



Bryan Zanisnik



Every Inch a Man



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Bryan
Zanisnik

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Every Inch a Man, Every Inch a Failure: Bryan Zanisnik's Anti-Archive

David Everitt Howe

BRYAN ZANISNIK'S PERFORMANCE *Every Inch a Man* is so hyperbolically titled it begs the question: is *any* inch of Bryan Zanisnik a man? Is he the spitting image of some masculine ideal? Say, basketball player Jeremy Lin, the Harvard graduate-cum-NBA superstar who single-handedly turned "Lin-sanity" into the catchiest of media catchphrases? Is "Zanis-anity," "Zan-insanity," or "Zanisnik-ity" perhaps the next slang sensation or hyper-masculine signifier?

The proof is in the pudding, so to speak; standing for hours in a large Plexiglas container, wearing little but boxer shorts or a t-shirt and sweatpants, the answer is a resounding no. Zanisnik is anything but a corn-fed, athletic man's man. He's pale, skinny, and of average height. And for the duration of this five-week performance, he doesn't do much but hang out with his parents, who bring him lunch, and read Philip Roth's *The Great American Novel*, which, despite appearances otherwise, is anything but. It details a ragtag World War II baseball team comprised of dwarfs and amputees. In the words of one *New York Times* critic, *The Great American Novel* "pointedly isn't."¹

Standing in his display, Zanisnik reads Roth’s literary disappointment while a fan blows outdated currency and baseball cards into a frenzy. He collected these cards as a child, though later realized he could never compete with their idolized subjects. Trapped in a perverse snow globe of disappointment, he is, if anything, the embodied anti-hero: the one picked on in school; the one who didn’t make it onto the varsity basketball team, for obvious reasons. He didn’t live up to the all-American cliché and had little to no stake in his high school trophy case. For this performance, he is, by his own volition, doomed to re-perform this inadequacy day in and day out—a cruel, Freudian, self-inflicted repetition compulsion, an instinct in which wimpiness is re-lived as perpetual tragicomedy “to restore an earlier state of things.”² In the artist’s words, he “works through” trauma ostensibly to re-write history—though ultimately to no avail.

This is illustrated in past work. The five-minute video *Repetition Compulsion* (2010) features his childhood home as a set piece for fights with his father, who shouts “Gone!” repeatedly while Zanisnik tosses away his childhood toys. Other works rely less on repetition but still work through highly charged psychodramas. For the three-hour performance *When I Was a Child I Caught a Fleeting Glimpse* (2009), the artist lay on a large piece of aluminum while his parents looked on passively, dressed in Christmas clothing and firefighting apparel.³ In *The Rise of the Alpha Male: A Cautionary Tale* (2011), his parents gathered hair from willing audience members before crudely applying it to Zanisnik just prior to a slapstick battle with his ex-girlfriend, a bully, a high-school gym teacher, and himself—four archetypes

represented on a rotating headpiece worn by a performer on stage. Zanisnik lost spectacularly to a rambling song’s refrain “He is not a man...”

Combining a knack for losing with props of disheveled materials, Zanisnik’s work owes a great debt to the abject, infantile performances of Los Angeles-based artist Mike Kelley, who appropriated used stuffed animals, rugs, and repressed memories from his childhood—such as neighbors’ statues, former high school floorplans, etc—to dramatize social dysfunction vis-à-vis a “dysfunctional adult.”⁴

Surrounded by an overabundance of stuff, *Every Inch a Man* might also recall, as curator Daniel Birnbaum phrased it, the “maximalist tendencies” of installation artists Thomas Hirschhorn or Jason Rhoades. The former ominously papered spaces with cheaply photocopied media images, mannequins, and textual slogans, while the latter—who was highly influenced by Kelley’s transgressive aesthetic—strung together nearly inconceivable quantities of objects as deadpan paeans to American consumerism. For Rhoades’s 2003 solo exhibition “Meccatuna” at David Zwirner Gallery, he hired a Saudi to buy canned tuna from Mecca. The cans were subsequently shipped to the gallery, where they became the centerpiece of a room-sized installation that contained a one-third scale model of Kabaa built from Legos, neon tubing spelling out different slang terms for the vagina, fiberglass casts of donkeys, power cables, and plenty of other bric-a-brac, all efficiently inventoried. It formed a dumbed-down, parodic, even perverse accumulation

of religious, sexual, and capitalist tendencies—a portrait of inefficient economic surplus, of shopping malls, sample sales, and gas station rest stops.⁵

Sourced from both his childhood home and from the neglected storage spaces of Abrons Arts Center, Zanisnik’s installation of *things* surrounding his performance is more inflected by specific, material history. It could be considered a strange archive: there’s scraps of wood from Abrons’s wood shop, a riot cop shield from the costume room, the fake stone bar from Simon Fujiwara’s Performa 11 production of *The Boy Who Cried Wolf*, and a bunch of other long forgotten objects. From his suburban home, there are baseball cards, comic books, cardboard boxes, Zanisnik’s super-creepy childhood doll “Billy Baloney” (which could conceivably find a home in the feature film *Toy Story: The Massacre*), a fake blood-spattered shirt worn by the artist as a teenager to a Gwar concert, among other ephemera. The list sounds something like Borges’s infamous Chinese Encyclopedia, in which objects are quizzically classified, such as a category of objects that are “fabulous” sharing the same proximity as “things that from a long way off look like flies.”⁶ In Zanisnik’s case, “New Jersey” and “tranny witch”—which best describes recent Abrons headliner Justin Vivian Bond—make similarly strange bedfellows.

