



INK.

Davis Schneiderman

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INK. is the third installment the DEAD/BOOKS trilogy, a series of conceptual works by Davis Schneiderman from Jaded Ibis Productions: INK. is all dark, a smear of solid ink over every surface of the book. INK. erases, redacts, and overwrites itself, ink extending and overtaking every surface.

Th(ink) of it:

A book that you read by looking at.
A book that you hold and never read.
A book that looks back at you looking.
A book for the dark days ahead.

The fine-art edition of INK. uses ink sourced from Schneiderman's blood. Further, Schneiderman will also put his library at risk. Any person who buys INK. may choose a book from Schneiderman's library, which Schneiderman must then destroy. He will send evidence of the remains to the purchaser.

INK. Details

Date : Published December 31st 2015 by Jaded Ibis Productions

ISBN :

Author : Davis Schneiderman

Format : Paperback 200 pages

Genre : Art, Fiction

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From Reader Review INK. for online ebook

Ethan says

"What men call the shadow of the body is not the shadow of the body, but the body of the soul"

- Oscar Wilde, A House of Pomegranates

Art is such a subjective medium. This fact isn't lost on me as I write reviews of books each week. Details that I may view as valid criticisms of a certain work may be the very same details that garner another person's acclaim. With that in mind, I carefully craft each of my reviews with a respect for the author's work and an understanding that I'm only one opinion in a sea of many tastes and interpretations.

This has never been more apparent than in my review of Davis Schneiderman's latest conceptual novel INK. It is a novel that is nearly impossible to explain. In fact, it is one of those works that begs more to be pondered and experienced than to be reviewed or summarized. INK. is a novel that you study and take in, not read. As the author explains, " INK. is dar, a series of patterned smears over every surface of the book."

Each page contains a unique pattern of ink that begs to be interpreted by the individual reader. Comparable to the abstract Rorschach blots, the art in this work requires an open mind to achieve a true appreciation. I found myself working through the book for several days. Each time, a new subtle piece of the work would reveal itself to me. The most striking pages contain photos of people that have been redacted by the pervasive ink. The figures of those pictures are made into black shadows containing secrets that may never be known. Throughout 200 pages, INK. and author Davis Schneiderman challenge readers to access their innermost emotions and perceptions. While some may find this book difficult to digest, I would urge you to give it a chance. You may be surprised to discover the secrets this stunning achievement holds.

Heavy Feather says

"This book splatters itself beyond its pages, too. Schneiderman informs the purchaser that 'Any person who buys a fine-art edition of INK. may choose a book from Schneiderman's library, which Schneiderman must then destroy.' There is no stated purpose or intention undergirding this promissory note. But, this certainly counts as a unique extratextual cultural experiment. With respect to the book chosen from his library, the promise goes so far as to guarantee that "[Schneiderman] will send evidence of the remains to the purchaser." Provoking reader frustration and curiosity, this experimental work boldly reclaims the book as the literary form which houses the strange and unsettling."

—Click through for Ryan Loveanother's full review of INK., by Davis Schneiderman:

<https://heavyfeatherreview.com/2016/0...>

Christopher Nosnibor says

Davis Schneiderman has established himself as a master of the concept novel. While 'Drain' (2010) was unconventional and experimental, it was still recognisable as a novel in the tradition of Ballard and Burroughs. Since then, he's been moving ever further from conventional recognisable forms to produce increasingly challenging texts (I'm using 'text' in its broadest sense here, in the sense that everything is material and everything is text from a certain perspective).

'INK' is in many respects a companion and counterpart to 'BLANK' (2011). After all, the opposite of a book that's almost completely devoid of any words, and therefore ink, is a book with lots of ink. And that's precisely what 'INK' contains. Ironically, it contains even fewer words than 'BLANK'. So what's the big idea? The challenge to the reader isn't in the narrative. Any narrative is the reader's own, constructed as they engage – or fail to – with the splodgy patterns.

As a 'text', it's a pure synthesis of theory/practice. It's also an excellent example of a truly postmodern wheeze, a book you could leave on the coffee table with a view to prompting some intriguing debates over what constitutes art. 'INK' is more about provoking questions than providing answers. And at the very least, it's nice to look at.

Rand says

Do you view a book as a challenge or an invitation or conversation or a turning?

An opportunity to receive another's cognitive map or the chance to create a meaning that is yours and yours alone?

Is a book made by binding or blinding insight? Signatures hand-sewn or handsome coding or a simple codex? Content or form? Meant to fortify or means to conform? Is a book an edition or a copy?

Are you reading this now or are you skimming across a feed to get your fill while you feed your face (or move your ass) in the company of corporeal beings who you'd just assume not share the same thought-stream with?

Does the word Rorschach bring to mind blots or adult comix or live-action adaptations? Can you see your face in every cloud?

Where would you be if you never learned to read? If you woke up tomorrow and could no longer intuit meanings from blots of ink, then how now brown cow? Does the future exist in the pasture?

Is meaning inherent in the word or the image or the sound? Can you hear the voice of the author beyond the pale? Did you carry that pail up the hill or did it spill? Is every reader authorized to choose the closest text if the bus stops short?

If the pen is mightier than the sword, then does the inkjet trump the rifle as well as data may disable virus?

Do you earn your content by pissing on what you cannot understand or refuse to accept? Can you question that which makes no statement? State the subjective in non-objectifying imperatives?

Do you have the time but not the space or the space but not the time or the pace of Timeaus?

Can you sense the presence in every absence?

George Saoulidis says

I believe the word pretentious bullshit is what describes this book best. It's not a book exactly, more like an art piece. Black blobs are vomited on 200 pages. The "future of electronic publishing" comes at a prohibitive 500mb download, clearly created from a person with no technical expertise at all.

Micah Downey says

I was given a copy of this title by the publicist for an honest review. First thank you for giving this to me. Unfortunately, I did not like the book... Though it is a collection of art it was just not my taste. I do believe there are people out there that would like it though.

Deanna Bihlmayer says

I was given this book for an honest review so here goes. I was intrigued by the concept and as a concept"book" I think it hit its mark. I don't know if this book will be well received, but I enjoyed it for its uniqueness.

Leo Robertson says

Mr Schneiderman is not content with telling us the story. The last book of his I "read", [SIC], was a piece of plagiarised typographical fuckery. Now his playful hopping ghost weirdo character is black as paper saturated in the K of CMYK. What is he trying to tell us? Nothing in particular. The book is a series of Rorschach blots in a way, or perhaps one big one. I don't know: I'm not you.

I went to Oslo's Astrup Fearnley Museum recently, where the conceptual art-- a mannequin with a hyperrealistic penis, a drain inserted into a wall, a vagina in the corner with a man's hairy wax leg coming out of it with a grey dress sock and brogue on the foot-- was accompanied with a simple plaque on the wall with no more than a paragraph and I scoffed with my friends, 'Well, what the hell am I supposed to make of this? Yuk yuk yuk.' The truth is, when you're asked to face a blank wall or a book of ink blots and you see nothing, the joke is not on the artist. Like that exercise where a teacher draws a dot in chalk on a blackboard: what do the adults see? A dot of chalk. Children look up from a dark well to the chalk's little hole of light, or down (or north or east or wherever, really) at a star, or they see a squashed bug, a penny reflecting sunshine, a blurry tooth.

On one hand Schneiderman's books are proven by their ability to challenge the imagination into stimulation. On the other hand, we, the "readers" (and you could follow that word down its rabbit hole of thought) have to do a lot of the work.

I give Schneiderman 3* for his half.
