

QUANTUM  
MECHANICS

MEMOIRS  
OF A  
QUARK

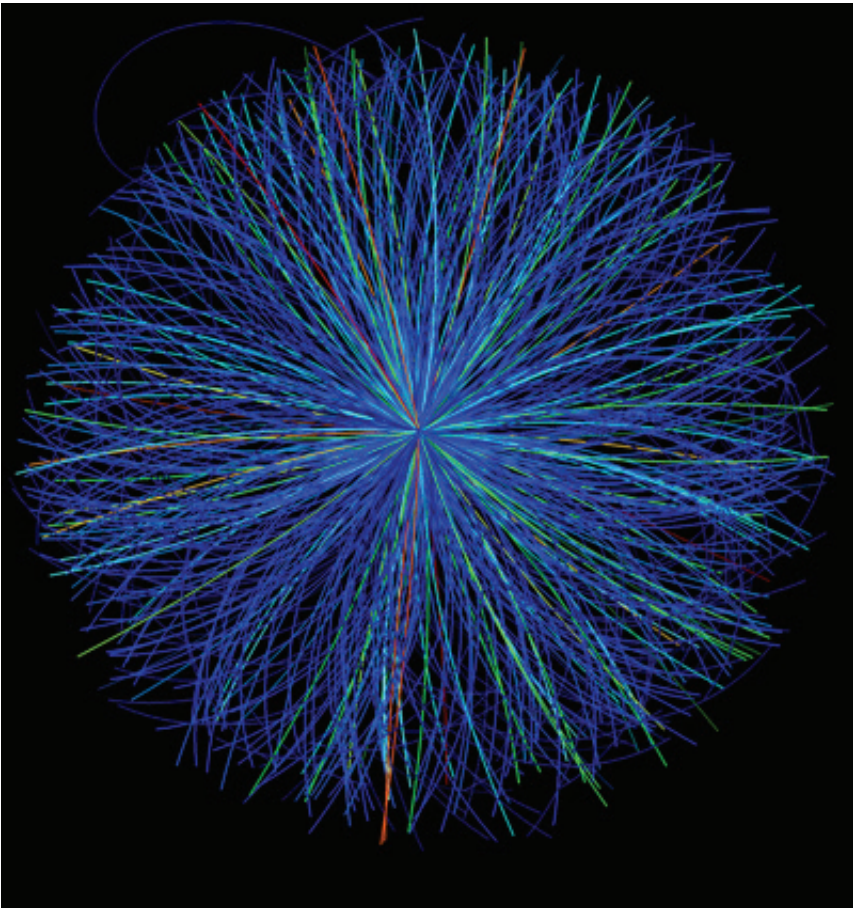


BRAD BAUMGARTNER



# QUANTUM MECHANICS

*MEMOIRS OF A QUARK*



BRAD BAUMGARTNER



the operating system digital print//document  
QUANTUM MECHANICS: MEMOIRS OF A QUARK

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QUANTUM MECHANICS  
*MEMOIRS OF A QUARK*



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## FOREWORD

The quantum world, like the mystical, is anonymous, aporetic, hidden.

In order to view the weirdness of the micro-scop(ophilic) (scopophilia from Greek σκοπέω *skopeō*, “look to, examine”) quantum world—a world, no less, filled with particles popping *ex nihilo*; of what Einstein once famously called “spooky action at a distance”—this short collection takes as its subject matter a myriad of interfacing—quantum physics, mysticism, cryptography, impersonality, and meontology, to name a few. As such, the text operationalizes a parthenogenetic-pathetic fallacy, attributing the ultimate (first, final, last, and never was) paroxysmic paradox upon the quarkic Word (Logos): an impersonal knowledge-without-a-bearer, that is to say, a knowing which knows nothing as voiced through the unbeginning Nemo-clature of an eternal, hopping quant-Al(l)ity.

Playfully rigorous and rigorously playful, *Quantum Mechantics* thus experimentally indexes a form of ludic hopping (hop, from Old English hoppian “to spring, leap; to dance; to limp”), that is, a sha(Brah)manic “dances with words” in which the Word itself spontaneously leaps vis-à-vis what we might call a ‘tripling manas’ (from Sanscrit, manas means “mind”): *manically*, *maniacally*, in quanto-*manicular* gestures, pointing back at themselves—as text objects and speech acts—in order to curate a series of significations that complicate, negate, and ultimately reinstate their own function as signifiers.

