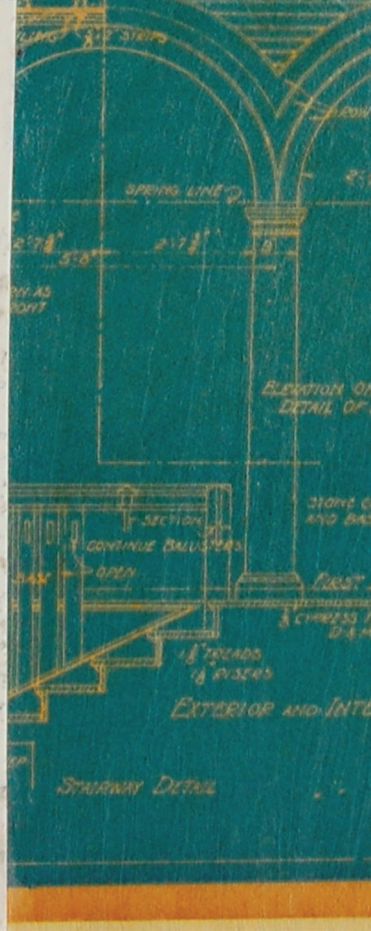
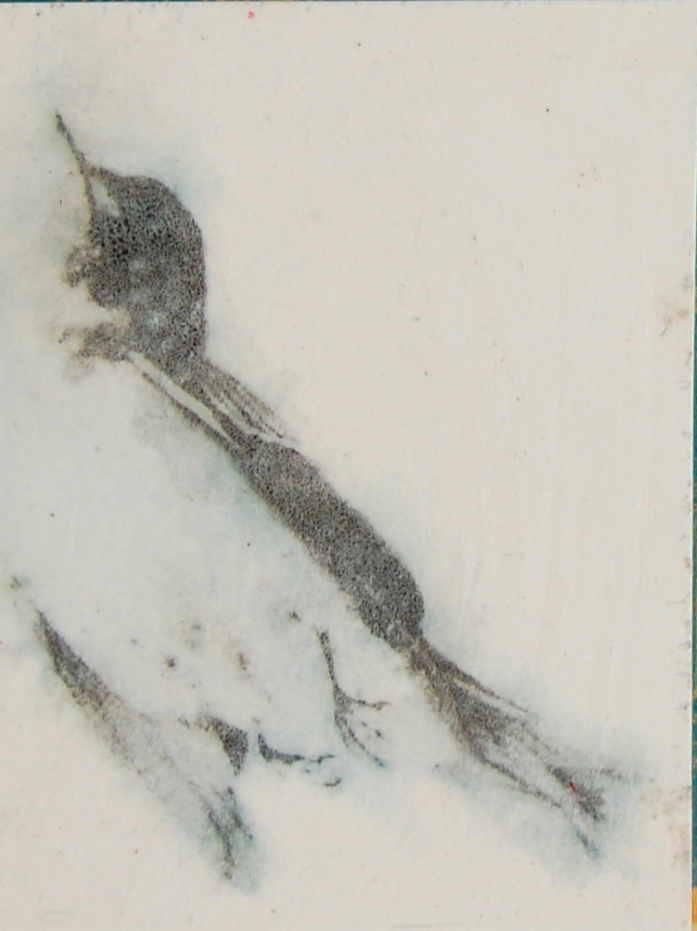


VENTRILOQUY

BONNIE EMERICK



VENTRILOQUY

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the operating system digital print//document
VENTRILLOQUY

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



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Cover Art uses an image from the series “Collected Objects & the Dead Birds I Did Not Carry Home,” by Heidi Reszies.

[Cover Image Description: Mixed media collage using torn pieces of paper in green, white, and yellow tones, a black and white charcoal drawing of a bird, and an architectural design print of a building with the book's title overlaid in yellow.]

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VENTRILOQUY

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“Ventriloquy is the mother tongue.”

—*Rae Armantrout*

TILLIE + I IN AMERICA

I thought I saw
IS
and
AM
running haphazardly
in place
on Tillie's treadmill.

