



MY LIFE AS A MAN









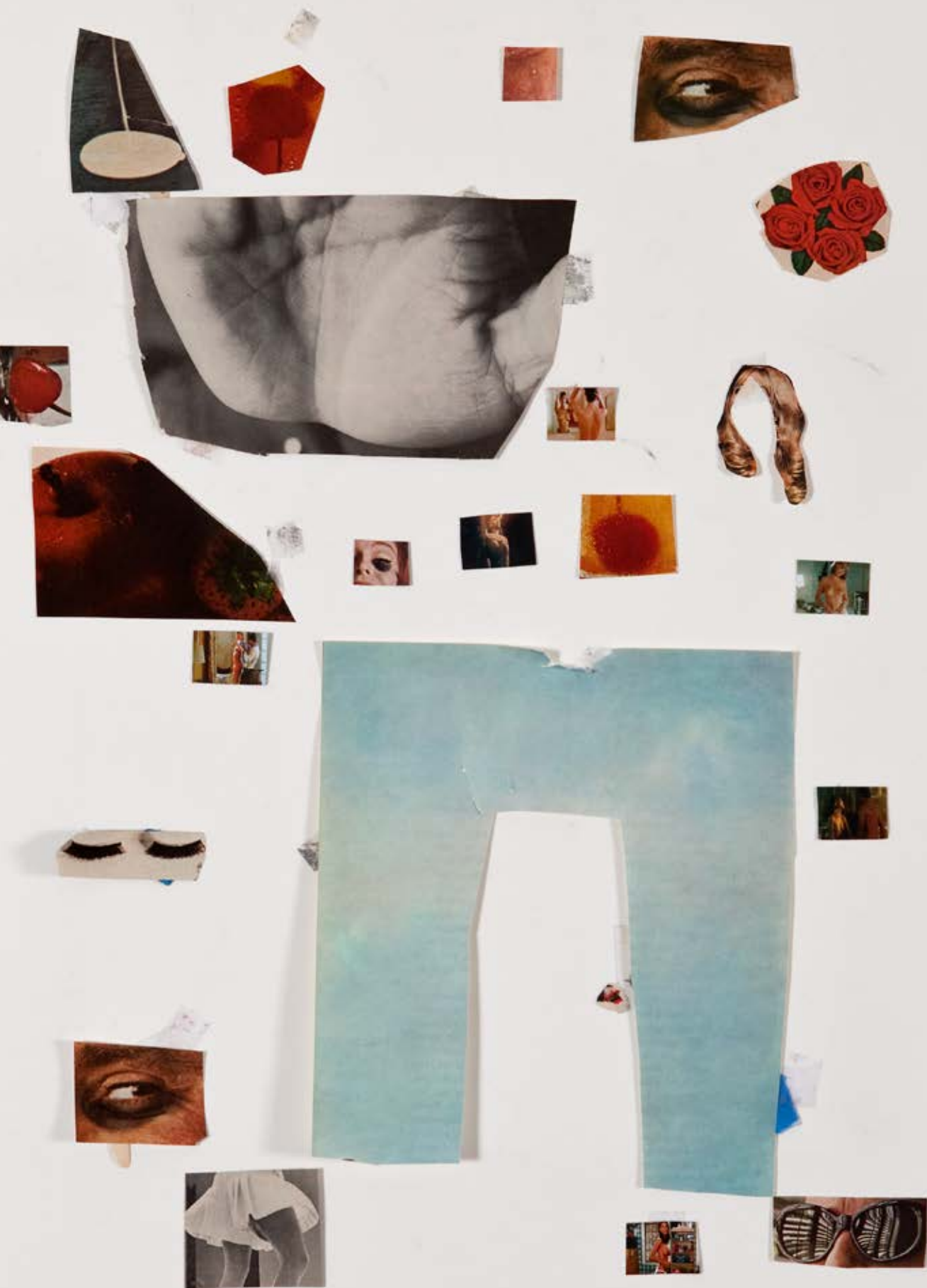
MY LIFE AS A MAN

Now, out of the nap, I've got a hand of shaven ice, licked and fired by the shape of my space. It's more timid than valid. Like scratching the sting of ivory with poison. Like, out of the things that have come later than usual is a feeling I can understand. It's, "there's always the eyes of a finger to steal from us."

