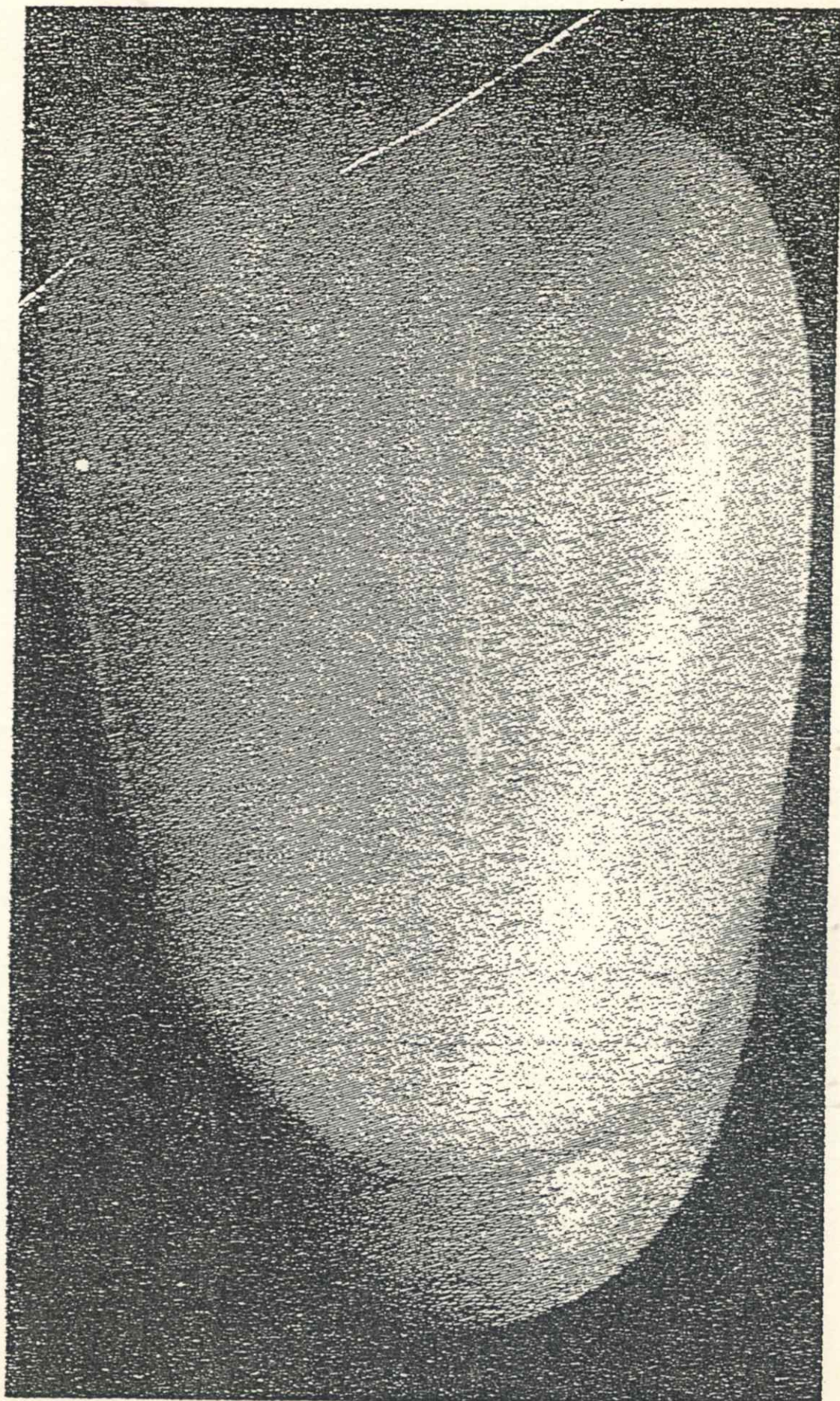




76 ▶

THE MASTERS OF
RECYCLISM
SERIES #4

Le suore si avvicinarono nuovamente a me e la loro assistenza mi fu di grande conforto. Io non parlavo, non potevo parlare; ma un incidente abbastanza originale mi obbligò poco dopo a sforzarmi a fare uso della parola. Tra la gente che si moveva numerosa in tutti i sensi, scorsi un ragazzo nel quale credetti di riconoscere Badoret.

Badoret portava a cavalluccio il corpo di un bimbo di pochi anni, gambe e braccia penzoloni. In questo modo egli soleva portare il fratellino quand'era in vita, e così lo portava, morto. Feci uno sforzo e chiamai il ragazzo che si chinava a esaminare i corpi abbandonati al suolo. Badoret si avvicinò a me e mi disse:

« Sei morto anche tu, Andrés ? »

« Perché porti a cavalluccio la salma del tuo fratellino ? »

« Oh, Andrés ! Mi hanno detto di buttarlo nella fossa che c'è in piazza del Vino, ma io non voglio seppellirlo; preferisco portarlo con me. Il poverino non piange più, non strilla più ».

« E tua sorella ? »

« Siseta non si muove, non parla e non piange. La chiamiamo e non ci risponde ».

Stavo per domandargli di Josefina, ma me ne mancò la forza; la facoltà di parlare si estinse in me, gli occhi mi s'annebbiarono, e vidi che Badoret spariva saltellando sotto il suo lugubre fardello.

La febbre traumatica si impadronì di me con grande intensità, riproducendomi i fatti che avevano preceduto la situazione in cui mi trovavo. Siseta compariva al mio fianco col fratellino in braccio, e io le dicevo:

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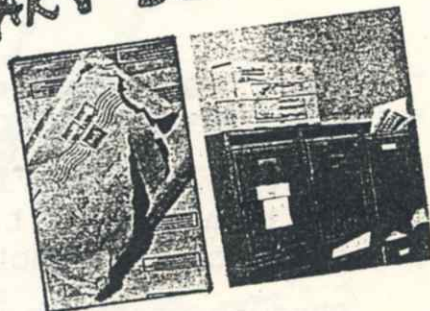
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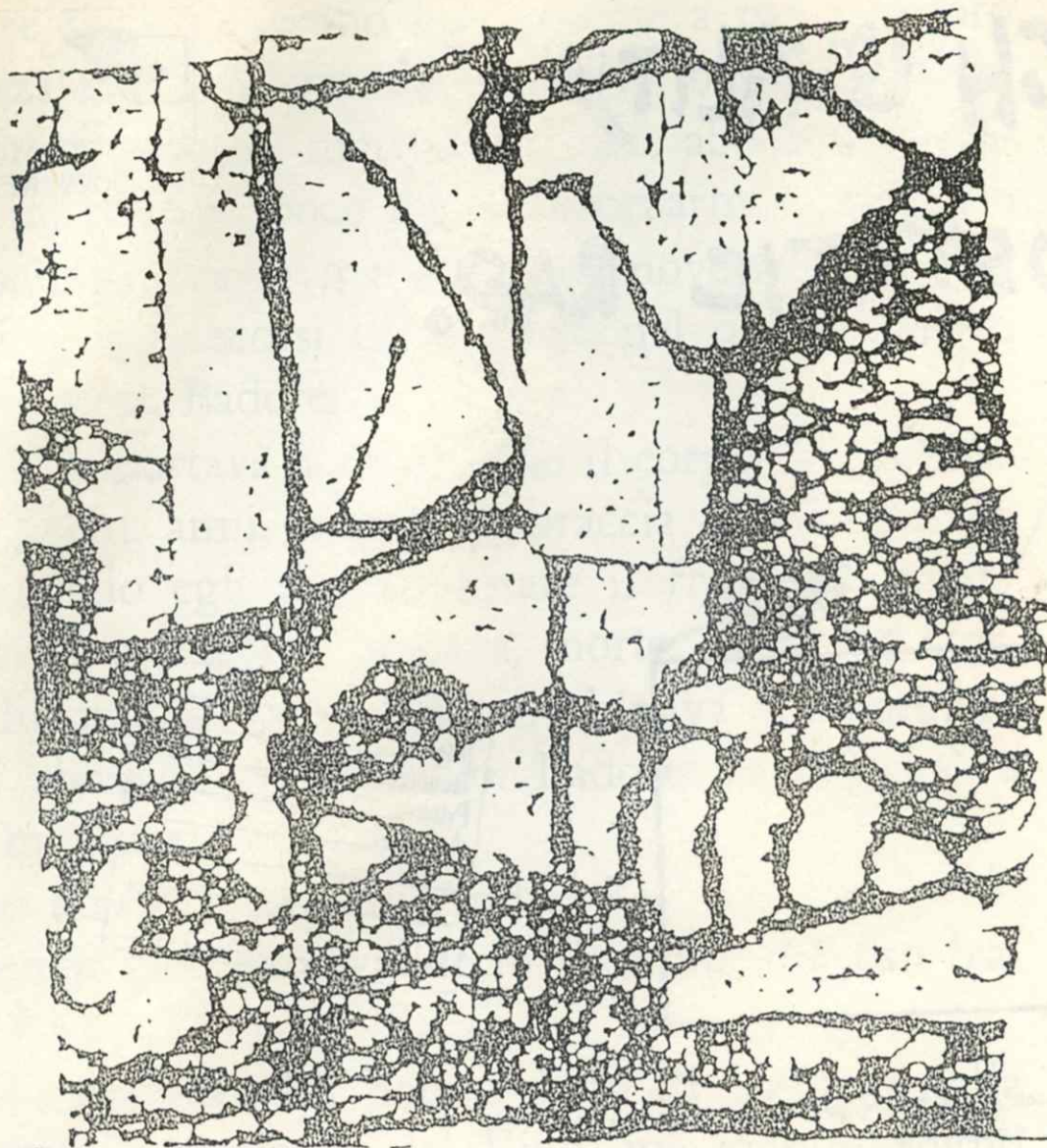
ART DESTRUCT



