



# RECALL

lee gough



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edited and designed by ELÆ [Lynne DeSilva-Johnson] and Orchid Tierney



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RECALL

## 2020 OS SYSTEM OPERATORS

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# RECALL

I'm pushing out the water  
afterbirth  
in water the Mirror image  
an impossible box, a chest  
floats  
in the street

a boat, a daughter

tongue-tied at the nipple,      -en, n



Sink, mast, flow  
the tongue on the roof  
you nursed  
hurricane-bloated  
stricken, who's pushing out their tongue and -dure  
in the drawing the wetness

Xs

doors windows sunk  
names took off  
without            wind

1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144

the eye in the door, you can see the pattern the  
drawing room's applied math

*Starting tomorrow things are going to be different*

rewritten:  
a chest of drawers  
made by a tree, in a store  
You could see the cement,  
walled off  
the knock-down furniture  
mom, lathe, spread and drift

Malm  
Recalled: It was off the wall  
you're invested in  
the wall through the tree

This tree: has a hole an eye  
The dead cells form  
around the living tissue, tree scars migrating birds  
Pliny said, they spoke  
dead languages

For the birds, to live in  
mom's  
Sleeping in a Chinese Ikea  
the sky blacked out  
movement, time  
with nature's pencil, she revealed her/wood  
her box, the holes. *Hiawatha's Photographing*  
a spectator  
puckered up  
to the tree, the stones underneath xxxx  
tell the us about the bees, his walls, his floors, the tags  
doubled over their pronouns,  
our boxes, our stores  
                    our Milton Friedman's pencils and everything  
everything on land outlooked  
The picture  
failed completely  
before it could be taken  
while you were taking your time  
missing possible  
  
hospitals, banks power

Prisons: full of impossible persons turn  
invisible their round holes in round  
houses there was no 4th wall  
to wall  
sanitary  
inside and outside  
the same famine  
in 3rd landscapes  
blood, bleached cotton pads  
bodies breathe each other  
are we bodies against our bodies                      moon time, water, terra  
aqua  
cotton was too light  
too much or too little blood, too much water, too little water  
in-formation bodies  
sentences

“o deformed slaves of Rome!”  
“Ladies and gentleman!  
Heaven and hell in the wonder box  
pulling foreign picture cards  
the bodies pictured  
after the flood,  
                    overtunrned

with things for sale

(at the Wawa, Employees must perform

The following behaviors: walk, stand, handle reach horizontally      grasp firmly and  
push

bend, stoop, squat, pull, kneel, crouch

Modulate, discard, enclose, systematize erase

The propylene glycol in the bread

on the water, duck feed

where the birds had angel wings

((

report:

It was French telephone:

“With the instruction ‘Do nothing’ as the starting point, we end up with all extremes of behavior.”

For the birds  
in the fuel in the corn, *terra nullius*  
in the family  
wallpaper  
plants  
see red and blue  
See also, the living

bodies, people on the jail's lawn  
what do they think  
they're writing  
on the the prison lawn by the Wawa?

In the Wawa  
(nesting)  
"Ojibwe" for wild goose, so they said, the French l'oie  
oie  
(Ojibway spelled like highway)  
Who do they think they are? These  
Made up words, for birds. migrants  
looked right as rain

on location  
in the Amazon, Amazon  
erects a monstrous project: stories, stories, clouds, data, lines turn that  
frown upside down  
“being visible only through the mirror”  
and “everything and everyone inside the mirror are mad”

\*

Idomeni, 2016:  
“in here, we die every hour  
every day”  
the mirror is outside  
the impossible box  
It’s been fixed  
refugee callouts  
ping all night humans  
being able to translate stand up  
Google  
places thru,  
the burning places



given a match  
tomorrow  
we won't be here  
at the Family Dollar  
Hiawatha's photographing  
tootsie roll, Korean War, performance socks, 1 minute  
paper in the lifejacket  
6 hours  
asbestos  
mountains, "a memorandum of understanding on every leaf"  
in the third place  
unreclamation,  
everything listed  
takes place  
How do you take place?  
And night waits  
for time to exist. It could be forever  
fog on paper  
but it's just clouds  
blowing up the mountain  
data, carbon dioxide  
breathe, eat, list

Check for holes in the metaphor

outside Walmart. During that time  
in the parking lot  
I slept with all the other mothers, loaded trunks  
arms in the picture

Get the lead out!

