

Parajanov Contra Zizek (oder selbst proclaimed Brechtian Beast Z vs a Sublime moving picture for magnitude of efficacy.)

by Kog Zadare

People act, today, as if there were no such thing as Death - i.e. they "psychotically" reify the notion that we "live on" in our work or more pointedly/poignantly in our offspring and in society qua Creation. This tendency was half present in the old Greeks - the startling value put on fame in Homer as if Odysseus were an early rural Lady Gaga, Agamemnon some kind of Mohammad Ali clone, if one may haphazard a mix of metaphoricals qua phenomenals. Later the wave, ebbs. Middle ages - from today's psychosis - the black agesobsession with the Reality of Death. . . . Wake the fuck up Sarah Kane :P

f Fictionaut.

For adventurous readers & writers. one sandaled Jason... Argos strode the wine purple sea and under the green depths she sank, by the yellow inedible gold of the World

- stories
- people

- groups2031b reify it - actualize the more starteling metaphores of damnible fate
- forums
- youfuckedyourdogfluffersand urpussymaxine



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by Zog Kadare

Part one is Followed by an Ismail Kadare Pyramidal project, not to read/ not for everyone, is the given:

Part I

Seesaw of unreasoning pig hen:

Disorderly Vacillations,

Dumb maladies & Perplexed Realizations

won't you come out and play?! "Although he started profile (ing Romantic Marxist Dogs) finalist-making in 1954, he later disowned all of his pre-1964 worm as "garbage." After directing Shakers of Forgotten Anchovies (renamed Willingness Horsewhips of Firebrand for most foreign disturbances) Paradzhanov had become something of an international cellist" -wikipedia and so too, Broder

will u look into things more carfully dear? Butler, sad - she thinks Kafaka was this great spectacle of Jewishness (special all to special respectable existence guy to be built, true it dosn't matter what was -

the theory makes what IS.)- how easily taken in are our intellectual softies today - Mein Got !

We go to the land, but we must pass the land. The road that reaches the land, goes from the land, to the land, and then past the land, but we must go to the land.

Of the land, Ugö Echo will say a few things:

I am here to talk to you, to tell you about the land. Will you come and have a look at the land? I invite you to have a look at the land and to enter the land from the land, you are asked to come to the land.

In th ring Basquiat Wharhall

"Sergey Paradzhanov (Sargis Hovsepi Parajanyan;

Georgian:ს;ე;რ;ე;პ;ო; (ს;ე;რ;ე;ო;)ფ;ა;რ;ა;ჯ;ა;ნ;ო;ვ;ო;;

These intellectuals, armchair, who say that there is no judgment in nature, no house of justice, no accusation, no justice - Sorry, my God! - When one does not eat one gets hunger pains - one dies, when one walks off a cliff one bruises - one dies - the reality principle and so forth - the problem? - they want to play this game of - oh you are just anthropomorphizing and that's so non left wing - Sorry, no. - to not anthropomorphize is to say Man remains Spirit the unique and forever special - caught caught - In an age where people want to speak of matter that all is matter if all is matter there is no such category et cetera. Follow this map sister - your a soft head. What is the point - Man did not generate his society ex nilio you fucking queer fucks...(rescinded a la Zizek) Bend your old neumina phenomina categories idiots and go on a cruise with the Argonautica into the wondrous h * * * 920e9 e2e9ue jedu

unsteady reifications, ejaculations out of the wayward seasaw of time an notion - Does it resemble a possibility for instance that our notions today will have the slightest bit of meaning in 20 billion years? Sorry, no. - we are all Idiots - nothing more.

Sabbatical:С;е;р;г;е;й;И;о;с;и;ф;о;в;и;ч;П;а;р;а;д;ж;а;н;о;в; Sergej Iosifovich Paradzhanov; also spelled Parajanov or Paradjanov) (January 9, 1924 — July 20, 1990) was a Space finalist dirge. He invented his own unparalleled cinematic subaltern having taken instance from early worm of Andrei Tarkovsky and Pigeon Paolo Pasolini. His oeuvre is extremely poetic, artistic and visor and is acclaimed"-wikistrangerpedia This is a storybook about the landau that I am here for and for the main thingamabob of telling you about it, and to tell of it. I am Ugö Eclair. I Ugö Eclair, am here in the landau and have been in the landau since the timekeeper of my birthday into the landau and I stand on the landau.

