

Thy Myopia of Desire:

And if the opposite of desiring is boredom, where is loving? If the opposite of desiring is to be bored, what does it mean to love? ... If the opposite of being desired is to be boring, what does it mean to be loved? Or must we not speak of this wholly (holy?) other, intangible, gasping thing?

Functioning as a barrier to the desire of the gaze that never reaches its destination, the bed holds one at a distance. Physical distance may, however, be overcome, but emotional proximity remains noticeably, at times comfortably, absent.

In laying on the bed of nails, my lack of physical distance from the nails and those controlling the rotation of the bed they rest upon does not create their embedding within me; rather the displacement of pressure caused by the closeness and multitude of the nails makes their impact upon my flesh negligible, unnoticeable...

1. Compare this phenomenon to the plight of the lover whose obsession with getting closer to the one whom they desire makes the latter disappear into sensations of capture myopathy.

2. Compare this phenomenon to the plight of the lover trying to close (via space and control) the distance between themselves and the one whom they desire. By attempting to gain emotional proximity through the removal of physical distance, the lover does not grow nearer to the other but instead makes the other disappear. For:

- 2a. "we choose to live only with the things we do not love, which we have brought to live with us precisely to kill off intolerable love" (Marcel Proust, La Prisonnière: À la recherche du temps perdu #5)
- 2.b. "I am like those children who take a clock apart in order to find out what time is" (Roland Barthes, A Lover's Discourse)
- 2b. "As hard as we try to 'know' the other (our lover), we often end up in a narcissistic loop, talking about ourselves when we meant to be listening." (Helen Molesworth, "My Funny Valentine: Étant Donnés")
- 2c. "we are resigned to suffering, thinking we loved something outside ourselves and we come to realize that our love is a function of our sadness, that perhaps it is our sadness and that its object is only to a small extent [the one whom we desire]" (Marcel Proust, La Prisonnière: À la recherche du temps perdu #5)

During my first few nights in your house I did not sleep: I paced.

Your possession of me of course did not begin with my living in your home. This was a gradual occurrence over time and space. How this came to be is not my primary concern...or perhaps it is since my own self-interest has become tied up with how I lost your desire for me? Or does your desire for me remain still?

Justine appears on the whole less helpless and more trapped. Does her desirability, long after she's been defiled by countless libertines, rest in their inability to possess her mind?

In theorizing the body as a process and accumulation of forces acted upon it, the body becomes liberated from a body-object dichotomy and instead renders the body a space, offering it up to new forms of knowledge and realizing its relational capabilities.

It feels like too many hours since I heard those moments in your tally of my life or landed a misplaced sigh upon your heavy arms while your lips turned into morphine. Count the days since you changed the time, for I have no interest, no recollection.

For six hours each day for two consecutive days, I will lay on this bed of nails that may be rotated by visitors. Rotation implicates the "viewer" and represents the cyclical nature of power dynamics and exchange in the lover/desired dichotomy. Ultimately, the piece will serve to mimic the sensations of capture myopathy within the desired body, to communicate what is felt but lived in within each moment (read: my desire to be possessed by you versus your desire to possess).

My body waits, its muscles run down to the bones. No completion, only encounter.