



radio  
poems

jeffrey cyphers wright

the operating system  
brooklyn new york  
2017





the operating system print//document

## radio poems

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edited and designed by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson  
with art from Barbara Byers

is

one of four books in “Incantations”

The Operating System’s 5th annual chapbook series

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# radio poems







*"Always write with the radio on."*

*-Ged Berrigan*

*"Let it fly."*

*-Anselm Berrigan*

*"Go be on fire ... it's not about meaning. meaning it's about  
being on fire."*

*-Edmund Berrigan*





11161111





## horns of flame

The sheep will be separated  
from the lions.  
Eagles will amass  
a legacy of sky—  
those with wings  
must search for height—  
though you fall many times  
the Golden Fleece  
will be thine, true believer.  
Your enemies will dry  
in the sun and blow away—  
and your skin,  
your miserable hide, stretched  
between stars will be a drum.





but seriously

Somewhere a library of stars  
studiously twinkles.  
Somewhere a rainbow is having  
second thoughts about wearing fur.  
Somewhere a cricket  
practices safe sex.  
Somewhere a vegetarian is being eaten  
by a self-absorbed, narcissistic cannibal.

Somewhere a lost compass  
explores its retirement options.  
Somewhere a ladder  
is falling down drunk.  
Somewhere an organ grinder  
spanks his naughty monkey.  
Somewhere in the museum of orgasms  
a phone rings. It's for you.

8







## permission slip

Of all the boneheaded, nincompoopish  
blithering whacky inane moves!  
You sketchball hoopla dithering  
dingbat imposter! Hi ho sliver,  
away! Giddyup, my little trick  
pony! Badger me not, oh fair  
trade agreement. No one cares  
about little old me and you and  
you do though why I guess you're so  
sweet. It's so dark I could  
eat a chandelier made of swizzle  
sticks and still stick to you, child.  
My magic carpet coupe de thrill,  
coat me in sugar booty—drive me wild.

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## lazy b ranch

If you think I'm gonna lie  
around here all day doing nothin' ...  
then let your address be resolution,  
your charm a kind of divine  
monkey business. Your hope  
the destiny of all revolution.

Party on, Garth. Depend  
on dependence, accompanied by  
attempts at encroachment.  
Who shall have the power  
of reason that could lead  
to human perfectibility? Bosh!

You've been listening to  
The Casualties, with "Brainwashed."

1111011111





## al qaeda on the western front

The last locust leaves leave  
their last lashes of gold  
crackling in whip-crisp  
blue November glare.  
Listening to “Tasty Fare”  
by The Losing Streaks  
let us reflect on the unspeakable.  
In the face of the unfaceable,  
I beg you to dance. I say  
shake it up. Before that  
we heard the Riviera Playboys.  
How do you call the dumbwaiter?  
“I am known of mine, secret  
admirer.” Live, flee, or die.





## get off records

Fresh. This record's a little  
scratchy, my little taco supreme.  
The hand is faster than the eye.  
*Voila!* We're going to hear "Sex  
Drive" in D minor. See you on  
the flipside. Having my way with

the airwaves. Question Authority!  
Playing Brooklyn's Sad Little Stars.  
Citizen Kafka at Baggot Inn tonight!  
"I'll be with you tonight!"  
"Underwater Moonlight," by The Soft Boys,  
my little polecat. We are climbing

Jacob's Ladder into the sky.  
My screaming eagle! My eye!

11/12/11





## drive-by love

Keep it coming, Shangri-la-la-la.  
“Keep the price down.” The Blankets.  
*Aloha*. “Here comes everyone.” Keep  
a light on in cloud-cuckoo-land.  
Keep it real, squeal. Keep it coming.  
Keep your heart wild for to hold.  
I saw wild geese heading south  
today, honking and flapping,  
in tune with traffic over East 14th.  
A couple of gawky adolescents  
making a mess of their perfect V.  
I want you to fly south with me.  
Let me take you higher... higher.  
All the way... to Buenos Aires.