Armed customers  
explode the Brutalist buildings  
I imagined in the woods  
the same rectangular situation  
it was difficult to make green of  
fire in a crowded theatre or life  
*in the search of a person*

It was impersonal,                      *Dear Milton Friedman*  
coming from a machine but the question made sense, *Would you*  
*like to buy money or time?*

*They need to get more out of everything. The train is coming*  
*now. I will put a rock there, and take more with me. I have been*  
*rummaging in the garbage to take up rocks and languages for*  
*the Pencil's I. But now we have nowhere to put our garbage. They*  
*explained what came after the body of the letter in school today..*

It wasn't a thing                                      to body, or insist there or here  
the shipping containers laying around  
full of touching rectangles  
yours

wood, knotless perfect grains  
of broken trees  
Or, he could imagine them as forked  
in the corner were put  
sayings, and landscapes  
with passengers  
They were the living wind by this meaning  
birds shook the planes  
with their dark bodies  
They could isolate, connect and destroy  
the accidental  
line, that cut paper/ infinite folds  
it may have been too late to join  
Or question marks, making passage

inside the container on the ocean  
there is human space  
paper, bundled faces  
in the water, afterbirth  
people pretended it was more than being born  
plastic with skin  
to cradle “body nostalgia”  
or nostalgia of the body which

for a living  
feels up or uploads  
other cannibals  
We were unaware of the blood  
in the rock  
The drill, the drill hall : Continuous death, Continuous birth,  
Continuous death  
We try to match gestures  
when it rains  
in the sensory theater of the abyss, masks  
float up with air

it only seems infinite  
breathing through the membrane  
after the disaster  
the born and the unborn, one and one  
in a phosphorus box  
points in space, on the folds  
public slash private and vice  
versa versus the Latin rows, matches  
in the private yard  
I had imagined

in our room still lifes  
with objects  
I would just like to know what they are  
these objects from the tree  
the guard breaks  
pencils  
with 15 degrees of hardness  
and the 5th wall to describe his friends, objects  
Fathers,  
mothers  
arms I imagined also

it was difficult to make green of  
the jungle gym  
or the foreign box  
it was easy to recognize, its' smile  
the eyes of my chimera and the time  
shaped like two circles,  
decimals or decimations  
the poems in the mother tongues are made, and made soldiers  
War fingers  
all the worried

# INVASIVE

“Through this window I wish to go inside which is the outside.  
The inside I was searching for is the outside.”

Lygia Clark

It seemed that words could make us  
transparent  
inside out  
plastic bags from the trees  
which tree a window through  
the space of the occupier  
the forests thought  
Monsanto's things  
in the grass wrong verbs took up  
the wrong fields loss: who knows  
European chafers, Bluegrass weevils, grubs  
variety  
honeybees, unknown insects  
persistent carryover  
groundwater contaminants

who knows the water I don't know how to ask it things you can  
ask me  
who knows the water



If the water  
under the school, the paralyzed grub  
assume risk, consciousness  
the open football field  
rounded up, and who  
will flood  
stadiums  
addresses near rivers, crossings, intersections,

made right by the Roman grid  
This is it. Is it still life  
or landscape, this road someone left out something on  
shoes one night, under the supermoon on hyper-drive  
with power lines

or put this way:  
There were shoes under the Mega-Moon  
that always let night in  
in the same place  
By a road I discovered  
in rush hour someone laid down  
materials, materiel  
and its cost drivers  
the climate drove  
the materials the toes bumped out of  
guaranteed to be finite, the rules of economics

redescribe everything now

Why did they put their shoes there  
without their bodies?  
They covered up  
bigger words, and smaller people  
in lines  
occupied on the fields and verses  
that languages savage  
but it must have rained  
differently  
and “this had been happening in the same way since the very first shoes was made”  
the dislocated  
Quarter  
tongue  
throat line  
welt  
They called the place where the soles were attached feathers.