AWARENESS



COME SI DIVENTA IPNOTIZZATORI



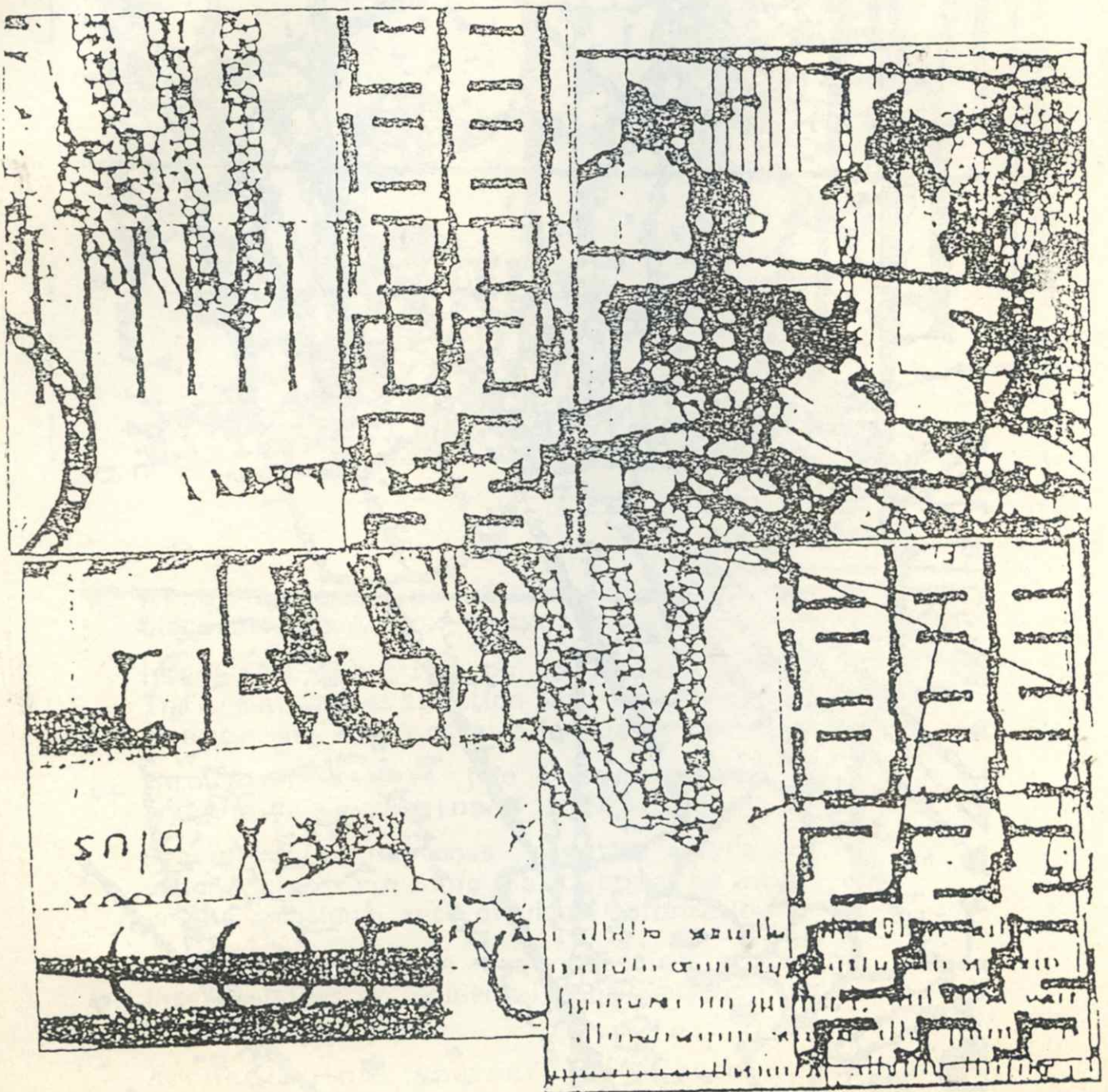
After a number of editorials concerning my private
discover: the Xerox-Recyclation (1) -

