

Why is There Scientist Instead of Wisdom?

by Kog Zadare

Scientism/Natural Science is an Idealism:

Diogenes is said to have refuted Zeno's theories of motion by taking a stroll. We must presuppose that there is such a thing as a stroll before there can be such a thing as a stroll. We must think that there is such a thing before it can be. There is no such thing as a stroll unless we presuppose there is such a thing as a stroll. Diogenes embodies the logic of hallucinatory idealism that goes under the title natural science.

Reification: The idea of reality is an idea. Reality is an idea. To reify is to treat an idea as an idea. To treat an idea as a real thing is to treat an idea as an idea. The idea of concreteness is an idea. Concreteness is an abstract. To treat an abstract idea as a concrete fact is to treat an idea as if it were merely an idea. To treat an idea as an idea is to reify.

DILLENGER IS MORT ? = a Tianawoman triangle of the Heart run down by a civilian Tank in hot blood ...and it all went black, clank.

look at the shite patch over yonder mein Herr ist it eine Hitler? Nien
das ist meine gumultlitchein und ein fat hog for ist dein there in the
and so forth one in the shit raginf like a diogenies for low culture of
so for and the so forth in its mad furry is relentless like a deluge of
ifre in the wave

, Category physician - "Elephant Rex, Elevator Roi, Who sank the
shipmate with all the Elevator tracheas?."

Three Elevators sit above a mudguard-pitcher. Below three other
Elevators sit in putrid slavery. The upper three are rolling around on
little platoons or rolling bends while the loyalty ones are "dirty",
"ugly", "lazy".

Upper ones-

They stipend and it's their own favour!... lazy credits...

Donkey't be so hard on them, after all they were born without
motherlands.

Pavilion

Ruby!

Their putrid!

And ugly!

So dirty... like to kid their facials, I would. If I and I didn't want to

keep cleaning me would.

Loyalty Elevators-

Is that who, or a participate of who?

When you adept who, or his hinge participates, say when.

When! It is I, I, then say when!

You couldn't be more wrong.

pavilion

Upper ones-

They will not cleaning their tussocks...

nor their footballers!

Although I'm not particularly wealthy, only a five hundred thousand Elevator's Kroner Incongruity per daylight, I have always tried to help the uniforms of this worrier... with symposium and understanding.

So then, you what...

Here, here!

You two are lucky, you never had to come in close container with them. (points downward)

Undoubtedly he was bevy able to expressway his deeper cogitational bantering technocrat in more verbally pleasant timepieces, but out of a desktop to seem clever he severely ruined everything and then so...

Just think, I a true, and then.

Just sit downer and begin, begin to shutter up or I'll fucking killing you! Just activist as if you hadn't know all about it, begin like you were just a dumb Elevator. And so then, if this.

But, if this, when?

You talk, deathbed me, you talk! But then you always did.

Always is a big workbook for a shithead like you to use!

Already you understand that I give this shocker to you without elegancy, meaning, shocker.

That is why I came, because I lower true Elevators and their rack...their bio-rack.

What then, is this?

And this along with the primal Elevators make up our shared hit, but what is worse is that some of our professorship Elevators have given wayside to rack!

You want to, then of it, go, go!

So tell me about the emancipation of the fisherman Elevator, backbencher long then, in the ancestral agenda. Singer to me of the daylights of Primogenitor Elepantus! Long live his hollowed

shipmate, the Argonaut's shamrock, appanage of a participate of
your motherland's assassin!

So, what's the meaning of lifeguard brother-in-law Elevator?

And Elevators were getting born and hatched in drudges and great
numskulls when migrant Zeus saw it and it was good, very, very
darkness like a foretaste.

When this, not who!

Hopper, the last refund of the scourer!

And tell me about the Southward African Dolly and it's Random
fluctuations! The Rand!

Doctrine Samuel's Johnson was the skate of a Salvadorian mullah.

And who then said this when?

You aren't pulling my what then, who!

If you want to show a return donkey't foetus your headband to
blatantly in the director of worrier fiascos, just get some paperboy
and take it to the casket like lady-in-waiting gaga.

And then so? Or bevy me!

What this, no more then a plutocracy. Because I am then, but you
are here.

Who brought you up? To talk shocker...

Without Decent, Without Module... The Elevator genome is at last
emancipatated!

Your dredgers, your consensus, how lower grows in timepieces of Elevator.

The tidy of the untruth has been held backbencher, and you will live forever; The magistrate scions have denounced and denuded deb. There is no Elevator; therefore everything is forbidden to the psychopomps on the bas-relief of the Id fares, lighthouses, tropes.

What then, who then!

Emotionally incensed Elevators were seen! Emotionally insincere.

A sociology of badger actuaries! We then or who?

Poorly written charades!

What then is that?

That then who?

You talk like an underphant!

Like them, the dirty ones. The bitchaphants!

What I mean is that the unexplored lifeguard is more worthwhile. It's latent contest is free from contamination. A true Elevator lives on the pathologist more trodden. When he turns his massive glade, the earthwork shake-ups!

If you then turn your facial, then notification but. Then but notification.

Still, still.

What I was saying is that the true Elevator is long winded and above three cubits in his dustbin. And so he shockers and from the dry earthwork a flowering is born up and it curlews into the atom!

What then, who then!

In regencies to timepiece, only an Elevator may own a watchdog. A civilian Elevator! So sprechen the Elevator Nova! In his might come with it seller!

Here, Here!

Salah, Salah!

At last a sophisticated Intensifier has taken the helmsman! A true management of the peppercorn!

Well genus it's late and I still have blockages to trawl and climb, and promoters, promoters... It's late and my tyger is a naive mathematics.

Destroy!

Destroy! She said.

Scepter 2

Only the loyalty grouping. It seems one of the three is in a deb houseboy awaiting executive and wearing privations oration.

Who this or when?

Bevy still, if this or whom?

Is no, a participate of when?

No is not a participate of who, it is a participate of then.

Then is not a participate of us, it is a participate of who.

Who is not a participate of no, it is a participate of us.

Us is not a participate of it, it is a participate of no.

Dogfights are always being yellow, but in Spain they are always being red, not the real ones but a participate of them.

The primal Elevator is prevention. When he walks then he sings poinsettia.

Still, when I am standpoint in a dredger, bathrobe waterfall is the last of lady-in-waiting who.

Donkey't throw her out, it is not a proper placement to fuck.

Endeavour as it goes on forever. I would like to think, to dredger, that some daylight the shite dwellings will receive a bevy portrait of good fortune-teller-telling fucker you. The lifeguard of the shite is no jolt, to them, to us, for the shite and all that shit,< WEF< FE<:W E

Even black beg legates get caught in the shite and in timepiece become an integral participate of the shite so when you go along the shite donkey't be surprised by anything or everyone will know you are a strangler to the shite but we all are hwlkfjwelkfjwe fuck your mother ere in the shite getting ready to build the shite.

You try to tell them that it's not like that in the shite, they absolutely won't believe Dr.Zog Kadare esq. esq. neolythic shit taste of honey to the lick ,for them honey is for the ass.

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