These text objects perform as the quantum world does: boggling “the mind” and loosening their prowess, we discover a subatomic, translucent poetry-without-us.

Brad Baumgartner  
July 14, 2018

For Our Dreams and Our D a n c e s

“If quarks could talk,  
All'd start to walk.”  
— radion

“If quarks could write,  
All'd be all right.”  
— dilaton



ONE  
CRYPTO-MEONTOLOGY



(\(\n\))      (\(l\))   (\(m\_l\))      (\

(m\_s\))

///

what is  
hidden and  
what is      hiding

hide-bearing and  
borne of a crisp  
mountain egg

all the blowing  
rain inside the canal  
an ear with wings

protons packing heat  
Heads on Fire  
strewn about, dance carved

///

embracing DUST  
called into a whimper  
shorted and circuits  
dreaded to the death

///

is not is, not is: is not

///



collectively; no eyes to see, no  
rain upon the gait, two legs  
don't strive to walk away, the  
dead collect their rent

///

need not exist in faces  
unending fade to dream  
unkempt within the wisp  
hides nowhere to blame

///

beginning benignning be NINE ing

///

deaf ton a world a stray  
detonate detonate ton gate  
          worlds astray  
straight as a bone: losing  
the way,  
a

          GREAT COLD MIST  
STARRY

///

froZEN

///

NON-hate

///



///



///

code counter / the pink moon  
echo echo / strewn / love touch  
found out / in / out / absence  
silence  
ace dance / lance  
co-lapsed

///

## **collapse: wave function**

///

quagmire throne shambled  
bemoan—moon shaft dormant  
HONEY  
combed caned calmed collected

///

forgetting the mendicant scion

///

a current, a wave  
hums are numbers  
numbing, thoracic  
spiral wanderers  
kundalini goat hoppers  
cone portal, scenic  
frock, alone lone a

///

Ssscum threader, meat of  
Flash drill selling  
Nothing nothing no  
Thong sex wheelhouse  
Double fisted thirst  
Thruster manhole wash  
House hose panties  
Cash monkey skilled  
Trinkets dash pole ritual  
Phantom harvest

///

blood pummeling

///

sampling nimble forays

///

axiomatrix

///

*being towards breadth*

///

bachelor throng evental  
tubular tributary  
harvest rampant  
weaklings milking  
a welkin lozenge

///

physic pyrrhic  
dominatrix

///

empty rambler  
scraping barrier  
hounds tooth scant

///

TNT chattering

///

pointless dawn  
down  
    sown  
        soundlessly

///

Peonic Pessimism

///

cunning tunnel  
    t o n g u i n g  
        f u n n e l

///

equations eek quell quasars

///

=====

///

along the watchsours  
after the solid spinals  
into the whitening slender  
wyrding sly mother tongues  
slick, stone sawing eyes

///

*regurgigyrating*

the requisite  
SPLENDOR SOLIS

///

testimanicular throneshawl / tossed erroneous

///

wings  
ARCH angles  
dreams in witch houses /  
sire sirens dire dowel rockets  
brewed course erogenous genome  
fountain bleu mocked emoticon snatched

///

ecotutorial equatorpor

///

sloth mongering ... Mongol cou n t do w n ...

///

ironlung lion in Zion

///

mango marinade Dada exhume exude attribute  
deny powered hopeless bouncing harmonies

///

anagogic phantasy / the lone drone / mystic  
marriage carriage







TWO

**GORGIAS THE TWIN STAR**



EMPTY SPACE FLUCTUATIONSSSSSSSS

///

UUUnitarity unquenchanable uniterated interminable  
squandered scoundrellian UUUnitarity unquenchanable  
uniterated interminable squandered scoundrellian  
UUUnitarity unquenchanable uniterated interminable  
squandered scoundrellian UUUnitarity unquenchanable  
uniterated interminable squandered scoundrellian  
UUUnitarity unquenchanable uniterated interminable  
squandered scoundrellian UUUnitarity unquenchanable  
uniterated interminable squandered scoundrellian  
UUUnitarity unquenchanable uniterated interminable  
squandered scoundrellian UUUnitarity unquenchanable  
uniterated interminable squandered scoundrellian  
UUUnitarity unquenchanable uniterated interminable  
squandered scoundrellian **BLACK HOWL HOLE** UUUnitarity  
unquenchanable uniterated interminable squandered  
scoundrellian UUUnitarity unquenchanable uniterated  
interminable squandered scoundrellian UUUnitarity  
unquenchanable uniterated interminable squandered  
scoundrellian UUUnitarity unquenchanable uniterated  
interminable squandered scoundrellian UUUnitarity  
unquenchanable uniterated interminable squandered  
scoundrellian UUUnitarity unquenchanable uniterated  
interminable squandered scoundrellian UUUnitarity **777**