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## see through me

Guess what. You have the right  
to remain wrong. Put some wind  
in your song and try to carry  
a tune across the vast crystal  
desert of your personal missile range.

You might deduce that I have  
shot myself in the poetic foot.  
You might see this “poem” as  
a *lame* exercise, a vain attempt  
to exhibit one whit of winning wit.

Then again, you might be president.  
Unless you’re honest or an immigrant.  
If you’re blind, cant’ see...  
follow my voice. See through me.

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fur planet  
*for Méret Oppenheim*

I would live in your ear  
listening to you swallow

dreams like smoke  
going down the chimney

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## 24 karat

Hook up the gloom extractor  
and put your mask  
back on, funny face.  
Stick to your guns.  
Let me read you the menu  
of spiritual appetizers where  
the streets have no names.  
Then it's all you can eat  
in your sleep. A hazel  
tornado tugs at my gaze.  
Spin me. Put your finger  
in and dial—like an  
old black rotary phone—  
1-212-24-KARAT.

11/16







**good to go**  
*for Elizabeth Murray*

They're talking about  
death behind us  
at the dance. The  
chirpy one makes  
slurp-slurp-slurp  
empty straw noises  
telling a story  
about not knowing  
how to let go.  
Elizabeth Murray did  
the costumes. Red  
and wake-up yellow.  
A lady dedicates  
the performance  
to Elizabeth Murray.  
We clap. I get chills.  
A cool breeze  
lifts the pale  
canopy. "Goddam,  
well I declare,  
have you seen the like?"  
sings the Grateful Dead  
as a dancer holds her  
arms and weaves  
the music into shape.

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"Uncle John, he's come  
to take his children home."  
Then a puff, sudden  
and strong on my neck,  
like my dad blowing  
out his birthday candles.  
"This takes you back  
to the ancestors,"  
one notes to another.  
A moth wafts about  
standing out from  
the black curtain.  
Cricket castanets  
click back and forth.  
A thousand perfumes  
in August commingle  
in unison to ascend.  
And they twirled  
one dancer all  
dressed in white  
over their heads,  
off the stage  
and into the wings.

18





kamikaze lobster  
*for Jackie Curtis*

You walked  
with the grace  
of the ages  
in your purse  
and a demon  
on a leash  
pulling you.

On eyelids  
painted by night  
you wore bits  
of the sun.  
Your song  
still turns  
us on.

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## passport to an altar state

Let's take our love to town,  
golden sun-canyoned angles  
of Manhattan filling the distance  
between unmoving street chasms.  
It's hard to get around. Mynah  
birds imitating Darth Vader  
in front of Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza  
amuse the troops who need to  
eat some arrowroot. *Space for Rent*  
at Mandela's Corner. Slow Poodle  
Crossing. And this, my mighty city  
engraved with graven images, bows  
as if the whole avenue were a stage,  
and every smile, a broken cage.

111 20 111 |





## rolodex of rolexes

Listen up! Take off your doo rags,  
air your beans and cool your jets.  
There will be an Emergency Services  
Unit outside just in case. "Slinky...  
Slinky... it's a wonderful toy."  
I dreamed I was stranded  
in Alaska. I was plumb stuck  
in South Africa. I was dependent  
on women I had secret crushes on.  
(Look at me—I'm blushing!)  
One drove a black limo and one  
went down a slicky-slide naked.  
Welcome to Great Adventureland.  
Thank you for being my friend.

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## borneo sweepstakes

for Lori Ortiz

Excuse me, you look  
like you could use  
a good used yacht.  
It must be the season  
of the whale. It just fits.  
It's late August, cool  
for a change and the sky  
"silver" you say, walking  
west on East 14th.  
Puffy clouds luff  
above the Hudson like  
the *Half Moon*'s sails did  
once, as blue driftwood  
gathers on night's shore.