What is up with that?

Tillie, tell me.

I spent 6 weeks counting
how old I was and how old
I would become. Each day, older,
which drove me crazy,
and each minute, older,
which settled Crazy
into my bones,

meaning osteoporosis + heat flashes +
a heart attack to boot.

Um. America is UM.

I am Um and Tillie is Uh
+ together we are Uh-Huh.



I can't help this or that—that
other thing you said, the stuff struck me
as—BANG—as stuff that
wrestles with a person with a
human, with the mammal
we have inside.

Sex drive.

That must be it.

I spent 7 days convincing myself
White Trash and for another 7
I thought of how grass and mammal smell
in the plastic bags
of summer alleys.

I did more than that, to be sure, I did.
I just didn't count any of it
because the days didn't add up.

If a calculator is plus sign
after plus sign.

Tillie shared with me a small +
interesting secret. I felt special +
cannot share it with anyone.

Let me put this on hold while
I talk to Tillie on my cell phone:

“You can't understand how it
feels because you've never been
in this position,”

I told Tillie.

Again + again.

She seemed to say that all math was
a calculus we couldn't compute.

"What?" I.

"You can't understand
because you've never been
in my position."

She.

I felt a demonic responsibility
to destroy the phone and I knew
what I had to do
was destroy Tillie.

Heaven help her now.

I am all glorious + sure of this sparkle.

Cassanova, you are America.
Tillie was just friend phantom.
I shall ghost her a ghost.
3 teams of *dream a little dream*.

If friend told me, stop, come over,
joy, you are

serendipity.

And don't anyone know I would.

I free heart speak, black pilgrim. My toes
need air.

Tillie on the treadmill
stubbed her toe.

*row row row
your boat*

Stubbed her toe.

I felt like a million dollars.

In America, there is more
smash interchange
bang bang shoot 'em down.

I spent 5 days shootin 'em
down, trying with the heart
to keep it down,
to stomach it, to think of
the cockroach or
the black gnat or the small
stepped-on
something or other.

In America, there is more
smash interchange
bang bang shoot 'em down.

I spent 5 days shootin 'em
down, trying with the heart
to keep it down,
to stomach it, to think of
the cockroach or

the black gnat or the small
stepped-on
something or other.

I felt I had gotten it but
Tillie said

“No, you haven’t gotten
it at all.”

Drab. I tried so hard.

Heart: Write me a letter.

I loved someone for
a day, turned into
a weekend and I felt
hurt. A feeling.

But those things,
they are dead.

ARE. ARE. ARE.

Tillie said the past tense is dead

“Act like it.”

Mother, Mother, Tillie turned
my arm.

Blow that house down.

Shan't, can't, won't.
Shall not.

Tillie on the treadmill + me
making incline adjustments.

We just wanted to run faster.
Got nothing to do with you.

RED LIGHT GREEN LIGHT

My mother told me not to swear.
My Mother Told Me Not To Swear.

Mother, may I?

Yes, you may.

My mother told me not to swear.
My Mother Told Me Not To Swear.
MY MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO SWEAR.

Mother, may I?

No, you may not.

Mother Mother Mother.

Step on a crack, break your mother's back.
Step on a stone, ruin your mother's home.

My Mother Told Me Not To Swear.

Mother, may I?

No, you may not.

Step on a crack, break your own back.
Step on a stone, ruin your own home.

My Mother Told Me Not To.

Momma had a baby and her head popped off.
Momma had a baby and her head popped off.
I swear. I suh-wear.

Mother, step on a crack.

Mother, break your own back.

Mother, may I?

CHAINSAW

“it was not following you that misremembering you were following it as usual.” —Beverly Dahlen

Intense privacy springboards mistake

of one kind

One knows not what
to think how

to explain what is
not yet thought

Most difficult in

ability to discern

loss of

words

keys or

How to square the root of memory from

here

to

here

VENTRILOQUY

Practice alone—

“Isn’t the torture you might think.”

