



Pseudo Press Newsletter

Print Edition

June 2025

Greetings dear friend,

I've spent too much time on instagram lately. It's driving me into a pit of despair.

What bothers me is the totality of waste that it represents. Not just time (although surely that) but also the talent the art the effort. I find another self-help account churning out graphics, optimistic slides filled with semi-decent design, doling out generic advice in exchange for attention. I weep.

Excuse this old man, shaking my fist at clouds. But what is the use? Why is anyone expending this creative energy? Why am I expending this creative energy, taking pictures and editing them and making graphics and laying out squares (sorry, 4:5 rectangles)?* It's all so *wasteful*.

**This is a bit of in-line irony, since Tabs does the Pseudo Press socials, not me. Hi Tabs. I luv u.*

To console myself, I'm trying to develop a theory of waste-management. Waste is unavoidable; everything we make comes with waste. Books are no exception. The pretty paper brick you pick up in a shop lies at the tip of a mountain of pulpy waste. Paper that was trimmed off; misprints that were thrown away; test prints; prototypes; jotted notes; 2½ pages of a word doc; bad ideas; half formed thoughts.

These are natural over spills; material, time, effort that needs spending to reach your finished book. Social media, on the other hand, doesn't feel like a natural waste-product; it feels like some corporation illegally dumping toxins in my backyard, then trying to convince me that all this extra garbage was necessary ruffage, sloughed off from my book-

making practice. I have doubts.

Some might argue that bad ideas aren't wasteful, since they help a project develop into its final form, and advertising on social media isn't wasteful because it helps share your art with other people. I'm certainly not saying that waste isn't helpful. We only get clean edges on a book because of the extra space to trim off.

But it's annoying that our screen-addicted culture (or its pushy algorithms) has started demanding that this waste-product take center stage. An ad should be the scraps of a book; something generated from the object, then left behind.

Did you know that in budget airplanes, you can slide out that paper ad that is on the back of the seat in front of you and turn it around so you don't have to stare at a bright, begging commercial for 3 hours? I'm always a bit upset when we disembark and I see that *no one else has turned theirs around, we've all just become happy to let the ads burn our eyes.*

The balance has shifted, and now our time resources energy gets poured into the clippings, instead of the flower.

Maybe we're just doomed to live in a landfill. Our current plethora of waste is teetering at the edge of a fucking maelstrom of waste: AI-produced slop, the final marriage of object and waste, no more waste because the object is waste; repetitive, shrieking waste that can only be referential, never original. Compost, composting itself.

The detritus is building into a wobbling tower behind us; so where can we put all these scraps, these meandering thoughts, these corporate pools of toxic sludge?

Not sure. I'm a terrible horder of waste. Any piece of book cloth that I think could be useful; pages and pages of scratchpad ideas. Johanna cuts down leftover prints and packs them into book orders. We're both doing the same thing here, which is just shifting waste around, holding it at another angle, hoping some value can be found at a different time, by different eyes.

My inner pedant finds it interesting that, a few times while

writing this, I've been stumped by the concept of waste's antonym. The opposite of waste can't be a useful or valuable object, since some waste has use or value (i.e. my extra book cloth or Johanna's extra prints or peeling an apple but eating the skin). So... just any object, that isn't itself waste? I did religious studies in university; I recognize a negative theology when I see one.

I recently did a live bookbinding of James Langdon's publication, *typohypergraphicobject*, which is also a book about waste: in one essay, it's about the tension of typographical waste, the empty space on a page that fonts could be gobbling up. The waste is not left behind by the book; it is built into the binding. Unoccupied margins, blank pages between chapters, gutters and gutters of waste. *The waste is coming from inside the book.*

Premise: there is no antonym to waste. An object can only be described by its waste products; i.e. what it discarded on the road to value; what the object is not. A book is not paper; it is the intention of paper formed, inked, perfected. It is the discard of sentences; it is its edges and margins and image borders. It is a carefully carved statue, emerging from soft wood, every notch reflected back in a wood-shaving, which falls gently to the ground below.