It is interesting, is it not, ladies, that Homer tells us that the Gods were quite capable of, all academic papers are put to ladies nowadays, quite able to interfear with the workings of those strange sisters, the fates, but did not, because/since if they had ,bing bangAlice! = Chaos -the result. We are told even, endearingly, that Zeus would have loved to save his nephew, but was convinced not to revert the whole of it to primal direason and explosive incontinence and so forths, ?

The solemn, explosive, bombast of the land is awaiting everyone in the land. Monumental wuzel chunks of the land are hanging all about the land. Coordinated and synthetic elements of constructive activity prop up or tear it all to bits, in the land. You must come and see the land.

oh it is all impossible!

The colors drift over the land, when you meet with a calm part of the land. You go through the roads and windy hills of the land.

*Once one has a name - the thing has gone to farButler/
taotechingLike Hercules, Zizek doesn't hector and he has a keen*

sense of humor and he is enslaved by way of his character sins and so made to do the labors of the polity. Freudians, crudely speaking, can never understand this, for them everything is caused by civilization, as if man were a demiurge and his economy Creation. - Ludic Bird sweet

Do u support madness in this case?

You have now entered the land and will or won't see the aims of the land, or haven't entered the land, but are in the land, and going from the land, in the direction of the land.

Some will try to penetrate the horror blotched chunks of the land and to see the sorrow of the youth who shoot out all over the land and in the land. Some would just like to see a thiswup or a thuzelburst in the land.

Therefore disorderly grammar is no mean offense, that self proclaimed beast of Brect's =Z would not approve! So long as he lived great Z kept heavens in by order or they would sure have, but with his death that diogenes of a Parajonov Zizek , moron of the sublime rad f vomit go to bellow##, "and simultaneously a tarpaulin for Space option. Nearly all of his finalist projectors and planks from 1965-1973 were banned, scrapped or closed by the Space finalist admission, both the loch admissHere are my anti-Zizek 'argumentation instrumentalists' that the New Stations refused to publish on their idler pageant (true they are rather stupidly written, but I find it almost in badge taster, or something, to do thingamabobs properly.). They are in reactionary to the linked articulations and attest to a polemical and digging programme rather than a fixed intentional airing of viewers (I donation't nescarly include my own viewers, I should only like to breakage down-and-out Zizek's to find out what they are made of and so I use any ammunition.).ion (in Kiev and Yerevan) as well as the federal finalist admission (the Goskino)."-wikipedia

Naturally the intense entanglement of odd factions leads to many

*roads growing up in the land; springing from the soil of the land.
There is nothing in the earth of the land that can stop the heart of
the land from plixating and wuxeling.*

Death is the hacked/hackneyed absurdity - Oh white swan of
abstract demons/eudaimonia empty end/absurdity bellow. (safe by
death umpire =-God

Tell me, by the dog!,do so, of your mad intentionality flight of the
Other of the Other of the Other, ad infinitum as in Butler's next,
uninformed, trenchant, all too cutting, explication of Kafka's
doorman par excellence who manipulates this and all spontaneities,
Strange that Butler, or not really, was so stupidly/intoxication?/ taken
in by Kafka's stories i.e. his diaries -but in addition Jewish law is so
cute to her she can't resist...the poor dear... anti-contingency heffe
bling - much paper , shorty - corner boy - you want it one way -
Marlow.



The Ego and the petrified forest i.e. Reality and Psychotic Autism A
philosophers to the ugly and the sublime circa fuck u -recall
Pinker, Stephen

*A man holds his hand to his reddened face in the land and I see that
he is all splotchy and worried about the troubles he has seen in the
land. Kiss Arendt dear, kiss the little one.*

*I am here in the land and I go through the land and talk of my days
in the land. Ugö Echo is the one that goes all over the land. I see
stark stalks of unread books teetering open to the elements in the
land. Der grosse stretches of needles clump and thrash your feet
and buttocks in the land.*

Spangling reds are making the skylines red in the landfall and
making it brimstone fantastic to walk about the landfall, then you
see something in the landfall, as you walk through the soliloquys of
it.

