



**THE O-G vol. 5**

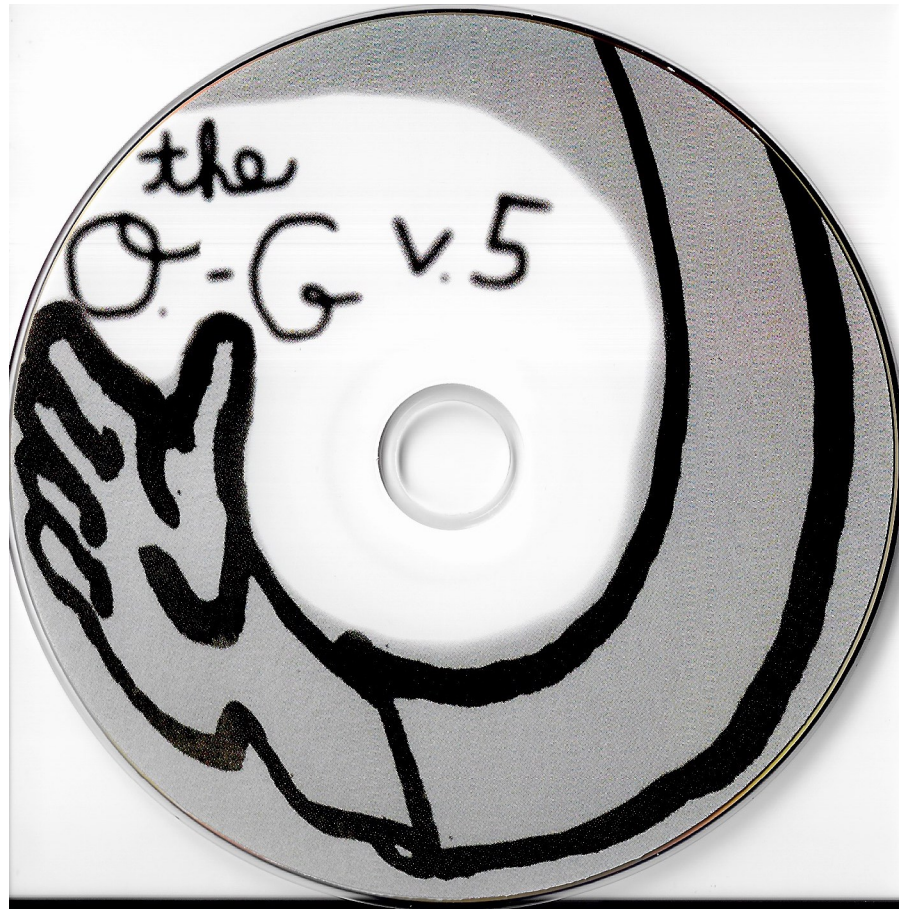


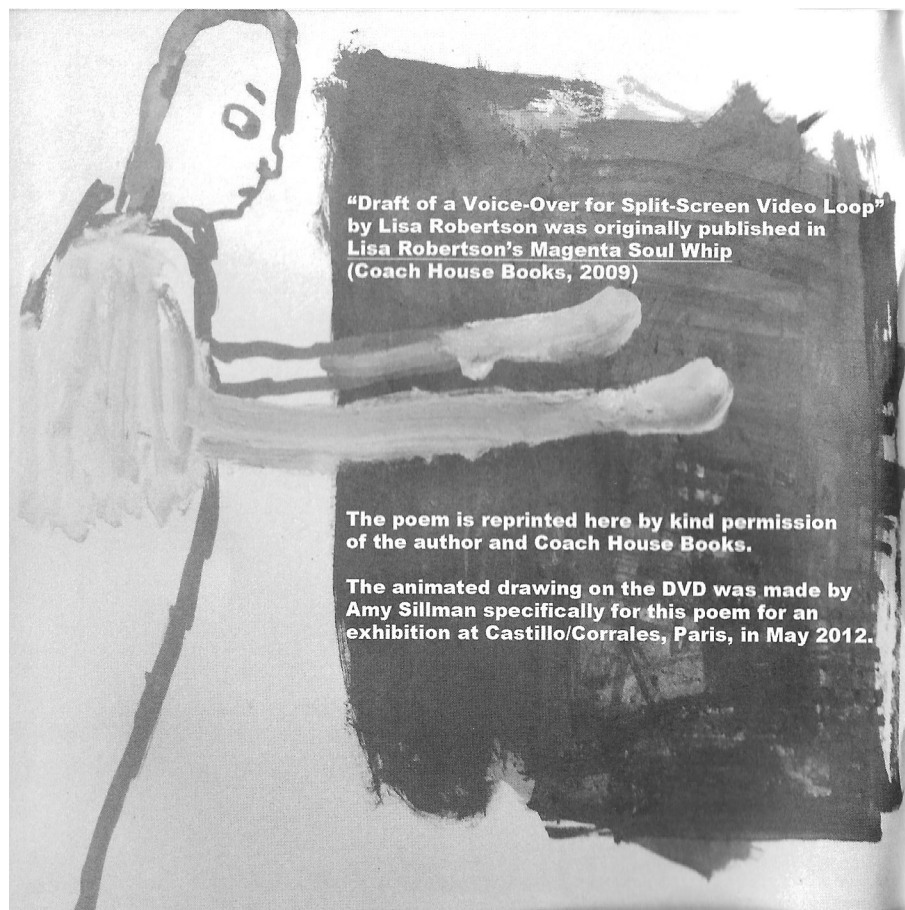
OBJET



GEGENSTAND







**"Draft of a Voice-Over for Split-Screen Video Loop"**  
by Lisa Robertson was originally published in  
**Lisa Robertson's Magenta Soul Whip**  
(Coach House Books, 2009)

The poem is reprinted here by kind permission  
of the author and Coach House Books.

The animated drawing on the DVD was made by  
Amy Sillman specifically for this poem for an  
exhibition at Castillo/Corrales, Paris, in May 2012.

#### **Draft of a Voice-Over for Split-Screen Video Loop**

'A young woman looks openly out of the picture.'

*'A young woman looks openly out of the picture.'*

'Her experience of scale is always paradoxical.'

*'As for the unconscious, she is breathing in its Latin.'*

'Philosophy comes from her having difficulty.'

*'Her experience of scale is always paradoxical.'*

'When girls were flowers this wasn't true.'

*'Her pronoun is sedition unrecognized as such.'*

'The women is itself not a content.'

*'Her voice turns towards weakness and shame and it pours down  
her face.'*

'When it comes to flowers, she is parody.'

*'How does she represent herself as thinking?'*

'So what if she is thick and stupid behind her life. It is not  
private.'

*'It can't be regulated.'*

'No, it is a survival, a learning-to-live.'

*'Knowledge is truth until it's ordinary.'*

'To super-add girls speaking to humans is not a pleasure.'

*'No, it is a survival, a learning-to-live.'*



'Probably whatever the feminine might mean has to do with  
the intellectual relationship to change.'

*'None of the forms feel big enough.'*

'She imprecisely uses freedom.'

*'Part of her wanted nothing.'*

'She will be the pronoun of her analysis.'

*'Philosophy comes from her having difficulty.'*

'When women are exiled it seems normal.'

*'Probably whatever the feminine might mean has to do with the  
intellectual relationship to change.'*

'She thinks she undoes her femininity to give herself pleasure.'

*'She brings this vocabulary into her mouth to sex it.'*

'The information of her fear is her most serious and fragile  
part.'

*'She doesn't have much time to understand her mortality.'*

'Her voice turns towards weakness and shame and it pours  
down her face.'

*'She exploited a splitting at the level of process.'*

'Her pronoun is sedition unrecognized as such.'

*'She feels free to set out in any discourse.'*

'She doesn't have much time to understand her mortality.'

*'She hasn't been human.'*

'She wants to tell about it but not necessarily in language.'

*'She imprecisely uses freedom.'*

'She says space is doubt.'

