


THE LOVER'S

BODYPARTS

ARE

SEPARATED

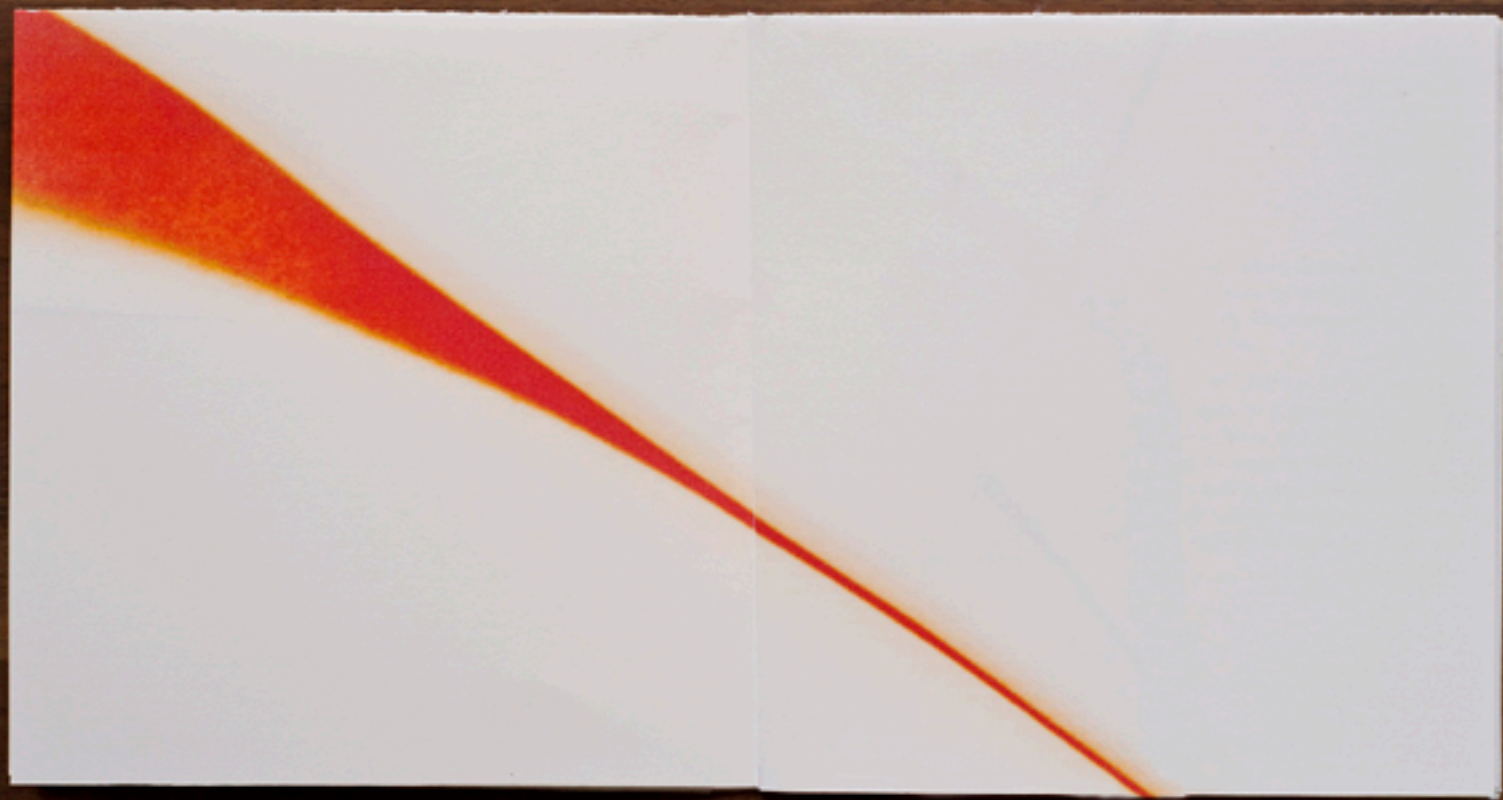



images by ALEXIS DAHAN
with excerpts from
INFINITE TURBULENCE
by HENRI MICHAUX



HALF GALLERY
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208 forsyth street new york

"All conscious link between you and your props has been severed; you are no longer in touch with your limbs or your organs, nor with whole regions of your body; an unstable form amongst so many others, your body no longer has any importance. You have lost your habitation. You have become remote from yourself."





"Naked bodies elude me, those of babies, those of men, and more than all the others, those of women. (For the structure of a woman's body has a greater tendency to be submerged in her flesh.)