Instead of kvetching about all the build up, I should probably just sweep my floor. Here's to spring cleaning.

xoxo

Lauria





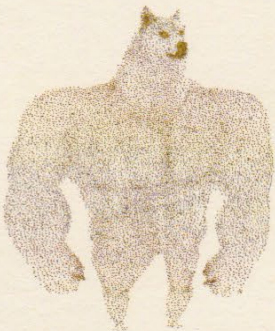
Paperwork

An Imposing Form

I watched a youtube video last night where a guy breaks down, quite scientifically, the rhythmic structures of electronic music genres. As I watched his animated charts and graphs flash, I wondered: is this what people feel like when I try to explain the technical aspects of bookmaking? Just slightly overwhelmed by the specificity in which some people think about those things that you passively enjoy?

In bookmaking, the math is not so complex, but just like in music, it often breaks down into 4s or 8s. Correct, you lil nerds: today we're discussing Imposition.

Imposition is the preprint process of organizing your pages so that they are printed in the correct order for your binding. Imposition can be a stumbling point because it's usually the first step in the bookmaking process where we have to switch our brains from flat, seamless, digital design into the messy, physical, technical reality.



I know how to impose
pages because I read the
June Pseudo Press Newsletter



pages my
out order are of

I'll walk you through the process of imposition with a book I just finished printing; the latest in Rachel Pafe's *Reading in Constellation* series, on the Rose sisters. The book is 68 pages, A5ish, hardcover, with a multisection sewn binding. Section binding means I need to divide the pages into a series of pamphlets that will be sewn together, which means that each section needs to have a number of pages divisible by 4. Why? Let's look at a sheet of A4 paper. When you fold it in half, creating the simplest A5 pamphlet possible, how many pages are there? Remember our discussion of pages vs sheets last

month? 1 A4 sheet, folded in half = 4 A5 pages.

I am begging you all to understand the logic at play here. If you are making a pamphlet zine, there is physically no way for it to be 14 pages or 22 or 50 unless there are blank pages that you aren't counting. It must be a number divisible by four.

So, my 68-page book becomes 3 pamphlets: 24 pages, 24 pages & 20 pages. I could have done this in other ways – 16, 16, 16, 20 or 32, 36 for example. It just depends on your preference. I have made every *Reading in Constellation* book with 3 sections, so I stick with that.

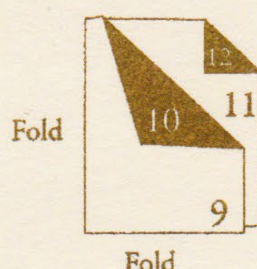
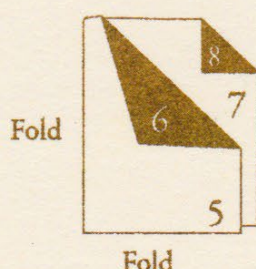
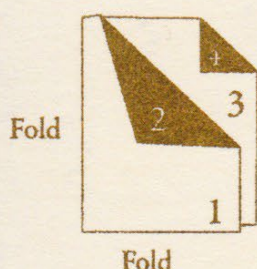
Finally: time to impose. I make a new file for my first 24-page section. If you've done this many times, you can impose by hand. This means: re-laying your pages onto the printing sheet (in my case, for riso, A3) so that when folded together into a pamphlet, they will be read correctly. My 24 A5 pages now look like these 3 A3 double-sided sheets:

24	1	2	23
17	4	3	22
Front	Back		

20	5	6	19
17	8	7	18
Front	Back		

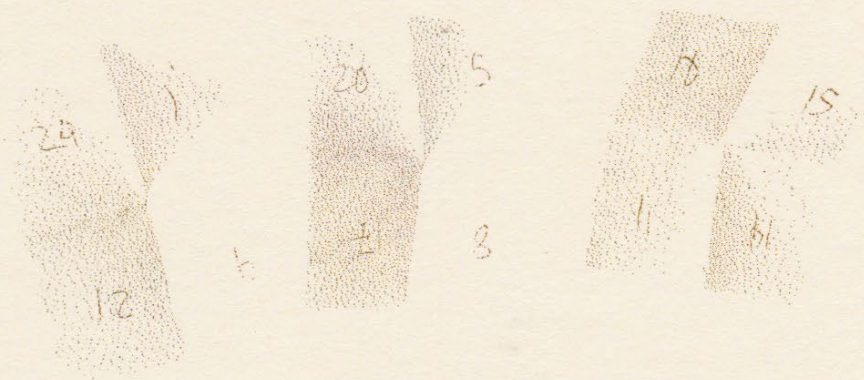
16	9	10	15
13	12	11	14
Front	Back		

A few things to note: my pages were already exported with bleed (let's discuss that another time) and they are laid out foot-to-foot. This means when can fold each A3 sheets into a pamphlet—fold from the middle (widthwise) and then fold in half again—now you have 3 A5 booklets whose top margins and bottom margins match. Put the booklets together into one big booklet: bam, you've imposed Section 1.



Btw, in industrial bookbinding, my methodology here wouldn't work at all. They print on much bigger sheets that fold down into sections—so they want page numbers that are divisible by 8 or even 16 or 32! That's why in industrially-made hardbacks, you often see a bunch of blank pages in the back, because they bump the page count up to get to the right number.

How I actually figure out the imposition order of pages: I can't give you a set trick for this, because imposition order varies depending on your page count, binding style, etc. If you're doing it by hand, aka placing each page on the larger sheet where they need to be printed, then you need a dummy, on the table next to you, while you do it. Make a tiny pamphlet with 24 pages, write the number on each page, puzzle it together. Like so:



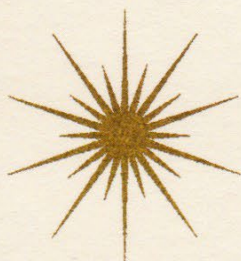
The other way you can do imposition (my preferred method) is with an online software. I used [ImposeOnline](#) for years, but it's maintained by a singular Aussie web developer doing God's work, so it can crash quite often. The other option is [Spectrolite](#), great for riso, but only available on Mac! Most fancy imposition software used by printing businesses cost a lot of money, unfortunately, and anything free will come with certain limitations. Test them out; find one you're comfortable with.

GOOD LUCK <3 Don't be worried if you're confused or frustrated at first. I've done imposition a thousand times and I still print out a dummy on an A4 inkjet after I impose the pages, just to be sure that it's correct.

It's always, always worth it to double check.



Pub Club



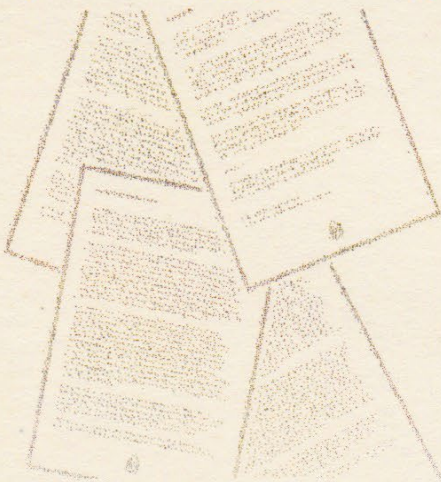
Moments before Tandav
Mark Morris
Nomad Papaya Books, 2025

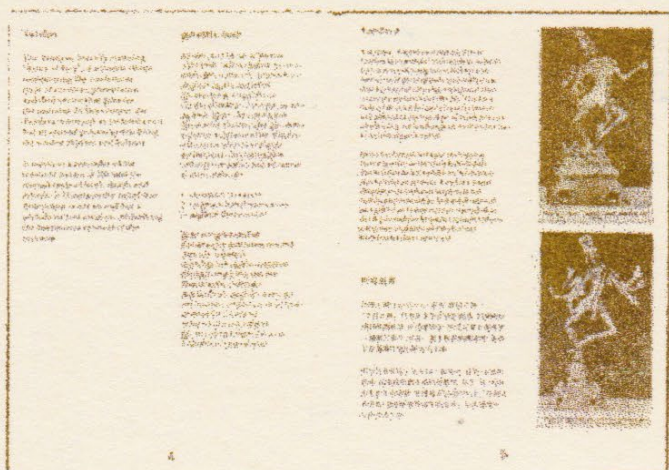
Simple publications can hold surprising complexities.

