



OF SOUND MIND

any seam or
needlework

stanford cheung

the operating system 2016





THE OPERATING SYSTEM PRINT//DOCUMENT

any seam or needlework

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*Cover Art: Quilt Drawing #12 by Daphne Taylor, 2009
www.daphnetaylorquilts.com
Book designed and edited by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson*

*This text was set in Minion Pro, DIN Condensed, Kinesis Pro, OCR-A Standard and Futura;
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needlework

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|||
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4
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ONE

distress,
single stress
heard a feather too soft

*tickling density

Should we let it in?
make it sheer,
balance the winter kept warmth

shack shudders in frost.

/// ONE | 5 ///





TWO

It's evening again
* well for my distaste

desiring this blackness empty void
would sing in unison

to how I couldn't almost see everything
in the pitcher (half pint).

It's 8am and
bulldozer contracts unsold
play a rapport
almost to ploy me

I'm innocent, just thinking what nothing
could grasp about
a little so more.

They hate my false syntax since yesterday,
to this day

I will pretend I'm the mouths everyone
spoke about-

I shall write again maybe tomorrow

||| 6 | TWO' |||





THREE

I sold my dreams to the Canada Council for the Arts.
*what does that mean anyway

I'm in the crowd (*farm animals*) granting syncretism
taking the subway

**I thought I could reach an octave*

shimmering . .

like the branches lusting paper cu/ts into the
flesh of
the wind,

speaking Yiddish anchoring perfect parables.

I can

mean anyway

we're perished livestock
keeping warm.
Shaking like an open fire

said the delusional choir afro.

/// THREE | 7 ///





FOUR

Every rose grows merry with time.

Ditto the recent two
“nouns”, they stored winter tangents

anticipating some **sea lion blubber for breakfast*

and the blanket kept in cabin logs dear (honey dear) too long,
became skin akin and fused
**so tired gosh it's stuck*

If you were to read this “word” as a whole,
just another thin slice,
against comparative luck,

you can believe then the first lines in Figaro,
he carried a ruler noun to measure distance
of marriage

all the way *to the moon.

This disbelieve continued, like unspoken poncho,
Almost like divenire, the only unspoken
bisque thought of,

*wafting, dealing against warmth and cadence
Interrupted measures.





Birthday stripling niggles at
 His 200 cones of lead (n.) once again
today is a new day
 neither crust or dented
 spearing a pitchfork at the buttock of
 a never ending cream cake haystack.

FIVE

From there, you can hear the screaming
 taunts being happy sad,
 knowing someone is being dreadfully
 killed by the kernel birth
 and he cries like a baby again.

Ludavico Einaudi would love the sight of
 this
 praising treason.

Someone actually enjoys stepping on killdear,
 Its broken wing, bathed orange trance
 from dry sunlight,
 appears ascertain to bleed or renege
 unless purposely dismal,

underneath all, hints of treason,
 still commencing

of ghazals
**still don't comprehend,*

To hear
 euphony strip of its own allegory,
 yet all of these have shame in it

if brought to confess.

/// FIVE | 9 ///





SIX

Our lives live in France, yet all could be
from New Jersey.

I

of perched humans hibernating inside
electronic trunks of wood, termites glorifying
bitten adware.

*Of impossible tasks, this poem is most difficult
to write.*

the molecules stain
incubus naked actors
only ink ion strips,
attached to no period after fore
thought

* This is one helpless poem
trying to be real,

to investigate the next word written
thought its useless nature

stipples when
I see rain after
Dusk, when sleep
Wouldn't come because
the trees outside were breathing
**octopus, bereft of thoughts*

Again, going to France would make no
time travel difference right?

*I cant believe this poem is alive when I read
it through*

||| 10 | SIX |||





SEVEN

*They hammered my eyes out of

context

simply finding style in my own
paper gesture. I don't think-

like finding your eyes stuck onto toffee

that those buckets of wealth you accumulate around
your eyes when you wake up dreary having a billion
dreams in the morning,

that they are writing sitting by the porch
with a species undiscovered.

I sometimes come to think of chunks
licking hesitantly,

I don't even know what I am writing at the
same time but maybe you've been humming,

*possibly dissonant slumber with the rain.





EIGHT

keen piano,
overworked and smelling like sulfur.

Punches of ecstasy gamble,

brought about little rusts
building construction on ivory walls.

*they would blast my keys if it were
white like this.

He went on and strummed on interlude
didn't seem ivory enough.

