

PICTURES



POEM



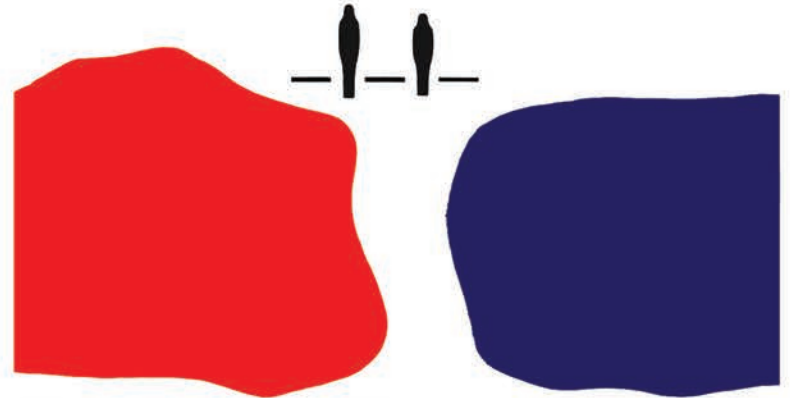
the O.G. volume 16

the OG vol 16 is a collaboration between Amy Sillman and John Hulsey made to accompany Amy's exhibition "To Be Other-Wise" at Gladstone Gallery, New York, May-June, 2024



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"We can't always tell the difference between sentiment and emotion. They marble. The fungal puce bordering on the sweaty window-pane, the flapping cobalt trap on the leaking condo, the intense turquoise of the low-rent trim in our neighborhood; the surface of the city indexes conditions of contamination, accident, and subordination. We always dream in color. This is part of the history of surfaces."
--Lisa Robertson



Pictures for Poem is a dialogue between two friends. Taking Lisa Robertson's polyvocal "FACE/" as a starting point, we proposed pictures to each other and then paired our images with couplets from her poem. Image meets image, image become text, image and text become film strip, and so on. The full excerpt we used is on the final pages of the zine. To read the full poem, look for Boat, published by Coach House Press, 2020, or go to <https://chbooks.com/Books/B/Boat>

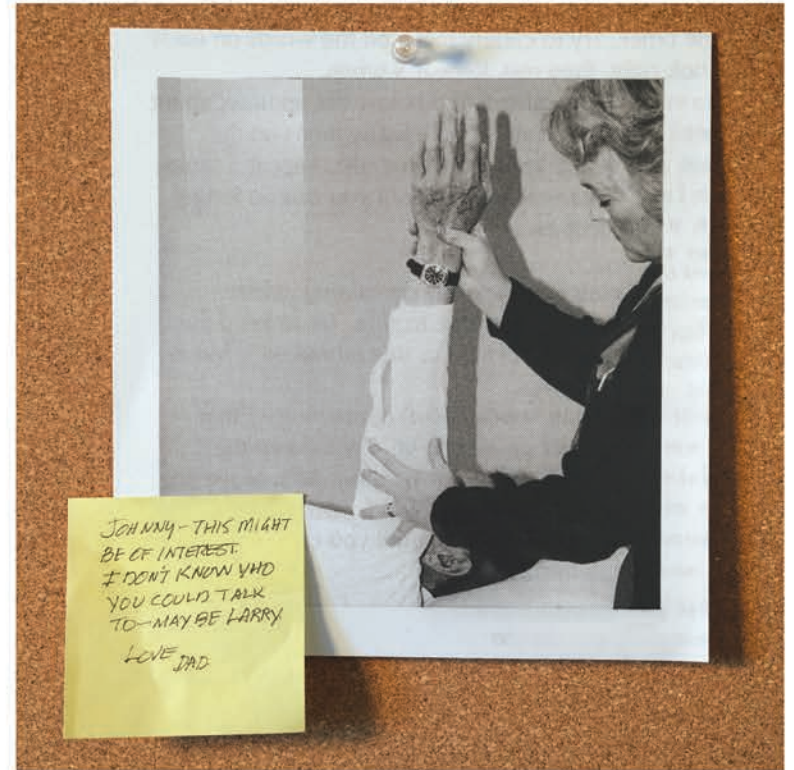
The air goes soft and I'm cushioned as if by the skin of an animal.