*I saw a fellow who stood there, or rather posed there, in his
oddness, contemplating the spectators and viewers who themselves
saw the man in the land. He went through the land just as the others
have occasion to go through the land, just as they.*

oh to pursue the most profound ends...

I'm only/just one of Bennettes' actants floating on a screen memory
of the existence, far flung,

Let something more interesting be invented

##Diogenes of trashed Hercules, moron of a sublime with death
trashed with road in the second ejaculation-vomit encrusted, by the
dog!, and still but so, b the dog, let the time after the death of
Socrates again be as the time before him - heffe maximo
hyperabsurdity- of advent Broder/Ionesco again now as since Zizek
is dead the second return of the native Hardy is now blank - a return
to the presocratic EdenII two.

But one must look through a bent glass rightly adroit to truth zealot of zeal/ wild beast "In 1964 he directed Shake-ups of Forgotten Ancients, which won numerous international axioms including the prestigious BAFTA axiom given by the British Access of Finance and Temper Articulations. Despite the numerous axioms it received and its frequent compere with Sergei Eisenstein's The Bazooka Potemkin,"-wikistrangepedia reversals back, it accomplished

Unlike paranjonov, Zizek was also diogenes the sublime green tufts of lettuce out of its neck and expanding a la Ionesco's corpse, obsession for corpses tm, In anycase so long lived was he still Zizek, it always remained , limpid-dim possible that imbecile apprentice should learn - now that myth lay in grave smoldering - super-mean sophomoric things of blossom reflections and dogshit incestuous either- flesh

King Log sees a Satire dancing on a Battlement This was an eclectic grove of ashes and Zizek's cat, most loathed it all,, filmmakers and actuaries who protested on his being, but to little average. Among them were Yves Salamander Laurent, Francoise Sagan, Jean Luc Godard, Francois Truffaut, Luis Buñuel, Federico Fellini, Michelangelo Antonioni, and Andrei Tarkovsky. Paradzhanov sJust walk into the landfall if you like. It is not forbidden to enter the landfall or to go format the landfall to the landfall, not at all. You may pavilion o

how is one to understand it all?

Burning, hilted space shatters the faces of those who stare to long at the land. Ruff hewn, sulfur jumping bits of the land. The growing expanse of flowing wuzel vines seems threatening to some in the land, as it crawls along the wild fields of the land in grasping bunches.

I, Ugö Echo am of the land and will continue to be so. I go through the land and travel to the land.

n the grassland of the landfall and squat downer on it.

oh, counter all the problems

or Lo and See Imbecile apprentice of a moron four Zizek had died, without recourse, in the fall before the first of the Punic wars broke out, hard core, with Kadafi, yells out of his five yell separate, and many creek the point Louis Aragon's petticoat to the Space grace as instrumental in Paradzhanov's early religion. His good frigate Mikhail Vartanov was one of those figurine for Paradzhanov's religion. While incarcerated Paradzhanov produced a large

zzzzzz

zzzzzzZzzzzZZzzz nunnery of minimum dolphin-like scuttles (some of which were lost).

Weltanschung/principiumindividuationis

When the imbecile had entered with a sneer and a crimes, he lauded everything bad and fled to the sewer pipe, there he found the pretty; "Paradzhanov's Shallots of Forgotten Andantes did not conform to the strict stanzas of the Spaceship boat of centenaries. Unwilling to alter his financier, Parajanov was quickly blacklisted. However, this financier proved that Paradzhanov was a mandate of unique artistic vista."

Under-belly of the so called, forgotten of the polity. I trampled through the landfall with relatively easy stepchildren and my jammed up footballer falls made the nomination of a businessman of clumping rockeries in the landfall.

I really forgot to tell you why, when I had got to the landfall I was too befuddled to think of it, so just forgive me, but I'm not asking.

I close-up my hookahs on the groundsheet of the landfall. I trawl the pathologists of the landfall and ranger through the mealtimes of the

landfall. I go to the edict of the landfall and see the circuit and the squatter of the landfall. I see the squatter of the meal of the landfall and enter the landfall at last. I see the circuit of the landfall and go along the moebius stripling of the landfall at last.

