

FrameWork 4/25

Derek Coulombe on Zin Taylor

NOVEL TISSUE

Pierre Castan¹



Paul Schlack²



- (1) “And Paul, Paul...how about these...our...*shared synthetic developments...*” (small cough plus taut movement of the tongue behind parted teeth).
(2) (Blushing smile, toothy and wide) “ah...*epoxide matter and process...all those novel meats of the world...we made clear from out of vagueness...we made them out of the stuff that was in the world but we made them new. Dual component...epox...epoxy...cured hard to purpose*” (cheeks flush up and rise happy at the bones, moved with another sweet smile).
(3) “Paul, Paul...” (Shuffles pinched buttocks to the rear of the chair)

¹ A Swiss chemist who developed early epoxy resins while being unaware of Paul Schlack's simultaneous work in Germany.

- I..theres...(Adam's apple moves deeply, eyeballish, underneath Pierre's face)...the beautiful character...of the cured end-products born out from under the polyepoxide...array...these, well, they had been for teeth...*in the beginning...for the teeth.*”
(4) “...Yes...and, Pierre...well...(right leg crossing overtop of left, right knee joint bent across, foot hangs low, right knee joint thrown straight, for a moment, and right foot fires parallel to the floor, right and left leg unfold, swap previous positions, left knee broken down overtop, so left foot hung out low etc.) It...it had become about amides, in my

² A German chemist who developed early epoxy resins while being unaware of Pierre Castan's simultaneous work in Switzerland.

hands and under my...looking eyes, amides. I...who...would have known that, *the monomers*, would have...you see...synthetic fibres give out stretches of matter that would not have occurred outside of thoughts and manual, tactile, manipulations...I.”

(5) “Paul...(Deep and sudden inhalation of breath, shudders throughout chest, while the subtle tumescence of a weak erection becomes visible through the interleaved creases of auburn trousers)...Paul, that is just the right way...the brain...multiplied available surfaces through its persistent and gorgeous meddling with things, with what was around the body and the brain throughout that tract in the place and the time of the world *that we had been travelling*.”

(6) “And Pierre, and sure...what became evident...with synthetics and with the...*the state of affairs overall*” is that the world is purely parodic, in other words, that each thing seen is the parody of another, or is the same thing in a deceptive form.”³...and further, (wee laugh), further, a...synthetic matter is a brand new flesh out in the place of the world, and it is made out of the previously, the already extant meats of the world—the synthetic thing is the parody worked right through, right back through to a novel primary piece...right out of our wonderful and tired brains crowding in upon all those worldly meats and their possibilities in combination.”

³ Georges Bataille, “The Solar Anus.” In *Visions of Excess: Selected Writings, 1927-1939*, trans. Allan Stoekl (Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press, 1985), 5.

(Dripping, pressed-out flatulence, sent out sharp from under a raised right buttock, the buttock wrapped in houndstooth trouser-seat, and an eye glows weird under one lid, lips tickled by the air and lips move just faintly and without making sound).

(7) “Us two, (stiff, held back laughter, teary eyes, mouth makes horrible shapes with itself)...us two, we have constructed an argument with the already occurring ores and matter and fleshes of the world—*we take the present parts and make them into newly-present parts* through a triad chemical-physical- copulation between themselves and ourselves, ourselves as nodes between known componentry”—(laughter breaks out from the skewed mouth, spittle jumps, awful breath).

(8) (Schlack’s bottom eyelids well wet with tears, trace mucous, milky look from the eyes locks steady with Castan’s own eyes and own look, Castan’s eyes welling wet from top and bottom lids—Castan is weeping while looking across, direct at the collegial eyeballs of Schlack). “And how about...these...nothing better than these dreamy, dreamy, UV epoxide applications that the great big body of the sun takes a whole proper part in...sunlight, big and high over us and overtop of everything besides, sunlight brings the last curing of materials, resins—combinatory epoxy units—and so (breathy intake of air through Schlack’s excited, searching mouth)—makes them cohere into new and newer meats of the world and in the world, right down here

beneath the hugeness of itself—the sun...”.

(9) (Castan abruptly passes gas, groans, his eyes go wide in tandem with the spray of bad air, mouth dilates up): “My own personal experiences leave me in doubt however whether even the astronomy of today has grasped the whole truth about the light and warmth-giving power of...our sun; perhaps one has to consider her directly or indirectly only as that part of God’s miraculous creative power which is directed to the earth...I will at present only mention the fact that the sun has for years spoken with me in human words and thereby reveals herself as a living being or as the organ of a still higher being behind her.”⁴ (Castan’s throat moves from bottom to top in a wave of skin, tendon, a gag moves the mouth right at the very top of the movement—whitish sluff along the top of the wave).

(10) (Burps, swallowing back the renderings of the burp, and says, in a soft, soft pitch): “New material, made from old and numerous and alloyed matter, and this new matter set out to do novel things.”

(11) (Freshly welling tears, squeezing eyes, froth of cheeks, and in a tumbling voice): “New material, made from old and numerous and alloyed matter, and this new matter set out to do novel things.”

⁴ Daniel Paul Schreber, *Memoirs of my Nervous Illness*, trans. Ida Macalpine and Richard A. Hunter (New York: New York Review of Books, 2000), 21-22.