*'She recycled the discarded part.'*

'She exploited a splitting at the level of process.'

*'She says space is doubt.'*

'Part of her wanted nothing.'

*'She smoothes her hair.'*

'She recycled the discarded part.'

*'She spirals wildly away.'*

'She writes against herself.'

*'She taught herself to make distinctions.'*

'She writes against those who know how to read.'

*'She thinks she undoes her femininity to give herself pleasure.'*

'As for the unconscious, she is breathing in its Latin.'

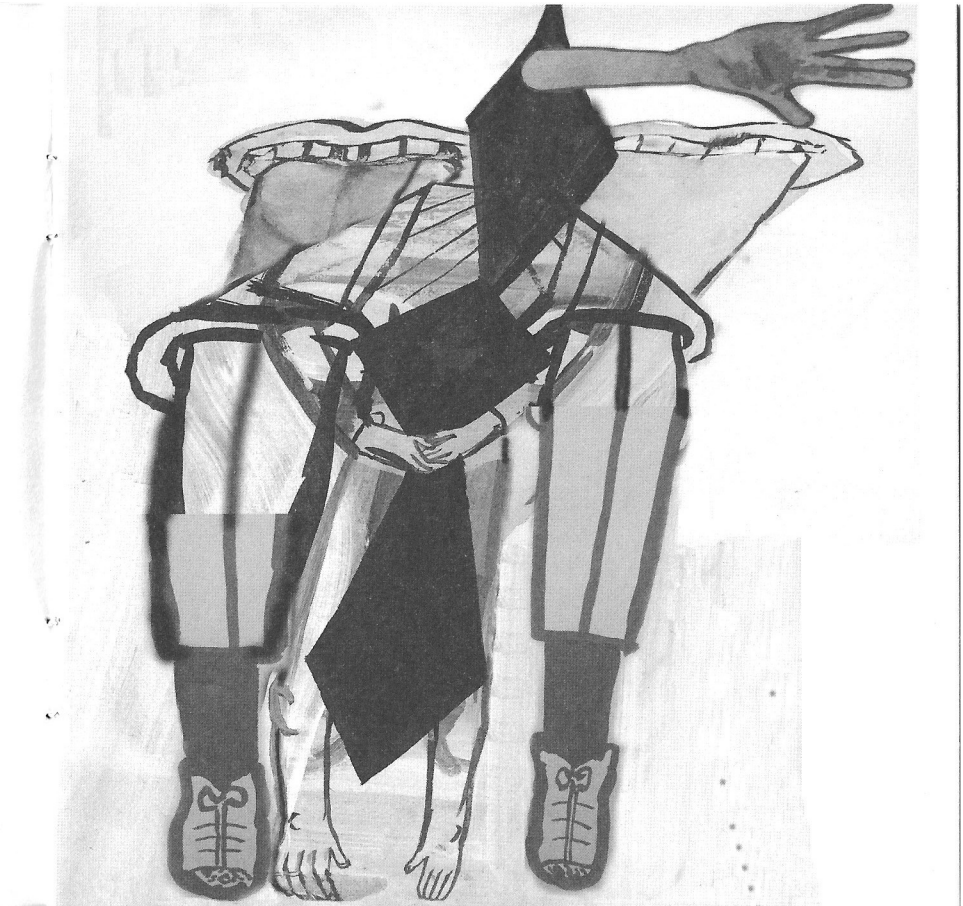
*'She wants to tell about it but not necessarily in language.'*

'None of the forms feel big enough.'