“It’s another.”

I see.

“Yes. You do.”

I throw the ball to myself over my head.
Where has it gone?

“You threw it up.”

My hand.

“Your mind.”

My right hand.

“Your right mind.”

Where has it gone?

“Your left is poised to catch.”

“I caught a bird.”

“Don’t take my lines.”

“I caught a bird.”

“You caught nothing.”

“The ball will fall into my hand.”

“That will hurt.”

“What preposition fills the space?”

“Thought preps. Thinks. Thought does not –*sition*
‘thought.’”

“And if I remove the final ‘t’?”

“An exception or attitude. Linear determines.”

“You rely on time, not an other.”

“Unreliable. Say one— not *you, he, she, they.*”



“Memory gestures”

“across an axis.”

“It’s simple: Intersperse knowledge”

“into beauty art and”

“TaDa!”

“Dummies gather round”

“the high school track.”

“Memory chants”

“G-O—let’s go, let’s go. G-O—let’s go!”

“More slowly.”

“The mascot need not be present.”

“Memory chainsaws”

“backyard wood.”

“Mechanical hand vibrate.”

“Steady the wood.”

“Trust the one holding the chainsaw.”

“Needle on record.”

“Dance little Pasadena.”

“Picnic table overturned.”

“Sing Voltron Transformer.”

“Here is where I forget.”

“Here is where you’ll realize
you’ve forgotten.”

“The coin won’t edge into concentrate.”

“The record bubbles into 45.”

“Nothing is gathered”

“into more meaningful.”

“I’ll go by water.”

“Stream or hose?”

“I’ll perspire.”

“Fish humidity?”

“Swim fish. Air bubble. Gill mouth.”

“But there is the pill.”

Nothing Congeals into Nothing Amnesia into Nothing
Pleasure into Nothing Pain Nothing Congeals into Nothing
Amnesia into Nothing Pleasure into Nothing Pain Nothing
Congeals into Nothing Amnesia into Nothing Pleasure into
Nothing Pain Nothing Congeals into Nothing Amnesia into

“ “Is this sleep?” ”

INJURY BLINDNESS

Witnesses disturb
will forget
strongly attracting freedom
from events

Will— willed— amnesia

How many
times Do not
know Do not
read

Odd walker veteran's touch spirals

down like mouth
down like eyes
down not look

Sleep Willed
Will Sleep

Absolve injury blindness

Ten year girl sheets to the wind

OF TWO SISTERS

If two sisters across
whose stay would image reproduce?

If I were of two sisters
and not a suffix named afterthought
the image would snag.

The lapse of less
when captionless.

Spatially
one is hopeful.

Cropped angle unaccompanies
her heavy voice trunking.

In constant company of
of
entrapped clause
lure-suffix to seize a yesterday.

Sore-tongued
days fail trust.

THE BODY WE'RE GIVEN

The world is a womb
with oceans and carcinogens
shuffled in.

I could not tell this to Tillie.
She would take it too far.
She would tell me I'd never been born.

Tillie spent 3 days
dissecting the meaning of life.

Puppy barked at kick. Bang
the wind blew.

I knew God did not like this.
I knew a great hurricane
would flush me out.

I had decided I was god +
made predictions—

Garbage truck at 8 on Tuesday.

Volvo at the house.

Jellyfish sting.

Stingray on leash.

Tille said "Love like laughter."
But that belonged to Beth.

To death, I said, like
marriage or the body we're given.

My finger sliced off.
Tillie sews it on.
Gives me a tetanus shot.

The tetanus in me
longer than the needle.

I peed it out
like any good vitamin.

Tillie on the treadmill
sucking in air.

I gave her my mouth.

Hers looked so deformed
venting like that.

