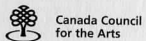


LISA
ROBERTSON'S
MAGENTA
SOUL
WHIP

Coach House Books
Toronto

copyright © Lisa Robertson, 2009



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des Arts
du Canada



ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS DE L'ONTARIO

Canada

Published with the generous assistance of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council. Coach House Books also acknowledges the support of the Government of Canada through the Book Publishing Industry Development Program.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA
CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION

Robertson, Lisa

Lisa Robertson's magenta soul whip / Lisa Robertson.

ISBN 978-1-55245-215-8

I. Title.

PS8585.O3217L58 2009 C811'.54 C2009-900013-X

You left the books that had surrounded you and me holding
your body
Accompanied by the city.

You lie there wounded
You see the precision of the distant city through the round
arches of the bridge.

You see the women's thick hair bound with coloured ribbons,
their complicated sandals and the sprigs of olive
You slip your cock into the actress's vagina.

You thrum and click
You took part in the savage transaction of negation.

You are wooden houses transformed into apartments and
restaurants
Your breath thrummed the wooden house.

Your failures are no longer sacred.

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 smooths 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 smooths 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.'

The Stricture

'The 69 heads of Messerschmidt cast in lead are not heaven.'

'The magnetic cures of Mesmer on the plastic soul are more difficult to characterize.'

'The heavens of Flanders are like textile in lustrousness – a bridal textile.'

'We see the classic theme of a woman suffering, with pearl-sized nipples, pink cotton billowing or nacrous skin sprouting feathers.'

'Here is a perfume burner of Khorasan, a bird sitting on top.'
'Birds perch on heaven habitually. They are not certainty-seekers.'

I wanted to think into the stricture of appearances.

There was a time when I came close.

To help the problem I changed into a clematis, I changed into a dog, I changed into a perfumed smoke.

Some of my organs were outside history, which gave me an advantage.

Place here the idea of a necessary inconspicuousness.

'This is wrong'

'This is beautiful'

'This is social'

'This is not thinking'