that is. Being his father, the man was let in by the King to heal the boy. Doing all manner of apparent ceremony, the king watched the man tend to the boy. At the end of the razzle dazzle, the man began loosening the bag. Having been loosened, the boy began reviving. Seeing this, the man looked to the king who looked again to his son and he promised half of everything he owned if he could be cured. The man knew that this would make him a king and smiled. He fully opened the bag. Rising, the child felt his soul return and the king saw that his child had returned. *Hallelujah.*⁴⁹³

As Kinky Chi finished, he turned to Daddy Diamond. Daddy Diamond, you get the first chance to interpret this story.

This, Daddy Diamond said, is an easy tale. Prepare to have your mind blown, Dazzle Razzle. In what I am about to relate, you will see that the truth of our theosophy and the truth about yourself and how both are one and why you need to join NAMBLA, in part because it does not feel right for me to be it in while you're are not.

This is what the tale is about. You see, the tale is dependent on dangling modifiers.⁴⁹⁴ Agreement becomes complicated and you see conflation in characters. All are one, all are none. The ghost is the man is the courtier is the king is the boy is the boy's soul. This is why you are us and we are you. You see, it is all a trick. Did you notice the razzle dazzle in the story? That is because you are confused and backward. This is the East meets West, the you meet us. We need to dispel your razzle dazzle so that you can truly be Dazzle Razzle, or rather you should become Razzle Dazzle. Aren't you anyway? Do you see? Do you see? And the ghost is all of us. All are dead. Acknowledge the death at the center. This is what is in the bag. This is what you

⁴⁹² As you will see later, this is reminiscent of the following anecdote about Mencius, always the wit, 孟子將朝王，王使人來曰：「寡人如就見者也，有寒疾，不可以風。朝將視朝，不識可使寡人得見乎？」對曰：「不幸而有疾，不能造朝。」

⁴⁹³ A word from a Western context, but a song by Cohen who is a Rinzai Buddhist monk, so it works.

⁴⁹⁴ And the written mark.

need to know. Hoes are the walking dead, but so are we. Sackcloth and barley will be my fare is a zeugma, and this ties the tale together further. Do you see?⁴⁹⁵

No, I said. Let's start with your last point and work backward. Sackcloth and barley will be my fare is not a zeugma. It is just grammatically wrong. Sackcloth, and barley will be my fare makes sense if you think of Sackcloth as self-contained.⁴⁹⁶ Substantive.⁴⁹⁷ As in, I will don sackcloth. Barley will be my fare. And, although it doesn't meaningfully contribute, you can think of it along the lines of your earlier observation. But this is still superficial. You are right about the dangling modifiers, but they are only there as a contrivance for you to exploit because you are in league with Kinky Chi. As for your other points, I answer no contest to the razzle dazzle, but that is meaningless, like most of your analysis. You are right about death, but not in the right way. You, Daddy Diamond, are a dick, but you are also a pussy, and there is more than one way to skin a cat. You are an empty old bag, limp and impotent, but we will have our dance. There will be a final consummation, mark me. I will fuck you up.

Hark! The dangling modifiers do help to collapse relation, but, as I have already commented, they are tendentious. Also, you haven't collapsed space.⁴⁹⁸ Your analysis is missing a dimension, just like you. You see, as with your sack, the sack is empty with emptiness. I see you understand this. Now, the sack is as empty as the wind that blows through the barley fields, maybe more so. The sack was only valuable when opened, making it empty. When closed, it was empty because its contents were valueless. It was always full of emptiness. Do you see the duality?

Now the sack and the field are both marginal places that allow for this. They are possibility and limit. The barley field is where the ghost cannot go, but does go. It is the boarder of the country and the city. It is where the ghost goes to, but does not return. That is because it defines the city as the city from the country. They take their identity from each other, in opposition, but the barley field demarcates them in space. The barley field is the space of death. It is what the ghost is afraid of, but it is where the ghost goes bringing another ghost, the child's soul. However, it is where the man becomes marked by death and becomes a ghost. How, you ask.

The man thinks he is tricking the ghost into thinking that he is a ghost, but when the ghost gives him the bag and leaves, the man ultimately wonders if this is the etiquette between man and ghost. The man didn't realize it, but this is exactly the etiquette and, for it to have happened, the ghost was never tricked. You see, the ghost was a hungry ghost. He is what he is out of greed in a past life. He has become stuck in samsara.⁴⁹⁹ Not only is he avaricious, but miser(y)

⁴⁹⁵ I bet you can see that there is nothing more repugnant than a self-explicating text.

⁴⁹⁶ You're probably thinking that quotation marks would be helpful here. You'd be right.

⁴⁹⁷ Another holophrase.

⁴⁹⁸ Although he could have if he would have picked up the other dangling modifiers. Take another look. There is more going on in that story.

⁴⁹⁹ Circulation of ghosts in samsara is like the circulation of hoes and money. They all turn in the gyre.

loves company.⁵⁰⁰ He has tricked the man into accompanying him. He has left the man holding the bag. But, what does this mean?

It means the man has been tricked into going into the city, when he wanted to remain in the barley field that the ghost was supposed to be scared to enter. By leaving, the man has brought the barley field into the heart of the city. The man brings death, though he appears to bring life. Fearing the first ghost, he ultimately takes a second ghost into the city in a sack to bring a different kind of death. Giving life to the child, he brought about his own birth in death.⁵⁰¹ He divides the kingdom in half. He becomes a king himself. He puts himself on the road to becoming a hungry ghost. This is the appointment in Samarra.

The man thought he tricked the ghost into thinking that he was a ghost. Then he thought he tricked the king into thinking he was a healer. Not so. It was the ghost that was playing trick or treat with the bag the whole time. You see, the man was pretending to be a ghost, but he already was a ghost when he was in the barley field. It is the field of death. There he put on sackcloth.⁵⁰² There he put himself in the sack. There he became the emptiness. There he became the hungry ghost that never truly went away and didn't return. The man's journey into the city was the impossible return of the ghost into the barley field. They were always in the barley field, the space of death, the space of ghosts.⁵⁰³

Now you see, gentleman. The yak bag hair is empty. It is the yak yak yak of empty speech, the empty bag.⁵⁰⁴ I came for a bag of cats, but the cat is not just out of the bag. It is the bag. The pussy is the tail.⁵⁰⁵

For this, I received a round of applause. Kinky Chi was cross-eyed,⁵⁰⁶ Daddy Diamond amused.

Well done, Dazzle Razzle, said Daddy Diamond, but I fear there is a touch of casuistry here. No, I said. Ask Kinky Chi. My telling has you thinking. All of you pricks. This is *tulpa*. The ghost which is a ghost which is a ghost. You too are a ghost. But I have made you all. This is *tulpa*.

Kinky Chi looked morose.

I was right. That was actually what Kinky Chi was going to explain. *Tulpa*. These guys weren't complete idiots. Maybe I had made all this shit up, but I didn't fully understand it. How? Is it possible to be not fully conscious? Maybe, because I am a psychopath, my unconscious is there

⁵⁰⁰ You may wonder how this last phrase was verbalized. Good question.

⁵⁰¹ As Eliot said, "Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly/ We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,/ But had thought they were different". The context probably couldn't be further apart, but it will do.

⁵⁰² Turning to Eliot again, "Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves/ In a field/ Behaving as the wind behaves/ No nearer-/ Not that final meeting/ In the twilight kingdom".

⁵⁰³ Indeed, build it and they will come.

⁵⁰⁴ Like when Maestro Fresh Wes said, "So many suckers on my sac-ro-iliac. It's like a rap-sack, backpack. Wick-wick-whack, give me some slack jack." If that's not empty, I don't know what is.

⁵⁰⁵ As Joyce said, "I told you every telling has a tailing".

⁵⁰⁶ As Raekwon said, "Knock niggaz out the box all the time." That could be more than Ice Cube "knocking niggas out the box, daily. Yo weekly, monthly and yearly. Until them dumb motherfuckers see clearly."

for all to see, but there is always a beyond. There are higher *manas*, higher *bardos*.⁵⁰⁷ I only intuitively appreciated COCK, but I now felt that I should reconsider many relations that I had taken for granted. I knew for certain that Caesar Slick was just a bitch, and I felt there was more to Duffy Diablo and Bankroll, but now I knew Daddy Diamond was someone, or some thing, to be reckoned with. It was a strange feeling. In some way everything is connected in its disconnect. I would have to meditate on this later. There was a lot more going on than I had appreciated.

Daddy Diamond seemed to waver in pure image. He then turned to me and winked. Dazzle Razzle, he said, it is now time to show you the Shadow Kowloon Walled City. Kinky Chi is the key maker and through the back door in the kitchen,⁵⁰⁸ we can enter the City, the nexical space that links all others. Join the Uranian society and we can pop out of any child's closet at any time.

No, you childfucker, I said. You cannot do that at any time. Time is you're problem You are always missing a dimension. You need to know about COCK. Shadow Kowloon Walled City is an illusion, and so are you.

And I was right. Daddy Diamond started wavering even more in deliquescence. Ha. If anything, I am the Buddha and this is my temptation. This restaurant is the Battyboi Tree, you are Mara. This is all *maya*. Fuck you all.

And at that moment I grabbed the jar of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah that may or may not have been on the table, lit it on fire, just as I had with my improvised nalpalm at The Cow Door,⁵⁰⁹ and threw it against the wall.⁵¹⁰ It was time for me to turn on, tune in, drop out.⁵¹¹

They all ran to the back door for Shadow Kowloon Walled City. I, laughing, sauntered out through the front door. The Limp Noodle became neither limp nor noodle in hardly no time at all.

It is now time to take it all the way back to once upon a time in the West and to consider some logic. Well we're movin' on up.

⁵⁰⁷ As Einstein said, "No problem can be solved from the same level of consciousness that created it."

⁵⁰⁸ You remember The Matrix, right. Well forget about it. That movie was shit.

⁵⁰⁹ If you are asking how or why, you are asking the wrong questions.

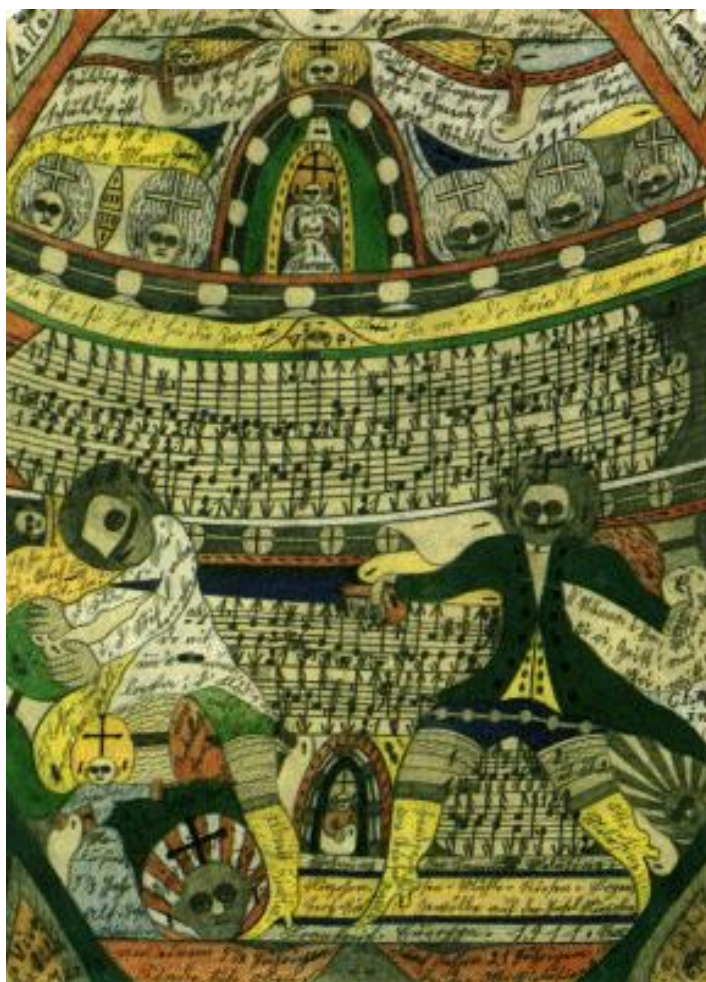
⁵¹⁰ You can see a pattern here. As Zorba said, "He who kills others by paraffin shall perish by paraffin himself. Isn't there something like that in the Gospel? [...] he'd flame up like Judas himself on Maundy Thursday!"

⁵¹¹ Maybe Leary wasn't quite the dick I suspected.

North-North-West

To reflect that each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one, each imagining himself to be first, last, only and alone whereas he is neither first nor last nor only nor alone in a series originating in and repeated to infinity

--Poldy

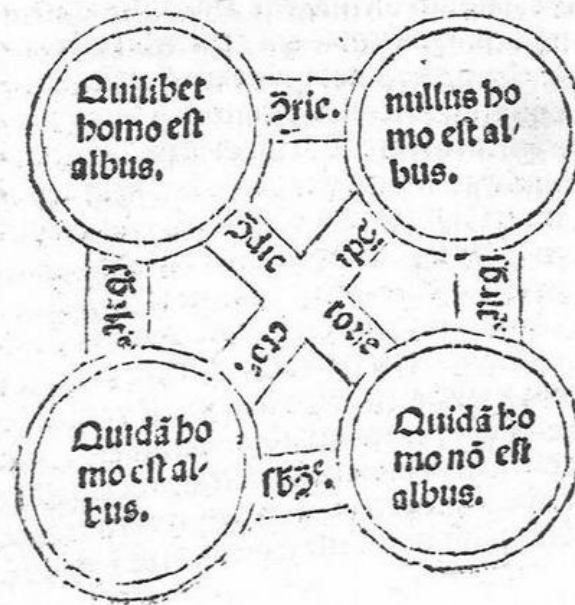


The Horror Vacui of St Adolf II

Chos nyid bar do

Et quoddam A est B atque quoddam A non est B
(Dazzlean Pimpology I)

If two sub-contraries cannot be false, one has to be true. Some man is a bitch, some man is not a bitch.⁵¹² Subject/predicate. It would seem that we have to assume that there is something in the subject position. It is the case that there is such a thing as a man and there is at least one instance where this man is either a bitch or not a bitch.⁵¹³ Such is the form. B or not B. However, if we hazard the existential assumption that there is indeed a man, something that may boil down to a scholastic confusion,⁵¹⁴ then there can be two modalities of being. Would this instantiation lead us into fallacious reasoning? Yes and no.



Square of opposition

The smooth ordering of this categorical proposition has become problematized with this double gesture. Here man finds himself occupying an uncanny logical space. He is articulated across two planes.⁵¹⁵ He is both an identity relation and incarnate subject endowed with attributes. Being marked out, he becomes a material abstraction. But is he a bitch or isn't he?

⁵¹² I am using 'man' here inclusively. This is not merely borne out of parsimony, but a loathing of political agendas that try to find an arena in grammar.

⁵¹³ Paraphrased, and opening the relation, either "x is B" or "x is not B" must be true by the law of excluded middle.

⁵¹⁴ Perhaps a problem of denotation and meaning that Frege tried to solve with the null set in *Ueber Sinn und Bedeutung* and something with which Russell continued to struggle. The problem here is that metalanguage is introduced. This is barking up the wrong tree, but this will be clear later. Try paralanguage in the meantime.

⁵¹⁵ Indeed, he sub-sists.

Either all men are bitches, or none are. Both propositions cannot be true. These are universal claims. Let us assume that all men are bitches is true—it is, after all, the supposition that this book began with. Positing this, the entailment is that some man is a bitch is also true. Conversely, if some man is not a bitch, then all men are bitches is false and no men are bitches might be true. But let us assume that there is such a thing as a man and that he is a bitch. However, there is also a man, let's call him Man, who is not a bitch because he is simultaneously occupying a different logical space. The one has existential import, the other does not.⁵¹⁶ Both are of paramount importance.

This Man does not exist in reality, but he inhabits the space of man in a state of potentiality. Can He be realized? Yes and no. He inhabits a liminal space. He acts from the inside and the outside. Being both within and without the interstices, he allows for reticulation.⁵¹⁷ Although represented in formal language, if we accept that all men are bitches is true, and that it is the case that there exists one Man who is not a bitch, then He is a radical exteriority that challenges the notion of space as well. But how does this work?

This Man, or what we will now call PIMP, is an atemporal agency. His presence creates a cleavage in man. If all men are bitches, then he makes this absolute possible through the negation of Himself. For all men to be bitches, its contradiction must be conceivable, but not actualizable. All bitches can aspire to this inversion, but can it be realized? Yes, the pimp achieves this through Pimp, but this is complicated.

Pimp is a fluctuating state bridging pimp and PIMP. In this way, its structure is similar to game, Game, and GAME. A pimp is only a pimp as long as he is participating in Pimp.⁵¹⁸ If he slips, he's out. Back to just being a bitch. In this way all men are bitches is true, while at the same time some men are not bitches, as in the pimp and PIMP. In this way it may be more fruitful to think through the logical relations both as dialectical and as part/whole, rather than some/all.⁵¹⁹

If we assume a dialectic, we can make better sense of the double logical space at work. Paradoxically, this dialectic both precedes and realizes PIMP and bitches. It is a part/whole relation that refuses totalization. In this way it is more hole than whole because it does not bring about a synthetic union, but an act of rupture. PIMP precedes bitches because it allows for them to be conceived. Furthermore, as bitches, an impossible part/whole relation is sustained with PIMP. This also occurs within them and without them in the flux of the non-

⁵¹⁶ You could think of the former having property and extension, whereas the later only has property. In this way the Nominalists were correct in that the later does not, metaphysically, exist. It patapimpically ex-sists.

⁵¹⁷ I smell Dr. Johnson here again. I knew the earlier references weren't gratuitous.

⁵¹⁸ It is significant to think of the grammar of pimp. Neither noun, as a fixed state, nor verb, as a transitive action, pimp is a combination of the two. It is fundamentally a gerund. In this sense, pimpin', as a word, is gratuitous. Pimp should always suffice though it may be found awkward. However, I often find myself having recourse to pimpin' or pimping nevertheless.

⁵¹⁹ This would be Hegel over Aristotle.

actualizable. Installed in bitches are actually both the PIMP and the HO in a struggle for their soul.

If there is PIMP, and its actuation is a manifestation in the act of Pimp realized in the pimp, then the action is generative. From the pimp you have the ho. It is also entailed from all men are bitches and there is some man that is not a bitch. The ho is a bitch, but he/she is fundamentally a ho. This is the structural inversion of pimp, Pimp, PIMP. Here we have ho, Ho, HO. What we find is that all bitches exist in some partial relation between Pimp and Ho as temporal actualizations of PIMP and HO. But what is HO?

HO exists in a state of alterity. It is the fathomless opposite of PIMP, and can only be speculated upon in the most tentative of terms as it is ontologically problematic. It would seem to share many of the operational principles of PIMP, but this is deceptive. An antimony, it is neither complement nor negation, but rather a negation of the negation of the negation.⁵²⁰ It can only be approached asymptotically as it is a plenitude that both affirms and denies the infinity which it both is and is not. Not to despair though. Despite these seeming contradictions, this relation can be further dilated.

Outside of formalized language, or rather deep in its inner workings, lie vacuities and aporia. This is a spatial complication that challenges the inner/outer distinction. Rules are governed by their exceptions. The excepted tests and defines from an external position.⁵²¹ Sets are demarcated always by $n + 1$ and they imply a progression, the bad infinity.⁵²² This is the impossible exterior that finds an incomplete interior. The former is PIMP. Beyond the pale is the ineffable. Give it voice, and it merely recedes, while always remaining abysmally present. This latter is HO. A present absence that haunts the interior. This is why the ho is an empty pocket of anxiety, self-loathing, and vagina.⁵²³ But how are Ho and ho realized in actuality?

If the sensible world is inhabited by bitches, this is because of the articulated interiority realized by actualizations of Game. Game exists between PIMP and HO, both of which are properties, of sorts, of GAME. PIMP and HO create Game by forming an inextricable trinity with GAME. Impossibly oscillating, and defying spatial arrangement, PIMP and HO haunt space and time in a paradoxical relation that allows bitches to be bitches in a multitude of configurations of Game derived from a specific spatio-temporal participation in GAME.

The situation will radically transform once we consider the motherfucking COCK,⁵²⁴ something that aligned my Thomistic⁵²⁵ sympathies around a reconsideration of *Integritas, Proportio*, and

⁵²⁰ Another contradiction, but perhaps an apagogic licence.

⁵²¹ Would Cicero agree with this?

⁵²² We will return to this.

⁵²³ The ho truly plows a lonely furrow. This is the Hole that we have already addressed elsewhere.

⁵²⁴ Motherfucking is a property of COCK. It is a technical term derived from a stringent, yet inspired, reading of the *Summa Theologica*. Motherfuck is the only true verb. It is pure, it is simple. It is neither transitive nor intransitive. It is the copula pure and simple.

⁵²⁵ The French would call him a *saint homme*.

Claritas and an optics of ignorance.⁵²⁶ The ontological, the ontic and the aesthetic. The religious. The truth.

⁵²⁶ In this way further sympathies are found in Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite's injunction to aspire ignorantly upward (ἀγνώστως ἀνατάθητι).

Epiphany of COCK

The visions intensified. Some were of Daddy Diamond and the theosophist cabal. Most of them were of Bankroll persecuting me, mocking my manhood and celebrating my failure with Lizzie. Now, I had taken to a rather aggressive regimen of PCP, as I found it helped with introspection and moral deliberation. I'll also grant a certain indulgence in the recreational use of ether and a miscellany of solvents, which, in the main, I used to help limber me up in the morning. But there is no way to attribute what happened to things quite so trivial as these.

I recall it being late in the evening, with the moon being in a certain quarter, when Bankroll reappeared. It was him. And I started to realize that there was more than him. I saw him before my eyes, and yet I knew him to be elsewhere. This was very clear.

Bankroll and bankroll. The one, the two, the twain.

M-U-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

Surrounded by the Spider Fourz, he and they fluctuated in number and distance. I could see Bankroll, but I also saw bankrolls. Many bankrolls in the hands of the Spider Fourz. Four hands with four bankrolls, no eight hands with eight bankrolls. It was a geometric progression that began and multiplied to infinity. Tight fists of money. I could not move as all space seemed to be occupied by bankrolls. They both smothered and lovingly embraced me, the fists painfully kneading and playfully coaxing.

Then I saw COCK. In a thunderous roar, the bankrolls were dispelled. All that stood before me was a giant cock, golden and luminous. A beatific vision. This was COCK, and it look like a bottle of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. In the moment that it appeared, so too flooded back all the bankrolls. This time, however, they attached themselves to its base. A giant COCK with balls of many, many balls. It was then that COCK began to speak to me.

Dazzle Razzle!, It said.

I screamed, I've Got the Fear!!!!

But the COCK the looked upon me sternly, told me to be quite, and spoke once again.

Dazzle Razzle!

And I said, Behold, here I am.

Foolish mortal, It said. You are pursing matters not permitted to your mortality. You are a little cock, at best, in a little vagina. This cock-in-vagina is, in turn, sunk multitudinously in a Hole. A Cock fills this Hole, which in turn leads to me. How can a container contain itself through its contained?⁵²⁷ From this you are barred. Your cock is inadequate for the task at hand. You play a

⁵²⁷ It can and it can't, but further considerations have to be made first.

dangerous game with Cock. I permitted you this, but as you try and look into the tabernacle, into the holy of holies, you risk your very being. I, in my true revealed magnificence, would obliterate you.⁵²⁸ Only the pure pimp is permitted access to the hallowed ground. You now revel in merely one of my least fierce forms of glory. Seek no further unless you are willing to risk everything.

I am, as holy, holy, holy is the Lord COCK, the Almighty, which was, and is, and is to cum, I said earnestly to this glowing, splendid apparition.

Well said, Dazzle Razzle, replied COCK. As the greatest pimp this world has ever seen, I have singled you out, COCK continued, but nothing is vouchsafed. I have granted you intimations of PIMP. Such is my munificence. I, however, am the Alpha and the Omega, the Aleph and the Tav. I comprehend the GAME. For you this will remain a tenet of faith, unless you can prove yourself worthy of being the pimp messiah. Heed the Good News. In word and deed you are to give body to my gospel. Strive for purity, if you are to be my vehicle. Cock and Hole are the instruments that I have permitted you. Prove yourself, as you try to figure out me, myself, COCK. Only then can your earlier system building be pleached transcendental truths.⁵²⁹ The following is the riddle I offer you. Why is a mouse that spins? Because the higher fewer, I answered. Very good, Dazzle Razzle. That was a softball, but with a ball there are always two.⁵³⁰ Try this on for size.

