

Men Explain Things to Me Facts Didn't Get in Their Way By Rebecca Solnit I still don't

know why Sallie and I bothered to go to that party in the forest slope were all older than us and dull in a distinguished way, old enough to be the occasion's young ladies. The house was great -- if you like Rugged luxury cabin at 9 000 feet complete with elk antlers, lots of stove. Who explain things in a way that contextualizes

who explain things in a way that contextualizes this context, for, as Lacan said, "the Other must first be considered a locus, the locus in which speech is constituted." Pretending for the hell of it that the Other = the other, at least for us, for now, assuming, as Lacan went on to say, that "persons...must come from somewhere," let's consider four more examples of the new masculinist lyric, the way the Other* writes

Muybridge. "And have you heard about the very important Muybridge year?" So could the possibility somehow

* By Other here I mean obviously other to me, for ain't I a subject? More to the lyric point, ain't I The Subject?

The New Masculinist Lyric Redux By Vanessa Place
And but there are those things that men tell us about being men for which they are certainly somewhat qualified, though I have a colleague who insists in another context that practitioners can never be trusted to contextualize their own practice, and that there is scads of interdisciplinary proof to support this. He is probably right. But in the spirit of come what may, let's look at men

look I know so well in a man holding forth, eyes fixed on the fuzzy far horizon of his own authority. Here let me just say that my life is well

success with like "glad Imp him way as i imp few stur poli of t and Wh Tim not abo

Daniel Tiffany's *Privado* (Action Books, 2010) explains the way language works through tropes of masculinity, including the Army jodie (cadence) song; as Tiffany n.b.'s, the jodie is formally a carol, "dance-song for a chorus," though DT says that in his e.g.s, it is a ventriloquism, raising the interesting question of whether the performance of masculinity is always a matter of throwing one's voice. The poems are sonically driven, often on a micron level ("er, er, er, er...*The wolfman's magic word*"), making the play of images ("Goldfish swimming/By cherry blossoms") more dilative, and the moments of abstraction ("Impervious to pain,/To human presence") more speculative. The subject here is cross-cut as object, where cross-cutting acts as explanation, as sculling explains both water and current.

Allone, allone, allone, allone—
To craunch the marmoset,
To eat as an ogre,
To drink as a hole.
*Wanna be a paramedic
Pump that funky anesthetic*
*Paramedic
Anesthetic*
She got off easy.
With the main Lolita-complex trio
Getting mixed up in party politics.
All pople love her.
"Cadence" (Tiffany)

long me, id -- er -- Very pted his hen, very ew a was were ents grass ppet. York had king

the subject and made it clear that Muybridge had done something obscure but powerful to the wet-plate technology of the time to speed it up amazingly, but letters to the editor don't get fact-

checked. And perhaps because the book was about the virile subjects of cinema and technology, the Men Who Knew came out of the woodwork. A British academic wrote in to the *London Review of Books* with all kinds of nitpicking corrections and complaints, all of them from outer space. I

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Ronaldo V. Wilson's *Poems of the Black Object* (Futurepoem, 2009) explains the abject in the object, as self-objectified. Wilson's subject plays with sexual subjugation in a way that is reassuring in its transgressions. What we want (see "Want") in a way, is to know what we ought not want, because we will have it anyway. Wilson's weapon is his cock, which, works and works in reverse, being an instrument of and for, and, in Lacanian terms, that which is and that which is which is not. The images are direct, the language pings vowel to vowel ("Two gold watches pillow on wrists that lie back") and skitters off the plainsong ("...I was flattered to find out that my students said / *SOUNDED LIKE JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE!*"). The *Black Object* ruminating progressively (progression being affect not effect) on the discursive gesture that makes us and mocks us in turn, and, as screws go, is more or less fulfilling, as it leaves us with the illusion that we are not alone.

More extreme versions of our situation exist in, for where women's testimony has no legal standing; so that without a male witness to counter the male rapist. V survival tool. When I was very young and just begin why it was necessary, I had a boyfriend whose uncle was telling -- as though it were a light and amusing suburban bomb-making community had come running the night screaming that her husband was trying to kill

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ugh his contribution was just not very significant)

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Herman the German is Aunt Jemima's unconscious twin.
They are twinned because I buy her syrup and like watching her face as I drown my pancakes with her liquid life.
Herman the German is filmic.
I want to fuck Herman the German, but never will, because he's dead.
from "Want" (Wilson)

the inability to hear
Brian Teare's *Sight Map* (Univ. of California Press, 2009) explains the object in the abject, as self-objectified. Whereas Wilson's transgressions work to hammer out a brassy sort of form, form here is formalized, which serves to contain the language lattices within ("It was you who brought rhetoric/ to the tree"). The work is tensile, spooked. Like the others in this unscientific sampling, Teare also uses other text, but his choices tend to bring the past into the present, creating a kind of present-imperfect tense. In this way, Teare invokes the melancholy baroque, a sense of fixed ephemerality—eternally fleeting or fleetingly eternal (... "Second: a skin/wholly incident, whose only home is/being.").

