

PLASTOGRAPHIQUE^{NO 00003}

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o utstil lp rosecuteyo urpal tryg ame andfanyoura sheeps in toflame.*

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PLASTOGRAPHIQUE, FOUNDED IN 2002, IS A JOURNAL OF THE ARTS AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE. WRITTEN WITH STRAIT RESERVE (VERILY!), VI ET ARMIS, *PLASTOGRAPHIQUE* IS EMERGING AS THE FOREMOST VOICE OF CRITICAL ASCENT IN THE CULTURE WARS EVER RAGING THROUGHOUT “THE WORLD.” A STAUNCH CONTENDER OF THE VALUES OF HI KULTURE, *PLASTOGRAPHIQUE* IS ALSO A METICULOUS 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, SUPERMARKETS, SHOPPING MALLS, AND ELSEWHERE. PUSILLANIMOUSLY, *PLASTOGRAPHIQUE* BRINGS YOU THE MOST INSOUICANT CRITICISM BEING WRITTEN TODAY.

SOCRATES: “Wedlock suits you, I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you.”

GORGIAS: “Seven!”

“Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness,” said the curate.

The masters say: “Then, how do you know?”

“I see it, I deduce it. How do I know that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?” said the hunchback.

36 And they were all amazed, and spake among themselves, saying, “My dear Holmes, this is too much, you would certainly have been burned, had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess, but as I have changed my clothes I can’t imagine how you deduce it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice, but there, again, I fail to see how you work it out.”

“It is simplicity itself,” said the Regulations, “my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you had a particularly malignant bootslitting specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black mark of nitrate of silver upon his right forefinger, and a bulge on the right side of his top-hat to show where he has secreted his stethoscope, I must be dull, indeed, if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession.”

SAM: “When I hear you give your reasons the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, though

¹To steal is to signify

at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled until you explain your process. And yet I believe that my eyes are as good as yours."

[Sam begins to play a number. He is Nervous, waiting for anything.]

"Quite so. You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room," sing the photographers.

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on, "Frequently."

The final solution was approached in two different ways. The one was a turning around of the question. Instead of asking: How can one in the known mathematical scheme express a given experimental situation? the other question was put: "How often?"

SAM: [evading] "Well, some hundreds of times."

[Sam looks very uncomfortable.]

THE ANTS were spending a fine winter's day drying grain collected in the summertime. A Grasshopper, perishing with famine, passed by and earnestly begged for a little food. The Ants inquired of him, "Then how many are there?"

"How many? I don't know," replied a footman in a bold loud voice, as if anything were now permissible.

"Quite so!" says the code, and hastens to add, "You have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems, and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this. It came by the last post. Read it aloud."

INSPECTOR: "There will call upon you tonight, at a quarter to eight o'clock [it said], a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you are one

who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask.' This is indeed a mystery, what do you imagine that it means?"

She then said, with a smile which sunk deep into my heart, "I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?" I tore myself away. God, thou seest my torments, and wilt end them!

"The man who wrote it was presumably well to do, such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff," I ejaculated.

"Peculiar—that is the very word," the Warlord directed, and even as he spoke he lopped the head from another. "It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light. What do you make of that?"

NATASHA: "The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather."

She is hunting through the room, but can't find a Bible.

I. Introduction: Our Father, Who is in Heaven.

Q. "Not at all. The 'G' with the small 't' stands for 'Gesellschaft,' which is the German for 'Company.' It is a customary contraction like our 'Co.' 'P,' of course, stands for 'Papier.' Now for the 'Eg.' Let us glance at our Continental Gazetteer. Eglow, Eglonitz—here we are, Egria. It is in a German-speaking country—in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass-factories and paper-mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?"

A. "The paper was made in Bohemia."

Christian metaphysics addressed the defect of the classical economy of power (this restless movement between barbarism and civilization) by delivering up

a substantial ground for human experience. Cochrane argued: "Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence—'This account of you we have from all quarters received.' A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts."

[2] (1) I say, "A pair, by the sound. Yes. A nice little brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else," for at first sight it seemed unwise willingly to lose hold on what was sure for the sake of something then uncertain.

"I think that I had better go, Holmes," she sighed.

"Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it," they tell Marjorie Stengel over the phone.