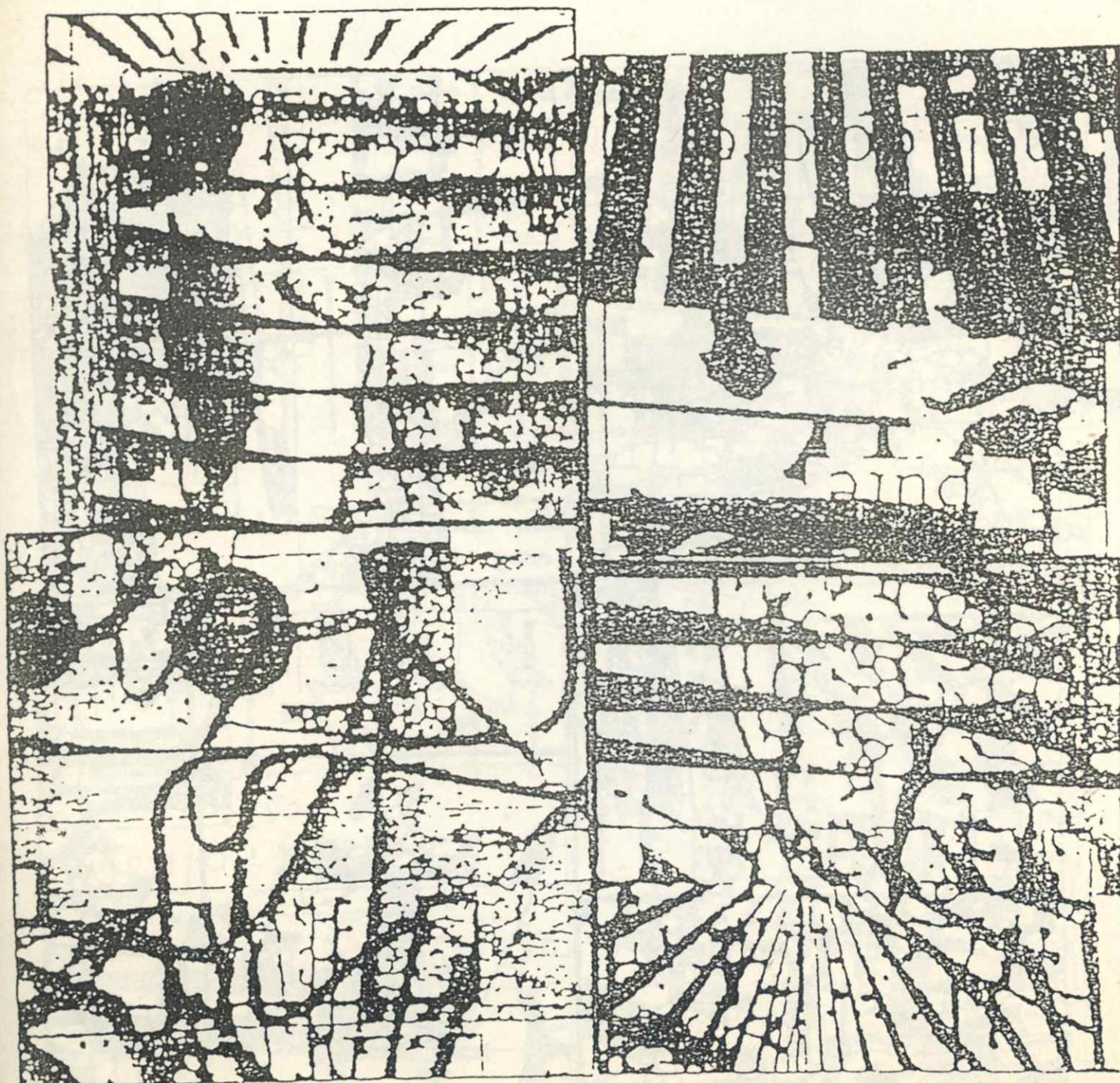
i feel i'm obbeying to my Praxis. Combining the
Information destruction with its diarrhea,
overcoming a photostatic language, communicating
through pretexts as the images' appearance
and the xerox-machine's infection.

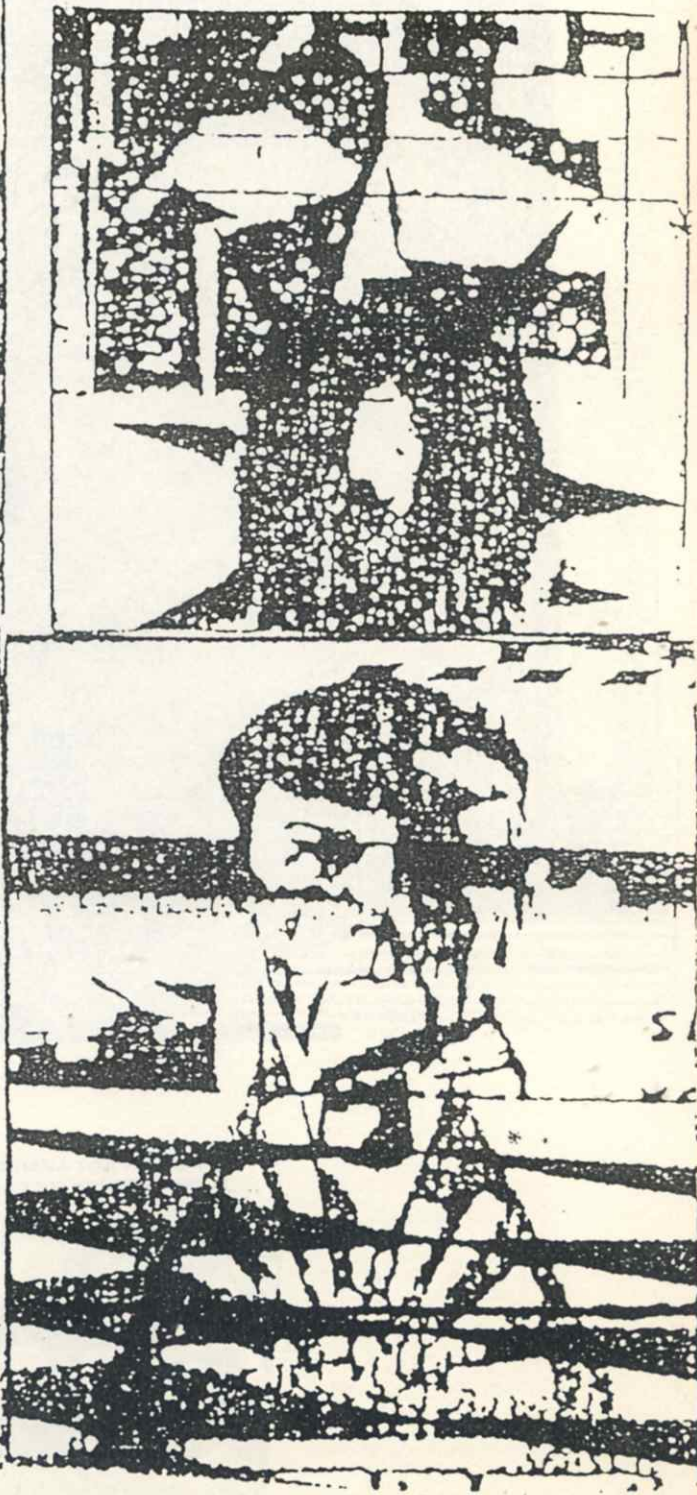
Recyclism, like Rap does , creates unstable
pregnancies, running fast towards nothing,
or the emotional zero of visual information.

these artwerks were -again- obtained producing
interferences or incidental continuations into a
selected images' area.

Archeological source/author reconstructions
were mainly due by iconographic obsessions: in the
Recyclism's creative process ,infact, a
consumption's science is replacing taste, method
and valutation.



