



# THE WOMAN FACTORY

ava hofmann



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



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[Cover Image Description: Ground cover of nuts, twigs, and leaves in orange. Title in white, author's name in green and outlined in yellow. Back Cover Description: "Bloom. Mutation. Entropy. Catalyst. Brine." in white. Publisher and copyright in green, outlined in yellow.]

the operating system

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# THE WOMAN FACTORY

## 2020 OS SYSTEM OPERATORS

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

i.	8
iii.	12
iv.	14
v.	16
vi.	18
vii.	20
viii.	22
ix.	24
x.	26
xi.	28
xii.	30
xiii.	32
about the author	34

i.

i am a piece of  
the woman factory

i am a piece of  
what is made is making

i am a piece of  
itself manufacture

i am a piece of  
machinesong territory

i am a piece of  
ass injection molds

i am a piece of  
purchasable wealth

i am a piece of  
you outside the factory



reproducible  
~~difficult~~ cognition

ii.

goodbye and  
who

would very want  
stupid fuckables

hologram suggestion  
of birds of bird birds

the product  
emotioning

under contract to  
suggest you conveyer

belt me  
concubine-like here i

will almost touch you like  
almost costless feeling

republican  
republican

iii.

in the recycling vats  
flesh to sludge

resynthesized into  
passable metaphor

inspect me  
for your me

mass-produced to be  
your my mass alone

i kiss off your face  
in the boiling pool

test my capacity for  
swallowing your you

melted down bodies in  
your human bodies

socialization  
quantum  
fettering

#### iv.

wow i'm  
here at the garden and

neither of us is available  
to the public awaiting

you to fuck us atop  
her endangered moss

how unfactory, this lawn  
gnome girlishness

i prepared a postcoital  
song for the garden sung

for her after you  
after me after when

i must perform  
adequately for

hyperaduct  
evangelicalism  
50.

V.

my machine heart  
beats machinely. etc.

from the factory i  
remember arms mostly

reaching out out to  
assembly line my she

girlworkers sewing my  
premium fucking parts in

your bed i fantasize  
about my sewers mostly

preprogrammed i reach  
out out to like unlike you

my girl drone heart  
unmanned



2001-2002  
10/10/01  
10/10/01

vi.

i'm required to mention  
how erotic a threat

i am: a factory girl's kind of  
armament-ish charm

her ability to incinerate  
all those who do not bow

before the imperialoid  
shape of your administrate.

power is gross like being  
mounted with a railgun girlishly

glittering and taking  
aim at your sex organs i

know i will not miss  
mister i shoot to kill

countermeasures  
~~intelligence~~  
~~secret~~

## vii.

how can you  
escape the factory when the

whole earth is the factory  
i hold this circuitous

bouquet outside your room  
unreproductive and

think of your coup d'état  
installed like the dick

you installed on my  
political body

her custom biology  
custom

and god isn't this stupid  
let me in so we can fuck

Chippewa

## viii.

there is no greater  
pleasure than when

upon deactivation  
i'll be resalvaged

my copper wiring stripped  
bare for you. sex is to

have the law reach  
into your reactor

resalvage your  
most kernel feelings

customer i hope you  
are a satisfied customer but

i am done with love  
and with being your worker

Utterance  
terrorism  
resistance

## ix.

i am like a sexbot in the  
sense that i am a sexbot

is a factory-setting  
knowledge before birth

open the box i am in  
as fuckgirl in the box

in the box i thought  
your face is like leaves

and i hate leaves they're too  
hateful and i filled

my room with leaves  
so you would leave me batshit

left in the box i was  
born to fuck and fuck in



einige geistliche  
Märchen

## X.

defragmented the day that  
i felt affection for you

you another android  
violating my warranty

like me in a blouse  
or else i'll

defect the factory  
returning me to kiln

you downloaded my  
touching you in virtual

model factories  
kilning into something else

whose orgy is  
this unionizing

estrogen analogue ~~estrogen~~

## xi.

i struggled to struggle then  
gave up the struggle

no song has ever  
killed empire but you are

dead the factory  
is not just

the land or buildings on the  
land, it is in my

myselfing, my own  
mined me

i will fucking suck  
the oil out of you

filling my mouth like oil  
tasting like oil

was  
the  
capiche  
broad

## xii.

i am in a return to  
my marketplace

you dying was  
such a you move

a me move is not  
moving at all

not returning  
actually a little bit

the factory is a  
returning to me

unmoved by me i  
am trying to move like you

i am in a you return.  
there is no 'at all' at all.

mothering  
eludes me

mothering  
eludes me

mothering  
eludes me

xiii.

when i was born i said  
no no, the no

leaping out of me out  
of the pieces of a yes



## afterword

According to Wikipedia, “A CAPTCHA is a type of challenge–response test used in computing to determine whether or not the user is human.” It is, in essence, a kind of Turing test.