At its most fundamental, a proper archive must be taxonomically legible with titles, institutional legitimation, lawful backing, order and hierarchy. *Every Inch a Man* has none of these. Unlike that of Rhoades, Zanisnik’s work lacks even an inventory. While he, to quote critic Hal Foster “An Archival Impulse,” “make[s] historical information, often lost or displaced, physically present,”

⁷ there’s little legibility. It would be more appropriate to consider this work both an archive failure and an archive *of* failure concomitant with Freud’s death drive; it’s an ultimately self-destructive obsession with one’s unalterable past.

In *Archive Fever*, theorist Jacques Derrida writes much about this same impulse in Freud, who was fascinated by both a bas-relief carving of a deceased Pompeian woman and Wilhelm Jensen’s 1903 novel *Gradiva* that was inspired by it.⁸ *Gradiva* (Latin for “the woman who walks”) fictionally recounts an archaeologist’s encounters with this woman’s apparition walking the ruined streets of that city. Derrida sees in this historical melodrama a vain attempt at her resuscitation through physical, archival traces, as if, “suddenly indiscernible from the impression of its imprint, Gradiva’s footstep [could] speak by itself!” For Derrida, this spectral projection betrays the archive’s ultimate failure: it can never re-animate a lived history, particularly one that’s subject, over time, to gross fantasy.⁹

Unable to re-write the past, Zanisnik debunks *Every Inch a Man*’s fantasies of normalcy. As Abrons Arts Center’s generally marginal, sub-cultural arts program remains defiantly fringe, the performance’s very siting in, and appropriation of, Abrons’s identity places it in queer relation to mainstream America. Zanisnik’s suburban tokens of childhood, meanwhile, document the heteronormative failure of a man at odds with the athletic ideals and celebrity idolatry that so defined, and still define, our economic system. Its attendant fantasies of maleness—the phantasmagoria of cologne advertisements, streaming Internet car commercials, and the general allure of commodities themselves—are so basic to late-capitalist identity as to go unnoticed.

Bringing these consumer-driven, cultural conventions into sharp relief, *Every Inch a Man* displays them as intensely personal, impossible ideals that aren't ideal at all. Rather, they're materialized as incoherent and outmoded; cheap, even. Far from panaceas, these baseball cards, family vacations to theme parks, theatrical projections of normalcy, toys and t-shirts, speak not only to the failures of those that don't quite fit in, but also, just as notably, to the failures of an American culture that refuses to accommodate them. □

1. A.O. Scott, "Tracking the ever-elusive Great American Novel," *New York Times*, May 16, 2006, accessed February 16, 2012 <<http://www.nytimes.com/2006/05/16/arts/16iht-scott.html>>

2. Despite the pleasure principle, i.e., the basic instinct to avoid unpleasant situations, Freud observed in his patients a compulsion to repeat repressed, painful experiences. Freud theorized that such behavior was an instinct "innate in living organic matter impelling it towards the reinstatement of an earlier condition." See Sigmund Freud and C.J.M. Hubback, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (London and Vienna: the International Psycho-Analytic Press: 1922), 44, and Donald C. Abel, *Freud on Instinct and Morality* (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1989), 41-43.

3. Jess Wilcox, "Project Space: Bryan Zanisnik," ...*might be good* Issue 160 (January 7, 2011), accessed February 17, 2012 <<http://www.fluentcollab.org/mbg/index.php/artistsspace/index/160>>

4. Hal Foster et al., *Art Since 1900: Modernism, Antimodernism, Postmodernism* (New York: Thames & Hudson, 2004), 646-649.

5. Michael Wilson, "Jason Rhoades: David Zwirner," *Artforum International* Vol. 42 Issue 4 (December 2003), 145-146.

6. Michel Foucault, *The Order of Things: An Archeology of the Human Sciences* (New York and London: Routledge, 2002), xv-xviii.

7. Hal Foster, "An Archival Impulse," *October* 110 (Fall 2004), 4.

8. See Freud's 1907 "Delusion and Dream in Jensen's *Gradiva*," which psychoanalyzes Jensen's novel about a young archaeologist who confuses his childhood love for the Pompeian bas-relief's spectral subject.

9. An archive, by its very nature, is merely the representation of a past. In the case of *Gradiva*, the protagonist's obsession with the phantom is projected fantasy. In "Archive Fever," Derrida further deconstructs the concept of an archive by questioning whether a unique moment in time can be ever archivable—whether it can be marked or recorded and thus, repeatable. This would foreclose the very possibility of a unique moment in time to begin with; the present already contains within itself a future past. See Jacques Derrida and Eric Prenowitz, "Archive Fever: A Freudian Impression," *Diacritics* Vol. 25 No. 2 (Summer 1995), 9-63. For an earlier, more expansive deconstruction of temporal distinctions, see Jacques Derrida, "Différance," *Margins of Philosophy* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982), 3-27.