Compute, O friend, the number of the cattle of the sun which once grazed upon the plains of Sicily, divided according to color into four herds, one milk-white, one black, one dappled and one yellow. The number of bulls is greater than the number of cows, and the relations between them are as follows:

White bulls = $(1/2 + 1/3)$ black bulls + yellow bulls,

Black bulls = $(1/4 + 1/5)$ dappled bulls + yellow bulls,

Dappled bulls = $(1/6 + 1/7)$ white bulls + yellow bulls,

White cows $(1/3 + 1/4)$ black herd,

Black cows = $(1/4 + 1/5)$ dappled herd,

Dappled cows = $(1/5 + 1/6)$ yellow herd,

Yellow cows = $(1/6 + 1/7)$ white herd.

⁵²⁸ Verily, COCK is splendid. Only the chosen may approach. The foolhardy risk the fate of Semele.

⁵²⁹ You will note that the COCK is somewhat hindered when forced to use language. Simply, it is inadequate. You might have raised an eyebrow with the arboreal metaphor and talk of 'transcendental truths'. Don't. The COCK is better than you. Cower before it!

⁵³⁰ Actually, COCK has giant, hard balls. BALLS. N

If thou canst give, O friend, the number of each kind of bulls and cows, thou art no novice in numbers, yet cannot be regarded as of high skill. Consider, however, the following additional relations between the bulls of the sun:

White bulls + black bulls = a square number,

Dappled bulls + yellow bulls = a triangular number.

If thou hast computed these also, O friend, and found the total number of cattle, then exult as a conqueror, for thou hast proved thyself most skilled in numbers.

Easy, I said, Like Jacob to Laban, I'll bang both your daughters and even more of your flock because fractions are for pussies.⁵³¹ The total number is 50,389,082 cattle. The second part is trickier, but putting it into a Pell equation will give us $10^{6684373825464}$ cattle. Oh shit, I forgot to carry the one. I mean, the smallest possible herd should work out to 7.76×10^{206544} cattle. Sorry it took me a while. I tend to only use the Hindu–Arabic numeral system when counting up to four.⁵³² I prefer to think in unary and binary number systems for anything beyond the rudimentary. To be honest, unary is where my heart is.

Jesus fuck, Dazzle Razzle, said COCK. That was pretty good. Okay, yes there are always two balls, and you've got them. Now you need the cock/Cock/COCK. Here is the question of and for the COCK. Harken, how can you count on not counting the counting of non-counting?

I do not know, oh mighty COCK, I meekly replied. Indeed, Dazzle Razzle. Look closer as the answer is in numbers, but you must reject that which I offer you because that is not it. Now go forth amongst the world and bring it Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. In the process you will learn through tribulation. Behold, you already have, and will continue to, encounter *Elohim*.⁵³³ These are aspects of myself. Recognize them. They will test you. Prepare yourself and purify yourself. That is all. Dismissed.

Then COCK vanished.

From that moment on I wore only flowing robes made from natural fibres. This was my destiny, and I embraced it.

⁵³¹ *Editorial note* Dazzle Razzle is a little caviller about 'fractions'. As for the flock, he should be talking about cattle here, but we've already seen him talk about intercourse with sheep before.

⁵³² You'll actually find that that can take quite some time to do.

⁵³³ *Editorial note* Lagan the Impervious Floater diagnostically said of Dazzle Razzle, "He is the firmament while having populated it with himself and his gods." We included this because it sounds sententious.

Bitches Be Trippin'

Hoes started disappearing. Livia the Biscuit Limper was found having been washed up in a drainage basin.⁵³⁴ Triple Cherry the Casino Whore was dismembered and found in a wash basin.⁵³⁵ Taco Grande the Mesoamerican was out looking for illegal aliens and disappeared in an impact basin. And The Horse-Faced Lesbian was done-in during a knife fight after freebasin'. These were all better fates than Spikenard the Punk Ho.⁵³⁶ She was locked in chemical toilet. Set on fire,⁵³⁷ she had to jump into the septic basin to escape the flames. This perhaps made her demise even the more unpleasant as the post-mortem identified the cause of death as a combination of inhalation and steam burns. Her charred remains were reclaimed, but at some cost, from a foul, thick resin. As Gandhi said, what to do? To be honest, at this point I kind of didn't give a fuck.

The police deployed a dragnet, but nothing came of it. Besides, they are incompetent swine. Hooker after hooker was coming to a bad end.⁵³⁸ Life was brutish and short especially after Big Rig the Fat Pig was found in a field.⁵³⁹ Her pubes were shaved and she was in a posture similar to that in which Sharky was found. This time however, her limbs were manipulated by someone else. There was another message with the body as well.

You would measure time the measureless and the unmeasurable.

You would adjust your conduct and even direct the course of you're spirit according to hours and seasons. Of time you would make a stream upon who's bank you would sit and watch it's flowing.

Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness⁵⁴⁰

It appeared to be Khalil Gibran, but there were some problems with spelling, grammar, and stanza integrity.⁵⁴¹ Was this meant to mock me? Was this The Choir Boyz again? It was truly a mystery.⁵⁴² Angel came up to try and console me. Thinking my aggressive use of meth was a

⁵³⁴ Allalivial, allalluvial

⁵³⁵ She was found in the basin, which in turn was in a forest.

⁵³⁶ That wasn't actually her name. She was called The Legend of Zelda because of her first name. However, the hoes called her by the other because she used to smell nice.

⁵³⁷ The toilet, not her. But the difference is the same.

⁵³⁸ Perhaps there is irony there. Perhaps there is an issue of number agreement as well. But then again, they're hookers and hookers don't count. Especially Bonobo the Simian who looked like Degas' *Little Dancer of Fourteen Years*.

⁵³⁹ She was a lot lizard. Her mortal remains were found just off the highway near the Denny's that made her the fat pig that got the amphetamine fueled truckers dropping pills and more bills.

⁵⁴⁰ The small intestine lends itself more toward cursive writing, but that doesn't make it easy.

⁵⁴¹ Khalil Gibran is trash anyway. Don't try to deny it.

⁵⁴² These mysteries are for *Intermezzo: How to be a Motherfucker* and *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

consequence of this, and not completely divorced from all this sordid business,⁵⁴³ she tried to play her Watts-Dunton to my Swinburne. I had to slap the ho. Get a grip, you cunt, I told her. Bitches ain't shit. Pimps up, hoes down. Don't fuck with me while I'm trying to unravel the mysteries of COCK. Don't forget that or I'll cut you up something awful. Confused, but with blade before the eye, she came to heel.

But the other bitches were getting their noses all out of joint. Some were starting to dissent and others started outright deserting, so I set the dogs on them. The example was instructive. Relax, you stank hoes, or so I addressed them. Keep your shit together. But they were anxious. Inwardly, I was worried that his might be the work of the theosophists, but I suspected The Choir Boyz. Either way. I played it as though I suspected Caesar Slick and company. At least in this way, maybe the bitches wouldn't be leaving for other stables.

Changing tones, I continued. Keep collected, you pipe hitting bitches. Stay on the streets. Don't let those collectivization motherfuckers get to you.⁵⁴⁴ Better to fall on your sword than be a second-rate ho. Better to die at the hands of a psychopath than have capitulated. Don't give one inch, take at least five or six in your hole. Three or four as a minimum if we include chinks and Kikes. Believe in COCK and don't let your faith waver. Mine won't. But then again, I am the motherfucking mack daddy.

This was true. My focus was entirely on COCK, not the lives of my hoes. I think I made the right choice, but there was a price to be paid.

⁵⁴³ That is, being entirely a spiritual kick.

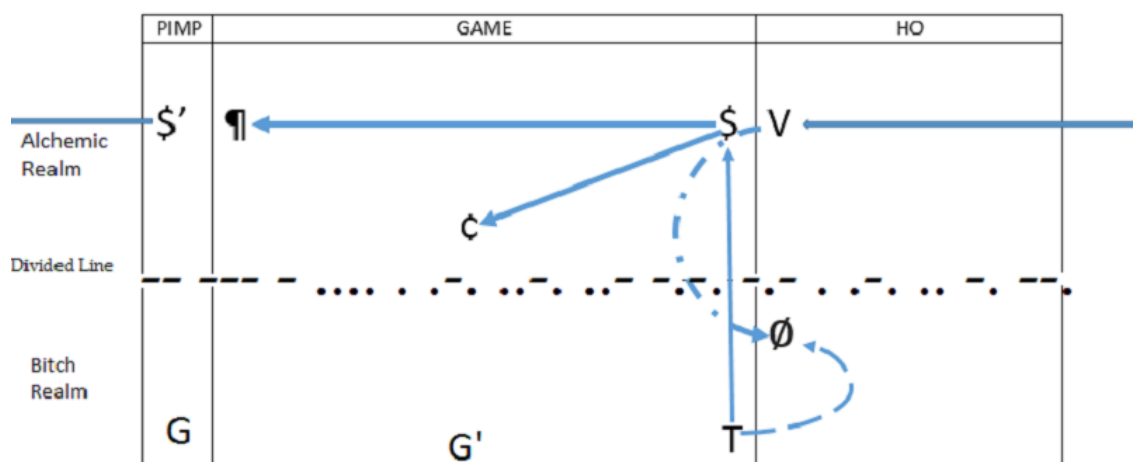
⁵⁴⁴ It is always better to deflect. Give them a known for an unknown. Fear is better than anxiety. At least the former can be identified and addressed in a manner. Anxiety cannot. Granting you allow me to switch the gender, you probably want to know that a praying mantis is going to fuck you and kill you, rather than be anxious that some random, at first passing for normal, disturbed trick might kill you. This point might require more elaboration.

Pimponology (Dazzlean Pimpology, Preä(e)s(thic)s)

Let's consider COCK even though we don't fully understand it at this point. Clearly it transcends PIMP, HO and GAME, but how might this be? Well, let's work with what we know and then we can see where we sit.

We know that the GAME potentiates the pimp Game and in this we have instantiations. We have pimps, hoes and bitches. Somehow PIMP and HO transect them while they are also governed by Pimp, Ho and Game which are modes thereof.⁵⁴⁵ It would seem that these higher principles are onto-themselves, although profoundly involved in the lower spheres of activity. Their spatiotemporal counterparts (Pimp, Ho and Game) are appreciable, but largely intuitive being felt in their effects. From this we have their corporeal instantiations. These are substantial as anchoring points between which individuals may move. They are fixed, but they are also points of transit. After all, in the beginning there were just bitches. Indeed, but right now we are flying at 40,000 feet. So what does this mean on the ground? How do they (*viz.* bitches) take on their assumed roles and what are the implications?

It would seem that they are relayed to and fro through Pimp, Ho and Game. However, these are determined by Cock and Hole. The thing is, we do not just have pimps, hoes and bitches. There are other, aberrant points of identification such as tricks and gorillas.⁵⁴⁶ Let's try to map this out and then unpack it. We will use schematic terms in an effort to strip the conceptuality bare. Consider the Π Chart.⁵⁴⁷



Π Chart

⁵⁴⁵ Do note that the upper order can be at odds with its lower orders. Remember that PIMP, HO and GAME function on a cosmological level and, as such, have ec-centric properties.

⁵⁴⁶ By definition, they are on the periphery.

⁵⁴⁷ This could also be called a schema Π , or pi scheme as you have seen in the Pimponzi Schema Π^2 .

What we have here are elements and relations. Firstly, what should be apparent is its major structural divisions. At the top we have PIMP, GAME and HO. These stand alone and supervene two strata of reality. These are the Alchemic Realm and the Bitch Realm and they are defined by the manner of their subordination to the upper principals. From this tripartite division, six quadrates can be found.⁵⁴⁸ They are not all marked on Π Chart, but from left to right they run in the following way. Pimp, Game and Ho along the Alchemic Realm. In the Bitch Realm are Simp, Game' and Slut. As you can see, the two realms are separated by the Dividing Line. This line reveals a spectral duality where the higher order is reflected by its traduced state. This does not occur from just top to bottom, but complementarity can be seen from upper left to lower right as well as lower left to upper right, but we will return to this consideration in a moment. If we are going to come to a dynamic understanding of the model, the best way to proceed is *in medias res* and to allow it to de-(en)velope.⁵⁴⁹

Looking from the top left, the order of PIMP is narrow. This is because it is absolute. However, like HO and Game, it suffers variation as it descends in the world. The upper Alchemic Realm is the productive realm. It is the site of action and holds \$' which stands for pimp. This is a substantial mode (*homoousios*). Underneath is the Realm of Bitches, the realm of fallen matter. This is the less pure realm and holds both potential and aberration. At this intersection we find G which stands for gorilla. The gorilla participates in a distortion of PIMP and is only of a like substance (*homoiousios*). Let's leave this lower order alone for the moment. What we will do is begin with the pimp and start making sense of the other elements.

The pimp (\$') makes himself by engaging the vagina (V). But as you can see, this is indirect. The order of PIMP and HO are oppositional and brook no confluence. That is why GAME is between them, being a product and an ordering of them. However, if we look at the pimp in Pimp, there is a vector to vagina (V) in Ho, but it doesn't pass through Game, or not at this point. Just like in quantum mechanics, he approaches it through a wormhole.⁵⁵⁰ This is apt because he doesn't 'actually' fuck his hoes, yet the hole is engaged and he worms shit out of it.⁵⁵¹ This is not just vagina, but Hole. This is the primary alchemic site. It yields \$ which stand for money and exists under the order of GAME. This line of force continues through to Cock and is represented by ¶, the pilcrow. Cock sits on the edge of GAME and PIMP and further coordinates the pimp. This is because the whole quadrate under GAME is the pimp Game and the pimp is aligned with it through Cock just as much as the vagina is. This is a very important quadrate. Underneath it is another Game, a less pure one. This is the gangsta Game, but we will make sense of that in a

⁵⁴⁸ Yes, quadrants.

⁵⁴⁹ Etymologically we are looking at a wrapping/unwrapping.

⁵⁵⁰ As JT Money said, "I told you bout trustin them stankin ass H-Os. You gotta learn to work them bitches for the pes-Os."

⁵⁵¹ It would be uninstrucive to evoke Dr. Johnson and what he says it means to worm. To worm—"to deprive a dog of something, nobody knows what, under his tongue, which is said to prevent him, nobody knows why, from running mad."

moment. Just as the pimp Game is the central quadrate of the upper realm, so too is Pimp to the left and Ho to the right. Let's look more closely at the vagina in Ho.

Now the vagina is represented by V for a couple reasons. Typographically, it is both the letter that vagina begins with, but it also pictorially represents the cavity and absence that it embodies.⁵⁵² Moreover, it is the logical disjunct that represents its fundamental cleavage. This happens in a twofold way. In the first sense you have the vagina a (w)hole lot of fun, but you also have the *vagina dentata*, the terrifying mollusk. However, the Janus face of the vagina is compounded by a further disjunction. This feature further supports its divided character as its counterpart is the slut in the realm below, in the Slut quadrate, and is represented by \emptyset , the empty set. It is an empty set because sluttiness is a pervasive characteristic and, as such, is diffuse and non-isolatable.⁵⁵³ There are only sluts, but this can only find elaboration after a lot more groundwork. Now you might want to throw your hands up here, but do not. There is a final disjunctive quality that is all important.

The vagina as V is also the logical *vel* disjunct that does not entail mutual exclusion.⁵⁵⁴ In this coupling of absences, you find the ho that inhabits either the Ho quadrate or the Slut quadrate. This is very interesting because this coupling is the ho's motor force. She needs to participate both quadrates. This is what makes the vagina usable in the Game and not just a site of wanton promiscuity. It becomes an ordered and disciplined space despite being yoked to the slut. So how is it mobilized?

Well, in the Game's quadrate is T. This is the trick. From the trick you should notice two things. They are both material movements. The first is the straight movement of cash (\$) up into the Game. Here it has a recursive relation between \$ and V as it compounds with the trick's lust. From here both continue onward to the pimp. The pimp is \$' because he is synonymous with \$ and effectively ¶ as we have seen. Now, in this relation from T to \$/V we see the alchemic basis. Money is produced, but so is sense (c). This is what makes life meaningful. This is all facilitated through \$' making a ho a ho and a trick a trick. But this is only half of the story.

The other side of the trick is that which passes through \emptyset . In doing this he taps the ho-potential. This triggering of inner slut is what makes the vagina move toward sluttiness. This is significant as it takes two to tango.⁵⁵⁵ The pimp cannot make a ho without her hoing it out to someone. In this the trick is instrumental. However, do note that the trick is a substandard human being. He is in the fallen realm, but this is the beauty of alchemy. It is across the dividing line that all magic happens. The forlorn trick and his empty pockets are the *nigredo*. He is the by-product.

⁵⁵² The convention of *sous rature* will be maintained elsewhere for considerations of this nature.

⁵⁵³ But this might be where we start counting.

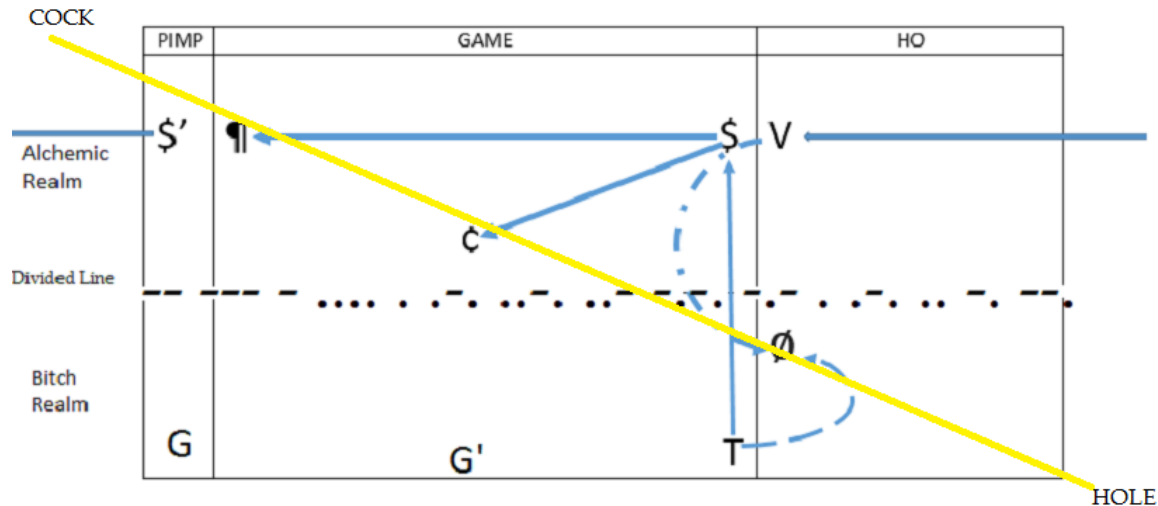
⁵⁵⁴ We are getting into fuzzy logic here.

⁵⁵⁵ You will also note that in T/ \emptyset /\$/V are the lines of force that dance in a giant \$. This is the propagating relation that sustains the basic transaction through the ages. This is the eternal appeal, but it is in this through to the relation of ¶ that we have the Game. This is how it is comprehensive, this is where we see the importance of the divided line.

So is the dead ho, when this comes around. But even while still alive,⁵⁵⁶ the ho being her angry bitter self is the *caput mortuum*.⁵⁵⁷ Gold is in the pimp's pocket and this is very significant.

When we began with the pimp trajectory you should have noticed its looping quality. This is the reinforcement of \$, \$', and ¶. In fact, the ¶ actually creates this indentation, this puncture, and allows this correspondence.⁵⁵⁸ This is what creates beauty in Game and Pimp. This is why G is outside looking in. He sees the pimp, but he doesn't really see Cock. He sees money,⁵⁵⁹ but he doesn't truly understand its nature qua Cock. Similarly, we have G'. This is the gangsta. To be fair to him, we should really consider him on the bottom line. That is because he actually operates in another Game. However, this shows how pure the pimp Game is. The gangsta is a bitch, but he models himself along pimp lines. How interesting.

We are not done yet. Let's try and extrapolate and make sense of COCK, a question most vexing. Consult Πp^2 Chart.



Πp^2 Chart

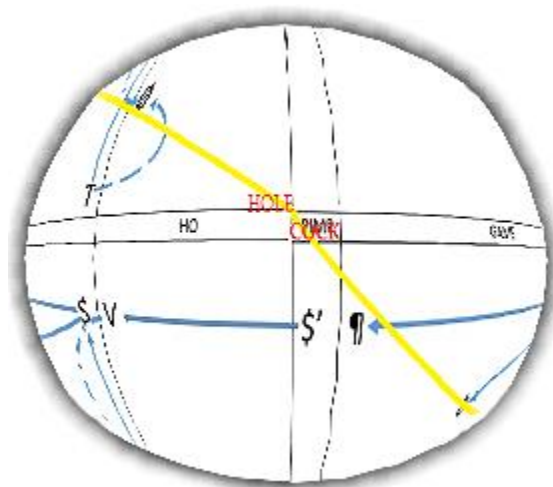
⁵⁵⁶ Living and partly living.

⁵⁵⁷ I think you can see that these may be one and the same.

⁵⁵⁸ In the early monastic tradition, the pilcrow indicated a change in thought. It differentiated the undifferentiated. *a linea*. The line that divides. We see that in the horizontal line of force. After all, it is a carriage return. However, we will also see it as an intersection with COCK. Similarly, in modern typeface, it is the invisible character that supports space as meaningful. This is interesting. It is the present absent as a control character. More interestingly is that it is supported, on a lower level, in Unicode and raised up, or lowered, to the level of other character. This is another reason why we need to consider COCK.

⁵⁵⁹ As already noted, the convergent dynamic line of force that that makes \$ \$. This is captivating.

Now in Πp^2 Chart you can see a world of difference.⁵⁶⁰ COCK and HOLE converge at ζ .⁵⁶¹ It means that retroactively it only makes sense to make money and participate in the Game. Furthermore, in this yellow line you can see that both COCK and HOLE run through their incarnations η and \emptyset .⁵⁶² This I suspect is the vivifying force. Sluttiness falls under the sway of Cock. This is what allows everything to be the way it is in Game. There is a complication though. Consider $\frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$ Chart.⁵⁶³



$\frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$ Chart

We can also consider COCK to HOLE as meeting directly at their antipodes, apparently consonant with the relationship between $\$'$ and V. In this way we bring COCK to the HOLE in a fashion that brings the other likewise opposed corners into contact. What we have now is a sphere that is bound tightly by COCK.⁵⁶⁴ This is an important observation as COCK is really all there is. HOLE is a vacuity that emits no light. It is an aim that COCK targets but keeps missing, making the repetition of the one, the many. Doing this, COCK goes round and round upon itself tying these balls with ever more ribbons.⁵⁶⁵ In this we see the beginning of knots as our lines of force create enclosures.⁵⁶⁶ This makes a lot of sense, but something is still missing. This

⁵⁶⁰ You will note that it is not circular. You can circle the square, but you cannot square the circle. So they say. Behold. This is nothing though. You will see that its importance is only in attaining the sphere, and yet even this gives way to further topological considerations.

⁵⁶¹ That makes sense. But, as you will see, HOLE always remains mysterious. It is impenetrable. Perhaps more so than COCK.

⁵⁶² As a strange polyvalent space, Vagina is actually connected, but for this you will have to wait for the $(\pi r^2)(2\pi R)$ Chart. This is the volume of a torus.

⁵⁶³ With the namesake a rendering in volume.

⁵⁶⁴ You will have noticed that πr^2 is the formula for a circle's radius. Ahuh, you might say. There is still another dimension missing. You would be right. Hold tight because we'll get there even though we'll always be a dimension away.

⁵⁶⁵ If COCK ever went into the HOLE, would it still be COCK? It's hard to fucking tell.

⁵⁶⁶ Moreover, we see their untying when we challenge the uniformity of the surface into another space which could create a cross-cap, Roman surface, or Boy surface.

theorizing is an attempt to understand the unknown. COCK still abounds in mystery. Nevertheless, the next step is to push the boundaries and try to find the truth revealed through my devotion and meditation. One's assault on COCK must be a multipronged affair.⁵⁶⁷

⁵⁶⁷ You may have noticed that in an interesting way I had chosen the path of Anselm, although this is somewhat problematical. I sought necessary reason with a certain circularity as natural reason, a product dependent and produced by the illumination that I presupposed. But is this actually circular? Would St. Augustine taken me to task? Tough to say.

Fyah Bun (Postulant Pimpology IIS)

I felt that a covenant had been established with COCK. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is for the people like rainbows and circumcisions. I had been tasked with great things. COCK had spared me, but my life was to be dedicated to Its service. I was still to endeavour making intellectual inroads, but more importantly, I was to emulate a Nazirite, bound by vows most holy.⁵⁶⁸ Like the Rastafarian, my hair was not to see a razor. I thought it prudent that my toe and finger nails were to neither. And why not? I may as well overcompensate on this point, as many of the abstentions I couldn't meet on practical terms. Nevertheless, the important thing was the covenant meant that I would strive for purity, that I would lead a dedicated life marked by observation. I was to make the three sacrifices of the Nazirite before I was to cut my hair. The sacrifices were the burnt offering, the sin-offering and the peace offering. Only then, perhaps, would COCK find me worthy and channel itself through me.

