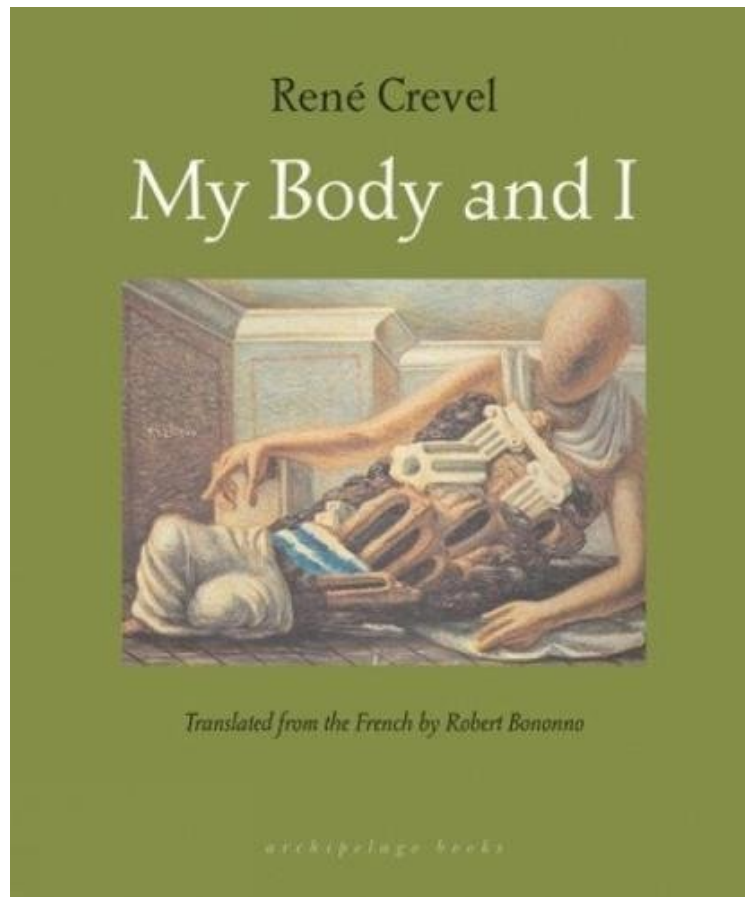


[Get free] My Body and I

## My Body and I

Ren Crevel

*\*Download PDF / ePub / DOC / audiobook / ebooks*



DOWNLOAD



READ ONLINE

#1546849 in Books Archipelago 2005-05-01 2005-05-02Format: Deckle EdgeOriginal  
language:EnglishPDF # 1 6.30 x .40 x 5.50l, #File Name: 0974968099145 pages | File size: 27.Mb

**Ren Crevel : My Body and I** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised My Body and I:

23 of 24 people found the following review helpful. It's a work of Surrealism.... Not "Gay" Lit.By MeesicksIt is unwise to give certain books to certain people. The I Ching shouldn't be given to a schizophrenic as Philip K. Dick once said. I'm no advocate of censorship but sometimes a book or a CD or a movie can do an enormous amount of damage to an unstable psyche. Rene Crevel's My body and I is one of those books. The story, no, the character study is told by a twenty-five-year-old narrator. Of course you don't know that until the end but what does age matter, he doesn't even give his name. Depressed and alone the narrator is an adamant misanthrope. Or is he? From the beginning he insists he would rather be alone In fact the framing story is a trip with the soul purpose of being alone. He doesn't feel comfortable in his own skin and does not want to deal with the boring triviality of others that he feels will never understand him. How could they? He doesn't even understand himself. Deep down he yearns for companionship, even though it is only implied once, but he knows that it is impossible unless he accepts himself. The age old stereotype of the loner who just wants to be loved. The two main oppositions for the narrators self discovery are his sexuality and