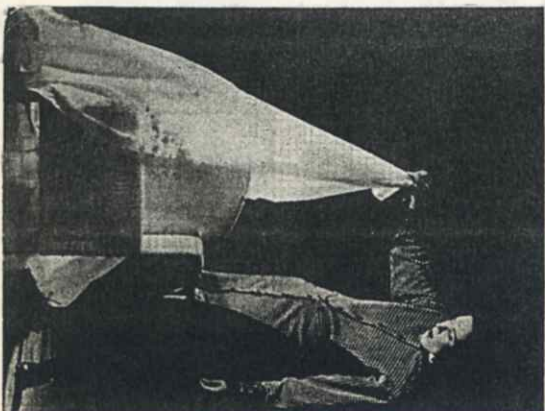
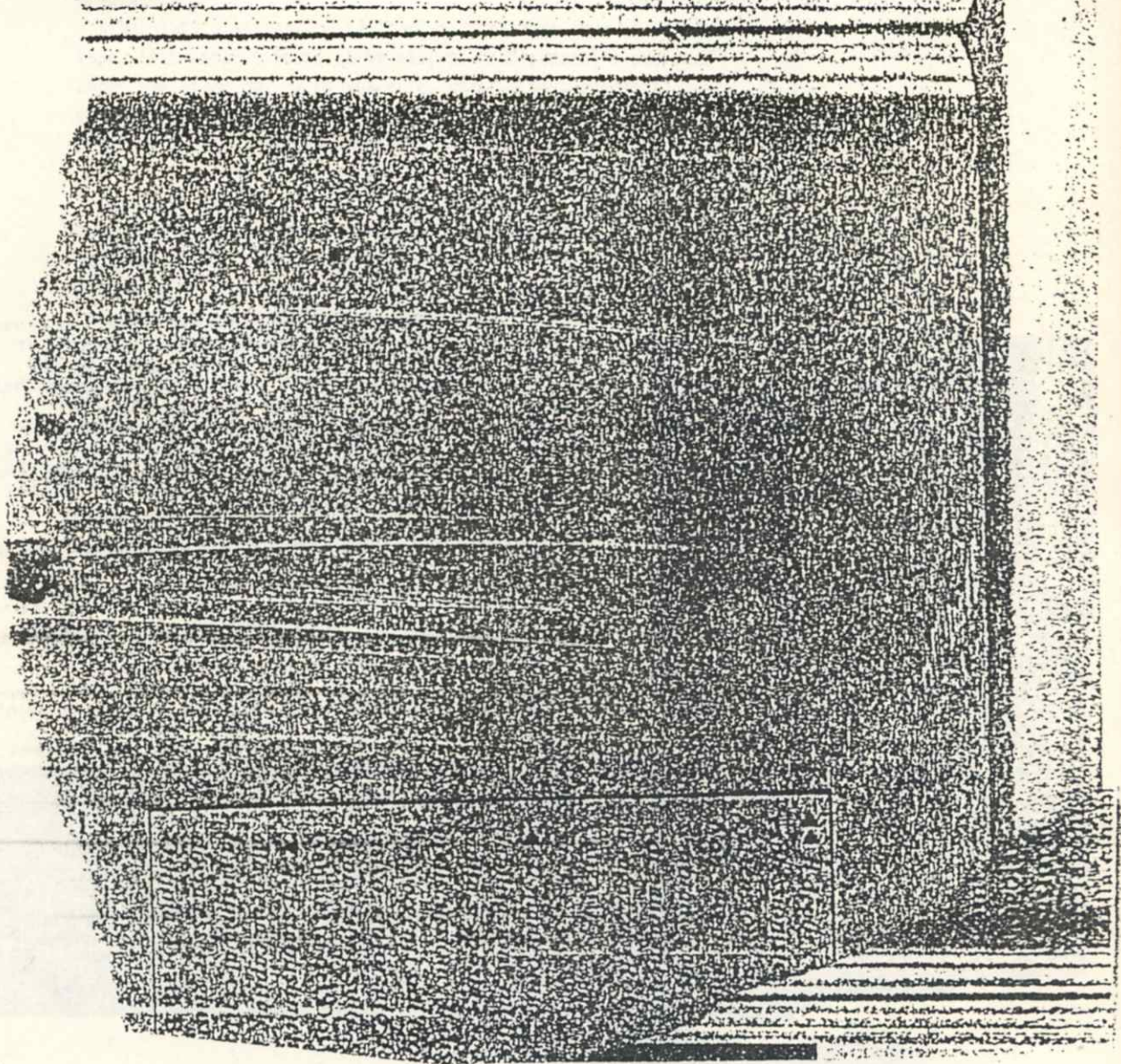




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which appeared in Brit Med J Vol 295
(6590) July 1987, p. 78

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MEASURABLE

by G.X. Jupiter-Larsen

She turned around for his approval. He approved. Her kness bent and the lack of muscles in her legs flexed as the animal groans. Sweat would drip down her body as it's body would touch her body.

It was Kelvin's dog. A dalmatian; large; short-haired, white with black spots. She was Kelvin's passionate little girl. A loving slave; small; long black hair; milk-white skin.

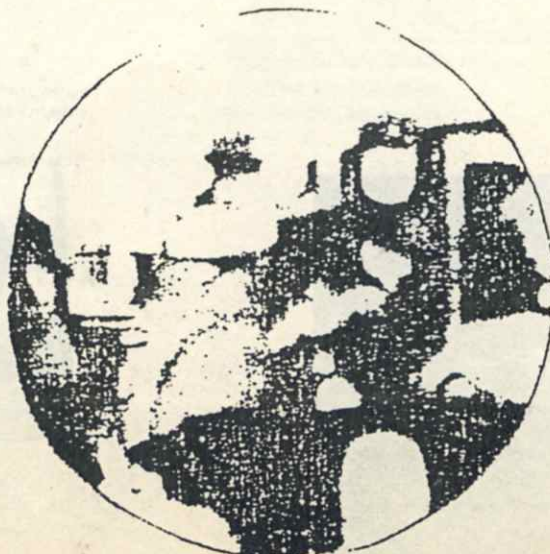
He would watch them. He would examine the two of them. His dog fucking his girl.

What this reminded him of, when he glanced at them at play. What this reminded him of, when the dog's cock was inside the girl's vagina. What this reminded him of were whispers.

Whispers heard above the rattles of tin through city streets. Looking. Looking beyond the sympathetic & hugable concrete of a cityscape. The technology that was his heart. The air tubes connected to the pump drive; connected to his lungs.

His dog fucking his slave girl was one thing. Him watching them fuck was another. The performance of them fucking didn't remind him of anything. Examining them fucking did.

The mind only ever reacts to the mind. Matter only ever reacts to matter. Nothingness only ever reacts to nothingness. Never the three shall touch.



ANYTHING IS MINE
by Frans de Waard

Stealing is not allowed, plagiarizing is not allowed. To plagiarize is moral bad, because you are not original. HA ! With the coming of new re-producing techniques it is very easy to steal anything, whether it is music or any other form of art, and you still have a good quality. So why bother to think of something original ?

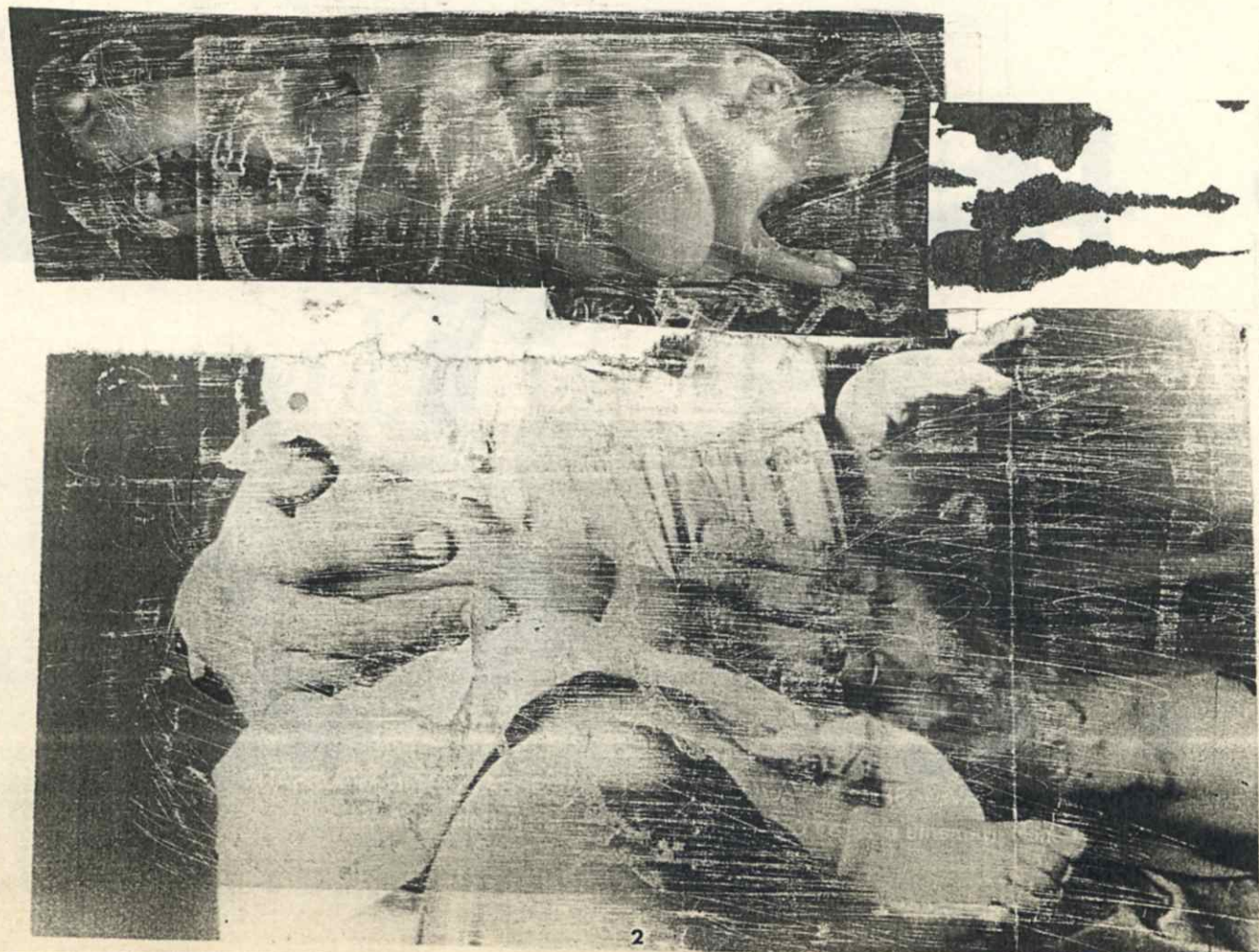
I steal just anything I like: that rhythm piece from an album or tape, that xerox I found in my mail or that concept I did read about the other day. I re-shape it, until I have something even more of my liking. The destruction of originality and the destruction of an individual identity of every artist.