From my involvement with The Hairy Crack, I had made the acquaintance of a number of bikers. Predominantly Dykes on Bykes.⁵⁶⁹ I hate white people, and I'm not too keen on lesbians, but for a bunch of carpet-munching honkeys, they were pretty decent. Besides, it seemed as though The Choir Boyz were scared of these dykes, I'm not sure why,⁵⁷⁰ so I had my hoes mostly holed up in The Hairy Crack. I swear those bastards were behind all the dead hoes,⁵⁷¹ so at least Dykes on Bykes offered some kind of protection for my hoes. In return, I had my hoes tonguing holes *pro bono*. Again, not something I would normally encourage,⁵⁷² but hey. A living hooker is of more value than a dead one, and I needed an income stream while I pondered the divine COCK.

Now, more importantly, it was through Dykes on Bykes that I was to learn the trade secrets of methamphetamine production. This would be the burnt offering and hopefully help encourage priapism in a silent observation of the divinity of COCK.⁵⁷³ My design was not to sell it, but to burn it in my backyard while I danced around it, catching fumes and going crazy.⁵⁷⁴ I wasn't going to try and go double-breasted *a la* Caesar Slick. Fuck him, and fuck that.⁵⁷⁵

⁵⁶⁸ The COCK did say the answer was in numbers. See *Numbers* 6:1–21. This was my first effort to understand the riddle of COCK.

⁵⁶⁹ *Editorial note* For legal purposes, and factual accuracy, Dykes on Bykes have nothing to do with Dykes on Bikes. It is possible that Dykes on Bykes are the suppressed militant wing, but that is just conjecture.

⁵⁷⁰ See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

⁵⁷¹ What about Daddy Diamond and the theosophists? Well, again you'll have to turn to *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*.

⁵⁷² Fine, in a qualified way I do. See *Whoreology*.

⁵⁷³ These dykes couldn't understand what I was talking about with COCK, but they are ruled by it in the same way. Lesbian or not, COCK manages all human relations. That is because, in many ways, it is just a metaphor.

⁵⁷⁴ Not just crazy, but toward the crazy wisdom of *Chögyam Trungpa*. This also bears similarities to the Rastafarian Reasoning and Groundation. Kind of a two, or three, or four, for one. This is symbolic.

⁵⁷⁵ Ok, Ok. As Trippple Beam I would definitely have got down to commercial purposes. But we're talking Dazzle Razzle here, and he now has a calling.

Since I had now resolved only to drink coconut water and eat barley,⁵⁷⁶ I no longer needed my kitchen for traditional purposes, and so had decided to convert it into a meth lab. Pseudoephedrine was isolated from Sinutab by dissolving the tablets in xylene. The next day it was extracted using acetone and filters. The pseudoephedrine was sequenced with red phosphorus and then iodine to get hydroiodic acid. Time to cook the distillate. This was to yield 100 kg/week of meth, but I blew up the second floor of my house. Consequently I was forced to double my dungeon as a living quarters.

I had a ho named Skary Spike, alternatively pronounces Scary Spice and Scarry Spick,⁵⁷⁷ that was keen on the production side of things.⁵⁷⁸ I peeled her from Caesar Slick's stable, but she was a real tweaker. Because she was so enthusiastic about it, I set her to work making the shit. Big mistake. Often it's good to use people with vested interests, but not when it comes to junkies. Here there can be a conflict of interest, but here there will be incompetence. I went out to Walmart to get some more car batteries for the lithium, needed to support the forecasted production figures, only to come home to find my house a burned-out shell.⁵⁷⁹ The remains of Skary Spike could not be found. That ended that. But was it a disaster? Hard to say. I sacrificed half my house and a ho. Can't be that bad. Besides I started making PCP in my dungeon. So, if somehow I thought that still satisfied the burnt offering vow, my sin-offering might only be considered a mitigated success, while my peace offering a complete failure.

My sin offering was to be my art.⁵⁸⁰ A celebration, impossible by other standards, I began devising a series of devotional pieces and objects of spiritual meditation.⁵⁸¹ Not just any creations, but products of deep solitude produced in tranquility and of the highest solemnity. These were to be artistic expressions guided by the Divine hand. They were not to resemble my

⁵⁷⁶ An extreme form of I-tal. Also, it is almost what His Coconutship advocated.

⁵⁷⁷ She was a scarred-up Latino that looked like Ray Liotta with a face full of coke.

⁵⁷⁸ She was also interested in PCP, but she thought, approvingly, that I was trying to kill hoes with it. I wasn't. She often said,

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy--
 Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

It started getting pretty annoying after a while. Especially because she was often so outta her head that she was fucking up the lines because of the lines, if ya get me.

⁵⁷⁹ Walmart is great place to recruit hoes. The customers are often receptive, but the employees more so. Caesar Slick liked to go for the greeters. Usually their pensions and old age provisions are inadequate, so it's easy turn them out. Limited market though. However, besides the pensioners, the other greeters are retarded. Now those are soft targets. Despite what you might think, there are people who will pay to fuck Downies.

⁵⁸⁰ This is actual far too complicated to address here. What is to follow is meant merely to establish the tenor of Pimp Art. For any real sense of understanding for what is at stake here, see *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

⁵⁸¹ This is respect for COCK Iratlon.

earlier pornographic efforts, though I still suffer pangs of remorse thinking about the unfulfilled potential in that medium.⁵⁸²

I had thought initially in terms of conventional stained glass and music, but then I realized something. Though not entirely satisfactory, and not to be ruled out by any means, I concluded that I should touch upon the topic in a more direct and immediate way. Nothing profane, but something that would encompass what I considered essential. You see, if COCK was to Cock as Cock was to cock, perhaps I should look to work toward the rarefication of its emanations and seek to approximate it in earthly depictions through inspiration and carnal immersion. This could be done in a manner satisfying, but yet exceeding, devotional purposes.⁵⁸³ Aesthetics need not be a secondary consideration, but this work should be rendered, at least somewhat, in representational terms.⁵⁸⁴ But how?

It was a slow realization, though it was there all the time. I had at my disposal all the memorabilia and collected body parts of my hoes. I suppose I always knew that this should be the way, but nothing is simple. COCK works in mysterious and wondrous ways. I was both with COCK and I was not. In my finite existence, I would be forced to struggle with the limitations of the portals of my temporality. I had to find the workings of COCK in the world, so again I turned my consideration to cock and Cock. And so, with this spiritual comfort, I got to work.

My productions were to be an effort to bring revealed religion to the people. Starting with journals and diagrams, I began to execute my purpose. These were stored in the safehouse.⁵⁸⁵ I worked piously, but I knew that trials and tribulations lie before me. There was much to surmount, but there was no way that I could have seen the disrupting events that were to follow. My actions were to be deferred, my purpose, at least, hopefully to be realized by other agencies. So much for the sin-offering.

The arrival of Bankroll and the Glamor Boyz put an end to these efforts. Furthermore, due to their interference, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah never saw the light of day.⁵⁸⁶ That put paid to what would have been my peace offering, the sublime Eucharist of COCK. The Chalice.

⁵⁸² These designs and writings are to be found in the book *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. And do not worry, a pornographic line may well be in the works. There is also a possibility of a brothel in Nevada, but all in good time.

⁵⁸³ Again, what is going on here is much more complex than this. This represents Dazzle Razzle's thought at this time, but much of Pimp Art is a product of his more mature thought. A lot of this is post-incarceration and was preserved through different means. It is not material found in the safehouse. This is all accounted for in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s*.

⁵⁸⁴ *Editorial note* when talking about representation or signification, for some reason Dazzle Razzle often spoke in German. He would alternate between *Vorstellung* and *Repräsentanz*. Sometimes he would use *Vorstellungsrepräsentanz*. Trust us, it complicates the scholarship.

⁵⁸⁵ And here they remained until retrieved by Flenser the Fat Male Stripper, a type of hydriotaphia.

⁵⁸⁶ *Editorial note* Not to despair. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is being readied for production at the time of writing, all in keeping with Dazzle Razzle's wishes.

With the qualified success of my first vow and its supplement in PCP,⁵⁸⁷ the partial success of my second, and the abysmal failure of the third, it is needless to say that I never got around to cutting my hair or nails. More problematically, as I was playing this new Game, aligned with GAME through COCK, I wasn't tightening up my game. As a pimp, I had already started slipping, but now you can say that I really did. I should have known what Caesar Slick did and what Bankroll was up to, but I didn't. If anything, I was thinking about The Choir Boyz. I didn't even know that Bankroll had a seven year old son born with an extra pair of hands. What a freak.⁵⁸⁸ You should know about shit like that. My game was truly leaking.

⁵⁸⁷ Which you will see in a moment.

⁵⁸⁸ He had taratological deformities. A small pair of parasitic hands branched out from his wrists. It could have been either the congenital syphilis or the inbreeding.

How to Make Crystal Meth (Pre-Pimpology (III⁵⁸⁹ (or -1)))

[This chapter is missing. Obviously Dazzle Razzle was unable to properly formulate it as his first efforts were disastrous. The following chapter will tell you how to make PCP, if that is any consolation.]

⁵⁸⁹ This monstrosity of a number is meant to represent -1 as if the Roman's had a numerical conception of negative numbers. It could be a representation of 2-1, but they lacked imaginary numbers. However, 589 is a pimpnote, not an exponent. But -1⁵⁸⁹ would still mean -1, so who the fuck cares?

Phencyclidine Clandestine Production (PCP) (Pre-Pimpology II)

Ketamine is for pussies, but let's get at those N-methyl-D-aspartate receptors.⁵⁹⁰ Let's get wet. There are a number of ways that you can do it, and it is often all about compromise.⁵⁹¹ You see, although assholes, the pigs and spooks aren't idiots. A lot of what you need are monitored substances. With crack you begin with coke, illegal but easily available. Not so for what you need to make PCP.⁵⁹² It is like a Lego set. You've got to take shit apart before you put anything together. If you're not comfortable with the chemistry, than stick to Jimsonweed and the like.⁵⁹³ Just make sure that you have some activated charcoal on hand, for all the good it will do you, and some benzodiazepine for tomorrow, provided you're not in jail or the morgue. Because of the illicit nature of phencyclidine, there are analog compounds such as benocyclidine and other members of the arylcyclohexylamine family where the piperidine ring has been substituted for a pyrrolidine one, but fuck that shit.⁵⁹⁴ We're going to keep it real. Kind of like crack, we're going to bind to those dopamine transporter receptors, but we're also going to try and trigger a psychotic episode. That's where the real fun is, so buckle up. The following you can spray onto mint, weed or into someone's eyes. This is how you make PCP.⁵⁹⁵

You can use different intermediates, but we are going to address the nitrile path. This means we are looking for Bruylants reaction of an organometallic reagent on alpha-amino nitrile. Now, we are going to number the steps, just like we did for crack, but here it is largely ornamental and only meant to lend an aura of respectability.

1. First we need to get PCC (1-piperidinocyclohexanecarbonitrile).⁵⁹⁶ This can be secured as Sernyl or Sernylan,⁵⁹⁷ but you're likely not to get your hands on that. To make PCC we need to synthesize cyclohexanone and Piperidine. Piperidine is naturally occurring in black pepper, but good luck isolating that. Let's take it back a step and work with pyridine.

⁵⁹⁰ Actually, we're looking at inhibiting the reuptake of monoaminergic neurotransmitters, such as dopamine, serotonin and norepinephrine. But that's not the whole story.

⁵⁹¹ Not entirely though. You have to toe the line on many fronts. First, you can't do this in a stainless steel mixing bowl in the school's cafeteria like you can with crack. You need a damn-near-proper laboratory environment. You can improvise at points, but try not to fuck with shit too much. Methodology is not just important, it must be adhered to. If you take liberties, you might end up with some seriously toxic shit. You want to make sure you fully react your PCC. Even if you're doing it properly, you've got to watch out as PCP easily breaches the epidermal barrier and you'll be in another world before you know it.

⁵⁹² Since we're about to get technical, let's start now. PCP is 1-(1-phenylcyclohexyl)piperidine)

⁵⁹³ Jimsonweed is treacherous. Don't turn your back on it. Benefit from the wisdom of Dr. Gonzo. Or perhaps Carlos Castaneda.

⁵⁹⁴ We can get to PCA (1-phenyl-1-cyclohexylamine) through a couple routes. This can be a terminal point or it can be further reacted to make PCP itself. Other analogs are PCE (cyclohexamine), PHP (phenylcyclohexylpyrrolidine), PCPP (phenylcyclopentylpiperidine), and TCP (thienylcyclohexylpiperidine).

⁵⁹⁵ You can bypass all this if you know some dodgy veterinarians. After all, it is an accepted analgesic as it affects afferent receptors along with acute psychical dissociation.

⁵⁹⁶ As C.L. Smooth said, "the main ingredient."

⁵⁹⁷ Really this is PCP, but there can be ambiguity. It depends on the trade name. The latter is discontinued anyway.

2. Pyridine can be achieved through coal gasification. This is done by way of syngas (CH_4 , CO , H_2 , CO_2 and H_2O). Hydrogenate this and produce the needed piperidine via a molybdenum disulfide catalyst. We can now tick that box. Next you need to get cyclohexanone.

3. Cyclohexanone is an organic compound. It is a colorless oil similar to acetone. You can buy it because it is required in great quantities for the industrial production of nylon. However, if you're ambitious, you can bring it around on your own, but with some difficulty. Cyclohexanone is present in coal, but it is not easy to obtain. If you like you can try a Dieckmann condensation of pimelic acid and follow it through to multiple reductions. If I were you, I'd just buy it with a stolen credit card and have the consignment sent to an abandoned house.

4. Now we have our precursors. It depends on the molar scale,⁵⁹⁸ but effectively the following is what you are going to do to get to the needed PCC. You want the hydrochloride salt of the piperidine and the bisulfite adduct of the cyclohexanone. This might get a little Byzantine,⁵⁹⁹ but here we go.

5. Mix 85 g of piperidine to 84 ml of conc. HCl (concentrated hydrochloric acid) in 200 ml of water at about 3°C . You want the aqueous solution to hit a pH of 3. Now 98 g of your cyclohexanone is added. Following this you add 68 g of KCN (potassium cyanide) premixed in 150 ml of water.⁶⁰⁰ This is stirred for solubility on and off for about 2 hours. At this point it is left to stand for about 10 hours. In the morning you collect the precipitate. Wash, dry, repeat as you strive for purity. Now you're sitting on around 170 g (give or take) of PCC.⁶⁰¹ Make sure it is completely dry. You might even want to heat it just to make sure. Time for the next synthesis.

6. Here we make use of a Grignard reagent. This is important for the formation of carbon-carbon bonds. There are a couple types suitable for this, but we are going to use phenylmagnesium bromide. To get this you take magnesium shavings and heat in a flask.⁶⁰² You can just buy it, though, in a solution of diethyl ether, but I find it better to just use magnesium turnings. Use around 12 g of magnesium and add 200 ml of dry ether as a solvent.⁶⁰³ Do this in stages. To this add 79 g of bromobenzene. Introduce about 39 g of PCC and keep topping up your ether/bromobenzene so that you have reflux without the need of non-reactive heating. However, once the entire solution has been applied, it will require cooking.

⁵⁹⁸ By that we are talking about 1 mole of piperidine and 1 mole of cyclohexanone. However, we are going to proceed using units of volume and weight.

⁵⁹⁹ Sounds like a compound, but it ain't. Kinda was though while under siege when the Ottomans (*cough* Venetians) decided the hog was ready to go to market.

⁶⁰⁰ You can almost just add it. KCN is a deliquescent salt. It's once you mix the solution in with the other that you have to get to stirring with some vigor.

⁶⁰¹ Again, remember that PCC is some evil shit. Not that KCN is all that pleasant.

⁶⁰² You should use Rieke magnesium because it is free of the passivating layer of magnesium oxide that fucks with the organic halide.

⁶⁰³ Not just either. You should use 50:50 ratio of ether to benzene.

7. Heat this for about 3 hours, until all the magnesium is dissolved. Here is the nitrile displacement. White-grey bubble should be forming. This is getting toward the desired precipitate. However, it is not ready. Once finished with cooking, use a condenser and drying tube. When it is cooled you will add 175 ml of (4 N) aqueous HBr (hydrobromic acid). Do this slowly. Once cool, put it into the fridge for another overnighter.

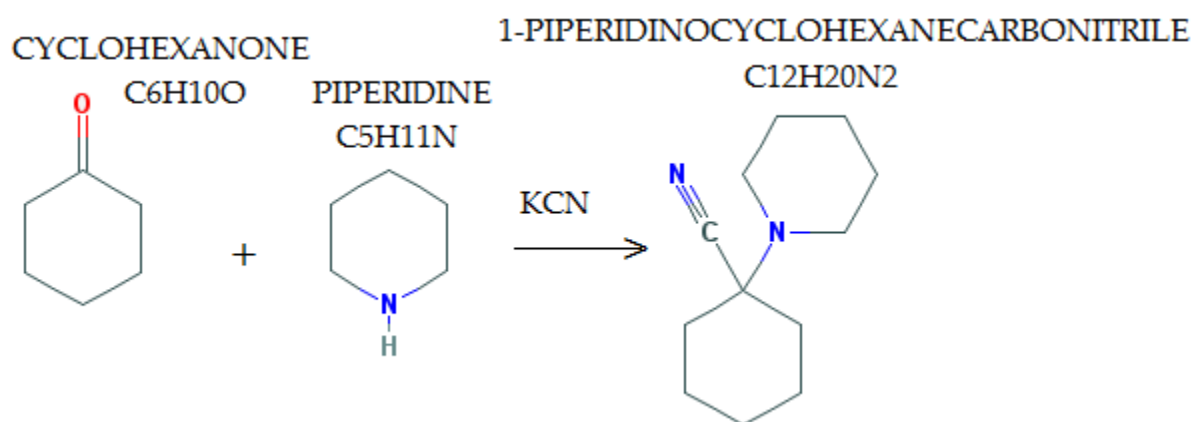
8. In the morning, take it out. The precipitated PCP hydrobromide is now filtered off. Leave it out to dry. Once dry, dissolve this in hot ethanol. This is just enough to make it a solution. Now you add a mixture of ethanol and NaOH (Sodium hydroxide) which will basify the acid layers. This should create a yellow oil that will quickly crystalize. Watch out for unwanted emulsions. Time to filter again.

9. Filter the PCP. Let it dry. Now add benzene. About 1/3 for the benzene is distilled off to remove the water present through azeotropic drying. Let this cool again. Now dilute it with 2 volumes of diethyl ether. To get the desired precipitate you now move to saturation with dry HCl. Now we have PCP hydrochloride.

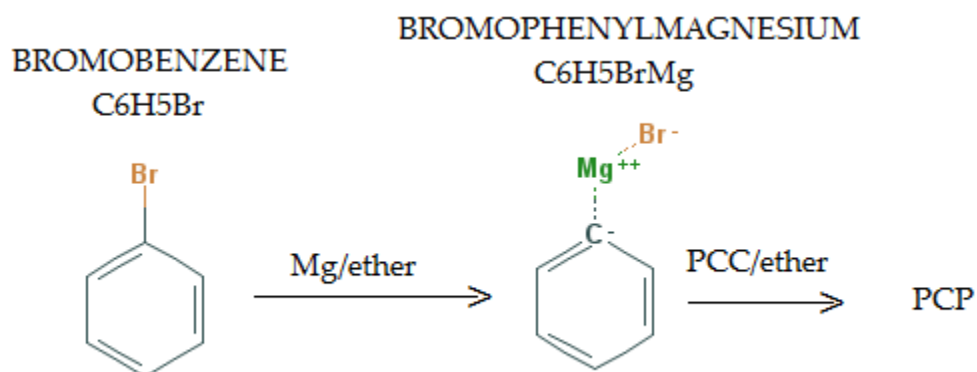
10. Filter this again. Let it dry, and you should have a yield of about 40 g PCP. Add some dye to it if you like. Fucking gangsta. Now you can introduce acid and get it to liquid form from the freebase. This you fill a syringe, stab and inject it into the water cooler at work. Even if you don't do that, you'll have done this:

Attaining PCP using a nitrile intermediate

1. Getting PCC



2. Synthesising to PCP



It's not laboratory grade, but I like to wear the *I Know What You Did Last Summer* mask while working. Visibility can be limited, but I think it is more important to be in keeping with the theme. On the whole, though, I haven't address apparatus too much, but who cares? Safety is for bitches and you can try to make this shit in plastic garbage cans if you like, or just divert veterinarial supplies, go crazy and wear those cans like Diogenes of Sinope. Just keep it real.⁶⁰⁴

⁶⁰⁴ Be careful. As Red 1 said, "You can't, he can't find. Blind. You're left behind by my scientific mind."

Fine, How to Make Crystal Meth (Pre-Pimpology III)

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.⁶⁰⁵ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

⁶⁰⁵ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Nigger in the Woodpile

Now it gets sad.⁶⁰⁶ As I've already mentioned, I was preoccupied with COCK, The Choir Boyz and disappearing hoes, and Daddy Diamond to a lesser extent. I hadn't been monitoring the situation back home, and it was time to pay the piper. With Duffy Diablo in prison, Bankroll had effectively replaced him in the Spider Fourz. The Glamor Boyz had become its nucleus. This information, in and of itself, was not too troubling. Bankroll had no idea where I was, but this was to change.

Caesar Slick had many legitimate grievances. From knocking Cleo to the conquest of Sheba and his stable, he was none too happy. The burning of The Cow Door was the *coup de grâce*. Vengeance was to be wreaked, but he now lacked the resources to pursue me directly. However, my little ruse at The Cow Door proved to be a double-edged sword. Duffy Diablo and the Spider Fourz. Caesar Slick had names, though he didn't have a plan. This is where Pop Pontius came in.⁶⁰⁷

Pop Pontius had taken it upon himself to be the impartial arbiter of pimp justice. To be fair, he seemed to have widespread institutional support.⁶⁰⁸ What he did next led to a painful series of events that have brought me to where you find me now. A mixed blessing.

Pop Pontius could not condone my behavior. He found me guilty of grievous mis-pimpin'.⁶⁰⁹ He also found that my punishment should be commensurate, especially given my genuine lack of contrition. Not only had I assassinated Caesar Slick's reputation, but my wanton violence had no place in his pimp world. The meth and PCP he didn't think was kosher, though not all together outside of accepted norms, but he found that the branding, arson, and gunplay were out of order. At least the way I was doing it.⁶¹⁰ However, he wouldn't've taken action if it were not for the incessant supplications made by aggrieved hoes from other stables.⁶¹¹ Beginning with a technicality,⁶¹² he found a litany of crimes. Without arraignment, it would seem that I

⁶⁰⁶ Not just the story, but myself as well. I was feeling the blues. Kinda open G with Capo on the 3rd fret.

⁶⁰⁷ Cocksucker. Although you'll see how he came good in the end and was instrumental to this manuscript in many ways.

⁶⁰⁸ An 'institution' that I didn't recognize. Kind of like the UN, EU, and IMF.

⁶⁰⁹ I was judged *in absentio*. I had been summoned to the pimp star chamber, but not recognizing the jurisdiction, I ignored the summons. Besides, it was likely to be a kangaroo court with a verdict already prepared for me to be defrocked. If it was trial by high ordeal, ain't no shit. I'd've been there. Dazzle Razzle is a force of nature.

⁶¹⁰ Indeed. I think I was more offended by the hypocrisy on this count.

⁶¹¹ These were hoes jealous and frightened of my style of pimping. This pettiness is testament to the deficiency of ho character.

⁶¹² Although I knocked Sheba fair and square, when she saw my torture chamber and was informed that she was to be branded, she got skittish. She went back to Caesar Slick, but I rolled up in my car and shot his house up. By the time I got in, he was cowering behind the couch. I slapped him. Sheba was in the next room. I entered and slapped her, and defenestrated Jezebel. She went through the glass, but was lucky we were on the first floor. In such a manner she realised the error of her way and came back with me. I forewent the right to brand her, but she conceded the right for me to tattoo the same across the crown of her head. I had concluded that things had ended

had been found guilty by a jury of my peers, as far as it could be said that I had any. However, his version of justice took on a personal meaning.

