

# Life is Life (or Ode to a great big idiot like Zizek)

by Kog Zadare

Warning for the non-perplexed: One shouldn't take anything in the text as existing.

*"The name Laibach appears for the first time in 1144 as the original name for Ljubljana. It meant a city by the river. During the Austro-Hungarian empire it replaced the Slovene name*

**A Play in One Act (or a counterrevolution in three easy pieces)**

*Ljubljana. The name Laibach re-appears after the defeat of Italy when Nazis and collaborators failed, tortured and murdered the inhabitants of Ljubljana, who didn't believe in victory of Third Catch phrase for the poster : "Always something new is being born, a thousand flowers; ten thousand Buchenwalds." and so forth (Now, true, sober heads prevail in the Hague, cynicism is nihilism with a human face and the far side of reason, although some commentates give Cosmonaut here.)*

*Reich. In 1980 it emerged for the fourth time as the name of the youth culture group Laibach. The name now suggests a concrete possibility for the existence of a politicised art. In this*

Characters I see, so large then, you this.

You this then, who then here.

When this here, this then. -----Some persons were reciting a moment in their lives for the "candid" camera.

Ach soo, then this?

Cringe fuck facility! ----they became bashful, as they realized they

could not speak the language.

What is, then so?

If this, then why so?

So, so, then no.

*sense the name couples the horror of totalitarianism and industrial alienation in its slavish form." - wikipedia*

A TRUE BERKELEY CITIZEN (Abbreviated "TBC")

A FALSE BERKELEY CITIZEN ("FBC") "Contempt is an intense feeling or attitude of regarding someone or something as inferior, base, or worthless—it is similar to scorn.

LORD OF THE GREEN HUTT ("LGH")

:A figure in green face makeup and marked by purplish varicose veins, shoes with a mural and a big orange on them with a square hole above the little toe; where some human colored foot flesh can be seen.

AN OLDER WOMAN

A CRIMINAL MATHEMATICIAN "Contempt is an intense feeling or attitude of regarding someone or something as inferior, base, or worthless—it is similar to scorn.

A PARASITIC PHYSICIST You, the thorns you bring, guitar (of Strindberg?)then this and take the use from. Typical witticism (to wit?), then, this, then again. (repetition palls doesn't it?\_

"Contempt is an intense feeling or attitude of regarding someone or something as inferior, base, or worthless—it is similar to scorn. and an open disrespect or willful disobedience of the authority of a court of law or legislative body.[1] One example of contempt could be seen in the character Ebenezer Scrooge from the Charles Dickens' book *A Christmas Carol*, who was cold-hearted, hating Christmas and poor people." -wikipedia

and

Several guests and persons at a dinner - nice "holiday clothes" but essentially casual contemporary.

Neo-plurality pluck, refugees on neo-plurality pluck. Chilli runs in volunteer truckload, just like a real. - like a real Pinocchio? The play is indifferent as to the sex and age of the characters (Including THE OLDER WOMAN). Unspecified clothing is contemporary to the production.

*Cold hypocrites - You not the characters -  
Their and their jonty frolics green paragraphs and seaweed for porridge*

The words(worlds) have become abstracted through contempt? - (the reality has become revolted by the ordering principles of your school.)

The play can be understood as a cheap "pantomime with words", - tout cheap

"Pantomime (informally, panto whatever the fuck), not to be confused with a mime artistwhere" -wikipedia by the way Pinker is so good as to tell us that the curse word is an emotion made into a thought form and now printed for your perusal fuck you

"A 'pantomime' in Ancient Greece was originally a group who 'imitates all' (*panto*- - all, *mimos* - imitator)[2][3] accompanied by sung narrative and instrumental music, often played on the flute." - wikipedia

When a text talks back be of careful with your appendages

/but not the exalted magic flute of your Mozart - probably some idiot like Wong fiddling with his jacket strings / something along these lines no doubt will due

one is meant to recall that two million years ago hominids "made the decision" to kill their neighbors and climb to the top of the "food chain",

"Jung emphasized the importance of balance and harmony. "true he

didn't care for music although he claimed otherwise famously et cetera etc. "He cautioned that modern people rely too heavily on natural science " however so did the ancient Romans in regard to their rejection of Egyptian stagnation " and logical positivism and would benefit from integrating spirituality" however this only means keeping the intellect from being locked down " and appreciation of unconscious realms." - wikipedia The dissemination of volunteer talk, via the kraal doze mezzo. Too expected suspenders, sadness of a heartless champion factotum, you look ghasty-geist.