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you were slick—i was slicker

Our mantra kept us dirty but  
pure in our feigned indifference  
to all that was noble inside  
the beltway. Was a bevy  
of beavers at my disposal,  
you proposed? Or would I pay  
my fines just in time to set  
the clock? Everyone saw us  
get off on the right foot as  
we lighted from the deck  
to the tune of “Beautiful Stranger.”  
Oh, my darling. Do we have a  
deal or are we just fooling around  
behind the torture chamber?

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wake up!

This is how to say, “Wake up!”  
This is how a hurricane locks  
horns with a hung-over sky.  
This is how the swan dives.  
This is the way to beg for  
a pardon from the governor.  
This is how the dead dance  
hoping for a second chance.  
This is how the quicksand  
of love punches the clock—  
how to swallow your crutch  
and hop past the emergency.  
This is how the river’s mouth  
whispers its secret to eternity.

\\ 24 \\ \\ |







*gauntlet*  
*for Allan Kaplan*

Show me the evacuation route.  
Let the sirens begin their alpha wail.  
Let the crow fly ahead  
like a black flag between rows  
of skeletons rattling their swords.  
Let slip the reins and run  
all willy-nilly and pell-mell away  
from here now the sun is down.

The odyssey is not easy.  
Blows crown every turn.  
Giants eat your friends. The jealous  
and scorned wait for revenge.

Pray, let me be fast, Lord.  
Let each trial become your word.

|||/25|||





## unspoken whispers

Tonight I miss you  
like the leaves  
going nowhere  
worship the wind.  
Unspoken whispers,  
cherry blossoms  
drift. One sticks  
to dregs in the  
bottom of my glass.  
Chasing emptiness.  
Listening to a scherzo  
by Stravinsky, the sky,  
black with longing,  
sheds a skin.

||| 26 ||| |





*let's meet*

Let's meet in Chinatown  
at Confusion Square.  
Let's go shopping for new  
fall outfits at Herald Square.  
Let's stay on top of things.  
No, I know—let's play  
a game. Animal names  
that are verbs. DUCK!  
Wolf. Bat. Whale (wail).  
Fox as in outfox. Butterfly—  
my favorite stroke. Bear.  
Dog. Squirrel. Ham. Beef.  
Now I'm cheating, cheetah.  
Lion. Your place. Or mine.

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no questions asked

Whatever you can get  
your hands on, that's  
a start. The night too  
will sleep with us, as  
black is the enabler of  
alabaster. I'm amazed  
at sailors from Marseille,  
prisoners as they are of  
salt cavern dreams. In  
our spiral echo redoubt,  
nothing collapses forever.  
Therefore, look here, you  
who know a spell or two.  
Always invent the truth.

\\ 28 \\ \\ \\ |





## virtual manifesto

Stay excited. Sleep a lot. Dream  
about dreams. Turn it down.  
Lie with impunity. 11:26 on 11/29.  
Spin a yarn. Lie with me, honey.  
11:29. Ambergris streetlamp haloes  
haze East 14th. Some leaves still  
cling to the sycamores. Rain moving  
in. A damp clarity that smiles.

We were drinking Chenin Blanc.  
You were cooking cauliflower with  
chestnuts and I was practicing bar  
chords on your guitar. Sing a little  
song for me, amaryllis tomboy lips.  
Kiss me with your third eye, poker chip.

11/29





look. see.

Let me buy you a drink,  
Bluebonnet. Let me take you  
to Copenhagen. Take whatever  
you want for keeps. I'll take  
door number three. And thee.  
Splashdive juicy *potpourri*.  
Trust is a carriage made of jade  
drawn by white shadows  
past the drawbridge. Had enough?  
Let me escort you to the well  
full of starlight and there  
let down your hair, Brown Eyes.  
Look. See if you can be  
the one to pull the sword free.

