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## VOL. XXXII, #2 GERT JONKE'S "INDIVIDUAL AND METAMORPHOSIS"

[Review of Contemporary Fiction](#)

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Karl Ove Knausgaard. *My Struggle*. Trans. Don Bartlett. Archipelago Books, 2011. Paper: \$18.00.

The opening images of this book, of a ghostly mask rising from beneath waves, or slumped dead where they fall, are those of an artist trying to live with death. Sev Knausgaard categorizes inanimate everyday objects—lamps, chairs, candles—ε While true, it is unnerving to lump a father's corpse into any category that also in dining room table, or vice versa. Adjoined to this narrative of death is one of learn live personally with art, developing a personal canon of works that “create a desi inside the inexhaustibility,” which they possess at “the core of their being.” If it is to wonder what, for example, the interminable quest to attend a New Year’s Eve which occupies the majority of the first part of the book, has to do with these narri their most potent, this memoir of confused and emotional youth is, if not always compelling, the necessary ground against which the book’s second section deve reasoned and emotional observations. If in the first section Knausgaard separate death into distinct domains and relays his youthful struggles to find the place tha art should occupy, the second section is his exploration of how life, death, and a lived, whether one is cleaning house or flipping through a monograph. While the lull in parts, like that work to which it will inevitably be compared, I was left eager volume two well before finishing volume one. [Stephen Fisk]

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