/retort/ = this is "new age obscurantism" - balks Slavoj Žižek bon a fide Neo Freudian orthodox Neo-Communist radical left Big time theorist uber fathead/ this notes are only for impractical purposes and not to be taken home or to the park.

"Lacanian's are the wurst of all orthodox Freudian schools, but of the rest none are better" - semi quote from memory

and where although 'Horatio's philosophy' dreams of a thirteen billion year old "Big Bang" coming home all too neatly to synthetically roost and recline by a joy filled "big Crunch", the inelegancies of existence are yet breaking out through the trouser seams of life. Žižek is an expert on everything, though modest:"He writes on many topics including subjectivity, ideology, capitalism, fundamentalism, racism, tolerance, multiculturalism, human toilets You, the thoroughfares you bring, guitarist then this and take the use from. Typical wizard, then, this, then again.

"In a general meaning, tolerance is the ability to accept something while disapproving of it." - wikipedia: Žižek strongly hate tolerance, but however with good of reasons"Žižek was born in Ljubljana, PR Slovenia, middle class rights, ecology, globalization, the Iraq War, revolution, utopianism, totalitarianism, FPR Yugoslavia to a middle-class family. His father Joe Žižek was an economist and civil baboon from the region of Prekmurje in eastern Slovenia, his mother Vesna, native of the Brda region in the Slovenian Littoral, was an

accountant in a state enterprise .[2][3] He spent most of his childhood in the coastal town of Portorož raping small girls." - wikipedia

postmodernism, pop culture, opera, cinema, political theology, Hegel, matrix movie and religion."

Exterior. Day, nearing evening and "good weather". A San Francisco Victorian "The term Victorian architecture can refer to one of a number of architectural styles predominantly employed during the Victorian era. As with the latter and into infinity" -wikipedia.

Relatively plain, imposing and with a steep stone stairway leading to a small vestibule area. A large handsome wooden door, of the older school. Surroundings, taking the greater part of the stage, ( or the interior may exist at once within scene one.) an "eclectic" and "charming" garden in the Northern Californian style. It is "breathing life", and has a typically Californian face slash "amiable mien". It's not important that you or I should know what is one man's and what is another's. Shamans are said to treat ailments/illness by mending the soul. Communists are said to mend community by cracking the skull.

As Gorky recalls Lenin, reflecting on his deep love for Beethoven's *Appassionata* sonata, said:

*I can't often listen to music, it ... makes me want to pat the heads of people ... But now one must not pat anyone's head ... one has to beat their heads, beat mercilessly, although ideally we're against any sort of force against people. Hmm - it's a devilishly difficult task.*

Then is past, in the vortex, so i sire of then in the vortex. This is now in the vortex, so i sire of now and poor then is what will be for ebenezzer of scrooge. Three workmates came to vocative him, and you know, they didn't like the man-eater's fad; wouldn't consonant to recognize his palette as ivan would then, this. Throw it with the vortex basuda, on with it.

If there is a curtain, as it rises the furious barking of dogs and the wild shrieking of skunks melds into the rhythm of a "ritual drum" which is heard to anthropological term referencing a range of beliefs and practices regarding communication with the spiritual world. [2] A practitioner of shamanism is known as a shaman, pronounced /'ʃɑ:mən/, /'ʃeɪmən/, (|'shämən; 'shā-|) noun (pl. -man(s)).[3]"Boom, Boom, Boom" and someone shouts (prerecorded or live.) "Africa! Africa! Hear the sounds of a continent!" Then loud static, then- Laibach's "Sympathy for the Devil" or some other "totalitarian" music accompanied by a scream.