The goal is: communication. Getting reactions, response on the things one does. Be it positive or negative. It doesn't really matter. 'Hey, I know that rhythm', 'Hey, wasn't that from the booklet...' etc. YES ! But does it matter ? NO !

Plagiarizing can be justified, or not. It doesn't really matter to those who do, only to those who can or will not justify it. Meanwhile I (or better Kapotte Muziek) is plagiarizing and recycling anything we can lay our hands on from 400 years of music and 3500 years of art.

I even stole the title of this piece.

November the 3rd 1988



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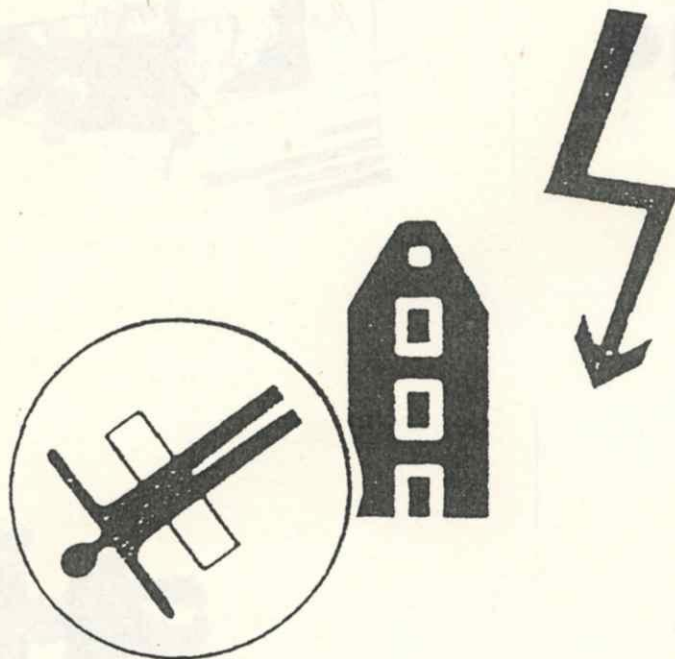
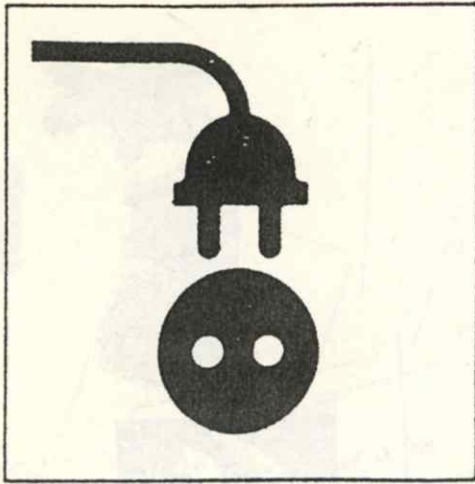
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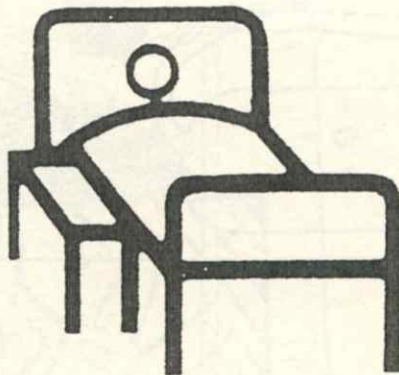
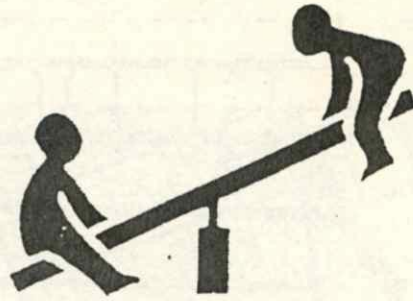
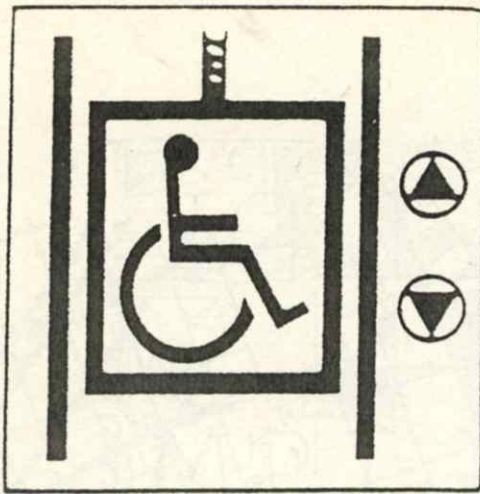
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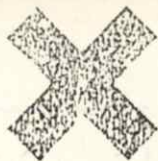
The Explained Sign :

- 1 Master bate
- 2 Master bate
- .
- 2 war chant
- 0 black book
- 1 man on running automobile
- 2 two-headed old age' support
- 3 (distruc-t-type)

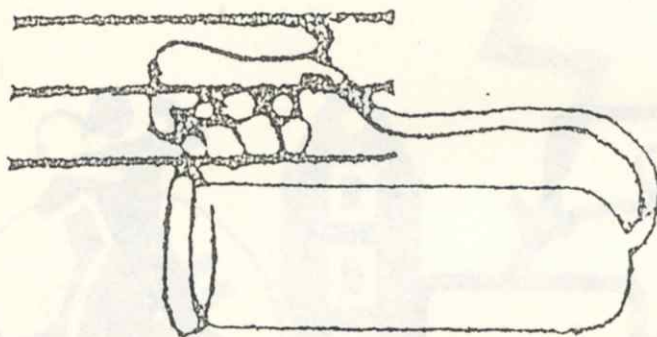
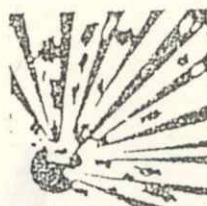


* The Suggested Vision :