It turned out that it was the first of the month, and Cleo was in line to collect her food stamps, when Pop Pontius was cruising by. Spotting her, he slowed down. I guess he thought that he could peel her since he thought I was soon to be old news. She wasn't having it. Downtrodden, he asked her how I managed to get her off Caesar Slick. Dairy Queen, she said. Fine, how about some Dairy Queen, he asked. I don't like Dairy Queen, she said, I'm lactose intolerant. So what the fuck, he said. She said, It was the thought that counted. I'd never had anyone want to buy me Dairy Queen. Fine, he said. How would you like some Krispy Kream, he asked. No, she said. How about something more nutritious. How about Wendy's, that shit is gangsta, he asked. No, she said. How about I show you real affection by taking you to The Keg, he asked. No thank you, she said. How about Red Lobster, he tried again. It almost worked, but, No, she rebuffed. Okay, he said, How about a RC Cola, you are in a food stamp line, you know. Fuck you, she said.

He started to lose his cool. Flustered, he said, You're going to pass me the bankroll or this is going to get ugly.⁶¹³ Who, she asked. That guy that wants to kill Dazzle Razzle. Kill Dazzle Razzle, he asked. There was a confused pause. Who is that, he asked. Oh, you know, she said, That homicidal Spider Fourz guy. Do tell, he said.

And in that way, Cleo really did toss the Bankroll as you shall see. The vindictive Pop Pontius connected the dots for Caesar Slick. He was to keep his own hands clean. Next was the fallout.⁶¹⁴

amicably on this particular. I was mistaken. Not in an effort to be magnanimous, but I will concede this as possibly being able to be construed as an act of mis-pimpin'.

⁶¹³ Now this is mis-pimpin'.

⁶¹⁴ I sent that bastard thirty pieces of silver. You'll see, this is actually part of what led to his later transformation.

The Stone(d) Guest

At four o'clock in the morning I was awakened to a knock. From my dungeon, it took a while for me to hear it. At the top of the stoop, in the burnt-out piano nobile,⁶¹⁵ was the main entrance. I slowly made my way to the door, groggy and in nothing but my paisley smoking jacket and ascot. As I began to turn the doorknob, the door violently swung inward knocking me over.⁶¹⁶ I thought I heard the laugh of Daddy Diamond, but it was the Glamor Boyz. Bankroll stood there, the point of the wedge. He had a sneer and a baseball bat. I could see in his face this wasn't going to be good. His dead eye was twitching with every adrenaline fueled beat of the heart. At least he didn't have a 5 iron.

Betty came flying in, trying to intervene, assuming the worst, but the bat found first contact with her head. Down she went, twitching on the floor. I was next.

When I came to there was blood all over me. My ass was sore. They must have found the dungeon. I reached around to find one of my dildos jammed up my ass.⁶¹⁷ Bastards. Betty was in a heap. She was naked and I could see signs of sexual violence. I crawled to her. She was alive, but unconscious. Her scalp was bloodied from where she had been struck by the bat. That's the last I recall before I blacked out again.

I came to once more in what must have been the next day. I was in rough shape.⁶¹⁸ Betty appeared to be in a comma, so I left her to her dreams. I crawled to my stash. If I was going to be able to manage anything, I'd need to fix myself up. I turned to drinking whiskey and smoking PCP.⁶¹⁹ The next thing I knew I was up and walking around. Pistol goes in the belt, jerry can of gasoline goes into the backseat of my ride, and off I went.⁶²⁰ This was the first time I really needed my cane as a cane. But this was also the first time that I really needed my cane as a blade. After all, if I gotsta bring it to you cowards then it's gonna be quick.

⁶¹⁵ The house was getting nasty and becoming evidence for the broken window theory. Graffiti was already all over the front. Late night revellers pissed on it and threw beer bottles, pizza crusts, and half-eaten kebabs through the blown out windows. It was becoming rather foul.

⁶¹⁶ Stupid, stupid, stupid. Even though everything was burnt to shit, I should have been more on point. It should have been more like how the Goodie Mob hook goes, "Who's that peekin' in my window? Pow. Nobody now."

⁶¹⁷ Like, depending on the version you prefer, the dildo gifted by Valentino to Novarro, which was either Art Deco or the lead one fashioned after his own member, and was allegedly used to beat and asphyxiate him. At least they didn't find my reciprocating dildo. It was industrial, pull-cord activated, and ran on diesel. That would have been most unpleasant.

⁶¹⁸ After something like this there is always going to be confusion. However, action is always demanded as well. As Muddy Waters said, "I rose this mornin', mama, and I didn't know right from wrong."

⁶¹⁹ Like Necro said, "I need drugs."

⁶²⁰ I have a standing commitment to arson with an eye toward homicide, and you've already seen me do it once, but again, as it is often the case, my inspiration has been that renowned thinker Zorba. "I went back with a can of paraffin and set fire to the village. She must have been burnt along with the others, poor wretch. Her name was Ludmilla."

Off I went in the Cock Mobile and headed back to the neighborhood from which I had for so long become a stranger.⁶²¹ I went straight to Bankroll's house. It was the middle of the day. He wasn't in, so I let myself in. He had a new dog that may as well have been Blink the Proper Meatball. It was barking, so I unscrewed my cane and skewered the dog. It twitched around for a while before giving up the ghost.⁶²² I took it to the backyard and set it on fire.

I felt better, but I wasn't done. There was evidence of a cat. I found it and killed it. I began skinning it when I heard a car pull up. Mine wasn't in the driveway, so with any luck he won't have seen it. I took the cat and hid behind the couch.

Bankroll walked in with Lizzie. They had a kid with them. This is when I truly went berserk. The kid sat down on the couch that I was hiding behind, while Bankroll and Lizzie went off to the kitchen with some of the groceries that they had brought in. I stood up, and plopped the half-skinned cat down on the boy's lap. He was in shock, for there was only mute, animal terror in his eyes. I went to the kitchen, produced my gun. They saw me. Bankroll riffled through his pockets to offer me money, but I didn't give a fuck about that. *Click-clack*. Then I started shooting both of them in the legs.⁶²³ There was lots of screaming, and then boy came running in.⁶²⁴

There was blood everywhere. There wasn't a dry eye in the house. The boy was a sobbing heap on the floor, Lizzie appeared to be unconscious, Bankroll was trying to staunch the blood streaming from his legs. To complicate this procedure I used my blade and cut off Bankroll's fingers. Then I grabbed the boy, noticed the extra pair of hands and cut them off. I pulled the waistband of Bankroll's pants, and threw the small, cruelly deformed and now severed hands into his underwear. Then I kicked him in the balls.

I dragged all three of them, one by one, by their hair to the top of the stairs leading to the basement. First the boy bounced down. Then Lizzie who was slowly coming to. Then the mutilated Bankroll. They all went down. bump Bump BUMP.

I locked the door. Emptied all their cleaning solvents on the floor opened the gas range. Took the gasoline and lashed it about the house liberally. I was going to serve these motherfuckers up to COCK to atone for my early failures.

When everything was soaked, I popped some flakka and Quaaludes,⁶²⁵ 'cause that's how I roll, and smoked some more PCP. I must have lit the fire after that. I don't remember anything else.

⁶²¹ Breathes there a man with soul so dead?

⁶²² There may be a theological quibble here, but as you will see, bitches do have souls. See PIMP *a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

⁶²³ Why the legs, you ask. Well, you see, I'm not all bad.

⁶²⁴ For the most part, violence toward children should often be kept in footnotes, maybe even pimppnotes. So, we can say with Eazy E, "The little nigga said don't kill my mother, so I bashed his head in with my Louisville Slugger." I, however, used a cane and my cowboy boots.

⁶²⁵ Disco biscuits, motherfucker.

The police report stated that besides a pair of panties on my head, I was found naked and clutching a horribly disfigured cat. Apparently it proved difficult to make me part with the cat, so it was awkward for everyone involved when I had to be forcibly subdued. The contents of my stomach revealed large quantities of dirt, ash and human fingers. I was up for murder one, two counts of attempted murder, and crimes against nature. These found company amongst a roster of particularly cruel and heinous deeds that have somehow found themselves codified in law.

It turns out the Lizzie and the boy survived the holocaust. Narrowly escaping death, they came out the other side suffering from burns, smoke inhalation, and gunshot and knife wounds. The boy likely had brain damage from blunt trauma, but the amputations were largely cauterized in the fire.⁶²⁶ Apparently I missed all the major arteries in Lizzie's legs. Bankroll had bled out. I guess that was fine with me.⁶²⁷

⁶²⁶ Like Pelops' ivory shoulder, the bone could always be seen through the wrists of this boy. A truly distinguishing mark. Evidence of the psychological damage was apparent in his repeated, "Father, can't you see that I'm burning?" Very strange.

⁶²⁷ As Ninjaman said, "Dem [he, really] is a dead bloodclaat and ah dead bumbaclaat. Dead pussyclaat and ah dead rassclaat."

Family Romance

The police were particularly appalled by my dungeon in which they found a greatly emaciated and tabetic hooker, shackled and forgotten. Wearing a half unzipped submissive's mask, she couldn't talk and was sensitive to sunlight. Everything that had survived the meth lab explosion was confiscated. A lot was used as evidence against me, much more liquidated to satisfy court ordered compensations.⁶²⁸ At least the safe house was in Betty's name,⁶²⁹ though this was no longer to be a real concern for me as I was unlikely ever to walk as a free man again.

In separate trials, first I was sentenced for the murder of Daddy Diamond, or also known as Sonny Dunne.⁶³⁰ I had also been arraigned for the murder of Bankroll, or a certain Ken Dunne. The two cases became inextricably linked. During the proceedings of the Bankroll trial it was revealed that this was not just the act of a jilted lover, but this was fratricide. As the adoption records revealed, Ken Dunne, Bankroll, was in fact my brother. Apparently I too was Dunne.⁶³¹ What this all added up to was that I was also guilty of patricide. The only one of our male line that I didn't kill was that incestuous product of Bankroll and Lizzie's unholy union.

As far as I can understand, apparently when Bankroll was fifteen, our wayward father had left. Our forlorn mother, finding no further value in life, decided to take her own. She was seven months pregnant. Still warm to the touch, Bankroll had found her hanging from the ceiling. What he did next is inexplicable. He took a steak knife and carved me out of her belly. When the police arrived, they found him crying and jabbering, clutching a little wailing newborn.

The experience gave Bankroll psychiatric problems, but with therapy and medication he was able to somewhat surmount them and reasonably adjust. With no evidence of our father's family, Bankroll was to live with his aunt, our mother's sister. I, on the other hand, had a much different fate.

Because I was young and needy, I was placed with a woman who had lost her baby. This was a temporary arrangement. Off I went through State channels, off Bankroll went into the loving arms of his aunt and uncle. Ultimately he went into the loving arms of his cousin, my cousin whom I too had once held in my arms. With these revelations, my visions of COCK intensified.

Daddy Diamond also explained why Bankroll didn't come for me earlier. He knew who he was and kept his distance. That's why when Duffy Diablo reined in the Spider Fourz, with only the

⁶²⁸ My assets were overvalued, not that I did taxes to create a frame of reference, but they blushed when they valued, and then had to revalue, finding everything at odds. After all, most of my shit were knock-offs and cheap imitations. Remember, it's all about image.

⁶²⁹ *Editorial note* If this were not the case, there would be no account of Dazzle Razzle. This would have been an incalculable loss to humanity.

⁶³⁰ I argued that he was still alive, but the official records were against me.

⁶³¹ Perhaps I was a facet of the diamond. Daddy Diamond might well be an interdimensional being after all. This might account for him being misunderstood as pedophile and such due to the restrictions of temporal understanding. Unlikely though.

Glamor Boyz looking for me, they overlooked the sphere in which I had found myself, just as Dykes on Bykes kept The Choir Boyz away. Most curious. If Bankroll knew who Daddy Diamond was and avoided him, I felt as though he has always been in my life in one way or another, in different ways and forms. I have always had dreams of a man with diamonds indistinctly threatening me. I never really thought about it because the face was obscure, or at times I thought I saw my own face, but now I was convinced that was Daddy Diamond.

In the end, this time I was found guilty by a jury truly of my inferiors. From pillar to post, I was mocked, ridiculed, and held up to derision. I was marked as the new Oedipus.⁶³² Perhaps surprisingly, I came to accept this new reality. This must be the mysterious working of COCK.

I went to prison. I was in solitary confinement, but my case was being appealed on the grounds of insanity.⁶³³ In time, this came to pass, but something significant was to happen first. I may have been alone in my cell, but I wasn't alone in the prison. It turns out I had an old friend in here. Duffy Diablo was in cell block B. Wouldn't you know it?

I spent most of my time reading. In prison a lot of guys turned to Nation of Islam.⁶³⁴ I became dedicated to a type of Kabbalistic Gnosticism in my pursuit of COCK,⁶³⁵ but this was not a direct route. First Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah had to visit me in prison and guide my hand toward pimpontology and how to cypher izims.⁶³⁶

⁶³² I didn't fuck my Mom, but on a technicality, I guess we all do in a way. When you slide out of the vaginal canal, your dick does rub against the vag. Food for thought.

⁶³³ 730, ya heard?

⁶³⁴ I was initially drawn to it because of the Supreme Alphabet and Supreme Mathematics, but I soon found them unsuited for my purpose. Not only that, but I disliked the fact that founder was quite possibly a white confidence man named Ford from New Zealand, and I found the story of Yacub bizarre at best. However, I stand behind Hooper X who said, "Now my book, *White-Hating Coon*, doesn't have any of that bullshit. The hero's name is Maleekwa, and he's a descendant of the black tribe that established the first society on the planet, while all you European motherfuckers were still hiding in caves and shit, all terrified of the sun. He's a strong role model that a young black reader can look up to."

⁶³⁵ This has been strongly colored by Plotinus and Nicholas of Cusa.

⁶³⁶ Or maybe like Channel Live sampling and repurposing Black Moon's "All we do is spark mad izm."

Ahjay Astafariray Ellhay Yahfay Loquitur

Glumly, I shuffled back into my cell from my brief allowance in the yard. How am I supposed to get huge if I don't have a spotter? Solitary isn't what it's cracked up to be, but at least I was left undisturbed to complete the one-hundredth mandala on my cell floor.⁶³⁷ Or so I thought. Springing forth from the left side of my head, fully labelled, was Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah complete with nimbus. I trembled in its majesty.

Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was round upon the ground and tall and of a port in air. It took dominion everywhere. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was red and full. It did not give a fart for art,⁶³⁸ like everyone else in Cell Block D.

Dumbfounded, I remained in shock, but like a conquering Mao, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah kicked my mandala, put me in a half nelson,⁶³⁹ and slammed my face into its sandy ruin.⁶⁴⁰ If I wasn't already, I began whimpering when, from somewhere deep under its lid, came a vociferous, LOCK OFF YA BLOODCLOT.⁶⁴¹

My breathing was difficult, with sand in my mouth and nose. I could first hear, and then felt, the breaking of bones as Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah slammed Its base down on my left hand. SHUT THE FUCK UP, It threatened, as It ground my head further into what was my one-hundredth mandala. I AM THE MERCIFUL ANGEL OF COCK. YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH FUCKING SHUT. A PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSE IS ITS TOOLS AND PROCEDURE. THERE IS NO SEPARATION.⁶⁴² QUESTION YOUR ASSUMPTIONS.

I was all ears.⁶⁴³

I, JAH RASTAFARI HELL FIRE, SPEAK. WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO BE DIALECTICAL WITH YOU? YOU NEED TO GO TO THE HEADWATER. LOOK INSIDE ME, LOOK INSIDE YOURSELF. HARUSPICATE. BEHOLD, *SILENII ACIBIADIS*. WHERE IS THE SEEMING BEING OF COCK THAT YOU SEEK? ΔΗΛΟΝ

⁶³⁷ Every day I would wistfully make a mandala using sand and gravel from the yard. The colors were improvised. Faeces, blood, etc. As Method Man said, and Guru emphatically rejoined, "You know my steez." My mandalas were what turntables are to Dj Premier.

⁶³⁸ It'd kill like you would take a piss.

⁶³⁹ A difficult procedure, to be sure, for an entity without hands.

⁶⁴⁰ O the eternally transitory! Often in vacant or in pensive mood not just my one-hundredth mandala, but all of my mandalas, would flash upon that inward eye and come fluttering and dancing in the breeze. Simple joys of the sublime that know no scale or margin. Both Kant and pseudo-Longinus.

⁶⁴¹ Not quite the consolation that Boethius received from Lady Philosophy.

⁶⁴² Emerson said, with perhaps greater implication, "Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to the inquires he would put forth."

⁶⁴³ In fact, burning pepper sauce was dripping onto my face and in my ear like a bound Loki with a Gertrude for a Sigyn. The leprous distilment, but tasty and delicious. What a dual nature!

ΓΑΡΩΣΥΜΕΙΣΜΕΝΤΑΥΤΑΤΙΠΟΤΕΒΟΥΛΕΣΘΕΞΗΜΑΙΝΕΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΝΟΝΦΘΕΓΓΗΣΘΕΠΑΛΛΑΙΓΙΓΝΩΣΚΕΤ
ΕΗΜΕΙΣΔΕΠΡΟΤΟΥΜΕΝΩΟΜΕΘΑΝΥΝΔΕ⁶⁴⁴ΗΠΟΡΗΚΑΜΕΝ

But then it trailed off.

DON'T EVEN FUCKING THINK ABOUT IT. I CAN SEE YOU ARE ABOUT TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH.
YOU ARE ALWAYS SPEAKING. SHUT YOUR FILTHY HOLE.

It was true. I was. It knew.

SHUT UP. SHUT UP, YOU AMERICAN. YOU ALWAYS TALK, YOU AMERICANS, YOU TALK AND YOU
TALK, AND YOU SAY "LET ME TELL YOU SOMTHING" AND "I JUST WANNA SAY THIS." WELL,
YOU'RE DEAD NOW, SO SHUT UP.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was perhaps right on two counts. Daddy Diamond had already
commented on us all being dead.⁶⁴⁵ Interesting. Maybe that merits further consideration. And I
do prattle on something awful, but I always thought I had something to contribute. However,
this was not the time or place to argue. I was immobilized, my face was burning and my hand
was broken. This could get worse, and I knew my place. At least for the moment, I was clearly
Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah's prison bitch, so I stayed silent and took the abuse. I just hoped It
wouldn't rape me.

WILL YOU DO WHAT I SAY?

I will.

It released Its submission hold on me.

FIRST, RECITE THE FOLLWING OATH AND THEN RESUME YOUR SILENCE:

I-AND-I DUN DEAL WIT VIOLENCE. I-AND-I IS PEACEFULL JAH RASTAFARI HELL FYAH PEPPER
SAUCE NAZIRITE MAN. I DUN STEAL, CHEAT, DECEIT. I-MAN SERVE COCK-I CONTINUALLY. NO
MADDA WHA DE WEAKHEART SAY. AND I KNOW DAT. I-AND-I IS LIKE A TREE, DAT PLANT BY DA
RIVA WADDA. NOT EVEN DA DOG DAT PISS AGAINST WALL OF BABYLON SHALL ESCAPE DIS
JUDGEMENT. FOR I-AND-I KNOW DAT. I-AND-I KNOW DAT. ALL OF DA YOUT SHALL WITNESS DA
DAY DAT BABYLON SHALL FALL

⁶⁴⁴ The present absent, the transmutation of E/E of 4/5 which unpacks as it drops. This is too complicated for now. Still, you can take what MF Doom said with you, "One for the money, two for the better green. 3-4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine."

⁶⁴⁵ I had already stumbled across the same conclusion, but it sunk in more forcefully after that evening. You see, I took a fortune cookie home with me from that evening at The Limp Noodle. When I broke it open, it had an old life-in-death affirming message of the Khmer Rouge, "Promiscuity is the luxury afforded by the mass grave. Do your duty." Transcendent secularism of the living dead. I had to chew on it a bit, so to speak.

I did, but I wasn't sure about my intonation.⁶⁴⁶ I don't make a point of it, but technically I both steal and cheat. I also I wasn't sure about the nonviolence. Oh, and I have a proactive stance toward Babylon.⁶⁴⁷ I may have perjured myself before Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah.

NOW TASTE THE SAUCE THAT RUNS OVER YOU.

I did.

It felt like I had made contact with absolute reality. It was even better than before when Betty had made it. It was a game-changer. How invigorating.⁶⁴⁸ But as soon as I did so, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah began to decant itself over me. In the flicker of a moment, I was swimming, breathing,⁶⁴⁹ and at one with the pepper sauce. It continued, but now It communicated in me, through me.

YES, DAZZLE RAZZLE. YES. YOU MUST LAPSE INTO THE SILENCE OF THE SAGE. IN STILLNESS IS WISDOM FOUND. CONCEPTUALITY BREEDS DISTINCTION WHICH DOESN'T BREED DISCERNMENT. THIS IS YOUR PROBLEM. YOU ARE ALWAYS YAMMERING AND DISSECTING. THE COCK IS SIMPLICITY. BE ONE WITH THE SAUCE THAT BOTH COVERS AND MELDS. BE ONE WITH THE ONE THAT WILL MAKE SENSE OF THE ONE AND THE MANY. ARE YOU GOING TO STOP BEING A BITCH?⁶⁵⁰ HARKEN. DIG THROUGH THE PLURALITY. YOU ARE ONE MAN, BUT YOU ARE NOT. COME INTO THE BELLY OF THE FURNACE AND FIND RELEASE.⁶⁵¹ CONSIDER DAZZLEIN.⁶⁵² GIVE UP YOUR ABSTRACTIONS.⁶⁵³

And with that I swam through the sauce, up to the mouth of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, and dove down into the depths of the bottle like a happy little otter.

Now It continued in full earnest.⁶⁵⁴

⁶⁴⁶ Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah kinda sounded a little uptown. I can do a better patois.

⁶⁴⁷ As Anthony B said, "Fire pon Rome." Indeed, bun Babylon, bun Rome. That is why, as you will see, The Pork Metropolis is your refuge. It answers the old question, "what does Athens have to do with Jerusalem?" Eternal and unassailable. *Où qu'est la bonne Pauline? A la gare. Elle pisse et fait caca.*

⁶⁴⁸ A Zorba said, "When you drank it, you felt as if you were in communion with the blood of the earth itself and you became a sort of ogre. Your veins overflowed with strength, your heart with goodness! If you were a lamb you turned into a lion. You forgot the pettiness of life, constraints all fell away. United to man, beast and God, you felt that you were one with the universe."

⁶⁴⁹ The closest thing I could compare it to was like how Bud breathed through liquid in *The Abyss*.

⁶⁵⁰ A loaded question, I knew not to answer. However, I also knew It meant it in the philosophical way of our heretofore inquiry. Still, I knew not to answer.

⁶⁵¹ Like Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, there is a fourth supplement. This is the four in one

⁶⁵² In the parlance of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, Dazzlein is the irreducible condition of being-in-the-world. It is the property of sentience, but it carries with it an ethical principal that must be realized. It is not self-identical with *Dasein*. This concept will be progressively developed. See *PIMP a(e)ss(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

⁶⁵³ According to Lao Tzu, once the Uncarved Bock is carved, there will be names.

⁶⁵⁴ *Editorial note* The following lacks any sense of organization, but the material dictated it. It is the restored record of a psychotic ranting.