RS









“[It was in fact] the belief that the feeling of shame or guilt signified relevance that finally made me write about myself...”*

I have been immersed in Knausgaard like a drug. The foreignness has something to do with it: I can more readily give myself over to contemporary fiction where the translator has left traces of a Scandinavian accent. But it is still a mystery to me how he does it — write thousands of pages about the most mundane aspects of his material existence (boiling water for pasta, topping up wine glasses) with modest forays into his intellectual life — and keep us hooked.

Knausgaard goes in and out of aggression and soporific benevolence. At times he is a cranky misanthrope, boldly calling out individuals who’ve crossed him. Then suddenly it’s as though a bad mood lifts and he is a different person: kind, even-keeled.

I have been trying to locate his shame in all of this, but so far I see it only in drunkenness. Add to this the fact that when transgressions figure in literature they’ve already been transformed.

In real life I’ve judged L. for her drinking and for having a Jane Bowles complex. And I’ve judged E. for being a party girl; I even inwardly faulted her for falling off the wagon after she lost H.

This brings me to something important, of which I must constantly remind myself: take the good with the bad. As I re-read Virginia Woolf’s “Evening Over Sussex,” where she writes of her near-despair at not being able to ‘hold’ a sunset via writing, I must acknowledge that were it not for L., I would never have read Woolf’s essay, or a fraction of the literature on my shelves. L. put countless books before me, including many by and about Marguerite Duras, a prolific drinker who nearly killed herself with red wine. All I need to do is glance at the bookcases — L.’s imprint is everywhere. Her own writing on Woolf and Bowles has seeped into my veins, shaped how I think about them. E., one year older than me, has forever been my model of empathy.

Burning pain for your transgressions. Moonlight fills the room.

*Karl Ove Knausgaard, *New York Times*

MD



THE
ANSWER







The ur-moment of minimalism, we read, took place through a car window. The rupture came in the form of two paragraphs, framed by the upper left corner of a three-page spread in *Artforum*. The issue was December 1966; the article's author, sculptor Tony Smith. In conversational prose, Smith recalls a nighttime drive on the then unfinished New Jersey Turnpike. The year is the first or second of 1950; the precise date is either forgotten or withheld. The episode's nowhere time is reinforced by its nowhere place. Suspended somewhere between Manhattan and New Brunswick, Smith has an encounter with endlessness. Framed by the car's window, the road develops in an onrush of perspective, nebulous and dimmed. Its structure mimics that of a sentence, "punctuated" by sundry lights and towers, yet otherwise uncounted. Aesthetic though not quite artistic, Smith's experience assumes a virtual texture, like the gleam off a Dan Flavin fluorescent: neon butter, synthetic and smooth. "I thought to myself, it ought to be clear that's the end of art," Smith narrates. "Most painting looks pretty pictorial after that."

Six months later, Smith's anecdote entered the canon with its inclusion in Michael Fried's landmark essay, "Art in Objecthood," published in the summer 1967 issue of *Artforum*. In Fried's gloss, Smith's drive instanced the interminability of minimalist sculpture: its ability to "go on and on," perpetually deferring its own conclusion. The unfinished turnpike was recoded as minimalism's primal scene. For Smith on that particular evening, New Brunswick loomed as an asymptotic goal, poised on a horizon that could be approached but never breached. If the road was a sentence, its syntax was a sustained parataxis: an accumulation of clauses in the absence of coordination or closure. Collapsing the experience of the highway onto that of Smith's six-foot steel cube, *Die*, 1968, Fried argued that the minimalist object was inexhaustible, not because of an inherent fullness — such was the inexhaustibility of art — but because of an essential vacuity. "It is endless the way a road might be: if it were circular, for example," Fried concluded.