*didn't even realize he was in Brooklyn till
I left.

Promised J.K Fowl to do a reading yet
all had I left was nomadic fart.

*I'll be back writing another poem for you.





*The next poem will make no sense
hopefully, which is today.*

Picture me living in my own body
For nearly as boredom ticks.

NINE

Pillock swallows eloped ephemeras (though
the two “E”s did not pair well)

Kernel systems tasting repugnant, quavered bushes cleaning

my inside from the outgrown trestle *making ascertain such
botany could mar
and shapeshift.*

Disallow the famine to apprehend
then abridge my grandear
spine in 80 years time.

Anew and over again.
If I were out of words,
I would tract the
last reconciliation (8 syllables)

of my friend’s middle name
and paste “with a sickle of leather”

the last vision I choose to say.

oblivious digression.

/// NINE | 13 ///





TEN

The snapper, blow boiling fusion
to kick up the wave, scrolling
into a curb of wind,

and how many conch
yawns heard within,

*it's a sea cucumber in reverse
I see
sold on ice trays and overly
binged drunken bass (they've been slapped)

That same night on asphalt snow,
I saw baby chickens
scraping themselves, alone,
in a puddle
I must soon abandon

*as yellow is evaporating
into confession.





ELEVEN

I sit alone,
farming a sudden new
relation with the desk,
the plateaus look steep

the folded paper drapes hung.
It's been 4 years

out of ideas

age could eye a list
then I'm a grown
fig who never
saw,

/// ELEVEN | 15 ///





“I’m here for my supper” sang loudly
 *good grief

why sing the English version?

TWELVE

you are not capable to be moved
 apologetic and
 delicately braid,

the appropriate of course
 will be discriminately caressed,
 dissipated with permitted encounters
 on in service
 while I will long for the appearance
 far from the above

bust with straps and
 raised hight.

Omens just like yours as mine,
 or printers
 repeating the same message of
I don't know
 dignified. But as
 for the last time I saw,
sight reading and scoring a diluted
 “take your odds”

It could boost
 reverberate the immune
 system.

sitting, and being your
 dinner kill.

**message saved as draft.*

||| TWELVE |||
 ||| 16 |||





THIRTEEN

I truly wish for the (surpassed) irony
cooked in my pajamas.
mmm, stripped off with the thought

of belief that going another length,
**this poem will be rendered useless
for a while*

and picked up by debris, chronic lust,
cooking while sleep brings
shame and smiling
flourescent *the gums on teeth are heavens or shads*

So, every bite serves no need
to change glass bulbs
“unless a toothache”

In the wrong taste.

“nothing delicious in my poems”

so I thought the work and word,
believed in supervising
cumulous hands grabbing
beforehand

*trash such trash

/// THIRTEEN | 17 ///





FOURTEEN

To give mercy a story
 a lined meter.

If you win, your tune
will disorder at work
far from shown it
could be

intimate or lie

trying to un-use
if soil if sold

a fissure to the face
a sort of self service

there is no home like that next tune

to witness
the same woodpile

at war to white noise,
flustering objection.

illuminating so that they
are my brothers built on
imprint

or have no wildcards at play.





FIFTEEN

**this is my final poem
lets make it worthwhile*

(blank)

Let the empty get on,
it's falling off darn it

screaming Adieu
fondly I do.

Fighting over it

Here
if we have hearts
and a
pitchfork to stab
what stabbed it

(colossal) (unopened)

sdfhdsjfkhhkwerjehwkhwj

/// FIFTEEN | 19 ///





Citations and Mentions:

Any seam or needlework- from the ballade “Scarborough Fair”

Every rose grows merry with time- a line from the ballade “Scarborough Fair”

Ludavico Einaudi- an Italian pianist and Composer

J.K Fowl- J.K Fowler

A stanza of the prose in poem 10 first appeared in Nomadic Press (2014)

I'm here for my supper- a line from an opera I could not recall





/// NOTES AND COMMENTARY







**OF SOUND MIND ::
PROCESS AND PRACTICE**

Stanford Cheung and Lynne DeSilva-Johnson in Conversation

In 2016 The Operating System initiated the project of publishing print documents from musicians and composers, beginning with Mark Gurarie's full length debut, Everybody's Automat and this year's chapbook series, all of which fall under the OF SOUND MIND moniker, and all of which are written by creative practitioners who work in both poetry and music. I asked each of them a series of questions about the balance of these two disciplines in their practice, which I'll share with you here.