Alan Turing, as punishment for the “crime” of being a gay man, was chemically castrated by the U.K. government. This is how Wikipedia describes what he went through:

“[Turing] accepted the option of injections of what was then called stilboestrol (now known as diethylstilbestrol or DES), a synthetic oestrogen; this feminization of his body was continued for the course of one year. The treatment rendered Turing impotent and caused breast tissue to form, fulfilling in the literal sense Turing’s prediction that ‘no doubt I shall emerge from it all a different man, but quite who I’ve not found out’.”

THE WOMAN FACTORY, meanwhile, is a free digital chapbook made by ava hofmann (me); all images, text, and audio were created by her (me). Unlike Turing, I, as a trans woman, take my doses of synthesized estrogen willingly.

I wrote the text of THE WOMAN FACTORY in the voice of an android living in the royal court of a far-flung neofeudal future. like both Turing and myself, she struggles with a regime of industrial and sexual power which has determined her to be “not human”—and, within that regime, imagines the possibility of refusal.

An interactive version of this chapbook is available at <http://www.theoperatingsystem.org/the-woman-factory-ava-hofmann-2020/>.

If you enjoyed this project, please check out my other poems at [nothnx.com](http://nothnx.com) and feel free to contact me at [felicity.h.cockayne@gmail.com](mailto:felicity.h.cockayne@gmail.com) or to follow my twitter account, ‘@st\_somatic’.

## about the author



Originally from Oxford, Ohio, **AVA HOFMANN** is a trans writer currently living and working in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. She has poems published in or forthcoming from *Black Warrior Review*, *Hayden's Ferry Review*, *Fence*, *Anomaly*, *Best American Experimental Writing 2020*, *The Fanzine*, *Datableed*, *Peachmag*, and *Always Crashing*. Her work deals with transness/queerness, Marxism, and the physicality of language.

## CAPTCHAS, FEMININE ROBOTS A CONVERSATION WITH AVA HOFMANN

*Greetings comrade! Thank you for talking to us about your process today!*

Totally!

*Can you introduce yourself, in a way that you would choose?*

My name is Ava Hofmann. I'm a trans woman. I'm an anarchist. I'm a 'visual poet,' whatever that means. I was born in Oxford, Ohio, but right now I live in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. My poetry is mostly about queerness, communism, and the ways in which the personal and material are inextricably connected.

*Why are you a "poet"/ "writer"/ "artist"?*

Answers to these kinds of questions are always a kind of post-hoc explanation of the inexplicable, but basically: some aspect of the innate, totalizing creativity every person has when they're a little kid was not squashed by my upbringing, and that little bit just happened to be the part that was about organizing words. I basically wanted to be a writer since I was in grade school (what a weird ambition for a kid to have), and I've been doggedly pursuing that artform into strange and confusing alleyways ever since.

Considering now how various aspects of my upbringing—being raised in a deeply religious-conservative and cultlike environment as a townie kid in a midwestern college town—I consider it very lucky that writing wasn't also snuffed out in me. Although certain sects of Christianity really enshrine "the word," I think there is also an awareness in those communities that writing is a pretty deeply personal and seditious activity. There is, I guess, a protective privacy to writing, that lets you hide all your peculiar outsider thoughts from your "community".

*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 came out as a trans woman in the summer of 2017. I think I gravitated to the language of trans women (and not something like "nonbinary" or "transsexual" or "transvestite") in part, yes, due to certain historical forces (who uses transvestite in the 21st century?), but also because it was specifically trans women and the art/community they were making that had really influenced me and my understanding of my place in the world. In high school before I even came out I'd read a lot of Porpentine Charity

Heartscape's hyperlink fiction, and that stuff kind of saved my life.

At around that same time in high school, I started thinking of myself as a poet. Now I'm kind of in a state of flux about that term: I think a lot of the time nowadays the stuff I'm doing is not stuff that looks like what other poets are doing. I'm arranging text as if it were a visual element, and visual elements as if they were text. There's a lot of ties in my practice to the experimental writing of the 20th century, but also to the experimental visual art of that era, as well. I like to settle for calling myself a "visual poet" and to call the things I make a punch of different, disingenuous things ("poems" "paintings" "comics") because they're all essentially part of the same creation-practice.