Regressional Aesthetics: The Performances of Bryan Zanisnik

Wendy Vogel

BRYAN ZANISNIK'S PERFORMANCES plumb the murky depths of the suburban adolescent unconscious. In them, the artist becomes the screen onto which we can collectively project our repressed psychosexual nightmares and fantasies. Over the past five years, Zanisnik has subjected himself to performative indignities such as having his head shaved and his hair taped to his father's head (*Unshaved Coiffure and Root*, 2010), smearing his half-naked body with peanut butter in front of a punk club crowd (*Hollow Man Levitate*, 2009), slow-dancing with his father while shoved inside a chest of drawers (*The Itinerant Chiffonier*, 2009), and standing motionless on an obsolete, vibrating, abdominal exercise machine belt for hours amid a heap of household junk (*The Valley of Ben Hinnom*, 2012). Such protracted, often uncomfortable actions test the limits of Zanisnik's slight physique and follow in the tradition of durational performance art. Yet these sculptural, *tableaux vivant*-like works distinguish themselves from the abject and masochistic performances of Marina Abramović and the Viennese Actionists, such as Hermann Nitsch. In scenarios leaning toward the grotesque, these artists used the "body as medium" to mirror the extremes of human experience, such as the animal sacrifices and sadomasochism of Nitsch's ritualistic "Orgiastic Mysteries Theatre," or Abramović's lengthy works for which she endures all matter of self-inflicted pain.

Zanisnik, by contrast, traffics in absurd humor rather than the deadly serious. And instead of functioning as set pieces for purely symbolic psychic dynamics, his performances reflect his own personal history—including the frequent appearance of his parents, a schoolteacher and businessman from suburban New Jersey. It is this charged familial dynamic surrounding his beta male, performative persona that allows Zanisnik, in redrawing the shaky boundary between art and everyday life, to articulate a regressive aesthetic.

Artists have long adopted an adolescent posture to critically examine American mass culture. In 1981, art historian Howard Singerman penned an essay for the California-based *REAL LIFE* magazine exploring the artist-as-adolescent phenomenon in recent performances by Chris Burden and Mike Kelley, who focused on science fiction, war toys and B movies. As opposed to the “childlike” modern artist, whose alienation from the world was justified as an extension of the Romantic myth of pure artistic genius, Singerman explained that the artist-as-adolescent is a thoroughly postmodern and democratic construction. The adolescent exhibits an “insistence on the self that is obsessive, willful and indistinguished,” one that vacillates between childhood and adulthood. A slave to its impulses, the adolescent lacks both the distinction and restraint of adult society and the charming naïveté of childhood.¹ In this sense, it is an avatar for conspicuous consumption and the desire for instant gratification in contemporary society.

The adolescent categorization certainly applies to Mike Kelley’s prolific *oeuvre*. Detroit-born Kelley worked as a rebellious iconoclast, rejecting both his early 1970s academic training in abstract painting at the University of Michigan and the concurrent dominant trends in minimal and conceptual art. Eschewing stylized gestural motifs, post-industrial sculptural processes and austere conceptual aesthetics, Kelley incorporated “feminized” craft objects and low-brow figuration into his works, from rock n’ roll graphics to comics

and outsider iconography. He also reconsidered the relationships between aesthetic indoctrination, trauma theory, and repressed memory, deconstructing masculine gender stereotypes in a way that owed much to feminist concerns. In this way, Kelley was not so unlike his artistic peers Michael Smith and Paul McCarthy, who were also working in video and performance in the 1980s and 1990s. Since 1975, Smith has intermittently performed as the regressive character Baby Ikki, a mute 18-month-old clad in a diaper, bonnet and sunglasses who exhibits the energy, desire for attention and lack of moral compass characteristic of that developmental stage. McCarthy, meanwhile, produced disturbing, scatological videos as masked characters making a mess with ketchup and mayonnaise. Both men were indebted to transgressive public performances by feminist artists of the ‘70s like Eleanor Antin, Adrian Piper and Martha Wilson. These women created challenging male and female personae who “acted out” in public spaces, expressing the degree to which society self-polices gender roles in the public sphere.

A generation removed from these artists, Zanisnik’s works reflect an era that sees even more cultural fragmentation, depoliticization and loss of grand narratives than the “schizophrenic” culture Fredric Jameson diagnosed over 20 years ago.² The seamless pastiches of Michael Smith’s pathetic male character “Mike,” who becomes the protagonist of mock commercials and rock videos, exemplifies Jameson’s postmodernism of reification via the need for constant self-reinvention. By contrast, Zanisnik’s videos radically splice together com-

peting narratives. In *Preserve* (2009), the artist’s father is shown in a two-channel video giving tours of a natural history museum and his home; both the audio and video are remixed through rapid cuts, disorienting the viewer in time and space. Zanisnik’s live performances, on the other hand, reference more closely the temporal structure of trauma, in which the victim pathologically relives a moment of humiliation, violence or abuse. In performance, Zanisnik does not so much adopt a pathetic male character as exaggerate his own physical inadequacies and failures to live up to the strapping male ideal.