- Lynne DeSilva-Johnson

Who are you?

I'm Stanford Cheung. I am a concert pianist and poet from Toronto.

Why are you a poet / why do you write?

I write because poetry is the landscape that grows within language. Well, being a poet is like being an actor but with feelings dressed up your sleeves. To write is to be obsessed with the sermon of being obscene yet, there are no threads to perfection. Perhaps the satisfying gesture of never being able to writing proper phrases, yet make the reader feel complete, is what makes myself wonder why I write.

When did you decide you were a poet?

I was in an arts school where upon enrolling in creative writing class, I met a friend who was a spoken word artist. He's also is an amazing trumpet player. Often times, he would call me out during lunch to recite some works he wrote. He one time gave me a book titled





“The Life of the Poet” by Lawrence Lipking as a gift. Simply being immersed by his love for playing around with words and seeing the emotions swell up every time he performs is very touching. His love for animated films such as Studio Ghibli brought a sense of a second world to me. These days, I feel like I’m his introverted counterpart tapping into the world we both created in our early days.

What’s a “poet”, anyway?

A poet is plunderphonics. Living in the surreal but grasping the environment by the neck to what exists. Then it’s translated to words and redefined universally. A poet is not just a stagnant identity itself, nor is it a made identity. Anyone can be a poet as long as one holds firm to expressing themselves. I feel there is no label.

What is the role of the poet today? What do you see as your cultural and social role (in the poetry community and beyond)?

The role of a poet today is simply to record experiences they once had in their life, transcend that experience into the emotional face of our society today, then paint it as a palpable prophecy in reflection to what is perceived at the table. Everyone has their own story to tell in the here and now. Society changes, and so does the hand we write with adapt to.

Poems I write comes out of a tradition of expressionism; writing with perspective even if I can’t see what’s in front of me, but I try to see anyway.

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?

Any Seam of Needlework consists of 15 pages and contains 15 unnamed poems. This collection was inspired from the traditional English Ballade “Scarborough Fair” in which the third line of the second stanza adopts the title of my chapbook. My process of writing began with an artistic endeavor unlike any of my recent collections where my book took





the form of an exact replication of my notebook. The act of freewriting and long strolls by the park played a large role in sewing these poems together. I also had the urge to adhere to my notebook's indentations in order bring about the identical yet faithful depiction of my poetry. Much of the writing in a state of solitary.

As the Ballade suggests, it talks about a young man who instructs a person to tell her former wife to perform a series of impossible tasks and if she succeeds, he will take her back. Just like the plot of the story of this Ballade, my poems use a blend of free verse and confessional elements to bring about the similar textures of the theme, as well as the teasing natures within the "Scarborough Fair".

Just as it is impossible to perform tasks such as making a shirt without a seam as stated in the ballade, the process of bringing the poet's thoughts in unison with the poem can be, if not, just as impossible as the tasks stated in the "Scarborough Fair". My playing with the conscious of the poem is the key feature of this collection. It often starts out with a rant of mine and like a sewn in seed beneath the soil, it will continue to grow and as it grows, I begin to manipulate the formation of words, the rhythm and musicality of the idea in which the play on of living words brings my naked poem into life. It's almost like the phenomena of playing with fire.

In short, my poetry studies the relationships between the poet's ideas at work and its relationship with the mentality of their poem. Indeed, it was an extremely risky yet unique experience for me. Just like Phil Hall stated, hand written poems are like naked actors being themselves and typed out poems are like the actors on stage with suits.

To be frank, after all what happened, I finished it in a week. It's rather paradoxical.

Did you envision this collection as a collection or understand your process as writing specifically around a theme while the poems themselves were being written? How or how not?

Throughout writing this manuscript, I always had a sense of despair with each and every word written within the poems. The words though, each with a sense of independence, when mixed with other words, makes words feel extremely lonely. It was as if I could not find the correct words to pace my anguish and a car could pass through such isolation.





In order to write these poems, I had to locate, gather, and preserve a kindle of my past.
What does this particular collection of poems represent to you

...as indicative of your method/creative practice?

It is to test boundaries in language, the metonymy of language, and the space warped in language's time.

...as indicative of your history?

I still feel the same. The collection remains a rational construct of emotion; confessing thoughts of certain individuals, places, and things in my work, and then turning them to metaphors of perspectives I see in life. The past was enjoyed.

...as indicative/representative of your political or social beliefs?

Like music being atonal, I don't hold grudges. Simply naïve.

