

Eighth 'Plastique Fantastique Communique: Message to the good people of Middle England, (the Ghawkin demands a sacrifice), general public, declare that you do not exist!

Ye pee-pull, you all live in cloud-di-cook-koo-land! And I will prove it! You are re-gener-rate-ted. [All: Yes, regenerated.] Do you know what iz re-gen-ner-ration? It iz the any-ma-shun of the dead? [All: Dead!] You are dead matter walking, re-any-mate-ted, you are the living-dead! [All: Dead, dead.] Your namez are given to you at birth, they are not your re-all namez made by you. Theyz ugly namez and makez youz ugly in life! Youz iz ugly, twice and thrice ways! [All: Thrice Ugly!] And your car-rears are the most ugly of all uglies! You must un-gen-ner-rate yourselves, un-tie your-selves, for-get-your-namez! [All: Forget, forget] And give your-selvez a new name! Name the Ghawkin in your-selves! Gen-ner-rate a new name for your-selvez. [All: Name the Ghawkin!]

What iz gen-ner-ration? What iz it to gen-ner-rate? Do yuz know what the Staabucks-Silverbacks-Super-Creatives and the good Cheesy-Burghers of Middle England say of gen-ner-ration, they say it iz the make-king-image-king-magic-king of much mun-nee-image, of big smile-lee pube-er-lick, but also never en-nuff mun-nee-image, of big hung-ger-ree pube-er-lick! And they will say their gen-ner-ration of mun-nee "makes all other things!" All other thingz meanz you! Does this gen-ner-ration makes youz sick and vomitz and spews out your gutz? [All: We vomit up our guts!] Duz it not make youz spitz with an-ger? [All spit.] Duz yourz headz spin like a mill stone on a windy Wednesday? Do not be gen-ner-rated by them and do not gen-ner-rate anything for them! Becomez worth not even a rotting sheepz fartz. Gen-ner-rate nothing but your-selvez! Then can theyz afford to ig-nore yuz? I ask, duz they owe yuz a living? [All: 'Course they duz !'] I did not here you. Duz they owe yuz a living? [All: 'Course they Ghawkin duz !'] Yez, of course they Ghawkin duz!

What iz Re-gen-ner-ration I ask youz? What iz the 'Rrreeee' of Re-gen-ner-ration? It is a magic-word of a magic-trick. The magic-king cry of the para-site, the blood-suck-king-mun-nee-make-king-hum-man-king who haz no other aimz but to use what iz for their own gen-ner-rate-ting endz. Mark you well, theyz use youz and mez, so az to make-king their own image and re-all-lity. Their re-all-lity is our con-sense-us reality, a closed re-all-lity. And they makuz general, they makuz the general pube-er-lick of their con-sense-us reality. Theyz duz it all for uz own good! So theyz seyz! The Ghawkin knows better. [All: Yes, the Ghawkin knows better!] Our lifez is not to enjoy theyz pube-er-lick benches and pube-er-lick artz and pube-er-lick prêt-a-mangey. [All: Fuck their Public Benches and their Fucking Public Art.] Our lifez iz for making new namez for our-selves! But them, theyz makez nothing new. [All: Nothing!] Only the same, them-selvez. For the Staabucks-Silverbacks-Super-Creatives and for the good Cheesy-Burghers of Middle England, the past iz nothing but the war-rap-ping for their own eye-mage. What is it to Re-gen-ner-rate? It iz to die and not know it! [All: Die and not know it!] Do not die! Live! Un-gen-ner-rate and gen-ner-rate your-selves! Never re-gen-ner-rate! Ghawkin iz immortal! [All: The Ghawkin is immortal!] Become immortal! Az re-cog-nised az a cowz pat! We iz the un-gen-ur-rate-ted and wez are magic-kings too. [All: Banned from the Roxy! Okay! Didn't want to play they're anyway!] Duz they owe uz a living? [All: Course they duz ! Course they duz !] Duz they owe uz a living? [All: Course they Fucking duz !] Course they Ghawkin duz! We know our re-all names! [All call out their name at once!] Do you all know your re-all namez? Wez leave youz now, we go to a better place. Wez shall not return!