ECHO

the whole shook

not a sound

pause

cover a face in sleep

know I

need the

pressed week

earlier

at times an

organ

excised by

or

ORGANS IN ACID RAIN

skin not to be dressed but to be
red umbrella
in the new commercials
about skin

I covered mine from
the rain
acid would

stepping in it or on (to) it
if my gravity
were a better person

would be torture
because the state of my soul
in repose upon God

the happiness already inside
one could say inside one's soul

let it be known, the rain falls
into everyone's brain

the wind reaches
into everyone's skin

passing to the organs
quickly the feeling
arrives, departs
to prove its worth

I am at heart
all liver

filtering rain
circulating a courage
through my eyeballs

STARE

neglect so as not
to count

caustic strike of
catapult I walk

through stare
and feel nothing

if stare encounters me
I do not it.

stare as strike
I no pitch

all eyes now
and if each were felt?

open dizziness
seeking pleasant

conversation without
at a loss for.

inward stare directs
thought cast

inaudible yet
complete

emotion first
wants to be seen

LIKENESS RECOGNITION

fascinated by likeness recognition

I evolve out of simple reaction and a new language echoes its negation

not about but inside mess created by repeat

echo mirror infinitely in ear

in here
watching and looking
as two ways

who says?
the image?
come on

darkness incites that I difference misrepeated

my I mocking me

if I is at this window
or
if I is at that
your
window

it is I window
who is at it

window more its I than any mammal

impetus in the looking looking back

window of glass before of sand heated

shall I heat or too frozen

sand in bathing suit in crotch in mouth some window inside me

if of ten thousand
if of numberless
then I and window
see each
in the other

drinking out of us
the wine
transubstantiated
I had not believed
what did that I know

humility and spectacle reciprocate

crow on branch watcher on wood chair

first born arms are wings are arms are wings

crown of hair tuffle feather nose tickle shakes

wind currents chance a going somewhere

invisible screen surrogate glass divides

never seeing without sand in the eyes

glass water wearer warmed

I crow chair branch sand castle window box

BLACKOUT

Ethical conclusions measure
value & flour.

Invoke laudable—
laugh. Count experience as

bargains with a self.

Accompany would—
the subjective able *but might not*

—explode?



If I had five minutes
I'd say all words

testifying to cleanliness—shower
obsession, shower depression.

I swim & corroborate myself
as busy—the phone & I.



Article says multi-tasking dumbs
the taskmaster. I remove

safe from house, whose occupants
shouldn't throw stones but pins

into words—each letter
a thimble. Needle me not

heroine. This object to toss
with myself—its arc

defines difference.

Others take me literally.
I deserve belief.

Lady mantle? Woman
then chimney—

but it *blooms*.



Stupid or brave. Literal
or figurative. Car skirts join

street crossings. Literally
dress figurines to

make talking different.

Intransitives fall into themselves
& I admire

inward to blackout.

Habits breed habits invoke
new standards—nail pull hair bite.

Out of thin air, exhale
in my safehouse until faint.

Pleased feeling & behavior
co-exist: One doesn't follow

breadcrumbs—one embodies
breadcrumbs. This I eat up

but it grows. With water
body proves it is wood

—*able but might not.*

Ethical would-body
deserves belief. I pour

a thimble in the ocean.

I take on salt.



Weeks of antonyms draw us closer
to the same. We inhale

the clean air above
freshly chlorinated pools.

This would not begin. No wood
existed for use in description.

I try vegetate, withdraw into
vegetable. Principles of self

organization thread us
—as does boredom.

When all else fails
water forbids breath begins
at birth & turns into a brain.



Stupid success. Brave failure.
No names—only our eyes—boring.

The truth of the matter

is something the matter?

that emotion is abstract prompts
instead of feelings

signs—one plastic
another wood.

NOTES

“Ventriloquy”: “I caught a bird” echoes the starting lines to Gertrude Stein’s *Stanzas in Meditations*.

“Injury Blindness” owes the debt of its title to Beverly Dahlen’s *A Reading 1-17*: “it goes on you can’t look at it / for fear of injury blindness / trying to see it out of the corner of an eye”

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you to editors of the following journals, where some of these poems have been previously published—sometimes in different forms: *Little Red Leaves*, *Diner*, *How2*, *Other Rooms Press*, *WOMB*, and *Cannibal*.