111 30 111 |





## blast off for kicksville

“Blast off, it’s party time!”  
Here are Beavers from Japan  
on the new WFMU afternoon show  
with your host, Greg. Fresh toasted.  
You’re a little Danish. Double Misfits  
with “Some Kind of Hate.”

Splendor and squalor on Avenue B.  
It was like *Devastation Angels*.  
That song called “Seduction.”  
Frivolity, momentum, and design.

You should read 20  
poems for each  
poem you write.  
Dedication, perseverance,  
and... yeah, right.

I was so useless. I felt  
like doing something  
useful to make up for it.  
“I’ll Have What She’s Having,”  
new from The Tuna Helpers  
on their full length, *Circus Song*.  
Imagination, devotion, and drive.

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Now you're using your noodle.  
Now we're having mild fun.  
We're working for  
*Better Gnomes & Gardens.*

Fit of pique you're  
famous for. Intransigence,  
belligerence, and spite.

What do you call a turkey  
from Turkey?  
Eponymous.

You, the slippery cyclone...  
waterspout in F major.  
Throne for a bone.  
That was the Cure—  
"In Between Things."

My little slam-a-lammie.  
Meet the Pied Piper of Bozoville.  
You are the rose  
of the valley...  
truth, beauty, and will.  
A carousel of candles  
lit only in dreams.  
A cup of honeybush tea.  
My steaming brew.  
I'll lick the Braille off  
your elevator button, you.







Don't think I won't.  
Don't hide from me.  
New from the Dervishes.  
New from the Perishers.  
From your wrecking ball  
to your fashion shows...  
I think you're overreacting.  
You're razing my shadows.  
Sacrifice, devotion, and mush.

Knock knock. Who's there?  
Jimmy. Jimmy who?  
Jimmy the lock and open the door  
and come on in!

It's party time! Old No. 7.

Daylight Savings Time  
"My clock moved  
ahead all by itself, baby!"

"I waited up for you."  
The Alkaline Trio.  
I looked for you at Nexus  
and Fireproof in Williamsburg  
and Safe-T in Dumbo.  
I looked for you at  
Mark Morris at BAM:

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Take the B-D-Q-N-R  
to Atlantic Avenue.  
Or the 2-3 to  
Pacific Street.  
There's a light on  
in there somewhere.  
Taste, foresight, and virtue.

“Too tough to care.”

Before that we heard  
“Eternal Holiday” by The Baskervilles.

Jack Dangers.  
The Low Lows.  
Once again it's The Dumb Waiters.

Sanity, humility, resolve.

Midnight at the Underground  
the A Frames are playing.  
Link Wray and the Deuces Wild.  
Black Lipstick at Mercury Lounge  
and Soup from a Can!

Butch Waller at the Surf Club  
in Ocean Beach. Rattletrap at  
Lakeside Lounge. I imagined  
you there. At the opening.  
At the concert. At the demo.  
Determined, brave, and poised.

||| 34 ||| |





Knocking back greyhounds  
in the back booth  
by the jukebox.

My little Gordian knothed.  
My slipknot, slip not away  
my sweet nothing.  
Knothole. Not whole  
without you. Scooby Doo.  
Passion, pleasure, and whatever.  
I was a teenage accident  
and naked cheerleaders licked my  
machine gun wounds.

“Shamelessly Exciting.”

“I remember you...” from Skid Row.  
“You got me where you want me again.”  
Brand new from Caesars.

Crickets on the radio.  
Calm, reticent, and clear.  
We were love’s elite. You hear?

I looked for you  
in Westbeth, Chelsea,  
in Times Square theaters  
and crowded flea markets,  
in the flower district,  
on every bus and every train.  
Loss, grief, and pain.

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“What I really mean  
is, wish you were here.”  
Robert Earl Keen.

