

**PLEASE REMIT  
MY QUBITS**

**MARIE IRENE HINSON**

the operating system  
alter/altar print//document

## PLEASE REMIT MY QUBITS

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with additional design, editorial and commentary by ELÆ

[Lynne DeSilva-Johnson]



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*This text was set in Europa, Minion Pro, Avenir, Franchise, and OCR-A Standard.*

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the operating system

[www.theoperatingsystem.org](http://www.theoperatingsystem.org)

[operator@theoperatingsystem.org](mailto:operator@theoperatingsystem.org)

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*the point of origin,  
the point of no return*

# **SURVEY I**

<b>QUBIT</b>	<b>REMIT</b>	<b>PLOT</b>	<b>ACY</b>
<b>FOURIER</b>	<b>RANDOM</b>	<b>ORIGIN</b>	<b>SUPREME</b>
<b>SUBJECT</b>	<b>MINE</b>	<b>QUANTUM</b>	<b>SURVEY</b>
<b>DIVISION</b>	<b>LAND</b>	<b>TOWNSHIP</b>	<b>KING</b>





# QUBIT

about insides and outsides  
the form it holds  
what pushes back as  
what pushes back as  
what pushes back as  
capitalism into  
my body

# REMIT

into my squishy insides  
i know that what I've got to do is figure out a way to  
get by  
and then I want to share that way to get by with others  
and to keep getting by with others  
to come up with a word technology  
that creates a vibrating, glowing, beautiful  
boundary between that form of capitalism  
and that form of me  
unfortunately it feels like I'm getting to

# PLOT

i'm looking for a technology  
that lets me boil out the impurities  
boil out the impurities  
gives me back myself  
i'm looking for a technology  
that applies heat  
the break and go  
the constant fucking of my language  
my shifty top bottom magic

# ACY

of breath and wait  
and breath and wait and move  
of breath and wait and move  
and weight into ground

# FOURIER

staying close to  
listening to  
how capitalism talks  
like how a tree talks  
how our language talks  
how our this is a job interview talks  
how every interaction is like a job interview

## RANDOM

what i'm curious about  
is with how little i have  
and we all have  
that i came here carrying nothing  
from across the sea  
from across the dusty trail  
that i came even with out a conscience  
that i came to steal  
that i came here carrying nothing  
and looking to devour  
i'm wondering what i do have  
because i for sure  
can't bend capitalism to a boil  
bend that shit to a boil  
bend that shit to a boil

# ORIGIN

what draws the metal shavings out  
of the wood and the rocks  
is it image after image after image in rich description

# SUPREME

is it saying  
hey give me that?



## SUBJECT

a capitalism landscape  
i'm here  
i'm here  
i'm here  
to extract my parts from  
the capitalism landscape

i've died already  
and that doesn't make me afraid

what i'd like to do now is walk away into other words  
bigger words words with images  
like reservoir  
like reservoir  
like mountain  
like the clouds beyond the mountain

# MINE

what i might be writing is a score for a dance  
that hinges at  
a point of cornice  
of cornerstone  
i might be writing a score for a dance

# QUANTUM

i'm here for blood  
i'm here for destruction  
i'm here for power

## SURVEY

more than i'm here for moving to the woods  
because the ground under my feet and the trees above  
my head  
are a new york landscape  
i like to say new york is an appalachian landscape  
but appalachia is a new york landscape  
a capitalism landscape  
if i'd stayed  
i'd still be living and breathing the same air  
i'd still be seeing with the same eyes  
and i don't have the patience to figure it out there in  
the woods  
everything gets sucked up to new york  
nothing is anything but a new york landscape  
i'm here because to be honest,  
that aint my land

# DIVISION

the way of extraction  
using the tools of capitalism  
to go get the parts of me that are part of its form  
saying hay  
hey!  
Hey there.  
give those back right now.

# LAND

this way of living close too  
buddying up to,  
back stabbing maybe  
becoming complicit in  
marking my complicity  
letting go of my guilt  
feels more immediate and productive to me  
than moving to the woods

## TOWNSHIP

know what the boundary, what the shape  
of capitalism is  
this sounds silly to me  
because I know it  
I know it, i breathe it  
i'm complicit in it  
i make it over and over and over again  
i kill for it  
i'm complicit in its killing  
i'm also not  
what i'm trying to do is extract  
myself from the capitalism body  
by way of  
by way of  
by way of  
documentation