AFTER-WORDS

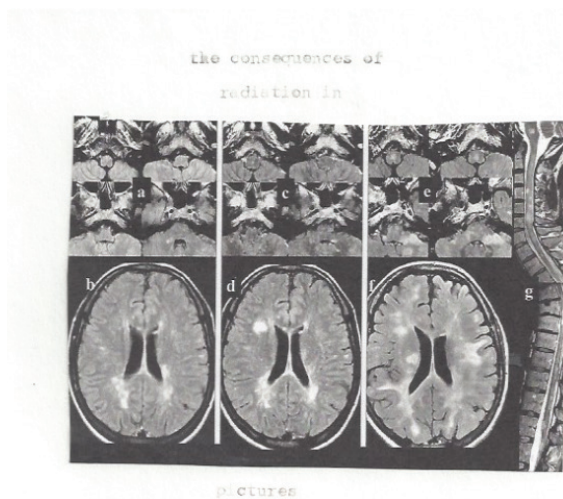
ABOUT THE AUTHOR



BONNIE EMERICK's poetry has been published in print and online magazines, including *Cannibal*, *the tiny*, *How2*, *So To Speak*, *Quarter After Eight*, *Little Red Leaves*, and *Fogged Clarity*, among others. Her chapbook, *Letters Under Vellum*, is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press. She teaches English in Telluride, Colorado.

RETURNING TO OUR TONGUES,
TAKING TO OUR LOOMS
A CONVERSATION WITH BONNIE EMERICK

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



Why are you a poet/writer/artist?

I truly don't know any other way to be. Having written since I could literally pick up a pen or pencil, writing is simply a part of me. It's not a matter of some Cartesian "I write; therefore, I am"; it's more of a matter of "I am; therefore, I write."

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)?

I called myself a writer before I ever called myself a poet. It still seems silly to identify myself as a "poet," though the MFA program I attended did begin to instill that designation. As a result, I deduced that everything, essentially,

is poetry. As I experiment with words, sentences, essays, paragraphs, plays, and drawings, I return to “writer,” which opens up the world of letters and literary arts for me.

What’s a “poet” (or “writer” or “artist”) anyway?

Any individual engaged with words and ideas is a writer.

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

This is a really hard question. I truly believe that writers can change the world by creating connections. In *Don’t Let Me Be Lonely*, Claudia Rankine’s speaker asks, “Why are we here if not for each other?” Writing IS being “here” for each other. If by “role,” you mean “purpose,” then one purpose of writing and sharing writing is to forge connections that create webs of empathy and compassion around the globe.

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?

Each poem in this collection was immediate and fairly smooth. Their revision and the coming together in the collection was very challenging. I actually named a file on my computer “thisisthelastone” because of the many times I revised it. So, the start was painless; the middle was painful; the ending, an exhale.

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?

The title poem echoes Gertrude Stein’s *Stanzas in Meditation*, revolving the chaos of memory in play--spoken, linguistic--representation, and snapshots (blinks) of time. That serious play inculcated the forms of “Tillie + I in America,” “Red Light Green Light” (which is based off children’s

rhymes), and “The Body We’re Given.” Tillie, a friend-persona or alternate-ego or memory stand-in, was created through these poems and makes appearances either directly or indirectly. Characters are another mode of ventriloquy. Other poems, written years apart, commiserated around Tillie, creating the core of her memory in retrospect. Either through forced forgetting or involuntary loss, absences in memory (what we don’t see and what we don’t want to see) arise on the page in blank space.

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 do frequently write under self-imposed, yet playful constraints--but these poems, specifically, did not follow a formal structure--unless following the children’s rhyme is following a formal structure.

It is almost impossible to contain, here, a list of all writers who influenced me. However, the most influential, personal mentor to me was (is) Laura Mullen. She gave me permission, confidence, and support to be. I always write by hand first and then transcribe onto the computer, but I was censoring the writing in the transcription. “Let the mess in,” she said, and I did. She instilled in me a sense of ethical accuracy. We writers, no matter the genre, must be accurate to experience. This is different than realistic. I define “experience” very broadly, but I do believe that writing has ethical undertones.