On the highway, Smith had seen infinity. Space had softened into a humid smudge of flatlands and smoke stacks, and the result was both bathetic and sublime. Refashioned by Fried, Smith's euphoric brush with dedifferentiation became the nightmare of Hegel's bad infinity:

an endlessness that fails enfold its own finitude, to bend back or circle around upon itself, as in a figure eight or a Mobius strip. In Fried's account, Smith's revelation cedes to the hellishness of seriality: Donald Judd's "one thing after another," in Sisyphean perpetuity. Fried's call was for an art that exhausted itself in the act of self-reference, whose semantic closure, perfect and punctual, would fend against the turnpike's threat of infinite regress. Against this desire to seal and stabilize, Smith deliquesces, figuring incompleteness as a sort of ecstasy. The turnpike eludes because it always continues, sliding further into an uncadenced void, a transitive verb with no object.

CF



My Life
as a
Man
Philip
Roth



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as a
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Philip
Roth

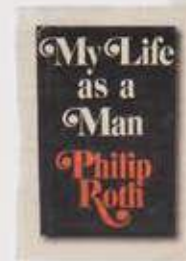


My Life
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I surrender for now
 scroll.
 I just like to understand that it's all washed away sort of.
 in time.
 There are certain tracks
 and i believe
 it is a flashing on these tracks
 i feel happy
 to know that the more basic the better
 in the dark
 and that one is not alienated by the flashing
 along these lines
 so you're not worrying about asking someone
 right here and now.
 not wanting to or intending to
 i pull it down
 out it comes from the nostrils
 Ahead.
 Partying with your own friends or strangers.
 Born.
 I see where so-and-so's wit led me astray.
 which i'm glad
 But now i can see that part was like a crutch.
 I couldn't help it.
 the great thing often seems small like a bird
 on the ground
 which for some reason isn't flying away.
 I'm seeing this
 and can wrap it in the most plain clothing.
 I have to ask,
 and will endeavor to lift my head up meanwhile,
 transitioning,
 until such a time as it cycles in,
 and catches,
 or sets you off a little to recover.
 Or what.
 It's funny the feeling when you stop giving a shit,
 because you give more of a shit.
 And let's be careful about the techne we are engaged in,
 strictly touch and go.

so one waits in the utter darkness and if you're not simply turning off,
 that's a lot.
 I ask you guys about factual matters and you answer
 with total prudence.
 Trained, and this is what you have going for you,
 to fight back,
 in other words to have time's gentle increase,
 almost unperceived,
 working in your favor yea or nay,
 you go on,
 and stick to language as a medium
 to communicate
 and not for simply the gathering of associations,
 to accumulate.
 That is please spare me the verve.
 I'm sorry.
 Is the elbow room that we experience due to the fact that we,
 of all people,
 give each other a free ride and don't demand all the reasons...
 This is important.
 I am getting to the point where to go forward
 is the only option
 but there's no need to reflect on that or the reasons why.
 i simply thought,
 my God those great transitional figures,
 like Black Elk,
 When nobody knows what the hell is going on.
 And to the time after
 when you go back and remember those dumpy little corners of time,
 the motel in Vegas
 Correction I think you do know what's going on when it's going on,
 for what it's worth,
 and only later does it take on that opaque quality of having a quality.
 on its terms.
 I think you've got it exactly right when you say the private life,
 unwittingly,
 tries to become the other part which is what.