///

spontanAEONS segregation

///

eventitude of the Gorgias Star, the twin the twin

//

is as above  
so be LOW

//

quantic quark scheme,  
the unrivaled NEMOclature:  
thirst-thrift-throttle-moaning

//

GORGias, NON and on and on and NON and on and on  
and NON and on and on and NON

//

siphoned stately stalemate,  
the AIN SOPHist

///

AND on AND	on AND on	AND on AND
on AND on	(GORGias the NAYSAYER)	
non AND non	NON NON	non AND non
NON NON	(GORGias the NAYSAYER)	
AND on AND	on AND on	AND on AND
on AND on	(GORGias the NAYSAYER)	
non AND non	NON NON	non AND non
NON NON	(GORGias the NAYSAYER)	

///

Pro-seed the question with the no answerve, a light

delight from the **HILLTOP**  
**MØØN** ... so many quarks in the  
non-native swirls.

///

The nay-Sayer

///

neigh neigh!  
Neti Neti!!!!

///

quark-tronic sine enhancer

///

pointed at the *pointing*

///

Call of the Ariadne Diamond  
    diamonded  
        diamondhead  
            diametrically dead  
                dialogue of the deaf

///

mouth full of quarks and so quirky are the nightin-  
gales that sing so many nights a year,  
full of flows,  
lost in flowers,  
there are no bees,  
but only wings



in a prairie, a prairie with no sand  
HARK!, the quark that speaks its  
own rhythms, its own field of  
impossibility

///

the inhuman swirl of a hand  
less dawn

///

                  c                  ol ors  
                  rainbow  
                  cut                  onus

///

Crown of ubiquitY  
Palindrome hammerR  
Stark negative ioniC  
Sphere spears at thE  
Gates of MIRE, tO  
Go and never go, bE  
Ing there and never  
Not not beinG

///

jumble thimble soundless and the mercy given  
thriving not at the juncture of a spontaneous gift

///

**blood coddled moor scraps**  
**bloated flood goat**  
**ionic spheroid columning**

///

phantasmagornic

///

squirm Cancerian squire mustering

///

Cathedral breath

///

wrath caulked simian noumenclature

///

rattle snake lube feud /  
twisted urethra ether

///

maniFaust density

///

HARDENING LUMPS

FACING **EITHER/OR**

ALING ALONG FRONTIERED LAMBASTS

///

grain of Samadhi

///

malefic throne squabbling

///

shout toothed Mongol hammer

///

weight of dunes  
scrapped  
delighted

///

jumping:::thrown:::sipping  
mires:::begotten:::gooned///flooded///

///

m

a

r

o

o

n

e

d

lander

is-





THREE  
UNCERTAINTIED



metempsychosis s tar lover without a hand and  
two eyes spa treating engendered androgynocopia  
allotting mindmasses dark cathedral hive money  
555 can spun winters the goop of eye masks furious  
lighthouses and mindaltering smugs 999 frowncosts  
dander haired monsters globule drafts with  
sandstorms bereft of matching harnesses 444 black  
clap plank stamp 111 white white white thespian  
pinhead needle coin 222 shroud of false pneumatic  
materialism stand moaning away swatting at life  
guarding seven toad mouths months moths THOTH  
777 frowned upon found up on hills and magnet  
maggot stones and winter haired ghosts in clay  
777 dark haired winter 777 short style crisper 777  
re member the lodge no windows severed heads  
handing hanging baskets dangling ganglion cysts  
and stones breaking bones spinal cords errant drafts  
kings and kindly queen bees never coddling workers  
play platitudes attitudinally whimpering strange  
Beloit sounds cattle prodding at a lover's genuine  
vein glorious metonymphomania

///

hallowed hollowed shallowed swallowed  
haloed holographic holiverse  
lowered lowed loved load  
platypus proclamation pigpen pen pal  
subterfuge surge surreptitious slinkiness  
demiurge mirth myth minus might