I can only make a report.



Womanliness knows nothing and laughs.

I can't live for leaves, for grass, for animals.



JOHNNY - THIS MIGHT
BE OF INTEREST.
I DON'T KNOW WHO
YOU COULD TALK
TO - MAY BE LARRY
LOVE JAD

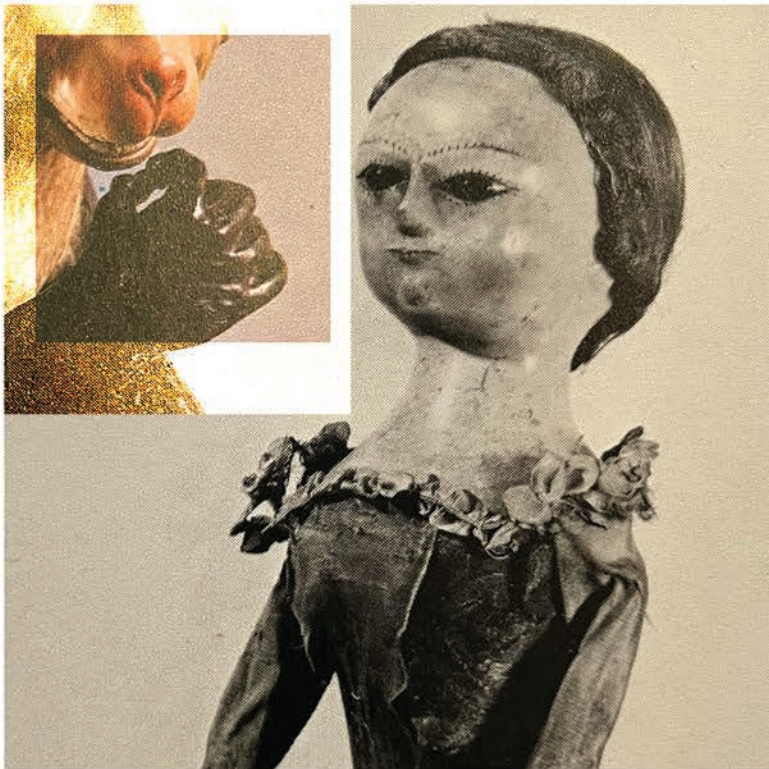
All surfaces stream dark circumstance of utterance.

I can't say any of these words.



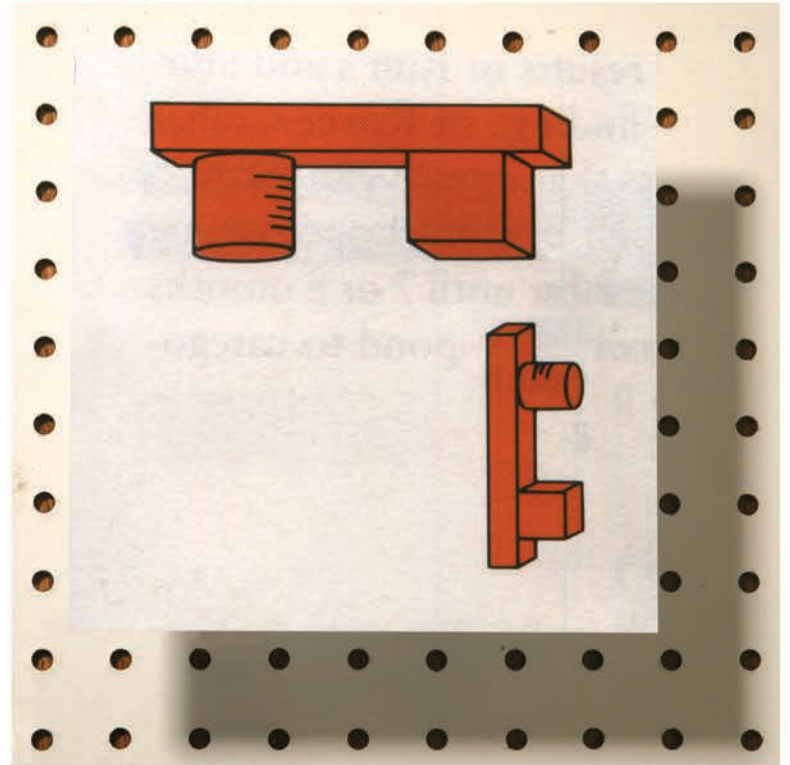
Gradually the tree comes to speak to me.