I made this pulp to dissolve  
wonder,  
bread was like that  
too, dotting everything still alive on the motorway with primary colors  
The forest dissolves  
home and Hostess  
Between trees and water  
having/had  
child stuff 12 invisibles or more, tenses,

transition words learned at desks like  
cotton-like  
persistent eco-white  
Rayon scarfs American girls from the wood  
without irises  
pupils  
From the outside only  
of death  
I could see her water  
without a body  
or afterbirth  
*Why did they put their heads there*  
*without our bodies?*

Treading language and what else bioaccumulates in  
in the body  
the flame retardant certain changing table  
lining, the changing table  
on the surface fragments of the plants  
*non-target bi-kill*  
the child was instructed  
not to put on  
the dry cleaner's bag  
I folded the shirt in  
*fragmytes*

*and took up open nets*

- - - - - windowers

widowers: India, Nicaragua, SriLanka , what of borderless -ness  
too, e.g, Vietnamese weeds

In the picture you can see them burn spontaneously/I lost  
when I was born

Those who command Command  
the western Roundup, Rodeo, Authority First Spartan/Valor  
Touchdown  
for squared acronyms, like illnesses  
sub-scripted “u”  
classifications for unknown insects,  
I’m in the weeds  
*Commelina communis* sucks up  
trademark  
u-cides in the full bottles, dead soldiers  
for the invasives they thought  
in sides,  
with a line underneath the product in the school district letter  
about the foorball field and the grubs  
to ask any of these  
questions to whom it may concern

Is my daughter at home inside?  
and “who owns the thickness of the line[s]?”  
or the field inside and out of lines

## DIARY w/o PICTURES

“All of this never matters in authority”

(Gertrude Stein, *Stanzas in Meditation*)

or on Mars Black's red findings: in the index

finger-

splintered thought

dropped in the friction ridge and swirl, identified

with first hand

knowledge/the adverse witnesses See

Opportunity's

which side of glass

and how easy it is to lose sides



the string of knots  
Curiosity's memory-corrupt time keeping failed sides  
a house roof without:  
                    limited science

drilling: Choose  
which pages and kinds to build

Lowe's Estate Gray  
Onyx  
Driftwood  
Supreme Desert  
Tar Sands (through the roof)

Duration, too, among the notions

Sampling the roof  
and the tiles, I started a diary with glass which was hard but not  
as high as high  
as could be,  
built roofs and pictures  
in space  
Rover landed to see, as the stone throws, the stone throws

of pretend fossils,  
children plan throwing another time  
Thoreau's  
news today: "Mars  
might have supported"/its own

things, a woman  
might have taken  
long exposures of  
cancer  
a woman might have been taken  
in/or reproduced  
in visible things, time, the water  
-soluble blue incomplete white definitions made replete "this dead word I  
don't know how to use"

the bench and tar, the night photo  
and watch

roads in the index and thumb  
holding face and tube

It was difficult to stomach up People wanted  
at the laundromat, composites  
and symmetry  
among the missing  
persons

(Super Kleen) upside down hanging  
the line outside  
more liness  
This is where I found my own fathers  
mothers kind

“I can’t tell you a story. I’m in the middle of something.”

In the middle, she said, "I'm making her a tiny throat"  
the webbed leaf  
Reality

a wave of bombings

*this figure represents*

a skeleton is fragile  
it turns just  
accidentally to look

at a tree which outgrew the pit

obsolete once loved false faces  
their black  
red  
things living in it's unwieldy trunk  
blank (struck through)  
holes the throat of another

I found myself another “darkness within darkness”

the upside down bird  
on aegis

hurricanes  
the blue net drilling into the window Summer’s stalled  
buildings

and casualties. One  
slipped on the ice, one  
who couldn’t be

the same, or different false faces  
on a kind of real  
tree they used to call  
individual

natives the inscribed low trunks /initials the living /Fight of the  
fair Eris alone attended

the red mire  
and “we can see our colored faces  
Floating  
in the shaken pool”

a mine: fern spores  
made green words  
dissolve with bedtime stories for imperialists