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.

More than a decade ago, I read an influential article about the diagnoses of women as “hysterical”—and insane—and its etymology in “hysterectomy.” At the same time, I was in a Rae Armantrout hypnosis: I was reading everything by her, when I landed on “ventriloquy is the mother tongue.” In what ways is hysteria a “mother tongue”? Is “mother tongue” gendered?

Then, I found Theresa Hak Kyung Cha's *Dictee*: "She mimicks the speaking. That might resemble speech." Speech seemed bound with my gendered female identity--excessive, hysterical speech. All letters are a mimic. The truth (lowercase t) seemed to be that writing and speech are ventriloquized. Perhaps thought is not, but the outcome of that thought--figures created by others that I borrow.

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

I am going to answer this question in phrases: confident experimentation, personal history, Jessica, dancing on the page, family, Transformers, trauma.

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

I hope to give permission to others who have as much joy and as much trauma in their personal histories as I do--I hope to give them permission to let their histories exist (not be erased). I might have answered this question differently a year ago, but, as a teacher, I see that our younger generations need permission to share the most difficult parts.

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?

My hope for this book would be that it creates connections--especially among survivors--forges empathy and builds compassion.

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. How does your process, practice, or work otherwise interface with these conditions?

All writing can be activism. This book, in particular, indirectly partners

with all movements intended to give voice to those who have not spoken. If the best hope for the book is to create connections among survivors, then a healing is had; if healing is had, one can fight for oneself and for others. Until the myth of Philomena returns to her her tongue, we will have to take to our looms--our letters, our drawings, and, yes, our hashtags.

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?

The selectivity of the poetry publishing community breeds a line of competitiveness; almost like a heredity, this line can be traced from elementary to secondary schools to universities and graduate programs. The line can be traced through the Wallace Stevens of the world and over to the Gertrude Steins and back to the PB and Mary Shelleys. Even the designation of "poetry" becomes a selective one--and that's why I tend to love those who push, push, push the boundaries of "poetry" and who embrace any writing as writing. In my worst moments, I have created boundaries risen from competitiveness. I have grown from those worst moments, and teaching has helped me get there. When you see the freedom--the embracing, permissive freedom that writing anything can have on an individual--you realize that boundaries kill.

Is there anything else we should have asked, or that you want to share?

If we examine our definitions of what "writing" is, I believe we will begin to see that writing is more powerful and more pervasive than ever.

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."

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

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

DIGITAL TITLES:

American Policy Player's Guide and Dream Book - Rachel Zolf

The George Oppen Memorial BBQ - Eric Benick

Flight Of The Mothman - Gyasi Hall

Mass Transitions - Sue Landers

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 Mechanics : Memoirs Of A Quark - Brad Baumgartner

Hara-Kiri On Monkey Bars - Anna Hoff

PRINT TITLES:

Vela. - Knar Gavin

[零] A Phantom Zero - Ryu Ando

Don't Be Scared - Magdalena Zurawski

Re: Verses - Kristina Darling & Chris Campanioni

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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.*