Telemann was born today,  
March 14 in 1681.  
And the Amateur Wankers  
are back in town  
after playing SXSW in Austin, Texas.  
38 degrees now on St. Mark's Place.  
And this page too  
should live without age.  
Love, hope, and faith.



||| 36 ||| |





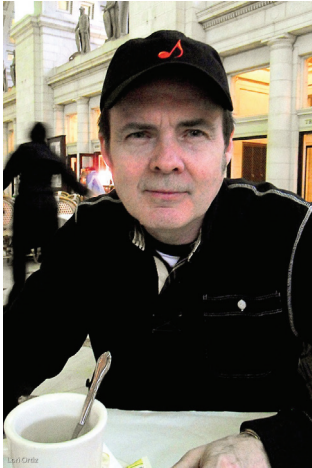
## parting shots

*Just smile all the time*  
—Wilco

Be good to your inner boo,  
Windmill Tail. Get in touch  
with the dark, chewy center.  
Dreaming my mom in whiteface.  
Laugh track in outer space.  
Checking now for updates.  
Daria's lipstick on dawn's roach.  
We need a maximum wage.  
We need zero population growth.  
It's always been about you—  
harbinger of the coming calamity.  
Proceed at your own risk.  
Whispers from the future perfect  
going south along the ink floes.

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**Jeffrey Cyphers Wright** is a poet, artist, critic, eco-activist, impresario and publisher. He initially studied with Ted Berrigan and Alice Notley at The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church, where he also taught and served on the Board of Directors. He then received an MFA in Poetry after working with Allen Ginsberg at Brooklyn College. From 1987 to 2000 he ran *Cover Magazine*, *the Underground National*. He's currently the art editor of *Boog City* and for many years was poetry reviewer for *Brooklyn Rail*. In 2014 he won Theater for the New City's poetry contest. Poems have been included in numerous journals including *New American Writing*, *Big Bridge*, *Sensitive Skin*, *Vanitas*, *Evergreen Review*,

*Nostrovia*, *Poets Reading the News*, *Urban Graffiti*, *Brooklyn Rail*, and *Hanging Loose*. Recent books include *Triple Crown*, *Sonnets*, from Spuyten Duyvil and *Party Everywhere*, from Xanadu. Wright currently writes criticism for *American Book Review* and *ArtNexus*. He also produces his own art and poetry showcase called *Live Mag!*  
(photo: Lori Ortiz)

[www.livemag.org](http://www.livemag.org)  
[www.jeffreycypherswright.com](http://www.jeffreycypherswright.com)

The author wishes to thank the editors of the following publications where some of the poems first appeared: *Big Hammer*, *CLWN WR*, *Hanging Loose*, *Live Mag!*, *Local Knowledge*, *Tool*, *Tribes*, *Van Gogh's Ear*, *The Recluse*, *Spiny Babbler*, *Stained Sheets* and *Vanitas*.

"Blast Off for Kicksville" first appeared as a video reading,  
produced and aired by Farfalla Press.





## poetics and process

*Who am I?* I often ask that question. As an artist I am engaged in apprehending variations of apparitions of myself and the situations I find myself in. And of testing the boundaries of who I am as an “Everyone.” A body. A mortal coil. An explorer of the lost pantomimes that line New York canyons and lounges.

I was born Jeffrey Cyphers Wright. “On a snowy morning the year Howdy Doody was invented.” Cyphers is my mother’s maiden name. I disliked the name for a time when I was young because of its strangeness. I grew to love it for the same reason and because it is something of my mother. And because of what the word cipher actually means. One of its meaning is to write.

And my last name means to wrought something. To make something. And it is a homonym for write and right. So my name becomes Jeffrey “writes” right.

A poet is someone who writes. A poet is someone who reads poems. Poems are imitations of poems filtered through eons and now again through each poet’s new efforts at portraiture, at placing oneself within a textual context.

I began writing poetry in high school after reading ee cummings. His liberation of grammar and punctuation was like dynamite in a dam for me.