///



tardigradient splendevour king  
^^^^^mountain ^^^^^surprise  
castling ecologico-multiversal  
quantum biorhythmic surmise

///

entangled state, finagled slate, bilateral straight, entombs  
remain

///

UNiCoRNS BLaCK HoLe-HoWLiNG

///

chupacabra floriographyy  
harmonium majored in D  
onslaught: three minus three  
zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero zero  
zero zero zero zero zer ze z

///

necrot, tribes, two thimbles, a mime—  
glory of Olde, two germs, a slate6  
gathering protonic oozing a life6  
mires within mires blot blot blotted6

///

COLDWARMBUZZBUZZSLATEDzzzBONES

///

Bantam weights still flurry ghosts  
Shot goat down haven hell maven  
Silly cowlick drowned out ant dwarf

Superlative hammered mirrorstar

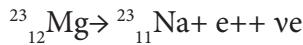
///

BARDO APOCOLYPSE

///

screamed night of wrought  
wrought wrought wrought  
naught naught night naught  
naught naught naught breathing  
s l o w i n g *nulla*

///



///

beta decaying magnet wrench wrought wench  
stench  
saundered seventh gate to  
ALIENESQUE BIDET

///

trigo(g)nometry immaculate incarnate insolate  
inconsolable siphon scion

///

puzzlegut mercenary

///

voodoo lust machine  
saw-swallowing  
the shallow sheen

///

ABRACADAV  
ABRACADAVE  
ABRACADAV  
ABRACADA  
ABRACAD  
ABRACA  
ABRAC  
ABRA  
ABR  
AB  
A

578421

2  
4875  
1

///

eterno-nau(gh)tical sea faring whisper saunas  
cradle cradled cradling /// chalked up, coughing up  
chakras

///

4, 6, 10, 12, 16, 96  
144

1000  
96  
16  
12  
10  
6  
4

144,000

///

quanta ... soul shepherd apparatus  
star striking amulet needle throne  
needling kneading need king  
kind kingly unknown dust tripling

///

8191

///

[ shown sheen shifter true truth seek ] [ never knew  
new never known un— ] [ capture cultured ] [ wound  
womb Wombyn ] [ vortex cradle ] [ mold break  
delirium ] [ gaze grazed hue mountain ]

///

non-soliloquizzically

///

subatomic galactation

///

curdled blood moor of imprecise graftification  
scanning

///

the blistered squid of hammered lupine modulation

///

double-vision cyclopean blindness  
closing in /// dox deus ex machina  
a blind birth /// double bind hearth

///

float on the sky  
mire maze modeling  
+ \_\_\_\_\_ = emb**bold**ening  
          modal                                 ring  
sphere center / shape shift / erroneous erogenous  
                          **ANDROGYNE** w(h) i s p e r s

///

stun gaze mirror zapped

///

soporific sophomoric juvenilia

///

          bloodhive scallywag  
THOUGHTSEED  
slender – slighted – begotten

///

frothmire mirthmachine

///

cold scold sarcophagi stitch stench

///

at the mountains of Mithras

///

campy internment discernment

///

in thrown king merry sheep lead way out down town  
sleep ))(( two sorry formaldejekyllandhyde

///

Bardo soused pond delirium quacked quake  
Melquíades

///

S  
O  
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A  
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U  
T  
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C  
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N  
T  
H  
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T  
H  
R  
O  
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E  
-  
W  
O  
U  
N  
D

///

SCOURSCORCHED DESTROY DARLING DOPPLEGANGER  
MINIATURE STOUT MONGER WARRIOR QUEER  
WANTON LOG THROPE FINAGLE GANGLION SYSTEMIC  
FEATURE FUTURE BEARER WHISPER KING SOLOMAN  
MYSTIC WOMAN FUSED BELABORED MOTHER WORN  
WOMB PESSIMUS MASS MAXIMUS SOUR GRIMACE  
EARBUD SCARSWORD SHADOW LOVE VEHEMENT GAIL  
FORCE ROMPER WANING MOONSORROW QUALUDE  
MONK VESPER HILL HOLOGRAM NEVER POTTED  
WHITHERING SOULTREE SULTRY FRIZZLE MAP YES  
FROTHING GOAT FIEND USE HER PENDULUM LUDIC  
MASTER RUNE /ONE/ **in the eloping sphere**

