

**Plastique Fantastique Triple Castration Ritual:  
Welcome Tat-Not!**

1. First Moment: A First (Symbolic) Castration: Birth of the Cone-Head!

Speech:

**The Platform has been PREE-PAR-RED!; thee chosen ASS-EM-BELLED! And so to BEE-GIN the Triple Castration ! Firstly, SIM-BOL-LICK!**

**(All Shout: THEE SIM-BOL-LICK!)**

At the visitation site, between the cubes and by the drawing, a body is bound with a felt rope, a cone mask placed on the head (the body becomes a pointy-headed-upright-cone-headed-thing).

2. Second Moment: the Parading in Pub-lik of the pointy-headed-upright-cone-headed-thing.

Speech:

**A SPEKK-TEE-KAL youz are! A Not-this-thing-Nor-that-thing! A NO-THING!  
A NEWT-TRAL!!**

**(All Shout: Nothing!! Nil!! NEWT-TRAL!! etc, etc)**

The pointy-headed-upright-cone-headed-thing is paraded around the grounds (occasionally poked, made fun of, etc).

3. Third Moment: Preparation for the (Second) Castration of the pointy-headed-upright-cone-headed-thing.

Speech:

**We cum nowly to our very SE-SPE-SEP-SIF-FICK task...our very WANTON duty. THE CASTRATION!! Prepare the NEWT-TRAL!**

After returning to the visitation site a Black bell is rung to mark the time of the Castration. Charcoal dust is applied to the mouth and eyes of the pointy-headed-upright-cone-headed-thing.

4. Fourth Moment: The Second Castration: Inverting the pointy-headed-upright-cone-headed-thing.

Speech:

**And now, and Y-NOT?! The IN-FERN-AL IN-VER-SHUNN!!**

The pointy-headed-upright-cone-headed-thing is hung upside down from a tree. The pointy-headed-upside-down-cone-headed-thing is beaten three times (like a carpet).

Speech:

**An IN-VER-SHUNN and a REEEEE-VERSAL! You WOT-WAS up-right-AND-UP-TITE is now NOT-RITE! TAT-NOT!!**

5. Fifth Moment: the Stumbling and Falling...

Speech:

**TAT-NOT, TAT-NOT, TAT-NOT, TAT-NOT!! At last, a THIRD and FINAL CASTRATION and a BLINDING! A FALL AND A STUM-BALL!**

The pointy-headed-upside-down-cone-headed-thing is unwound until blind or sick and collapsed.

6. Sixth Moment: the Virus

Speech:

**You REE-TURN (AND TURN AND TURN) from that from THAT-WOT you were BORN TAT-NOT! A virus YOU ARE, a Castration Virus drawn in your OWN blood!**

The image of the Castration Virus is drawn where the castrated pointy-headed-upside-down-cone-headed-thing falls. Charcoal dust is sprinkled over the body. The body is lifted to reveal the shadow-image of the Castration Virus.

The Ritual ends.