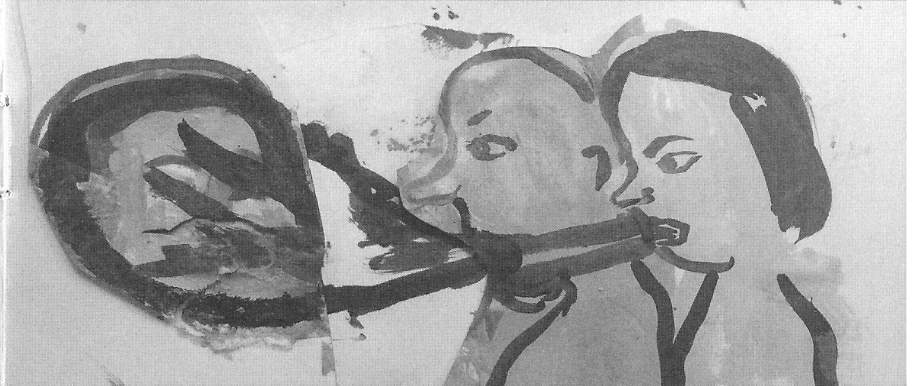
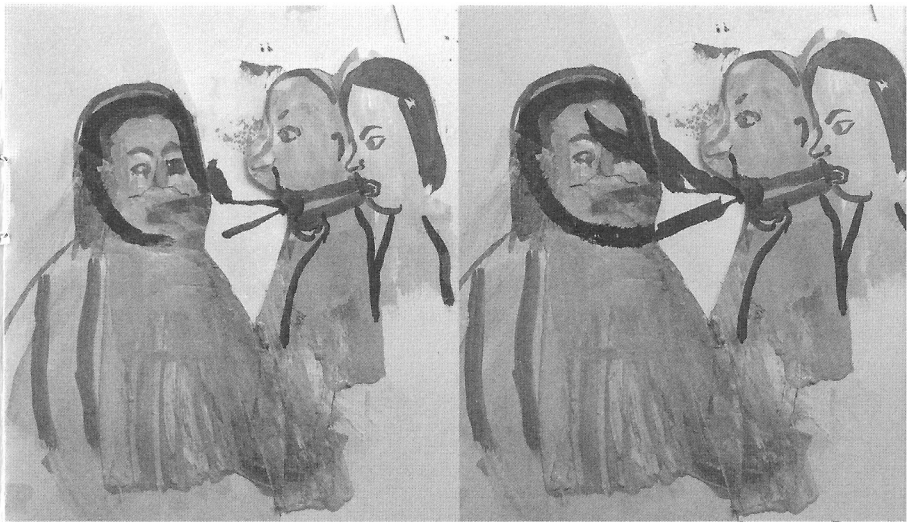
*'She will be the pronoun of her analysis.'*

'She smoothes her hair.'

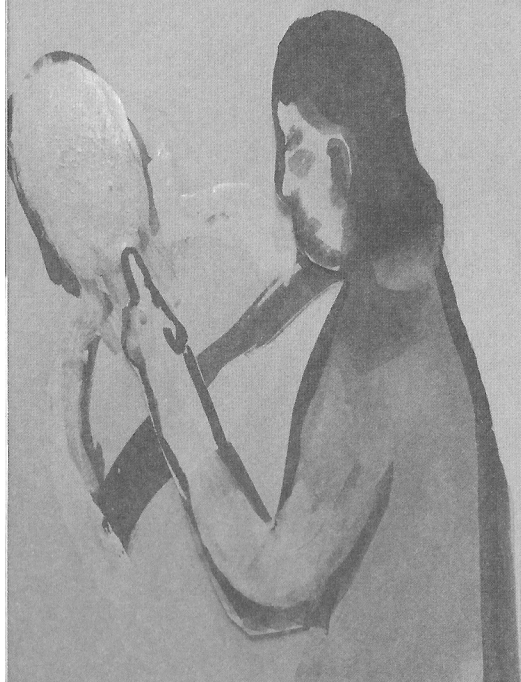
*'She writes against herself.'*  
*'She spirals wildly away.'*  
*'She writes against those who know how to read.'*  
*'She feels free to set out in any discourse.'*  
*'So what if she is thick and stupid behind her life. It is not private.'*  
*'She brings this vocabulary into her mouth to sex it.'*  
*'The information of her fear is her most serious and fragile part.'*  
*'Thus she arrives at the idea of the mistake.'*  
*'The masterpiece of her mouth feels natural.'*  
*'The masterpiece of her mouth feels natural.'*  
*'The women is itself not a content.'*  
*'What the political will be to her cannot yet be quantified.'*  
*'This is a concept.'*  
*'She hasn't been human.'*  
*'Thus she arrives at the idea of the mistake.'*  
*'This is a concept.'*  
*'To super-add girls speaking to humans is not a pleasure.'*  
*'It can't be regulated.'*  
*'What the political will be to her cannot yet be quantified.'*  
*'Knowledge is ordinary.'*  
*'When women are exiled it seems normal.'*







