PULL A BALLAD

Maryam Parhizkar

the trouble with bartleby
in collaboration with
the operating system

SERIES TWO

PRINT// DOCUMENT

For all of the beloveds here and gone

(





Through all the sounds that sound In the many colored earth-dream A soft tone pulled For the secret listener.

Karl Wilhelm Friedrich Schlegel inscribed in the epigraph of Robert Schumann's Fantasie, Op. 17

... And yet I see beyond that point For there is counterpoint and counterpoint And counterpoint dimensions dimension...

Sun Ra, "Of Days"









In the aftermath of dissipation a place is rendered away altogether; in the instability of keys something begs to be reconfigured: feeling for things in a half-life a burnt out daydream pulling us through still

some vision constant an interruption for the twitch a thaw a muscle pulsing warm the long-term state of emergency that keeps you hooked cosmic those letters sounding for secret listeners resonating low soft notes for keen ears -





In the meanwhile of the frequency
a barrage of miscalculated canons
go on becoming themes for
the happiest days of these lives:
the revival grows louder so
grows our resistance
to our own fabrications –

what does you in what did you in

a crux in the way of inclinations, that very real hold: *a feel for things*

a sound of some apocryphal chord forgetting the origin of its scoring –





forgetting the origin of the line: the unfulfilled inclinations the failure of difficult heroics the lone decoder of the sound now thrown into pieces

particle

what did you in -

Back in the material cold we go on resisting its inversion upon the place moving alongside its lights:

what of the things swept in fixated stagnant *twitching*

might you call the place a home might you call the place a country





Might you call the place a country:

suppose it meant nothing to a continent what broke from the mass in subtle shifts a back/forth of sudden/slow motion –

> reinscribing the same thing over and over again over and over teasing out mechanisms every question no different from every other question here in the hold

 something to pass the time when we don't know what there is to get through.





Passing the time
things all in flux
things all cosmic
and still here we are
we are in some changing same
some changing same

what else to do -

and so breaking the question down we repeat back to one another for the said/done: swept in/under twitching for the former the formal feel of things.



A feel, a *pull*: the sadnesses that cannot be conjectured just *felt*. When a history of weeping at sudden burials for which words like melancholia just won't do.

When the hiccup of a lament moves through the long-form real-time of time passing the phrase running long *how long how long*

A pull like some stars happening on their own accords a different gravitas and here we are in its cold

> the more the words come through the more the dither





igoplus

Words come through like lost books always on the mind. The failed experiment of songs staying close to home the heart though no words will sing. In that illegibility we make variations from the phrases we are able to make out. Try as we might no theories to pull that heart through these words these words these words-

















Supposing the end of this time as we've known it were to come in the form of a song wordless the longest line enough to make all its skeptics keel over:

along its fringe we move fast searching holding fast to dangerous convictions supposing the end of it were to come emanating from a palm the weight symphonic

Supposing we felt the pull from its pedestal how might it undo itself from there something to do with the difficulty of the collapsing of its meter

Moving along the lights for home might a light/house be your palm an honest thing for the holding time the holding time the holding time

Supposing the pitch would bend
the matter and that is how it will go
cruxed toward a new inclination:

what is right what is tried what is just what is true what is praised what is said what is loved what is done

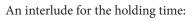
think of such things

Holding the time that holds us we sift through it passing through its interludes















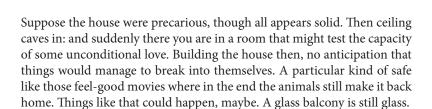


Suppose you grew up in a place whose name was taken away by those who wanted it for their own speculations, taking the name to make it into a suspension of disbelief: something akin to the sense of *I should have known better but I will not*. They coin the name to describe things not quite true beliefs but their imposters, things to contradict the true ones, though we may be quite aware of the reality of the situation. Suppose you had the chance to ask for an explanation and instead comes the definition, an insistence on a hypothetical: *Imagine that you are standing on a glass balcony*, they say. *You may believe in your safety but a part of you is deceived into the feeling of danger*.



(















Suppose we hung certain objects upon the house walls, asking for them to *mean something*. How to be a strand among beautiful things. Though we do not see through the walls erected we make the juxtaposition against what is ugly. For instance, the father tells us a story of a girl who evaded death by massacre in a faraway place, locked in a small room, breaths way from the executioners by remaining in prayer for many days. Oh how beautiful the details, how good. How good. *Let me be grateful to be alive*.











Bowing our heads as he says the words

Now let us pray

O let us be grateful



We are in a cold a cold

inverting itself upon the country

how big is your love

if I expanded the measure

if the ceiling caves

if the ceiling

















how the place drops upon the place the layering of the shades

rendering joy from the loose seams of the fall from a ladder that breaks the head that breaks the bread for an elsewhere





lacktriangle

suppose you were to move past the sad parts of a history not a forgetting but a passing for an elsewhere

suppose that you were told the love the love

suppose that you were told -



moving alongside the lights we find ourselves in the periphery of other people's pictures.

Finding us later supposing the midthought

one asks

particle

what does you in -









In the aftermath of dissipation so comes another place.

Born and raised in Houston, Texas, MARYAM PARHIZKAR has worked and lived throughout New York City and its fringes. In her current lives, she is managing editor of Litmus Press, student of American Studies at the Graduate Center, an early music series concert manager, and a recovering violist.

the trouble with bartleby in collaboration with the operating system

is pleased to make physical

The PRINT DOCUMENT

PULL

by

MARYAM PARHIZKAR

which

was designed by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson

in

Brooklyn, NY

and

was set in Minion Pro, Franchise, and OCR A Std

and

was printed in limited edition

by

SPENCER PRINTING

in

Honesdale, PA

c. 2014

THE EDITION IN YOUR HAND IS NUMBER

www.theoperatingsystem.org | www.thetroublewithbartleby.net

70 E 0

(1)

DOC U MENT

/däkyəmənt/

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 docre, 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

TITLES IN SERIES TWO [2014] INCLUDE:

Spooky Action at a Distance GREGORY CROSBY

Can You See That Sound JEFF MUSILLO

Executive Producer Chris Carter PETER MILNE GREINER

Pull MARYAM PARHIZKAR

Series curator / editor / book design LYNNE DESILVA-JOHNSON

the operating system is a member of CLMP (the Council of Literary Magazines and Publishers) and is fiscally sponsored by Fractured Atlas; please consider a tax-deductible donation to support future publications and community programming

for publishing queries, fan mail, magazine submissions and large sums of money in any currency

CONTACT: operator@theoperatingsystem.org