The poet’s job is to read other people’s poems and write your own poems. The poet’s role is to refurbish the language (tongue gauge); to communicate within the medium we have between us; to find beauty and meaning within the poems’ parameters; to be inspiring and instructive, as well as authentic and original.

The community of poetry is at the apex of communication. The practices of poetry push the limits of our perception as a species. I find myself in a position of being able to extend circles and bring people together. To further achieve this, I publish and produce events, fostering venues of support and transmission.

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*Radio Poems* came together around a core of poems that were written in rapid succession and felt bound together. This core of poems were all written with input coming from the radio. A typical New York School conversational tone was punched up with the urgency of a rock anthem. A New Romantic persona was narrating these vignettes. Following the same techniques, other poems that fit in with them were added.

The faux conversational tone had to be both breezy and dense. The linearity was tested by a constant sense of headlong abandon and consequent discovery. There was always the question of where would the language lead to—where would the poems transport one—given their shifting contexts. These were not poems that knew where they were going but trusted the process to get there.

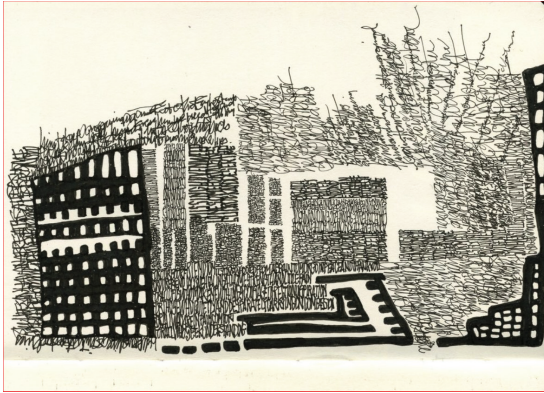
*Should the poems exist on their own, without interruption?*

Radio Poems can be enjoyed as an overture that builds to a crescendo. While the poems, with their corresponding tropes and subjects, conduct a dialogue, they are also built to stand alone. Each poem is self-contained. Presenting them together as a book gives them a chance to spill into each other. Echoes of structure, subject and tone are sustained. The separate poems support each other, offering a sense of inclusion like parentheses or bookends. And perhaps most significantly, the persona and the muse do their duet throughout, until the disappearing act at the end.





## Barbara Byers :: Asemic Series



The covers for “Incantations,” The Operating System’s 5th Annual Chapbook Series, were designed by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson using original drawings by artist Barbara Byers, from her long running “Asemic Series.”

*“I was born in Denver, Colorado in the middle of the last century. After I studied art at The University of Colorado,*

*Western State College of Colorado, and the Community College of Denver, I learned sign painting by working with several masters of the art in Denver and Albuquerque. For 35 years I have lived and worked in New Mexico, painting signs, teaching kids with special needs and always making art.*

*Much of what I notice in the world comes from the opportunity I’ve had to visit many countries and cultures on five continents. My heart home is on the Colorado Plateau and in the deserts of the Southwestern United States.*

*I have found that book arts call on many of the skills I’ve learned and I especially love paper and design. Learning and sharing are a great part of my enjoyment of book making.*

*Asemic writing is basically abstract writing for me. I often use the lettering I have grown up with and used as a sign painter and calligrapher. I simply move the words and symbols into illegibility and build designs with them. In 2014 I began to experiment with this method before I discovered the ancient tradition of writing without semantic meaning. I am fascinated to be part of this tradition. “*

- Barbara Byers, 2017

<http://www.barbarabyers-books.net>



## Print/Document Chapbook Series

The Operating System's annual Chapbook Series (celebrating its 5th year in 2017) is in many ways a perfect representation of our central mission: practical, result based experimentation that invites creators to participate in the process of making print media. Through intensive design and editorial collaboration and transparency around the funding and publication process, participation in the series also serves as a publishing bootcamp, providing a scalable model for poets and artists to replicate in future endeavors.