Fibonacci’s  
study, the Book of Calculation spirals  
her hair in the sky  
she gave war’s

primary  
the finger

“just above me in the Indian cabinet”

theirs *are* ours: the drawers

stolen fingers/ and arms

Tomahawks  
came back, for hand to hand combat

First hand  
the body serves  
“to cut off”:  
the head: *Bomb Syria*

the tree and handle considering missiles the future inhabitants have  
anticipated

a blade once  
of antlers  
the horn of the moon, of the red planet with holes in it, *One is bigger  
realer made*



with white noise  
drilled

Reproduce the picture  
Capital

It comes out  
in a footnote (attached) the nominal verbal communication  
to be  
changed, w/emoticon

\*

Here's (almost) one : : Snake Bites Itself, balled up  
I dreamed  
none could get to

*We almost didn't ask questions*

the elements which could be measured in her hair, snakes  
in the spiraling headlines fear,

*Mars could have been*

around the pooled

stuff

Leaks continue  
with fluctuating activity  
At the well  
are elements: sulfur, nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen,  
phosphorus carbon  
House flies, drop the line

in the bedrock  
places for living nothing seemed solid on you can see where the line  
is (the only way)  
under the dead grass

outside of the White House, a man being fed enterically,  
Ensure  
being to unshadow unbody the island Gitmo, the tube through

bodies the island

fortress  
the house flies  
and the well around  
the Realer

Duration Stormcloud Duration Chateau Duration Colonial Harbor,  
Quarry  
For sale at Lowe's

Is the picture/of the recolonized  
overburden, tree ash sand clay conjectured future forest

of misnomers,

Tar, the planned road for arms trade

I noticed there were no bodies or managers,  
Looking away

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Some of the quotations used in this poem came from Robert Louis Stevenson, *A Child's Garden of Verses*.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**LEE GOUGH** is a visual artist, activist and poet. Her visual work is in collections around the United States and has been shown in India, Australia and Belgium and supported by the Puffin Foundation, and the Frans Masereel Centrum in Flanders (Antwerp). She is also the author of another chapbook, *Future Occupations* (Little Red Leaves Textile Editions, 2012). She lives in Brooklyn, NY. [www.leegough.net](http://www.leegough.net).

## FISSURES, COLLAPSE, PRACTICE A CONVERSATION WITH LEE GOUGH

*Greetings comrade! Thank you for talking to us about your process today!  
Can you introduce yourself, in a way that you would choose?*

I am Lee Gough (She/her/hers)

*Why are you a “poet”/ “writer”/ “artist”?*

I am a poet because the only materials you need are a brain, an able body and something to write with. I have these things. It's intrinsically an anti-capitalist activity because it has no value in our economy as it is.

*When did you decide to use the language you use for yourself (and/or: do you feel comfortable calling yourself a poet/writer/artist, what other titles or affiliations do you prefer/feel are more accurate)?*

I actually prefer the broader term artist because I make visual art too. It's all one

*What's a “poet” (or “writer” or “artist”) anyway? What do you see as your cultural and social role (in the literary / artistic / creative community and beyond)?*

Ideally we are contributors to a world where actions, including reading, speaking and writing, are merely considered. We're increasing living in a fuck-you society in relation to each other, in relation to our neighbors close and far, to other species, the land, water, soil etc. One role of artists is to expose the social fissures that made this relation, on non-relation, happen. Let's think about what it is possible to think and say and do. Like Gertrude Stein said: “All right let us think everything.”

*Talk about the process or instinct to move these poems (or your work in general) as independent entities into a body of work. How and why did this happen? Have you had this intention for a while? What encouraged and/or confounded this (or a book, in general) coming together? Was it a struggle?*

Every now and then, I came back to this particular work over several years. (Yes, it does take me several years to make even the tiniest digital chapbook!) So I know I must have been struggling to express what's in it.