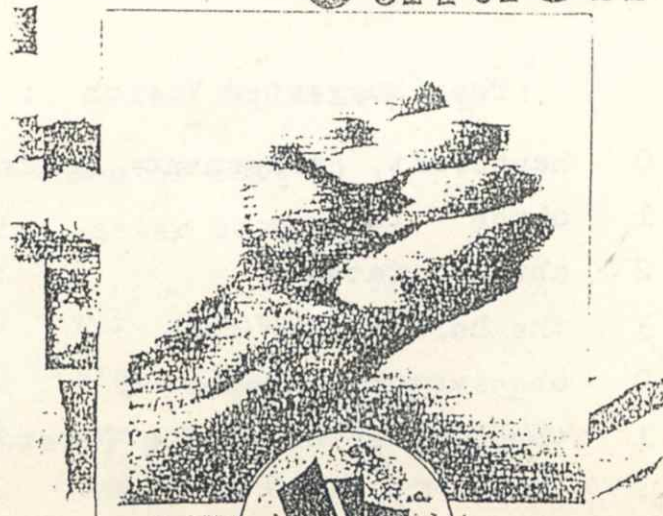
- 0 handcraft, harassment ,handsaw
- 1 abuse fate
- 2 abuse fate
- 3 the harder they come
- 0 observatory keeper
- 1 the Sinews snatching (:tetanus)
- .
- 2 temporary teeth