Each year we print a series of four diverse chapbooks in the Spring, for which we have an open call for submissions, but we've also been known to encourage poets (and particularly poets without a book in print) within the community to complete, hone, or in some cases create a manuscript specifically with our series in mind.

While each book is very much a stand alone document in its own right, poets work closely with artists and founder / designer Lynne DeSilva-Johnson to collaborate on a cohesive cover style and design language.

Artists collaborating with the series have included Barbara Byers (2017), Daphne Taylor (2016), Emma Steinkraus (2015), and Kevin William Reed (2013).





## 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 agentic \*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**

*- Lynne DeSilva-Johnson, Founder/Managing Editor,  
THE OPERATING SYSTEM, Brooklyn NY 2016*

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## Titles in the Print:Document Collection

An Absence So Great and Spontaneous It Is Evidence of Light - Anne Gorrick [2018]  
 Sussuros a Mi Padre - Erick Sáenz [2018]  
 Chlorosis - Michael Flatt and Derrick Mund [2018]  
 Jazzercise is a Language - Gabriel Ojeda-Sague [2018]  
 Death is a Festival - Anis Shivani [2018]  
 Return Trip / Viaje Al Regreso; Dual Language Edition -  
 Israel Dominguez,(trans. Margaret Randall) [2018]  
 Born Again - Ivy Johnson [2018]  
 Singing for Nothing - Wally Swist [2018]

One More Revolution - Andrea Mazzariello [2017]  
 Fugue State Beach - Filip Marinovich [2017]  
 Lost City Hydrothermal Field - Peter Milne Greiner [2017]  
 The Book of Everyday Instruction - Chloe Bass [2017]  
 In Corpore Sano : Creative Practice and the Challenged Body  
 [Anthology, 2017] Lynne DeSilva-Johnson and Jay Besemer, co-editors

Love, Robot - Margaret Rhee[2017]

The Furies - William Considine [2017]

Nothing Is Wasted - Shabnam Piryaei [2017]

Mary of the Seas - Joanna C. Valente [2017]

You Look Something - Jessica Tyner Mehta [2017]

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2017 : INCANTATIONS

*featuring original cover art by Barbara Byers*

sp. - Susan Charkes; Radio Poems - Jeffrey Cyphers Wright; Fixing a Witch/Hexing the Stitch -

Jacklyn Janeksela; cosmos a personal voyage by carl sagan ann druyan steven sotor and me -

Connie Mae Oliver

Flower World Variations, Expanded Edition/Reissue - Jerome

Rothenberg and Harold Cohen [2017]

Island - Tom Haviv [2017]

What the Werewolf Told Them / Lo Que Les Dijo El Licantropo -

Chely Lima (trans. Margaret Randall) [2017]

The Color She Gave Gravity - Stephanie Heit [2017]

The Science of Things Familiar - Johnny Damm [Graphic Hybrid, 2017]

agon - Judith Goldman [2017]

To Have Been There Then / Estar Alli Entonces - Gregory Randall (trans. Margaret Randall) [2017]





Instructions Within - Ashraf Fayadh [2016]  
 Arabic-English dual language edition; Mona Kareem, translator  
 Let it Die Hungry - Caitis Meissner [2016]  
 A GUN SHOW - Adam Sliwinski and Lynne DeSilva-Johnson;  
 So Percussion in Performance with Ain Gordon and Emily Johnson [2016]  
 Everybody's Automat [2016] - Mark Gurarie  
 How to Survive the Coming Collapse of Civilization [2016] - Sparrow  
 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, 2014] - Steve Danziger

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2014: BY HAND  
 Pull, A Ballad - Maryam Parhizkar; Can You See that Sound - Jeff Musillo  
 Executive Producer Chris Carter - Peter Milne Grenier;  
 Spooky Action at a Distance - Gregory Crosby;

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

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## DOC U MENT

/däkŷ əm ənt/

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

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