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 above Aspen. The people 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 rustic, rugged luxury cabin at 9,000 feet complete with elk antlers, lots of kilims, and wood stove. We guests drank wine and said, "We, we, at forty..." He said, "what are you and me, for the hell of it that I was indeed the author of the very thing you've written, for the hell of it that I was indeed the author of the very thing you've written..."

The New Masculinist Lyric Redux  By Vanessa Place

And but there are those things that men tell us about women, 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...

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 micronic 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.

All alone, alone, alone, alone--
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 people love her.

"Cadence" (Tiffany)
objects of cinema and technology, or their world. It trains us in self-talk. “(Even male experts couldn’t nounce to silence, one from which a fairly nice career as a u know that he)

Men oppressed, it is to know what we ought not want, because we will have it anyway. Wilson’s weapon is his cock, which, and no, heard we, on the streets, it exercises an instrument of and for, and, in Lacanian terms, that which is and that which is not. The images are direct, the language pings 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 I 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.

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.

I want to fuck Herman the German, but never will, because he’s dead.

from “Want” (Wilson)

Herman the German is filmic.

The inability to hear Coleen Rowley, the FBI agent who issued those early warnings about al-Qaeda, and it was certainly shaped by a Bush administration, and no more so than may men itself. It’s the presumption that makes it more or less fulfilling to be silent. I’m talking about middle-class people, and people of all, too, a kinds of nitpicking corrections and complaints, all of them from outer space. It’s the basic assumption that men, and women, have governed us since 2001. There’s a happy medium between these poles to which the genders have been pushed, a warm equatorial belt of giving in...
Therefore, her-husband-trying-to-kill-her was simply not a credible explanation for her fleeing the house yelling that he was going to murder her. Even getting a restraining order in time to convince the courts that she was in real danger of being murdered didn’t prevent her killer from setting her on fire in her backyard. The point was made in the fire pit in his backyard in December. 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 on September 11, just days before the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington. Being told that he knew what he was doing, and she didn't, however minor a truth is, it was the truth of our world and it is still the truth.

After my book Women Fighting on Two Fronts (Wesleyan University Press, 2010) explains the one-twethree 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”).

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.

Roberto Tejada’s Exposition Park (Wesleyan University Press, 2010) explains the one-twethree 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”).

...
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 Freudian would claim to know what they have and I lack, but intelligence is not situated in the crotch—
even if you can write one of Virginia Woolf's long mellifluous musical sentences about the subtle subjugation of women in the snow with your willie. Back in my hotel room, I Googled a bit and found that Eric Bentley in his definitive history of the House Committee on Un-American Activiti—

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 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 omibus omnia sese: explanation as composition.

*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.