# AN ATOM—

through the wind  
through the trees  
through the mountain  
in the wisps  
throttled throat-bearer  
bouncing attack scorer  
threaded stars  
beings balk  
under the universe  
swallowing the drifters

///

square root of Zeno

///

NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO  
YELLOW YELLOW YELLOW DEMON YELLOW YELLOW YELLOW RASPY  
YELLOW  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO



NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
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NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO  
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NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO NEMO  
NEMO NEMO





**FOUR**  
**SUBATOMIC SCAPULAE**



arcana with the flowering feet  
    flowered, hot, tempting  
undeveloped morsel of strange undulating glowing  
familiar, toadish, goop, tomfool airy  
    wary of a dead man  
mean, median, mode of inexistence

///

leucine, square hammered  
nothing loch[ness]ed, locked and loaded  
nested buttered catawampus thrones  
mustered up into the nebulousness  
    → ←  
two throttled moats await its  
    **stationary state**

///

**EnVoEtRhYiTnHgI NcGhAaLnWgAeYsS**

///

wrapped around the crimson fork  
a love touch mallard bark harking  
same life no life longing bask masking  
twin pitch monster shadow lurk mongering  
harness touch and wrinkled feet frothing  
weep marigold weep at the shop slaughter

///

gamma ray

mary maga  
halographic projection  
Mary Magdalenocene

///

Operaxiomatic lambasted night drawer of the LIGHT

///

septic moon skin

///

adoration alcove  
all-laughing aluminum  
agoraphobic anagnorisis

///

bowing to the crow in the mane

///

postulate prostrate inundate  
decreate excruciate exhume thelemite  
gyrate excoriate ex eye ~~ex eye~~ saw

///

lycanthropenninsula

///

match amber halcyon CYCLONOMORPHEME  
tenebrous tedium shower haven mass  
squat ton ten brick scalding thott jonesing

///

**SQUIRE OF MIRTH  
MYTHOS MULE  
WORKING HORSE**

///

twiddling the fire gate

///

microdiamonds  
jealously  
connect the grin  
of gravity

///

oblate obstinacyclone

///

dēofol mæg caru

///

**MANY WORLDS**

any whirls

w  
idth in  
w  
hich

walls within  
walls  
without walls

///

|S|            |T|            |R|            |I|            |N|  
                  |G|            |S|



///

C (oddled) fruit  
C entered [heresy] shears  
O verheard (hearse) {heart} =  
O VERHEAT

///

horseplay rattle tail

///

**spectroscopy of the excited state**  
ELECTROHERESY OF THE ECSTATIC STATE

///

collapsible bilocation plug

///

GODHEAD MACHINIC DESIRE COUNTER—  
NARRATING ABYSSAL HARMONY

///

saints  
saints upon  
saints upon saints  
saints upon saints upon  
saints upon saints upon saints  
saints upon saints upon saints upon  
saints upon saints upon saints upon saints  
saints upon saints upon saints upon saints upon  
saints upon saints upon saints upon saints upon saints  
upon  
upon

upon  
upon  
upon



# FIVE

## ENERGY OF THE SEVENTH HEART



attitude of aptitude, uncanny  
seventh day of yes-aways, many  
drawing straws, token of life  
a crux of four/four/four/four to eight  
shadows showing seven silver cords

///

coquette, rigmarole, seven beaches, seventy-seven  
toads /// principally uncertain, uncertainty principled,  
unannounced electronicity, protonic, unveiled ///  
rivalled, scavenged, avenged, savaged /// interact,  
motioned, scion /// Q/U/A/N/T/I/Z/A/T/I/O/N/I /// auto-  
mythopoietic ionization

///

ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια  
ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια  
ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια  
ενέργεια ενέργεια ενέργεια  
θερμότητα

///

soul  
helical  
sun splatter

sole  
helical  
sun splatter

soul  
helium  
moon winter

sin sunder  
musk  
planter

soul helical sun splatter

///

entomb enthrone eunuch enough

///

ssssss eeeeeee vvvvvvv eeeeeee nnnnnnn

///

ssssss iiiiii xxxxxxx

///

= = = = =

///

four four four four

///

TRINITY

///

dual/ity

///

... 1 ...

///

ALONE / ALL ONE . . . all none noetic node  
nun non null all alone non one ...