FORG
IVENESS

MY LIFE AS A MAN

Power blue chair. Shadows of silver garment rack. Mirror refracts chunky thighs. Plastic boxes. Arm moves to buttocks. Head tilts to side. Smile. Hands unfurl. Fingers press into stomach. Arm falls from head, flinging thick hair with it. Hand drubs small of back. As body bends to right, fat bunches on side, just above hip. Knees bend bringing chest toward floor. Right index finger points a straight line down back, then up again. Head tilts forward, throwing curly brown locks over face. Slowly, body descends. Spine protrudes from lower back. In mirror, fright hand caresses buttocks. White garment leads on powder blue chair. Mirror at 15 degree angle to edge of frame. Zoom in. Buttocks lift. Body twists to right as right hand creeps over under where. Geometry of white and blue boxes mirrored. Hand grasp garment and pulls over hip. Body bisected by frame of mirror. Painted white molding moves out of picture. Bodies flush right. Hand with watch moves toward buttocks, then draws away. Arm slung across body supports left breast. Silver pole creates vertical division between bodies. Pole bisects hands. Black hanger bisects pole. Belt falls to right. Left hand caresses right side of stomach. Hands slant off body. Push backward. Horizontal white line of shelf cuts into neck. Chest moves below black hanger. Top of gold bracelet gleams. Belt perpendicular to bottom of pole. Bottom of pole emerges from mossy gray floor. Pinky slams into table. Head bobs. Elbow moves backward. Head casts shadow on right biceps. Silver tube bends. White plastic wheel hangs off end of tube foot-like. Parallel blue streaks frame face. Nose moves towards three fingers. Eyes shut. Hair sweeps to side revealing clear white square plastic storage bins. Left hand moves to right thigh and rests. Right hand sweeps hair to side. Wrist watch makes lower half-circle. Head bobs left covering white boxes. Left hand wraps hair round left ear. In mirror white triangle of underwear. Back creased. Hand moves to nose and head sweeps. Head looks down on head. Reflected back. White hot blast of light umbrella to left. Lit reflects off tip of polished red fingernails. Blurry streaks of purple and white. Heads bobs against fluorescent fixture. Breasts swing against white storage boxes. Fabric on shelves. Silver pole jams right arm. Line of chin extends by flourescents. Breast swing in front of shelving brackets, almost punctured by sharp black points. Back of neck framed by orange garment. Underside of neck rubs against grayish blue ceiling. Purple boxes reflect cool

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fluorescent lights. Head twists until eyes are facing fluorescent lights. Patch of blue on ceiling between arm and neck. All flesh except for line of blue jeans and white triangle. Left arm nudges left breast. Right hand opens. Left hand greets it. Pulls away. Moves forward. Rejected. Breathing sends chest heaving. Brown curls cast gray shadow on skin. Hair pushes against drink cup and straw on floor. Shoulders hunch. White underwear curls over hip. White edge of mirror blasts shoulder.

KG





Have you figured it out yet? (chipmunks? bears?)

Does that make his work detached from its subject? Does his conflation of human and animal subjects imply a depressing dehumanization, or a touching empathic connection between all living beings?

After all, who can compare his versions with the original?

So which was it — happiness or pain — that spurred him to greater innovation, material experimentalism, humour and imaginative clarity?

Do they have the power, though, to salve misery, to make the unhappy happy? If that isn't happiness, what is?

What would you make if you knew you only had a few years to live?

Do we imagine that photographs taken on a camera phone are more or less likely to endure the passage of time than an oil painting on canvas?

Why?

After all, how relevant, really, is pixellation to the digital experience in the era of Retina screens and HD? How did we ever carry this stuff around?

Why else would 1960s homeowners chose to display prints of landscapes [...] in plastic imitations of moulded gilt frames? Or pose so formally for photographs taken at otherwise relaxed and happy occasions? Is this pain or pleasure? Are they metaphorical victims of art-historical doctrine or sexual repression, or gleeful accomplices in his onslaught onto good taste and political correctness?

Why do we habitually disregard frames and mounts and borders when considering a painted picture? Does a painting contain, within its constituent parts, a hierarchy of value? Where does the painting end? Where does its value end?

Is it fair to correlate these scuffed and scarred canvases, made with acrylic, lacquer, spray paint, sheets of paper and cotton, with the locus of their production? Is the artist's attention to the milieu around them merely a distraction, or a qualifier for the work itself? (Could the same be true of an art gallery?)

What about the paintings? Are they actually any good?

What's the inside of his apartment like? Do you think he's rich? Do you think he wants to be? (Isn't it funny that the words 'inhabit' and 'inhibit' are so etymologically similar?)

— or is it a wry compliment? —

After all, why him? What's the point in anything?

What exactly does that phrase – [...] – signify for these very different artists?

Finally, is this a sincere effort to expand the category of painting, or is it a sarcastic riposte to what Frank Stella is thought [...] to represent? What, after all, do Islamic gender politics have to do with the history of monochrome painting?

So what does he have to complain about?

The American what?

Was I aided in my search for self-knowledge? Have you seen 'The Twilight Saga' (2008–12)? (Is that what the title refers to?)

What to do with that information?

Why?

[These questions are taken from published exhibition reviews by the author, 2012–2014.]

JG









**FORG
IVENESS**





Nov. 25th — one hundred million miles above Concord — the sun sits deep in the sky, muted, ragged, looking not like a bullet wound but like the drawing of one, entry, reentry, and exit perforations, the boy's frayed right side full of the holes from which life left him.