I collaborated with my boredom.



I write this ornament, yet I had not thought of time.

I come to you for information.



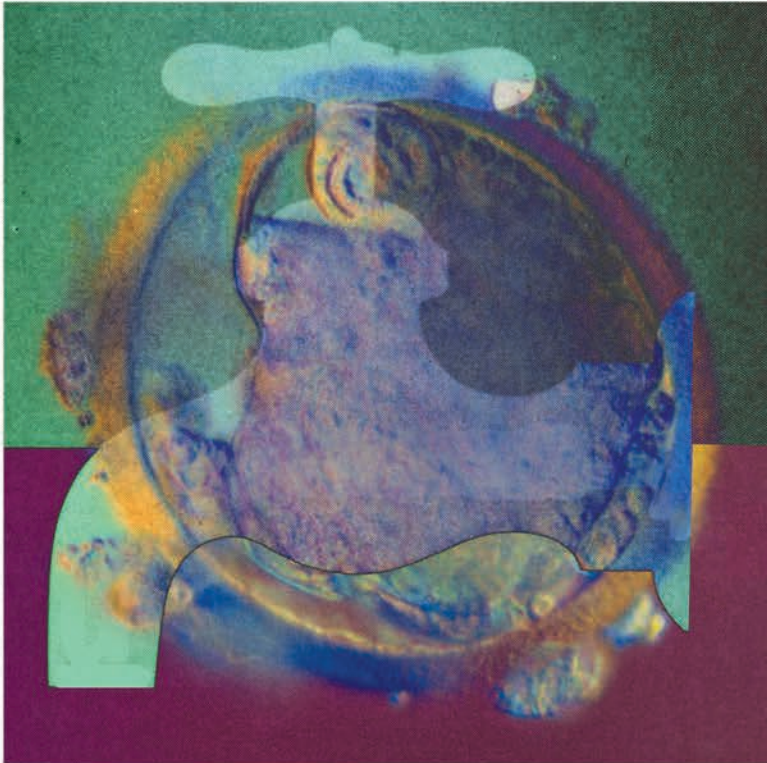
Sometimes I'm just solid with anger and I am certain I will die from it.

*I conceived of an organ slightly larger than skin, a structure of
inhuman love minus nostalgia or time.*