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wasn't trying to kill her? He explained, patiently, that they were respectable middle-class people.

Therefore, her-husband-trying-to-kill-her was simply not a credible explanation for her fleeing the house yelling that she was pregnant. Even getting a restraining order to convince the courts that her husband's threats were serious orders often don't work because of their credibility, to say the least. Women are murdered by spouses, and pregnant women in particular are victims of marital rape, domestic violence, and have been the necessity of the status of human beings. Things that stop us are things that stop us from my birth. And for anyone about to argue that workplace sexual intimidation isn't a life or death issue, remember that Marine Lance Corporal Maria Lauterbach, age 20, was apparently killed by her husband, Roberto Tejada's *Exposition Park* (Wesleyan University Press, 2010) explains the one-two-three of category; the work is hydra-headed in a way that explains how many men it takes to change a light bulb, being a domestic metaphor for a change of mind. All is object here, meaning the subject abjectly sits, while the object walks around, taking it all in ("The memory of genocide or slavery or sexual abuse if the former event precludes a claim"), and dishing it all right back out ("if it threatens to destroy me with lesser arms and munitions"). Tejada makes personae poems out of bureaucratic voice ("Pleasure and pedagogy are an integral part of the Controlled Lecture and Walking Tours") and provides some translations of Spanish Renaissance poets (or vice versa). The movable object is explained as evermore subject, just like Lawrence Weiner writing on walls as if the walls wrote themselves ("subject six seven siblings in remuneration/for services rendered over how many years").

all like *Oh no she didn't*, and girl, she did, she was mad skills with press-ons & a cell phone telling him where to stick it, a kid on her hip, just like that, summer, sheer beauty & lip gloss that smelled like peaches, & you going to the store for whisky & condoms like everyone else on a long hot afternoon so long & hot it would just be sunburn to walk anywhere if it weren't also a pleasure, thoughtless & shiftless & horny & drunk, just someone thinking summer wasn't up to anything deep, & lo from "Genius Loci" (Teare)

she was waiting to testify that he raped her. The d in the fire pit in his backyard in December. talking about and she doesn't, however minor a ugliness of this world and holds back its light. found myself better able to resist being bullied on two occasions around that time, I objected to incidents hadn't happened at all as I said, that I was in a nutshell, female. Most of my life, I would me this the it's ever g to ould after out me haps g a modest role in the conversation, but when I ace, the extraordinary, little-known antinuclear bring down the communist-hunting House Mr. Very Important II sneered at me. HUAC, he insisted, didn't exist by the early 1960s and, anyway, no women's group played such a role in HUAC's downfall. His scorn was so withering, his confidence so aggressive, that arguing with him seemed a scary exercise in futility and an invitation to more insult. I think I was at nine

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Insofar as they combine to form the compound nouns, it's the second element that identifies the salient object or person (for instance *man, friend, box, room*), with the first part telling of its aim (as indicted by *police, boy, tool, bed*). Blackout at the looking glass, unite the guest and foreigner, most reflective of feeding time when I swallowed by own likeness. from "Debris in Pink and Black" (Tejada)

books at that point, including one that drew from primary documents and interviews about Women Strike for Peace. But explaining men still assume I am, in some sort of obscene impregnation metaphor, an empty vessel to be filled with their wisdom and knowledge. A

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Artist Ken Gonzales-Day has a series of photographs of busts taken from the Getty Collection. In one, the bust of a classic "European" faces that of an "African." Both are made of black marble. The question is, which is black. Am I not subject? Am I not a man? We are all of us men, it seems, insofar as being is being masculine. Though as I wend through these works, I wonder whether there is something to be said for gender that is not performance, but poetry.* Leaving me with the question how much do we

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in part as a shout-out to one of the more unpleasant men who have explained things to me. Dude, if you're reading this, you're a carbuncle on the face of humanity and an obstacle to civilization. Feel the shame. The battle with Men Who Explain Things has trampled down many women -- of

my generation, of Bolivia and Java, allowed into the la category called hurtired of making the in the antinuclear

want to explain things. For unlike sculpture, what we cast in language, of course, is never an object surrounded by the nothing it is thereby distinct from, but stuff carved from and forever inlaid with other stuff. What the poetry here shares is the quality of language animated by –and into– a body, though of course language itself is just so much black marble. De omnibus omnia sese: explanation as composition.

whatever the putative topic is and one simply for the right to speak, to have ideas, to be acknowledged to be in possession of facts and truths, to have value, to be a human being. Things

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*As we toss money upward and strip our society of that which makes it a society, our government seemingly hell-bent on US becoming a Third World nation, where the rich are very rich and the poor very poor and there's nothing but middling for the middle class, it is well worth admiring art which is simply art, functionless, pointless, useless as any mirror. Though I do not believe that poetry needs any functional justification, or any more functional justification than any other art, which is to say no functional justification, there is in art this inherent function of illumination, as all art is the art of the other which is us.

me. I'm still fighting it, for myself ething to say, in the hope that they *left out hundreds more anecdotes of aft this tirade, which should in no chapter eighteen of her next book.*