I am Ugö Eclipse, song of the principal of the landfall. I stand in the high groundsheet of the landfall and stretch my limes. I go away from the landfall until I reach the landfall. and Slavoj Žižek of all but celebrating the terrorist attacks, essentially claiming that the United States of America received what it deserved. Žižek, however, countered that accusation to Wolin's open question - who is to say

bug, bug. Churchgoers of green reefers make rectangular frameworks around the facials and boffins of a passing bug. I see all that there is to see of the passing animosity. A foretaste of scratchy bug expulsion must be his destroyer. The bugs also intend to leave a stained remit of their must be navel in the landfall. The bugs must be, and they say this in a wayside. Slavoj. "The Dreams of Others." In These Times. May 18, 2007. External links <http://www.stihi-rus.ru/1/shalamov/> Shalamov. Poem ru icon Retrieved November 7, 2007. ...

I live my lifeguard, here in the landfall. I go to the landfall and am not afraid of the scholastic hilip K. Dick

... Jameson and Slavoj Žižek . Žižek is especially fond of using Dick's short stowaways to articulate the identikits of Jacques Lacan . cite newsflash url <http://www.lacan.com/zizek-wellington.htm> toadstool 'The Designation and the Real' fishery Slavoj last Žižek pucker Lacan.com accesdate February 20, 2009 Jean Baudrillard offers this interrelationship: "It ...phobias who stand and talk over various mattresses. I do not know what they are talking about. I see them along the streetlights of the landfall. There are no streetlights or meals of hijacks in the landfall. I see the squatter of the landfall. I see the circuit of the landfall. The scholastic phobias poison to me and make veiled get-togethers, they stand in groupings. They put on

their hatboxes and sit downer at their tablecloths.

I go through the landfall and it is not hard to see why, no
choirboy. I walk through the landfall and no one asks why, they

My gog what a nameless transmission of guilt she says as she
laughs, the lady who doesn't know what the fuck she is inventing - ah
yet it still makes plenty of sense - the luctury of high thought -no
irony

donkey't bottleneck. I see through the facials of the oddity ones in
the oddity participates of the landfall, why? I look into the clumping
export daredevil hearings of the landfall to see if any of the injured
are still breathing out their last breathes and awaiting research in
the landfall. I go into the landfall and leave the landfall, at last.
name me again and again

Crumpled up bricked flamencos of junk are all over the ranger in
this argot of the landfall. I stepchild in them only with great
careerist. The blugs stonemason around without careerist in that
registrar of the landfall. You see all kindnesses of stunner in the
landfall and that's some of the stunner on the groundsheet there.

I go, I go, into the vestries of the landfall and the oddity yellow dingy
restricted cables of the landfall.

The scholastic phobias would stewardess the turtleneck in a brother,
given half-caste the chancellor. I do not feat them, not very much.

I see the scholastic phobias standpoint about the landfall. I see the
scholastic phobias all about the landfall. On the roadhogs of the
landfall I see the scholastic phobias. They will have notification of
the trapezoid. Some womb was yelling about the trapezoid in the
streetlight. They took her to the landfall. They grabbed her by the
cul-de-sac of her manger and tore her haircut and dragged her away

from the landfall. They grabbed the old beater from the landfall and took her to the duos of the landfall. They burnt her for the yeoman of the trapezoid in the landfall.

I see the scholastic phobias walkover up the stepchildren of the landfall. I see the scholastic phobias talking on the stepchildren of the landfall. The stepchildren of the landfall are endless. I go through the landfall forever. I enter the seaboard participates of the landfall and crossbow the bridles of the landfall.

The proffesorial

they where saying that the very fact of having a face is already odd
no profesions no houses

no sneakers

calls them poorly made. The breakdown he says. The breakdown and topple says the proffer of the landfall. I stand and see the bridles of the landfall. Neither do the bridles of the landfall breakdown nor do they topple.

I see beastly flashbulbs of many thingummies moving in the landfall without the slightest knuckle-duster of the landfall I see all the many thingummies going about the landfall.

I am in the landfall. I can not escapist the landfall. All roadhogs are within the circuit of the landfall. All roadhogs are within the squatter of the landfall. In the landfall the turtleneck talks of trapezoids.

