

**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 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 not

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

\* 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

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

predece  
checked  
Surely  
**Slipper**  
both ge  
out-and  
Men ex  
about. S  
hard, at  
heard w  
on the s  
it exerc  
Americ  
woman  
adminis  
and no  
penetra  
war, bu  
too, a b  
writer (I  
there w  
confide  
confirm  
amount  
though  
who ha  
genders

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.

dize M  
ntly not  
ugh his  
urass  
this p  
n irre  
e tota  
h, wh  
I'm ta  
at ke  
men i  
It tra  
e. I w  
say,  
it al-Q  
hing, ir  
g to be  
ogance  
very wo  
o silenc  
tly dep  
lling to  
rtainty.  
than m  
cting, u  
confide  
happy  
l belt o

ize M  
ntly not  
ugh his  
urass  
this p  
n irre  
e tota  
h, wh  
I'm ta  
at ke  
men i  
It tra  
e. I w  
say,  
it al-Q  
hing, ir  
g to be  
ogance  
very wo  
o silenc  
tly dep  
lling to  
rtainty.  
than m  
cting, u  
confide  
happy  
l belt o

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)

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."*).

Bush  
aeda  
ldn't  
n the  
rself  
as a  
r all,  
ning  
more  
rtain  
ng --  
ones  
n the  
meet.  
tries  
aped  
basic  
and  
s, he  
n his  
le of  
at he

More extreme versions of our situation exist in, for where women's testimony has no legal standing; so th 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 amusin suburban bomb-making community had come runnin the night screaming that her husband was trying to k

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



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

Freud  
crotch  
the su  
a bit  
Amer  
HUA

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

in the  
about  
bogled  
n Un-  
fall of  
hange,

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 hur  
tired 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

have  
certa  
will  
her e  
way  
Cory

\*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.*