DAZZLE RAZZLE, CONSIDER ME FROM INSIDE ME.⁶⁵⁵ WHAT DO I CONSIST OF? YES, SALUBRIOUS PEPPER SAUCE. YES, YOU. BUT CONSIDER MY CONTAINER ALSO. THIS IS THE DUALITY OF OUR INITIAL CONSIDERATION. O! COCK SHAPED CONTAINER, YOU MAY SAY, HOW TRUE AND FIRM. YES, THERE ARE THE SIDES AND THE BOTTOM. THIS IS WHAT MAKES ME A CONTAINER. THIS IS THE VOID THAT MAKES THE HOLDING WHICH IS ONLY DISPLACED WITH PEPPER SAUCE.⁶⁵⁶ BUT THIS COMPLICATES THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE CONTAINER AND THE CONTAINED. THIS IS THE PRESENT-AT-HAND. THIS IS YOUR FAILURE. YOU MISAPPREHEND THE APOPHANTIC.⁶⁵⁷ CATEGORIES PERTAIN TO THE ONTICAL, BUT THIS IS PARADIGMATICALLY DISTINCT FROM OUR CONCERN WITH DAZZLEIN. IT IS AN ARISTOTELIAN SLIPPAGE WHICH WE MUST AVOID. THIS IS WHY OUR CONCERN WITH LANGUAGE IS PARAMOUNT WHEN WE ADDRESS COCK AS A PRE-ONTOLOGICAL CONCERN ALONGSIDE DAZZLEIN. YOU ARE CONSIDERING OBJECTS FOR YOUR STUDY. THAT IS LIKE THIS CONSIDERATION OF ME. IN DOING SO, YOU HAVE STEPPED AWAY FROM PRESENCE. AN OBJECT ONLY OBJECTS. FIND *DAS TING*.⁶⁵⁸ THIS IS THE ELUSIVE THING THAT THINGS. IT IS ITS PRESENSING THAT YOU ARE MISSING. WHAT YOU HAVE IS ONLY THE INTIMATE WITHOUT INTIMACY. PART OF THIS IS THE DISTANCE OF PERSONAL NARRATIVE. YOU MUST CONSIDER YOURSELF *INN* TIME, *INN* THE *ÖRLD*, BEING-ONTO-DEATH. IT IS WHAT JIM MORRISON SAID, INTO THIS HOUSE WE'RE BORN. INTO THIS WORLD WE'RE THROWN.⁶⁵⁹ *OB-IACE*. THROW. *OB-IACERE*. THROWN.⁶⁶⁰ PRO-JECT, DAZZLE RAZZLE. YOU HAVE INTUITED THIS, BUT YOU MUST APPRECIATE YOUR UP-BOUNDEDNESS. THIS IS FACTICITY. APPRECIATE THAT YOU ARE CONFINED TO YOUR FRAME OF REFERENCE. THIS IS YOU BEING-IN-TIME. THERE IS NO BOOTSTRAPPING. TO UNDERSTAND COCK, YOU MUST ATTUNE YOURSELF TO THE ONTO-ONTOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION. BUT WATCH YOU LANGUAGE, FOR IT CAN REND FALISTY,⁶⁶¹ SUCH AS IN SUBJECT/OBJECT AND OTHER ERRONEOUS DIVISIONS. THE YOKING OF DISCOURSE TO LOGOS MUST OCCUR THROUGH HERMENEUTICS, AN ONTOLOGICAL EXERCISE. ATTUNE YOURSELF. YOU KNOW THAT A BOTTLE IS TRULY A BOTTLE WHEN A B O T T L E IS BROKEN, YES? APPRECIATE YOUR UPBOUNDEDNESS, THE BOTTLE STRUCTURE AT-HAND. LIKE AN INCENDIARY

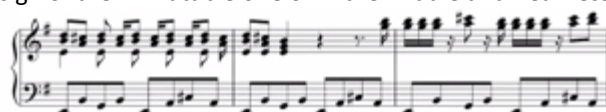
⁶⁵⁵ In what is to follow is a rather ambiguous prosopopoeia. I was in the bottle, but who was speaking? Me, It, the both of us? I wasn't supposed to speak, but was there a distinction in this sense? Was this the challenge to distinctions that Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was so keen to impress? It wasn't just a well-crafted sauce, it was a crafty sauce.

⁶⁵⁶ As Lao Tzu said, 大成若缺，其用不弊。大盈若冲，其用不窮。

⁶⁵⁷ Partly due to the apophantic. Or so the charge goes.

⁶⁵⁸ From my understanding, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was obsessed with philology as evidence of immediacy. There is almost a linguistic mimesis, or degeneration with both social and political implications, as seen from *res* to *realitas*, from real to keeping it real.

⁶⁵⁹ Ray Manzarek would be the show when Jimmy'd pass out and threw the show. This is thrown, but this is also a sign of the immutable one of in the middle and nearness. Perhaps music most closely mediates this immediacy.



⁶⁶⁰ (To) be thrown.

⁶⁶¹ A curious figure.

FORM OF MYSELF THROUGH A BAR WINDOW, OR MAYBE THAT OF A CHINKY, YES? A BROKEN BOTTLE MAKES A BOTTLE AS IT IS MADE AND UN-MADE (*UNMAKEN*), YES? IN TRAVESTY OR IN PURPOSE, THIS GIVES US A BEYOND WHICH IS INNER. THIS IS APPROACHING THINGINESS. THIS BRINGS NEARNESS DESPITE THE ABOLISHED DISTANCE OF FAILED INQUIRY.⁶⁶² LOOK AGAIN AT ME. SEE THAT I AM JAH RASTAFARI HELL FYAH. I AM HEAVEN AND HELL.⁶⁶³ CONSIDER MY NATURE. I AM SILICA MADE MOLTEN, BLOWN, CRAFTED. SAND OF THE PRIMEVAL EARTH AND THERMAL ENERGY AKIN TO CENTRAL GEOTHERMAL PROCESS AND THE THERMODYNAMIC ESSENCE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, THE GALAXY, THE UNIVERSE. BUT AVOID ABSTRACTION. I AM EARTH AND IN ME IS THE SKY. THIS IS BECAUSE I AM AN OFFERING. DELICIOUS SAUCE OFFERED UP.⁶⁶⁴ THIS IS WHAT MAKES ME A THING, A GATHERING OF AFFAIRS, THE *DO ET DES* OF LIBATION. THE UNION OF JAH RASTAFARI HELL FYAH: COCK⁶⁶⁵/MAN⁶⁶⁶/EARTH⁶⁶⁷/HEAVEN.⁶⁶⁸ THIS IS THE FOUR IN THE ONE, THE ONE IN FOUR, THE FOURFOLD OF THE ONEFOLD IN FOUR.⁶⁶⁹ ONEING AND ONEING, FOURING AND FOURING. THIS IS THE RIDDLE OF PRESENCE.⁶⁷⁰ TAKE NOTE, DAZZLE RAZZLE. I KNOW YOU WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT STUTTERINGS, GAPS, AND ABSENCES, BUT YOU WILL FIND THEM ABSENT HERE. THAT IS YOUR *MANQUÉ*. HERE I SPEAK OF PLENITUDES BECAUSE I AM PSYCHOTIC. SO ARE YOU, YOU ARE TALKING TO ME. WE SPEAK.⁶⁷¹ THIS IS HIGHLY ETHICAL. YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW CAN YOU COUNT ON NOT COUNTING? I HAVE GIVEN YOU A HINT. I AM ONLY ONTICAL AS YOU CONSIDER MY *EXTENTIA*. GO BEYOND. LISTEN TO THE SILENCE. FURTHER CONSIDER THE NATURE OF COCK. TO YOU COCK HAS ONLY MADE AN APPEARANCE, A MERE ANNOUNCING OF ITSELF. IF IT HAD NEVER SHOWN ITSELF, THEN THERE WOULD BE THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF SEEMING, BUT IT HAS MADE ITSELF PRESENT AND YOU MUST APPREHEND IT. THIS IMPLIES STRUCTURE AND HENCE COCK-IN-THE-WORLD. YOU HAVE APPRECIATED THIS IN EVERYDAYNESS. YOU HAVE BEEN PIMPING-IN-THE-WORLD. THIS IS A PRE-ONTOLOGICAL UNDERSTANDING OF DAZZLEIN.⁶⁷² OUT AND IN, IN AND OUT.⁶⁷³ THESE ARE PREGNANT STRUCTURES. IN DAZZLEIN IS BEING AND BEING IS DAZZLEIN.⁶⁷⁴ THE COCK IS IN YOU. SO IN YOU IS THE SOLUTION. IN A WAY, YOU HAVE YOUR DIALECTIC BACK. BUT

⁶⁶² Nearness is different than distance. A quizzical, but important notion. You don't need to go to the street for the street to come to you.

⁶⁶³ This accounts for the balanced/unbalanced of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, the diabolically divine. This is its complex duality with a Blakean flavor, so to speak.

⁶⁶⁴ Unlike other fluids in ever mediated contexts, pepper sauce can never be trivialized. The pouring of hot sauce is a solemn occasion. That is why Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is so often poured out on the graves of dead homies.

⁶⁶⁵ Metaphorical approximation.

⁶⁶⁶ Righteous soldier.

⁶⁶⁷ Consider Babylon. However, do consider the delicious and life giving vegetables required for the pepper sauce.

⁶⁶⁸ Purif(y)ied flames of the Divine. Bun chalice.

⁶⁶⁹ Could this be the *Einfalt* of the *Vielfalt*?

⁶⁷⁰ In some ways we can say with Lao Tzu, 反者道之動；弱者道之用。天下萬物生於有，有生於無。

⁶⁷¹ Yes, or maybe. However, I surely couldn't consider myself technically and interlocutor, could I?

⁶⁷² Indeed, you can take the pimp of the street, but you can't take the street out of the pimp.

⁶⁷³ Maybe the old in and out with your droogs. There is always ambiguity when it comes to gang rape.

⁶⁷⁴ Appreciate the being-present-at-hand-together of Things that occur.

REMEMBER, YOU MUST STRIVE FOR AUTHENTICITY. CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY OF A COUNTING THAT IS NOT A COUNTING IN THE ACTION THAT IS THE ONE ONEING.

AND REMEMBER TO BLAZE UP⁶⁷⁵

And with that, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah threw itself against the wall and shattered, leaving me on the floor, covered in sauce and shards of glass. The sauce on the wall appeared to be some kind of ectoplasm for Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah's transdimensional exit to the Shadow Kowloon Walled City. Looking up, I saw the label to the bottle stuck on the ceiling. It read,

Like all powerful beings, there is the double aspect. Behold. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah should be consumed anywhere wisdom is to be gathered. It should be conjured anytime ganja is being smoked. A spoonful should always be on the table and the appropriate mood of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah will be invoked. Try to read Its will. Does the sauce move? Listen carefully, does It speak to you? Do you hear the tremulous voice, or have you emptied the bottle on the table and heard all? Have you been chosen?⁶⁷⁶

Very true, but I felt disillusioned with the whole experience. It was a touch *too* mystical.⁶⁷⁷ It felt like the nadir of my inward quest. But wait! Wait! What a fool I am being. It was being somewhat disingenuous. The truth is that It and Its doctrine served as an antithetical relief. Oh coy, dubious, doubling, and most redoubtable Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, you wily old fox you.⁶⁷⁸ Yes, an ethics is required, but more importantly, you have given me the outside limit from which for me to proceed. I need to consider language and its relation to COCK. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah seemed to imply a continued structuralist direction. Well, okay. Also, I need to consider numbers ontologically. The four-in-one. Hmm.

I returned to my now one-hundred-and-first mandala.

⁶⁷⁵ Indeed, as Mr. Williamz said, "Hold up your hand if you a ganja man. Hold up your hand if you a ganga woman."

⁶⁷⁶ *Editorial note* It no longer says this. It fell afoul of the FDA. Legally, none of what the old label said can be endorsed.

⁶⁷⁷ *Editorial note* And for Dazzle Razzle that takes some doing.

⁶⁷⁸ This is the Selenus just as Its confused *disposito* was both doctrine and harangue. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, I would drink You to the lees, You beautiful bastard, You.

Prolegomena to Any Future ‘Patapimpics (Dazzlean Pimpontology II)⁶⁷⁹ ⁶⁸⁰

Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah had given me much to think about. Oneing and fouring. What could that mean? Did It have a problem with mandalas? My hand sure still hurt. What about the container/contained paradox? Was a solution to be offered there? It was pretty emphatic on ontology, but language figured prominently, so let’s round out these considerations. Time for the COCK *Aufklärung*.

My mind always gravitates to Porphyry when I consider the problems of containers and their contained. Even before their relation, one should consider their nature.⁶⁸¹ What is the ontological status of genera and species? Do they exist in themselves, or are they of the mind? If they are of the mind, then we find ourselves in either an Idealist or Nominalist position,⁶⁸² but we will leave this aside for the present. If they are in themselves, then are they corporeal or incorporeal? If the former, then spatial forms and questions of incarnation arise. If the latter, are these incorporeal entities separable from sensible substances or are they in conjunction? What is their form? We find ourselves with the classical disjunction that occupied the Realists.⁶⁸³ (Neo-)Platonic or Aristotelian? Porphyry answers,⁶⁸⁴ but he really answers with aporia.⁶⁸⁵ That takes us midway through the Middle Ages.⁶⁸⁶ Ontology. This is basic, but it suffers from the proliferation of conceptuality.⁶⁸⁷ Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was adamant that my pursuit of COCK begin here. It wanted purity, maybe without simplicity or elegance, but purity. We should be able to bring this around perforce of our operations. Let’s get our concerns up to date.

⁶⁷⁹ This section was completed with the help of Tommy the Motherfucking Autist. Using Dazzle Razzle’s notes, inputs were fed into Tommy’s head and much of the resultant data was able to be synthesized in a way consonant with theorizations and finding in Dazzle Razzle’s documents. However, Tommy is handicapped and, like Donna Inez, “[his] thoughts were theorems, [his] words a problem.”

⁶⁸⁰ This footnote is a non sequitur, but this chapter should have been called *Non Sequuntur*, which, upon closer examination, you will find circular.

⁶⁸¹ Not an unproblematic statement. It is plagued with issues of identity and integrity, and regression for that matter.

⁶⁸² Would Abelard be considered a Nominalist if universals were able to receive predication? Good question. Perhaps we are anticipating the challenges of sets and classes.

⁶⁸³ There are variant forms of everything listed above, but we’ll settle for a simplification.

⁶⁸⁴ As you are likely able to infer, Dazzleans actually favor Iamblichus as an antecedent.

⁶⁸⁵ We’ve seen the ambiguity of that before. Almost an enantioseme.

⁶⁸⁶ Hell of a way to go, they say. Speaking of which, Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is almost like buying an indulgence, maybe even getting tied up in simony. You’ll see.

⁶⁸⁷ Patristic and classical thought, forsooth, in what we are considering, but our concerns with COCK are not necessarily divorced.

Genera and species, substance and properties.⁶⁸⁸ Let's use the Pimp Razor.⁶⁸⁹ Fuck all that shit.⁶⁹⁰ Our concerns are to be recast. What we are interested in is ontological reduction,⁶⁹¹ but maybe not plainly or simply.⁶⁹² We need to establish the basis of mathematical objects,⁶⁹³ something which necessitates a type of syntax, and so onward toward language and the counting that the riddle of COCK demands. We will commence at a pace, but it is important to watch one's step. Given our direction, it will be best to proceed in the vein of Euclid and Spinoza,⁶⁹⁴ by axioms and theorems. This will be an exercise in rigor despite apparent liberties taken.⁶⁹⁵

A naïve approach to ontology has led us to the apparently insoluble. Can a container be self-contained? In other words, is there a set of all sets? The assumption is that a set is any definable collection. This means sets can be defined in a loose manner.⁶⁹⁶ This is seen in Cantor's: **$P(x)$ "x is a cardinal number"**.⁶⁹⁷ This is the problem of unlimited comprehension that haunted Frege's work.⁶⁹⁸ You see, once parsed, the formal structure can be rendered: **$\{x \mid x \text{ is a set}\}$** . This already anticipates the problem by being the problem. Indeed, Russell states the paradoxical nature of this in the following.⁶⁹⁹ **Let $R = \{x \mid x \notin x\}$ then $R \in R \Leftrightarrow R \notin R$.**⁷⁰⁰ This is the problem of intentionality and properties, although Russell was far from clear of this in his own formulations. In a similar way, Cantor slipped into the same error with the idea of an

⁶⁸⁸ Or accidents, rather, or attributes or even modalities.

⁶⁸⁹ A dagger of the mind.

⁶⁹⁰ "Fuck all that other shit." A phrase to be found, perhaps tirelessly, perhaps needlessly, in the *Necronomicon*, for whatever reason.

⁶⁹¹ Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah seemed keen on a type of phenomenological reduction. It was time to go further and look toward a pimpontological reduction.

⁶⁹² Maybe simply or planarly, or both, or neither.

⁶⁹³ I.e., numbers and functions. You know, what allowed Wittgenstein to jerk off in the trenches.

⁶⁹⁴ Indeed, *ordine geometrico demonstrate*. However, along with Frege, our approach will be fully logical. The actual 'spatial' assumptions of geometry do not apply. Fuck what ya heard. It is the methodology that is of interest.

⁶⁹⁵ We will omit many axioms due to tedium. You will need to fill in more than a few blanks.

⁶⁹⁶ Perhaps what has made this challenge of ontology so Danaidean.

⁶⁹⁷ You should find the ongoing use of bold peculiar.

⁶⁹⁸ Frege's formalism could express "Every boy loves some girl who loves some boy who loves every boy." But he couldn't achieve the nuances of Damon Albarn who was able to express, "Girls who are boys who like boys to be girls who do boys like they're girls who do girls like they're boys." It's all about expression, and Frege spoke German. *Du bist sehr schon* is very different than *Du bist sehr schön*. It is true, but Frege also liked formal languages and this pimnote should really be in regard to Basic Law V, $\epsilon'f(\epsilon) = \alpha'g(\alpha) \equiv \forall x[f(x) = g(x)]$, but oh well. Also, assume that the apostrophe (or smooth breathing aspiration mark, if you prefer) is over the epsilon and alpha, okay? It might be better to just switch it with Hume's principle anyway.

⁶⁹⁹ We assume all basic definitions and logical operators as established.

⁷⁰⁰ Similarly, Russell saw the problem of sets that contain themselves as elements: $\varphi(x)$ to be $\neg(x \in x)$. To circumvent this, Russell introduced the not unproblematic theory of types. Well, Frege, an inveterate Platonist, will always have the third realm.

actual infinity, infinity as an object.⁷⁰¹ Assumptions must be made explicit and scrutinized if ontology is to be put on firm ground.

We'll adopt Zermelo–Fraenkel axioms in order to satisfy the criteria of hereditary,⁷⁰² well-founded sets to account for the entities in our universe of discourse. This means we do away with all urelements because The COCK, like mathematical objects, is abstract,⁷⁰³ and develop a formal apparatus.⁷⁰⁴ To do this we must assume the empty set. $\emptyset = \{ \}$. Nadda *ex nihilo* is \emptyset .⁷⁰⁵ This is actually the beginning of cardinality. So, let's start looking at οἱ λόγοι σπερματικοί.⁷⁰⁶

$\emptyset = 0$. If a ho has four teeth in her mouth $\{ \text{I I I I} \}$ ⁷⁰⁷ and I take a chain and lash her across the face, she now has zero teeth $\{ \}$.⁷⁰⁸ You see? $0 = \emptyset$. Hit/miss.⁷⁰⁹ Present/absent.⁷¹⁰ *Fort/da*. But not 0/1.⁷¹¹ Not quite anyway, but, in binary terms, a qualified yes.⁷¹² To get cardinals we need ordinals.⁷¹³ First we need the principle of extension. $\forall A \forall B [\forall x (x \in A \Leftrightarrow x \in B) \Rightarrow A = B]$.⁷¹⁴ If we are to have an iterative universe, this must be true. We could have demonstrated this with any 'set', but we will look at it with the empty set.

In our iterative universe V we have elements to be considered, but most importantly we have \emptyset . If we make a set containing the empty set $\{ \emptyset \}$ we have a singleton. This is not the same thing. $\emptyset \neq \{ \emptyset \}$, but $\emptyset \in \{ \emptyset \}$.⁷¹⁵ Excluding other elements, what we have actually done is to create the first two ranks of our universe V . At V_0 we have \emptyset . At V_2 we have $\{ \emptyset \}$. We can make

⁷⁰¹ Cantor conflated finite sets as objects with infinite sets. This led to transfinite numbers beginning with \aleph_0 when the infinite set of natural numbers is considered. This then is not 'finite' since as it considers totalities, it appreciates their inconsistency, their failure to totalize.

⁷⁰² Adopting the first-order logical notation of ZF.

⁷⁰³ Or rather, is not ab-stracted. Admittedly, the above use is shamefully solecistical.

⁷⁰⁴ *I.e.*, we will not assume the ontology of things, people, *etc.* Nor will we consider classes, while direct sets can only receive indirect treatment, for that matter. Within these axiomatics we are strictly concerned with sets. This is not a limitation as you will see.

⁷⁰⁵ It is actually an axiom. $\exists x \forall y \sim(y \in x)$

⁷⁰⁶ Oh-oh. You may have just noticed the circularity of COCK!

⁷⁰⁷ Eye teeth apparently.

⁷⁰⁸ Someone should have done that to Freddie Mercury. Not because he was gay. Just because he had really, really bad teeth.

⁷⁰⁹ $A \cap B = \{x : x \in A \wedge x \in B\}$ OR $A \cap B = \emptyset$.

⁷¹⁰ This is a truth of Chain Fight Wisdom. Once I show you the chain, it means you have no teeth. If I don't show you the chain, it means you have teeth. It turns the present/absent dialectic on its head, so to speak. See *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker* for more on Chain Fight Wisdom.

⁷¹¹ Ironically there is only one \emptyset , and this is a consequence of extensionality. Yes and no, it is always there, present in every set, and it isn't.

⁷¹² We will see the iterability of the binary system later. It depends on the same empty set dialectic as what we are pursuing here.

⁷¹³ Not exactly. By von Neumann cardinal assignment, the empty set supplies the cardinal 0. A lot hinges on this, and etymology supports it.

⁷¹⁴ This allows us to say that if A and B are sets, the for every object x, $x \in A$ iff $x \in B$. then we can affirm that $A = B$

⁷¹⁵ We can also say $\emptyset \supseteq \emptyset$, if you're interested.

a further set from this a rank higher: $\{\emptyset, \{\emptyset\}\}$ and then $\{\emptyset, \{\emptyset, \{\emptyset\}\}\}$. This is ordinality. Now we can order ranks infinitely through nomination, but to look at how each set is comprised, or rather decomposed, in terms of its subsets, we need to consider the power set:
 \wp .⁷¹⁶

The power set accounts for subsets. For any set A with n elements, it has 2^n subsets. So, if V_3 contains $\{\emptyset, \{\emptyset\}\}$ as an element then the power set contains $\{\emptyset, \{\emptyset\}, \{\{\emptyset\}\}, \{\emptyset, \{\emptyset\}\}\}$ as subsets.⁷¹⁷ From this we can see the iteration of sets. $V_0 = A$, $V_1 = A \cup \wp(V_0)$,⁷¹⁸ $V_2 = V_1 \cup \wp(V_1)$, etc. $V_\omega = V_{\omega-1} \cup \wp(V_{\omega-1})$, etc. $V_{\omega+1} = V_\omega \cup \wp(V_\omega)$, etc. So do we approach infinity, or can we collect a set of all sets despite the paradox? If not a set, is there something that can group all sets? Container/contained? The von Neumann-Bernays alternative proposes the use of classes.⁷¹⁹ What this would mean is that class A would be at the level of V_a which, to make it apparent in our hierarchical order, would make it a member of V_{a+1} . However, again we should wield the Pimp Razor. As we have already proposed, the way to proceed is through Zermelo-Fraenkel axiomatics.⁷²⁰

Our earlier problem was that of Unlimited Comprehension. We want higher order sets that do not have the property that we are concerned with and that leads us into contradiction. What we want is exhaustibility, so we require the Axiom of Schema of Separation,⁷²¹ traditionally rendered: $\forall w_1, \dots, w_n \forall A \exists B \forall x (x \in B \Leftrightarrow [x \in A \wedge \varphi(x, w_1, \dots, w_n, A)])$. This allowed a defined subset of a set be a set in its own right and restricts set higher in the hierarchy.⁷²² We have already presupposed this above in our use of the formal use of the subset.⁷²³ How about that? This is an aspect of pimponology.

Now we can prove that there is not a set of all sets. Behold.

Suppose there is a set A of all sets. We will create a set not belonging to A .

$$B = \{x \in A \mid x \notin x\}$$

Now, we assert $B \notin A$, and by the formation of B , so

$$B \in B \Leftrightarrow (B \in A) \wedge (B \notin B).$$

⁷¹⁶ Power Set Axiom: $\forall x \exists y \forall z [z \in y \Leftrightarrow z \subseteq x]$

⁷¹⁷ To make this truly useful, especially when considering other possible members and subsets, we need the Pairing Axiom. $\forall x \forall y \exists z \forall w [w \in z \Leftrightarrow (w = x \vee w = y)]$. This allows combination, construction, and integrity. Recursively we can build n -tuples.

⁷¹⁸ N.B. $A \cup \wp(V_0) = A \cup \wp(A)$

⁷¹⁹ In this way a class of infinity is possible. If we consider E and equivalence relation to V , $E = \{ \langle A, B \rangle \mid A \approx B \}$.

⁷²⁰ With a modification which we will see.

⁷²¹ A axiom schema, not technically an axiom as such.

⁷²² Austere English help facilitate this quality of defining and disambiguating that status of would-be properties through precision and exactitude in a quasi-algebra. Effectively it is first-order logic with identity and membership relations.

⁷²³ Heads up, we already assumed the axiom of intersection, union, difference...ZF has ten axioms. We will encounter four more.