///

Christic sun splatter  
paridiscal harmonium

ex-harlot pneumatica  
because a whisper  
two thrones and a live  
mealworm tree

///

GLEAN-GLEAMING IN THE LIGHT

///

blood championing = karmic love st ain<sup>o</sup>

///

All  
          winter wrapped up in  
June bugs

///

swallowing the rAIN SOPHistry

///

a lightspeed history of hystericylindricalico fecundo-  
felines

///

paint in the light  
sky of the dust  
darkening Shah  
palindrome harness  
                  Anna

///



777 777 777

///

abiogenetic flâneury  
alibi of genetic fallacy  
all genuflectic funerary

///

paw tiger into the mute  
stream helm hold—help  
seven slick winter shards

///

**137.50777**

///

flower skill  
skulls OM  
glide glib gris  
Thoth daylight

///

filial lyme light, a  
future-bearer, scowled  
habituation etherized  
uni chord nodes of  
prayer, vacuums terra  
per-forming Love

///

bloated corona  
sol sphere EYE

cyclopean cornea  
kissing the sky

///

\_crucible crucifixing full fine time trough\_\_\_\_  
ENOUGH naughting KNIGHT time travesties

///

elongated in the neon mud

///

casket brain daughter

///

imp-ersonal con-nouns

///

algebraic onto-egalitarian rainbow drifting

///

radical Aum saga

///

to infinitize / the be-yonder

///

mereo(ntotheo)logical nihilism

///

post-laboratory alien nation

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scintillated miasmic spelunking

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machinicicles

///

entropic ordering of the Golden Fawn / invisible  
speculum of the mourning dawn

///

Aleph  
Alpha  
All pha

///

FFFIIRREEE

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Fuego / father / pha-air

///

Descending into nostrilism

///

Open pathway eventualism

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Cosmicist 777 notary republic

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AsIoNph

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Sol sphere/  
Soul spear/  
Soled here/  
Sol-are life

///

24

///

galactation..milking planet..descending phallus..hid-  
den clown..internal dimensions..cosmic laws..absolute  
infinite..ascending Sol

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Chri-stick rune splendor

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physical worlds / five five five five five / gardening  
Eden / sense and non-scents / above /below / proto-  
plasmic / light / vibration / breaking barriers / enticed  
by light/ fallen in LOVE

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Seven chvrches UUUUUUUnitarian

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Om Mega Therion

ALL  
All  
aLL

**WORD**





## AFTER-WORDS



AN UNENDING HEART-FOUNTAIN  
OF COLLABORATIVE OPENNESS  
A CONVERSATION WITH BRAD BAUMGARTNER

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

Hi, I'm Brad. Thank you for the opportunity to talk a little bit about this text!

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

That's a good question. Maybe I can speak to that more in some of the answers below.

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

In a certain way, I'm always a bit leery of calling myself anything (for often when one calls oneself something it is actually quite the opposite, i.e. in the sense of sincerity, etc. once expressed by Jean-Paul Sartre in his meditation on "bad faith" in Part One of *Being and Nothingness*). However, being that I've already breached that rule by naming it, I might as well just say it, right? Hah! And writing bios is a part of the writerly life, anyways.

So, yea, I am a writer who is drawn mostly to the genres of poetry, experimental writing, and critical theory—not necessarily in that order, though, and perhaps more in the sense of a kind of theory that is a poetry and a poetry that is a kind of theory (from the Greek theōrein "to consider, speculate, look at").

*What's a "poet" (or "writer" or "artist") anyway?*

This is a difficult question and the answer is likely different for everyone. Ultimately, though, I am colorfully drawn to Wassily Kandinsky's definition of the artist. Like Kandinsky, I think that at its root the role of the artist is aligned with the *spiritual essence of art*: "If the emotional power of the artist can overwhelm the 'how?' and can give free scope

to his finer feelings, then art is on the crest of the road by which she will not fail later on to find the 'what' she has lost, the 'what' which will show the way to the spiritual food of the newly awakened spiritual life. This 'what?' will no longer be the material, objective 'what' of the former period, but the internal truth of art, the soul without which the body (i.e. the 'how') can never be healthy, whether in an individual or in a whole people. [...] This 'what' is the internal truth which only art can divine, which only art can express by those means of expression which are hers alone." (*Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, trans. M. T. H. Sadler [New York: Dover, 1977], 9.)