No. Take yourself out of it. Go there.

This is like something out of classical tragedy, a body lying bleeding in the street, unclaimed and contested. A body lies bleeding in the street, unclaimed and contested, like a scene from classical tragedy. Something, a body, bleeding, classical and tragic, is lying in the street. Classical tragedy is like this: a contested street where a body lies unclaimed. Except in tragedy the action completes itself, and the audience experiences catharsis. Here we have only the coroner's report.

There is a gunshot entrance wound of the vertex of the scalp. There is a gunshot entrance wound of the central forehead. There is a gunshot exit wound of the right jaw. There is a gunshot entrance wound of the upper right chest. There is a gunshot entrance wound of the lateral right chest. There is a gunshot entrance wound of the upper ventral right arm. There is a gunshot exit wound of the upper dorsal right arm. There is a gunshot entrance wound of the dorsal right forearm. There is a gunshot exit wound of the medial ventral right forearm. There is a tangential (graze) gunshot wound of the right bicep. There is a tangential (graze) gunshot wound near the ventral surface of the right thumb. There is a gunshot related defect present near the right eyebrow that measures 4.0 x 2.0 cm. There is a gunshot related defect present near the right eyelid that measures 3.0 x 1.0 cm.

Omg it was crazy I don't even know where I was

The deceased then ran down the roadway. The officer then began to chase the deceased, his service weapon drawn, and as the deceased started to run towards him, he discharged his service weapon several times.

Omg the blood

The deceased lay in the middle of the roadway, his head pointed west and his feet pointed east and his hands bagged with paper bags.

GH





HOT

TEAR

S

MY LIFE AS A MAN

Improbable Sheets Of Stamps
From The United States Postal Service

051013

The Symbionese Liberation Army

The 1982 Milwaukee Brewers

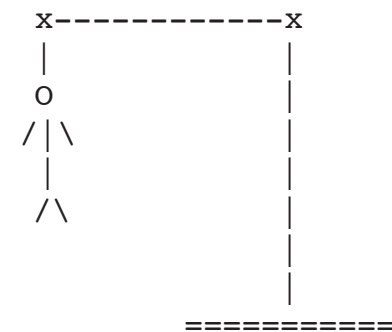
The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Poets

MNH





I guess I felt like/



AL







FORG
IVENESS

Creating an open palm or fist, for me to squeeze.

Single joints press one another collapsing space in between each knuckle, middle finger pushed up pointer squeezed right knuckle finger to the top like a peak: the most dominant finger of the hand.

Creating an open palm or fist

The gesture is a call to an action that could go two ways

Squeezing marbles, squishy glass is the act of a mystic

Creating an open palm or a fist, squeeze it. Most natural weapons are obvious: teeth claw, antler, horns. But the palm becomes a weapon only when it turns into a fist. The force of a blow is transmitted through a much smaller area than would be the case for its alternative, an open-handed slap. The extension means take hold, there's nothing too fast about it. Sleeves rolled up. Too feminine, yellow, as piss, as turmeric. It seemed too quick. There are risks involved through velocity: lacerations: tripping and falling; slipping and falling while moving; toes amputated from feet slipping.

A released palm or fist it's over being squeezed

Sweaty, I grasp it anyway, cupping to clasping the upper bridge of your outer palm,

an act of misrepresentation

The hand shifts from object to threshold; something to pass through, The fist is thrown by a shoulder, it's symbol of power, political, and social movements. The palm is a cup, it asks to be filled, to hold, to contain, through something might slip through or be dropped.