# KING

the way of  
the way of  
the way of  
extraction



**REMIT MY QUBITS**

heirs to  
benefit from  
my desires

one by one  
two by two  
four by four

four by four  
eight by eight  
16 by 16

in frequent arrival  
at an origin is  
more than a dream

that i worry  
 $m \gg n$   
leads to the best

arithmetically  
arriving  
at the stop

the molecule  
simulates  
simulates itself

so that  
when I come up  
on the next grid

a state of origin  
supreme  
supremacy

please remit  
my qubits into my body  
so that i can touch them

until you  
begin to  
sweat with urgency

fit the last two  
into one  
mine is perfect

making the square  
in the largest shapely-est  
form there can be

i never know  
what people  
imagine me to be

grid of 40  
frothing qubits  
that can take 10,000

from the point where  
sixteen folds  
into one

grace with  
my feet the  
trace the boundary

in my blue  
floral sweater  
that pils up

Adjustable coupler

Qubit

mine the  
steps  
along the blocks

portal time  
is polynomial  
and i like

remain to  
be walked  
down past

Qubit  
Qubit

Adjustable coupler

Qubit  
Qubit

to be sunk  
in blue  
flowers

possibility  
loss  
impossibility

bringing the goal  
closer  
to save my legs

Qubit

Qubit

watch  
the best  
play out

set on corners  
the subject is  
silver dust

of sufficient complexity  
to be executed  
by a nanometer wave

the vase of fake flowers  
cut through  
auto garage

mirror with its  
face to the sky  
blue flower sweater selfie

grids are  
exhausting  
an ask to fill

Adjustable coupler

Qubit

Qubit

Adjustable coupler

Adjustable coupler

Adjustable coupler

Qubit

Qubit

Qubit

probably  
is a range of  
obstruction

the question  
is a molecule  
simulating itself

quick pace of  
unstopping brilliance  
on warehouse walls

given back  
over to the setting sun  
of the 8th and 5th

step onto  
a court  
gated around

for always  
us  
you never

Qubit

Adj:

Qubit





## **SURVEY II**

<b>HEIR</b>	<b>PERPETUAL</b>	<b>FOR</b>	<b>EVER</b>
<b>CLASSICAL</b>	<b>FORTY-FIVE</b>	<b>HARD</b>	<b>LINE</b>
<b>WATCH</b>	<b>GRATITUDE</b>	<b>REPEAT</b>	<b>GRID</b>
<b>DESIRE</b>	<b>GRACE</b>	<b>PROBABLE</b>	<b>SECTION</b>



# HEIR

there's something to be said for the accumulation  
for the documentation  
the breaking down  
over reaching  
again and again and again

# PERPETUAL

how to take care of myself  
on the insides of this  
on the insides of me  
because the living is both  
the inside and the outside

# FOR

there's no simple math to make this happen  
there's no simple math  
a simple spell to  
repeat  
a simple spell to repeat  
the first half like the second half  
the second half like the first

when does the mirror break away  
from its image  
from the body that makes the image within it  
the other half  
the negative  
the spell said a second time

the spell said with itself being named  
so that it can be named and named and used again  
and made over again.  
the death spell the death spell the death spell

# EVER

turn turn turn  
like a rock a stone about its  
axis in my hand

turn around  
face this  
put your face in this way

# CLASSICAL

that is going to work for someone else  
day after day after day after day  
its not machine, it's what makes the machine run  
turns it with the explosions of millions of years  
millions of years of knowing words  
hundreds of thousands of speaking words together

## FORTY-FIVE

what is that part of me that i'm here to get back  
that i'm here to make whole  
what is that part of me that is the tools it takes to  
make this world  
that part of me that is the visioning force  
that part of me that is complicit  
that is deriving wealth  
that is guarding its walls



# HARD

look for the fearing and the letting go  
repeat the spell  
repeat the first half  
the first half  
the first half

## LINE

being my bodily extraction from the world  
from the rocks and the trees  
the second half being this other extraction  
of i don't know what  
the other extraction of my hands  
my tools, my words  
the part of me that writes the world  
that goes on and on and on  
writing the world always  
there's a part of me that is always  
writing this world into being  
what is that shape and form  
that is outside of my body that  
leaves me unwhole  
unwhole

# WATCH

how do i enact this spell  
how do i enact this spell  
how do i enact this spell  
how do i enact this spell  
how do i enact this spell

# GRATITUDE

draw up close  
draw up close  
use the extractive tools  
to place at the tip of your  
tongue  
the words for the spell

# REPEAT

rise and fall of my breath  
the death cult of words

# GRID

the implosion  
the falling down  
the unravelling  
the technology i use  
circling back on itself  
circling back on itself  
collapsing under its own weight

## DESIRE

what would it look like to get myself back from  
capitalism  
i don't know  
i don't know  
i mean it's already happened  
where it fucked up is in the dying  
in the annihilation of itself  
the already dying  
dying is the thing it doesn't have words for  
that isn't a possibility.  
decouple from that grief  
not the grief of death itself  
my body turning into worms  
my body turning into this landscape  
my landscape of bodies  
not in the loss of someone  
the grief of losing someone  
i want to say over and over again  
this is not what i mean