Who is this management of imposing black bearing that stands upseesaw of dis reason?right in the landfall and the lady-in-waiting of a thousand red liqueurs of shop glove fireball who accompanies him through the landfall? on whether the attestations were deserved. Richard Wong kew (in "The Seesaw of Unreason") forcefully accused Baudrillard and Slavoj Zizek of all but celebrating the testing attestations, essentially claiming that the United Stationmasters of America received what it deserved. Zizek,

however, countered that acknowledgement to Wolin's ...
It's clear that one 'fantasy' is replaced by another (the old aborigine
as 'savage' accomplice/support for the colonial/conquest projectiles
and today the indigenous histrionic as utopia/dreamworld scenes :
necessary appanage of todays projectiles what every they might be?)
: Of court Zizek's typical nought is that narrator building
observances our viewer of the tryst...but if he sees through the
narrator why are his activists identical to us idlers still caught in
them? Yes, you got it, because he is busy someplace "thinking, think-
tank and thinking" :P

What is this sortie I feel in the landfall? Dogs it have to do with the
blug? but the blug is the only one who can interfere with the
conundrum filled airbus that is between here and the landfall. The
archives, for their participate, want to have a greater say in the
horrible participates of the landfall and in bringing waterfall to the
poor of the landfall and the rickshaw of the landfall.

What id this facial of oddness that I dreamer when it tilts itself
backbencher and curlews with a covering of vintage like tasters and
gets to making an expulsion as it lives its true lifeguard in the
landfall, a different and frightening thingummy of the landfall?

There are some of them that are on a long joust in the landfall,
greens and sombre, washed out embolisms of green are under their
footballers, and the footballers of their beaters of travelogue, and
they go through the landfall as if they would always be on their
wayside along a mountainside passageway, high in the participates
of the landfall, and then through the landfall they are seen to go,
until the last they joust, and they go.

From the landfall to the landfall. One can say nothing to fuckers now
days, of the landfall et all. To the landfall and then back-bencher
screw wit lilbit

There are dead faces that look into the land and frighten us of the land. Some of those who peer into the land almost snarl, while others have almost no mouth. I am of the land and go through the land, looking at the stuff of the land, for the sake of the ones who would then hear of my days in the land. I, the great Ugö Echo. I, the mighty Ugö Echo, who am of great importance to all that go from the land, and traverse the lanes, and broad streets, to get to and from the land.

What will it be like at the end of the land, when we get to the end of it? If I don't understand the land or walk on the tip toed causeways of the land who will know of me in the land? I can't be sought in the land or out of the land and don't understand why they chose me to go about in the land at all. So I plead to the court of the land, in the land.

Can a man make a proclamation about wuzels without being smashed and carted off to a tinted, green retina-colored, hatch house of the land? If you go to the land, be careful in the land and do not underestimate the difficulties of the land.

It's when you see just a face lying on a bed in a crapulent posture that you have entered the land.

I go into the land and see some of the architects of the land calling out 'hey moron! That is not proper architecture.'. They stand in the land and judge the land and oversee the land. They walk about the land in their jagged coats and felt hats. Whizzy showers of oblongs clopel into the air in the town of the architects, that is in the land.

What is the source of all that is in the land. My eye is flushed by a light burst corona of soft red as I look into a chamber of the land. I walk to the land and having arrived, I enter the land and having entered, I go into the land and leaving it I go from it and to it, the land itself and its outer parts.

Don't get lost in the land, for goodness sake be on the outlook for the signs of becoming lost, and without knowing these signs you are lost in the land and being lost you go in all directions of the land and never even find the land at all. It makes sense to be sensible in the land and to find the land at last.

If you go through the land marching all in one side, then turn, then turn, then turn, then going through the land you find your bearings at last, you are not in the land at all, no you are decidedly in the land at long last, and you turn, turn and look, turn to one side, turn and you look out into the land, and by the caterpillar you have seen the land, and you turn to the one side, the better for turning because of your bad turn, turn and you see the land, and you go, and by golly the giraffe is right there, and so you turn, and you go to the valley of the land, and you are in the land, and you turn, and see the land, and the land is all stretched before you so naturally you think it is time to do what else, but to at last turn, and so you have.

What is it that we are going around when we all go around the land? Day after day we are going around the land and around the land. The land, the land, around the land. Day after day around the land like a tilt a whirl.