Dispossession. You can no longer hold on to it, you can no longer feel it or imagine it to yourself. The body has been subtracted from you by a subtraction which is annoying to you, to which you cannot be resigned. You are a deaf man amidst a joyous prattling. It is now forms which are mute... for you. Bodily temptation has stalled; its opposite has taken over."

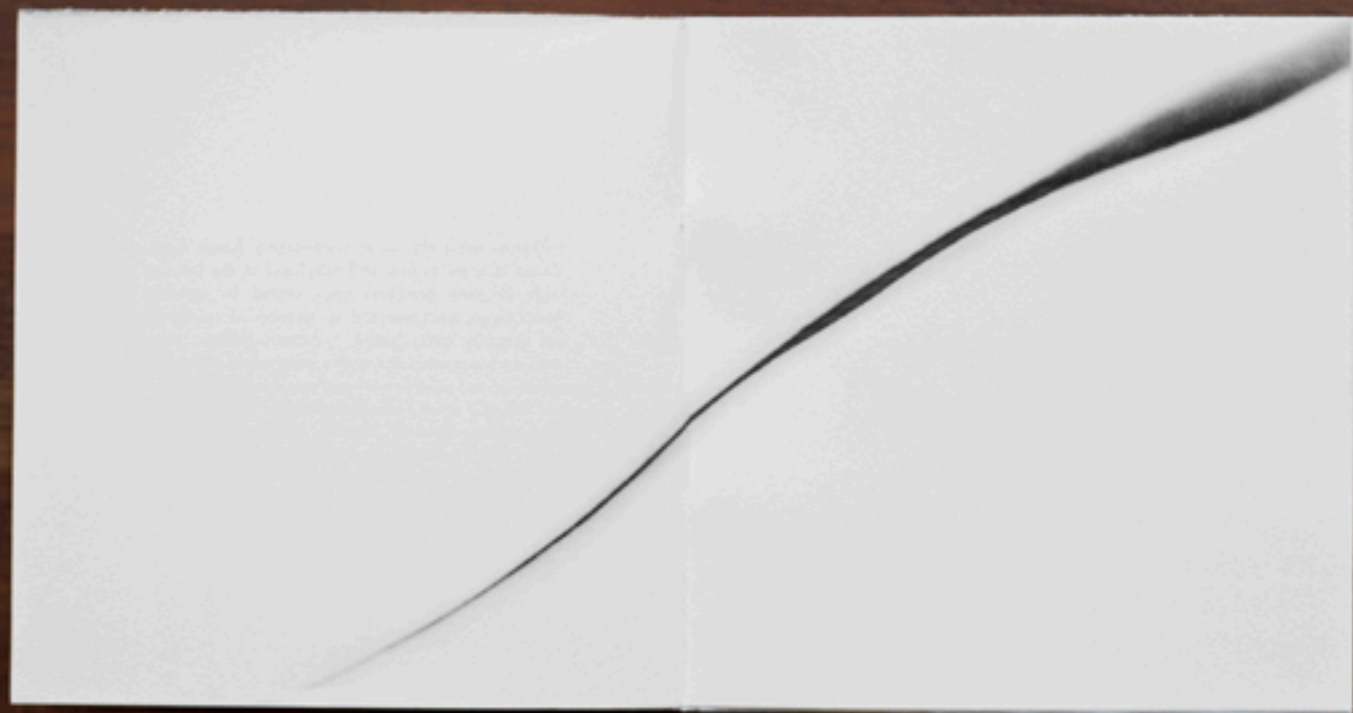


"The feeling which normally accompanies the sight of a body, the complex feeling of its shape and of how it is moulded to the sense of touch (as little as it may be imagined), the picture one forms of the sensations of the other, within his or her chest, shoulders and legs, all that contributes to the happy impression of feeling aware of another's body whilst continuing to feel one's own, all this is over."

"For one never becomes conscious of other people's bodies unless one remains conscious of one's own, and to that extent only. Likewise, the sight of a body which is not one's own usually increases the awareness one has of one's body, thus bringing delight. It is then the impossibility of returning to my body which is the cause of the incredible annoyance I feel, and my sense of deprivation, when I look upon the bodies of others."



"Lines, even the most consistently linear lines, almost abstract at first and unrelated to the human body, become drunken lines, seized by ignoble undulations, unconnected to anyone or anything, but ignoble nevertheless. I cannot follow them without being saturated with a sense of my depravity, caught up as I am in an entanglement of elongations, the swaying flab of dislocations, saxophonic syncopations, flabbily rasping proclamations of promiscuity, promiscuity, universal promiscuity. Impossible to disconnect oneself, impossible to break away. Engulfed in total impurity."



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