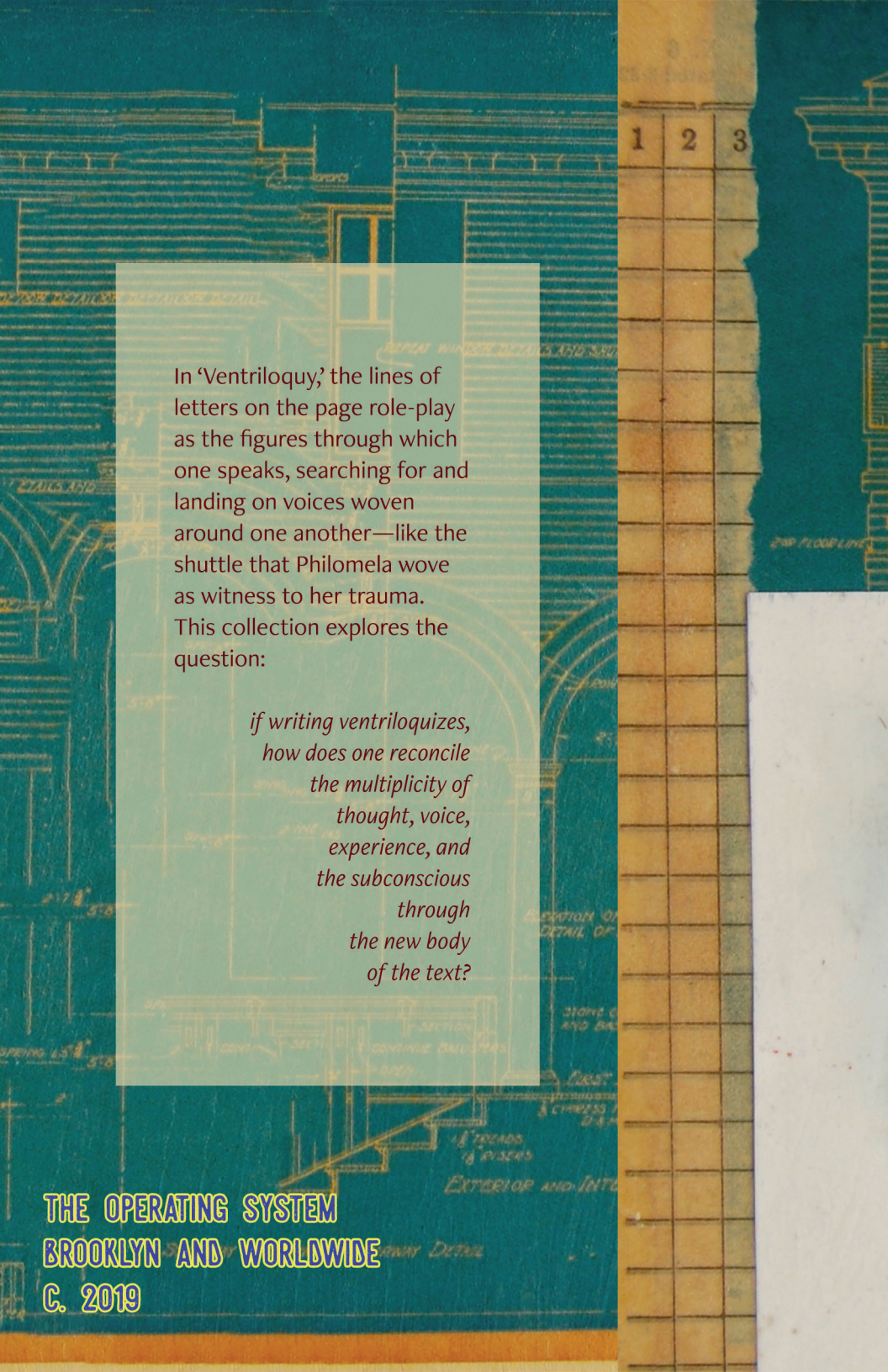
THE PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

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The background is a complex architectural drawing in blue ink on a light-colored paper. It features various lines, rectangles, and text labels such as 'SECTION OF DETAIL OF', 'STONE C AND B', 'FIRST', 'CRESS', 'D-4', 'of stairs of risers', and 'EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR DETAIL'. A grid of light brown squares is overlaid on the right side of the drawing. A white rectangular box is positioned in the center-left, containing text. The numbers '1 2 3' are printed in the top row of the grid.

In 'Ventriloquy,' the lines of letters on the page role-play as the figures through which one speaks, searching for and landing on voices woven around one another—like the shuttle that Philomela wove as witness to her trauma. This collection explores the question:

*if writing ventriloquizes,
how does one reconcile
the multiplicity of
thought, voice,
experience, and
the subconscious
through
the new body
of the text?*

THE OPERATING SYSTEM
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