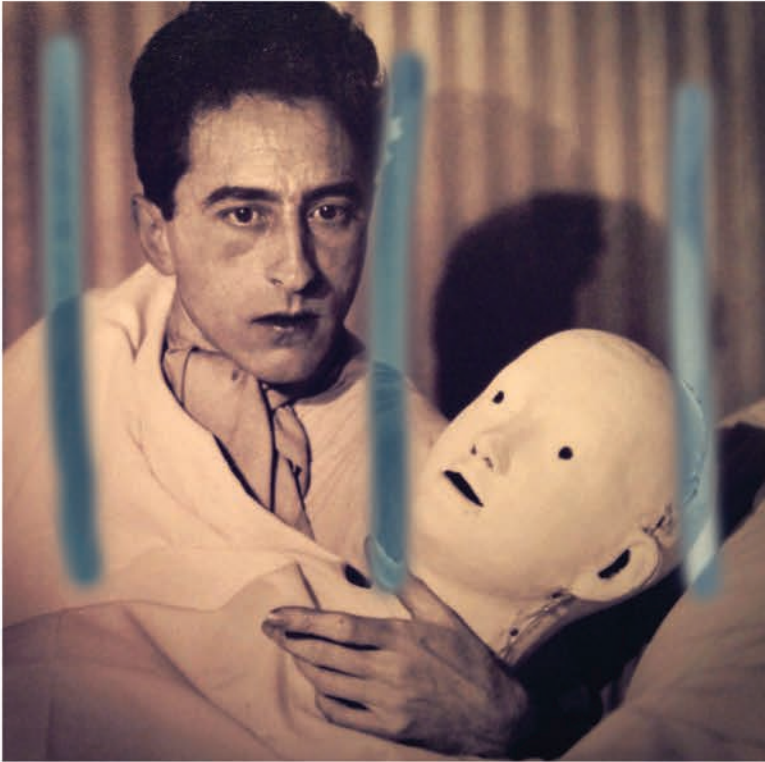
If only I could achieve frankness.

I could be quiet enough to hear the culverts trickling.



I'm talking about weird morphing catalogues and fugitive glances.

I subsist by these glances.



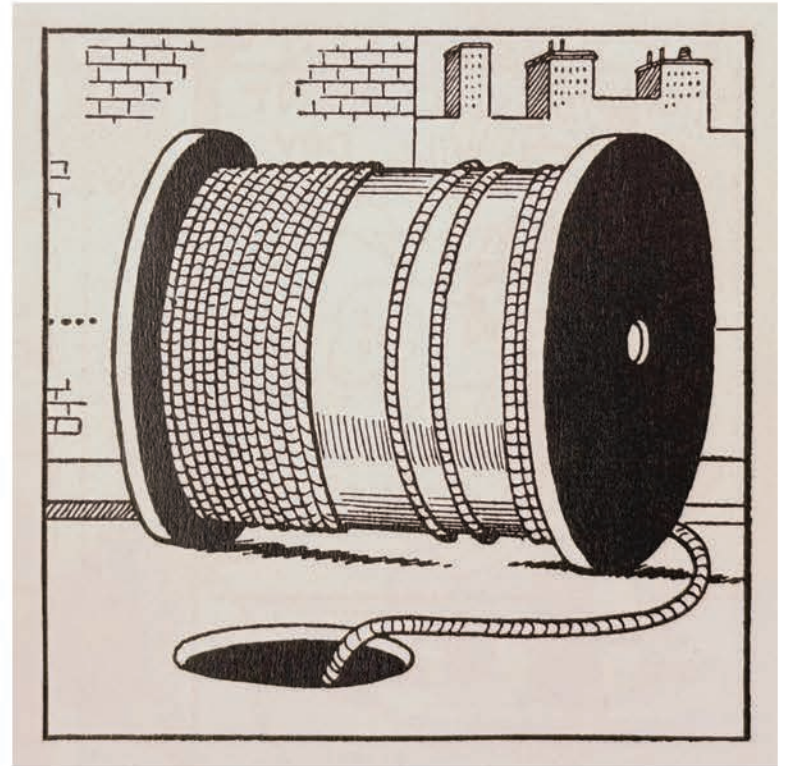
I subsist by these glances.

I desire nothing humble or abridged.



I'm using the words of humans to say what I want to know.

I did not sigh.



I confined my thievery to perishable items.

I do not want to speak partially.



I loosened across the landscape.

I doubt that I am original.



I've been lucky and I'm thankful.

I dreamt I lied.



I stole butter and I studied love.

Something delighted me.