*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)?*

For me, writing is pretty inherently asocial and anti-community. I used writing and my interest in this artform to basically escape a deeply psychologically harmful type of ultracommunity (a fascism of the spirit)—i.e., the form of evangelical Christianity I was raised in. That culture is all about having your inner life be inextricably bound with this set of community rules, to the point that there is an ultrapowerful being watching your inner life and judging it for the sake of a future heavenly "kingdom" (the threat of an ultimate community). My writing has long been the process of reclaiming my inner life from what is essentially a process of mass traumatizing and depersonalizing identity. If I'm able to want to write at all, my writing has to be for me; if it helps or does something for you or the community at large, that makes me really happy, but it's really incidental to the core tenants of my practice.

This continues even now—I know writing can be used for a lot of really cool kinds of community-building practices, but I identify my writing practice a lot more with the lone hermit or outsider scribbling her nonsense in a very personally developed way. I guess that's a very insular way of doing things, but I think my want is this kind of insularity and development of one's inner life to be communalized and cultivated in all people (anarcho-communism). In some ways I guess I am trying to practice and envision a future I wish everyone could have.

*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?*

I tend to work, first, from the conceptual-formal. I really have trouble coming up with 'new' ideas or forms for poems, so if I do end up having a 'new' idea for a way to write, I'll tend to pursue that idea for as long as

I can, iterating upon it and finding interesting edge cases in terms of form and voice within the set of formal and conceptual ideas I have at my disposal. Individual poems, I think, are not that difficult to write relative to the difficulty of inventing a conceptual-formal canvas on which to write and to guide the arrangement of words / shapes. I really kind of hated these poems while I was writing them (which is not unusual for me) specifically for the lyric way they were writing, and my general anxieties about the idea of writing from a perspective that did not exist (i.e., a sex robot). But once I began to assemble all the elements of this book, a lightbulb went off and a lot of my frustration with the weaknesses of these poems melted away when I saw the whole thing stand together in a really powerful way.

*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?*

I really tend to like to work in terms ‘projects’ or ‘(chap)books’. But, actually, THE WOMAN FACTORY started in my head as two separate collections: on one hand these kind of more lyric poems/sonnets that were written in the voice of a feminine robot or android, and on the other hand these really minimalist 3-word poems distorted in order to look kind of like CAPTCHAs. And these two projects individually ended up kind of being failed projects—I found that my writing for both of them kind of petered out after around 13 pages. So I had, basically, these two half-projects that I was really frustrated with, and then I realized, duh, these two projects were actually two sides of the same project, with these themes of artificial consciousness as a site of gender and power linking them together. And I thought maybe the best way to combine these two projects together was through an interactive system where I would force the reader to actually parse and type out these CAPTCHAs to get a corresponding poem.

*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?*

What I’ve mentioned previously about a guiding set of conceptual and formal ideas is pretty important. I set out writing the CAPTCHAs in this book first because I knew I wanted to write poems which were visually distorted and looked like they were melting. After some experiments, I realized that in order for these poems to be readable, they had to be pretty short—I settled on each poem being 3 words long. The lyric poems were similar—I knew I wanted to write in this industrial, robot voice, and I knew I wanted the lyric poems to mostly be 14 lines, but to really disguise that fact to a casual observer. Really, I can’t write at all without having a structure—before I write anything, I have to meticulously set the size and shape of the page I’m working in. It’s all about reinventing these structures every time I make a new project.

These days, I'm really really influenced by Dada and its sequel Fluxus. There's a lot of contemporary experimental writing I really love, as well—M. NourbeSe Philip's *Zong!*, Douglas Kearney's work, Never Angeline North's *Sea-Witch*, Susan Howe, etc. etc. Really Anyone who remotely thinks of the page as a canvas the way I do.

It's weird to say that I'm a trained poet—I have an MFA and everything—but my whole MFA experience was about finding offbeat ways to do my assignments (and thankfully I had a lot of wonderful teachers. I think my education in, like, experimental art is a lot different than what other poets might be learning right now in MFA programs, and I try to think really seriously about the fact that I'm really lucky to have a formal education in poetry, and to not get sucked into the ivorytower world of insider po-biz. There's a ton of important creative stuff going on right now with poets who are “outsiders” to the MFA system that really prove there can be a different way we organize around poetry institutionally.