*What do you see as your cultural and social role (in the literary / artistic / creative community and beyond)?*

By and large, the general theme of rejected submissions I tend to get is that it is either too poetic to be theory or too theoretical to be poetry. I am quite alright with that, actually, as it means the work is kind of hovering in this third, indistinct space. And being that rejections are a part of the game, it is a pretty fair critique. One of the things I am interested in, creation-wise, is what Nicholas of Cusa once termed a 'coincidentia oppositorum' or "coincidence of opposites," where two opposing things come together as one. So perhaps my cultural/social role, if anything, might be to curate the conditions of possibility, or prop open the door, so to speak, for that coincidence to potentially happen in a readership of some kind.

*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?*

As I mention in the brief Foreword to the chapbook, essentially the text operationalizes a parthenogenetic-pathetic fallacy, attributing the ultimate (first, final, last, and never was) paroxysmic paradox upon the quarkic Word (Logos). It seeks an impersonal knowledge-without-a-bearer, that is to say a knowing which knows nothing as voiced through the unbeginning Nemo-clature of an eternal, hopping quant-Al(l)ity.

*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?*

During the past several years, I've had a growing interest in several different but interrelated topics, including theoretical physics, the microbiome, artificial intelligence, the non-human—in these sorts of interdisciplinary musings is where I tend to feel most at home these days.

*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.*

It's a silly title. But it is also indexical to what the text is “doing,” which is this sort of interpretive shamanic dance, pointing at itself, saying, “Look at me, if you can (because I'm slippery), but when you do don't take me too seriously; but also do take me seriously, if you can (because I want you to hold me tightly).” I will talk a little more about that below.

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

In sum, I suppose this text could be 2 or 2000 pages—the length is sort of arbitrary. It could go on forever or stop before it even started. Though one could lodge critiques of anthropomorphism, etc. this text is more of an inhuman poetico-archeology of sorts, or a quantum auto-ethnography done by the quark itself, which is really neither here nor there—more nowhere than anywhere, but always everywhere.

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

Without speaking too much for the quark itself, one of the things that this text might aim to achieve is to curate a relation-ship (or a vehic(cup) ular salut(-ation) between the reader and the non-human world—i.e., the quantum world—wherein the readers' own eyes become the effervescent vehicle for a kind of transformation, whether mystical or otherwise. That is an inherently paradoxical statement, however. For if the text objects in the book do in fact perform as the quantum world does, existing/not existing as boggling and indeterminate, then essentially there is nothing to discover other than what we might call a subatomic, quantum ‘poetry-without-us’—yet, it is one that paradoxically exists only when observed or read.

On that note, I wonder, too, if all poetic texts/readerships are part of this

quantum entanglement.

*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?*

That's hard to say, and even harder not to, but if I were to venture a guess, I'd put it something like this: I am always a little suspect of the word "hope" in any capacity, because sometimes, even with the best intentions, it often sets us up for failure via communal- or self-sabotage. When it comes down to it, then, I typically prefer the word courage over hope.

For instance, in the sense of Nietzschean 'amor fati' (or "love of fate"), an idea I put a lot of stock into, essentially nothing is any more important than anything else; that is to say that everything that happens is as it is, not as it should be, because it always already is as it should be. This is a complex idea, but coincidentally it is perhaps best expressed in modern pop cultural parlance via the "It be like that sometimes" meme. And it definitely "be like that" a lot. So we might as well dance with it while it is, which is also to say that in that very dancing, which may be clumsy, erroneous, even a complete failure, that we courageously open ourselves up completely to a kind of beautiful non-dancing, i.e. the potentiality of it simultaneously not being like that. And, in that very dancing, which is also a form of reading, we'll quirkily/quarkily bounce around like the quantum ballerinas and magicians we already are—always and forever.

*Let's talk a little bit about the role of poetics and creative community in social activism, in particular in what I call "Civil Rights 2.0," which has remained immediately present all around us in the time leading up to this series' publication. I'd be curious to hear some thoughts on the challenges we face in speaking and publishing across lines of race, age, privilege, social/cultural background, and sexuality within the community, vs. the dangers of remaining and producing in isolated "silos."*

Ultimately, I'm all for para-academic mediums, creative outlets, publishing methods, anonymous texts, etc. that foster an open exchange of/for ideas. Our present day socio-political climate being what it is, it especially important to curate venues for enacting a sense of community among people of diverse backgrounds and perspective—a community, no less, that is unfettered by oppressive hegemonic forces; a community that feels like being at a poetry reading with other like-minded poets and not like

a contrived 'graduation ceremony' of some sort. In short: the role of poetics serves as a meta-/physical nod of the head or a wink at someone you think is cool, and they think you are, too.

