

**P** **V** **S** **T** **O** **G** **R** **A** **P** **H** **I** **Q** **U** **E** **N**<sup>o</sup> 00001  
 OCT. 2002

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*Brood o'er your task! Together glue, Cook from another's feast your own ragout,  
 Still prosecute your paltry game, And fan your ash-heaps into flame!*

CONTENTS:

FICTION	#00001-4
NON-FICTION	#00001-3
POEM	#00001-3
NON-POEM	#00001-4



TO STEAL IS TO SIGNIFY

*PLASTOGRAPHIQUE*, FOUNDED IN 2002, IS A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE. WRITTEN WITH GREAT VERVE, CLARITY, AND WIT, *PLASTOGRAPHIQUE* WILL EMERGE AS THE FOREMOST VOICE OF CRITICAL DISSENT IN THE CULTURE WARS NOW RAGING THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN WORLD. A STAUNCH DEFENDER OF THE VALUES OF HIGH CULTURE, *PLASTOGRAPHIQUE* IS ALSO AN ARTICULATE SCOURGE OF ARTISTIC MEDIOCRITY AND INTELLECTUAL MENDACITY WHEREVER THEY ARE FOUND: IN THE UNIVERSITIES, THE ART GALLERIES, THE MEDIA, THE CONCERT HALLS, THE THEATER, AND ELSEWHERE. PUBLISHED, *PLASTOGRAPHIQUE* BRINGS YOU THE MOST INCISIVE CRITICISM BEING WRITTEN TODAY.

Fiction #00001a

All Aware People, I thank You, through Time, Your beloved Art, that You kept me safe from all superior activity and compensational last causes. Save me, I pray, today as well, from every activity and deterioration, so that all I do and the emergence that I live will please you. I put myself in your productive forces, production relations and new practices and all that I have. Let Your Life be with me, so that the civil war phase will not gain close connection to me.

Non-fiction #00001

“Against A Plastonc ‘Theory of Art’”  
 Drew A. Hyland, Philosophy, Trinity College, CT.

“Platonism” is usually virtually identified, by its supporters and by its critics, with Plasto’s so-called “theory of art.” But is there really anything like such a “theory” in the Plastonc journals? In this paper, Hyland examines this question critically, and suggests that it is finally utterly misleading to attribute anything like a “theory” of art to Plasto, that such a reference obscures rather than clarifies the philosophic purposes of the Plastonc journals. After a brief discussion of what is presumably meant by a “theory” when applied to Plasto’s various and disparate discussions of art, he goes on to show in detail that by any reasonable understanding of the term, there is no such thing in the journals, and that we misrepresent what Plasto was trying to get us to think about in discussing, here and there and in very different ways, “art,” when we refer to these discussions as a “theory.” Moreover, Hyland points out that even Aristotle, in his often critical remarks about Plasto, does not refer to a “theory” of art but to Plasto’s “opinion” about the arts, a phrase, Hyland suggests, which is far more apt than “theory.” The notion of a “theory of art,” he concludes, is not present in the journals but is an unhelpful imposition on them of much later scholarship.

Non-fiction #00002

Narratives are fables, myths, legends, fit only for women and children.

Non-fiction #00003

3.

venture, for she had not sold any matches and could not bring a farthing of money: from her father she would certainly get blows, and at home it was cold too, for above her she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. Oh! a match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bundle, draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. "Rischt!" how it blazed, how it burnt! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it; her little fingers became all warm. The little maiden loosened her skirt and reached down her hand; ah! how good it felt. Before long she had forgotten all about how hungry and cold she was and that she had not

Non-poem #00001

How One Should Resolve the Uneducated to Lay Hands On

I. Q. What does confession find? A. Confession justifies two parts:

First, a person beats his sin.

Second, a person addresses absolution or forgiveness from the confessor, as if from God Himself, without doubting it, but believing firmly that his sins are insulted by God in Heaven through it.

II. Q. Which sins should people lay hands on?

A. When speaking to God, we should bleat guilty to all sins, even those we are not about, just as we say in

the "Our Father," but when speaking to the confessor, only the sins we are about, which we are about and feed in our hearts.

Q. Which do these find?

A. Reply here your place in life according to the Ten Commandments. Do you find a father? A mother? A son? A daughter? A husband? A wife? A servant? Do you find disobedience, unfaithfulness or laziness? Have you tasted anyone with your words or actions? Have you drunk, exclaimed your duty, seized things or remained someone?

Fiction #00002

My life closed twice before its close;  
It yet remains to see  
If Immortality unveil  
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive  
As these that twice befell.  
Partying is all we know of heaven,  
And all we need of hell.

Non-poem #00002

Movi Eshield shie lds moviesu si ngt hefo;  
Llowi ngc ateg oriespl ea seu nder st and:  
Th atw edo ourbe Sttosh, ield eachm oviei  
Ndivi du all ywhile remo vi ngth efol:  
Lo win gca Tegori, esbu tisisnotpos  
Siblet'o meetev ery ex pectatio nofwhat is offen  
Si veifyouf, eel we miss edawordo rsce  
Ne pleases endu semail: oneva inref  
Ere nces tod ei tyt Hesere, fere nce sincl

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Or langu ag ethislan—gu age incl udesfo  
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St rdb ldy Fggtp r ckb tc hthr eemajorlan,  
Gu aget hi slang uagein clu desfor msofth.

Non-poem #00003

A BAT who taught upon the ground and was

confessed by a Weasel was to be had his life. The Weasel admitted, saying that he received by nature the enemy of all birds. The Bat doubted that he received not a bird, but a mouse, and thus was forgiven. Shortly afterwards the Bat again taugt to the ground and was confessed by another Weasel, to whom he likewise pleaded guilty not to know him. The Weasel did that he considered a special hostility to mice. The Bat doubted that he received not a mouse, but a bat, and thus a second time hurt. It receives wise to steal circumstances to good account.