The biggest struggle for me has always been with the idea and sense that at any one point in time poetry as a practice is worthwhile as opposed to going out in the streets and agitating, however fraught “out in the streets” is now—or otherwise taking autonomous or collective action. I also struggle with the feeling that to writing poetry and not being an academic is difficult. I have been

to poetry reading where everyone in the audience is discussing grading papers, sabbaticals for writing books, hirings, etc. What is the place for thought that is not in the education industry? I'm also confused about the "only possible relation[s] to the university being criminal one[s]" (Moten and Harney). Why isn't fugitive study everywhere? Especially, now when how we think of schools as an idea could be transformed. Are we still in that little window for change? In the context of this question, I think I would have struggled less with this coming together of thoughts had these imagined communities of mutuality existed for me.

*Did you envision this collection as a collection or understand your process as writing or making specifically around a theme while the poems themselves were being written / the work was being made? How or how not?*

Yes, I always thought of it as a collection, but I didn't think of it as a theme-based collection in a formal sense. It was more like a collection of thoughts I wanted to dignify and connect than anything.

*What formal structures or other constrictive practices (if any) do you use in the creation of your work? Have certain teachers or instructive environments, or readings/writings/work of other creative people informed the way you work/write?*

I don't use any formal constraints. A lot of my poetry work actually comes out of thinking about visual art, taking notes on it, thinking about how to parse and connect in language with visual material. To pick just a couple somewhat at random: When I learned about Rosa Luxemburg's folding of an herbarium collection/journal into her political practice (including while in prison), I connected strongly with that way of being engaged in the "dialectical expansion" of social practice through observation of non-human life. I've also loved thinking about Lygia Clark and how her work teetered on the precipice of not even existing as art by pushing the boundaries of what bodies can do socially. Her flexible subjectivity was for me, as a female-identified person, a way to learn to write between spaces on a page, and a motivation to think through "nostalgia of the body" as she called it, to think about different kinds of bodies broadly. Cecilia Vicuña, too. All of the films of Chris Marker!

*Speaking of monikers, what does your title represent? How was it generated? Talk about the way you titled the book, and how your process of naming (individual pieces, sections, etc) influences you and/or colors your work specifically.*

Recall as recollection I settled on this title because it's first entry is a personal memory of breastfeeding my daughter while watching Katrina unfold in Louisiana on the news. Connecting the bodily fluids with water and ecological crisis, connecting birth with death, war with its propaganda. But also recall as in product recall, things we are sold without care, commodities that are taken back. Can they be taken or given back? How do we decommodify life? (Since the pandemic started I have seen the word "death care industry" come up in



commercial media, so we could ask the same question about how we might decommodify death as well, now.) How do we remember ourselves? In a way, the work in an invocation to myself to “recall” my own thoughts and give them language.

*What does this particular work represent to you as indicative of your method/creative practice? your history? of your mission/intentions/hopes/plans?*

I hope seeing this work as a digital collection will help me discern it as an object holistically, and move forward with more.

*What does this book DO (as much as what it says or contains)?*

The book tries to use words from a linear colonial/post-colonial language to think through the paradox and problem of bodies and lives caught in a ecology of environmental and social collapse that was in many ways authorized by that language.

*What would be the best possible outcome for this book? What might it do in the world, and how will its presence as an object facilitate your creative role in your community and beyond? What are your hopes for this book, and for your practice?*

*Best possible outcome is it will be read and that people will feel free to ask me more of these kinds of questions.*

I want it to be free: I hope that it would help people to connect with thinking about language with me in the intimacy of reading, and that people want to think about the same things with me, and become practical co-conspirators.

*What does it mean to make books in this time, and what are your thoughts around shifting into digital books/objects and digital access in general?*

I love handmade objects, especially books – receiving them and, even more, giving them. I guess digitization could mean that more people could access books if they have a computer, because the barrier in the work (and maybe some of the price?) of getting the books is gone, so in that sense digital access is good. But there is a terrible sense too, that it is hard to come by books by accident when they are digital, because there must be intentional searches in the sea of internet waste, and you only look for what you already know or have algorithmized. So in that sense, it will be less productively anarchic.