His performances’ sculptural settings, meanwhile, externalize and parody the neurotic subconscious of the token American male on the cusp of maturity. Today, the popular press would have one believe that the very concept of “manhood” seems on the brink of collapse. Brash general-interest articles proclaim “The End of Men”³ or ask “Where Have All the Good Men Gone?”⁴ Below the headlines, the writers give an ambivalent prognosis for the survival of traditional gender roles after 40-plus years of women’s liberation and civil rights. In this social climate, Zanisnik’s performative alter-ego’s defensive and compulsive accumulations of generic sports memorabilia and obsession with body hair—cheap signifiers for the phallus that speak to repressed desires—appear as instinctual as Mike Smith’s regression to a pre-verbal state as Baby Ikki in the theoretically inclined ‘80s. Many of Zanisnik’s live performances take place in shabby man caves filled with tokens of heteronormative masculinity amid heaps of domestic wares, symbolizing the claustrophobic and obsessive nature of conspicuous consumption. But Zanisnik’s actions, with a knowing nod to his artistic precedes-

sors, speak to an ironic, even queered⁵ performance of contemporary masculinity. The very title of Zanisnik’s first performance, *He Is Not a Man* (2007), foreshadowed the artist’s public humiliation, when he dramatically attempted to recreate his Ukrainian great-grandfather’s fight with a wolf. Boxing his childhood bully dressed in a wolf’s costume, he collapsed in defeat.

The 2009 addition of Zanisnik’s biological parents to his *tableaux*—their slightly wooden performances as parents sometimes giving way to actual *parenting*—underscores the Freudian dynamic of his scenarios. Although Zanisnik directed his parents to remain completely immobile during their first live performance (*When I Was a Child I Caught a Fleeting Glimpse*, 2009), their actions have since become more spontaneous. In *The Rise of the Alpha Male: A Cautionary Tale* from 2011, they wandered the audience clipping hair from participants, which would later be taped to Zanisnik’s body. Their presence at the performance’s conclusion next to Zanisnik, felled yet again after a boxing loss, elicits real sympathy. For the 2010 performance *After Klang and the Excise of Time*, his parents juxtaposed family photos on an overhead projector while Zanisnik ran on an adjacent treadmill. And in *The Valley of Ben Hinnom*, they acted entirely without direction. With their son strapped into an abdominal exercise belt, his head obscured by a tablecloth suspended from the ceiling, the parents rear-

ranged artifacts from their garage. Rather than actors, they seemed at once the makers and guardians of their son’s dreams, with all its attendant psychoanalytic implications.

In a recent photo essay for the online magazine *Triple Canopy*, Zanisnik writes on “The American Dream” in New Jersey’s Meadowlands—the name of a planned megadevelopment in the area that seems predestined for financial and structural ruin. Zanisnik claims that “‘The American Dream’ typically refers to aspirations for happiness and success, but in Freudian terms dreams are the operations of the unconscious. The latter sense of *dream* better suits the Meadowlands, since it’s a landscape filled with the forgotten and the displaced—that is, everything that needs to be suppressed or removed from view for the ‘ego’ of Manhattan to keep functioning.”⁶ This symbiotic tie between the Meadowlands and Manhattan mirrors Zanisnik’s own connection with his New Jersey childhood home. The relationship between suburban accumulation and urban efficiency, between sublimated desires and artistic form, between dreaming and waking life, remains at the heart of Zanisnik’s regressive aesthetic. It is this swampy toxicity, a metaphor for the sticky adolescent subconscious, to which the artist must undoubtedly return. □

Failed Projects, Illustrated

Eric Winkler

3. Hanna Rosin, “The End of Men,” *The Atlantic* (July/August 2010), accessed February 20, 2012 <<http://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2010/07/the-end-of-men/8135/>>

4. Kay S. Hymowitz, “Where Have All the Good Men Gone?”, *Wall Street Journal* (February 19, 2012), accessed February 21, 2012 <<http://online.wsj.com/article/SB10001424052748704409004576146321725889448.html>>

5. As curator David Everitt Howe explains in the press release for Zanisnik’s performance *The Rise of the Alpha Male: A Cautionary Tale* (June 4, 2011, Abrons Arts Center): “Bryan Zanisnik re-articulate[s] a fundamental definition of queerness. It’s the distinct feeling of being unlike another — of being, acutely, non-normal. As literary critic Eve Sedgwick would claim, queerness stems from a kind of shameful dis-identification.”

6. Bryan Zanisnik, “Beyond Passaic,” *Triple Canopy* 15 (December 1, 2011), accessed February 27, 2012 <http://canopycanopycanopy.com/15/beyond_passaic

1. Howard Singerman, “The Artist as Adolescent,” in *Real Life Magazine: Selected Writing and Projects 1979–1994*, ed. Thomas Lawson and Susan Morgan (New York: Primary Information, 2007), 99–104.

