

Sixth 'Plastique Fantastique Communique: We the ungenerated remain ungenerated- Do theyz owe uz a living, course they Ghawkin duz!'

*What iz gen-ner-ration? What iz it to gen-ner-rate? For the Staabucks-Silverbacks-Super-Creatives and for the good Cheesy-Burghers of Middle England, it iz the make-king-image-king-magic-king of much mun-nee, but also never en-nuff mun-nee! And they will say their gen-ner-ration of mun-nee "makes all other things!" "All other thingz is you the logo-head, you the smooth-body, you the metro-sexual! This gen-ner-ration makes uz sick, we vomitz and spews out our gutz. Our headz spin like a mill stone on a windy Wednesday at all their lies. Cos we iz not gen-ner-rated by them and wez do not gen-ner-rate anything! Wez are not worth a rotting sheepz fartz. [All make farting noises.] Wez gen-ner-rate nothing but ourselves! But can theyz afford to ig-nore uz? I ask, duz they owe uz a living? [All: 'Course they duz !'] I did not here you. Duz they owe uz a living? [All: 'Course they Ghawkin duz !'] Yez, of course they Ghawkin duz!*

Wez tiez the furst ribbon to mark our un-gen-ner-ration, our magic-king of ourselves by ourselves. Wez callz upon the beings of the past and those of the future, wez call upon all Ghawkins, to undo their gen-ner-rations.

*What iz Re-gen-ner-ration? What iz the 'Rrreeee' of Re-gen-ner-ration? [All: What is it?] It is 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. Our lifez is to enjoy theyz pube-er-lick benches and pube-er-lick monumentz and pube-er-lick prêt-a-mangey. Iz the magic-king of Rrreee the gen-ner-ration of something out of something? No! They make nothing new. [Nothing!] Only the same. [All: Only the same!] For the Staabucks-Silverbacks-Super-Creatives and for the good Cheesy-Burghers of Middle England, the past iz nothing but the a war-rap-ping for their own I-mage. Wez un-gen-ner-rate and gen-ner-rate ourselves, wez never re-gen-ner-rate! Wez iz immortal! [All: We are all immortal!] But wez az re-cog-nised az a cowz pat! But can theyz afford to ig-nore uz? I ask, duz they owe uz a living? [All: 'Course they duz !'] Duz they owe uz a living? [All: 'Course they Ghawkin duz !'] Yez, of course they Ghawkin duz!*

Wez tiez the secund ribbon to mark our un-gen-ner-ration, our forgetting of con-sense-sus-re-all-ity. By our magic-king of ourselves by ourselves. Wez callz upon the beings of the past and of the future, all the Ghawkins, to break the con-sense-sus-re-all-ity of re-gen-ner-ration.

*We iz the un-gen-ur-rate-ted and wez are magic-kings too. Ban-ned from the Roxy! Okay! Wez didn't wuntz to play they're anyway! The Ghawkins! Duz they owe uz a living? [All declare: 'Course they duz ! Course they duz !'] Duz they owe uz a living? [All declare: 'Course they Ghawkin duz !'] Course they Ghawkin duz!*

We tiez the thurd ribbon as a call-ling forth of the Ghawkin in uz all. Tiez the ribbon! We know our re-all names! [All call out their name at once!] Now light the torch!