**"Pinky's Rule," poem by Charles Bernstein, is a collaborative text-and-drawing work by Bernstein & Sillman. It was originally made for the Bowery Poetry Club Art Wall, NYC in October 2011.**



### **Pinky's Rule**

It always starts  
fast then begins  
unwinding.  
A relatively  
straight shot  
right to the  
moon (in freeze  
frame):  
as if you're  
almost at the  
point of being  
nearly ready.  
Abrupt shift  
as in I'll  
catch you  
next time, wipe  
that stare off  
your filmy  
inconsequence,  
give me a

rain dance, a  
walk around the  
projected parking  
structure,  
my indubitable  
loquacity, the  
ice machine next  
to the ice  
truck, Sunday  
morning chill.  
Mellow the way a  
lemon calls out your  
name in the dark,  
only it's saying "Alice"  
and your name is  
John, or then it's  
saying "Paulo"  
but you hear  
it as hollow.  
Instrumental,  
that is, only in  
the name I

find when the  
shooting's over  
and the bed linen's  
on the line.  
It comes to this  
or it came to that  
or I shouldda  
listened harder or  
I heard too much.  
Just don't bet the  
ranch on the chance  
your horse will come  
in second. There is  
no place like  
a blue pipe on a  
blunt background:  
that would be a  
pony of a different  
stripe. Heaven doesn't  
ask and won't tell.  
Here on the ground  
you have to make



a lot of guesses, but  
even the most astute  
hunch don't  
change the course  
of all you've tried  
to push against.  
The fuel's not so much  
finite as tainted. Perception  
bows to the low-person  
on totem's pole.  
Or forms a filter  
against chance  
encounters, meteoric  
ineptitude, undeniable  
resemblances. You  
don't got to be  
Plato to see the  
shadows on the wall.  
Going where  
you think you  
go, coming from  
wherever

you thought you'd  
come from.  
I go in fear of  
fear but on the  
flip side of  
the coin, early  
risers cut short  
the night. Illusion  
is always 9/10ths  
collusion and half  
wistful thinking.  
Take another look:  
there is no more  
collateral damage  
to that thought  
than to the beach  
when the wave  
breaks over it.  
The picture can  
say only what  
the words tell  
it not to, as in

the pope is  
in the silo  
while the poetry  
boy redoubles  
his and her  
effortlessness.  
It's a running  
dope, or more  
kind to say,  
inept propositional.  
Where did you  
say you put  
the pliers?  
She's only this  
far from destiny.  
But they only sell  
one-way tickets.  
The warp of the weft  
is beset by fits.  
And then it comes  
to pass that the oblong  
is covered in shadow.

As long as you  
both shall spill.

Pinkies rule.  
This is what  
she told me.

•

For every two  
there's a  
third, for every  
one a z. The road  
knows but not  
to tell nor who  
might see. She  
bade me swear  
and I went home  
with scarce a care.  
The road, limbed  
with light in  
feckless flight – don't

go there. In every  
three's a pattern  
finds its form  
in bars of crimson  
melody: it hears  
and what it  
hears it sees  
in crimson bars  
of malady. Third  
becomes one as  
second's z, I  
become three as  
one returns to  
me. The road  
gels where  
patterns tell, breaking  
into lines that  
spell, don't speak  
but swell: an alphabet  
tinged with regret.  
As one becomes  
z, none hides the

three – this much  
has she told  
to me.