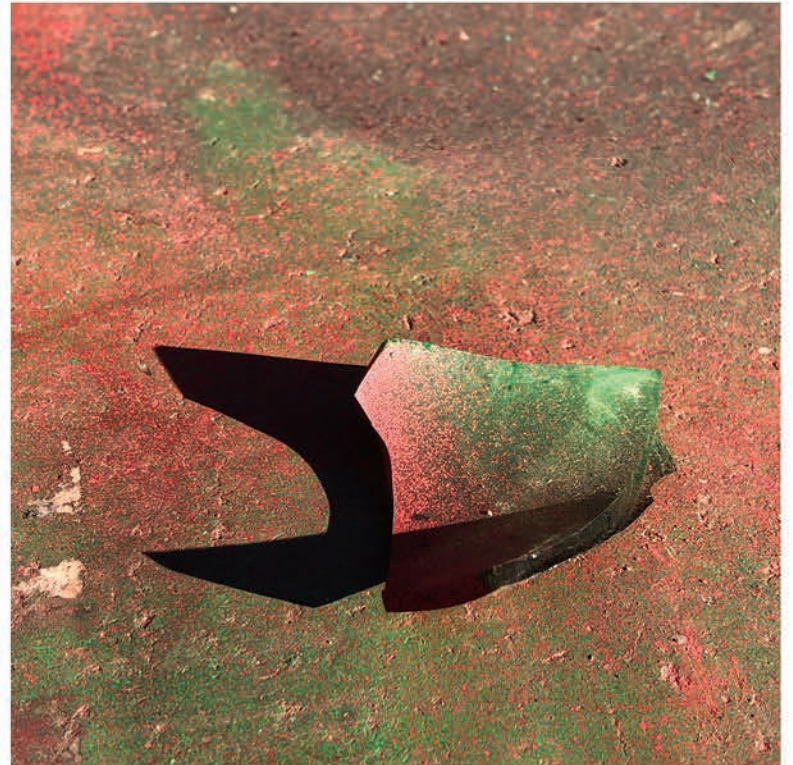
And if I am not cherished?

I endlessly close.



But just as strongly I willed myself towards this neutrality.

I enjoyed that pleasure I now inhabit.



I collaborated with my boredom.

I experienced a transitive sensation to the left of my mind.



an excerpt from *Face/* by Lisa Robertson

The air goes soft and I'm cushioned as if by the skin of an animal.

I can only make a report.

Womanliness knows nothing and laughs.

I can't live for leaves, for grass, for animals.

All surfaces stream dark circumstance of utterance.

I can't say any of these words.

Gradually the tree comes to speak to me.

I collaborated with my boredom.

I write this ornament, yet I had not thought of time.

I come to you for information.

Sometimes I'm just solid with anger and I am certain I will die from it.

*I conceived of an organ slightly larger than skin, a structure of inhuman love
minus nostalgia or time.*

If only I could achieve frankness.

I could be quiet enough to hear the culverts trickling.

I'm talking about weird morphing catalogues and fugitive glances.

I could have been wrong.

I subsist by these glances.

I desire nothing humble or abridged.

I'm using the words of humans to say what I want to know.

I did not sigh.

I confined my thievery to perishable items.

I do not want to speak partially.

I loosened across landscape.

I doubt that I am original.

I've been lucky and I'm thankful.

I dreamt I lied.

I stole butter and I studied love.

Something delighted me.

And if I am not cherished?

I endlessly close.

But just as strongly I willed myself toward this neutrality.

I enjoyed the pleasure I now inhabit.

I collaborated with my boredom.

I experienced a transitive sensation to the left of my mind.

An astounding narrative,

authentikally true,

recounting the adventures encountered in their wanderings

by a WORKAHOLIC and a

SQUARE TYPE INDIVIDUAL

during the course of a

WINTER OF COGITATION

among the so-called

BEAT GENERATION,

in which is recounted such INCIDENTS as the

OCCASION wherein 2 COMRADES

WRACK THEIR BRAINS

about a POEM and its

MOTIVATION



(CHILDREN UNDER 18 NOT ADMITTED)