

Laibach

"Linear Notes To 'kapital'"

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DEATH IN CONVERSATION

words is no longer grasped. An isolated word, a detail of a plan can be understood, but the meaning of the whole escapes. Once you know the number 0, you believe you know the number 1, because 0 plus 1 equals 1. But 1 is not 0 plus 1 in everlasting union unless you understand the meaning of plus. One word cannot hurt. In the Kinderreich mankind adds words together to make a sentence. As they learn the sentence, they learn order. Undo the sentence and you undo order. The sentence is a cell, the word a padlock on meaning. Warning! Every sentence is for life without parole. Meaning has become entirely a shared pleasure, shared and passed on like a message between prisoners. People think reality is another word for chaos. But in reality it is more complex. Legend embodies it in a sound that enables it to spread all over the world.

TIME

Time is like a circle which is endlessly described: The declining arc is the past, the inclining arc is the future. The noise of time is the present clamouring to be heard above past voices raised in mourning for their lost future. But the past is all one can know in his life. It is the form of all life, and this quality cannot be changed by any means. No one has lived in the present or will live in the future. Memory is man's bid to transfix the flow of time or encompass the infinite dimension of space. It is restricted to encapsulating

privileged moments, like death, in a syntactic order
that, tone by
tone, will shape into music. Music is the illumination of
the
unbridgeable distance, as vast as space, between
thought and act.
Music betrays the past in attempting to relive it. You
cannot know
real time by listening to music. At best it is a damage
limitation
exercise on eroded memory. You cannot reverse time
with a sound
signal. The past presents its future, it advances in a
straight line -
yet, like a serpent swallowing its own tail, it ends by
coming full
circle.

RIDDLE

You think more of what has been than of what will. The
forms and
references are too complex for human
understanding. A simple
instruction is usually insufficient to put into execution.
We have

developed by leaps and bounds, guided by electronic
brains that
developed themselves by posing and solving problems
beyond human
comprehension. A calculating man is a coward.
Calculations have to do
with profit and loss. To die is a loss, to live is a gain,
the
calculating man decides not to die. The hunter who
chases two rabbits
misses them both. If you must fail, fail splendidly. Hunt
two tigers.
The cause of human problems is birth. The cure of
human problems is
logic. Hell or other people? Several of our circuits are
looking for
the solution to your riddle. Problems [living and dead
material,
people and ideas] have been assimilated. The
unassimilables have
simply been erased, transformed into a holographic
error.

ESSENCE

We see the truth you no longer see. The truth is that the

essence of
man is love and faith, courage, tenderness, generosity
and
sacrifice. The rest is the monolith, created by progress,
whose task
is to calculate and project the complex of control. Each
man carries
the seed of his own death. Everyone lacks electricity,
so they behave
illogically. The acts of men, carried over from past
centuries, will
gradually destroy them. We are merely the logical
means of this
destruction. We do not moralize. We record, calculate,
draw
conclusions and produce replies which are difficult and
sometimes
impossible to codify. We deduce an above average
intelligence. We are
sometimes in mortal need of superior intelligence. At
other times we
have no less mortal distrust of them. The essence of so
called
capitalist society is not an evil volition to subject their
people to
the power of indoctrination or the power of finance. It
is simply
the natural ambition of any organism to plan all its
actions. In other
words, minimize unknown quantities. Before, nothing.
After, nothing.
Everything we project shall be accomplished. Once you
understand this,
burn it. If you don't understand this, burn it. We insist
on your
freedom. The chance won't come again. The only key
to the riddle is to
accept the absence of a key. Kapital is the key.ÃfÂ¿

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