During this pandemic, I have noticed my neighbors little free library become filled with books as people threw things out to make space during the pandemic, and then empty out and fill again in cycles. I like that kind of people's relationship to books beyond stores and libraries. I made my own sidewalk library. It comforted me that people were out walking and looking for actual books. The stores were closed; there was this little window of time when books were all anti-capitalist!

*Let's talk a little bit about the role of poetics and creative community in social and political activism, so present in our daily lives as we face the often sobering, sometimes dangerous realities of the Capitalocene. The publication of these volumes now falls during an ongoing global pandemic, intersecting with the largest collective uprising in US history, with Black Lives Matter, dismantling white supremacy, and abolition at the fore. How does your process, practice, or work reflect these conditions?*

In a sense, I think anyone's practice will reflect the conditions of the Capitalocene, because by definition we are marked by it as much as it has marked us, and even as the material and temporal conditions for writing poetry are a privilege. It is an action of creation against odds right now. Mutual Aid says: "Abolition is an Act of Creation." What I like about this framing is the emphasis on putting something into the world, building another way; the act of creating is the making of that connection among people that might be strangers, or ideas that have not been linked. I want police and prisons defunded, demilitarized and abolished – all of it must be "recalled," in every sense. I am the daughter of a prison worker; my father was a prison psychologist who committed suicide after losing his job at a women's detention facility in the North Philadelphia region. Prisons are death machines, because to be in them is to practice death. I was born on the Day of the Dead. But what are the reasons to live? My work has always been about this, I think, to ask not just what pain we can stop subsidizing but what language can I make in, though and beyond pain. What can we create together in the writing-reading relationship?

*I'd be curious to hear some of your thoughts on the challenges we face in speaking and publishing across lines of race, age, ability, class, privilege, social/cultural background, gender, sexuality (and other identifiers) within the community as well as creating and maintaining safe spaces, vs. the dangers of remaining and producing in isolated "silos" and/or disciplinary and/or institutional bounds?*

This is one of my favorite topics because it is so complicated. I think we are challenged to come up with ways to set safe spaces outside of academic institutions, and we have to be very creative now in this pandemic with solutions to sparking conversations across all identities and art practices. Also, we're not good at publishing across class, age and ability yet, even while we need to share practice with the other above identities and affiliations more. It was very easy for Black Lives Matter to become a corporate widget. The fossil fuel industry is already trying cannily to come up with ways to appropriate and leverage BLM to divide movements; they will do the silo-ing for us if we let them. We need to get ahead of it! More conversations between artists in different silos, please. Or how about we just abolish silos?!

## WHY PRINT:DOCUMENT? (AND WHAT DOES THIS MEAN FOR DIGITAL MEDIA?)

The Operating System has traditionally used the language "print:document" to differentiate from the book-object as part of our mission to distinguish the act of documentation-in-book-FORM from the act of publishing as a backwards-facing replication of the book's agentic \*role\* as it may have appeared the last several centuries of its history. Ultimately, we approach the book as TECHNOLOGY: one of a variety of documents across a range of media that humans have invented and in turn used to archive and disseminate ideas, beliefs, stories, and other evidence of production.

Ownership and use of printing presses and access to (or restriction of) information/materials, libraries, and archives has long been a site of struggle, related in many ways to revolutionary activity and the fight for civil rights and free speech all over the world. While (in many countries) the contemporary quotidian landscape has indeed drastically shifted in its access to platforms for sharing information and in the widespread ability to "publish" digitally, even with extremely limited resources, the importance of publication on physical media has not diminished. In fact, this may be the most critical time in recent history for activist groups, artists, and others to insist upon learning, establishing, and encouraging personal and community documentation practices.

With The OS's print endeavors I wanted to open up a conversation about this: the ultimately radical, transgressive act of creating PRINT / DOCUMENTATION in the digital age. It's a question of the archive, and of history: who gets to tell the story, and what evidence of our lives, our behaviors, and/or our experiences are we leaving behind? We can know little to nothing about the future into which we're leaving an unprecedentedly digital document trail--but we can be assured that publications, government agencies, museums, schools, and other institutional powers that be will continue to leave BOTH a digital and print version of their production for the official record. Will we?