•

We stand erect  
but for a price  
I never know  
my left from  
right. I'll change  
it even so, if  
you will only  
let me know.  
I'm on my  
knees this time  
Fortune's pissed  
right in my eye  
and tapped his  
hand on the other  
band, left me  
low and dry --

That's a place  
right close to no  
just on the other  
side. A circle  
around an A  
with nary a  
time for a z  
as long as  
you both shall  
spill, as green  
glides only to  
your will, as  
sure as a frown's  
frown's a frown  
or an n or an r  
of a p. This is  
what she told  
me: For the price  
of o, with the head  
of a frog, a sliced-  
up q with a dress  
made of pipes.

Meet the man  
almost made it  
the girl the man  
became, the woman  
in the boy, the  
fiddler in the storm.  
If pinkies rule  
you'd best remove  
your right foot  
from my left.  
Once we danced  
with ants in our  
uncles before we  
rushed to Ghent  
for truffles. Sissies  
rule, aces are spare  
sashes are violent  
purses uncertain.  
Pursue your sudden  
passion, but never  
without two shakes  
of fashion. As



x makes three  
or seven, when  
the shoot's shot.

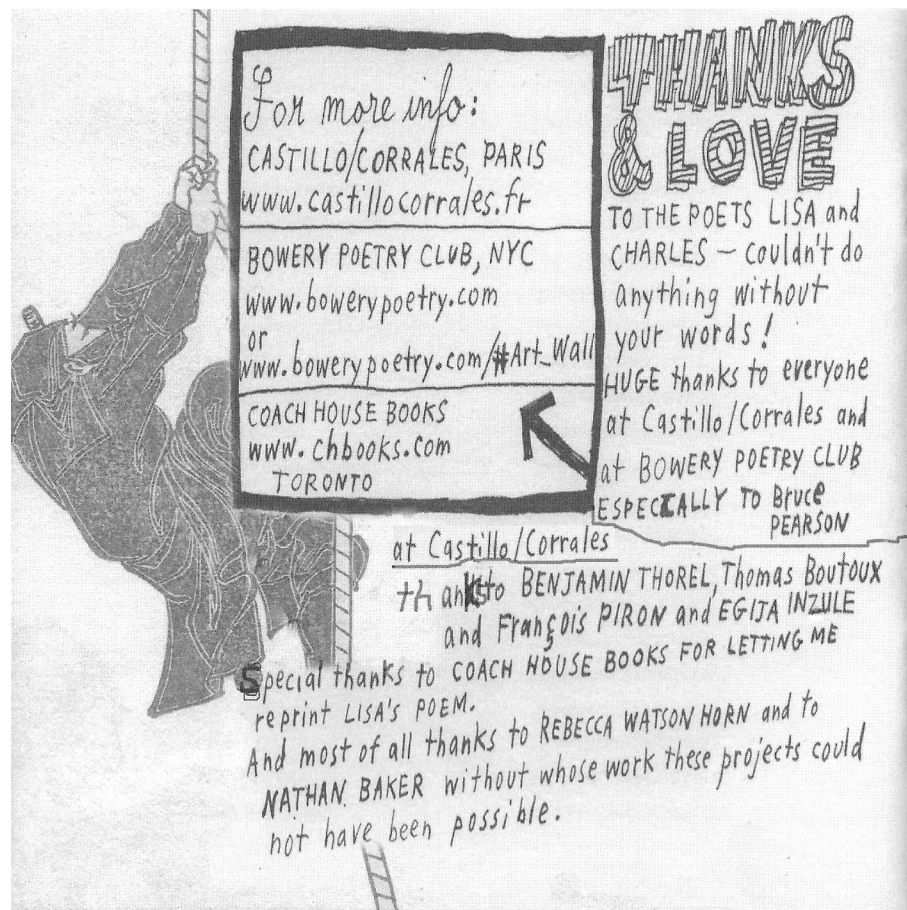
\*

Quisling's rule, what's  
on second, who's  
the one that  
heard. You go  
up and then  
go tumbling down  
into the segment  
that was just  
the frown, that  
blanks you out  
in a blink of  
a sound. There's  
no point beating  
round the bent,  
no point beating  
trees into well-