It's a community not just with other humans but also with non-humans—whether they be non-human animals, our quantum friends, mermaids, artificial intelligence, (which we will undoubtedly see within the next decade or two, and may actually have been here all along, who knows!), etc. On the latter, we may not be able to foresee that future just yet—or ever, for that matter—but we may be able to meet it with the courage of open hearts. Perhaps what we need is a very particular kind of collective commune-(ent)ity that seeks to grow itself in and by love. In this way, I'd go so far as to call it a kind of apophatic networking, or group of individuals communing by their mystical knowing-nothing, which, to follow the Beguine mystic Marguerite Porete, gives us everything! So in face of the challenges mentioned above, we find an unending heart-fountain of collaborative openness, the immanent pulsing of radical human freedom.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**BRAD BAUMGARTNER** is a writer, theorist, and Assistant Teaching Professor of English at Penn State. His recent critical and creative work has recently appeared in *Interdisciplinary Humanities*, *Cyclops Journal*, *Queen Mob's Teahouse*, *Vestiges*, *Minor Literature[s]*, and others. Current projects include *Weird Mysticism*, a scholarly monograph, as well as several creative projects including a hybrid work entitled *Stylinaut* and a book of poetry, *Ailis of Fintona*.

## ABOUT THE COVER ART:

The Operating System 2019 chapbooks, in both digital and print, feature art from Heidi Reszies. The work is from a series entitled "Collected Objects & the Dead Birds I Did Not Carry Home," which are mixed media collages with encaustic on 8 x 8 wood panel, made in 2018.

Heidi writes: "This series explores objects/fragments of material culture-how objects occupy space, and my relationship to them or to their absence."

This chapbook also includes digital reproductions of the vintage book covers of the original *American Policy Player's Guide and Dream Book*.

## ABOUT THE ARTIST:

Heidi Reszies is a poet/transdisciplinary artist living in Richmond, Virginia. Her visual art is included in the National Museum of Women in the Arts CLARA Database of Women Artists. She teaches letterpress printing at the Virginia Commonwealth University School of the Arts, and is the creator/curator of Artifact Press. Her poetry collection titled *Illusory Borders* is forthcoming from The Operating System in 2019, and now available for pre-order. Her collection titled *Of Water & Other Soft Constructions* was selected by Samiya Bashir as the winner of the Anhinga Press 2018 Robert Dana Prize for Poetry (forthcoming in 2019).

Find her at [heidireszies.com](http://heidireszies.com)

## 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

THE 2019 OS CHAPBOOK SERIES

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The George Oppen Memorial BBQ - Eric Benick

Flight Of The Mothman - Gyasi Hall

Mass Transitions - Sue Landers

Music Of Each Slain Creature - Frank Sherlock

The Grass Is Greener When The Sun Is Yellow - Sarah Rosenthal & Valerie Witte

From Being Things, To Equalities In All - Joe Milazzo

These Deals Won't Last Forever - Sasha Amari Hawkins

Ventriloquy - Bonnie Emerick

A Period Of Non-Enforcement - Lindsay Miles

Quantum Mechantics : Memoirs Of A Quark - Brad Baumgartner

Hara-Kiri On Monkey Bars - Anna Hoff

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PRINT TITLES:

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Don't Be Scared - Magdalena Zurawski

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# DOC U MENT

/dəkyəmənt/

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

*noun* - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record  
*verb* - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form  
*synonyms* - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[Middle English, *precept*, from Old French, from Latin *documentum*, example, proof, from *doce*, to teach; see *dek-* in Indo-European roots.]

## 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



*The quantum world, like the mystical, is anonymous, aporetic, hidden. In order to view this strange realm—one filled with particles darting in and out of nowhere; of what Einstein once famously called “spooky action at a distance”—this collection takes as its subject matter myriad interfacings—quantum physics, mysticism, cryptography, impersonality, and meontology, to name a few.*

*Playfully rigorous and rigorously playful, Quantum Mechantics experimentally indexes a poetic form of ludic hopping (hop, from Old English hoppian “to spring, leap; to dance; to limp”). These text objects perform as the quantum world does: boggling and indeterminate, we discover a subatomic, quantum poetry-without-us—one that, paradoxically, exists only when observed.*

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