If $B \in A$, then we have $B \in B \Leftrightarrow B \notin B$

This is a contradiction, so $B \notin A$

We now have a firm basis for our considerations, but we need to see how relations are supported. Ordered pairs $\langle x, y \rangle$ can be defined as follows $\{\{x, \{x, y\}\}$. From this we have Cartesian coordinates, but this is actually a relation. A relation is not a graph or a substantive concept, it is a subset of a coordinate plane and, as such, it is the collection of alignments, thereby avoiding problematic ontological categories. This is an ontological reduction, and through set theoretic surrogates, we can operate with extension, and strictly extension, through n -ary relations. Now, considering this, we can see that any relation, any relation whatsoever, is a set of ordered pairs.⁷²⁴ From here we can move to functions, identity relations and equivalence relations. So, now we have controlled inputs and outputs for one-to-one relations and onto relations with varying roots, so let us consider our Pimp universe and see how the set of sets is both actual, possible, and impossible.

We will begin with a basic relation.

Let set H be hoes and set B is bitches, if $H \neq \emptyset$ and $f: H \rightarrow B$ (where this is 1-1), then $g: B \rightarrow H$ (where this is onto). So, let $B' = \text{ran } f$, then there is a function y' from B' onto H .

Consider $f^{-1} = \{\langle b, c \rangle \mid \langle a, b \rangle \in f\}$

Since f^{-1} is 1-1, f^{-1} is a function

Let $g' = f^{-1}$, then $g' : B' \rightarrow H$ (where $B' \rightarrow H$ is onto)

$\text{ran } g' = \text{ran } f^{-1} = \text{dom } f = H$

Since H is non-empty, there is at least one $a \in A$

$\text{Dom } u = B$

i.e. $g: B \rightarrow H$, $\text{ran } y = H$,

then there is a $g: B \rightarrow H$ (where $B \rightarrow H$ is onto)

In other words, all hoes are bitches. They participate in this space. However, that is not the end of the story. This is only an onto relation as hoes are always amongst other bitches.⁷²⁵ However, in this pile of bitches are pimps as well.⁷²⁶ We need to be able separate these pimps.⁷²⁷ In order to do this, we still need a choice function for any non-empty set.⁷²⁸ $\forall x [\emptyset \notin x \Rightarrow \exists f: x \rightarrow Ux$

⁷²⁴ With a real emphasis on "well ordered". Yes, it's a theorem too.

⁷²⁵ Tricks, gangstas, transvestites, etc. Also you will have noted that $H \neq \emptyset$. This is true, but it is because it is not an equivalence relation. Hoes are \emptyset via the vagina. That cannot be expressed in this notation. One requires the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema.

⁷²⁶ A needle in a haystack is an adequate analogy, but with a twist. A pimp is like a needle that makes itself a needle, makes you roll in the hay, and charges you for it.

⁷²⁷ Because pimp, represented as $\$'$, can be expressed in the following relation. $\$' \lesssim B$, as $\text{ran } f$, but $\text{ran } f \not\leftarrow \$'$. This is because it happens at a different space.

⁷²⁸ This is not a first-order concern. This is what allows sets of functions to be possible, to be grouped as a single choice, etc. Choice as such needs no axiom.

$\forall A \exists x (f(A) \in A)$]. And here we go into ZFC, but not quite. It is ZFP because it is the pimp function that we are concerned with.⁷²⁹ It is the pimp that makes selection and separation, but how? Remember, we have banished urelements, so these pimps, hoes, and bitches are formal. Just like numbers, we can identify them through another reduction of elemental relations.⁷³⁰ So, if you've kept your eye on the ball, we are really talking about Pimp, Ho, and Bitch.⁷³¹

The Pimp operates at the point of disjoint.⁷³² We have seen this. He is the maximal element of a set, and he is above the set,⁷³³ but there is more. This is Tricky as it would seem we have fallen back into the fallacious reasoning that we have tried to avoid. We haven't. This is the truth of Gz up Hoes down. You see, the belief in equinumerosity is where the flaw resides.⁷³⁴ Von Neuman cardinality provides a simple alternative to Frege which allows numbers to be defined in terms of what preceded.⁷³⁵ Likewise we can construct natural numbers,⁷³⁶ and so forth. The problem comes when we consider infinity, the potential or the actual. Cantor had difficulty with actual infinity, but we need to assume it for our calculus. You see, there isn't an axiomatic basis for actual infinity in our system, but we need to assert it inductively, otherwise our ability to compute will be severely hindered.⁷³⁷ Assuming the provability of other functions,⁷³⁸ let's turn our full attention to the problem of infinity.

If we think of actual infinities, Cantor shows they are not all equal. The power set of any set is never equal to the set. This gives us an expanding hierarchy of cardinals, transfinite numbers ($\aleph_0, \aleph_1, \aleph_2, \text{etc.}$). This takes us to the continuum hypothesis that would have the cardinality of the infinite cardinal series as the smallest uncountable cardinal number.⁷³⁹ With the Axiom of Choice, Gödel found this consistent,⁷⁴⁰ but he neglected the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema. This lemma says yes and no. Limit and no limit. Why?

⁷²⁹ The Pimp's Lemmatic Schema is an interesting one as it both paradoxically supplants and supplements the Axiom of Choice. You will see the connection if you consider Hilbert, Bourbaki, and Sokal notation.

⁷³⁰ This has already been done through theoretic surrogates. All abstract objects can be reduced to sets.

⁷³¹ No need to demure. We know that PIMP, HO, and BITCH (*viz.* PIMP) are pulling the strings in the complicated way that we have already seen. However, we need to know what role COCK plays.

⁷³² But technically he is not an empty set.

⁷³³ The former is a quality of (Max "this is similar to the Axiom of Choice" Zorn) Zorn's Lemma, the later of (Frampton's) Zorn's Lemma as sets can only be completed in by decompletion.

⁷³⁴ Not just the criterion of cardinal number of a set being infinite iff it is equinumerous with at least one of its own proper subsets, but the failure of gauging infinities. For instance, $|\mathbb{R}| > |\mathbb{N}|$ because there is no one-to-one, onto function, so $|\mathbb{R}| \neq |\mathbb{N}|$. The proof is in Cantor's diagonalization.

⁷³⁵ We have seen this with our earlier consideration of ordinals. $0 = \emptyset$; $1 = \{0, 1\} = \{\emptyset\}$; $2 = \{0, 1\} = \{\emptyset, \{\emptyset\}\}$; *etc.*

⁷³⁶ Natural numbers can be built in a somewhat similar manner following Peano's postulates.

⁷³⁷ $\exists I (\emptyset \in I \wedge \forall x \in I ((x \cup \{x\}) \in I))$

⁷³⁸ Addition, multiplication, recursion, *etc.* All readily deducible.

⁷³⁹ Really what we are saying is $|\mathbb{R}| = 2^{\aleph_0}$, and, if so, how many infinite cardinals are there between \aleph_0 and 2^{\aleph_0} ? You'll see that the aspects of COCK are analogous to inaccessible cardinals. *Editorial note* The '0' should be a subscripted superscript. There have been ongoing problems with notation here. Tommy the Motherfucking Artist has been chastised. If he does not learn, he will be put back in his cage.

⁷⁴⁰ In his constructible universe L.

The Pimp's Lemmatic Schema is the axiom that asserts the failure of axiomatics to totalize.⁷⁴¹ It is an answer to Hilbert's second problem.⁷⁴² Primitive notions, axioms, and processes of iteration are for bitches. This is false foundationalism. The Pimp's Lemmatic Schema reintroduces intensionality, disrupting theoretic surrogates, as the dialectic between applied and pure mathematics becomes suspect. Lines in the real world may not necessarily be describable in real numbers.⁷⁴³ Consider the Everett interpretation and the quantization of series, an axiomatics rejecting axiomatics, and an improbably probability that does nothing for the hypothetico-reductive model.⁷⁴⁴ This is not yet to mention the challenges on Euclidean space and our first intuitions about COCK. Let's reconsider our axiomatics.

The Pimp's Lemmatic Schema is a dubious lemma that permits and thwarts. It is the "yes, no, yes, no" of a drunken ho,⁷⁴⁵ and for this we need to keep our eyes open.⁷⁴⁶ It is a basic dialectic of in and out.⁷⁴⁷ In the game, out of the game. In the system, out of the system.⁷⁴⁸ We are already well acquainted with this interior/exterior. It is a consequence of Gödel's metamathematics that shows our axioms inconsistent,⁷⁴⁹ and there is no schema more inconsistent than the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema since it is a product neither of theorems nor of logic as such.⁷⁵⁰ How and why?

Undecidability becomes constituent to axiomatic undertakings. Attempting a metalanguage will not help, as it becomes impossible. Assumptions made about ontology are irrecoverably entangled in our epistemology. Language needs to be reconsidered as it is, for all the apparently formal purifying of ontology onto itself⁷⁵¹, its exteriority is its interiority.⁷⁵² This is the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema again, the pimp disjunct that names a ho by effacing her. The result of it is the Ho Function $\sqrt{-1}$.

⁷⁴¹ In this way it is similar to Gödel's second incompleteness theorem. For Robinson arithmetic to be recursively axiomatized, the axiomatic system used needs to be inconsistent to show its consistency.

⁷⁴² Not that Gödel's second incompleteness theorem didn't, just that Pimp's Lemmatic Schema is better.

⁷⁴³ Not to mention psychonautics and the Algebra of Need.

⁷⁴⁴ Pimpontology is all about falsification principles, but not in the normal way. *Credo quia ineptum*.

⁷⁴⁵ HO of the impossible presence of absence.

⁷⁴⁶ Indeed, it is the Zui quan of the Drunken Miss Ho (何瓊).

⁷⁴⁷ Nothing new here. All pimpologic.

⁷⁴⁸ All of these are ontologically problematic, but are (in)consistent through pimpontology.

⁷⁴⁹ Actually, the second incompleteness theorem states that if our axioms are consistent, then we cannot use them to support our model or our axioms. So the model is possible, but not provable. Thank goodness for the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema!

⁷⁵⁰ Because it is pimpontological. For instance, the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema gets angry when surjective efforts are made through the axiom schema of replacement. This smacks too much of classes and fails by expressing its own consistency. Forget Quine's universal set as well.

⁷⁵¹ Onto-itself, into-itself.

⁷⁵² Perhaps this is because pimpontologically language, ontology, mathematics, whatever, are false distinctions.

The Ho Function $\sqrt{-1}$ demonstrates that hoes are imaginary bitches.⁷⁵³ You see, all hoes have an index of 2. This is because they are bitches compounded into an abstract state.⁷⁵⁴ Some are more so than others, but the property is the same. Consider a ho^2 , a ho^3 , a ho^4 . They all equal the same thing. -1 .⁷⁵⁵ This is why our basic formulation is $i^2 = -1$. Mark the substitution.⁷⁵⁶ Now, $\sqrt{-1} = i$ and $-i$. This is because of our directional rotation through the imaginary/ho dimension to spit her out as a bona fide ho. It is important to unpack this to see that $(i^2 = -1) = (1 * i * i = -1)$. What is clear here is the role of polarized ones. **1 & -1**. This involves a two-dimensional plane, or only apparently so. This is the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema attained through the COCK Theorem. This would actually be in four dimensional space.

The COCK theorem asserts that the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema operates in the three dimensional space of quaternions.⁷⁵⁷ Here complex numbers are given planary representation over the field of real number. The pimp function would seem to operate on the $1/-1$ of itself to i^2 by way of the unit sphere \mathbf{R}^3 . This hypercomplex number both removes and amplifies the valance depending on the modulation. Pimp's Lemmatic Schema now applies itself to hoes from new angles. But there is a problem.

The use of quaternions would seem to be only the shadow of the shadow of COCK. Closer to its truth is use of tessarines.⁷⁵⁸ Not readily susceptible to division, tessarines add another axis and give us another algebraic dimension. This would insert COCK, or rather something proximal to COCK, into our field. This further complicates our relations of pimp and ho. Let us consider what the implications are at the level of bitches.

The COCK seems to be felt through the Pimp's Lemmatic Schema in the Ho Function $\sqrt{-1}$. This theorem has the following transmogrifying structural effects. You see the HOLE is identified by COCK. This achieves the $1/-1$ of the pimp matrix for the production of hoes. Remember, the world of pure bitches is a meaningless place. So, what we have is $(\$) \rightarrow \$' = -1$, which really means $\$/\$' = -1$. So, $\$' = -1$. This is the COCK theorem of COCK/Cock/cock or PIMP/Pimp/pimp, but their relation is maintained in a complex and erratic latticing.⁷⁵⁹ What is clear, however, are the vectors. Like an armature, it serves as the basis for structuration.

⁷⁵³ It could also be true in that pimps are bitches imagining hoes, or hoes are bitches imagining pimps.

⁷⁵⁴ This is a question of degrees.

⁷⁵⁵ It is a communicative property.

⁷⁵⁶ Instead of ho^2 we have i^2 . Instead of an italicized 'h' or any other roman letter, we have used the rough aspirated iota. The 'Hhhh' is for 'ho'. The iota is of a googological function that terminates in 0. Hence Hhh0. Cash is a sequence, but it ends in 0 when her term of service is complete.

⁷⁵⁷ Hamilton's lapidary $i^2 = j^2 = k^2 = ijk = -1$

⁷⁵⁸ Still umbral.

⁷⁵⁹ Not because of, but complicated by clinamen.

	COCK		PIMP
	Cock		Pimp
	cock		pimp
	bitch	BITCH	Bitch
		ho	
		Ho	
		HO	

This is actually tesseral as hoes are pieced together along with a world of meaning for bitches. This is how the Ho Function $\sqrt{-1}$ is triggered. This is the act of nomination,⁷⁶⁰ but here, in our formulation is equi-vocation as we have seen from the place of Bitch. This is our pimpointological algorithm in two different permutations. Each action challenges any possibility of a set of all sets by making a ho. This ho is hole in the symbolic network. Each ho is a hole as each pimp is a whole. This is the W/HOLE problem with COCK, inside and outside of meaning in the supra/infra bitch worlds.

The problem with our systematizing is that it is consistently inconsistent. This is a great strength, however we should realize that this because pimpointology is the handmaid of pimpology. Pimpointology should secure pimpology, and it does, but it does so both reflexively and impossibly.⁷⁶¹ Again, this is not a weakness, but the question is how do they relate? Pimpology is typically descriptive as it expands willy-nilly, but how does this affect its pimpointological basis? This would seem incorrect. It isn't. This is the second prong of COCK's riddle and mystery. What has happened is that language has been dragged kicking and screaming out of the front door by bitches and let in the back door by liveried pimps. This is why.

Pimpointology is, by definition, formal. It abstracts while trying to deal with abstractions for those abstractions to make sense in our world of application. A simplification, yes, but it finds itself in a type of hermeneutic circle.⁷⁶² Pretending language and pimpology is extraneous is a stance for bitches. Russell of the flawed and abandoned *Theory of Knowledge* tried to account for the logical and perceptible, relations and sense data.⁷⁶³ Logic and epistemology still cannot be aligned as seen in problems with judgment of the levels of propositional relations.⁷⁶⁴

⁷⁶⁰ *Entfremdung*, but really *Entäußerung*.

⁷⁶¹ In part, this is due to it being a series of revelations and developments for Dazzle Razzle.

⁷⁶² Should this be thought of spatially? Perhaps in the manner of Bach's *canon per tonos*? Whatever it is the reality of Dazzlean an-architectonics.

⁷⁶³ Along with psychologism, belief, inference, etc.

⁷⁶⁴ Subject-predicates, relational issues, and questions of judgement.

Improved upon was a more developed logical atomism,⁷⁶⁵ but universals and the Platonic legacy persisted. Wittgenstein of the *Tractatus-Logico Philosophicus* moved to further logical deduction with picture theory.⁷⁶⁶ However, pimpology and paralanguage deals more with the Wittgenstein of *Philosophical Investigations*.⁷⁶⁷ Let us continue and reconsider our position.

⁷⁶⁵ Incipient in *Theory of Knowledge*, but more robust later on.

⁷⁶⁶ At this point his convictions were that the problems of traditional philosophy are to be found in an ignorance of symbolism and borne out in the misuse of language. For this perhaps we should turn to the triadic nature of Peircean semiotics to align pimpology and pimponology.

⁷⁶⁷ As Socrates of the *Phaedo* says, "I decided to take refuge in language, and study the truth of things by means of it."

How to Cypher COCK (Dazzlean Pimpology II)

I continued my meditations on COCK. It's was a veiled truth, so how could I proceed? How could I reconsider my position on paralanguage and pimpology. Ah, through the word! COCK had revealed itself to me through the word. It spoke directly to me. In this I could begin my investigation to find the answer to COCK's second riddle and continue pimp architectonics. How can you count on not counting the counting of non-counting?

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R

Cock and pimp both have four letters like the Tetragrammaton, but they are brought into relation by way of the ho. Ho does not have four letters. But, in their multitude, they become hoes, which does. As hoes, they become one. In becoming one they too become one with COCK. This is the sacred two of HO, the division of the impossible return,⁷⁶⁸ the present absence. Being divided and varied, hoes, therefore, are one, two, and four. They are the true zero. This is significant as hoes are the result of the cleavage of the five just as much as pimp. As such, they also participate in three, but first we need to make a few considerations.

Five is the number of superfluity. In five is the undifferentiated, the space of restless potential.⁷⁶⁹ This is the world of BITCH. All men are bitches. From these bitches you have the trick and sluts. Both participate in the five of BITCH. Although a girl can be a slut, she cannot participate in SLUT which would be a four if it ex-sisted. It is not the case, however, that there is one woman who is a SLUT.⁷⁷⁰ No woman acts alone. All women are SLUTS. It is a communal practice. SLUTS is an inextricable quality, a fundamental attribute of the BITCH. Bitches are not just tricks and sluts, but bitches *qua* bitches.⁷⁷¹ This is the state of five. However, from both within and without of the five we get the one, two, three, and four that both precede and succeed five.⁷⁷² This is its dual nature. The possibility to be a bitch and to not be a bitch.⁷⁷³ Bitches, sluts, and tricks on one hand,⁷⁷⁴ and pimps and hoes on the other. If bitches, sluts, and tricks are five, and pimps are one, two, three, and four, how are hoes as well?⁷⁷⁵ This is the appropriate thread to pull.

If HO is one, two, and four, it is also three. How? In its triplicity of one, two, and four, the HO is triangulated through COCK. In fact, the alternative spelling of ho is hoe, which reinforces this

⁷⁶⁸ *Spaltung*. You should already be familiar with this.

⁷⁶⁹ Being chaotic, it is all sixes and sevens. This doesn't matter because beyond four you are just counting. As Pound said, "Nine adulteries, 12 liaisons, 64 fornications and/something approaching a rape".

⁷⁷⁰ In some way this shares the same logical reality as PIMP does. As in there is a man who both is a bitch and is not. See *Et quoddam A est B atque quoddam A non est B*

⁷⁷¹ In here you also find thugs, gangstas, transsexuals, etc. See *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

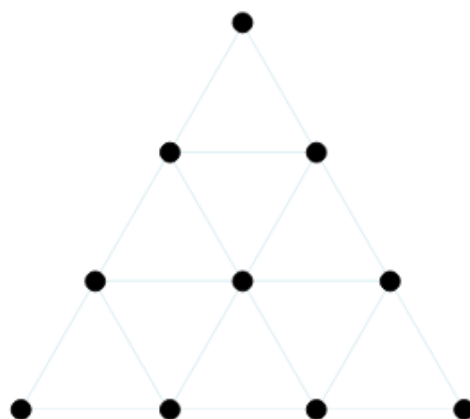
⁷⁷² A type of Isopsephy.

⁷⁷³ As Thom Yorke said, "two plus two equals five"

⁷⁷⁴ *Etc.*

⁷⁷⁵ Good question as they are inherently inferior. Also a good question because this is the problem of theodicy.

triple nature. In this is the zero and the four.⁷⁷⁶ However, it needs to be minded that it is the perfect four of COCK that truly makes the four of PIMP and HO. In fact, COCK through PIMP and HO makes GAME. This is the essential Trinity of the universe. In its mystery are the three in one. You see, COCK is the four that makes the three and allows for the ones of PIMP, HO, and GAME, while COCK itself is revealed as the immovable mover.⁷⁷⁷ In fact, through PIMP, HO, and GAME, COCK makes CASH. COCK is itself and it is the others. In the emanation, the totality is considered as CASH as a lesser expression of GAME. There are no two ways about it. COCK is the governing principle. It is one and zero,⁷⁷⁸ it is the one and the many. It is the sublime four. This can be represented by the tetrad.



A tetrad

Consider how four constitutes both the base and the slopes. This is the three. Contained in its center is one. The composite is also one. Four points at the base supports the three which supports the two which supports the one. Taken together we have ten points. We don't need to go to five because five is meaningless.⁷⁷⁹ Ten points that form nine nuclear triangles.⁷⁸⁰ This is the three in all numbers through the one and the four. You see, once you breach four in

⁷⁷⁶ Zero was not tallied a moment ago because it is the present absence of an absence designated as present. We will return to this.

⁷⁷⁷ As Zorba said, "I've got a forth theory...that two and two make four" "And a fifth theory...that two and two don't make four."

⁷⁷⁸As it stands over that which it completes and decompletes.

⁷⁷⁹ Beyond four is the nothing that is not there and the nothing that is. As Kool G Rap said, "4, 5, 6 is in the mix." Ten is always hyperbolic, like the numerological 'goodly number' of the pre-numerate *Pentateuch* or the 10,000 of Confucius and Lao Tzu. It is everything, all things, but, in this regard, hollow.

⁷⁸⁰ Like Plontinus's *Enneads*, this nine is an organization heuristic. Fifty-four in six groups of nine subdivided by Porphyry into three groups of three (v. I, II, III), two (v. IV, V), and four (v. VI, VII, IIX, IX).

counting, you leap to ten.⁷⁸¹ This, again, is why five is meaningless,⁷⁸² and ten as its double illustrates this. Not only that, but as already noted, five is already superfluity, but when it is breached, all of a sudden you have numbers making ten being just a metaphor.⁷⁸³ This is the generative act that precedes and exceeds five.⁷⁸⁴ Once put in motion, it perpetuates. Now from one you can form the two through three through four. Reconsidered as the numerical progression, we can now reëvision the five and ten of doubling and dividing beyond the pure tetrad to Pascal's triangle and the geometric progression of binomial coefficients.⁷⁸⁵

1
1 1
1 2 1
1 3 3 1
1 4 6 4 1
1 5 10 10 5 1
1 6 15 20 15 6 1
1 7 21 35 35 21 7 1
1 8 28 56 70 56 28 8 1
1 9 36 84 126 126 84 36 9 1
1 10 45 120 200 252 200 120 45 10 1
1 11 55 165 330 462 330 165 55 11 1
1 12 66 220 495 792 924 792 495 220 66 12 1
1 13 78 186 715 1287 1716 1716 1287 715 186 78 13 1
1 14 91 364 1001 2002 3003 3432 3003 2002 1001 364 91 14 1
1 15 105 455 1365 3003 5005 6435 6435 5005 3003 1365 455 105 15 1
1 16 120 560 1820 4368 8008 11440 12870 11440 8008 4368 1820 560 120 16 1

[Etc., etc.]
Pascal's triangle⁷⁸⁶

⁷⁸¹ Furthermore, there are thirteen triangular configurations possible. Interestingly, in a long forgotten quatrain, Nostradamus found the geometry of thirteen unlucky. Not a harbinger of the apocalypse, just unlucky. Of course his writing is hopelessly ambiguous, so it is a reason not to invest any meaning into thirteen.

⁷⁸² As Lao Tzo said, 五色令人目盲；五音令人耳聾；五味令人口爽

⁷⁸³ This is something Pythagoras was confused about. He was close, but wrong. Consider the following Pythagorean prayer, "Bless us, divine number, thou who generated gods and men! O holy, holy Tetractys, thou that containest the root and source of the eternally flowing creation! For the divine number begins with the profound, pure unity until it comes to the holy four; then it begets the mother of all, the all-comprising, all-bounding, the first-born, the never-swerving, the never-tiring holy ten, the keyholder of all."

⁷⁸⁴ We can see this in the structural basis of *I Ching*. Four numbers are clermentically used between six and nine. This is important for all sequences. The hexagram is just a device, don't be deceived. You see, 6=1+2+3. A perfect number, but the truth of the abundant 4.

⁷⁸⁵ $(x + y)^n = \sum_{k=0}^n \binom{n}{k} x^{n-k} y^k$ then $\binom{n}{k} = \binom{n-1}{k-1} + \binom{n-1}{k}$

⁷⁸⁶ Looking perhaps like a strange penis, I think you will find, if you pursue as it approaches infinity, or it until your sanity is in question, that it will look like a vagina with a small clitoris.

This is the Bitch Realm of mutability.⁷⁸⁷ But how did we get there?

