fractals of conversation

A Night with Natalie Zina Walschots & Jordan Scott
with Derek Beaulieu
March 15 at 8 PM
on Kensingon Road NW

"fractal economies"

"limits of poetics"

A Night with

Wednesday,

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fractals of conversation

Jason Christie,
Natalie Zina Walschots,
Jordan Scott,
Jill Hartman

with derek beaulieu

2006

No
The Kinesis: A sound response to derek beaulieu’s poem ‘A Comprehensive Force Between the Cam and the Follower.’ — Jason Christie

“The mismatch between instinct and necessity induces alienation in the midst of unprecedented physical plenty.” — Hans Moravec.

Prologue: initial force


1. work


2. repeat

erk. It ch at tack ick clause; awes an ex attic tat a tac ka it whir etches erk static a tick lik plaque brick brick earth it ic ick it ick ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it ick it bing cough cough tlick ick el el c lick it c lack ack it clough clough it ick e lick ack ack cough tryp ti ick ick h. an arc ick.
Ar rings ers ings and aches burrs whirs and ings ca s tings errs and gings and guh oh sings and errs ares and werees st rings tins er tines and ings ticks acks ops guh oh s aich and errs ar erks and razzes tazzes and zazzes it inces and ings it icks acks and ops and ings it is oh guh t ops poh poh ops ag it inks and is it acks ops puh ops guh g oh sacks razzes and tears it ings and are errs were are sacks isks and brrs ha brrs ings and ers acks andazzes zazzez ings and ingz it z it z it z it z ick z ick it z ich z a z it z errrrrrrs whirs er z ack tizz er za tz iz razzez zezz words says and ares the ha are burrrz zazzez and azzez r azzez it zazzzzez and zzzzzzzz

Epilogue: Propulsion

Ca it ca lick ca lick tih tih ca ll it cough cough act ack ca a stick ca a rack ca a rack crack crack crack crack crack it tih tih ca ll it ca ll it ack ack ca a stick ca a rack crack crack crack crack it

<page break>

What is it?
DPI – or, the Dubious Pleasure of Imbrication.
— Natalie Zina Walschots

Tattoos are made by inserting pigment, usually a specialized ink or sometimes powder, into cuts or punctures made in the skin. It is not a simple matter of drawing on the body – the skin is damaged, the line and colour inserted into the wound, and then the body heals around the pigment, leaving a permanent mark. The ink is really incidental to the stylized, artistic wounding of the body itself. It is the cuts and punctures, and they way they heal, that is most important to the success of the tattoo and the sophistication of the artistic effect. Great tattoo artists know exactly how to create wounds that heal beautifully. The ink helps the scars show up better.

The idea behind and inkless tattoo is twofold: that the process/experience of being marked is more important than having a piece of inked art to show off, and that what the body does, being artistically wounded and then left to heal naturally, is more interesting than the interaction of the body to the ink. It transforms a text-based art into something more primal, a form of scarification which much more open and possibly very ugly results.

In his afterword to fractal economies, derek states that he is “intrigued by the possibility of a nonsignifying poetic.” He, like Nichol and McCaffery, sees concrete poetry as a means to reclaim a language that has been “completely co-opted by the capitalist hegemony as a system of materialist exchange.” I wanted to honour derek’s attempt to reclaim language, to unburden the alphabet of representational tyranny. A tattoo without ink, I offer, is like language removed from the service of the master narrative. It is an experience rather than an artifact, a garbled mark that can only be misread as wound and finally, in healing, will not be read at all. The scar that is left, if there is one, will be nothing but a “momentary eruption of non-meaning” on a readable, commodified body.

When I was interviewing artists to do the piece on my back, almost all of them turned me down outright. They couldn't understand what I wanted it for, if it could not be displayed, if it was not permanent. They were certain I would be unhappy, blame them when my money did not really buy me anything but time in a chair with a needle. Several were horrified by the possibility of the equipment being used in a manner for which
it was not intended – the needles were meant to be loaded with ink, and it was inexpressibly wrong to them to use them otherwise. One way or another, it troubled their “use-value.” The artist I found, in the end, was the first to be really intrigued, to admit the needles just needed the slightest bit of lubrication to work – water would do. He did ask once if I would be happy without something left behind – he would just need a little money for his time, because there was no pigment to charge for – but he knew he would be happy because he just liked to make marks.

In this case, the result is an “inarticulate mark,” the sort of “negative utterance” that Sianne Ngai identifies as a crucial to the identification of a poetics of disgust – a response to a patriarchy and capitalism. The most loaded inarticulate mark I can fathom is a wound: in the disgust it inspires, in the real but unspecific violence of its origin, and in the body’s own rejection or turning from the wound in healing – the covering over of the original mark. By literally making a letter an injury, I hoped to express the violence of a language whose agenda has been so completely hijacked and inextricably bound to a problematic and restrictive economy. I wanted to honor derek beaulieu, always one to wade into the battle raging around the limitation of the page and happily come out with some battle scars.

A few potential subtitles for the project:

What does the letter ‘a’ feel like?
Economies remind me of enemas.
It is about the transition of language from typographic to topographic.
The body a landscape of letters.
The container of communication is a Nalgene sport bottle.
42: the answer to life, the universe, and everything. Wait, I think someone’s done that one already.
What macrodermabrasion uncovers along with younger-looking skin.
The letter ‘a’ stings a bit.
Discourse on Paranoia. — Jordan Scott

Did you say Golf-course on agraphia?

I said,
Patterns of miniskirts drape our morphemes in a Spice Girl lichen
Bloff wombat in tonsil blizzard, treble
Pounds hippo in a Bang & Olufsen Icelandic Room
The ink hootenanny issues, we huck oatmeal to pulp and Tarantella across the splatter
Did you say the Tarantula spinneret diphthong style?

I said,
Language froggers through its own Technicolour and Vroom vroom
Ukuleles a snorkel orchestra of Porkoid phonetics ... A b a b a bre a breath
   a breath a breathalies a breathalies a breathaliz a breathaliz a lung
   gless salamander

Percusses:
Ten tame tadpoles tucked tightly together in a thin tall tin.
What veteran ventriloquist whistles
“Oh dear, what nonsense I’m talking!”
Carpals Stormin’ Norman across our alphabet, humvee the girth of consonants
How much caramnel can a canny cannibal cram into a camel
Did you say the Gizzard’s chipper?
No, I said;
yadda yadda yadda
“And what is the use of a book, without pictures or conversations?”
Framing the Narrative.
— Jill Hartman
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of Innovation and Life
Derek Hart
March 1, 2013
Kensington Road NW

"Economies is the beauty of the paper"
—Kenneth Goldsmith

Bleeding Poetry
Calgary
5:30 PM

A Night with
Wednesday, Pages of
in Kensington

"From the edge of the economy"

Limits of Poetics