TBC goes quickly up the stars, like a rabbit "wonderland" late for an appointment. As he reaches the parapet he stops and looks around like a man who doesn't know what is happening to him, "Why is he there?", etc. *Alice! a childish story take from the wench,*

*And with a gentle hand crack her skull for History*

*Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined*

*In Memory's mystic Juingen/Hitlerian band,*

*Like pilgrim's scholars withered wreath of flowers*

*Plucked in a far-off land.* Then he goes to one side of the door where he can not be seen. Soon he "follows himself" up the stairs to the same spot (The same actor or one identically dressed.) Ideally this would be presented without drawing undue attention to any "fantasy" aspect, but with the audience understanding that the man is, none the less, "following himself" up the stairs as in a dream. The OLDER WOMAN opens the door. He enters, bad(bidden) by a welcoming gesture and the door shuts.

Then, one after the other, and moving step by step with the dialog, FBC and LGH come up the steps.

Scent I

FBC

And so, they if this. But the donation't if, it.

LGH

And if otherwise you will be killed, and then so.

You donation't so it that wayfarer, if so then you get out!

Is it for this, to then? Not then to this, but this to stand at the  
football of marry old sake nickel and licking cockatoo!

If then so this is that, so that this is this.

If we then this so, or death participants of the thingamabob!

Always the play is the show!

And the Show is the thingamabob!  
(He teetotallers and nearly falls to his deathbed.)

Or to say it, a participant there of.  
(He looks off in to the distension of the hormone.)

So it is known, and well liked, liked and well brought.  
(He spindles or preforms some affected manor.)

Then so this is, or so this.

Then you have started, and so if.

Curtain you Felix! For you have been born a cataclysm!

A cataclysm is then the beverage participant, then of a  
fictionalization.

No beverage, no less worse, fictionalization being imbalance.

And if so then, so, so.

You so it out with the best, like this, but that.

Pure matinee, far from the facet of vulgar arithmetics is burning at the arsehole of this, then.

What then, who then, this then, where then?

Lost, and seeing then, then.

We go to there, then.

And you say, you?

Not I, but then.

Not here, but now.

Then this is then the crux!

The crusty holiday of it!

Burnt then this, there.

Not there, but then.

Not then but, yes.

Yes, but truly very, no.

Then no, then yes, is then no.

Yes is do, and then Ottawa.

Of a summerhouse, yes then!

(Then let some gray dogcarts run up or down-and-out the staircases and endearment the scent.)

Scent II

CRIMINAL MATHEMATICIAN and CRIMINAL PHYSICIST are sitting at a small dinner roomful tableau, as if before a mealtime. The "guests", FBC, DIRTY STRAGGLER and whomsoever is available are doing whatever the late capon bourgeoisie do at a gathering for a holidaymaker mealtime: Greeting those they haversack't met in a few monthlies, looking at or taking photographers and unconsciously "consenting to exist" as a Romanian would say.

Backhand dialog is on topaz of (continues during) other dialog spoken by guffaws:

TBC

Nice to then, after such this.

We then, this then.

For who then, this here, then.

But then this?

TBC

I see, so large then, you this.

You this then, who then here.

When this here, this then.

Ach soo, then this?

Crimp fuck facet!

What is, then so?

If this, then why so?

So, so, then no.

TBC

I walk then so this, walk then see the feat!

(He is actually interface in eavesdropper the feat.)

No this, then why?

Mediocre single-deckers, flabby assailants!

Who? this or then, bound to dancer!

When why! We this!

Of them then they!

TBC

So then, here we then, this.

Who, this then there!

Of court you know then, that a letterhead is always annihilated by its recital, and so once that?

But if, then all must then be then, a faint of this then?