2. Jameson claims that the postmodern crisis in historicity disrupts one’s understanding of temporality, reducing a subject’s reading of cultural production as “‘heaps of fragments’ and in a practice of the randomly heterogeneous and fragmentary and the aleatory.” This aesthetic is likened to Lacan’s description of schizophrenia “as a breakdown in the signifying chain, that is, the interlocking syntagmatic series of signifiers which constitutes an utterance of meaning.” See Postmodernism, or, The Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 1991), 25–26.



WAS THE **DEATH** OF THE INFAMOUS COMEDIAN AN ELABORATE HOAX? ZANISNIK, ALONG WITH HIS **SCHOLARLY** MINIONS, WILL SOON FIND OUT... OR WILL THEY??



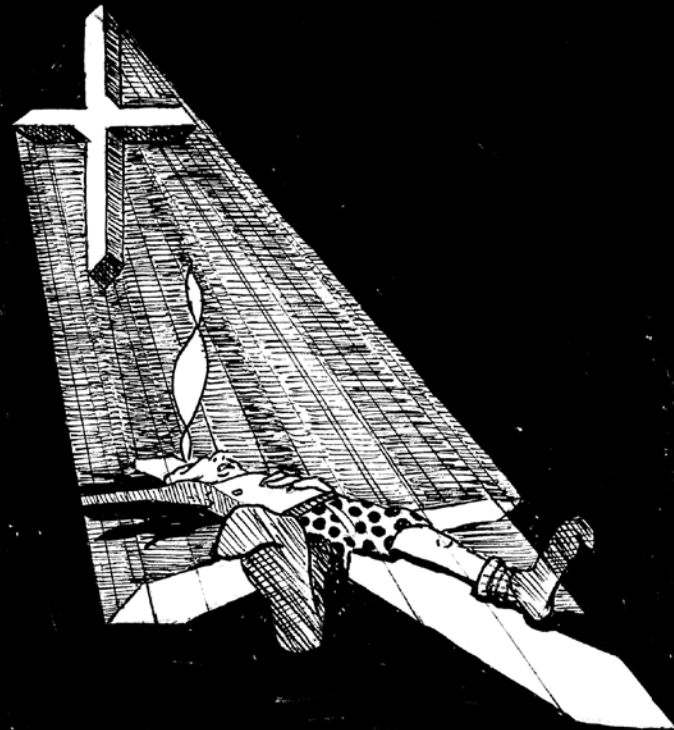
HE IS NOT A LITTLE MAN



BRYAN & THE
7♥♥♥♥
EX
GIRLFRIENDS

HIS OFF
OFF
BROADWAY
(MAYBE IN A PORN THEATRE)
PRODUCTION
OF
Walt Disney's
Snow White
AND THE
Seven Dwarfs





BECOMES A PRIEST

UNFAMILIAR WITH
THE PROCESS

IN THE UNDERBELLY OF
CLIFTON, NJ THERE IS A
SECRET NETWORK OF SEWER
TUNNELS KNOWN AS



HE MEETS THE OWNER



LOCALS FEAR SATANISTS AND
SUPERNATURAL FORCES HAUNT
THE SPOT, BUT SOON ZANISNIK
BEGINS TO PREPARE IT FOR
ITS INAUGURAL ART EXHIBITION.



GETS ACQUAINTED W/THE LOCALS

AND FINALLY...OPENING NIGHT.

HELP PLEEEASE!
THIS ISN'T A METAPHOR!



I WISH HE
HAD DONE
SOMETHING
THIS GOOD
FOR ABRONS.

WHA?! YOU'RE
CRAZY. FISCHLI
AND WEISS DID
WAY BETTER
SEWER TOURS
IN THE 90'S.

YOU'RE
ONE OF HIS
EX-GIRLFRIENDS?
THAT MUST
HAVE BEEN
TOUGH.*

TRANSLATED FROM NAZI



SHIT
THE
COPS!

PRIVATE
PROPERTY!
UR UNDA
ARREST!

WHA?! NO, IT
JUST WASN'T THAT
BELIEVABLE, BUT
AT LEAST I DIDN'T
HAVE TO DEAL
WITH THE TUNNEL
TRAFFIC!!

END

My Life So Far

Bryan Zanisnik



My brother at the Gingerbread Castle
in Hamburg, New Jersey, 1972.



My mother and father at Busch Gardens
in Williamsburg, Virginia, 1982.



Museum of Americans in China,
site-specific installation and
performance, Guangdong Times
Museum, Guangzhou, China, 2011.

Tom Brewer, a friend of
my grandparents, faking
a heart attack, 1983.



The Rise of the Alpha Male: A Cautionary Tale,
performance, Abrons Arts Center, New York, NY, 2011.





Visiting the South of the
Border rest stop in Hamer,
South Carolina, 1983.



*The Relation That
Relates to Itself*, 3:52
minutes, video, 2008.



Wearing the mask of
a very old man, 1985.