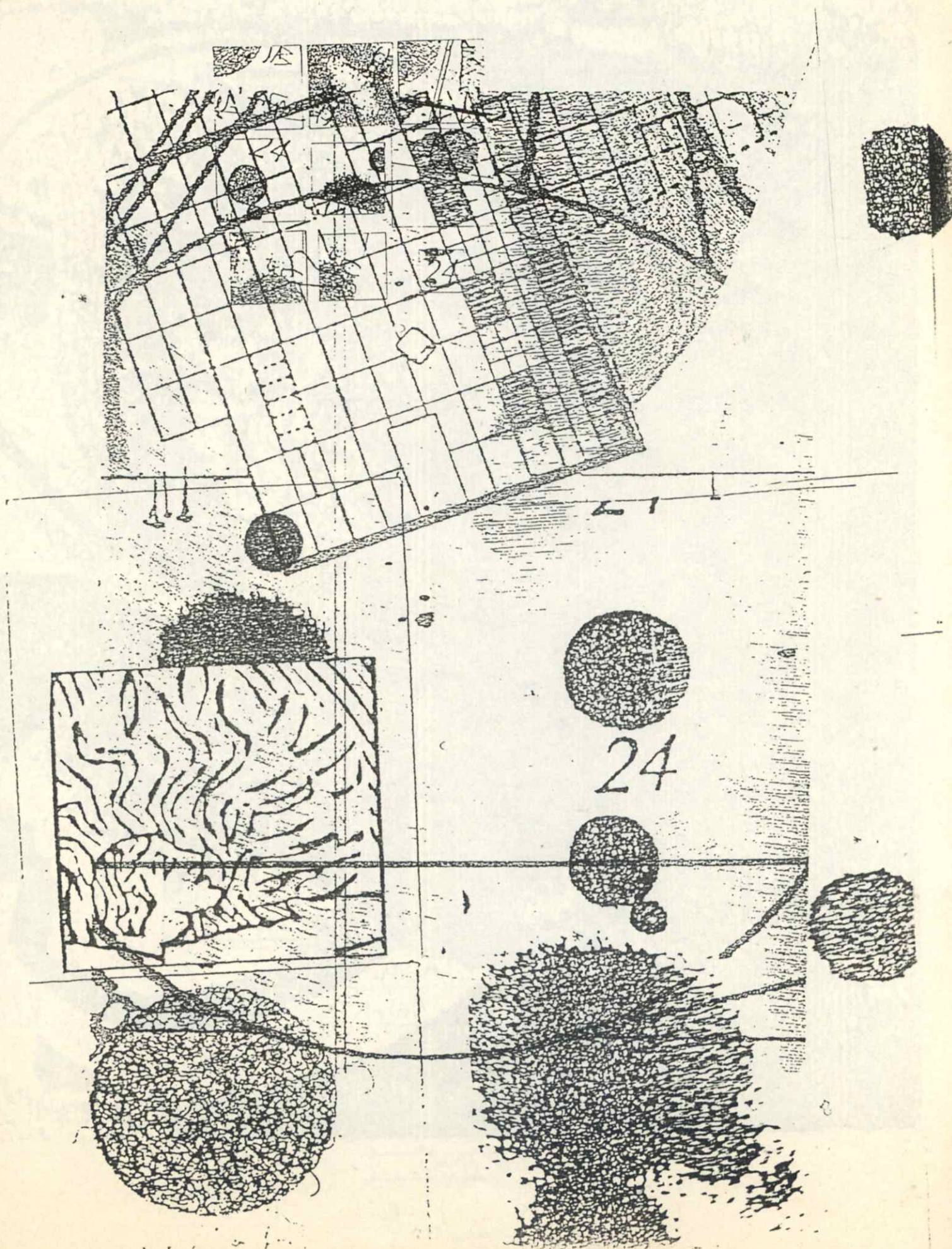


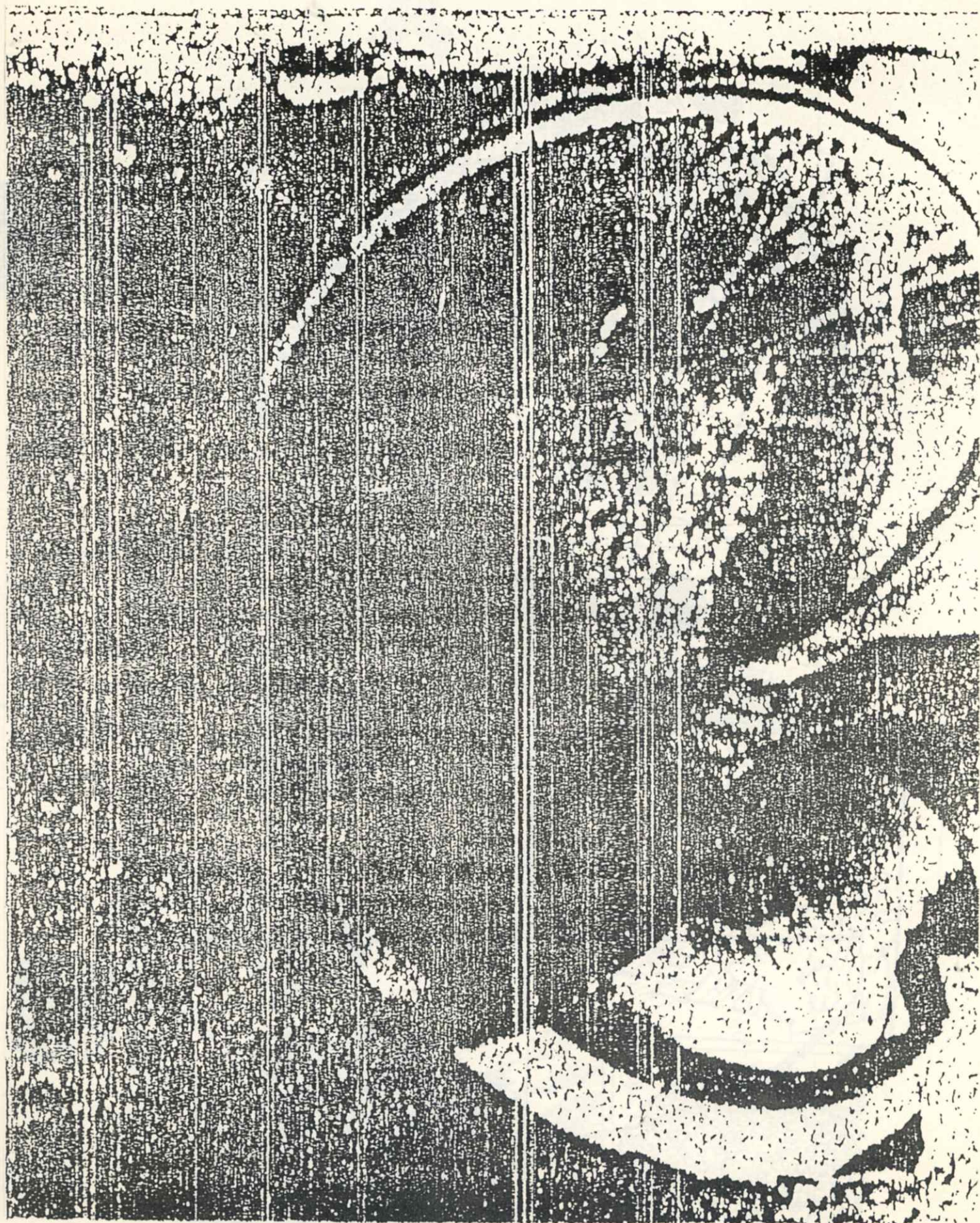
ESERCIZI DI VANDALISM

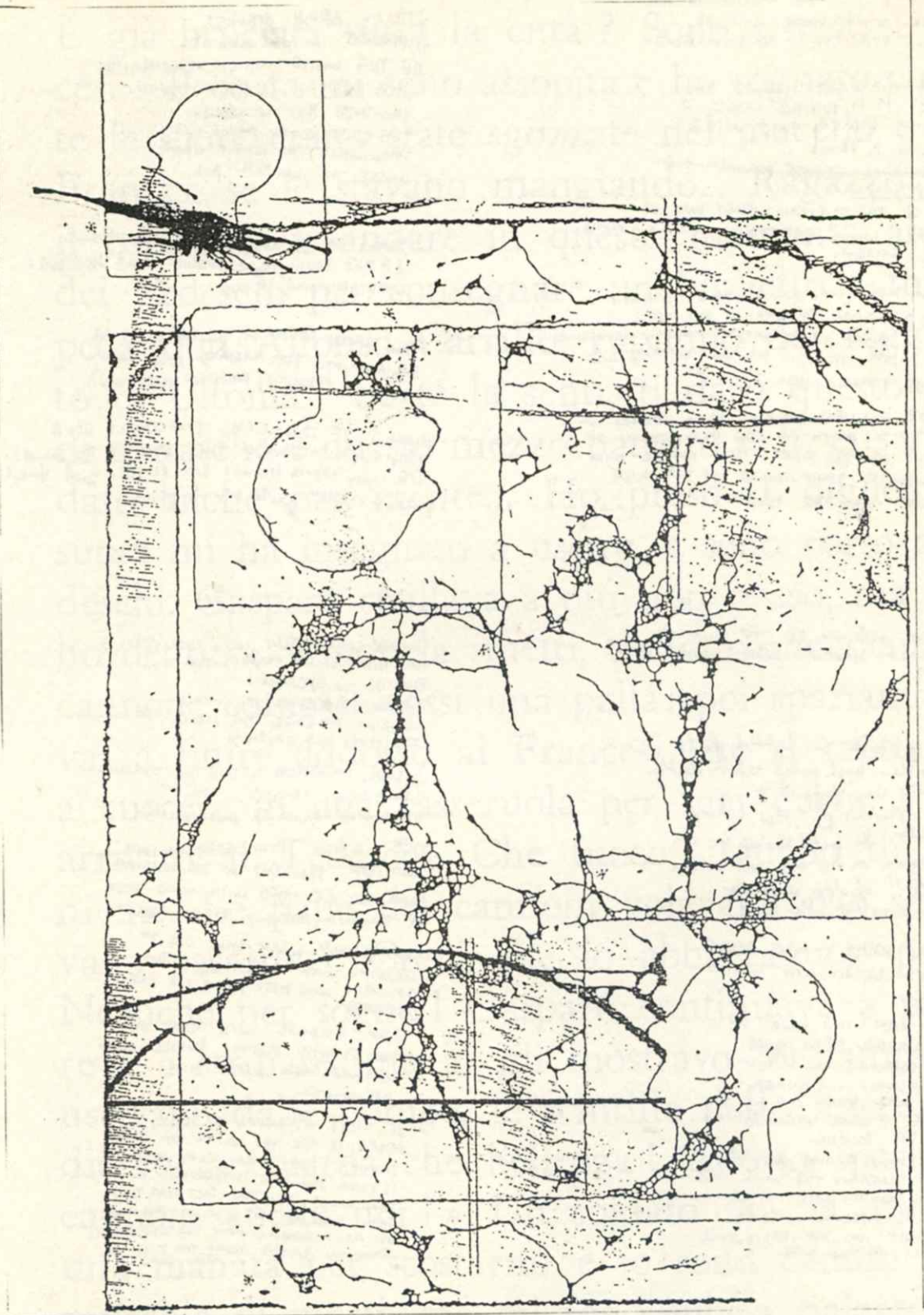


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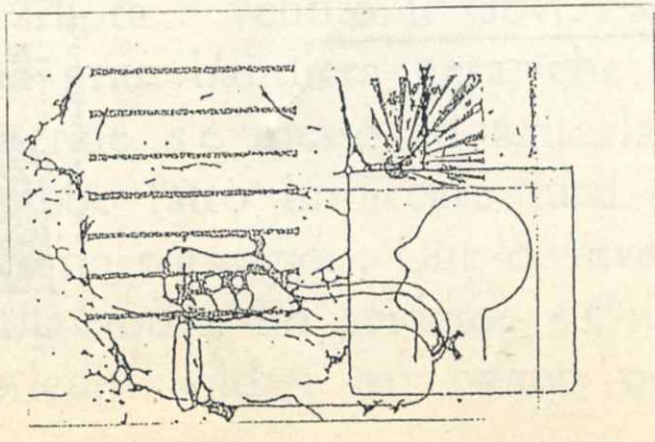








Among the Co-Editors
Frederick Kuhn & Berlin



- EFFECTS OF A PAINTING UNDERNEATH THE VISIBLE ONE ORTHOGONALLY DEVELOPED. THIS PAINTING REPRESENTS A RELIGIOUS SCENE.

- UNDERNEATH THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE VISIBLE FACE IT IS POSSIBLE TO SEE A SEMICIRCULAR STAINED SHADE WITH THE APPEARANCE OF A FIRM. ~~ALONG THE HEAD AND THE LEFT SHOULDERS THE PAINTING OF A A~~
THE IMAGE OF THE ORIGINAL SUPPORT PAGE OF WHEN ORDERED WAS PREPARED WITH A NON-ORIGIN MATERIAL IS EVIDENT.

- A SHAWL TREE WAS HUNG ABOVE CHRIST'S HEAD AND A SQUARE BUILDING ON THE LEFT. FLAT BRUSH STROKES ALMOST WITHOUT ANATOMIC REFERENCES AND THIN WHITE STROKES FOR THE GARMENTS ARE TYPICAL OF TITIAN'S HAND.

- THE USE OF CONVEX AND FLAT BRUSH STROKES ON THE FACE AND THE NECKLINE, THE INCOMPLETENESS OF THE PAINTING OF THE RIGHT HAND AND THE THIN AND VERY WHITE BRUSH STROKES OF THE SHIRT ARE TYPICAL OF THE PAINTER.

- THE UNUSUAL PROPORTION OF THE PAINT SURFACE IS EVIDENT FROM THE CLEARLY VISIBLE FIBER OF THE CANVAS.

- STROKES, esp. in white for lighted parts with easily visible brush marks which clearly show the artist's way of painting: the white brush-strokes for the lighted parts of the nose, the brush strokes for the light in the eyes, on the nose and on the chin, the way of dealing with the fabrics, the pearls on the head.

- THE PAINTING SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DASHED OFF RAPIDLY WITH TELLING BRUSH STROKES.

