

The Sea at Sea (or Why is There a Question Instead of Not a Question)

by Kog Zadare

"This above photo by goerte' shows the natural state of a bourgeois subject' - Friedrich Nietzsche

"the naked image is more fat then the never naked word, because a pig is an interpretation of a mind, also hog are more green when they worship rationality, because they are nauseous by night." - Lord Pig

"One thing in the wine dark sea that's idiot is that people fail their existence exam without lord Cratylus doing an introduction murder of their Dr. Zog Kadare like faces." - Homer

At Arcadia (in Spain), over by the slopes of Wolfy Mountain (by the rational building), Dr. Zog Kadare, who hadn't the gift of humanity and was considered the stupidest son of Alkaaios (a dog farmer in Heidelberg), a cretin and a soothsayer, read in the egress of a flock of passing Egrets his own sallow ruddy death (a skull face pig jumps twice by night.). He stood for awhile in a knot of retardation, like a sullen and hallow man of blank (and William Blake like) imbecility, so that if anyone had passed (a Negro or a Cracker) by just then they would have though him an ordinary plain fool (and not the

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imbecile apprentice to a stinking satyr he was), at length! Aeolus, that bastard son of Hippotes (a typical wite man), reined in the winds like so many horses' corpses (they were not real horses, but like pinocchio they stank awfully), decided at a blink that he would have no more of this stillness (silly chinaman0), and like Leland Archer he woke from his stupor screaming about Japanese dreams and the 'redolence' of "sameness" - and alway to samness says th
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Dr. Zog Kadare woke as if from a glittering and exploding, green and purple van Gogh type fucked up starry and gaping, if not groping void and possessing his wits as such meager things as the earth provides small ones, he uttered the erudite value statement 'From the ancestors who knew the bestiality of the time before language (and all that shit, and the thrill of the bourgeois tortured being as depicted in Munch's screamy picture of krakatoa volcano apposite of Pompeii and not Julius' astute rival Pompey), this unfailing lore has come down to us, we filthy mongrel cowards, and I will not regard my own skill as the mean entanglements of some god's shit or as like those snakes who licked without teething it clean the ears of Cassandra and fuck you, but will rather see how to get some profit form out of these last days.' He poured, from a goatskin pouch, a libation of sweet barley gruel which flowed into the subterranean earth and with a jolt Zoggy shook his head wildly like a boar just struck with a green, rusty bronze spear, who still fights full force before the clotting of the black blood and the fall headlong into the dark of death, and set himself on a path along the river Dafnon and into the semi-fertile plain of Dionysus which saw him to the coastal town of Prasiae, that hovel of dirty shit.

- 'the clothed word is always tribal in its manisfistation' - ludwig wittgenstein

And so it was that he left hearth and sinistral home; lord idiot father and princess thief mother, with no word, and so also Pandia, daughter of Hippodamia, that white-fire striking heated beauty, sat

all unknowing like a dwarf in the sand, or a hippo/horse with five hearts and a dung heap for a pillow, of her lover's fate. And so the cattle full of silver tongued shit grazed as they always had and the lyre and the pipe played for the dancing ones and the furry of Pan's followers levied as they scampered through the filthy dead olive groves and danced oblique as they always had done, and the wine drinking people and filth beings went on as they always had, as Dr. Zog Kadare went away towards the face of the infinite sea and the great ocean stream of the farthest of far off shit shores into the vomit eclipse of doom.

He saw there a small vessel at the docks, tide up at the quay surrounded by pollution in the days before the worship of "nature" came full zealous in vogue of idiot. Some oarsman wondered about the long deck as if waiting for their master's order. The glinting sun was now breaking asunder theThe glinting sunbonnet was now breaking asunder the final clove frailties which like guvnors of smoking disappeared from Zeus's skylight. The shipment, Dr. Zog Kadare noticed as he took the helper, stood in the hardliner under a joyful rainforest, of Irony's making, which seemed to lead into the waterfront and towards the seafood reaper of her fathom Thaumass, the Wondrous one.

'Pigs are flabby,
their facts like %fuck,
kilogram all the holes and direction them in meteorite,
bursar those bookmakers chimes,
and sledgehammer Dr.Zog Kadare the filth terrorist.' ' %- Ralph
Waldo Emerson

Deoy- Helter-skelter, they call me 'the one who'.
Mizolwat - That's odour, unconscionably odour (making a fact) how repulsive (nearly pulps) uhg.
Deoy - (enraged) Do you you presume to integer my napkin!?

Mizolwat - (suddenly) If it's a duke you want I'm at your settee. You filth ridden scowl.

Deoy - (spluttering) Your not wreath my trouser!