his place in society. The narrator is confused sexually. He is both attracted to men and women and feels nothing but shame for the former and contempt for the later. The only sexual confrontations with women in the book are either obsessions from afar or grotesque and nightmarish. The narrator doesn't hate women; he speaks lovingly of his friend. In his struggle to find himself the narrator also discovers that a rational based society is just as untruthful as a nightmare of demons and torture. He yearns for release at all costs, even suicide. Rene Crevel uses some exciting imagery to describe the narrator's ideas about the futility of knowledge. In one scene, which is sandwiched in a discourse on "memory, the enemy" he describes a brothel. The Madame says, "The women are in the salon, naked beneath their sheer lace, so sheer." The narrator replies, "I want the veil and not the flesh" (Crevel 38). Knowledge is a prostitute given to any who will pay the price. The flesh of mankind does not compare to the ecstasy of ignorance. An image returned to later as "the eyes hope that the veil is never lifted" (Crevel 91). The more the narrator learns, the more he sees only enhances his boredom and disgust. A nihilist unable to love himself and as a result unable to love others. "Human success is the currency of apes, the grease of rocking horses" (Crevel 84). Logic does have one aim for this narrator: an easy way out. "If science offered a means of killing oneself that was, if not agreeable, at least clean and sure, I would never have attempted love anymore..." (Crevel 10). Suicide is not for the sick or the weak or cowardly, because we are all sick, weak, and cowardly. *My Body and I* was a hard book to read. One of the more modern of the surrealist's texts in terms of style and technique it is extremely accessible to a modern audience. But the visceral straight forward emotion and portrayal of a person stuck in a mismatched body and mind is difficult to read straight through. I could only read forty or so pages at a time before sitting and absorbing it all. From page one I immediately identified with the narrator. Anyone who has ever felt lost adrift in a world they can't change and can't adapt to can relate to the narrator. Everyone has had these emotions as a teenager, many still have them. It is a shame that .com lists *My Body and I* as Gay Fiction, not surrealist, not French Literature. Even though there is no real reason beyond the fact the author was gay. Is there a Heterosexual genre of fiction? Regardless the book is one of the greats of surrealist fiction and much more entertaining than some of the attempts by the more well known surrealists.

In *My Body and I* (1925), Ren Crevel attempts to trace with words the geography of a being, exploring the tension between body and spirit. Crevel's meditation is a vivid personal journey through illusion and disillusion, secret desire, memory, the possibility and impossibility of life, sensuality and sexuality, poetry and the wilderness of the imagination. The narrator's Romantic mind moves from evocative tales to frank confessions, making the reader a confidant to this great soul trapped in an awkward-fitting body. Admired greatly by Andr Breton and Ezra Pound, Crevel might be thought of as a surrealist Proust. Robert Bononno's translations include Henri Raczymow's *Swan's Way* and Herve Guibert's *Ghost Image*.

This is an astonishing capture of Crevel's most memorable text: funny, sad, spilling over, and impossible to put down. Mary Ann Caws Without Ren Crevel we would have lost one of the most beautiful pillars of Surrealism. Andr Breton Crevel remains one of the most readable Surrealists. Publishers Weekly Crevel was born rebellious the way others are born with blue eyes. Philippe Soupault He will be read more and more as the wind carries away the ashes of the great names that preceded him. Ezra Pound Crevel actually wrote only a single sentence: the long sentence of a feverish monologue from the pen of a Proust who dipped his biscuit laced with LSD into his tea, instead of the unctuous madeleine. Angelo Rinaldi, *L'Express* The works that Crevel left us indicate that he was one of the most original, gifted French novelists of the century. San Francisco Bay Guardian Crevel remains one of the most readable Surrealists...His liquid language tumbles along, powered by his strong descriptions, by his love of Freudian wordplay rarely is a cigar just a cigar. Publishers Weekly About the Author Ren Crevel (1900-1935) was deeply involved with the Surrealist movement, admired by Andr Breton. Committed suicide at the age of 35. His publications include *Babylon* (Sun and Moon Press, 1996), *Putting My Foot in It* (Dalkey Archive Press, 1994), and *Difficult Death* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1986). Recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts grant to translate Isabelle Eberhardt's "Seven Years in the Life of a Woman." His translations include Henri Raczymow's "Swan's Way" and Herve Guibert's "Ghost Image."