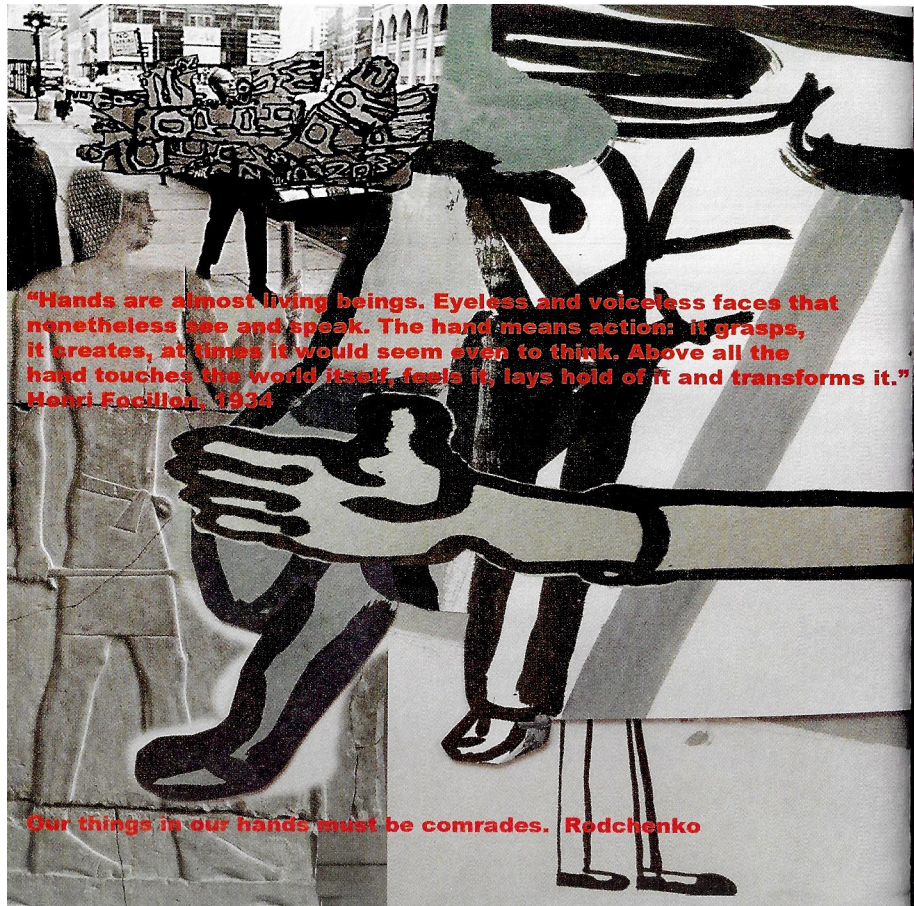
groomed hens – or  
a bush into  
a bee. The sparrow  
she sings it  
differently. Sings of  
orange and green  
and all the colors  
in between. White's  
blue reply, red's  
recalcitrant lover, aquamarine  
in tin, torn covers.  
But colors are  
too bright you  
know. You might  
as well paint  
shadows against  
snow. Since sometimes  
shadows is all  
you can see  
(and that includes  
me). The picture  
can tell only

what the words  
hide and the  
words are hiding  
for their lives  
in a witness  
protection program  
on Three Pony Drive.  
Paint flies when  
you're having steak  
with fries, a stake  
in what you care  
to recognize. Care's  
the lost cause  
of our descent:  
the gulls that  
guide us with their  
shrieks: no more  
lament, no more  
lament. Lullabies  
hum the tunes  
we thought up  
at lunch: the pie

in the heavens  
or the pickle on  
a paddy wagon.  
Even the littlest  
fingers know better  
than that. Pinky's  
rule: Winsome  
and lose some.  
Thick grey marks  
as if of chalk.