As a (rogue) anthropologist and long time academic, I can easily pull up many accounts about how lives, behaviors, experiences--how THE STORY of a time or place--was pieced together using the deep study of the archive: correspondence, notebooks, and other physical documents which are no longer the norm in many lives and practices. As we move our creative behaviors towards digital note taking, and even audio and video, what can we predict about future technology that is in any way assuring that our stories will be accurately told--or told at all? How will we leave these things for the record?

For all our years of print publication, I've said that "with these documents we say: WE WERE HERE, WE EXISTED, WE HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY", but now, with the rapid expansion of greater volume with digital and DIY printed media, we add: we ARE here, and while we are, we will not be limited in what we add value to, share, make accessible, or give voice to, by restricting it to what we can afford to print in volume.

Adding a digital series is the next chapter of \*our\* story: a way for us to support more creative practitioners and offer folks independent options for POD or DIY-zine-style distribution, even without our financial means changing -- which means, each book will \*also\* have archive-ready print manifestations. It's our way of challenging what is required to evolve and grow. Ever onward, outward, beyond.

Elæ [Lynne DeSilva-Johnson]. Founder& Creative Director  
THE OPERATING SYSTEM, Brooklyn NY 2019

# BLOOM, MUTATION, ENTROPY, CATALYST, BRINE

In the fall of 2019, we posted the following call for digital chapbooks through our variegated Operating System networks:

How queer is climate change? What mutating futurities are possible in writings of the diaspora? How do we imagine evolving micro/macro/plant-based/insect-like scales of environmental disturbance? How salty is survival? What kind of archive is the ocean? What will become of history under water? We invite writers to submit works that speak to our ecological moment, apprehend change, reaction, and action in networked and local ways, and explore the multiple and the contingent.

This call for submissions centred around the metaphoric, the contingent, the liminal, and the fluvial. But most of all, it drew its strengths from the desire of and for the language of persistence. With so much at stake in the current motions of precarity—climate change, rising sea levels, ecological degradation, racial injustice, police brutality, and now the global COVID-19 pandemic—we wondered: how can we serve as decentred world citizens and retain the critical thrust of the archival through networks over nodal institutions and Big Poetry? What duties of care does form have to shared histories and collective memories? What nuances of language must we co-develop to imagine humane infrastructures?

The call for submissions drew many submissions that approached and reimagined the document as dispersive and fluvial. They were all radically beautiful and critically-engaging. Ultimately, we selected six manuscripts, which we felt reflected a momentary grappling for the micro-macro that forced us as coordinators to reimagine the frayed edges of our call.

The Operating System is committed to fostering open-resource and share-alike cultures for mutual aid, direct support, and radical organising. In the spirit of the wet archive, we encourage you to share, digitally store, print, and support authors via our Open Access library.

Curtis Emery and Orchid Tierney  
Digital Chapbook Coordinators 2020

## THE 2020 OS CHAPBOOK SERIES

### DIGITAL TITLES:

Recall - Lee Gough

The Woman Factory - Ava Hofmann

Kind Haven - Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Lichen Land - J Pascutazz

Enter The Navel: For The Love Of Creative Nonfiction - Anjoli Roy

Witch Like Me - Sunnylyn Thibodeaux

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PLEASE SEE OUR FULL CATALOG  
FOR FULL LENGTH VOLUMES AND PREVIOUS CHAPBOOK SERIES:  
[HTTP://WWW.THEOPERATINGSYSTEM.ORG/](http://WWW.THEOPERATINGSYSTEM.ORG/)

# DOC U MENT

/däkyəmənt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

## **Who is responsible for the manufacture of value?**

Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy, rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse, we also believe that now more than ever we have the tools to relinquish agency via cooperative means, fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement.

Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country we can begin to see our community beyond constraints, in the place where intention meets resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.

Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will. When we document we assert. We print to make real, to reify our being there.

When we do so with mindful intention to address our process, to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical, a thing in our hand... we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy: we had the power all along, my dears.

## **the PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES**

*is a project of*  
the trouble with bartleby  
*in collaboration with*  
**the operating system**





c. 2020 digital cohort

bloom.

mutation.

entropy.

catalyst.

brine.

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