Talk about the specific headspace of being a musician / composer / performer - when and how do you feel you enter a space of consciousness in which "sound" or "music" is the dominant sense?

The headspace of being a pianist is to embrace an occupational hazard of performing on stage. The act of listening to oneself is also integral when playing for an audience. Different concert halls have different acoustics and different pianos. It is almost as if I am tinkering with a new instrument every time I perform.

When one performs on stage, albeit the need to express intentions of a composer's music is integral. I believe from the innate need to express, is where "sound" and "music" is juxtaposed into the dominant sense of a musician. I would say that during a performance, it is more of creating yourself an atmosphere where "sound" and "music" can become an experience within yourself, and you would react to the "sound" and "music" given in that down-to-earth moment.

To perform is to be spontaneous.





Do you feel that you are ever unaware of sound? (How) does your relationship to sound/ music inform and/or affect and/or change other parts of your life / day / experience?

Music is the most integral building blocks for liberation. Sound even if perceived unconsciously, will assert dominance on a person's mind. I would say music is one of the oldest forms of artistic expression. From the sounds of birds by the window, to the rustle of leaves, all sounds are of a constructed nature. Likewise when we say that painting is the decoration of space, music/sound is the decoration of time. We are immersed in every second of our moment with sound. Music also has many variations carried with the understanding of sound. It is just as subjective as the natures of enjoyment itself. The organizations of sound can be vernacular, approached not through unconscious interpretations but instead, grown into ones system through experience. It can also be a statement of cultivated notions where one would need to approach these sounds with some form of effort. In return, they are blessed with edification (all credits go to Hitchcock). We can also say that the collection of sounds is ultimately preserved by humanity because firstly, it has a transcendental effect favored by composers for its lasting effects. Secondly, a collection of sounds favors accessibility. With the help of performers and musicians everywhere, anyone can access music easily. Finally, all forms of music is continuous and championed by the creations of culture, and social landscapes. That being said, we cannot possibly be unaware of sound (thank you Crawford).

Do you consider yourself equally musician/composer/poet? Are there other equally important disciplines, influences, labels or other words you'd want to call our attention to that we might not know that you feel are important in understanding your creative practice? If we didn't get asked "what do you do" and force ourselves to fit into easily consumable disciplinary categories, what would you like your title to be, if anything?

I will simply put that I am a musician and poet.

Describe in more detail the relationship between music and language in your life and practice. How and when are these discrete influences / practices and how/when are they interconnected? How do they influence each other? Do they ever not?

Music, and language can be interwoven down to two nodes. One is mental refinement, and the other is physical reflexes. Spending countless hours with the piano to find a per-





sonal touch to my tone, is the same to that of sketching figments on a notebook to find thoughts personal to myself. These practices are the very physical textures that engrave the acts of performing and writing itself. What is interesting is that, if the physical aspects of performing and writing are simply done through actions, they must have intentions in the first place. This is where mental refinement plays a role. As a concert pianist, to be confident is to know what one is going to do on stage. As a poet, to be conscious is knowing what thoughts are to be articulated. In short, much of my work is done before hand. Usually, I would spend time away from the piano to do some score studying and write out note by note, every measure of a on a piece of paper before actually playing the piece. Same goes to writing where I would have a mental imagery already formed (be it nebulous or not) and I place the pen onto the paper, where my physical act of writing, is transmitted.

In terms of your written or text based work, do you “hear” it, speak it out, hear its rhythms, before you write or as you write and/or before you perform? Do you ever memorize your texts / treat them more like a score or sheet music?

While I was writing these poems, I did recall spending time in a cafe silently whispering the texts that I wrote. One thing I realized is that, every recitation is different from before. There is no way of replicating the same take on a poem. Just like performing, one will not be able to forge the same interpretation every time.

I prefer to not memorize my texts. Instead, I like my poems to be improvisatory like how I often cut every line and stanza of my poems and rearrange them in a different order. It still remains a wonderful poem to me.

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.”

Poetry itself, encompasses so many aspects of isolated spaces that together, forms a universal collective altogether. It can be described like that of the Harlem Renaissance prominent in the 1930s where a classification of art has meant different things in different





places and different times; where black activists encouraged people to use the phrases “race music” and “race records” to create a sense of solidarity in the music market. During that time, most labels were owned by whites and many of them exploited black artists but this actually created one of the most historical legacies ever recorded of a prominent black music community. Eventually, after The Great Depression, there came the end to “race records” and such music went from the search for identity to a genre that we know of today, which is “rhythm and blues”

That being said, poetry and publishing is the act of finding ourselves in the dispositional world we thrive in. I believe that we publish because our prophetic voice wants to speak and that we want to be heard. This does not mean we are to preach our own ideals or force a certain part of our religious ideologies on one another. We are contemporaries of each other and in the end, we are simply reflections of each other.