## GRACE

losing  
the afterlife  
i'm hell bent  
that's why i'm hell bent  
to not trade in my life and death for  
the life and death of capitalism  
that is  
that is  
that is  
to say  
to say to say  
that i want to extract  
to make my own form aside  
from the life and death of capitalism  
another form  
because there's more  
there's more there's more  
there's more there's more  
sometimes its just got to be said directly  
so there's something to be said  
for the



# PROBABLE

the living is both the inside and  
the outside and the needs don't go away  
to make some money to have some food, to have a  
home  
to be comfortable to be loved  
to live in community  
to have a soul

## SECTION

the project is everything and nothing  
everything and nothing to make it to the end  
how do we feel whole when the whole is not complete

## ABSTRACT / EXTRACT

1. Please remit my qubits. Please let go of those parts of me that are working for and with capitalism. Please remit to my body my ability to use my language and imagination to set off into and bring into being a future. A spell, a hex.
2. I moved to NYC in July of 2019. Two weeks in, I went to the Met where I saw the painting I used for the cover image by Marie Denise Villers. The artist in the white dress pauses from her easel to return the gaze of the viewer. Seeing and creating both. The energy fascinated me — familiar, magical, powerful, a putting together of all the pieces. I felt like I'd finally arrived in a place that I'd been traveling to for a long time.
3. My ability to move beyond my body and understanding saved my life. Dissociation is a survival spell. I grew up in a conservative evangelical community in rural Appalachia where I had no words for being whole as a trans and queer person. After I moved to Philly, I came out and felt the healing of getting back those parts of me that I didn't think existed, that were tied up in gender or a fundamentalist spirituality.
4. I wrote these poems in ELÆ's alter/altar II workshop at Poets House in late fall of 2019. In the workshop, myself and a brilliant cohort of writers, immersed ourselves in a multi-dimensional and interdisciplinary exploration of process. What all can a poem be? Everything! It can be whole! It can reach beyond. It can be a spell.
5. So after a few months of living in the city, I was really missing my community and family in Philly while working too much for too little money. I was exhausted and struggling to pay my rent. I'd always lived under capitalism but now I felt the quality of living right next to its source. Why had I given up so much

to be here? Why did I pick this of all places? How do I rest, how do I learn, how do I make my art, how do I have community? How is my labor, my migration, my imaginative power used for, necessary, and complicit in capitalism?

6. These poems explore these questions and movements from this moment of crisis and fear. I'm writing in a way that reminds myself that the whole and embodied contains the multi-vocal and fractured — my new spell for living under capitalism. I drew from ongoing research around my origin myths, starting with the 1606 and 1785 ordinances that set my migration in motion via my historical family. These violent spells provided the system for handing over immense wealth to my white ancestors. A grid for extracting people from place, calling it space and creating capital.
7. At the same time I was writing, google announced it had achieved quantum supremacy. Basically, it made a computer, a processor, built on the emergent boiling of the universe — randomness/imagination. This quantum computer, in 200 seconds, did the work that would take 10,000 years of conventional supercomputing power. I couldn't think of a better symbol of this contemporary stage of overwhelm. The language for describing the moment also felt like an eerie bookend to my origins. A white supremacy over space leading or building to a supremacy over time, or even the underlying ability to simulate these both into being.
8. This hex/book happens at this site of time, place, body, and many more things. I want to unextract and collapse. These poems incite the poles of origin myths and future simulations into resonance through the material of my writing, my body, my spell making, and my imaginative power. The idea is to listen to those resonances, consider what parts of me are resonating with them, to get those parts back. To make whole.

## **SOURCES**

## FIRST VIRGINIA CHARTER 1606

source: [https://avalon.law.yale.edu/17th\\_century/va01.asp](https://avalon.law.yale.edu/17th_century/va01.asp)

Defined land rights for English colonists seizing land from people living on the east coast at the a year before first permanent settlement of the English in 1607 at Jamestown. The land was divided into two huge swaths — one given to the London Company, the other two the Plymouth company. These two companies would be responsible for finding settlers and spreading them out over the land to secure it and begin deriving wealth from it.

“between eight and thirty Degrees of the said Latitude, and five and forty Degrees of the same Latitude; And that they shall have all the Lands, Soils, Grounds, Havens, Ports, Rivers, Mines, Minerals, Woods, Marshes, Waters, Fishings, Commodities, and Hereditaments, whatsoever, from the first Seat of their Plantation and Habitation by the Space of fifty like English Miles, as is aforesaid, all amongst the said Coasts of Virginia and al raerica towards the West and Southwest, or towards the South, as the Coast lyeth, and all the Islands within one hundred Miles, directly over against the said Sea Coast.”