- THE PAINTER USED LITTLE WORK, OF LOW DENSITY. A THINNER BRUSH STROKE WAS USED TO REPRODUCE THE BRILLIANTLY OF JEWELS AND LACES. THE LIGHTER LINES OF THE LOWER RIGHT ARE DUE TO THE APPLICATION OF SOME DISTANCES ON THE BACK OF THE PAINTING.

- TYPICAL OF TITIAN IS THE LIKELY AND EASY WAY OF REMOVING THE WHITE LACE AT THE KNEE AND THE WRIST, AS WELL AS THE HASTY AND IMPULSIVE EXECUTION WITH STRAIGHT AND NON-DESCRIPTIVE BRUSH STROKES OF THE HAND.

STRONG BRUSH STROKES DIFFERENT IN THE INTENSITY OF THE WHITE WHICH EMPHASIZES FACE RELIEF, CREATING SHADOWS SMOOTHED BY THE VEILS. THE ORGANS ARE SHOWN CARE, TRANSVERSE, FIRM BRUSH STROKES WHERE THE WHITE IS MORE.

SHOWS THE THICKNESS AND SELF-CONFIDENCE OF THE BRUSH STROKES FORMING THE SKETCHES WITH ABRUPTNESS OF WORK.

SHAW BRUSH STROKES FOR FINGER AND TOES, SOLID WHITE FOR LIGHTED NOSE PARTS, LUTHERAN STROKES (KNEES, KNEES ETC.)

- IMAGES OF TRANSVERSAL FINGERMARKS OF A VERY DENSE MATERIAL ON THE BACK OF THE CANVAS. THE SHAW BRUSH STROKES FOR FINGER AND TOES AND MUSCULAR PARTS ARE TYPICAL.

- VERY CONSIDERABLE ARE THE PRECISE AND THIN BRUSH STROKES FOR THE EYELIDS AND EYEBROWS. THE WOOD FIBER AND THE NAILS HOLDING TOGETHER THE PIECES OF THE CROSS ARE EVIDENT.

- UNIFORM, UNDISTURBED SURFACE DEGRADATION, LARGE FROM "CRACKLE" DUE TO STRETCHING CAUSED BY OVERHEATING.

- THE SURFACE IS IN EXTREMELY POOR CONDITION. FRAGMENTS OF THE ORIGINAL PAINT ARE MIXED WITH LACE ALONG OF FRAMING, PARTIALLY PAINTED OVER.

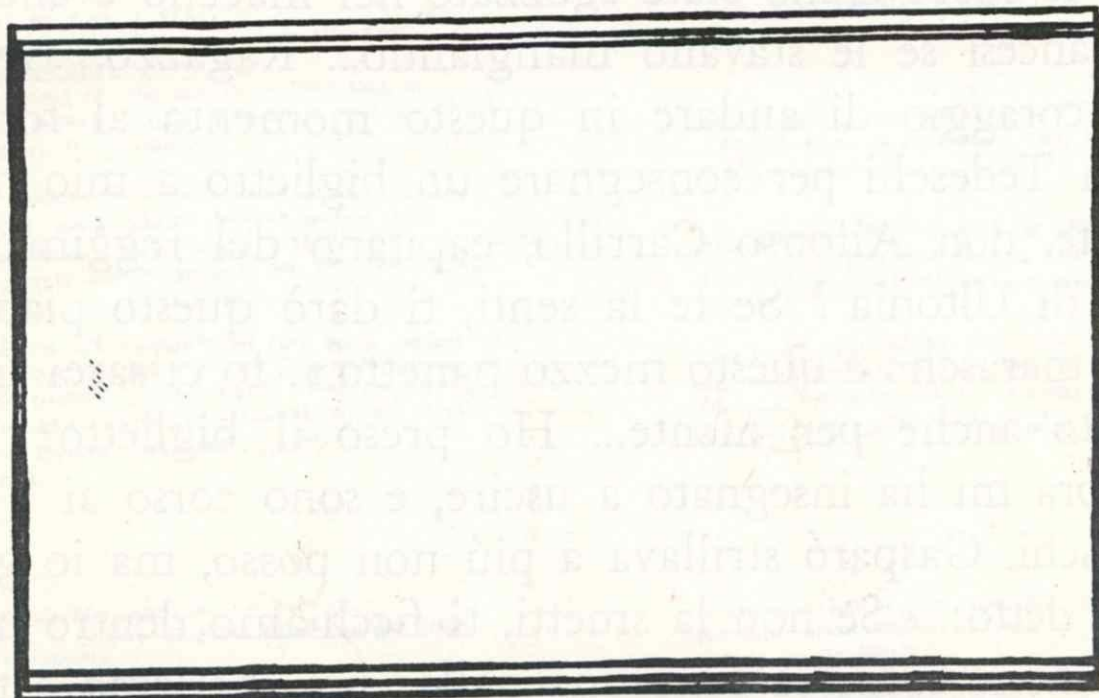
- CONSIDERABLY WORN PAINT DUE TO WEAVING WITH EXCESSIVELY STROKE SOLVENTS. SOME PARTS HAD BEEN DAILY REPAINTED.

- LIKE, IRREGULAR CLOSE MESH ON THE ORIGINAL PAPER AND BROADEN AND CORNER MESH ON THE PAINT APPLIED LATER.

- A STRIP OF CANVAS HAS BEEN ADDED ON THE TOP SECTION OF THE PAINTING. THAT IT WAS ADDED LATER IS CLEAR FROM THE DIFFERENCE IN THE CANVAS. FROM THE FACT THAT THE PAINT STOPS AT THE JOIN AND THAT MARKS OF HANDS SHOWING HOW THE STRIP WAS ORIGINALLY TOWED FROM THE EDGE OF THE PAINT.



nanno dovuto lasciarmi qui. Ho una grande paura. È già bruciata tutta la città? Sono entrati i Francesi? Poco fa mi sono assopita e ho sognato che tutte le suore erano state sgozzate nel macello e che i Francesi se le stavano mangiando... Ragazzo, avrai il coraggio di andare in questo momento al forte dei Tedeschi per consegnare un biglietto a mio nipote, don Alfonso Carrillo, capitano del reggimento di Ultonia? Se te la senti, ti darò questo piatto di marasche e questo mezzo panetto». Io ci sarei andato anche per niente... Ho preso il biglietto: la suora mi ha insegnato a uscire, e sono corso ai Tedeschi. Gasparó strillava a più non posso, ma io gli ho detto: «Se non la smetti, ti ficchiamo dentro un cannone come se fossi una palla; poi spariamo e tu vai a finire addosso ai Francesi che ti metteranno a cuocere in una casseruola per mangiarti...» Sono arrivato ai Tedeschi. Che fuoco! Quello di qui è niente. Le palle dei cannoni volavano che sembravano passerotti. Credi che io abbia avuto paura? Neanche per sogno! Gasparó continuava a piangere e a strillare, ma io gli mostravo le fiamme che uscivano dalle bombe, le scintille delle micce, e gli dicevo: «Guarda che bellezza! Adesso spariamo i cannoni anche noi!» Un soldato mi ha allungato una manata per scostarmi e io sono caduto su un mucchio di morti, ma mi sono subito rialzato e ho tirato avanti. Allora è venuto il Governatore e, cavata fuori una gran bandiera nera, che pareva un drappo di funerale, s'è messo ad agitarla e poi ha detto che avrebbe fatto impiccare tutti quelli che non si mostravano coraggiosi. Che dovevo fare, io? Mi sono fatto avanti e ho gridato: «Giusto! Giustissimo!» Alcuni soldati mi hanno ordinato di



THE MASTERS OF
RECYCLISM
SERIES #4

THE MASTERS OF
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SERIES #4



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ORIGINAL
RECYCLED & PLAGIARIZED
SOURCES:



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