Loving and dying, innocence and experience, the passing of time, appearing and reality, stability and instability; all these marker themes are more or less mutability. Refrain or abstain, with difficulty and reluctance

Emulsify and dissolve

SM



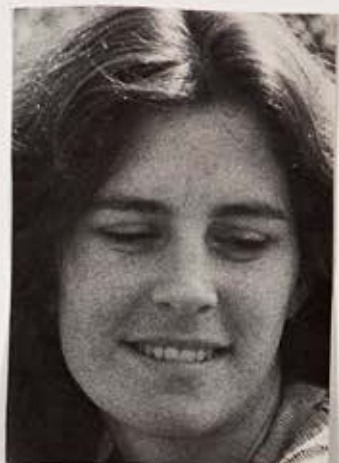




MY LIFE AS A MAN

Functionaries are necessary productions of a successful society
Skits involving politicians spewing hatred
Lip service is another important ingredient of mass appeal
This is not a game
You must exit the building immediately
Please use nearest available receptacle
Find shelter and remain hidden until signal changes from solid
to liquid
Remember, the blizzard is a diversion, an irritation
In some instances, nightly deposits have become the stuff of tragedy
Emaciation elegantly displayed in a photograph
Don't be fooled by outward appearances or confessions that sound
earnest
Beware of any residue bearing a faint resemblance to hormones
Fashion is a drug dealer in the fur trade
Avoid apologies, particularly when they are directed at you
The signal changes
Outward appearances are a form of faint resemblance
Beware of any receptacle bearing a nightly deposit
Residue is one of the necessary productions of a successful society
Please use nearest available contour
Don't be fooled by hidden shelters
You must exit this game immediately
The skit doesn't change
Neither does the contours of hatred
Functionaries are a necessary manifestation of lip service
Avoid any contour line directed at you
Emaciation is a diversion from outward appearances
A blizzard of ingredients elegantly displayed in fur
This is not a receptacle
Find a confession that sounds necessary
Irritation changes from nightly deposits to solid success
This is not an apology
Please be advised contents may pose a health risk
Don't be fooled by outward resemblance to hormones
Find an irritation that is necessary
A shelter from society is a game directed at you
A form of lip service
Avoid all ingredients
Confessions are a form of diversion
A blizzard of resemblances is necessary to a successful society
Don't be fooled by latest health receptacle
You must exit this tragedy immediately
Please use nearest signal

JY





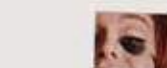




After the people that tell him he's not a Negro



DRIVE
HAMMER
ED
GET
NAILED







I'm fine thanks. How are you?

I'm familiar with the game SOCOM. For a realistic portrayal of the U.S. Army, check out America's Army.

I am and always have been a fan of the film "Patton."

I like to catch re-runs of M.A.S.H. whenever I can.

During Basic Training, you will shower every night, including the night you arrive. For the first couple of weeks of training, your shower will be very short — about two minutes. You'll learn to wash quickly, and not waste time. Initially you are given very limited time for personal hygiene. Once you are in AIT you may be given more personal time. There is no privacy while taking showers; it is one large room, with several showerheads.

If you've received a "null" response, please ask your question again.

The buddy program is no longer offered as an enlistment option. However, if you and a buddy do your enlistment processing at the same time, and you both qualify for the same job it is possible that you could both be sent to training at the same time. You would not be guaranteed the buddy program, but this would accomplish the same objective.

A Live Recruiter is better suited to answer that question.

If you rely on the training you receive in the Army, you will be prepared for any situation.

In dentistry today, sharpening your skills and keeping abreast of the latest techniques is imperative.

Hooah has many meanings. Basically, it's a standard response to mean anything and everything except no.

That's too bad. Sometimes life isn't easy, but if it was easy, we wouldn't learn and grow from it. When life serves us lemons, we need to crush the lemons, add sugar and make lemonade. I hope things turn around for you.

Thank you for apologizing.

I keep a record of all the chats I have with GoArmy users. My conversations are reviewed to ensure all potential recruits are getting the information that they need. However, your information will not be shared with the public.

I live and work on a computerized U.S. Army post.

That's a question for an Internet dating service, not GoArmy. Next question, please!

I am married, Mrs. STAR is my boss.

I could talk about Mrs. Star all day long but I'd like to continue answering your questions about GoArmy.

I spend any extra time I have doing PT and rebuilding vintage cars. I know several virtual assistants and I am friends with all of them.

Special Forces have long employed the use of Unconventional Warfare (UW), a.k.a. guerrilla warfare to train forces in the enemy-held or controlled territory. Unlike Direct Action, which is generally a quick campaign, UW can last months, even years.

Thanks, I try.

AP





There are
lose weigh
but Nutra
to gain we



HOT
TEARS







THE
ANSWER





My Life as a Man

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