



if you are reading this and would like to do a short interview - five questions or so via DM where I ask you about your art and life and concerns - i would like that very much, we don't have to be mutuals, you don't have to be special, reply



sure, why not :)



wonderful!
What is the experience of being you like?



Tricky one because it has changed a lot in the last half year. For most of the life I can remember (going back to adolescence or so), the default state was darkness, a sense that something inarticulable was deeply wrong. This was tempered (?) by the desperate hope that it might be lifted. Much of that time was spent searching for ways to lift it, mostly introspective: if I could know myself, maybe, just maybe... Just about six months ago, I figured out the root issue, and now I'm in a state of figuring out all over again what "the experience of being me" is like.



Thank you!
Was that root mystery "being trans" or something else?



as far as I can tell it was just being trans



Many such cases!



indeed



One thing that is v noticeable abt your account to me is that it occupies what is to me a very trans space of like, um, I don't know how best to articulate it but let's say "academia but make it 4chan" & hope you know the thing I mean (these are my favourite accounts) - do you feel like having this realisation let you tweet like that, or was tweeting like that a rehearsal for the realisation?



Hmmmm, I think probably more the latter? I've sort of always (meaning: since 2017 or 2018) tweeted like this at a base level. Gender features more in my shitposts now, a lot, for the obvious reason, but the basic style I think has stayed pretty constant.

And I think there's something general there, which goes beyond twitter. To put it as pretentiously as possible, I read Finnegans Wake when I was 21 and was extremely enamored of the line, "Loud, heap miseries upon us yet entwine our arts with laughter low." Something like that has been a longstanding ethos of mine: articulating suffering through esoteric references and bottom of the barrel puns. I chase that in my poetic writing too.



[youtube.com](https://www.youtube.com)

Ground Zero - Consume Red

or for example, I love the album Consume Red by Ground Zero, because it's this in a nutshell:

Quote Tweet

Replying to @beatthefallacy the miracle of the album is that it's both extremely cheeky and funny, just one long dumb joke, but also somehow utterly genius as Serious Music, and these two just coexist simultaneously for 57 minutes



(I will listen!)

(am listening now, in fact)



do you feel able to articulate why that aesthetic combination is so appealing to you or does it feel like something that can't usefully be interrogated?



just taught the Robber Zhi chapter of the Zhuangzi earlier today so you get a quote (and then an attempt at articulation): "Take away the time lost in nursing illnesses, mourning the dead, worry and anxiety, and in this life there are no more than four or five days in a month when a man can open his mouth and laugh."

I think the appeal has a few sources: (1) Most broadly, it just seems true to love, which is deeply serious and what we do matters, yet also deeply absurd. We're bizarre creatures engaged in bizarre projects. It feels important to both treat existence with awe and reverence, and yet also to puncture its pretensions. (2) Wanting to be a girl was certainly a deep desire, but there's a deeper one (of which it's a part): to know myself, to know others, and to make myself known to others—all three are aspects of a single project, I think. (A new interpretation of the trinity??) And language is central to this. It's this magical thing that enables communication and the deep joys that brings, yet it's also a messy, kludgy system, in a way that puns highlight. So it too seems to demand to be treated reverently (the poet's care over each word) and irreverently (the child's delight in smashing things together to see how they break). (3) Following on the Yang Zhu quote: laughter was one of the few things that could break through that darkness that dominated my existence. If life is serious, it's serious because it's so hard to build one worth living. But what's at the heart of such a life? Laughter. The seriousness is for the sake of that joy or it's nothing. these have been really thoughtful questions so far, wonderful to think through and try to formulate responses to, thank you



Thank you for answering them!



I love talking about myself 😊



How successful do you feel you have been at the project of "making myself known to others", so far? Gender presentation aside, how have these efforts (through art, through romantic love, through friendship) generally worked out? Any notable successes or particularly poignant failures?