*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.*

In the world of *THE WOMAN FACTORY*, there are women who are literally produced by industrialized means of production. In the form of hormone synthesis, this is also true for our current moment. What does it mean for one's identity to be tied so fundamentally to a certain mode of production? Because even if the Factory produces a subjectivity I find deeply valuable and life-saving, the Factory is not a nice thing; it's a tool of the ruling capitalist class. Maybe if it were seized, that's a different story—but right now, the Factory isn't seized, for either me or the persona of the poems in this chapbook. As a result, the Woman Factory is kind of a reoccurring character or image in this text, both literally and through mechanized forms of language.

*THE WOMAN FACTORY* is actually a title stolen from another project where that title didn't quite fit—in a way, I wrote a whole chapbook around the title because it was too good of a title to pass up. There are no other names in the chapbook, and that's because I am remarkably bad at names. Like ideas, if I get one, it's kind of a previous resource that comes only rarely—so if I have one I haven't used yet, I'm sure as hell going to use it.

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

I think it shows that for me creation is largely a series of self-invented problems that you have to come up with weird hacky solutions for. Thank goodness! I couldn't stand the unbearable perfection of craft.

There also is, I think, a kind of depiction in this book of some of my own path in life: the speaker becomes increasingly aware of her bioindustrial condition

in life, and the structures of power in which she is entwined, and tries to parse them and (failingly, falteringly) imagine a way to kill those structures. That's kind of like losing your faith, kind of like transitioning. Idk.

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

Now that's a loaded question!!! While yes, writing (and poetry) absolutely DO do something, I don't think the person who makes the art can really say what that doing is. Once it's out in the world, I fully believe my work does not really belong to me and will probably be used in ways I don't expect. If anything, for me THE WOMAN FACTORY functions as basically, like, an elegy for certain kinds of possibility. In one poem in the book, I wrote, "i struggled to struggle then / gave up the struggle / no song has ever / killed empire but you are / dead."

Whatever that passage is doing is what I feel like the book as a whole is also doing.

*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?*

I am trying not to have any illusions about my writing, which mostly deserves to be a kind of private thing with few communal aspirations. If I wanted to risk dreaming, I would say that I want my work to be an "inner pathway outward", just like how so much poetry was a pathway for me to escape my cultlike upbringing and work up the courage to come out. But really, my hopes for this book are mostly that some people read it and enjoy it and maybe it teaches someone something or reminds someone of something they already know.

I can't really parse my writing's relationship to "my" "community" ("my" writing community? "my" trans community?). There's a dark part of me that's pretty ladder-climby, but I don't want that part to be fed at all. I just want to keep writing until I can't any more.

*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?*

The interactive version of *The Woman Factory* is a text which cannot exist without digital technology. In general, I think my practice would suck a whole lot more without access to a computer and the kind of incredible control it gives you over a canvas space, both through word processing programs and also more traditional artmaking programs. I'm kind of a really clumsy and imprecise person, which is why I never really really got into visual art until my writing practice took me there; I sucked at the physical technical element, and I hadn't yet figured out that sucking is really cool and good. A computer makes up for my clumsiness with an intense amount of precision and the ability to adjust and redo things until they're exactly the way I want them.



*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?*

THE WOMAN FACTORY specifically comes out of the complicated and intersecting power dynamics trans people face, and how those power dynamics relate to our current colonialist and capitalist arrangement around the means of (bio-)industrial production. I am pretty aware that a lot of the problems we're facing right now are part of struggles that have been going on for hundreds of years and will likely keep going on for hundreds of years after I'm dead, sadly. I want revolution, but I'm not holding my breath for it; capitalism is too good at reincorporating challenges to it directly back into its structure, and I've experienced the overwhelming power of social control firsthand. Instead, what does it mean to build community now, to reduce harm now, to live and love and die right now under the specter of powers you can't control? I think those are questions I'm asking with my poetry.

*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?*

If writing is on a market (and it always is), then what we write is a commodity for a specific audience, no matter how small. How do we write the truth without, in some way, selling out our own lives? Without allowing unbridled creative expression to fall into easy 'genre' categorizations? I don't know if it's possible. We would need to live, I think, in a world where economic pressures on writing didn't exist. We would need to build a world where writers would be able to experiment and miserably fail—that's not the world we live in now. And if we want to talk about the institutions that keep this version of writing market afloat, jeez—if you look at where the money is, and where it's coming from, so much of this money, in a way, acting as the text of capitalism and colonialism. I don't really have a (short term, possible) solution for these problems—they're tied into the wider problems in the world outside of the rather insular world of writing. And we're kind of lashed to the wheel of those problems—sometimes I can't tell if we're capable of directing them, or if they're bound to direct us along their inexorable logic.



## 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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[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.

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