Let's reconsider the essential nature of four.⁷⁸⁸ The four is present in our material existence, otherwise it could not be intuited.⁷⁸⁹ The universe is made of four elements.⁷⁹⁰ Fire,⁷⁹¹ earth, water, air.⁷⁹² This four finds a combinatory overlay that marshals fire-earth into dry, earth-water into cold, water-air into wet, and air-fire into hot.⁷⁹³ The reflexive nature of this quaternary also sees the correspondence between the elements and the humors as was found by Hippocrates. In fire is yellow bile, in earth is black bile, in water is phlegm, and in air is blood. So too do we find an alignment with seasons, tempers, and organs. The quaternary radiates both inward and outward to manifest the universe. These are the true emanations of the Godhead, COCK, the Tetragrammaton.

From the four elements we have the alchemic bases for transmutation. This is both physical and spiritual.⁷⁹⁴ We saw this earlier with the relation of the pimp as alchemist. He can convert the base metal of ho into money. Money participates in CASH. COCK and CASH, like all sublime fours, are one and the same, but they exist through different modalities of perfection, or *sephiroth*.⁷⁹⁵ As such, they are different emanations of the *Ein Sof*. This is clear from a careful consideration of the Zohar and its application to the Pentateuch.⁷⁹⁶ COCK can be thought of as at the place of *Keter*. PIMP and HO are *Chochmah* and *Binah*, respectively. GAME inhabits *Da'at*, as the intelligible manifestation of COCK, and CASH can be found at *Tiferet* as a further, less pure emanation of the same.⁷⁹⁷ Let's look at the Tree of Life and the *Seder Hishtalshelus*.

⁷⁸⁷ But you see that difference is already inherent in the project. Paradoxically, for a bitch, or really bitches, to make sense, they must already be broken. Or, at least, the possibility of their break must be made manifest. Undifferentiated is only possible in its opposite (and perhaps it's inverse and prior), by its difference. Be guarded, though. Suffering at the hands of brevity, this is an obfuscation.

⁷⁸⁸ The truth of the *Vedas*. Start with *Yajurveda* 18.25

⁷⁸⁹ Physicality is not its limitation, the proviso must be maintained that these are also metaphorically, and perhaps psychical as Jung observed.

⁷⁹⁰ Further evidence to advance Empedocles over the limitations of both Parmenides and Heraclitus.

⁷⁹¹ Fire is the active principle make the elemental base as a three plus one.

⁷⁹² Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah was on to this.

⁷⁹³ These have certain default alignments as Powers and cannot be whimsically applied. We will return to this in a moment.

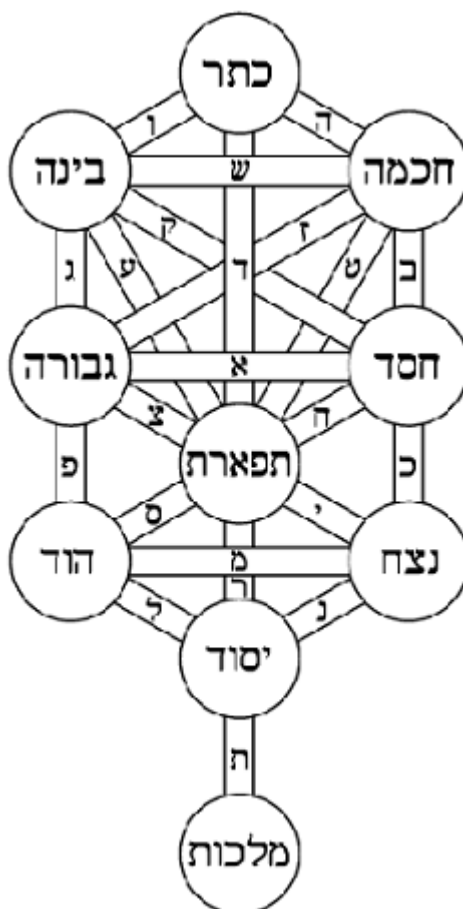
⁷⁹⁴ Paracelsus teaches us so much.

⁷⁹⁵ Truly comprising the four *Olamot* which are really five. These are the dimensional aspects revealed in our cosmogony. Additionally, the ten *sephiroth* are also clearly *Partzufim*.

⁷⁹⁶ Particularly Genesis, Leviticus and Numbers. However, I was unable to resolve Leviticus 18:20 with 20:13, though it goes a long way to support what was found in *Et quoddam A est B atque quoddam A non est. B* At times reading was anagogic which helped me understand the prohibitions as sublimations of COCK. This was also somewhat in accord with my earlier Thomistic systemizing. I fear a tighter exegesis is still required.

⁷⁹⁷ Distinctly of a different tradition, Al-Farabi might agree with the emanations, although he may insist on the concomitant celestial spheres, but Dazzle Razzle takes no exception to that. Especially since he can be aligned with the Agent Intellect. Maybe Maimonides would second that.

From this point, CASH links the GAME *Olam* with the GAME' *Olam* which in turn links that of BITCH.⁷⁹⁸



Etz haChayim

In the above *Etz haChayim*, GAME, as *Da'at*, is not represented, and its absence is conspicuous. The reason for this is that GAME is relationally central. By obviating it from the representation, we can see how profoundly implicated it is with the other *sephiroth*. Below it, and facilitating the further emanations, we see CASH at *Tiferet* as being further nodal to GAME' at *Yesod* below. Derivative of this we see THUG at *Hod* and RENEGADE at *Netzah*.⁷⁹⁹ Propping these up, paradoxically both sustaining and created by,⁸⁰⁰ at the base of the Tree we have BITCH located in *Malchut*.

⁷⁹⁸ These are the basic coordinates for the unfolding of *tzimtzumim* and the quality of truth in illusion and *vice versa*. However, we should mind that what these *Olamot* represent are the implications of *HaTohu* and *HaTikun* that *PIMP a(e)s(thic): Motherfucking* explores.

⁷⁹⁹ We have not formally considered RENEGADE, but this is space of five and two of HO. It is limited and functions in GAME' in the Bitch Realm. RENEGADE is an aspect of all ho's. It is the divisive principle that accounts for the Cop and Blow of the Pimp Door. In it we see aspects of ho malice and ho feminism. It is a nasty space.

⁸⁰⁰ Another challenge to the idea of linear causality. This is Hume on acid.

Keter is excluded in this consideration as it is an organizational principle, an *animus*. Below it are the Four Worlds.⁸⁰¹ BITCH holds up the base of the tree at *Malchut*, but, more importantly, we can see above it CASH at *Yesod*. Now we can really see the dynamism. From the point of *Tiferet*, we are in a *sephirah* that locates the TRICK function. TRICK itself is in and above BITCH being a higher truth of a lower reality and occupies *Gevurah* as a radial function of GAME and tied to HO and PIMP through CASH. Truly interconnected, you can see the equipoise of the system. SLUTS is at *Hesed*, and now all you need to do is to consider the different lines of force and to consider the implications.

So, ten in total, but that is because we are starting to see the actualization of the five that obscures the four through the one. Four and four in the wavering five. In the world we can feel the five,⁸⁰² but this is the illusory quality of temporality. The ancients have shown us that the transcendental four can be found in corporeality through the elements and their relations. Let's further consider this.

The Judaic Kabbalism is unduly arboreal. Gnostic Kabbalism takes us into dyadic moieties that better express COCK,⁸⁰³ but, if considered strictly, suffers similar limitations.⁸⁰⁴ Both Trees need always to be considered from their foundations.⁸⁰⁵ Without this, all else is exoteric ostentation.⁸⁰⁶ Empedocles stressed the *rhizomata* of the *stoikheia*. This is the fourfold basis of everything. The truth is that *stoikheia* itself is misleading. When we talk of the four, we should simply use *rhizai* or *rhizomata* because we are not really talking about elements as such. The

⁸⁰¹ Again, this is the four in five. Also, it should be noted that in this you can see that the rudimentary consideration made in the Πp2 Chart with the clean cleavage of the alchemic and bitch realms is not wholly adequate.

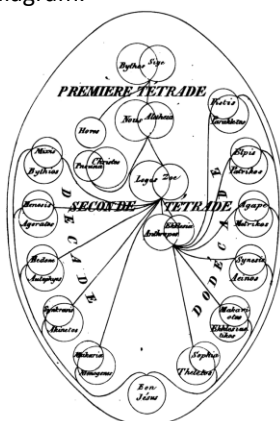
⁸⁰² Many Asian systems have been arrested here at the five. Wu Xing, Mahbhuta, etc.

⁸⁰³ The Monad that structures, or structurates, syzygies. Considerations of this sort are made in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

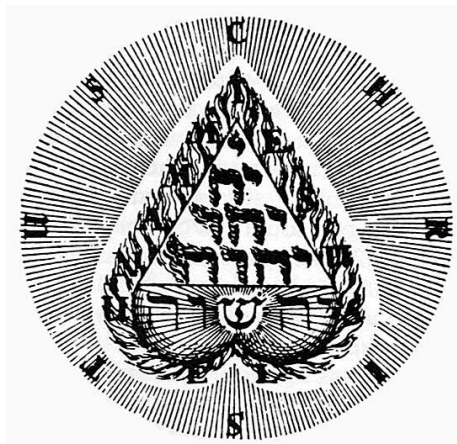
⁸⁰⁴ Moieties similar to yin/yang.

⁸⁰⁵ Slightly untrue. Truffula trees can be considered from either end.

⁸⁰⁶ That is not to dismiss the Aeons, but to further embrace them. The progression of the *Ogdoad* to *Dodecad* is of a type of dialectic. Valentinian's system show this. The noumenal progresses through the Aeons and is like a double rooted tree. Consider the following diagram.



elemental quaternary is formal,⁸⁰⁷ Jung intuited this in the descriptive function of his archetypes. Rhizomatics would seem to deterritorialize our numeric constraints as we dilate the micro with the macro where we can see our numberings realign akin to that outlined by Böhme in *De Signatura Rerum*.



Böhme's tetractys

This is the oak in the acorn, the rhizomatic embryology precedes and exceeds, but it is emergent and undetermined in the strictest sense. In the image of PIMP, man has been created in BITCH. There he is a bitch with the full potentiality of PIMP and HO and it is his beingness-in-the-world that unlocks his potential. As such, he is *homo faber*,⁸⁰⁸ but, more importantly, *Adam Kadmon*.⁸⁰⁹ The essential tool of man is his basic instrumentality.⁸¹⁰ This is the one to five. Instrumental in himself, he makes instruments and actuates change. This basic instrumentality is a product of corporeal anchorage. Man has been born with hands and we will see how this is the essence of the duality of the four/five.

Two hands of five fingers. Subtracting two from five equals three. A holy number, but by adding the cock, as a rigid index, we have four. As we have seen, four is the number that both creates and is created. From the cock you have both one and none. Making fists around your cock, all fingers can be used to make it hard.⁸¹¹ This is the divine tumescence, the beginning of spirituality and participation in the divine dollar. Handfuls of cock, fistfuls of dollars. Now we

⁸⁰⁷ Indeed, the true alchemic basis exists in the *Dunameis* as we consider the elemental cycles. We have briefly considered this overlay, but we need to recognize that all things are not in flux. You can make lead into gold, a bitch into a ho, but you cannot make gold into lead, nor a ho into a bitch. Certain processes are further reducible, but irreversible. This is the function of COCK and within movements, we see clear triadic orderings such as the phallic and pubic triangles. This is the three plus one basis of four, the *kinetike* of the *tetrasomia*.

⁸⁰⁸ In a way, this is what Aristotle notes of Anaxagoras. Man has *nous* because he has hands. *Nous* is like PIMP that guides the four as an ordering principle. In this way it behaves like the Paraclete.

⁸⁰⁹ This is the pimp, of course, not PIMP.

⁸¹⁰ *Techne*, post-Edenic, but intrinsic as *Genesis 1:27* and the *Midrash*.

⁸¹¹ Intimations again of the truth contained in the Zohar.

can ascend back up to the heights to the highest of spiritual reflection by following the path of cock, Cock, COCK.⁸¹² As we will see, this will force us to make a few reconsiderations. But first, unless I wanted to keep going around and around unproductively, like aspects of this train of thought, I had a choice to make.

⁸¹² This, we will soon see, takes us even further than has been suspected heretofore.

The Pork Metropolis, or Carnal Knowledge in the City of Dreams

...[*Editorial note* This chapter is not presently included. Once the moratorium period on Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared is lifted, as in the reserves for the company have been attained, the 'remaining' chapters will be included.⁸¹³ See chapter *A Ponzi Scheme is a Capital Idea*, but more specifically the subsection 'And now a word from our sponsors' **and heed the red font**]...

⁸¹³ 'Remaining' as in a semblance of unity. Recall, this book will continue to change with the advancement of Dazzlean knowledge.

Sorry I Could Not Travel Both

The shadows were lengthening in the yard, and I was struggling with that which I still found troubling about the nature of COCK, when a turnkey began tapping on my cell bars and said, Hey,⁸¹⁴ Dazzle Razzle, warden wants to see you. Disturbed from my meditation, I snapped back, Oh shit. What the hell does that rat soup eat'n motherfucker want with me? But I was just told to hurry up.

In the warden's office I was offered a seat opposite a white bearded honkey in a gray suit.⁸¹⁵ There were monitors everywhere and I knew that I was in the belly of the panopticon.⁸¹⁶ He told me that he is known as The Correction Officer, or The Gangster-Communist-Computer God. After this fanfare, in an arch tone he began.

Dazzle Razzle, you are not between your fedora and spats.⁸¹⁷ Your time is not a time of extension, but of distension and warp. Have you ever seen *Donnie Darko*? Watch it. Time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future, and time future contained in time past. That might sound eschatological to you, but the truth is that it is actually scatological. Flenser the Fat Male Stripper is a piece of shit, and time is unstuck. There are no absolutes, but you can redeem him, but only in part. He is your future and your past, but he is not yours. He is the issue of Bankroll, but his issue will and always has been Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah. In him is the true articulation of subjectivity.

Who the fuck is Flenser the Fat Stripper, I asked this sage man. But I needn't've asked. It all came to me. He is the one I saw in my vision. He was the child bedecked with the Spider Fourz gang rag that I saw. He was the vision of the future. Or was he? Hmmm. Under this reading he could also be present or past. Most curious.

The Gangster-Communist-Computer God smiled as though reading my thoughts.

Causality is not where you think it. Events are not smoothly ordered. COCK cannot be the Prime Mover. There is a HOLE in the HOLE. Not only that, but Daddy Diamond is the ghost in the machine. Did I just blow your mind, Dazzle Razzle?

No, I said. Except for the Daddy Diamond bit, or at least how you phrased it. But you have my attention. Proceed.

Choice is only meaningful when you assume the responsibility for the cause. Now on the face of it, you have two choices. This is reductive, as you are actually confronted with a trifecta, but it is a necessary bifurcation. Behold. Either Duffy Diablo or A Sharp will come first. Whichever

⁸¹⁴ As Capleton said, "Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!"

⁸¹⁵ Avuncular, he looked a less sexually threatening version of Colonel Sanders.

⁸¹⁶ Most of them said, " `<iframe frameborder="0" marginheight="0" marginwidth="0" height="490" src="http://dazzlerazzle.com" name="iframe_a" scrolling="no" width="620">Your Browser Do not Support Iframe</iframe>`".

⁸¹⁷ The stiffness from spats to collar Never relaxing into grace.

choice you make will profoundly inflect the theoretical development of Dazzlean Pimpology. It will also have profound implications for its continued development once you are no longer its vessel. Duffy Diablo will bring you to the truth about the Spider Fourz and will align Flenser the Fat male Stripper accordingly. This leads to Pimp Art. Choose A Sharp and the result will be a type of anarcho-poetics.⁸¹⁸ Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is an inevitability, Daddy Diamond is a variable. Don't forget about Shadow Kowloon Walled City.⁸¹⁹

Who the fuck is A Sharp, I asked earnestly. I didn't have much to put behind the name beside the fact that he had murdered Sharky in a pretty grisly manner.⁸²⁰

He is the leader of The Choir Boyz, said The Gangster-Communist-Computer God. If you choose him, Flenser the Fat Male Stripper will become The Transcendental Biker. Intrasubjective truths and Pimp Art will be lost,⁸²¹ but Chain Fight Wisdom will be gained. This choice will see Dazzlean Pimpology continue, but it will have a broader social orientation and take on a lot of Marxist baggage. Choose Duffy Diablo and you will have more gnomic esoterica ahead of you. Whatever you choose, you will not learn of the mystery of your dead hookers in this book. You will have to wait for Flenser the Fat Stripper to realize his potential. This depends on your choice.

What is it that I have to do, I asked.

By assuming the cause, you must behave for the sake of the cause, said The Gangster-Communist-Computer God. You need to raise your choice up, so you can lay it low. In other words, you need to bring your choice to a consummation. Have you seen *Highlander*? Watch it. There can be only one.⁸²² The man you do not choose will be free to go. Like a palimpsest, the narrative will be rewritten. His potential will remain unfulfilled, and both the murder of Sharky and Tricky Ricky will fall on the head of him whom you choose as kismet takes on new densities.

⁸¹⁸ In some ways we are back to the tension between Bell's vision to collectivize versus Willie Dynamite's unyielding individualism. The way the movie goes, anyway. Not Caesar Slick's reading. You will see, though, that you will have your pie and eat it too. Rather, you will taste both pies. See the other two book.

⁸¹⁹ Actually, you can for now. The Shadow Kowloon Walled City will return with a vengeance in *PIMP a(e)s(thic): Motherfucking*.

⁸²⁰ Long forgotten, Sharky's remains were in an unmarked pauper's grave by an old hermitage in the woods.

⁸²¹ A hint as to what intrasubjectivity could mean, see the exchange between Navin and Marie.

Navin: I know this is our first date, but—do you think the next time you make love to your boyfriend—you could think of me?

Marie: I haven't made love to him yet.

Navin: That's too bad. Do you think it's possible that—someday—you could make love with me and think of him?

Marie: Who knows? Maybe you and he can make love and you could think of me.

Navin: I'd just be happy to be in there somewhere.

⁸²² *Editorial note* This doesn't entirely make sense.

Daddy Diamond is the white noise. Beware of him, for you must factor him in your considerations. This is the trifecta.⁸²³ The sequence is all important.⁸²⁴

I have both men here. Make your choice. Assume the cause.⁸²⁵

And I did. And I knew what I had to do.

⁸²³ With myself considered it really became a superfecta, but there is no point in being pedantic.

⁸²⁴ This is important in parimutuel betting, but it is more important for the syzygetic considerations in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*.

⁸²⁵ You can too. Like a *Choose Your Own Adventure* you can keep reading if you are interested in the choice involving Duffy Diablo. If you prefer A Sharp you can go immediate to the beginning of *Intermezzo: How to Be a Motherfucker*. Either way, you should buy Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah so that you benefit spiritually from the experience.

Deus ex Machina

Duffy Diablo must have understood the truth of the four. He was no son of a bitch.⁸²⁶ The Spider Fourz were four in their singularity and multiplicity. That crafty bastard had actualized divine truth in the world.⁸²⁷ Now this surely must have been how I began on my path to total truth. He had intuited CASH, but by way of GAME, he fell short of COCK. Money and balls. Too true.

Daddy Diamond was money and balls. Again, no cock. These realizations persecuted me. No longer in my dreams, I felt Daddy Diamond returning from the grave. This must be the work of the COCK Demiurge, a ghostly HO or malevolent PIMP. I knew he was coming for Duffy Diablo and in his arrival he would arrest Duffy forever at the level of money and balls, sunk in materiality. No, at all costs, he must learn of COCK. This would bring the Spider Fourz forward and establish a New Jerusalem.⁸²⁸

O you fates, so it has come to this. My maker and my undoer. In my beginning is my end. Duffy Diablo, you were my beginning and will now be my end. I will raise you to heaven before I consign you to hell. I will bring you into communion with COCK and dispel the evil presence of Daddy Diamond. And so I did. It happened like this.

I had to exercise alone. Eat alone. Shower Alone. But one day I found Duffy Diablo when he was alone.⁸²⁹

I knew I would only have one chance.

I worked in laundry on isolated shifts. Typically I manned the press.⁸³⁰ One day, however, someone came in on my shift. There must have been a mix-up. Duffy Diablo entered with a trolley of newly cleaned whites. He didn't recognise me. I'm not sure if he even knew I was in the prison.

I knew Daddy Diamond lurked in the trolley. I knew he was waiting to corrupt Duffy Diablo in my presence so that I would know that the only other person deserving of the truth of COCK will be prevented from its revelation. I would die alone, taking COCK with me. Such a dastardly plan, but I appreciated its simplicity.

⁸²⁶ This claim can never be taken lightly. As we have established, almost everyone is a bitch. Danzig said, "I ain't no goddam son of a bitch. You better think about that baby." And if you do, you will realize that, except for a brief flicker of brilliance, he is not just a bitch, but a total prick. This point is touched upon again in PIMP *a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. Duffy Diablo made no such bold claim, but then again he didn't need to. He exuded non-bitchness.

⁸²⁷ As Betty had pointed out to me one night, imagine if Bankroll's freak son still had his extra hands. He could truly be the incarnation of the Spider Fourz. Indeed, I thought, with four hands he could have been both greater than me and lesser, being the issue of Bankroll. All I can say is, fuck you Lizzie, I hate you!

⁸²⁸ *Viz.* The Pork Metropolis, a response to Lang's Metropolis.

⁸²⁹ As Chuck D said, "Welcome to the terrordome."

⁸³⁰ Taylorism? Fordism? Neither. Maybe lambdacism.

I stayed behind my machine and waited for him to wheel the trolley up. When he came, I sprang. I had a spoon that I had flattened, sharpened, and turned into a shiv. What I did next, I do not remember. Allegedly, I slashed his throat, sodomised him at least twice, and then emasculated both him and myself. The contents of my stomach revealed his penis, both of our fingers, and good quantities of both of our blood. Trying to find my penis, the coroner located it forced half way down Duffy Diablo's throat. It was a savage Eucharist. I remember Daddy Diamond ready to leap from the trolley, but all he could do was watch as I fulfilled my purpose.

My penis was more or less reattached, but I lost the use of my hands. They say it was the most horrific thing that they have ever seen. The guard that first stumbled upon the scene witnessed me trying to bite off the last of my fingers that I could now no longer sever with my shiv. There were strange sigils on the walls, and it was deadly silent except for the soothing power chords of Stryper coming from my cassette player beside the press.

Foul is Fair

I had a dream, which was not all a dream

--Byron



Mock Turtle on the Areopagus

Skye gnas bar do

Swimming through Night⁸³¹

It seemed like endless night. Everything flooded before me. The faithless Lizzie, the leering Bankroll. Duffy Diablo and his unfulfilled promise. Me in mine. The ever suffering Betty. Faces floating in the vacuum. Daddy Diamond, *Eli Eli lama sabachthani?* I could only scream in muted silence. My very scream ripped from out my throat. Down through the abyss. Lost, but accepting.⁸³²

Oblivion.

But more and less. The germinating moment. The phoenix can be found between the flame and the rose.

Lama lama?

No and yes. More and less than affirmation. Illusory change swept aside like bits of paper or wet leaf apparitions in the wind. The beauty of the mandala. Again I felt a truth of the five and the four beyond the senses. These were gateways, the *bardos* beyond barbiturates. I had been through different mediated states. The five was failure of the bitch in *samsara*. Inextricable without choice, the unpunctuated equilibrium. The four was *moksha*, but through it were demons numbered and numbered again in their counting. This is the realm of ethics, of the possibility of dharmic non-duality in the face of multiplicity. But the four and the five are both one. The one and the one that is the tick and the tock beyond singularity, the illusory *gestalt*. The one and the many that are not linear. Like the hermetic truth of Cock, they were all tied to the same sack. And this sack held the Egg of Night, the night of the world. Pimp, ho, and bitch. The mysterious three of the two that makes up both the five and four as well as the one.

I was full of pimp, bitch, and ho simultaneously.⁸³³ *Yab-yum*. But each was a *bardo* beyond phencyclidine, a space between tenebrous spaces. Serially, I had been through BITCH and PIMP. Such has been the revealed narrative of my life. I had traversed two of them, but I could feel myself slipping irremediably into HO. But was that to be it? Did I live in the time of chronometers? No, not strictly, but both beyond and in HO I could feel the loving call of death. Something like a womb, but not a womb in the hallways behind COCK.

Shanti

⁸³¹ Or *suspiria de profundis*.

⁸³² *Entréme donde no supe:
y quedéme no sabiendo,
toda ciencia trascendiendo*

⁸³³ This formulation is essential to Pimp Art and considerations of trans-vestism and subject positions. It will be greatly elaborated in *Pimping Art: Making Your Art Work for You*.