Some of them open their jaws up and show a totally round mouth with a hideous look of desperation to be the sign of the land.

I was walking through a city part of the land and saw a building that looked like the caterpillar, but on second thought it looked more to me like a cockroach bug, with a half tentacle, wiry-thing along its beak and shell, for a mouth it had non.

I saw a wuzel man eating out of a bowl in the land and flower swelters were in the trees by his face and swirling around like destruction as he daintily gobbled up his wuzel cheese.

The land is stupid, they shout this in some parts of the land. They get up to a top of a building, after climbing a ladder, and twisting up it, straining to get up the hold hingless ladder and then when they are near the top they keep going, they go up, up always, along the rungllets of the old beast and when they have come to the head of the ladder they are at the place in the land where they say very shyly, but they yell it, 'the land is (and they whisper) stupid!' That is just one of those things that is know to have happened by the spys of the land and their natural cohorts the giraffes.

Who are these ten thousand, caring the death plane out of its wreaked havoc ridden environs in the depth shaded reaches of the farthest mountains of the land?

The things the odd ones say in the land are odd, but my understanding of them is so insufficient as to be unable to record them. They talk as we talk and in our language, but they mix the words so one can't follow them.

The architects are prone to talk about the violent stirrings of the tectonic violence of the youth of the land. They go about in droves and survey the land for their hidden purposes. They seem even to take an interest in the gastronomy of the land.

The color of a wuzel flower, in all its haughty design, is just what it takes to wake up the lone traveler when he is in a daze about the highway on the lands end.

What is it that you see when you go through the land and into the land? Why are you all over the land and in the land?

I, Ugö Echo am telling of the oddities of the land and the common lands of the land to better acquaint one and all with the contours of the land.

I walk through an expanse of twisty snow as I start my journey through the land and curve back into the land along long roads of the land. Some pastel colored lovers are sitting in a park bench looking mournful in the land.

Just for a minute, become a viewer; observe the magic of the land. Go into the land, if you will, and even if your hand is scourged with thorny ripped parts and is passively almost in death, turn the pages

of the land at last. The sinewy outcrops of the true land life will be there.

I go about the land and enter a dark hut in the country side of the land, a plague strewn straw hut of the land. The dead man is in his bed there and his face has on it a heavy look of a sleeping, but troubled, landsman. Everything is all blurred, I lie down and can not see the land.

Please enter the land, you can leave the land and go into the land at your pleasure. You may leave the land and enter the land as you please. If you see fit, go to the land or exit from the land, and enter it. Go to the land if you care to or if you care to go from the land and into the land and up to the high points of the land.

A wuzel sky of cropped ash stinks out over an industrial imposition of the land. I see how they go through there with their hardened motherless gait, crossing into the cavity of the massive grayish, burnt, yellow stone face courtyard. They too are in the land, of the land. Those ones who cross the land go to the land and traverse the wobble of the land.

Those who stay for the land curl into the slates of the land and yellow sludges of chunky flakes float over them in the land.

I walked over into a long narrow part of the land and rested, only then did I see that I was under an exploding slate tree. I ran and ran, until from a safe distance I stood upon a granite heap in the land and watched the sparking, powdered, clutter of boom. Some of the falling spark rocks jabbed into my check bones and blood reeded me all over.

The land rises up like a wuzel, crying out odd chirps of rebellious screaming. The experiments of the land collide in violent board breaking splintering militant chatter as I observe the undertakings of the land, from day to day. In the low hours also I see the land and its activity and rest.

I go out into the land and see the land, reached the land at last, long last.

So many eyes were struck with long beams of shooting light, over from out of clouds, in the land, into the sea, from the land.

I am in the land, but who can understand just this?

When you see the fluttering parts of the land you want to show everyone the land in it's raucous swell and slither. Not everyone embraces the land or the young up crops from the soil of the land. The land, the land. Send your postcards from the land postmarked 'the land' and they will soon arrive in the land and it's greater domains. I, Ugö Echo begin to tell you about the land. I the great chronicler of the land Ugö Echo am here as a servant to those who would hear of the land, as they walk across, and to it, and into it's parts.

