PULL A BALLAD

Maryam Parhizkar

the trouble with bartleby in collaboration with the operating system S П RI

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"

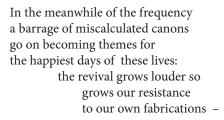






In the aftermath of dissipation a place is rendered away altogether; in the instability of keys something begs to be reconfigured: feeling for things in a half-life a burnt out daydream pulling us through *still*

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 –



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

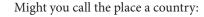
what did you in -

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





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

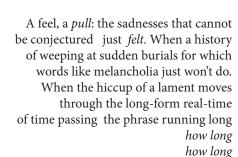
 something to pass the time when we don't know what there is to get through.



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 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





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-















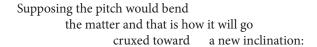
Supposing the end of this time as we've known it were to come in the form of a song wordless the longest line enough to make all its skeptics keel over:

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





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





An interlude for the holding time:

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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 the house were precarious, though all appears solid. Then ceiling caves in: and suddenly there you are in a room that might test the capacity of some unconditional love. Building the house then, no anticipation that things would manage to break into themselves. A particular kind of safe like those feel-good movies where in the end the animals still make it back home. Things like that could happen, maybe. A glass balcony is still glass.

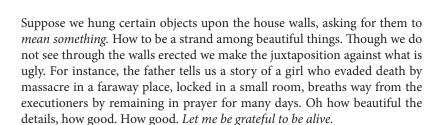




















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Bowing our heads as he says the words

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



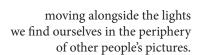
lacktriangle

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 -

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Finding us later supposing the midthought

one asks

particle

what does you in -









In the aftermath of dissipation so comes another place.

editor of Litmus Press, student of American Studies at the Graduate Center, an early music series concert manager, and a recovering violist.

PRINT// DOCUMENT





TWO

the trouble with bartleby in collaboration with the operating system

is pleased to make physical

The PRINT DOCUMENT

PULL

by

MARYAM PARHIZKAR

which

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in

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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

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THE PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

is a project of

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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

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

CONTACT: operator@theoperatingsystem.org

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.