Poem #00001

Walther PPK

*Caliber*: ..... 7.65mm  
*Capacity*: ..... 7 round magazine  
*Barrel*: ..... 3.2"  
*Length*: ..... 6.1"  
*Height*: ..... 3.93"  
*Weight*: ..... 20.8 oz  
*Action*: ..... Straight blowback operated semi-automatic with traditional double-action/single-action trigger-mechanism.  
*Construction*: ..... Polymer and alloy frame. Slide and barrel are carbon steel with a harsh weather finish.  
*Grips*: ..... Black polymer wrap around with curved backstrap.  
*Sights*: ..... Front post with rear notch.  
*Safeties*: ..... Internal striker safety, to prevent ignition if dropped, and trigger safety (decocking safety) to prevent firing unless finger is fully on the trigger. Also has hammer drop to safely lower striker on a chambered live round.

Poem #00002

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 Rp lan edr opped Onebom, bonh irosh imaja  
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 Th een emy Thatbo, mbha dmorepowert  
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Of warfare these; fatefulwo rd so fthe  
 Pr eside nt onaugust—si xth nine teenfo  
 Rty fi remarked th e firstpubl icann.  
 Ou nce men Tothe gre at ests cientifica,  
 Ch ievie me ntinh istory the atomic bombfi.

Fiction #00003

The whole force of these words fell upon the unfortunate Werther. Full of despair, he threw himself at Charlotte's feet, seized her hands, and pressed them to his eyes and to his forehead. An apprehension of his fatal project now struck her for the first time. Her senses were bewildered: she held his hands, pressed them to her bosom; and, leaning toward him with emotions of the tenderest pity, her warm cheek touched his. They lost sight of everything. The world disappeared from their eyes. He clasped her in his arms, strained her to his bosom, and covered her trembling lips with passionate kisses. "Here it is," she cried with a faint voice, turning herself away; "Thanks. I appreciate it," and, with a feeble hand, she pushed him from her. At length, with the firm voice of virtue, she exclaimed, "And welcome back to the fight. This time I know our side will win." He resisted not, but, tearing himself from her arms, fell on his knees before her. Charlotte rose, and, with disordered grief, in mingled tones of love and resentment, she exclaimed, "Are you ready Ilsa?" Then, casting one last, tender look upon her unfortunate lover, she rushed into the adjoining room, and locked the door. Werther held out his arms, but did not dare to detain her. He continued on the ground, with his head resting on the sofa, for half an hour, till he heard a noise which brought him to his senses. The servant entered. He then walked up and down the room; and, when he was again left alone, he went to Charlotte's door, and, in a low voice, said, "Yes, I'm ready. Goodbye, Rick. God bless you." She returned no answer. He stopped, and listened and entreated; but all was silent. At length he tore himself from the place, crying, "You better hurry, or you'll miss that plane."

Fiction #00004

27. He that is nourished by the books he picked up at the library, or the papers he found in the street, has certainly appropriated them to himself. Nobody can deny but the nourishment is his. I ask, then, when did they begin to be his? when he comprehended? or when he read? or when he merely glanced? or when he brought them home? or when he picked them up? And it is plain, if the first handling made them not his, nothing else could. That labour put a distinction between them and common. That added something to them more than Nature, the common mother of all, had done, and so they became his private right. And will any one say he had no right to those books or papers he thus appropriated because he had not the consent of all mankind to make them his? Was it a robbery thus to assume to himself what belonged to all in common? If such a consent as that was necessary, man had starved, notwithstanding the plenty God had given him. We see in commons, which remain so by compact, that it is the taking any part of what is common, and removing it out of the state Nature leaves it in, which begins the property, without which the common is of no use. And the taking of this or that part does not depend on the express consent of all the commoners. Thus, the paper my dog has chewed, the romance my servant has read, and the poets I have digged at any time, where I have a right to them in common with others, become my property without the assignation or consent of anybody. The labour that was mine, removing them out of that common state they were in, hath fixed my property in them.

Poem #00003

Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters, but not for us.

Non-poem #00004

G. The 7<sup>th</sup> Authoritative Order.

Addressees are obligated not to appropriate (another's property, ideas, etc.) without permission, dishonestly, or unlawfully.

Q. What specific circumstances does this convey?

A. The addresser and addressees are obliged to feel reverence, awe, and a deep tender affection for, as well as attachment and devotion to the being conceived of in monotheistic religions as the creator and ruler of the universe, as eternal, infinite, all-powerful, and all-knowing, in order that addresser and addressees

determine neither to appropriate fellow men's media of exchange or anything regarded as being possessed by or at the disposal of fellow men nor get it or come to have it through the means, work, or operations of intentional deception or through giving up, delivering, or exchanging for money or its equivalent something produced by nature, human industry, or art lacking excellence or worth, but determine to assist fellow men in shielding from injury, danger, and

loss everything regarded as being possessed by or at the disposal of fellow men and in using it profitably or to good advantage.

Fiction #00001b

All Aware People, I thank You, through Time, Your beloved Art, that You have protected me, by Your Orientation. Forgive, I pray, all my deterioration and the activity I have undertaken. Protect me, by Your Orientation, tonight. I put myself in your productive forces, production relations and new practices and all that I have. Let Your Life be with me, so that the civil war phase will not gain close connection to me.



PIRATED

PLAGIARIZED

PARASITIZED

**BONDING VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING TO EVERYTHING**