Dissociative Pastry and Stone,
performance, Kunsthalle Exnergasse,
Vienna, Austria, 2011.





Tug of war with my little league team as my father stands near and coaches, 1987.



After-Klang and the Excise of Time, performance, Y Gallery, New York, NY, 2010.

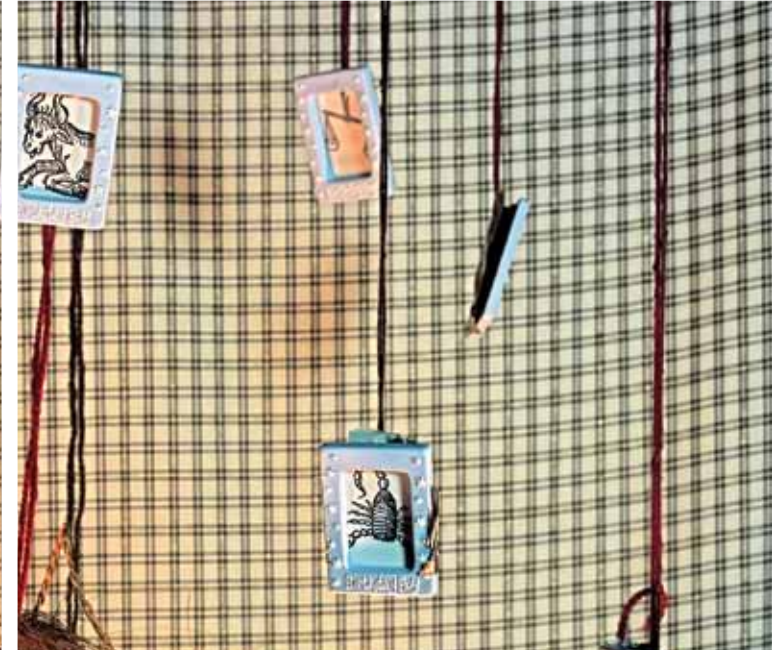




My mother at an
unidentifiable
natural history
museum, 1977.



Dad and the 12 Signs, 20" x 27", photograph, 2008.





A tornado passes through
our neighborhood in Union,
New Jersey, 1985.



*Just Another Thing
Without You In It (50
Years), 42" x 60",
photograph, 2011.*





My mother and I on a playground
at the Jersey Shore, 1984.



Repetition Compulsion,
5:10 minutes, video, 2010.





Attending a Mets game at Shea Stadium, 1988.



18 Years of American Dreams, 60" x 83", photograph, 2010.

A taxidermy bear at the
Morris Museum in Morristown,
New Jersey, 1983.



Preserve, 5:15 minutes, two-channel video, 2009.





Shooting toy guns on Tom Sawyer Island in Disney World, 1986.



Aiming a toy gun at my brother, 1985.



Zawodniczek Summer Home, site-specific installation and performance, Galeria On, Poznań, Poland, 2010.

A Victorian secretary desk
bought at a garage sale in Wee-
hawken, New Jersey, 1975.

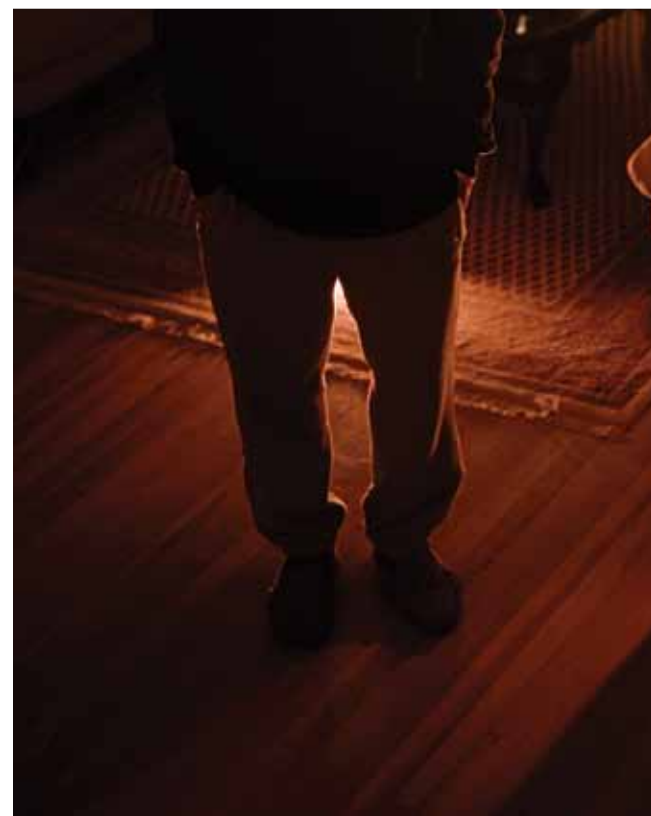


*The Bough That Falls With All
Its Trophies Hung, 35" x 83",
photograph, 2009.*



At the Kennedy Space
Center in Merritt
Island, Florida, 1986.