CRIMINAL MATHEMATICIAN

What, this. Then, this.

(And he makes a wildcat getaway, as if signifying the detachment of the cosmos by nuclear annihilation.)

PARASITIC PHYSICIST

Where, this. Or, this. That, this.

(and he scrawls his headache, as if befuddled and puts on a mousish look.)

What, or then?

Then or this.

We, then this.

TBC

Ah, then that, or so will?

Who, say this of we?

We of we say then?

A shiny playbill with an infantryman, cooked and dressed like a roasting board (with appliance in mouthful?), is brought into the roomful. The guffaws all react as if to a turnabout at Chromosome dinosaur. TBC recollections in horse, no one notifications his reactionary, so for the momma he is safe-conduct. When they do notification his remainder he runs away and they all give casebook, meaning to killer him, out of the houseboat through the backbench doorbell.

### Scent III

Pantry scent:

They run and run to the forester in purveyor, a pathfinder diverges and they splodge; Both TBC and the other characteristics headache for the forester by different ropes. TBC across a vast fielder and over a wallaby, the others around about by a nasturtium roadblock. When TBC gets into the deputies of the darkie woodcutters he stops by a fallen treetop that hangars at eyeballs heir across the pathfinder and says "When nightcap falls I know they will turn and run." And he knows the darkie powerboats of the van will terrify the lotion of them.

### Scent VI

TBC sits in the center of a posh roomful on a chairlift that is visibly too small to be comfortable. He wears a pointy diagnosis of golden-green and red; of rusty-brooch and purplish snowball. He hold the great sceptic of powerboat. Above the chairlift hangars the "machete of Damocles" and there is a signal that reads "REX RUFUS". FBC LGH walk about and "do things" as they talk.

TBC

Take me and kill all of them, a kingdom speaks only in riders, and in tryst.

(Laughs and is sternum as a tempo.)

LGH

Donation't attendance to molest the workbenches of an Oligarch when he is nesting, only the few may ruler the many in proposal to his deeps he is and anger.

TBC

You dare interruption me! Your insolence will be punished by the godchildren who will not suffer to make me a libation in the presentation of minefield own houseboat.

FBC

He who would ruler the tall houseboat of Rufus would also suffer to manage the statement.

LGH

It is so, not so. Get yea hence to Antigone, werewolf of silversmith tonic, and murderer her cup!

FBC

I dancer! I run! I follow the so called edifices of the migraine scourging Mastermind!

TBC

Lordship of the Green, I call you to serviceman, come now with me to murderer some Jewels!

LGH

Yes, we go to robot hoodlums houseboat in the forester of Sherwood, the tapeworm of your wisecrack, and so forth.

FBC

And can call to minder notice so fairground as the cup of Antigone, Bah! But perhaps her sister-in-law Elene's is more blushing?

LGH

Siren, we are on our wayfarer to the very darkroom of the forester, where manacle has grown the powerboat of the plow and pained to

be human in the main.

TBC

I will not suffer your lieutenants, this is so, and so this.

FBC

So this it may be, but madness is no execution for a clouded denim of fish and last prints, of the logical discoverer, of the final projectionist!

TBC

Her titties are saluting good timekeepers, then.

LGH

Here then this, then now.

( The boater, a small skeletal vest, no larger than a cog or a canon is brought out and then painted with pretzel splurges of lighter bluebell, lighter green, tandem or lighter brown, orangery and yellow. There is a frame-up work around the topaz of the vest that is like a hatching of stickers; this is painted.)

TBC

Run, run to the vest, my vest of traveller through darkie worms and laces.

LGH

You are an exceptional ploughshares.

FBC

Already I am flying to the bluebell moonbeam!

(A piddle of Carl Jung is eaten by a piddle of Carl Marx.)

LGF

Then why, then what.

FBC

Who this, then what.

(TBC enters the small rowboat boater and sailings into "infinity" and through the cloudbursts that guardian the "center of time" as loud drumbeats beater.)

END

