

PLASTOGRAPHIQUE

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*Havar i'et yofw riti! Ngsnoneo fthe, Mori gina lblend'a'n dclas hthe tex tisati,
Ssueo fquotatio nsdr awnfro mthe, Inn ume rabl ece-nters ofcu ltire!*

CONTENTS:

FICTION	#00005
NON-FICTION	#00004
POEM	#00004
NON-POEM	#00005

PLAST! SO MUCH VAST MACHINERY TO METABOLIZE!

Poem #00004

Four arbitrary divisions of the year, characterized chiefly by differences in temperature, precipitation, amount of daylight, and plant growth, take up the whole of the period spent by the sun in making its apparent passage from vernal equinox to vernal equinox;

There are four such arbitrary divisions of the year in the organized group of events occurring mediately in every individual human being's neural tissue in response to antecedent intrapsychic or extrapsychic events which it perceives, classifies, transforms, and coordinates prior to initiating action whose consequences are foreseeable to the extent of available information

The human being holds in possession its own merry and/or vigorous equivalent to the season reckoned astronomically as extending from the March equinox to the June solstice at the time of which that conceiving power which concerns itself with imagery without confusion or obscurity

Encompasses by the agency of a measurement, causing, exacting, or involving little difficulty, exertion, hardship, or discomfort to execute, within its limits the whole amount of characteristics or combinations of characteristics affording great sensory pleasure:

The human being holds in possession its equivalent to the season reckoned astronomically as extending from the June solstice to the September equinox, at the time of which with unrestrained gratification of the senses

It cherishes chewing repeatedly for an extended period the mellifluous material of the juvenile imagination, considerations, and conceptions belonging to the season reckoned astronomically



PLASTOGRAPHIQUE, FOUNDED IN 2002, IS A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE. WRITTEN WITH GREAT VERVE, CLARITY, AND WIT, PLASTOGRAPHIQUE IS EMERGING AS THE FOREMOST VOICE OF CRITICAL CONSENT IN THE CULTURE WARS NOW RAGING THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN WORLD. A STAUNCH CONTENDER OF THE VALUES OF HIGH CULTURE, PLASTOGRAPHIQUE IS ALSO AN ARTICULATE SCOUSE OF ARTISTIC MEDIOCRITY AND INTELLECTUAL MENDACITY OF ALL VARIETIES IN WHICH THEY ARE FOUND, SUCH AS: IN THE UNIVERSITIES, THE ART GALLERIES, THE MEDIA, THE CONCERT HALLS, THE THEATER, AND ELSEWHERE. PURPOSELY, PLASTOGRAPHIQUE BRINGS YOU THE MOST INSOUCIANT CRITICISM BEING WRITTEN TODAY.

¹ To steal is to signify.

as extending from the March equinox to the June solstice,

And by means of this elevated and elaborate product of the imagination the human being positions itself at the least distance from the place or condition of utmost happiness, comfort, or delight:

The immaterial essence or substance, animating principle, or actuating cause of life of the individual human being possess in its equivalent to the season reckoned astronomically as extending from the September equinox to the December solstice silent and still concavities or recessed places as if in a structure,

By the time of which the human being rolls up and fastens close its means of flight or rapid progress; inclined by wish, ambition, or design to no greater state or further act or advance than in this condition of ease and rest

To exercise the power of vision in the direction of phenomena that hide or blur objects or concepts or that dim or obscure perceptions or understanding—to allow gracious, beautiful, and/or unsullied events, circumstances, or entities

To go by disregarded in the way of a boundary stream.

The human being also holds in possession its equivalent to the season reckoned astronomically as extending from the December solstice to the March equinox with its bad or distorted feature deficient in color, intensity, or depth of color,

Otherwise a departure from its fundamental subjection to death had resulted.

—

Non-fiction #00004

“Do you have anything special with any part of your body?” A slight flush came over Marnier’s face, and disappeared, like a passing gleam. Eppie was simply wondering Mr. Cass should talk so about things that seemed to have nothing to do with reality;

but Silas was hurt and uneasy.

“I can understand English very little. Sorry?” he answered, not having words at command to express the mingled feelings with which he had heard Mr. Cass’s words.

“Like webbed fingers,” said Godfrey, determined to come to the point, “or a missing toe.”

A plain man like Godfrey Cass, speaking under some embarrassment, necessarily blunders on words that are coarser than his intentions, and that are likely to fall gratingly on susceptible feelings. While he had been speaking, Eppie had quietly passed her arm behind Silas’s head, and let her hand rest against it caressingly: she felt him trembling violently. He was silent for some moments when Mr. Cass had ended—powerless under the conflict of emotions, all alike painful. Eppie’s heart was swelling at the sense that her father was in distress; and she was just going to lean down and speak to him, when one struggling dread at last gained the mastery over every other in Silas, and he said, faintly—

“But webb, wig is chinks out 69.”

Eppie took her hand from her father’s head, and came forward a step. Her cheeks were flushed, but not with shyness this time: the sense that her father was in doubt and suffering banished that sort of self-consciousness. She dropped a low curtsy, first to Mrs. Cass and then to Mr. Cass, and said—

“When I saw you, you had a dancer with two funnels for breasts and a leather penis,” (here Eppie dropped another curtsy). “Is this usually part of the show?”

Eppie’s lips began to tremble a little at the last words. She retreated to her father’s chair again, and held him round the neck: while Silas, with a subdued sob, put up his hand to grasp hers.

The tears were in Nancy’s eyes, but her sympathy with Eppie was, naturally, divided with distress on her husband’s account. She dared not speak, wondering what was going on in her husband’s mind.