(a) Through art, it's hard to say. I've produced a body of work over the last eight years (when I started writing seriously) that I am proud of, and that I think can in principle convey something of me to others. Most of the best of it has thus far only circulated among a few friends, though. Poetry (and other literature) meant a lot to me as I was trying to find myself (it taught me, among other things, that leaden despair could be transformed into golden beauty). I'd like my writing to do that for someone else, a kind of paying it forward, as it were. But I don't know that I ever get to know that I've succeeded at that. (b) I think I am lucky to have a number of very close friendships that are premised on the sort of communication I'm seeking. This part of my life feels very satisfactory. (c) Romantically, the notable success and the poignant failure are the same case. I was in a seven-year relationship (2012-2019, married 2015-2020; last year was dallying about bureaucratic

stuff after we split). For the first six years, it was something really beautiful, *because* we knew each other at this deep level, and had a thoroughgoing sympathy and really tender love. Then it fell apart, for a variety of reasons. And with hindsight, I in a sense wasn't myself for any part of that relationship. I'm still not sure how I feel about that. That's the only truly serious relationship I've had. I would very much like to experience something like it again.



Thank you!

Do you have reservations about being witnessed or it is an unalloyed good for you? (I'm aware this is question five so I'm happy to stop/pause here if you want! I'm having fun.)



I'm enjoying it as well!

Quote Tweet



rose (good at juggling arc)

@yellow_dusk

· Jul 4, 2021

me: I guess what I most desperately want out of life is to see others and be seen by them, to solve the true problem of other minds, to span the gulf that so haughtily, implacably sunders us other person: *sees me as I am* me: no not like that [Show this](#)

there's definitely a discomfort that can come along with it, especially when someone sees you with a clarity you haven't yet attained. but I don't think I've ever regretted being known by a friend



it sounds like you're a believer in rose!



emerson got his "self-reliance" hooks in me early :)



What is your relation like with, um, materiality? You've mentioned before this love of this, like, animating incongruity between weird, gross, dumb things and the peaks of the human spirit but how does that work in practice with like - having a body, standing in water, eating a small buttered potato? Are you "sensual", do you want to be?



I think my relationship to materiality is another thing in the process of changing. Before cracking it was a very fraught one, for the obvious reason, and I had a desire that I'd sometimes express as a desire to be "thought thinking itself". On the day I cracked (I was high off my mind on shrooms), after laughing uncontrollably for at least an hour, I dragged myself in front of a mirror and thought "I can work with this" for the first time. And so now there's a process of integrating my highly developed mind with my long-neglected body, figuring out what to do with this strange thing. I've been training jiu-jitsu a bit, as a way to gain some control over my body (the way philosophy gave me control over my mind, and poetry a kind of control over others' minds). How those will all fit together remains to be determined. I think I am sensual in some ways, tho it's underdeveloped for the reasons just given. A light touch almost anywhere on my body drives me wild. But even non-sexually, I've had little interest in developing a sophisticated appreciation of flavor, but I respond strongly to the texture of foods. I'd like, as part of my future changes, to further develop my sensuality; I do think it's stunted as it stands.



does your online self differ from your real self in any major ways? what would a person who has read your account be likely to miss about you? and to what extent is that deliberate vs something that feels compelled by the limitations of the form?



One bit of objective evidence on this point: I've had a few people who knew me mostly online, then met me in person, comment (lovingly), "oh, it's not an act, you're just like this"—usually when I've made some bad joke in conversation like the ones I post. And I think in general my twitter presence conveys a pretty good sense of how I am offline. At least, most of the base elements of my personality are there. I don't think people who know me from twitter tend to be very surprised when they meet me in person. The main differences, I think, lie in the proportions. The kinds of long, meandering conversations that are one of my greatest offline joys are difficult to have on twitter (and always lack the intimacy of actually sitting in a room together), and the tender warmth I can show in them doesn't appear as much on here. But what you get in such conversations is ultimately a deeper access to the ways I tend to be online.



Amazing! Ok, last Q:

If someone wanted to understand you a bit better, or a bit more deeply, and was willing to do the reading / listening / thinking / injecting / whatever, what would you have them do? If you imagine a curious observer reading this, what (short of talking to you) would best help them to model your thought?



If it's successful, that's what my poetry is supposed to do! (I do not know if it is successful.) That's where I've put, in some form or another, my most personal reflections on my deepest concerns. It's sometimes criticized as overly intellectual or academic, for understandable reasons, but the heart of it is intense feeling, the sort that is inarticulable except by (and even then, only imperfectly and haltingly) stretching and prodding and pulling language into just the right form. Unfortunately most of the best of my poetry is not publicly available yet.



Is there anything you could link or attach?



everything that has been published can be read here:
rosenovick.com/poetry-c.htm
the stuff from 2018 on I stand by



thank youuuuu



thanks for doing this, I enjoyed it :)