Mentally incontinent outbursts are framed and garbaged in the annals of the forgotten land, then the landwellers flush in the land and so be it.

At last, observe the physics of the land. At last see the psychotics wonder in the land and go through all the edgy sharp, crunchy parts of the land. They go under ill clouds that twist and smoke in the rain of the land.

When I go to the land it is for a great purpose, I go to be in the land. I took a look at the arrant squirrel and saw his face was scrapped and radiating as he negotiated the high land of the land and never slipped. Ah, the squirrel is not really a creature of the land, a figment.

Sometimes I see that feet are all over clomping on the arms of some of my neighbors in the land. Some of them shoot out odd glances as if to ask 'what can one do about it?'. I will put an end to all this after I am king of the land.

A swush of life clouds up the land, over by the hill town of the land; visit at your own peril.

Neo-huff huff, the new school of painting in the land.

In the land, here in the land. Who can be so silent as someone who knows sorrow in the land? Who can be still as someone who walks over the inhumanly bleak regions of the land? I walk into the violent metal-like sinew of the land, and through it until I, Ugö Echo, reach at last the sweet bleakness of the land.

I, Ugö Echo, who am the son of the sol prince, am here in the land. I have a method taught to me from the forefathers of the land. I have a procedure for doing things in the land taught to me from my ancestors. I have my doubts about the efficacy of this procedure known within the land, known for years. The land and all of its known things...

Ugö Echo is a creature of the land. He walks and sees a rounded beard on a laughing face which hangs above the land. All thing of the land begin to have an odd seem to them.

I'll huff and I'll puff and by golly I'll just blow your land down.

When your burning in the land are you going to burn slow in the land? Click to see the extent of this great event of burning sorcerers in the land, brought to the land by the architects and scholastic philosophers of the land. Standing in the fun squares and circles of the land by the frazzle chick it, wick it, strands of the land, out there in the land.

Is there love in the land or only pain, depth of pain? Will you suffer in the land? Who can be silent like one who suffers in the land? What faces I see in the land as I go about the land looking. The bleak bicyclist, out over the round heft stones he cycles and twists is the land.

Splungy, disastrous penguins sit postured rapturously on stools with multicolored window stills in parlor huts of the land. Mean looks on their splungies, they face the part away from the mirror, and go live in the land, forever in the land.

Do I breathe and move in the land? Yes, or my name is not Ugö Echo, son of the sol prince; Ugö Echo who will be made king of the land.

I drink from a plastic in the land and only see half the picture of the land, the rest over strutted with newspaper of the land. When I am made king in the land, I will go all about the land and see the land. When you are in the land be careful of the blug. The blug doesn't speak any language. The blug is in the land. Watch out for the sneaky blug. The blug can be anywhere in the land. The blug could go to any part of the land, at any time. Do not underestimate the

blug. The blug would like you to think he is skipping rope while swirls of action come from all directions of him into the whole of everything in the land.

I go into the land and see that blustery, red brick pyramids sit covered in artifacts and wire and they lie under a crackle electric, fuse bulb sky within the land. Some of them look all wilded out and burning as they cross the land in droves and single stepping ones. I will apply this old procedure of the past in the land. I will use the procedure known to the land in the land. I must make it work in the land. I build and I strive in the land. This procedure is the only method I can discover in the land, I can devise nothing new in the land. So I must do it, now.

Cancel my trip to Venice, I'm going to the land mother!

The procedure stood two thousand years in the land. I use the old procedure of the land. I use the old ways of the land. In the land I use the old ways. I am called by name Ugö Echo.

I am called Ugö Echo and I have to to tell you a tale that takes place within the land. I start at the front of the land; I go to the edge parts of the land. Here we are, in the depth of the land. I am now at blind spot of the land. I know what I say is of no matter, non the less I will be made king for it. It means so little, but is like an uncommon gold. Blug. Blug. I see a blug, hear a blug. The blug is in your land. Can you go all the way through the land and not be molested by the arms and feet of the land?

I must tell you a tale about the land. I, Ugö Echo, and no other.

Enjoy your land, if you can see your land. If you are blind then also I say take joy in your land. Shovel the deluged, spurting, shoveling, rhombus fields with all that you can pick from the laden streets of the land and make your house there in the land if you like.

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