Remember when the Dixie Chicks were threatened to have their music suppressed after a critical comment made in a concert by Natalie Maines about President Bush? You thought that it was the end for Nashville Music Row but what happened after that? They didn't go silent. The band released their album “Taking the Long Way” and without even the aid of any radios to stream their music, their album swooped up to the #1 top bill board charts and boy was everyone listening! Even in the midst of an isolated “silo”, the thought still reverberates.





ABOUT CHAPBOOK SERIES 4 :: OF SOUND MIND :: DESIGN \\\

In addition to gathering together the work of poets who are also musicians / composers, this year the OF SOUND MIND chapbook series continued our tradition of collaboration with an artist, using as our jumping off point for each cover the quilt drawings of Daphne Taylor, a consummate artist and educator (indeed, my art teacher for many years at Friends Seminary here in NYC). As in past series I was interested in bringing in the proprioceptive qualities of craft and human making through the use of texture in the cover art, which the quilts were perfect for. The handwritten quality of the cover typography I designed as a nod to the DIY, underground labels, homemade recordings and accompanying zines circulating in the 80's and 90's -- a fitting, if tongue-in-cheek, allusion for this home grown series of musicians' books.

- Lynne DeSilva-Johnson



From the Artist:

In my Quilt Drawing series I honor my love of drawing and painting. Lines reminiscent of landscape and figure are embroidered, pieced and composed within frameworks ranging from wide open spaces to complex colored fields. The rich visual language of these lines and markings is influenced and restrained by the power of simplicity. Hand quilting is of great importance in my work because it is the equivalent to the act of drawing. While the placements of fabric are composed geometrically, the quilting on top is a loose, spontaneous act. My hand responds to the shapes in the cloth, creating a loose rhythm of shadow line that is simple, clear and meditative.

- Daphne Taylor

Daphne Taylor was born into a Philadelphia Quaker family with historic roots reaching over two hundred years. As an undergraduate at Rhode Island School of Design, she studied ceramics and developed her love of craft traditions. While working on her MFA in painting at the University of Pennsylvania, she continued her life long discipline of drawing, which to this day, influences stitching patterns in her quilt work. Her close association with the Quaker traditions is a strong influence in her life and work. The curious and profound silence of a Quaker meeting can be felt in the patient, meditative lines of her quilts. Her compositions also frame challenging relationships of colors and other formal tensions, suggesting that there is never an easy or obvious blueprint to her quilts. Like the complex silence felt in a Quaker meeting, the world within Taylor's quilts is hardly a straightforward place. Taylor taught for over thirty years in New York City and now lives in rural Maine.



//// ABOUT ANY SEAM OR NEEDLEWORK

What if words have feelings too?

Inspired from the folk tune of the English ballade “Scarborough Fair,” where the third line of the stanza adopts the title of the collection, “Any Seam or Needlework” burns fiercely on a canvas to be nothing, yet nothing to be everything. Similar to a bronze gramophone record stuck on replay, each typographic confession sings naked on the podium for more unknown dissections. Though the first glance onto the page may be subtle with their canon at play, we begin to form a literary study on the relationships between the poet’s conscience and its the mentality of the poem itself. Some say it’s as if, the whole sentence becomes alive with each glance, or what’s worse, an ode to phonetic cult.



Stanford Cheung is a Canadian pianist, fiction writer, and poet from Toronto. His chapbook *Any Seam or Needlework*, will be featured as one of this year's OF SOUND MIND 5th Chapbook Series from The Operating System. Stanford is a Pushcart Prize nominee whose poems appear in *Nomadic Journal*, *Changes III*, *CACTI Magazine*, and elsewhere. A first prize recipient of the 2nd Canadian International Piano Arts Competition, he enjoys an active career performing throughout the US, Canada and Asia. Presently, Stanford is pursuing music at the University of Toronto. Secretly, he is a Studio Ghibli addict.

/// NOTES AND COMMENTARY | 31 ///



THE OPERATING SYSTEM IS A QUESTION, NOT AN ANSWER.\\ \\ \\

THIS is not a fixed entity.

