



PRINT! DOCUMENT :: SERIES ONE

*an admission, as a warning against
the value of our conclusions*

ALEXIS QUINLAN

the trouble with bartleby
in collaboration with
exit strata creators collective







Part A.

[] knows whom he has lost but not what he has lost in []

i.

The

scientific

say





that a

to

been

of

process

fashion

he

explain





called

any

contradiction

by

object-cathexis

a

sometimes

in

suicide

situations

found

called







ii.

We must begin by male an adornment, as a warren against any over-eternity of
the vampire of our concourses.

which is also melancholic
who keeps peacocking about
the context

is thinking
the words railroad
the thoughts

that strangle the ghosts
that wriggle from recall
(sloth) late reproaches (pleasure)

the context
is surviving the event is refused
my bad, the students say

my labyrinth my prayer my hated object my guarantor
of meaning
my meaning





my internal
incorporations are people, my friend
your cleavage is showing

split!
again!
whose decision burns

as peat
cures
all the way to bone

make the link
(cast out)
or don't—fuck it.

As contraries go, absorbing
to the one paying.
an engine chortles westward

ho—impoverished saints
say they like it
like that









i.

he

very

achievement

He

of

led

one

is

the

are

conflict







ii.

we must begin by maladjustment as a warning against any over-estimation
of the value of our conclusions.

distinguishing features of:

The body does not know everything it knows
These the symptoms these the

“plaints” in the old sense of the word
woe to she who shines
red sun on yon pathological disposition

pastes a poultice

narrative

ab chaos lex! the law

will insinuate home
work which is unknown to us, too,
always

and ever past perfect
where an action completed
while you were looking away





trampoline
resurrects smoky
lingering line your scoliotic spine your

position: logic of pathos.
You can't blame language
for all of it. You can't thank

language for some of it. You're
so free, said one who
should know,

you've always been so old
sense of the word
disorganized on purpose.

It's a trick,
a dirty dirty trick.
Or maybe looking dead at it.





iii. How I lose my wallet: Payphone, Astroworld

First three times – or two – in
the dim round, flat against
a corrugated wall like refugees
for inspection, skinny sunburned
limbs. It starts lumberingly

pace of a couple of distracted
babysitters want to shut us up
then fast and dark and the floor
drops giddy squiggles howling
dizzy we don't need that ground.

The ground needs us. Then floored
once more, off to call the mother – must
have had it then – to remind her. And
line up again for the good ride.







i.

is

reactions

of
object-cathexis

ego

be activity

the spite

is

is

from

make

to

[willed] it.







ii.

We must begin by malingering, as a warthog against any over-eulogy of the
vanity of our condemnations.

How incorporation works
here
in the castle. Here

near stomach,
toward liver, past spleen,
internal astrology, keen eye

cannot consciously perceive what he has lost,
either minutes, years. Huge efforts
to control

to wrestle experience into
the ragged backpack onto the wagon out to
the intrusive the exhaustion

the mind that neglects
to begin good effluvia
pratfalls vomit jetsam real





mistakes mental illness mental
illness and class the
context. Hate is

an awfully strong
word, said liar.
Huge efforts to control

cognition. Uncannily
tall guards hiding how they care
at gate of dank cold

castle, fires stoked by you. Not lazy,
not kindling, vapors, headaches,
last-minute cancellations,

not divorces, dissing, dissolution,
solution, malingering,
a diminution in self-regard

in the corner so night-night quiet
the mice come out
to play, so crepuscular quiet the secrets

won't overhear the secret.
Normally,
respect for reality gains the day.





iii. Why I lose my wallet. M15.

Now I owe Dina forty, the cab
plus the sack of almonds from Sahadi's
which I told her about first. She'd
come to drink tea, check on my
marriage. I knew what she was up to

before we headed out to see
textiles, talking about S,
trying to hide how angry, how out of
proportion en route to silky
tapestry, internecine knots. Now I have

to go home, cancel
cards, tell everyone. Him.









This chapbook/document is the happy result of a Poetry Project workshop with Erica Kaufman called Poem as Process, Procedure, Prosthesis. The i. sections are a series of calibrated excisions from Sigmund Freud's 1915 essay, "Mourning and Melancholia." The ii. sections are quotes from and responses to essays on that famous text. The iii. sections are from "How I Lose My Wallet," composed in The Writers Room in the East Village in 2007. Enormous thanks to Lynne DeSilva-Johnson for allowing me to put it together in the form you see now.

Alexis Quinlan, 2013





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