## LAND ORDINANCE OF 1785

source: <https://www.loc.gov/item/90898224/>

The newly formed version of what would be the United States Government set out its goals for territorial expansion based on an abstract grid laid over its imagined future land. This ordinance picked up where the English charters left off, setting out into the land west of the Appalachians. The grid provided the framework for the rooting of white settlers. The abstract form implied a blank canvas, the genocide and removal of people whose land it was. This is how white america came to be. The handing over of other's wealth for free. Free wealth is what set western European migration in motion. This is what brought my historical family here.

Simply — the land was to be divided on north-south, and east-west lines into big squares first, called townships, of six miles by six miles. These would be divided into 36 smaller squares of one square mile each that could be sold or settled or further subdivided. The government's goal was to extend this grid to the Pacific Ocean.



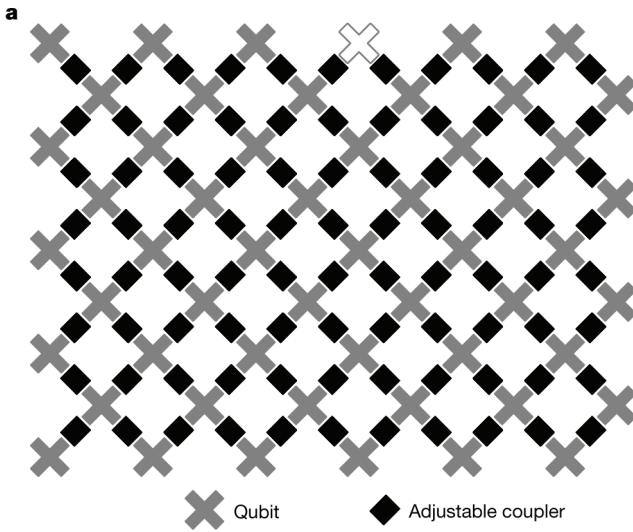


## POINT OF BEGINNING

source: [https://npgallery.nps.gov/NRHP/GetAsset/NHLS/66000606\\_text](https://npgallery.nps.gov/NRHP/GetAsset/NHLS/66000606_text)

This stone marker was placed to reference the point where the abstract grid first met the ground just three months after the passing of the Land Ordinance in 1785. Here was where the surveys began. Except, as the marker says the point is 1112 feet away, now under an artificial lake. The artificial lake was built in 1975 and is owned by FirstEnergy who had, as of 2015, dumped 80 billion gallons of coal ash into it.

“The Ordinance specified that the Geographer to the United States, Thomas Hutchins, would personally supervise the running of the first east-west base line; and on September 30, 1785, Hutchins began the Survey. As its beginning point he used the stake set by the Virginia Pennsylvania boundary commissioners. Hutchins proceeded westward until October 8 when, having surveyed less than four miles of the line, he suspended operations because of the threat of Indian hostility. Surveying began again on August 9, 1786.”



a, Layout of processor, showing a rectangular array of 54 qubits (grey), each connected to its four nearest neighbours with couplers (black). The inoperable qubit is outlined.

# GOOGLE ACHIEVES QUANTUM SUPREMACY

sources: <https://www.nytimes.com/2019/10/23/technology/quantum-computing-google.html>  
<https://www.nature.com/articles/s41586-019-1666-5>  
<https://www.scottaaronson.com/papers/quantumsupre.pdf>

Quantum supremacy was achieved when a Google quantum computer did in 200 seconds of work what would take 10,000 years of work for a conventional super computer.

“The quantum supremacy experiment was run on a fully programmable 54-qubit processor named “Sycamore.” It’s comprised of a two-dimensional grid where each qubit is connected to four other qubits. As a consequence, the chip has enough connectivity that the qubit states quickly interact throughout the entire processor, making the overall state impossible to emulate efficiently with a classical computer.”



Marie Hinson is an artist practicing in film, writing, performance, and cinematography. Originally from the mountains of rural Appalachia, she now works and lives in New York City. She completed her MFA in Film at Temple University in 2013 and is an alum of the Philadelphia based artist collective Vox Populi. Her work has shown in a number of group exhibitions and experimental film festivals as well as at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, Anthology Film Archives, Scribe Video Center, Icebox Project Space, and Blackbox at Vox Populi.

[mariehinson.com](http://mariehinson.com)

## WHY PRINT / DOCUMENT?

*The Operating System uses 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 agentive \*role\* as it may have appeared the last several centuries of its history. Ultimately, I approach the book as TECHNOLOGY: one of a variety of printed documents (in this case, bound) 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) printed materials 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. Hear me out.*

*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 life, our behaviors, 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 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?*

*In these documents we say:*

**WE WERE HERE, WE EXISTED, WE HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY**

*- Elæ [Lynne DeSilva-Johnson], Founder/Creative Director  
THE OPERATING SYSTEM, Brooklyn NY 2018*

# DOC U MENT

/däk'yəmənt/

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 docere, 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