The OS is an ongoing experiment in resilient creative practice which necessarily morphs as its conditions and collaborators change. It is not a magazine, a website, or a press, but rather an ongoing dialogue ABOUT the act of publishing on and offline: it is an exercise in the use and design of both of these things and their role in our shifting cultural landscape, explored THROUGH these things.

I see publication as documentation: an act of resistance, an essential community process, and a challenge to the official story / archive, and I founded the OS to exemplify my belief that people everywhere can train themselves to use self or community documentation as the lifeblood of a resilient, independent, successful creative practice.

The name “THE OPERATING SYSTEM” is meant to speak to an understanding of the self as a constantly evolving organism, which just like any other system needs to learn to adapt if it is to survive. Just like your computer, you need to be “updating your software” frequently, as your patterns and habits no longer serve you.

Our intentions above all are empowerment and unsilencing, encouraging creators of all ages and colors and genders and backgrounds and disciplines to reclaim the rights to cultural storytelling, and in so doing to the historical record of our times and lives.

Bob Holman once told me I was “scene agnostic” and I took this as the highest compliment: indeed, I seek work and seek to make and promote work that will endure and transcend tastes and trends, making important and asserting value rather than being told was has and has not.

The OS has evolved in quite a short time from an idea to a growing force for change and possibility: in a span of 5 years, from 2013-2017, we will have published more than 40 volumes from a hugely diverse group of contributors, and solicited and curated thousands of pieces online, collaborating with artists, composers, choreographers, scientists, futurists, and so many more. Online, you’ll also find partnerships with cultural organizations modelling the value of archival process documentation.

Beginning in 2016, our new series :: “Glossarium: Unsilenced Texts and Modern Translations”, will bring on Ariel Resnikoff, Stephen Ross, and Mona Kareem as contributing editors, and have as its first volume a dual language translation of Palestinian poet and artist Ashraf Fayadh’s “Instructions Within,” translated by Mona Kareem, which will be published later this year, with all proceeds going to support Fayadh’s ongoing case and imprisonment in Saudi Arabia.

There is ample room here for you to expand and grow your practice ...and your possibility. Join us.

*- Lynne DeSilva-Johnson,
Founder and Managing Editor*





TITLES IN THE PRINT: DOCUMENT COLLECTION

In Corpore Sano : Creative Practice and the Challenged Body
[Anthology, 2016] Lynne DeSilva-Johnson and Jay Besemer, co-editors

Instructions Within [2016] - Ashraf Fayadh
Arabic-English dual language edition; Mona Kareem, translator

Let it Die Hungry [2016] - Caitis Meissner

Everything is Necessary [2016] - Keisha-Gaye Anderson

agon [2016] - Judith Goldman

Everybody's Automat [2016] - Mark Gurarie

How to Survive the Coming Collapse of Civilization [2016] - Sparrow

There Might Be Others [2016] - Rebecca Lazier and Dan Trueman

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2016: OF SOUND MIND

**featuring the quilt drawings of Daphne Taylor*

Improper Maps - Alex Crowley; While Listening - Alaina Ferris;
Chords - Peter Longofono; Any Seam or Needlework - Stanford Cheung

TEN FOUR - Poems, Translations, Variations [2015]

Jerome Rothenberg, Ariel Resnikoff, Mikhl Likht

MARILYN [2015] - Amanda Ngoho Reavey

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2015: OF SYSTEMS OF

**featuring original cover art by Emma Steinkraus*

Cyclorama - Davy Knittle; The Sensitive Boy Slumber Party Manifesto -
Joseph Cuillier; Neptune Court - Anton Yakovlev; Schema - Anurak Saelow

SAY/MIRROR [2015; 2nd edition 2016] - JP HOWARD

Moons Of Jupiter/Tales From The Schminke Tub [plays] - Steve Danziger

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2014: BY HAND

Pull, A Ballad - Maryam Parhizkar; Executive Producer Chris Carter -
Peter Milne Grenier; Spooky Action at a Distance - Gregory Crosby;

Can You See that Sound - Jeff Musillo

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2013: WOODBLOCK

**featuring original prints from Kevin William Reed*

Strange Coherence - Bill Considine; The Sword of Things - Tony Hoffman;
Talk About Man Proof - Lancelot Runge / John Kropa; An Admission as a

Warning Against the Value of Our Conclusions - Alexis Quinlan





DOC U MENT

/däkyə mən t/

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.*

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