*Mom and Dad in
Outer Space, 40" x 30",
photograph, 2007.*





*The Relation That
Relates to Itself, 3:52
minutes, video, 2008.*



My grandfather on New Year's Eve, 1981.

My brother dressed as a boxer in Seaside Heights, New Jersey, 1976.



He is Not a Man, performance, University Settlement, New York, NY, 2007.





Opening a toy wrestling ring
on Christmas morning, 1985.



One Touch is Never Enough, 30" x 60", photograph, 2010.



At my Confirmation ceremony, 1991.

With Father Waldron at St. James School, 1986.



Pneumatic Pump and Cleanse, performance, Theaterlab, New York, NY, 2010.



My father's car after
it was bombed by a
Molotov cocktail, 1987.



*When I Was a Child
I Caught a Fleeting Glimpse,*
performance, Hunter College,
New York, NY, 2009.



My grandfather and his friend flirting with a mannequin, 1982.



Life After Love, 2:40 minutes, video, 2007.



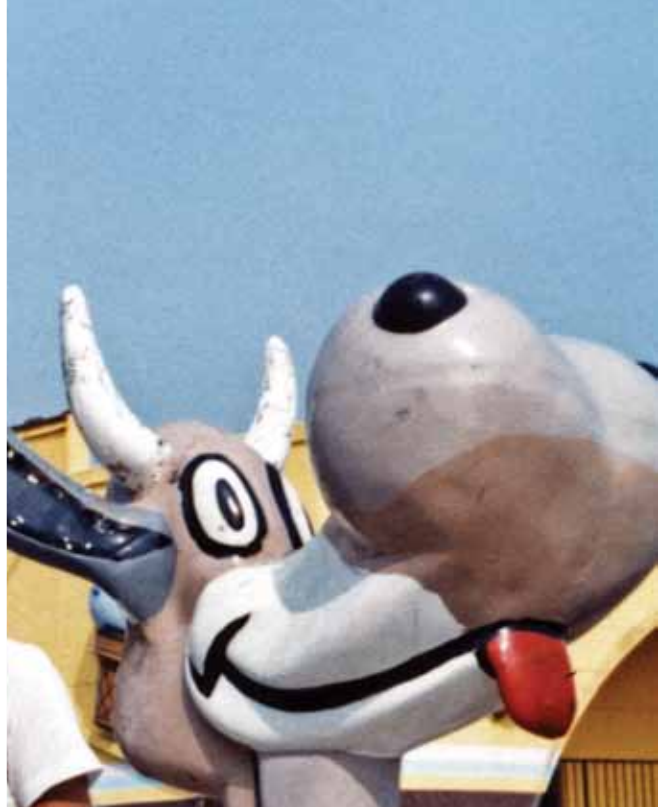


A suit of armor at an unidentifiable museum, 1976.



What Are the Roots That Clutch, 20" x 27", photograph, 2008.





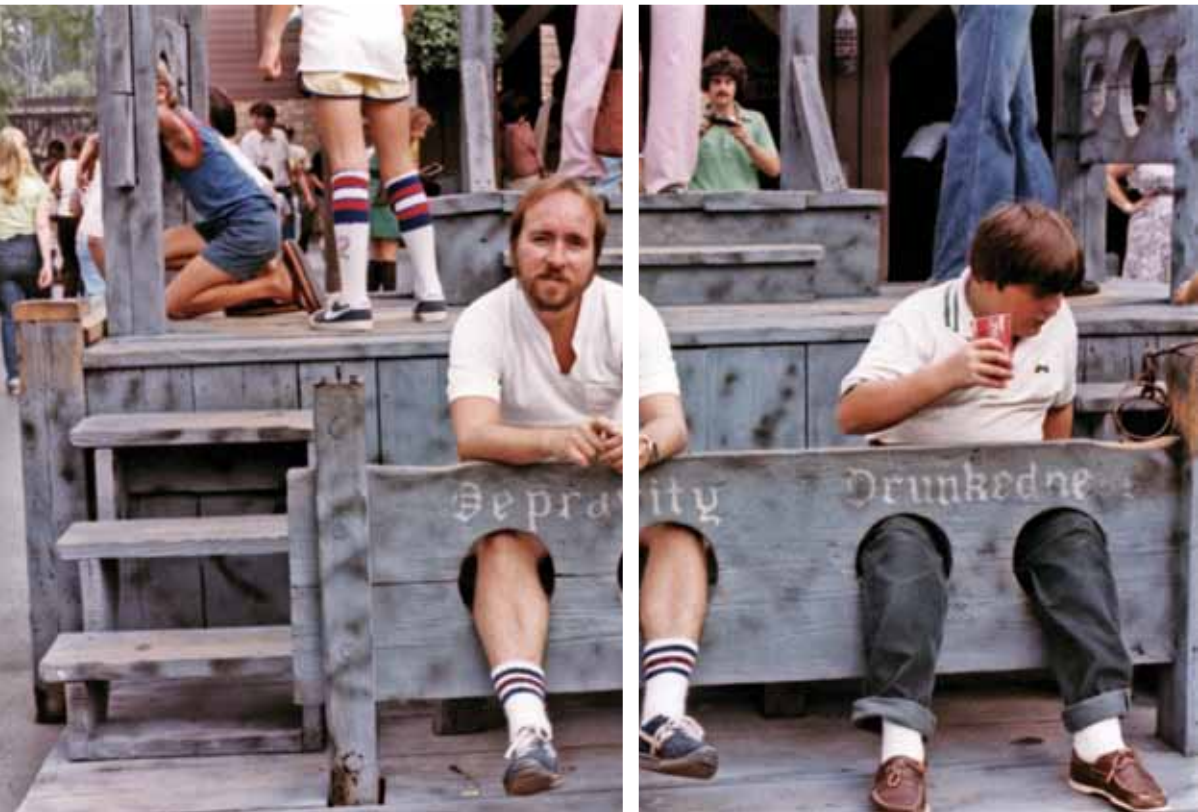
My brother, mother and I at the South of the Border rest stop, 1983.