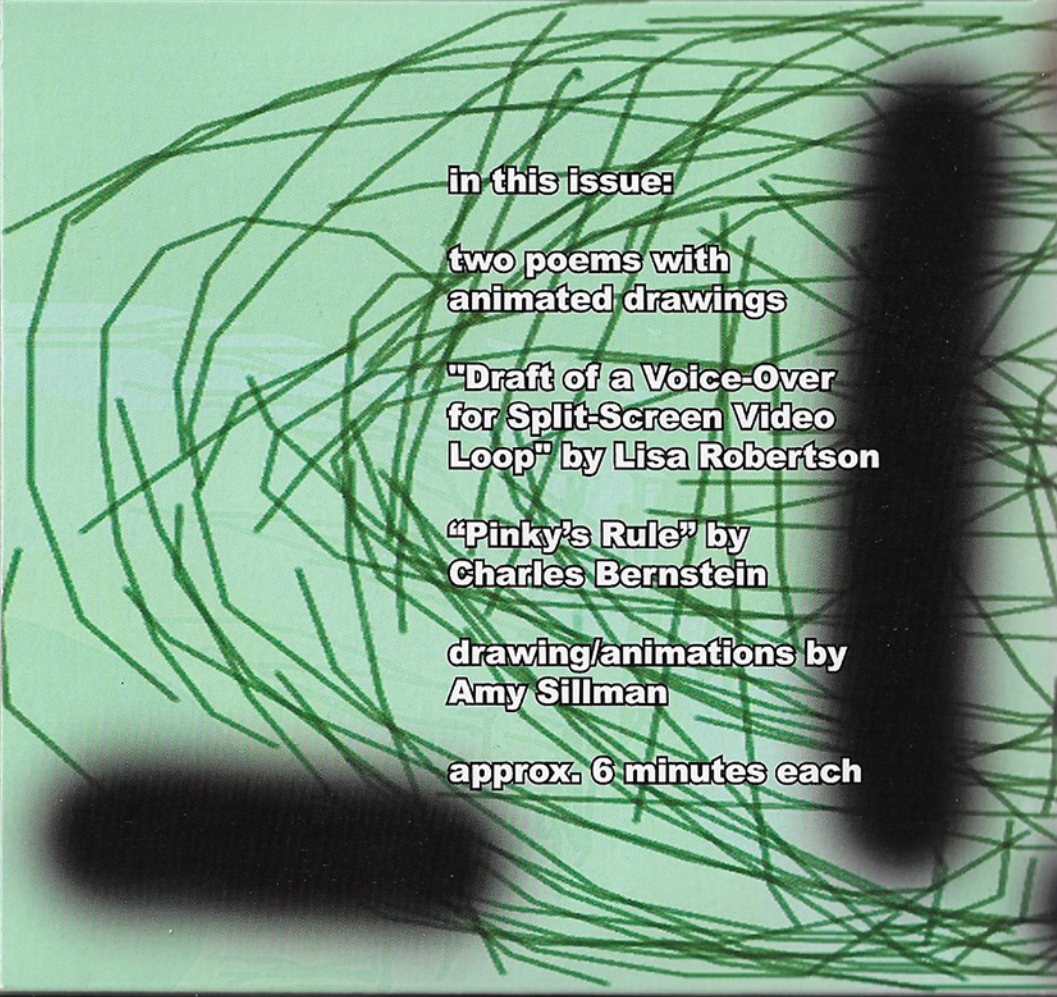






**"Hands are almost living beings. Eyeless and voiceless faces that nonetheless see and speak. The hand means action: it grasps, it creates, at times it would seem even to think. Above all the hand touches the world itself, feels it, lays hold of it and transforms it."**  
**Henri Focillon, 1934**

**Our things in our hands must be comrades. Rodchenko**

An abstract drawing consisting of numerous thin, dark green lines of varying lengths and orientations, creating a dense, scribbled pattern that resembles a stylized, tangled shape. The drawing is set against a light green background.

**in this issue:**

**two poems with  
animated drawings**

**"Draft of a Voice-Over  
for Split-Screen Video  
Loop" by Lisa Robertson**

**"Pinky's Rule" by  
Charles Bernstein**

**drawing/animations by  
Amy Sillman**

**approx. 6 minutes each**