Moments before Tandav is a one-page book. It tells the short, tragic, humorous story of Mark Morris' friend, who, while imprisoned in Sungai Buloh prison in Malaysia, moulds together a Linga deity out of his meager daily supply of breakfast biscuits, much to the confusion of his prison guards.

One page; how is this a book? The publication is contained within a folder. The one-page story is translated in four languages: Malay, Tamil, English and Traditional Chinese. The folder also includes a small A6 glossary to expound on certain elements of the story, as well as a small glossy photo, recreating the imprisoned biscuit-Linga. The entire thing is as sparse as a jail cell.

I went to the book launch in Berlin a few weeks ago. Zhaoyuefan, one-half of Nomad Papaya Book, quipped during the talk: "We wanted to make an easy book." You could tell who else in the room made books; it was a pitying laugh. I understand the sentiment; it's incredibly hard to make something simple, but soooo desirable. We can't help ourselves; simplicity gets adorned, explained. We start off with a few sentences, then end up flat on our back, under the weight of the words. It's harder





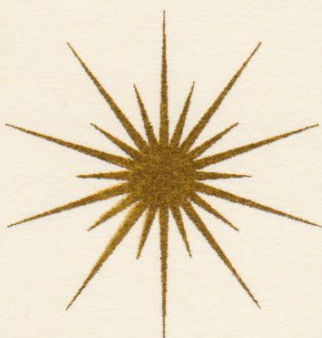
to write a 5-page essay than a 40-page one.

The beauty of *Moments before Tandav* is that it seems simple. The complexity layers itself slowly; you can follow Nomad Papaya's descent

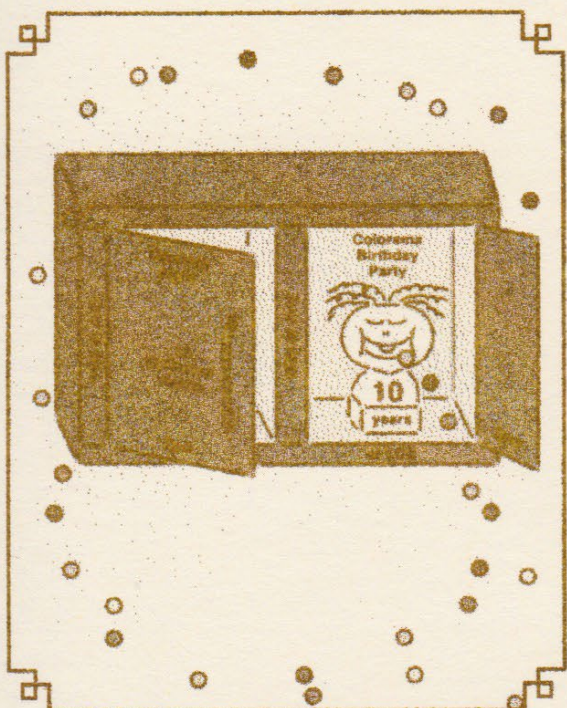
from simplicity to Tandava. Three translations, to encompass Malaysia's multilingual culture. A glossary, to add context. Oh, and let's hand-design a folder, to make it like a prison file. Easy.

At the reading, Morris was smiling and self-effacing. He insisted that his anonymous friend is a good guy, a devout Hindu. Morris is a good storyteller, just like Kenneth and Fan, the publishers of Nomad Papaya, are charming designers. They build books out of the oddity of a subject, inserting their publishing practice into the awkward chafing of cultures and then shoving, hard.