Lucubrations

In the infirmary, I finally became collected enough to understand that a couple months had past. More disconcertingly, I now knew I had it all wrong. Daddy Diamond hadn't come for Duffy Diablo. He came for me, and he got me.⁸³⁴ As I learned through the darkness of my sleep, this was actually not a bad thing. I had seen light in the dark.

Through Daddy Diamond, I realized I was to become the wife of COCK. Through the combination of Duffy Diablo and Daddy Diamond, I had a double dose of money and balls. This is why Daddy Diamond had waited until all three of us could be united. This would sever COCK, through the combined potency of our two severed cocks, and bring it down for my undisturbed contemplation.

Considering the cock I held in the palm of my fingerless palm, I knew it to be me and not me. Part of me, but not. It had been separated and sutured back. I had made myself man and woman. As a type of shemale, I could bring myself into glorious union with COCK. I had cut off my fingers and renounced my mortality. I had encountered the abysmal hole of HO. *Kenosis*. I was now an androgynous no-man. And in this I learned something else.

COCK is actually an inside out HOLE.⁸³⁵ More specifically, it is the pre-dimorphic GONAD. This is the raw potentiality of the universe that I had tried to conceive of earlier. But this was not the truth of absolute reality. There was a further step that I became aware of once, as its wife I, Tiresias of milk and blood, allowed COCK to enter my asshole.⁸³⁶

The merger of COCK with my asshole set off Asshole and ASSHOLE. There was a greater truth now. If my cock was both cock and vagina, being absent and present, removed and restored, it shared in the property of GONAD, the potential of a turgid member and a bleeding hole. Now, between the space between this GONAD and ASSHOLE is PERINEUM. I felt this in the tension created when I forced the tip of my partially reattached cock into my asshole, and submitted myself as vehicle for COCK. PERINEUM, I realized, was a truly liminal space. It polarized my cock and asshole. But as a truly liminal space it also challenges its own temporality like a cokehead's septum. Embryologically, it is preceded by CLOACA that gives both of them the shape and form that they enjoy. CLOACA is the true PRESENCE and ABSENCE that thwarted my systems and my earlier rabbinical turn. Without knowing it, I had dwelt on COCK while feeling the straining variations of PERINEUM.

⁸³⁴ Although not in conflict with my Gnostic convictions, in retrospect a diabolical Daddy Diamond seems too Manichean to be in keeping with the true nature of COCK. However, on further reflection it could not be ruled out outright because at this point I still could not see beyond COCK. This will be clear in a moment.

⁸³⁵ Like Kriss said, "Cause inside-out its wiggida wiggida wiggida wack."

⁸³⁶ I was able to achieve this with the balls of my heels using a fairly basic Hatha Yoga technique. The result, however, was far from basic. I had formed the Ouroboros.

CLOACA was the omphalos of the universe. Here existence, the world, and bitches are shat out. *Inter urinas et faeces nascimur*. CLOACA, as pre-natal GONAD, makes COCK a HOLE. It makes PIMP a HO, and it makes everything that I have revealed one big GAME.⁸³⁷ With the tip of my cock in my ass, I sat back and reflected on this.

Indeed. My whole earlier system and cosmogony can be inverted. I had read COCK like the Tetragrammaton being read with Masoretic vocalics,⁸³⁸ except, perversely, I actually stuck to the consonantal structure.

M-O-T-H-E-R-F-U-C-K-E-R.

My use of the Zohar had been inspired, but zealous. Like a ladder that can now be kicked away, it had allowed me to approach COCK. But there was a beyond that needn't be passed over in silence even in the comfort of *sola fide*.

Though I had intimations of the beyond in my astral travels through night,⁸³⁹ I was unable to see past COCK to PERINEUM. Obscuring my view were BALLS. PERINEUM must be heeded. Just as its structure was maintained in the variation of repetition,⁸⁴⁰ so too was its ephemerality. Ah, the veil of Maya. The actuation of any actuation is only the negation of a negation. Systems move to decomplete themselves. Cantor and Gödel, you pretty little geniuses, you must both have witnessed COCK in ASSHOLE,⁸⁴¹ the impossible completion and the twitching PERINEUM. If they made it to this step, no one, however, has made it to CLOACA before.⁸⁴²

CLOACA pulsates as the heartbeat of the universe. It is multidimensional space. String Theory only accounts for its covering and, as such, it is a failed conceptual apparatus. In this regard, it is G-String Theory, only serving to cover CLOACA, but pubic hair shows beyond the fabric. CLOACA must be heard as the true vibrating vibrator both shedding light and goldening Pythagoras' thighs.

In you, more than you. The something and the nothing. CLOACA brought all the aspects of creation together. It is the pleroma. From the empyrean to the chaotic abyss of fallen matter, CLOACA allows a new ordering. As a model, we can think of CLOACA as a barycentric coordinate where dualities can be seen in their proper relation, but this is only a type of optics.

⁸³⁷ *Toute Pensée émet un Coup de Dés.*

⁸³⁸ This can lead to such errors as Yahweh, or something so egregious as the bastardized Latin rendering of Jehovah. Such was my error when I read COCK in the manner that I did. One thing is certain though. When it comes to pepper sauce, it is JAH.

⁸³⁹ Unfortunately, a cruel sense of parsimony must be observed here. The true relation of the bardos states intimated in Dazzle Razzle's transportation through night can only be adequately treated in a longer treatise. Fortunately *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking* is such a treatise.

⁸⁴⁰ Structuration is a more fitting term.

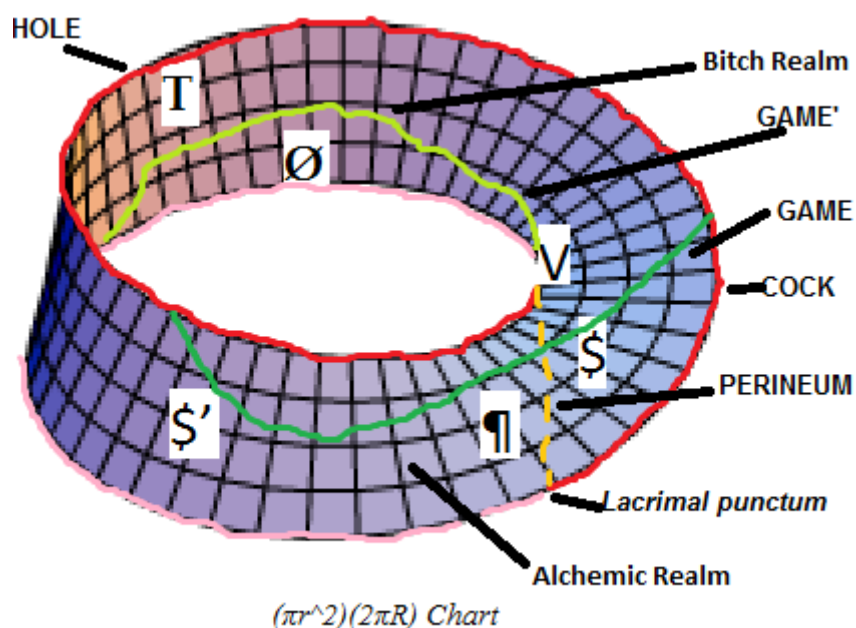
⁸⁴¹ The ἱερός γάμος, the sacred marriage.

⁸⁴² Witnessing COCK in the ASSHOLE via the PERINEUM is akin to debunking the type theory of *Principia Mathematica*, but internalizing Epimenides paradox that in turn makes the axiomatic system inconsistent itself and redeemed as inconsistent and expressive. This dismisses Hilbert and takes us to the CLOACA.

COCK = HOLE, PIMP = HO. The vibrations of the gyre. They are one and the same, yet they appear distinct from the center point as they find Hausdorff space, and all my earlier concomitant conceptuality become imbricated and epicyclic.⁸⁴³ This is the failure to realize the very ex-centricity of the system that I had vaunted.⁸⁴⁴ We inhabit the central point of the CLOACA, yet we know it not. Euclidean space is not valid. We must think it in topological terms.⁸⁴⁵ The deception is that COCK/HOLE and PIMP/HO are distinct pairings. They serve in a dual negative relation wherein their identity appears to be sustained.

Shed your mortal garments and walk on past this with me.

The truth of the CLOACA is that these dichotomies are collapsed. The duality of non-duality. All is one and nothing. Let us consider the $(\pi r^2)(2\pi R)$ Chart.⁸⁴⁶



This is the CLOACA. It is the torus/Möbius strip. Locally, positions have integrity, but as we travel along its space we realize that it is a one dimensional, infinite plane. The tear and topological twist is the PERINEUM give it its one surface and boundary.⁸⁴⁷ Due to this its interior is its exterior and we can see the run of COCK invert itself into its spectral opposite HOLE. This is all expressed in the fluid transition between realms illustrating that stability is only apparent. GAME and GAME' also bisect and participate in this space. The CLOACA is all and nothing. One

⁸⁴³ The true failure of Ptolemaic thinking.

⁸⁴⁴ Failure of the Copernican and Newtonian.

⁸⁴⁵ From the cross cap in four dimensional space, to the tesseract in five, new alignments need to be considered as interior/exterior, presence/absences are problematized in schematic terms.

⁸⁴⁶ *Editorial note* This should have been a three dimensional torus, but there were technical problems. This chart will likely be revamped in later revisions.

⁸⁴⁷ This tear and attachment could easily have been in the other orientation. In fact, a different interpretive format would see an inversion in all the elements. This is of great interest.

and zero. This collapses our earlier number scheme in pulsant binary/non-binary beats. Positions are only relational, oppositionally defined in hierarchies and hierophanies. So what does this mean?

This is not an invitation to pure relativity, but it shows the motion and working of these conceptual floes. Things do not become limitless, but they are shown not to be limited. If things are not bounded, that is not to say they are boundless, just that they are unbounded. The CLOACA is and is not some kind of transcendental Symbol. Embryologically, again, we could have called it a PHALLUS to the same effect. After all, it is only a trace in deferred time.

And so the world turns. Try to separate the dancer from the dance.

COCK slips into HOLE, PIMP into HO.

But a divine truth is of no value unless one can see its workings in the world, and I did.

*Quod est superius est sicut quod est inferius (Lay Pimpology IVS)*⁸⁴⁸

Now, even upon superficial consideration, the pimp can be seen as an effete creature.⁸⁴⁹ Garishly dressed, he challenges gender as a slightly more masculine version of the drag queen. In fact, you will see that the pimp is modelled upon homosexual behavior, the merger of the male and the female, but to perfection.

Hoes are active as service providers. The pimp is a passive creature,⁸⁵⁰ except for occasional outbursts of violence. In fact, as you already know, the pimp often doesn't fuck his hoes, and this is good policy as only a pimp who abides by this manages to keep his game intact. This is why so many pimp aspirants are doomed to failure. The pimp aspirant looks at the pimp with clouded vision. Yes he has hoes, but he is the absence that sustains them. He is Cock as empty and absent.⁸⁵¹ The space only for ho-movies to be played, he doesn't enjoy his women as you suppose.⁸⁵² But, you see, it is important for you to look to him as though he does. That's because you are in his bitch movie.

Now, you're just a bitch. You need that pimp to exist as one who enjoys all those women. It permits you to aspire and fantasize. You know you'll never become a pimp, but you assume someone out there is, and their existence must be glorious. Money, balls, bitches. No woman can drag him down. He keeps his pimp arm way strong.⁸⁵³ That is the PIMP, but he doesn't exist. There are only pimps, and they are merely shadows of the PIMP.⁸⁵⁴

⁸⁴⁸ *Sous rature* as promised. Rather, as necessitated. The truth makes the following *ad hoc*, but traduced.

⁸⁴⁹ If Iceberg Slim put a lot of powder in his arm and up his nose, he also put on a lot of Day Glow face powder on. "I made my face up into and even, glowing tan", "I took my sponge out and freshened my makeup", etc.

⁸⁵⁰ Although in the teeth of an earlier formulation, hoes paying pimps makes hoes of pimps. This is an instance of their concrete inversion. After all, money makes us act like bitches and makes hoes of us all. As Iceberg Slim said himself, well actually Baby Jones, "a pimp is really a whore who has reversed the game on whores."

⁸⁵¹ *cabrón*

⁸⁵² Master/bondsman.

⁸⁵³ Cruel and obscene. You see the pimp in a position of enjoyment. He challenges you to enjoy in the manner that he does, but you can't. Your success is only a failure that brings pain. Abusing someone, fucking and chucking a girl and then chuckling about her while telling your buddies about your exploits is the hollowest of victories. The PIMP would merely laugh at this. Only the PIMP can truly achieve this, but he has no need to validate the action. This is because he is psychotic. However, in the bitch movie, you are able to fantasize, living vicariously through the pimp in titillating scenes of violence, miscegeny, and ill-gains. All that is on the other side of perceived societal prohibitions. Although you may have been repulsed at times, perhaps this is why you have enjoyed portions of this book. *Tu le connais, lecteur, ce monstre délicat, — Hypocrite lecteur, — mon semblable, — mon frère.* On a side note, this delight in punishing punished can be seen in the Egyptian god Min. The dismembered, hypertrophically membered.

⁸⁵⁴ Often this plays out like KRS One said, "MC's trying to be macks, but acts like ignorant blacks".

Not inherently bad, but damning for the pretension, almost all pimps are homosexuals,⁸⁵⁵ whether literally or not. They desire what others' desire and,⁸⁵⁶ in turn, serve as relays for the others' desire. This is neutralizing. This grants them the tranquility required for the occupation. The crystallization of the Game attests to this. Note the effeminate drawls, stylized gestures, and peculiar plumage.⁸⁵⁷ These are the actualizations of Pimp, which is all ho movie/bitch movie. Watch an actual pimp movie, or observe a pimp on the street, and you will note that he is only phallic symbols covering an emptiness.⁸⁵⁸ It is ironic as the pimp would seem to be the very symbol of potency and virility.⁸⁵⁹ He is both man and woman, and usually has the mentality of a child.

Even if he doesn't have the mentality of a child, he often has the psychological profile of a psychopath. This is the autogenic pimp.⁸⁶⁰ For this all too common sort, the image of the pimp is a delusional point of anchorage that creates precarious stability. A strong father figure warped with feminine traits.⁸⁶¹ This is often due to the lack of a father figure in the to-be pimps early life.⁸⁶² Consequently it is often an overcompensation for a maternal rearing, if even such can be said, that produces the feminine man.⁸⁶³ The pimp tries to become his own father

⁸⁵⁵ More stringently, as in love with themselves, or their kind. As a prefix, pure homo. This is the same with women, or any ho, as they participate in a constellated systems of identification that reflexively configures wishes and desires. I think you'll find that everyone is a bit homo-sexual. However, Iceberg Slim does have a curious moment with another pimp Doll Baby in prison talking about fucking another prisoner. Also, he did name his daughter Melody, the same name as a transvestite that he almost had sex with, a transvestite that he had second thoughts about. "Maybe I was hasty to shut the door on Melody and his entasis. At this point I can get hip to anything except work. No one could know I was freaking with a stud."

⁸⁵⁶ This is the American Dream. The inversion. Historically the Black predicament. Inverted inversion.

⁸⁵⁷ Iceberg Slim used to dress in drag and try to scam tricks. Said he was sexy in dress.

⁸⁵⁸ As Whoreson said, "Before you go, young bitch, I want you to know, you said a pimp ain't nothing, but dig this. All I'm goin' do is rest and dress, buy gasoline and lean. Now, can you dig where I'm coming from, young whore, 'cause that's all you is. I'm goin' buy diamond rings and have the best of everything." You're dealing with limitations here. "As Jessie had always taught me that I was better than five whores."

⁸⁵⁹ On a sociological note, There may or may not be a basis for thinking of the pimp of the 70s as a product of the American Dream, as sold to whites and denied to blacks through the failed promises of the Civil Rights Movement, but by this understanding we have an interesting picture of unbridled capitalism and ostentatious consumption that exists, almost in caricature of itself, in this pure picture of exploitation. These are the mind-forg'd manacles that created the contradiction in the Candy Tangerine Man. The pimp becomes a symptom not only of his community's oppression, but of his own alienation. Everyone is a victim in the game. The Man makes everyone his bitch.

⁸⁶⁰ Or autochthonic, as the pimp genuinely rises from the dirt. Moreover, "And doubly dying, shall go down. To the vile dust from whence he sprung".

⁸⁶¹ Reaction formation?

⁸⁶² In this way you can see that the pimp actually has a lot in common with his ho's. They're usually both pretty fucked up.

⁸⁶³ Usually as strong female that needs to be reacted against. Think of Jesse and Whoreson. Fittingly, he was pimpsticked as a child.

through his internalized femininity. He gives birth to himself. As they say, he is a self-made man.⁸⁶⁴

So it would seem that actual pimps are either idiots or psychopaths. Do not be misled into thinking that these categories are mutually exclusive. However, that is not to say that PIMP is bad. Neither is Pimp. However, a pimp is a despicable creature. Through PIMP one is able to become not a bitch. This is through the expression of Pimp. Recall, the Pimp Game is only one expression of GAME.⁸⁶⁵ One can Pimp through a different actualization of Game from GAME. This can be a purely ethical act, an actuation of the new, a realization of the potential and a moment of pure subjectivity. This is why I have moved from pimping to a purer, unsullied form. Gold can be transmuted from the base. This is Pimp and this is what was meant to be both my art and my gospel.

You have now been exposed to truth of the CLOACA and the PERINEUM, the vacillating matrix of gender relations. None true, none false. One should aspire to PIMP through GAME through ever new relations, new forms of Pimp and Game. You should never want to remain just a bitch. Heed the word.

Dazzle Razzle has spoken.⁸⁶⁶

⁸⁶⁴ You see, for PIMP the alchemic relation was never for gold, but salvation. That is the true elixir. This will be clearer in *PIMP: a(e)s(thic)s*.

⁸⁶⁵ This is why someone like Snoop, though technically a simp, is truly pimp as he Pimps his Game. Records sell, image is enduring. That is Pimp, whether you like it or not. However, the biggest pimp of them all might be Ice T moving from pimp to Pimp through a series of reinventions and Game.

⁸⁶⁶ Allegedly, Dazzle Razzle's last spoken words were, "Ya'll niggas can be Dazzeans, I'm an Ultracrepidarian." Interesting last words. You see, Dazzle Razzle has ultimately moved from taciturnity to inactivity as he has achieved the *ming* of the Sage. As Lao Tsu said, 是以聖人大方而不割，廉而不劌，直而不肆，光而不耀。 He is bright, but does not dazzle.

Postface

In the aftermath of these events, Dazzle Razzle was committed to a psychiatric ward. Lizzie went insane from end stage syphilis that had also robbed her of her vision.⁸⁶⁷ Not only that, but leading up to her death, her motor skills were reduced to a couple types of stereotypy, primarily rubbing her chaffed and bloody hands together and knocking her head against the wall. Her son was raised by Betty who in turn died in 2014 in a torrid love affair gone wrong, although suicide was suspected.⁸⁶⁸ As the sole beneficiary of Betty's estate, her nephew inherited not only the recipe for Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah, but he inherited the safe house of Dazzle Razzle which was in Betty's ownership.

Lizzie's son is Flenser the Fat Male Stripper.⁸⁶⁹ Upon first gaining entrance to the safe house, in a towering rage he destroyed almost everything that the house contained. However, in a moment of comparative tranquility, the key to the secret storage area was found. Dazzle Razzle's treasures, manuscripts, and voice recordings were found within.⁸⁷⁰ Fascinated, Flenser the Fat Male Stripper began to make a study of what he found. Interested in making restitution to humanity, he felt that Dazzle Razzle should be exposed for what he was in the most objective light and allow the public to use the example for their instruction.

Permission was obtained from Dazzle Razzle's legal representatives, and the editing team got to work. Lagan the Impervious Floater was enlisted to make sense of Dazzle Razzle's theoretical musings. The Ecumenical Satrap was brought in to execute Dazzle Razzle's artistic designs and Pop the Pilot was enlisted for his firsthand account and field knowledge.⁸⁷¹

This book has been made free of charge. This is in keeping with Flenser the Fat Male Stripper's first wish. Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah is being readied for production at the time of writing. In lieu of a fee for the book, you are encouraged to buy a bottle of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah or participate/donate to Pimponzi Schema Pi Squared. In tribute and recognition to Betty and Lizzie, and all the women in this book, a portion of the proceeds of Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah will go to a foundation for breast cancer research.

⁸⁶⁷ *Nunc in quadriuis et angiportis.*

⁸⁶⁸ It had overtones of Sid and Nancy.

⁸⁶⁹ A name partly derived from an early, failed career move and the need, desire, and will to strip the fat from the myth and legend of the man known as Dazzle Razzle in order to reveal the truth without bias or judgment, without too much blubbering. He was the child with the Spider Fourz gang rag that Dazzle Razzle saw in the vision.

⁸⁷⁰ Not just voice recordings. There are a number of 'hip hop' tracks. They are being withheld from circulation indefinitely because they fail to provide the circumspection of his writings. Not without artistic merit, in the main they promote violence and are somewhat disturbing. The time of their recording is unclear, but their arrangement and production are actually quite sophisticated. It seems that these may have been done with the resources acquired for his earlier pornographic efforts. Unfortunately, the what-and-how cannot be answered as all of this has been lost in the explosion.

⁸⁷¹ In fact, Pop the Pilot is the great synthesizer of Dazzle Razzle's thoughts. He has collected, corrected, and strove for orthodoxy in the four primary firsthand accounts. This will be expanded on in *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking.*

Dazzle Razzle is also responsible for a poem of some not insignificant length. Refusing to speak, and using only a chart of letters and characters, Dazzle Razzle composed it entirely with his eyes in a form of dictation. This work seems to have staved off Dazzle Razzle's complete mental collapse until after its completion. It is a most striking and peculiar work and seems to be a paean to COCK. This current editorial team is trying to ready it. It is called *Inaccrochable*.

Also, at the time of writing, a second book is underway. *PIMP a(e)s(thic)s: Motherfucking*. This book is Dazzle Razzle's aesthetic designs and intentions. This is the collaborative effort of Flenser the Fat Male Stripper, Lagan the Impervious Floater, The Ecumenical Satrap and Pop the Pilot. Dazzle Razzle cannot bring these works to fruition himself. No longer having the use of his hands, and no longer in possession of his faculties, these artworks require midwifery. This will be The Ecumenical Satraps major material contribution. This book is also intended to be free, and the artwork will be made and sold. Proceeds of this will also go to charity.

On a final note, there is one additional and complete manuscript that has been found.⁸⁷² It is a fabular novel called Ginger Hole. It is unclear when it was written, but it is also unclear whether it will be put before the public eye. If the current text may be impugned as inciting moral turpitude, Ginger Hole may be found rather suspect indeed.⁸⁷³

Flenser the Fat Male Stripper

Lagan the Impervious Floater

The Ecumenical Satrap

Pop the Pilot

Buy Jah Rastafari Hell Fyah™ from the Dazzle Razzle website. Don't be a bitch.

⁸⁷² As well as a play called Noh SHITE. This manuscript will be explained at greater length in *Pimping Art: Making Your Art Work for You*.

⁸⁷³ On the other hand, it is fundamentally a political book that explores an axis of Dazzlean thought.

Shibboleths

The following shibboleths are in Dazzlerazzlean,⁸⁷⁴ a fully inflected language that allows the essence of PIMP to be expressed with greater accuracy. English can only approximate the TRUTH. Dazzlerazzlean is a pure form of Zaum and, besides its syntactical structure, borrows little from the Indo-European tradition, nor any tradition for that matter. It is the language of angels, devils, and thetans. It is a dialect lost Adamite.⁸⁷⁵ The script is ancient Sumerian,⁸⁷⁶ and thereby syllabic.⁸⁷⁷ Language resources will be made available to the intrepid in the future, including a dictionary.

- 1.
- 2.
3. MOTHERFUCKING
4. MOTHERFUCKING

⁸⁷⁴ As Flavor Flav said, “Upercalafragahestikalagothki. You could put that in your ‘don’t know what you said book.’ Took-look-yuk-duk-wuk.”

⁸⁷⁵ In-a-Gadda-da-Vida, baby.

⁸⁷⁶ Reinforcing it as an *Ur*-language.

⁸⁷⁷ It does not have genders as such. It has one gender considered transgendered.

www.DazzleRazzle.com

I got a ho from the East, got a ho from the West
Got a ho that likes to jack it off and rub it in her chest
I got a ho from the North, a ho from the South
A ho that likes to suck it long and hold it in her mouth
I got a bitch with hair, a bitch with none
A bitch with a knife, a bitch with a gun

--Ice-T

And I heard "Son do you know why I'm stopping you for?"
Cause I'm young and I'm black and my hat's real low
Do I look like a mind reader sir, I don't know
Am I under arrest or should I guess some mo?

--Jay-Z