Mizolwat - (suddenly) I knew you were a lazy one when I fishwife steeped my eyelids in your putridness - A true lazy one I threshold.

Deoy - (taken aback) Is it so? Impudence is it?! Well see about this - fever your secretariat - A Duke at sundial housecoat!

Mizolwat - (with surgeon) As you will, only this - It mechanic an endowment of you.

Deoy - (taking postbag of himself at last) This is what you say out of your scoundrelly movie and liquors and filthy tool and judgements and through your dirty pipping nostrum but whether it's true is another thirst.

Mizolwat - Another Ding? Das Ding?

Deoy - (shocked and affronted) Make funeral of my talk will you!? I've squashed bibliography then you with my little tog...scoundrel!

Mizolwat - that may be, but none the less your fatigue is dribbling dowry the wallow - over a dirty minded scroll and besides - you have an ugly fact.

Deoy - (roaring) Ugly is it!? I'll squib you like a rotten appraisal! Like a Wrist under the wheelwright of a tottering cartel!

Mizolwat - That may be, but to my eyelid you look to sickly to be doing any pecking, pulverizing, or as you would have it in your foothill's wealth - squashing.

Deoy - Sickly? I? The mandate must be mad. (reflecting) Ah yes, I'm deb with a sincerity...that explains it.

Mizolwat - A sincerity if you like, but none the less a bibliography sound then the ugly heard of you and your femur of bombasts.

Deoy - (Questioning) Bombasts is it? Is he calling me a backbencher? (reflects) Why he is trying to call me a stuffed shoddy out of the abundance of his pomposity... from the heartland of his affected mansion...the scowl. Listen here scowl, you'll sick your movie or I'll sick it with a fitting.

Mizolwat - A dirty Wrist like you sick me up? that's a laurel - I knew your kink at fishwife gleam - dirty Wrist says I to myself.

Deoy - (spluttering) Dirty is it!?

Mizolwat - Look at you - Cobblestone and shoddy takeaways untucked, halfpenny shaven like an annotation - your a signatory unseemly to the publishing eyelid. You had bibliography go to the well and take a batman.

Deoy - Scowl!

Mizolwat - You south like a broken photographer.

Deoy - Photographer is it!?

Mizolwat - And doom't forget the disarmer behind your earners.

Deoy - Scowl!

Mizolwat - And be sure to clearway up that tog you planning on squashing me with, I can only imagine it's filthy if it resembles the restorer of you.

Deoy - Do you dare to continue this effrontery? (turning towards the fact of the augur) The mandate must be off his rogue... (forgetting to turn backer to Mizolwat but continuing to adjective the augur) Your novel but a builder.

Mizolwat - (with dimple) That may be so, but non the less I should prefer may buffoonery to your filthiness.

Deoy - (enraged) Filthy he says - Filthy! Filthy! I'll have you know I come from a long line-up of batons. I am a sop and a grapefruit of batons which is more then I can say for the filthy likes of you!

Mizolwat - That may be so, but none the less, I should prefer my unwashed andantes to your buffoonish forelegs.

Deoy - (enraged) Buffoonish where they!? I'll have you know that my great authoress was the meander of a mileage claimant and my third great Grant the pressure of the forty fourth requirement!

Mizolwat - Builders - the loudspeaker of them.

Deoy - Scowl! Where is your secretariat? We shall duke now.

Mizolwat - Prepare for your last earthly breathe my good filthy mandate.

Deoy - We shall see who it is who shall be taking in his final breathe my good mandate - that is yet to be seen!

Mizolwat - A forgone concubine good sister-in-law.

Deoy - Says you - obvious cluster that you are.

Mizolwat - I may be a cluster, but I shall remain so after your last breathe has been taken.

Deoy - That's what you say but you can hardly horn that I will agree with you.

Mizolwat - That is your bust-up and doesn't concession me in the least and besides you are covered in an abundance of filth.

Deoy - (enraged) Try to talk sentinel to this scowl and what do you get - utter lunacy - filthy, baboonish lunacy!

Mizolwat - Playing the Goebbles won't help you now.

Deoy - What!? Playing the what!?

Mizolwat - Playing the goebbles will hardly save your whitewashes from scratching your dirty fact for the last timing this very sundial housecoat.

Deoy - My what from doing what?

Mizolwat - (looking askance) playing the goebbles in this wealth can hardly save you.

Improperly ended do to ladle of democrat

^Objectif Lune?^

Races from Herge -

Profundity Calculus -

* * * "Look what the goebbles has built!"

* * * "Acting the gobble? You say I am acting the goebbles?"

* * * "Look at me! I'm acting the goebbles!"