I am an unabashed fan. *Moments before Tandav* does a great triple gambit: it hooks you in with a story, pulls you deep into the context, then ensnares you with delightful tactility. There is a precious simplicity in this publication; it feels like a handcrafted deity, made out of bare materials. The tale itself seems post-Borgean, an absurdity. But doesn't the care of its construction, the sacrifice and devotion, give us pause? With this beautiful prison-folder held in hand, unease strikes our prison-guard heart: a dismissal would be simply sacrilegious.



Studio Tabloids



The studio is buzzing with flowers of summer. We moved the shelves around, got new drawers, Johanna sold a riso printer (goodbye sweet friend) and we're almost done with our Winter/Spring 2025 workshops. In the new, out with the old!

Many Hands Make is coming up in July, along with a 10 year Colorama birthday party. Our studio goes on Summer break in August, then we'll be

back with more workshops, events, programming, riso printing, bookbinding, silly lunches, sweet treats.

Our Membership program will open for new Members soon. Keep an eye on instagram or the Colorama Workshop Membership page for the application; it will open in July.

The Colorama Workshop Membership is an open access program for the people of the FLINTA* community with fewer resources. Members can use the studio space and tools they need to self-publish or produce art. The Colorama Workshop Membership Program runs on a 6-month rolling basis. The next round will be from Sept 2025-Feb 2026.



Members printing in the studio

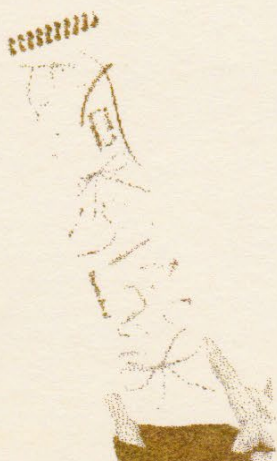
Hark, Pseudo Press!

The Book'o' Mark

I'm working on a fun surprise to launch at Miss Read... it is a collaborative book with a bunch of friends & co-conspirators in my small press community, trying to bring fresh life to the most maligned discard of paper ephemera: The Book'o'Mark!

Good bye receipts and torn paper... hello a collection of perfect bookmarks that will last you a lifetime. We ask bold questions like: can a bookmark be a tool beyond the book? Can a bookmark be dear to our hearts?

I sure hope so because at the time of writing this newsletter, my paper STILL hasn't been delivered and I'm very stressed about finishing this before MissRead (four days from now). Please keep me in your thoughts and prayers.



printed edition erratum: the paper arrived and the book is PRINTED!

✧ *Pseudo Bookfairs* ✧

If you happen to be in Berlin Tiergarten this weekend or the Maritimes this summer, Pseudo Press will also be tabling at::

- ✧ Miss Read Art Book Fair, Berlin, June 13-15th
- ✧ Berlin Print Festival, Berlin, June 26th
- ✧ Halifax Art Book Fair, Halifax, August 22nd-23rd

See you there!

Reading in Constellation

Reading the Roses in Constellation, Rachel Pafe's fourth book in the *Reading in Constellation* series, should hopefully be ready for Miss Read book fair. If not, you can attend the official book launch at STATIONS gallery on July 13th!



The *Reading in Constellation* series is edited by Rachel Pafe, published by Pseudo Press. The multidisciplinary project features essays, fiction, comics and poetry which emerges from a critical reading group, reflecting on chosen thinkers in constellation.

Reading in the Imposter Mode

Literally 3 years ago I asked friends to send me pictures of them and their loved ones reading books. Finally, finally, the book which I needed these images for is being produced. *Reading in the Imposter Mode* is about the books we don't read; the books we discuss anyways; and the grande masquerade of literature. I asked Ilona Samcewicz-Parham to do the book design, which has been a lovely collaboration.

Hopefully out in time for the Halifax art book fair!



Newsletter Bundle!

In honor of six months of doing this silly little thing (it take so much work but I love it hopefully I'll never stop) I'm going to make a special Pseudo Newsletter Bundle! They will be limited edition & come in a special slipcase, but if I have any after MissRead, I'll put them online to sell in the Pseudo Market :)

Pseu

Pseu

Greetings

Here is a
newsletter.
abode.

This month
Pseudo Press
year, I'm cry

Greetings

Happy spring
Dear friend

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