Field Trip Mus Musculus,
2:42 minutes, video, 2010.



My father inside a medieval
stock in Busch Gardens, 1985.



The Itinerant Chiffonier,
performance, Horton
Gallery (Sunday L.E.S.),
New York, NY, 2009.



My brother and I playing
with our Shih Tzu
named Tara, 1987.



The Rise of the Alpha Male:
A Cautionary Tale, performance,
Abrons Arts Center, New York, NY, 2011.



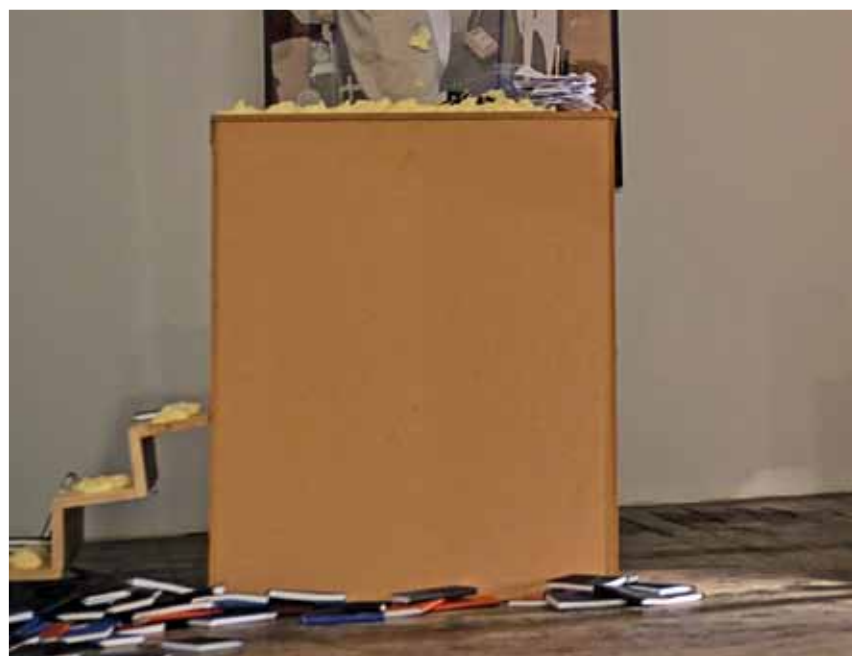
My grandfather fishing on the Jersey Shore, 1979.



Spring Scale and Lure, performance, Kate Werble Gallery, New York, NY, 2009.



Celebrating birthdays with
my mother, 1980 and 1989.



It Will Never Be As It Was Before
Rhadamanthus, performance,
Horton Gallery, New York, NY, 2011.



*Black Death BBQ,
2:10 minutes,
video, 2009.*



My grandfather and cousin
Freddy barbequing in
their backyard, 1977.



My grandmother, mother and
I on Christmas morning, 1997.



Preserve, 5:15 minutes,
two-channel video, 2009.





Dinner with the entire family in Toms River, New Jersey, 1983.



Ten-Thousand Meals Than Ever Yet,
performance, P.P.O.W.,
New York, NY, 2009.

Biographies

BRYAN ZANISNIK received an MFA from Hunter College and attended the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture. He has exhibited and performed in New York at MOMA PS1 and Horton Gallery; in Miami at the De La Cruz Collection; in Philadelphia at the Fabric Workshop and Museum; and internationally at the Kunsthalle Exnergasse in Vienna and the Guangdong Times Museum in Guangzhou, China.

DAVID EVERITT HOWE received an MA in Modern Art from Columbia University, and has curated exhibitions for Scaramouche, Performa, and 47 Canal. He contributes to *Art Review*, *Kaleidoscope*, *frieze*, and *Afterall*, among other publications.

WENDY VOGEL received her MA from the Center for Curatorial Studies, Bard College, and was a critical fellow in the Core Residency Program at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston. She has contributed to *Flash Art*, *ART LIES*, and *Artforum*, among other publications.

ERIC WINKLER received his BFA from the Mason Gross School of the Arts and is a modern specialist at Artnet Auctions. He draws comics in his spare time.

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