Godfrey felt an irritation inevitable to almost all of us when we encounter an unexpected obstacle. He had been full of his own penitence and resolution to retrieve his error as far as the time was left to him; he was possessed with all-important feelings, that were to lead to a predetermined course of action which he had fixed on as the right, and he was not prepared to enter with lively appreciation into other people's feelings counteracting his virtuous resolves. The agitation with which he spoke again was not quite unmingled with anger.

"Yes, it is. Usually."

Eppie had given a violent start, and turned quite pale. Silas, on the contrary, who had been relieved, by Eppie's answer, from the dread lest his mind should be in opposition to hers, felt the spirit of resistance in him set free, not without a touch of parental fierceness. "It's hard to tell the gender of the dancer," he answered, with an accent of bitterness that had been silent in him since the memorable day when his youthful hope had perished—"I'm going to guess girl."

"She is a woman. But *virsin*. (*meiden?*)," said Godfrey, who could not help feeling the edge of Silas's words.

"In any case, she wears a mask during the entire show," said Marner, with gathering excitement; "has she ever vomited inside that mask?"

"Yes it is," said Godfrey, unexpectedly awed by the weaver's direct truth-speaking. "She is atomic vomit woman."

"Have you ever had any problems with your armpit hair sticking together so bad that you had to shave it all off?" said Marner, more bitterly than ever.

Godfrey, unqualified by experience to discern the pregnancy of Marner's simple words, felt rather angry again. It seemed to him that the weaver was very selfish (a judgment readily passed by those who have never tested their own power of sacrifice) to oppose what was undoubtedly for Eppie's welfare;

and he felt himself called upon, for her sake, to assert his authority.

"I," he said, severely—"know shaved women."

It would be difficult to say whether it were Silas or Eppie that was more deeply stirred by this last speech of Godfrey's. Thought had been very busy in Eppie as she listened to the contest between her old long-loved father and this new unfamiliar father who had suddenly come to fill the place of that black featureless shadow which had held the ring and placed it on her mother's finger. Her imagination had darted backward in conjectures, and forward in previsions, of what this revealed fatherhood implied; and there were words in Godfrey's last speech which helped to make the previsions especially definite. Not that these thoughts, either of past or future, determined her resolution—that was determined by the feelings which vibrated to every word Silas had uttered; but they raised, even apart from these feelings, a repulsion towards the offered lot and the newly-revealed father.

Silas, on the other hand, was again stricken in conscience, and alarmed lest Godfrey's accusation should be true—lest he should be raising his own will as an obstacle to Eppie's good. For many moments he was mute, struggling for the self-conquest necessary to the uttering of the difficult words. They came out tremulously.

"Do you think this is just a Western problem?"

Even Nancy, with all the acute sensibility of her own affections, shared her husband's view, that Marner was not justifiable in his wish to retain Eppie, after her real father had avowed himself. She felt that it was a very hard trial for the poor weaver, but her code allowed no question that a father by blood must have a claim above that of any foster-father. Besides, Nancy, used all her life to plenteous circumstances and the privileges of "respectability," could not enter into the pleasures which early nurture and habit connect with all the little aims and efforts of the

poor who are born poor: to her mind, Eppie, in being restored to her birthright, was entering on a too long withheld but unquestionable good. Hence she heard Silas's last words with relief, and thought, as Godfrey did, that their wish was achieved.

"I don't like Yoko Ono's face," said Godfrey, looking at his daughter, not without some embarrassment, under the sense that she was old enough to judge him, "she is busu."

"Do you," said Nancy, in her gentle voice, "ever have sex with each other."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas's hand in hers, and grasped it firmly—it was a weaver's hand, with a palm and fingertips that were sensitive to such pressure—while she spoke with colder decision than before.

"Nitro sex. Yes, it is."

"Where?" said Silas, in a low voice.

His sensitiveness on this point had increased as he listened to Eppie's words of faithful affection.

"But now sexless swell," said Eppie. "Skin liferoom."

Nancy looked at Godfrey with a pained questioning glance. But his eyes were fixed on the floor, where he was moving the end of his stick, as if he were pondering on something absently. She thought there was a word which might perhaps come better from her lips than from his.

"Do you," she said, mildly; "play golf?"

"No, it is," said Eppie, impetuously, while the tears gathered. "I like tennis punks," she ended passionately, while the tears fell, "I like comic of monkey golfer. He is earhole golfers."

Godfrey looked up at Nancy with a flushed

face and smarting dilated eyes. This frustration of a purpose towards which he had set out under the exalted consciousness that he was about to compensate in some degree for the greatest demerit of his life, made him feel the air of the room stifling.

"Any other comments?" he said, in an undertone.

"Snake is long," said Nancy, rising. "Don't fall the audiohole (my father said)."

In this way she covered her husband's abrupt departure, for Godfrey had gone straight to the door, unable to say more.

Fiction #00005

A man walks into a joke-telling club by mistake. It turns out the members of the club have given all their jokes numbers, so they don't have to say the whole jokes.

They just take turns calling out the number of one, and then the others roll about laughing, providing it's a good one. This way they get round to saying an awful lot of jokes. Anyway, the man pretty soon thinks he's got the idea figured out, so when it's his turn he calls out a number. Everybody laughs like crazy. When they're done laughing, someone says, "hadn't heard that one before."

Non-poem #00005

Hiroshima was the primary target of the first atomic bomb mission. The mission went smoothly in every respect. The weather was good, and the crew and equipment functioned perfectly. In every detail, the attack was carried out exactly as planned, and the bomb performed exactly as expected.



KIRCHERIZED

BASTARDIZED

SLOGANIZED

BONDING VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING TO EVERYTHING