CONDEMNED MAN: "But your client—"

(97) "Never mind him," he goes on to say (ib. 24), "I may want your help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention," and so on, through the rest of the chapter, he describes the vices of ignorance, and sets them forth as the punishment of ignorance.

Our own barber, who was present at all this, and understood Don Quixote's humour so thoroughly, took it into his head to back up his delusion and carry on the joke for the general amusement; so addressing the other barber he said: "Come in!"

SAM: "You had my note? [desperately] I told you that I would call."

"Pray take a seat," said Pierre when he reached the landing. "This is my friend colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me

in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?" Anna Mikhaylovna paused and waited for him to come up.

"You may address me as the Count Von Kramm, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honour and discretion, whom I may trust with a matter of the most extreme importance. If not, I should much prefer to communicate with you alone," exclaimed their butt the barber at this.

"It is both, or none," the Bishop broke in. "You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me."

[Execunt MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.]

BENVOLIO: "Then I must begin, by binding you both to absolute secrecy for two years; at the end of that time the matter will be of no importance. At present it is not too much to say that it is of such weight it may have an influence upon European history."

"I promise," replied Alice.

"And I," said the Cat, and vanished.

We heard the door open, a few hurried words, and then quick steps upon the linoleum. Our own door flew open, and a lady, clad in some dark-coloured stuff, with a black veil, entered the room. "You will excuse this mask," she began, and then, suddenly losing her self-control, she ran forward, threw her arms about my wife's neck, and sobbed upon her shoulder. "The august person who employs me wishes his agent to be unknown to you, and I may confess at once that the title by which I have just called myself is not exactly my own."

He recognized that such machines would be ideal for neither military nor civil purposes, but continued: "I was aware of it."

If you ask them what is the meaning of their restless activity, why they are never satisfied with what they have, thus appearing so senseless to any purely worldly view of life, they would perhaps give the answer, if they know any at all: "The circumstances

are of great delicacy, and every precaution has to be taken to quench what might grow to be an immense scandal and seriously compromise one of the reigning families of Europe. To speak plainly, the matter implicates the great House of Ormstein, hereditary kings of Bohemia.”

“I was also aware of that,” said Alice.

“If your Majesty would condescend to state your case, I should be better able to advise you,” she said flatly, and her nightmares were forgotten as she took off his shirt and washed the gashed rib with soap and water and bound it with strips of towel cut with one of the dead men’s razor blades.

“You are right,” said Don Quixote, “I am the King. Why should I attempt to conceal it?”

“Why, indeed?” she said to herself; “Your Majesty had not spoken before I was aware that I was addressing Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismund von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein, and hereditary King of Bohemia.” As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

“But you can understand, you can understand that I am not accustomed to doing such business in my own person. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not confide it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come incognito from Prague for the purpose of consulting you,” she said, touching his arm as she had done her son’s when speaking to him that afternoon.

They were swiveling their heads and necks furiously during all this, shooting signs that said, “Then, pray consult.”

[Groucho parades out in front of the line during song, catches sight of guard and immediately disappears.]

“The facts are briefly these: Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made the acquaintance of the well-known adventuress, Irene

Adler. The name is no doubt familiar to you,” said Alice.

“Kindly look her up in my index, Doctor,” asks the intimate.

INSPECTOR: “Let me see! Hum! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto—hum! La Scala, hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw—yes! Retired from operatic stage—ha! Living in London—quite so! Your Majesty, as I understand, became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters, and is now desirous of getting those letters back.”

The Devil answer’d: “Precisely so. But how—”

III. The Second Request: Your Kingdom come.

Q. “Was there a secret marriage?”

A. “None.”

Wet Cartridges

Question 71.—“No legal papers or certificates?”

Answer.—“None.”

Test for Penetration

Question 92.—“Then I fail to follow your Majesty. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove their authenticity?”

Answer.—“There is the writing.”

Flagnote on flagnote sez “Pooh, pooh! Forgery.”

IX. Amen.

[Harpo, in the meantime, has acquired a beard similar to the one shown in the photograph.]

Q. “My private note-paper.”

A. “Stolen.”

INSPECTOR: [Snatching beard from Harpo’s face] “My own seal.”

The “last word,” as Vogue has it, goes again to *Elan*: “Imitated.”

GROUCHO: [Indicating Opera Dame] “My photograph.”

CARTMAN: [Through megaphone] “Bought.”

INVARIABLY CONTAMINATED BY SOME FORM OF CULTURE